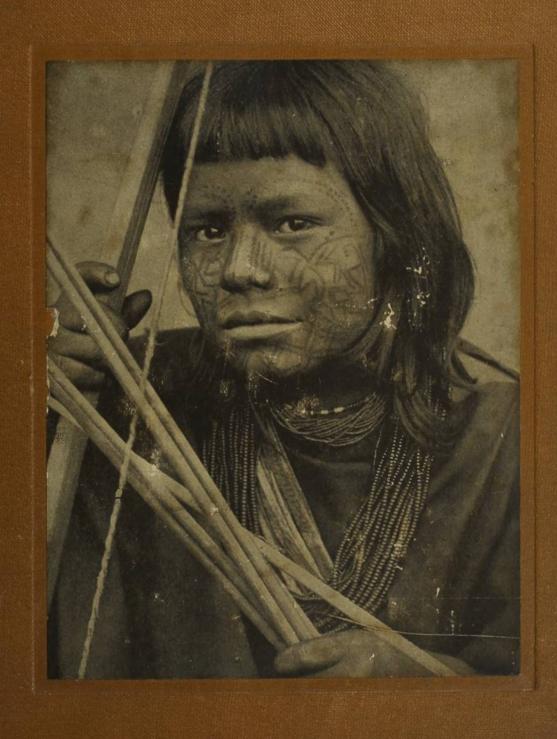
AWOMAN'S WINTER IN SOUTHAMERICA

CHARLOTTE CAMERON



le ne fay rien sans **Gayeté**

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A WOMAN'S WINTER IN SOUTH AMERICA

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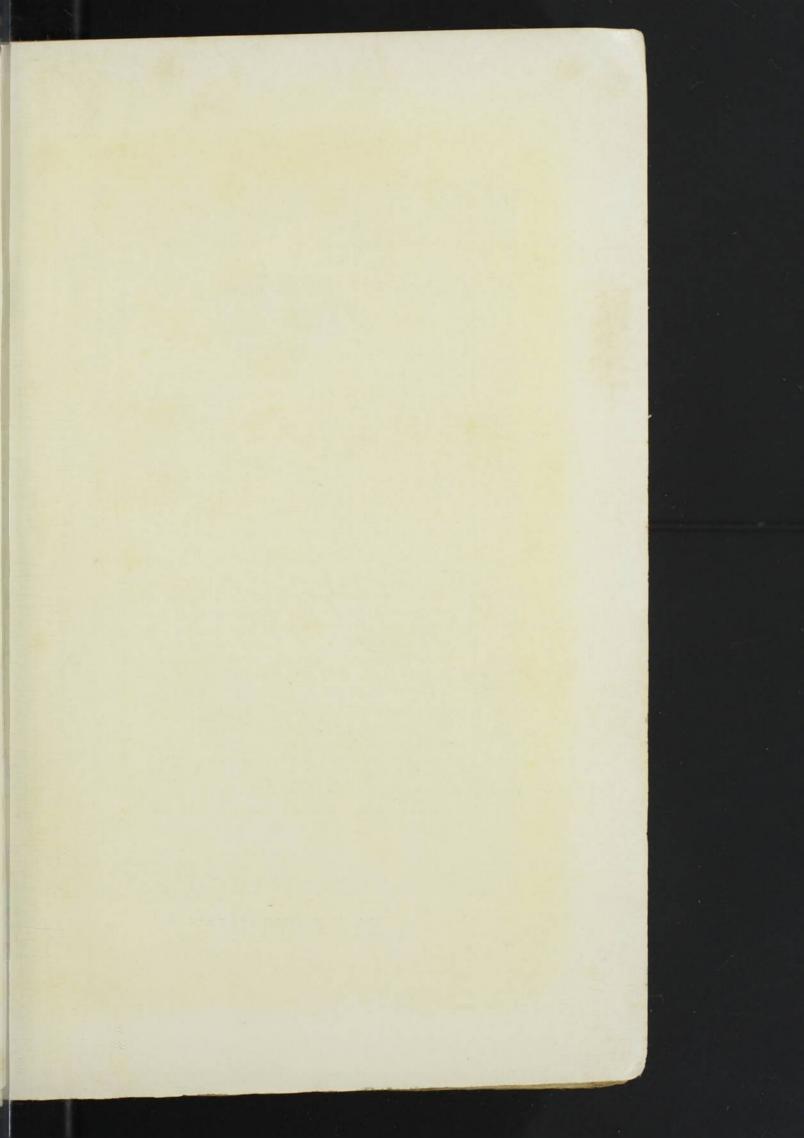
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MRS. CHARLOTTE CAMERON

A WOMAN'S WINTER IN SOUTH AMERICA

NY

CHARLOTTE CAMERON

AUTHOR OF "A PARTIES IN MERCEUC," ETC.

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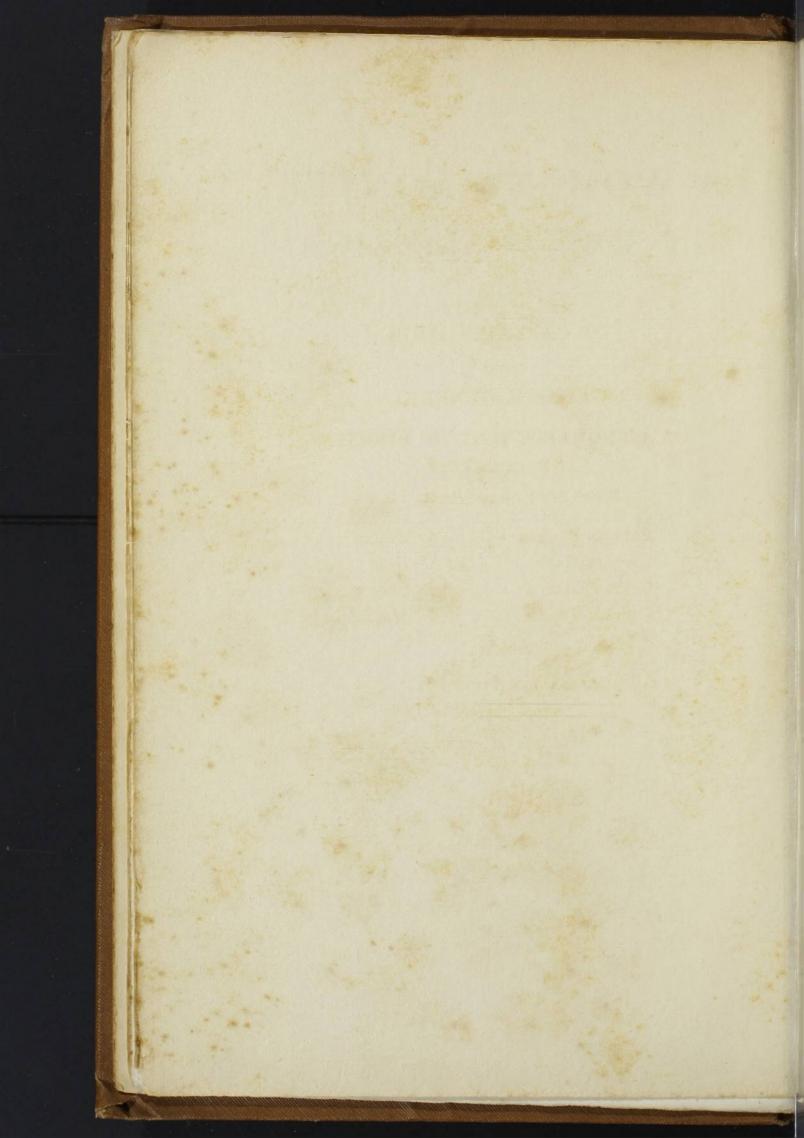
A WOMAN'S WINTER IN SOUTH AMERICA

BY

CHARLOTTE CAMERON

AUTHOR OF "A PASSION IN MOROCCO," ETC.

STANLEY PAUL & CO.
31 ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.



TO CAPTAINS FOUR

AND

A CONSUL-GENERAL

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF KINDNESS AND COURTESY

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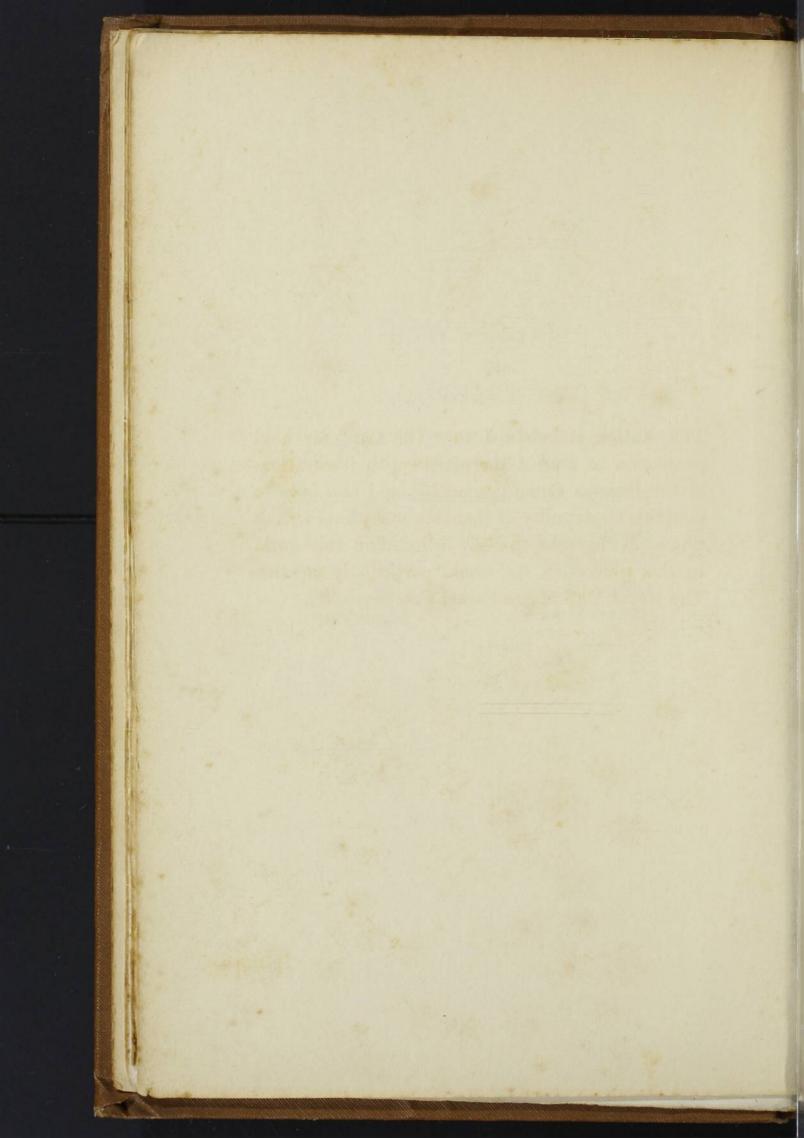
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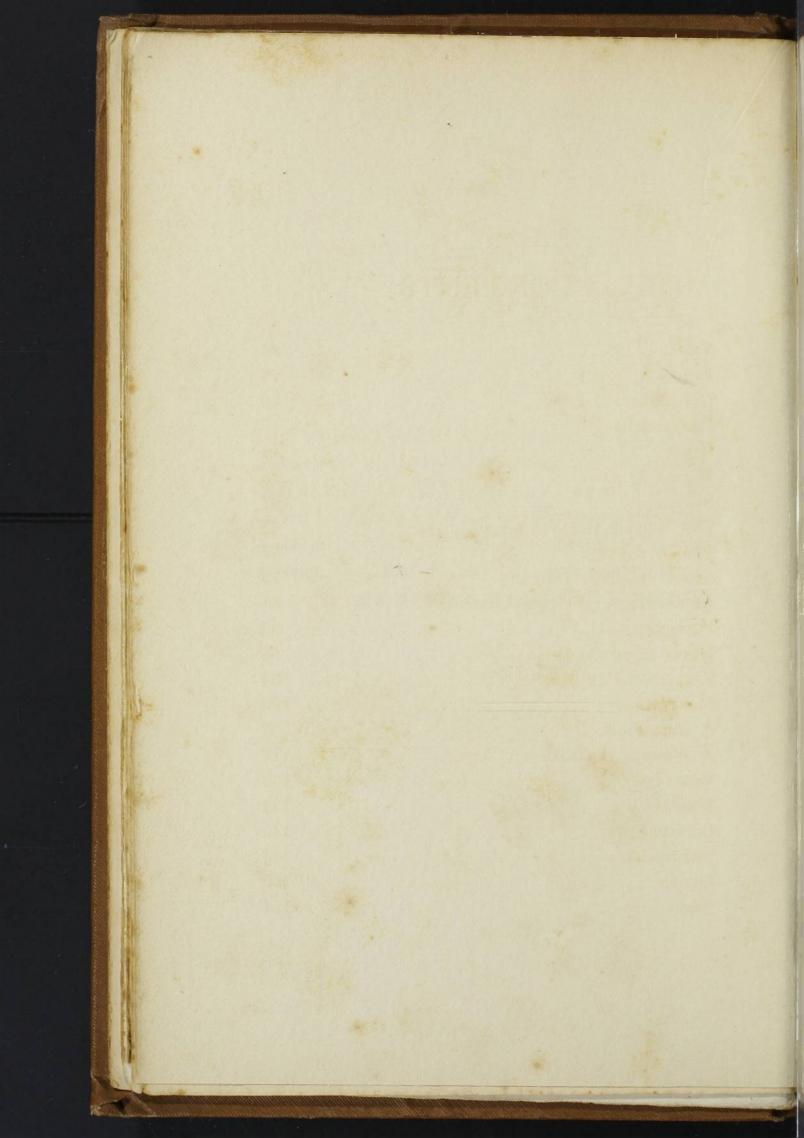
CAPTAIN TRIGGE . . . Magdalena

AND TO

ALEXANDER FINN, Esq.,
H.M. Consul-General in Chile



The Author is indebted to "The Car" for kind permission to reprint the article with illustrations of the Panama Canal (page 212), and also begs to take this opportunity of thanking many kind friends whose photographs she has included in this work. In this connection she would particularly mention The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company.



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A WOMAN'S WINTER IN SOUTH AMERICA

THINKING of the inconvenience of transplanting myself and baggage from Hampstead to Waterloo, when London is encased in a cold November fog, I soliloquised that it would be far more comfortable, especially as I was travelling alone, to jog down to Southampton the afternoon before my ship sailed.

The special train conveying the mass of the passengers for the s.s. Aragon, of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., whose destination is Buenos Aires, leaves Waterloo at 9.28 a.m. With tons of luggage and hundreds of people eager to guard their possessions, the event of departure in the early freezing morning is not altogether pleasant. I decided to come down com-

fortably by an afternoon train and put up at the South Western Hotel, a hostelry that perhaps during the Boer War saw more sad partings and happy meetings than most inns of England. The dinner was excellent, and my sitting-room and bedroom cosy. During dinner my curiosity was excited as I picked out different groups who I judged might be fellow-shipmates for my long journey. Occasionally a few Spanish words are wafted towards me, and I realise I must study my Spanish books, as the language will be most useful in South America.

The porter tells me that I need have no care for my big luggage as the South Western Railway people lock the vans and put everything on board early in the morning. This appears to me a great blessing, as under the circumstances I can simply take my small baggage, go to the ship by ten, unpack my cabin effects, explore my surroundings and learn the general bearings, and be lazily leaning over the rail

watching the passengers frantically hurrying on board from the "Special."

There was a dense fog in which Southampton and the docks seemed trying to hide, this winter morning, as I climbed into my cab very much crowded up with small baggage. Proceeding slowly towards the docks, we finally arrive, and the huge black-and-white sides of the Aragon become visible. I board the ship, where I find everything quite prepared. It reminds me of a reception where the hostess has conscientiously thought out every detail and takes her position to receive the first guest. Stewards in attractive uniforms of dark blue, with deep collars and cuffs in red, are standing about expectantly. One takes possession of myself and belongings, and conducts me along the passage where all the cabin doors are hooked back, spickand-span, awaiting the occupants.

Curiosity compels me to glance into the cabins de luxe; here everything is indeed splendid, and the most exacting could not

fail to be comfortable. They resemble a self-contained flat in town—a large bathroom, a sitting-room furnished in French style, and a commodious bedroom with two brass bedsteads, many fitted wardrobes, with drawers and mirrors everywhere. Alas! they are not for me: I follow my steward along the corridor to my small, single cabin. After a short period of commotion in which passengers rush about as if mad, the ship backs away from the dock, handkerchiefs flutter, good-byes are shouted, and our excellent band strikes up "Oh no, vous n'aimez me pas." By a few revolutions of the screw we are opposite the Edinburgh Castle, a fine ship going to the Cape. Here we receive an ovation of cheers. We pass her, and encounter a troopship whose appearance does not make us envious. Now we are in Southampton Water, cautiously picking our way through the traffic and fog. One can barely distinguish the walls of Calshot Castle where Charles I began his first experience of prison life in



REFERENCE MAP



England. Hundreds of gulls seem loth to leave us; they circle about, their white wings looking almost black against the whiter fog. How easily they have solved the equilibrium of gravitation between earth and sky. If only man in his aeroplane could wrest the secret from the gulls, conquering the gods of the air, how many valuable lives would be saved.

We pass across the Solent, and out through the Needles; how jagged and cruel they look, and the siren shrieks not as it did to Ulysses, to entice and ruin, but to call them to beware. The usual ship excitement arrives when every one gathers to the rails to watch the pilot taken off. As he climbs alertly down the ship's ladder a girl at my side says: "Oh! they're going to take that gentleman"—gentleman meaning the pilot. Obviously this is her first voyage, and nautical terms she has not yet acquired. About 9 p.m. we halt off Cherbourg to pick up the French passengers. It is very dark. Two tenders slip into place

on each side of our ship, one bringing human freight, and the others thousands of mail-bags and boxes of clothing. Most of the new passengers are Spanish, French or Brazilian; black eyes and hair of an inky colour predominate. Beside me is a beautiful girl of that type who might have posed for Velasquez. The huge lighthouse off Cherbourg winks gaily at us for an instant, then it continues the game of peek-a-boo: long rows of lights like gold-set stars let us know where the town lies. This is the sole impression we receive of Cherbourg as the ship sails out into the darkness.

VIGO

The next port of call is Vigo, and as one enters the bay, the rocky mountainous coast and the angry breakers recall the days when Sir Walter Raleigh visited these waters capturing much treasure, and burning many Spanish ships. His Queen Elizabeth, although assuming anger, did not object to accept a portion of the spoils. Many expeditions have been fitted out to recover the wealth of the legendary galleons which were supposed to have been sunk by the English raiders in the Bay of Vigo, when "singeing the beard of the King of Spain," took the place among gentlemen's recreations that big-game shooting now occupies.

The Spanish gulls have dark wings edged with white; they surround us hungrily, expectant. Vigo is very beautifully situated on rising heights and crowned by a ruined

castle; they say the excursions in the environs are charming. It being wet, I did not land. After picking up the Spanish passengers, we proceed at dawn to Portugal.

"THE SHARK'S DINNER BELL!"

During dinner a gentleman who had covered many trails, and who proved to be a most interesting conversationalist, asked us if any of our table comrades had visited Devil's Island—the spot where the sympathy of the world was drawn in order to liberate Captain Dreyfus. None of us had been to Devil's Island, and our friend proceeded. He told us, in the first place, it was extremely difficult to obtain a pass to The island is patrolled by boats, the distance prohibited being quite three miles. With his permit safe in hand he was allowed to land. He described the island as being entirely barren, and the blinding heat and light dazzling. He saw the white stone tomb-like prison where Dreyfus was con-

He said that on that particular day, when he arrived, three men were to be guillotined, and they were led out with their heads covered in a black bag on to a quay. The first man was placed in position, the knife descended, and immediately a bell was rung: a shoot worked, and the body was shot into the sea. The gentleman went on to describe that the water here is of a transparent blue. At the moment when the bell sounds the sharks seem to know the call and quickly assemble. Instantaneously the water is changed to a dull red. He apologised for telling the story, but added that it was one of the most sickening sights he had ever witnessed. After the one victim, he felt he could not endure more, and fled in horror from the Devil's Island.

LISBON

As we entered the mouth of the Tagus in the early morning, the steep, green slopes of the hills meeting the blue water conveyed a pleasing impression. The Aragon anchored off Lisbon, or Lisboa as the Portuguese write it. We are alongside two gunboats and a third in process of construction. They tell us that these two moderate-sized enemies of peace had shelled the town during the Revolution; and from the appearance of the palace, where quite two dozen large gaping holes were visible, certainly the shells had been effective.

The palace, a hideous edifice of pink stucco, was being repaired, workmen were filling up the effects of strife with plaster, but the part of the palace where the private apartments were situated had evidently been the favourite target of the insurgents. But their gunnery had been obviously bad, and the effect of their projectiles on the stucco and loose brickwork it covered had been inefficient to accomplish the desired damage. On the Avenida, however, a house belonging to one of the Ministers had been entirely demolished, and the walls of an hotel emblazoned with bullet marks.

Altogether the scene gave one the impression of a half-hearted Revolution, the actors of which might have been driven into the Tagus with one royal regiment and a man to lead it. The new Republican flag is half red and half green, the same colours as those of our Rifle Brigade, who may, or may not appreciate the conveyed compliment. We also saw the colours worn in knitted woollen caps of Liberty over many hang-dog faces, which recalled to mind the tragedy of "Black Horse Square," and the murder which initiated this so-called reign of Liberty.

At Belem is the one church worth seeing in Lisbon. It is a perfectly impressive

specimen of baroque Gothic, only to be compared with the side chapel at Monreale, Palermo. The historical interest of the church rests in its containing the tomb of Tumulo de Vasco da Gama, the discoverer of the Indies. Adjoining the church is a school in which eight hundred boys are being educated for the army. It being the play-hour, the boys were let loose in the magnificently carved cloisters. A number of boys knew a few words of English, and were greatly elated by improving their English by fragmentary conversation.

We lunched at the restaurant Tavares, where we were joined by an English fellow-voyager who knew his Lisbon well, and was kind enough to choose some excellent old Callares, and assist us in ordering some Portuguese dishes. Cod-fish in our country is rather tasteless, but at this restaurant, where it was dressed with soft red peppers, tomatoes, and other ingredients, it made an appetising dish. Here they also served a very good table d'hôte luncheon for three

shillings and sixpence, which, in the money of the country, amounts to several hundred reis.

There is a museum at the Church of the Misericordia, where they show a marvellously rich collection of priests' vestments worked in gold and silver thread by the nuns; also some wonderful silver-gilt candelabra and ecclesiastical service. At dinner that night a gentleman at our table, which was presided over by genial Captain Farmer, related a story he had heard from Spain, viz. that Alphonso XIII said, "Oh, yes, they may have a revolution in Spain, and they may depose me, but they shall feel the marks of my teeth first."

This seemed very characteristic of the brave sporting ruler of Spain.

A deplorable misfortune occurred as we left Lisbon, through the death of our Marconi operator; he was a young man of nineteen, and succumbed to heart failure. He died last night, and was buried at sea. And now we are cut off from communication with

our sister ships and the shore, for, brilliant as are the conquests of science, the human element must step in, and we have no one

to take up the dead man's duty.

The funeral in the tropical darkness, which falls so suddenly, occurred when most of the passengers were at dinner, and the distant notes of the band broke with strange inappropriateness upon the silent scene on the after-well deck, where officers, seamen, stewards, and stokers were drawn up in their ranks, reverently uncovered to pay the final honour to their dead shipmate.

The body was borne from the Marconi room, where he died on duty (and where silence will reign until our voyage is over), by sailors with solemn dignity. The red ensign covered the body-the old flag which has been the pall for so many bright hopes, and the beacon for so many high Saddest perhaps amongst the ambitions. commander's duties is that of reading the service for the committal to the sea; but seldom is a burial more impressive than when conducted by one whose life has been spent in going down to the sea in ships.

A few scattered passengers on the bridge looked down upon the reverent group of officers and men on the well-deck, who stood with bowed heads as the body passed.

The few last words of the Burial Service from the captain, a sudden slowing down of the engines, and our dead comrade is plunged into a grave two thousand fathoms deep, where legend places the lost continent of Atlantis.

OFF BRAZIL

THE shadowy spires of the Cathedral of Science, the Marconi station at Fernando de Noronha, 342 miles from Pernambuco, puts us in communication with Dakar in the south-west of Africa. The island is a convict station for the worst criminals of Brazil; it is most picturesquely situated, and the first land we have sighted after an interval of about ten days. The lava formation takes weird shapes, especially one strange unclimbable peak, the lava core of some vanished volcano. In a few moments London and Pernambuco will know that the Aragon has safely passed the Line and the long stretches of vacantless Atlantic seas from Lisbon.

They tell me that on the island are many farms and industries; the strag-

gling white towns are visible as we steam past. Later, the effect was fairy-like as the prison-island faded away in the clasp of the ceaseless warders.

During our period of crossing from Lisbon to South America the usual deck sports, fancy-dress ball, and concert kept the passengers from ennui. The committee were indefatigable in their efforts, which were entirely successful, and their vote of thanks was gratefully and heartily given. On the night of the fancy-dress ball many beautiful and original costumes were worn. The lady who deserved and received the first prize represented the accessories of the toilet table.

Her costume was pale blue, the head-dress took the form of a huge powder-puff of swansdown. On her gown hung decorated mirrors, sheafs of emery boards, tiny rouge-pots, and booklets of papier poudre tied with ribbons.

Boy scouts, stokers, chefs, Japanese and sailors made their habitual appearance and

A Woman's Winter in South America

danced gaily on the ballroom deck, which was tastefully decorated with Chinese lanterns and international flags, to the excellent music of the *Aragon's* band.

PERNAMBUCO

On December 8th, at noon, we anchored off Pernambuco. The weather was hot, and one wished one could send a few hours of this blessed sunshine home to our friends in England, who are perhaps suffering from colds, bronchitis, and all lung infirmities. As a rule, the sea is extremely rough here, and the landing dangerous; but to-day it is calm, although a strong underground swell rocks the flotilla of launches, barges, and row-boats as they come tumbling across the water to us. We lie about two miles from the shore. The sea is of a lovely turquoise, translucent; and the shore is flat and fringed with cocoanut palms.

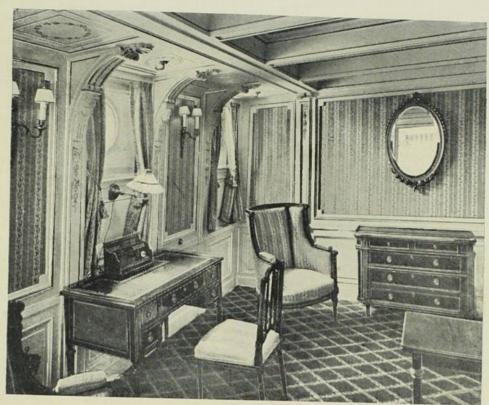
One of the dangers of these waters is the sharks; they abound in great numbers, and should one be unfortunate enough to fall into the sea he is immediately seized and

devoured. There was great excitement when a rumour floated over the decks that a shark had been caught aft. We enterprising English rushed off to see the sport, where, sure enough, was a shark struggling for its liberty after having swallowed a huge hook, some rotten meat, and a few yards of chain.

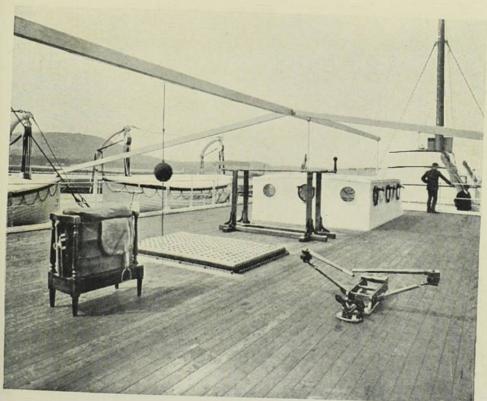
A tug-of-war was formed to "play" the shark, and after much conjecture as to how many hundred pounds we had captured, the manner in which he should receive his death-stroke was decided by a gentleman who produced a revolver.

After a battle of an hour and a half, by some mysterious means Mr. Shark escaped with the hook and chain. The only satisfaction we had after our long wait in the broiling sunshine was that we must have torn out a piece of his "board."

They have a curious way of embarking the passengers here: a huge, high, round basket which holds six people is slung by cranes over the ship's side to the launch



SALON DE LUXE, R.M.S.P. CO.'S "ARAGON"



DECK SCENE, "ARAGON"



below. The people stand in the basket and are hauled on board, whereupon the straw door is unlocked and the occupants step out. It is the first time I have seen this mode of embarkation, which is slow but decidedly practical, considering the enemies of these waters, viz. the sharks.

The town of Pernambuco lies low, and is not particularly interesting. I am advised not to go on shore as the ship stops only about two hours in order to land passengers and cargo, taking on board a consignment of orchids, sugar, and coffee.

We again pass out to sea, following the coast. The evenings now are very beautiful, the Southern Cross, lying low on the horizon, is eagerly sought for by those who have not before seen it. To me it seems very much overrated. We have a full moon, and the myriads of stars stand out distinctly, almost dwarfing the lights on the ballroom side of the deck, where dancing nightly takes place.

Brilliant phosphorescent lights mingle

A Woman's Winter in South America

with the white foam in our wake, and during daylight we see porpoises dash in and out of the sunlit waves: flying-fish and a tiny flotilla of dainty nautilus appeared to-day.

BAHIA

Bahia is most picturesquely situated on a high promontory. There is the lower town on the quays, a belt of green verdure, and above, the phantastically coloured buildings of the upper town. I went ashore in a native boat, our commander being as black as a Nubian. We were advised not to pay until safely delivered back to our floating home. There is an elevator which connects the two towns. We did not dare venture to explore the upper one, as our time was limited to an hour and a half, consequently we made our promenade through the lower. Here the streets were vilely paved, the odours most pungent; horrible-looking hairless dogs slumbered alongside the narrow pavements; the shops were filled with all the unattractive rubbish of Europe, cheap jewellery shops predominating.

Cigarettes are, I believe, supposed to be good here. We went into a dreadful market hoping to buy fruit, flowers, and pineapples, which were in season; but we were obliged to flee at once: what with the heat, the rotten meat, and the flies, the air was unbearable.

The buildings are of stucco, all painted in different colours, and in the cheapest imitation of the fourteenth-century Spanish style. Also there were many in Portuguese tiled work.

This town was far more artistic from our ship than from closer inspection. The costumes of the negresses were gay beyond description—reds, blues, and greens, daringly blended, appeared to be fashion's favourites. Altogether I should not advise a second visit to Bahia. We were content to get on board, and left our grumbling boatman counting up his thousands of reis, which amounted to about 4s. 6d.

RIO DE JANEIRO

THERE are many harbours of great beauty in the world—the Golden Gate of San Francisco, Stockholm, Hong Kong, and Cape Town, for example.

I have seen all except Sydney, which every one agrees is exceptionally beautiful; but the approach to Rio de Janeiro beats anything I have ever seen, and one's thoughts revert to history as one pictures Sebastian Cabot's and other explorers' amazement when they were confronted by the almost appalling grandeur of the sentinel-like mountains, which seem to forbid entrance to the country.

These mountains rise boldly from the sea to a height of three or four thousand feet, the lower half clothed with the greenest of branches. We steam in and out amongst the islands and mountains, while a glorious sunset of flecked golden clouds and deep crimson madder shafts make a picture unforgettable.

The "Sugar Loaf," as the mountain which overlooks the bay is called on account of its peculiar shape, makes the Brazilians feel that they are home again. We glide up the river, and are surprised to find a squadron of warships and four of our cruisers. The captain drops anchor in the midst of the British ironclads, from which we overlook a Brazilian Dreadnought and several cruisers and torpedo-boats. Aragon is at once boarded, and we learn that revolution has broken out: this is December 12th, 1910. The day before, the Brazilian Dreadnought had shelled the island which is close to the town, on which is located the Naval College. As we look across the island, we see that much damage has been done. There is great excitement on board, and rumours of all kinds float over the ship. No one is allowed to go on shore, not even the Brazilians, who had finished their journey.

The darkness has by this time descended, and in the distance there is the rumbling of shots. They say there has been fighting in the streets of Rio to-day, and that several people have been killed. All the warships are cleared for action, even our own, and few lights are shown. The air seems charged with menace.

The commander of the *Berwick* tried to warn us by Marconi not to enter the harbour, but as we had lost our Marconi operator by death, there was no one to pick up the message.

The mutineers flashed searchlights, endeavouring to find any of the cadets who may be escaping from the island. None of our boats can go ashore as they might be fired upon. Rumour says that the Englishbuilt Dreadnought *Minas Geraes*, on which the mutineers killed their captain, and which cost two millions sterling, has been beached; but the next day we found that this was not true.

The other Dreadnought, the Sao Paulo,

is quite close to our ship. Many of the passengers are extremely nervous, and collect in groups discussing the dangers by which we are surrounded. It is a warm evening and lemon squashes are in great demand: much to our consternation the steward informs us that the lemons have run out.

There was little sleep on board to-night. Every one appears loth to retire, as the mutineers may begin firing at any moment; and although on an English ship, and under the protection of the British warships, we are also in the line of fire of the Sao Paulo.

Looking over to the city of Rio de Janeiro, where the lights glimmer, one wonders what is taking place in the town. It is beautifully situated, long chains of light surround the bay and hang in perpendicular lines from the hills.

The next morning every one is awake by dawn, up and dressed, and early on deck, as some of the wiseacres declare then they will open the battle. A notice was put up in the companionway that martial law has been declared, and that although the one hundred and twentyfive Brazilian passengers would be landed, English people go ashore only at their own risk.

The captain advised people not to risk it, and added that if he received orders to sail from the warships, he should leave at once, with cargo, and without coaling, which is habitual here.

To me it was a great disappointment not to see Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, after having come such a distance; and not having an interest in the country, the probabilities were that I should not travel this way again.

Being an adventurous spirit, I made up my mind that I certainly should go ashore, reasoning that if it was safe to land the Brazilians I also could land.

Having persuaded two friends, one of whom spoke Spanish perfectly, we climbed down the long gangway to the small rowboat waiting below, our friends calling out, "Be careful you don't get shot."

As they rowed us under the island we could see many marks of the shells; the Naval College has been completely pierced during the mutineers' bombardment, showing daylight from wall to wall, and many were killed. It will need much repairing before it will be habitable.

The old Custom House, which is on an island close by, is a quaint structure of ancient Spanish architecture.

Upon landing at a pretty square, with a monument to Columbus, and gardens, we found very good motor-cars for hire, and engaged one, proceeding to the Avenida Central, which reminded me of the Nevsky Prospect of St. Petersburg, inasmuch as all the buildings are very handsome and imposing but with not the least uniformity of character. Some were of stone and many of stucco, but some were entirely Eastern in style, with domes, and others might have

been brought intact from New York and planted here.

The Post Office, the Beaux Arts, Le Aqueducto de Sta Thereza (reminding one of Rome), Palais du President, Theatre, Opera House, and Municipal Palace du Government were very finished and architecturally impressive.

After having seen the town, we motored around the Jardine Public, which is filled with marvellous tropical trees, crotons, and unfamiliar flowers. On the lawns of this park it was interesting to see strange birds and curious small animals resembling musk-rats running about in freedom as the squirrels do in Central Park, New York. They were delightfully fearless, and crossed the road repeatedly in front of our motor.

We then proceeded through the residential quarter and along a beautiful drive, the Avenida Alvear, and the Avenida Beira Mar, which one rarely sees equalled in any part of the world.

This wide macadamised road has on one

side a promenade, and the other side is bounded by gardens, palm trees and flowers. There is a yellow-red flowering acacia tree here which adds a glorious colour to the landscape; this drive is quite five miles long. We pass the Exhibition Buildings, glittering in the bright sunshine, and on until we arrive at the back of the "Sugar Loaf." It is a most enchanting run. On the way back we stop at the Botanical Gardens, which are very fine, comparing favourably with the famous Spice Gardens of Kandy, Ceylon.

The great sight of Rio de Janeiro is the cross-shaped avenue of palms, which, like the nave and transepts of a Norman minster, rear skyward an avenue of shade. At their intersection is a splashing fountain, the pleasant music of which, ever grateful in the tropics, sounds as if it were the organ of this Cathedral of Nature. The vaulting of these feathering branches, unstirred in the tropic noon, rises some sixty feet, then spreads over our heads. Not only the palm

avenue delights us, but hundreds of rare trees, and clumps of rustling bamboos amid trickling watercourses, and green lawns of real grass make us forget that our motor is waiting and our stay in the land short.

And so by the route of lovely bays and placid seas, where there was no sign of revolution, we drove back to the Hotel Avenida, where we lunched. We found the hotel comfortable: in the salon the furniture was covered with white cotton, which gave a pleasing sense of cleanliness and coolness.

The luncheon was very fair: their manner of serving peeled oranges would have been perfect had not the German knives failed to cut them.

I append the list and prices of our luncheon, which was served for four people:—

Luncheon		. 16,000 reis
Wine		. 6,000 ,,
Perrier		. 600 ,,
Liqueurs		. 2,400 ,,
		25,000 reis.

In the city we saw no signs of the revolution; all was quiet, and the streets were full of people buying Christmas presents. Huge stockings filled with novelties and green paper Christmas-trees trimmed with tinsel ornamented the windows. groups of soldiers passed occasionally: no one would have imagined the city was under martial law. We bought a newspaper in Portuguese, and learnt that a truce for twenty-four hours had been declared; it was for "Monsieurs les Revolte" to fire the first shot. We walked through the Rua Ouvidor, the local Bond Street, where all seemed prosperous. While at tea in the restaurant Sao Paulo in the Avenida Central we saw the first signs of social strife in the form of a dismal procession marching through the rain which had just begun to fall, composed of two files of depressed-looking soldiers in charge of two young men wearing straw hats and well dressed, who looked like gentlemen.

The mutineers demand flogging to be abolished, and from the barbarous manner in which flogging is conducted here it seems they are right, also they ask for more pay and less work.

When we reached the quay it was raining heavily, and not caring for an open rowboat, a "son of the soil" extorted two pounds sterling for a launch to take us back to the *Aragon*, and with this last kick we left the beautiful and prosperous capital of Brazil in the hands of a weak government and a mutinous army and navy, whose schemes of destruction were luridly laid forth to us by the ship's gossips when we arrived on board.

I feel it my duty to mention for the benefit of coming travellers, that the Corcovado Mountain is considered the thing to see. I hear the views are wonderful, which I can well believe; also that the Hotel International, which is on the mountain, is very comfortable. Owing to the disagreeable circumstances, it was not

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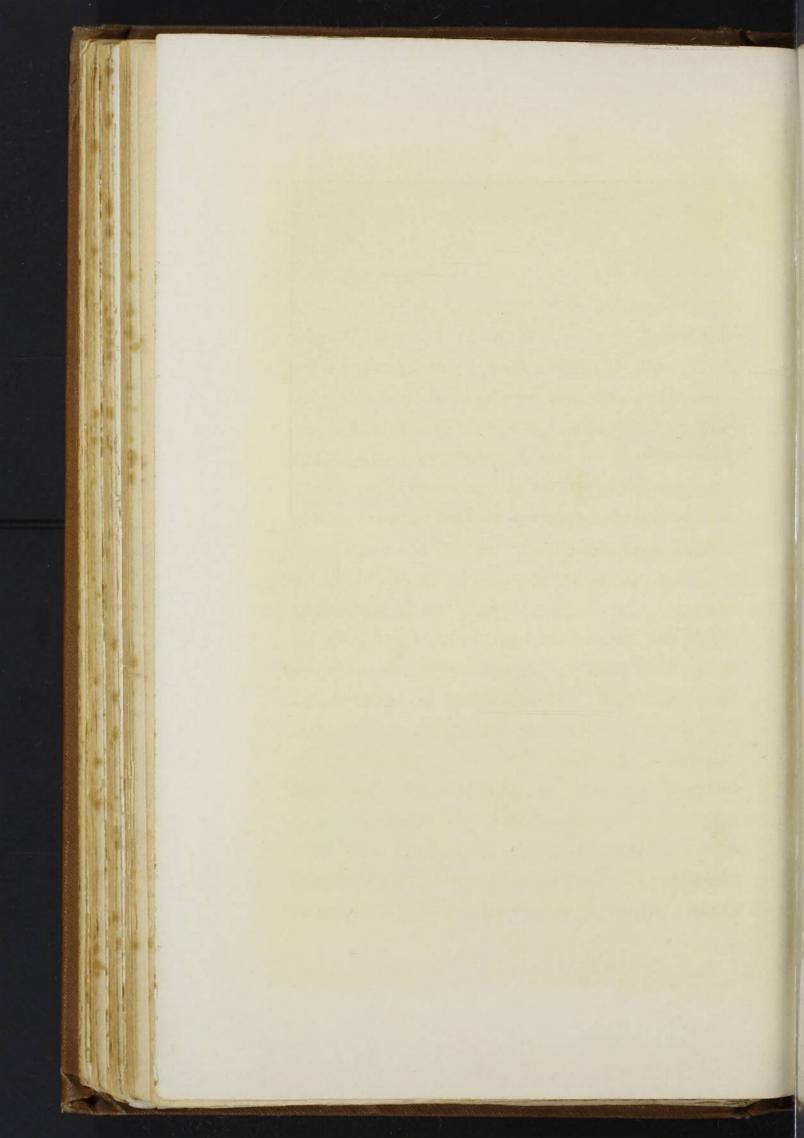
possible to ascend the mountain. In spite of all, we weighed anchor shortly after dinner, and left Rio in its cloud of rumour and doubts. I was well pleased that I had ventured ashore, and was delighted with what I saw of Rio de Janeiro.



DINING SALON, R.M.S.P. CO.'S "ARAGON"



STREET SCENE IN BARBADOS



SANTOS

Next morning we found ourselves in the river approaching Santos, long famed as the most deadly port of South America. The river flows heavily between green-clad volcanic-looking hills swathed in mists which hide the more distant peaks of the higher mountains.

Quay and river are full of traffic with, as always, the red ensign predominating. Here we cross our homeward-bound sister ship, the Avon. From Rio de Janeiro two Brazilian gunboats ran in our wake, and as our ship was swinging at Santos, one of them, the Tamoyo, thought fit to execute an appalling manœuvre by running across our bows, her band playing, and her guns cleared for action. With a clearance from our moving ship, not more than three feet away, she completed

n

the tactical exercise by sticking herself upon a mud-bank. An old R.N. quarter-master observed, a few minutes after we escaped ramming by our musical friend, that it reminded him of a procession of organ-grinders with their monkeys. Another remarked that he thought the cook must have been promoted to command the erratic Brazilian.

The city of Santos lies behind a dull line of galvanised iron coffee-warehouses. Stray beans of coffee lie in the mud of its streets; the smell of coffee is in the air. Unhappily it cannot overpower the rich and fruity smells of the Santos River. As there was nothing to see in the town except the eternal Plaza, we took a trip up the Sao Paulo Railway, taking the purser as hostage that we should not be left behind in this Brazilian swamp.

Our special train was clean and elegant: the seats of cane, with white covers. For miles we run through mango swamps, rich with the brilliant green of tropical verdure, interlaced with large white blossoms—which I hear are deadly poisonous—and scarlet crotons.

We were fortunate in travelling on a rainy day, because the gentle and ubiquitous mosquito objects to wet his frail and buzzing wings.

A run on the level brought us to Piassaquera, where the engine ahead left us, and a brake-engine for the mountain railway was attached behind. We move forward and are clamped to a steel cable which worms its way along iron sheaves and climbs an appalling gradient; in fact, our ascent is only eight feet in the hundred, but the dip of this mechanical switchback in the event of anything giving way leads to thought.

Gradually, below buttress mountain-sides, and over culverts which extend through the mist into distant forest valleys below, we climb up the first incline, passing midway a train of four cars laden with coffee, which is our balance-weight on the stalwart cable.

Getting to the foot of the second incline, we are gripped by another cable, and so on up to the summit of the fourth incline. We are carried through clouds and tunnels with glimpses of green untrodden forest where the orchids and the climbers with the tree-moss blur the outline of unfamiliar trees, and so we reach Alto de Serra, where courteous engineers show us over the power-house, clean as a warship's quarter-deck, where English machinery and English brains have placed the wealthiest lands of Brazil in communication with the world.

This is only one of five of the engine stations on the incline, each identical with the other, and their ordered and ceaseless working is a triumph for that science which, in the words of James Telford, "utilises the great powers of Nature for the benefit of man." "The street-bred people," who talk of the decadence of England, should note that this wonderful railway was designed by Sir Douglas Fox, and carried

out by English contractors with English material.

It is probably, per mile, the most costly railway in the world. We were told the cables lasted about thirty-three months, and are able after that period to take four times the strain which can be placed upon them. But still there is a guiding spirit to this mighty mechanism, and on a platform high above the pulsing cylinders we see the controlling engineer, who, by one mistake in handling of the levers before him, could send a train hurling through brushwood and cloud to the dim valleys below.

After a pleasant wait at Alto Serra station, where there was a good refreshment-room, we took the return journey—dropping leisurely from the clouds to the marshes of Santos, where we found sunshine, and our ship.

In the town we bought a few postcards, worth about 1s. 6d. in England. Here I was obliged to pay 8s., and the dread of

A Woman's Winter in South America

South American extortion is sinking into my soul.

This excursion is arranged by the ship's authorities, and costs only 10s., which, I expect, is the cheapest thing I shall enjoy in this land.

At Santos I regretfully parted from a dear young friend, a small boy of four, whose chief amusement consisted in rolling a top near my chair on deck. The manner in which he introduced himself was certainly unique. He said: "I am Thomas Lionel Johnson, what don't know nofthings." However, he soon knew where the barber lived, and where chocolates were plentiful.

THE END OF THE VOYAGE

The Aragon, dropping passengers and cargo, has nearly completed her voyage. We paused at Monte Video for about three hours. I did not go ashore, as I expect to return and visit here.

The wide Rio de la Plata, like a huge inland sea, opens out before us, and to-morrow morning we shall land at Buenos Ayres, or Aires, as the people of the country spell it. In the same way with Monte Video, as our geographies used to name it; here they make it all one word, Montevideo. The sunset was again worthy of splendid verse and artistic brush, as the river resembled a shimmering sea of gold, and the sun, deep crimson in colour, threw its radiance or afterglow from the west until the full moon asserted its reign.

The voyage out, on the whole, has been

very pleasant as I mentally review the three weeks' delightful sea trip from Southampton to Buenos Aires. The ships of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. are very comfortable, the salons in white and gold with much decoration; the cabins are clean and commodious. I feel I must warn ladies taking passage that on no account should they be persuaded to take an inside cabin, for on crossing the Line one would find it insupportable.

The table is most generous and excellent. We English people used to grumble that there was not enough salt in the food, but the company has many races and tastes to cater for, and the Brazilians do not like salt, therefore the absence of its use in the cooking. Considering the climate and the dearness of liquid refreshment, perhaps it is just as well not to tempt thirst, but rather to diminish it.

I wish to thank jovial Captain Farmer and his staff for their extreme courtesy and attention throughout the voyage; and I can heartily recommend the trip for ladies suffering from the vagaries of our winter climate, and for those who, like myself, seek the sun.

My ticket to Buenos Aires and return to England cost £62, with £11 extra for a single outside cabin. This £11 pounds is more than saved by the comfort therein derived.

There were many weird and fearsome stories told of the brigandism of the Customs authorities at Buenos Aires.

We arrived on a very warm morning. As there were tons of luggage to unload, I waited on the cool side of the ship until nearly every one had left, when I descended the gangway, recovered my eight pieces, and glanced rather timidly at a Customs official. To my great satisfaction, he demanded only one box to be opened, and even then he was most lenient in his examination, therefore a worrying "bogey" had been set aside.

There are two forwarding agencies who handle your baggage and send it to your hotel. They charge one dollar apiece for

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large and small baggage alike. I took one of the "coaches," as they call the cab-victorias, and drove to the Plaza Hotel, which is managed by the Carlton and Ritz Co., of London.

BUENOS AIRES

Buenos Aires the day before Christmas, or Navidad, as the Spanish call it. To me I cannot realise that to-morrow will be Christmas Day; it is about ninety degrees in the shade. Even the native people acknowledge that "to-day it really is hot." But they add, "We do not get alarmed at the heat until we see people and horses dropping in the streets."

As that period has not yet arrived, we have something to be thankful for. The climate changes very suddenly, and storms come up, and immediately with the breeze there will be a drop in the temperature of twenty or thirty degrees, and usually, no matter how hot the day has been, the nights are cool. The River La Plata, which is thirty-eight miles wide at Buenos Aires, brings a refreshing wind as it rushes on to the sea.

I fear that the belated ones who have not finished buying their presents will find it very uncomfortable in the Florida to-day. In the shops I have never seen more gorgeous and expensive playthings: there are toy dogs the size of a Newfoundland, and Parisian dolls of the size of a child of three.

Many of the Brazilian children's nurses carried these huge dolls off the ship for the youngsters at Rio de Janeiro; and unless you look directly into the face, you could not be sure they were not children, as they were bonneted and arrayed in the same fashion as their small mistresses.

These dolls are decidedly expensive, and have elaborate wardrobes of the dernier cri of Paris. It goes to show how wealthy most of the people are to be able to indulge their children's fancy to such an extent. In many of the shop windows are the crèches holding the infant Saviour, camels laden with the wise men of the East, holy villages with impossible green trees, and standing figures of the Virgin arrayed in white and blue,

which are also the colours of the Argentine Republic.

In the jewellery shops these sacred figures and crosses are set with jewels for pendants and for the *bon chance*.

The extravagance of the people here is noticeable. They are not content simply with gold purses, but must have them entirely covered with jewels as well.

The municipal authorities are most generous with the electric light in Buenos Aires, as nearly all the buildings are practically covered with decorative designs. All public buildings and churches are twined with them. The large pillars of the cathedral carry spirals of electric lamps, which also outline the peristyle above. The effect of a night's illumination is dazzling.

It is a beautiful city of stuccoed splendour, where fortunes are made and lost in a day, and whose buildings are built for the present with little eye for the future.

A well-known American writer describing the architecture of Buenos Aires, calls

it "Queen Anne in front-Mary Anne behind."

Land which to-day is bought by the acre, may be sold to-morrow by the metre at many times its cost. Gambling enters into business and all transactions of the city. Even the newspaper boys, after their arduous labours through a hot day, fling their centavos to Dame Chance as they sit crosslegged on cathedral steps, or in dim, back alleys, where they congregate.

To-day the minds of the people are concentrated upon the Christmas lottery tickets, which have been selling at a premium of fifty per cent. The problem of the fool and his money is easily solved when one learns that the Argentine Government absorbs thirty per cent of the subscription for

charity and expenses.

Noon to-day is the most exciting hour of the year in Buenos Aires. Every holder of a ticket has a most absurd conception as to the luck of numbers and their combinations. Anything from his years multiplied by a hundred to the number on the label of a bottle of stout will sway him to buy a ticket.

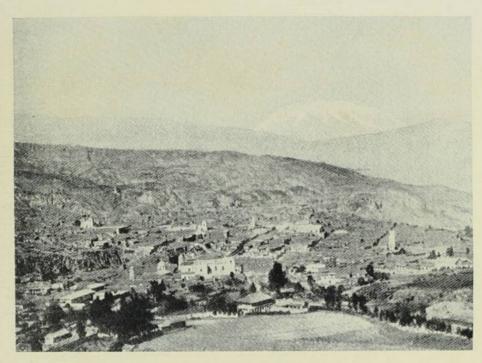
The drawing is perfectly fair, but the percentage in favour of the bank would even satisfy the modest demands of the authorities at Monte Carlo.

The winning number was 4949—the prize was £80,000. But the Argentines do not lose hope and will buy another ticket as soon as issued. They will be sure to win the prize—"manana."

The "Assistance Public" of the city is a model which any European capital could copy. Last night I saw a man faint in a restaurant: within a few minutes a pair-horse ambulance carrying a doctor, with medicine and all appliances, was on the spot. At the Central Depôt, night and day, are on watch, and ready, horse-ambulances, to turn out with the promptitude of a London fire-brigade.

The prices in this new El Dorado are prohibitive to the ordinary European, as practically the smallest sum one handles is a ragged, pink note, "un peso," whose nominal value is about 1s. 9d. Its real buying capacity is about that of an English shilling. From a cab fare to a bottle of ginger ale the eternal un peso suffices.

On Christmas Day I lunched with some Spanish and English friends; it was very One could not picture the snow and warm. holly of old tradition. In the afternoon we drove to Palermo, where a gay, well-dressed throng of people was circling around the promenade. Some one suggested tea at a restaurant close by; but on arriving there, instead of the tea, which every one said would make us more warm, we all agreed it would be much more palatable if we took iced champagne. Therefore the party of eight sat under the shade of the blue gum trees, and first drank the health of King George and to his successful coronation, then to our friends at home. In the evening an excellent Christmas dinner was served at the Plaza Hotel, where all the



LA PAS



SANTOS HARBOUR



accustomed Yuletide fare was provided. It was a very warm evening, and the flowers faded almost as soon as they were placed on the table. In Buenos Aires it is difficult to buy flowers in the summer as they wither immediately.

In the parks and squares crotons are used principally for decoration. After dinner, we drove to the Theatro de Verano in the Palermo, where we listened to a very good variety concert. Being in the open, the air was delightfully cool. Later, there was a display of fireworks.

For the Argentines, although they make a fête of Christmas, the great day is the 1st of January, the "Fiesta de la Ano Nuevo." In contemplation, I shall always review my first Christmas under the "Southern Cross" with great pleasure.

After a week spent in Buenos Aires, for a strenuous traveller and sightseer everything is repetition, as there are no museums nor picture galleries. The wealth of the city is too recent, and most of the people are not

educated up to fine art, although I believe there are many small private collections, and in the Florida one can buy magnificent objects of art, and the finest workmanship of the jewellers.

The work-horses of Buenos Aires wear quite stylish sun-hats, some of yellow-and-black striped materials, others red and white. One feels tempted to add a rose or ribbon to further their jauntiness.

The Congressional Building, situated at the north end of the Avenida de Mayo, is yet unfinished, although it has been in the process of erection for several years, with an expenditure of thirty millions. However, the proud Republic of the Argentine advertises its possible completion on its twelve centavo "Centennial" postage stamps. This edifice of solid stone and steel was a pleasant contrast, unfinished as it is, to the mass of stucco mansions and hovels scattered over the broad area of "B.A.," as the natives speak of their city. They prefer the abbreviation.

What the stranger remarks more than anything else is the one-story dwelling-places of the poor, shouldering mansions which almost aspire to be palaces. The families of the Argentine follow the Spanish to a great extent, that is, building the main portion of the house around an open "patio" or square, the houses being flat-roofed, of one story, and without fire-places. In the winter time, they tell me, it is usual to sit at table to try to keep warm with great-coats on, as the south winds blowing across the ice-fields of Patagonia are much worse and more cutting than any of the March winds of our east coast of England.

Doors and windows are useless before these winds, for the Argentine summer with its intense heat warps the woodwork to the extent of several inches; therefore the draughts may be imagined.

It is quite customary to see a native family all huddled together muffled up with coats and shawls round a small oil heatingstove (just as our Japanese friends cluster round the "ibatchi" in the further East), trying to think that the smell does not exist, and that they are perfectly comfortable in a room measuring 30 feet long by 15 and 18 feet high, carpetless, and with cold, uncushioned chairs, while a small reading-lamp flickers weird shadows, which dance upon the wall.

Of course this will not be the case with the wealthy householders, who possess all the luxuries and the last word of comfort

which money can buy.

STORY OF FIFTY DOLLARS

It is said that some years ago women could not walk in the main streets of Buenos Aires without receiving too much attention from the male sex. An ambassador was the guest of the President, and his wife had received unprovoked admiration in her attempts to go shopping in the Florida. On being asked his opinion of B.A. by some of the bigwigs present, he answered as follows: "Your city is extremely beautiful, your public buildings compare favourably with the capitals of the world, but why in justice do you allow your wives and daughters to be insulted and spoken to by men in your public Such an outrage I cannot understreets? stand."

The officials talked it over, and a law was passed by which, if a man spoke to a

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woman in the street, she could at once summon a policeman, give the male person in charge, and he would be fined fifty dollars.

Now the men do not speak, but they loiter around you, and, half inarticulate, they murmur, "I wish I had fifty dollars!"

RESTAURANTS. BUENOS AIRES

THE "Plaza" is a very good hotel; it is splendidly furnished; the bedrooms have cold and hot running water, and large deep closets fitted with electric lights which turn on as the door opens. This is indeed a joy for a woman. Nearly every bedroom has a bath adjoining, which is replete with every luxury; the salons are beautifully decorated, also the ballroom; and the cuisine is excellent. The prices are on the same scale as the "Carlton" in London: and sitting in the hall in the afternoon for tea with music playing, and the chic monde assembling, one could fancy oneself at home in the "Carlton." Here it is the custom to give ices after the tea, which is much appreciated in this month of the year. January is considered the hottest month. Now the people begin to leave town for their country houses, or "estancias," and the seaside. "Camp," they call the country, taken from "campo," the old Spanish word.

One thing that strikes the tourist is the peculiar manner of calling the attention of a waiter. The men press their lips, and make a sound such as one would imagine a serpent does before striking; its nearest mode of spelling I should put down as "whysstt." Some have the knack of prolonging the call; at any rate the waiters, or "mozos," recognise, and it is effective.

There are many restaurants and cafés of the first class in Buenos Aires comparing favourably with all European resorts.

The restaurant of the "Paris" is a huge salon decorated prettily in the nouveau art style. One whole side consists of plateglass windows, each one measuring fifteen feet in length, which can be opened or closed as weather permits. And one can watch the life of the Avenida de Mayo as one does on the boulevards of Paris.

You can dine very well here at about

12s. a head, or six pesos native money. I append one dinner:

Cold meats assorted ("fiambres"), with Russian salad, which they invariably serve in lieu of hors d'œuvres, and very sensible it is for the country.

Péjere, Mar del Plata, a delicious fish of these waters, resembling our sole; it is fried in a light batter, and served hot and dry.

Next a "puchero," a native dish, made of chicken, ham, rice, small pieces of corn-cob (called "chocolas"), pumpkin, large beans ("porotos"). These ingredients are stewed together and create a tasty plate.

Frogs' legs are served here better than in Paris. They are larger, and are cooked with onions, herbs, and potatoes.

The fruit salads are delicious, consisting of fresh figs, peaches, pineapples and bananas. It being the Argentine summer, nearly all the fruits are ripe. Many peaches are sent down from Mendoza.

Nearly every one drinks what is locally called a "claret-cup," compounded of the

white wine of Mendoza, peaches, oranges, and ice. It is most refreshing.

The native brew of light beer is excellently suited for tropical climates. Of course, this manufacture is exclusively in German hands. With the exception of a stray bottle of stout, English beer is rarely seen on Argentine tables.

Our country has let a rare opportunity escape in not securing a part of the beer trade in South America. The English brewers have been too conservative to manufacture a light beer adaptable to the country. Therefore this profit-making beverage has drifted into other hands.

Even this hardy and drinking race cannot face John Barleycorn in its full strength. In the hotels the American way of serving whisky-and-soda is followed, the customer being allowed to help himself—a practice which experts assure me is far from being as risky as imagined, and probably pays the administration better than the doling out of Scotland's fluid at a franc a glass, which

is prevalent at Monte Carlo. Here in this country the teetotaler and the heavy drinker alike go under in the hot weather, while the man who can carry a moderate amount of stimulants survives.

A kindly Anglo-Argentine introduced me to an especially local dish, the armadillo, called here "mulita." The flesh of this turtle-like creature is white, and like firm chicken, but much richer. Like frogs' legs and caviare they are not cheap, but a favourite luxury of the Argentine gourmet; and it seems a pity some enterprising Ritz cannot introduce them into London by cold storage.

The scaly shells are lined with brightcoloured satin and made into dainty workbaskets, which hang in shop windows to be bought by the homeward bound as curios.

Maté, the Paraguayan tea, is drunk in all parts of South America. The maté, or gourd, is decorated in fancy designs, and the yerba, on which is poured boiling water, is drunk through a tube called "bombilla,"

the lower end of which unites the attributes of strainer and teaspoon. An unpleasant feature of the consumption of this maté is that the tubes and gourds are sociably interchangeable amongst the teetotal revellers, owing to the fact that the gourd is refilled with hot water and repeatedly passed round to all the members of the circle, after the manner of the Indian hookah.

Charpentier's is a French restaurant which reminds one of Voisin's and Henri's in Paris. The large, lofty salons in white and gold, banked with growing palms, give the air of coolness which is so desirable in the summer time. The service and cuisine were remarkably good, also the music; and as one glanced at the diners who were seated about, it was obvious that gourmets, not gourmands, frequented Charpentier's. This was our small dinner for three:

Melon, soupa (Creolla), which is most sustaining, and made of all kinds of vegetables.

Péjere, fish del la Plata.

Cutlets Milanese avec petits pois.

Fruit salad.

Coffee, claret-cup, and whisky and Perrier.

Total, fifteen pesos.

The new Hotel Majestic, in the Avenue de Mayo, was opened in May for the centennial celebrations, and was taken over by the Government to house the guests of the President, Dr. Roques Saenz Pena. It is a large structure, very palatial, and a great convenience here is the roof-garden, where, however hot it may be in the city, in the evening there is a cool breeze and a splendid view, which resembles fields of lights spread over an extensive area. I may also mention the Palace Hotel, which has a roof-garden. At both these restaurants the food was all that could be desired; in fact, in all Buenos Aires I have had no cause for complaint in any of the restaurants I have frequented.

The "Sportsman" in the Florida has a large clientele. Here the puchero is much in de-

mand. The business men make a rendezvous of this place. Perhaps it is a little too popular, in view of the overcrowding. One dines very well here, and there is a band and cinematographic performance in the evening to amuse one. One has an excellent luncheon at the "Sportsman" for seven dollars, or pesos.

The Grand Hotel, also in the Florida, gives a very good table. Friends of mine who stayed here said they lived very well for a pound a day, including room and food.

There is the Phœnix Hotel, where the prices are about the same as the Grand, and hundreds of hotels in B.A. of all classes and conditions.

PALERMO

Palermo is the great playground for the Argentines, comprising about three hundred acres; it is beautifully laid out with lakes, islands, and gardens. A great many blue gums flourish, and tropical trees of every kind abound. Here, late in the afternoon, when the monde riche promenade en voiture, you will find the ladies dressed better than in Hyde Park. The largest and most gorgeous feathers toss their plumage from well-turned-out automobiles, as if cost were a bagatelle. Rumour says they think nothing of paying twenty and thirty pounds for a hat.

At Palermo there is an interesting Zoologico Jardine, small, but well-chosen. One felt sorry for the white polar bears in this intense heat, although they have roomy, barred cages, and a large stone bath in which they tell me ice is placed on especially hot days, also a shower bath to play over them. The boa-constrictors appeared content behind glass windows, on which the sun baked, and one manipulated himself slowly along to a rock basin, in which dozens of poor little frogs with beady eyes sat awaiting their fate.

A fine group of zebras was interesting, also the pumas and llamas. In a huge cage containing large families of the vulture tribe I looked for the powerful condor of the Cordilleras, but failed to see one.

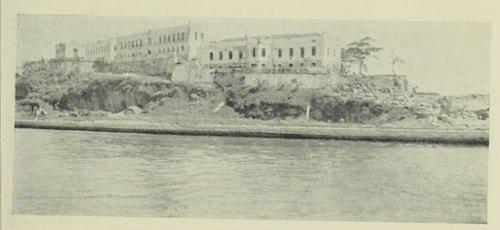
The race-course at Palermo is prettily situated and well patronised. In fact, I believe that every sport is represented on this immense playground.

One must not forget to mention the school for national defence, "Escuelo de Tiro," in which soldiers and youths are taught "A qui aprender a defender La Patria," which is an excellent example for every country to follow.

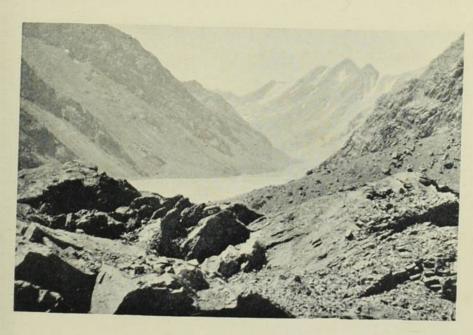
Driving out to the Palermo one passes



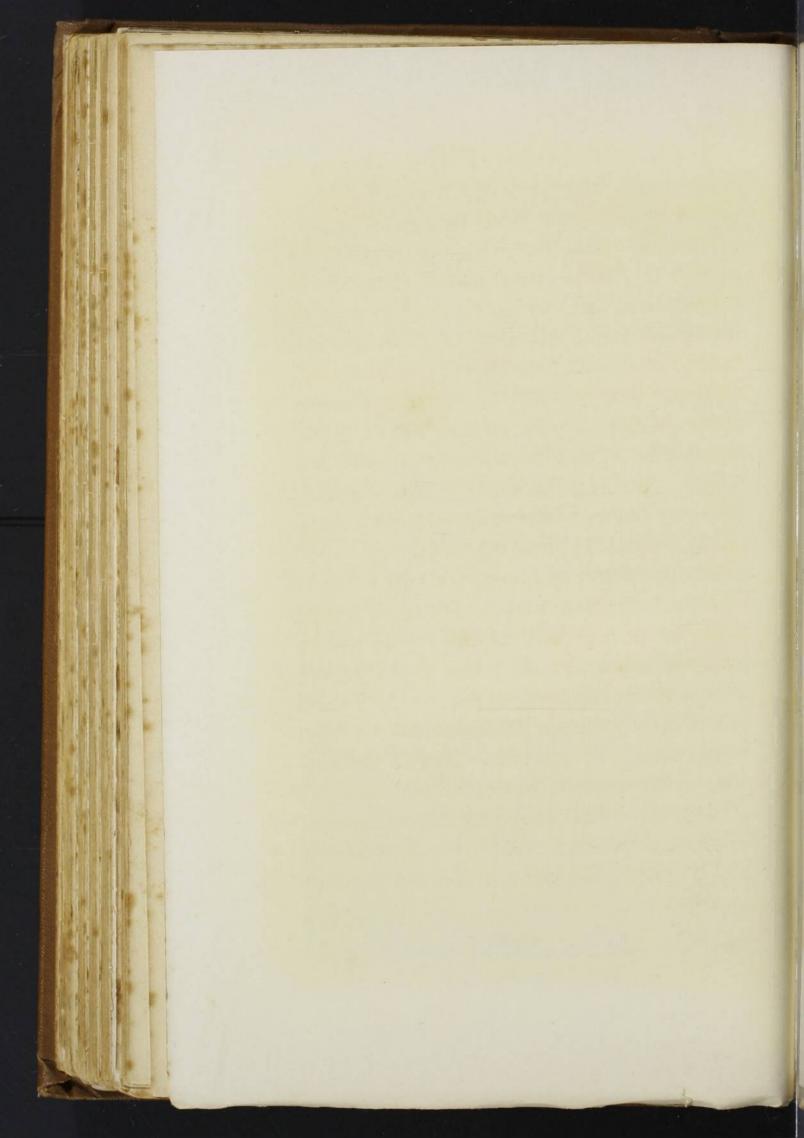
A TYPICAL CENTRAL AMERICAN PORT



NAVAL COLLEGE, RIO DE JANEIRO



TRANSANDINE SCENERY



through the Avenida Alvear, named after a celebrated general. The rich Argentinas have built their palace-homes here, each according to his own light, with no regard to the taste of his neighbour, consequently the style of architecture is salmagundi, although magnificent in some instances. Then there is also Belgrano with its plaza, and a fine statue to the general of that name. At Mar del Plata, which is one of the show places of the Argentine, they have an interesting National Museum.

Buenos Aires is obviously grateful to its heroes, as there is no lack of monuments. The city is very well supplied with clubs, from the stately Jockey Club, probably one of, if not the most expensive in the world, as the entrance fee is £300 and subscription £100 yearly. It is most magnificent inside, with marble staircase and splendid furnishings. The Progress Club is much frequented by the Government officials. The English Club and the German are also prominent.

For the curio hunter, B.A. does not offer much attraction, almost everything is blatantly new; but I should advise tourists to visit several of the shops that sell Paraguayan tea. Here, sometimes, one is able to pick up odd things that have drifted down the Camp from the Paraguayan Indians. For instance, large white hammocks, made and spun from native cotton by the women, ponchos of fine quality, the maté, stuffed crocodiles, small native boats made of skin, spears, dried boa-constrictors, shields, large blue butterflies, preserved scorpions, centipedes, humming-birds, and a miscellaneous I must not forget to mention collection. the lacework made by the descendants of These women are really skilful the Incas. workers, and produce beautiful lace in silk or linen. I bought some exceedingly pretty handkerchiefs and scarfs of this lovely work.

Llama rugs and puma skins are available. I looked for chinchillas, but found very inferior skins. They say the best are shipped direct to London and Paris.

Buenos Aires, on account of its climate and bright sunshine, gay, luxurious life and uniqueness, will undoubtedly become a fashionable winter resort; many notable English people come every year. It was said that Scotland's philanthropic Duchess, Her Grace of Sutherland, was contemplating a trip to the Argentine this winter. The Honourable Henniker Heaton, preacher-inordinary to the Post Office, who believes that all the world should be placed in communication for a penny postage, frequently visits this country.

Many people who are obliged to winter away on account of our fog and rain, and who are tired of so many trips to Egypt, the Riviera, and Ceylon, would find this journey both helpful and interesting. Everything that can be bought in London and Paris can also be obtained in B.A. Of course things are dear, but it must be remembered that all these things have to be brought here from a great distance.

HINTS AS TO CLOTHING

In selecting a wardrobe for this country, as a tourist, I would suggest that one should have well-cut coats and skirts of grey, blue, or any dark shade of alpaca or tussore silk. . . . Foulards also are most useful. Of course, white linen and lingerie frocks look very pretty and cool, but the laundry bills are rather high, as are labour and all things in this new El Dorado. Many cool blouses should be taken. Owing to the damp, warm climate, linens do not last clean and fresh for more than a couple of days, and they cost to launder about six dollars, or 12s. of our money. One dollar or peso is approximately 1s. 8d or 1s. 9d.

One need not fear to send the finest of lingerie, as the work is splendidly done, quite equal to the finest French laundries. I can especially recommend the Plaza Hotel

laundry.

For the benefit of future women travellers like myself, I will give an idea of my expenses at the Plaza Hotel, which is, without doubt, the best hotel in South America.

I had an excellent room with good view and a private bathroom adjoining for 15s. a day. The coffee complete, daintily served in the morning, cost one dollar. This includes bread, fresh butter, jam, and coffee.

The luncheon—the cuisine is entirely French—costs 6s., and dinner, 8s. 8d.

The Argentine ladies are beautifully dressed. They spend large sums on their toilettes: no expense is spared. In Bond Street, the Rue de la Paix (Paris), or the Graben (Vienna) one will not see more elaborate costumes. And the ladies of B.A. are very handsome; their large, dark eyes and proud Spanish bearing make them distinguished among the beauties of the world.

Many people scoff at the meretricious splendours of B.A. Some who scoff remain to admire, as the old adage goes.

It is, comparatively speaking, a new town, and reminds one of a strong buoyant infant, growing imperceptibly, but advancing always and strengthening itself. If in this short time it has made such progress, and has for its inheritance the wealth of the Argentine as a foster-parent behind it—even now it is the largest city south of the Lineone cannot help but wonder what extent and influence it will achieve in years to come. Personally I like B.A.; I received the kindliest hospitality, and hope that one day I shall visit it again for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne."

One night at dinner I met a certain gentleman. His wife happened to remark that I was writing my impressions of my South American winter. "Writing a book, are you?" He turned to me with a smile in his eyes. "Well, I guess I can give you a pretty stiff chapter of what's happened to me this year. Why, in one year I have had enough escapes to last a hundred."

"It must be most interesting. I shall be

delighted to hear of your experiences," I answered, and added, "Will you and your wife have tea with me at the 'Plaza' to-morrow?"

The invitation for the next afternoon was accepted, and the following is a true account of one man's actual adventures. I write them down as he repeated the incidents, without elaboration.

REFLECTIONS OF MR. W.

A snow slide in Rogers' Pass, Selkirk Range, Canada. About a hundred killed and buried under the snow. The train was blockaded, and remained there four days.

Arrested in Guatemala as a revolutionist. Taken to prison, temporarily, and released.

Earthquake in Costa Rica, in which the city of Cartago was destroyed. In San José, where there was also an earthquake, but of not such great force.

On a Peruvian boat going from Panama to Callao. Off the entrance of the Guyas River ship was chased by an Ecuadorian warship, but no damage was done.

Crossing the Andes from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires, the train was snow-bound at about 8000 feet altitude for two days. This happened in June, shortly after the opening of the Transandine Railway.

Took ship from Rio de Janeiro to Lisbon, and had an automobile wreck at Cintra, in which suffered the misfortune of having two ribs broken, and friend was killed.

Across from London to Quebec in August last, then down to New York, leaving New York early in September for Para, Brazil, where yellow fever was epidemic, even the hotel being infected, in fact the very room occupied. The day previous a young woman had been carried out dead with this awful malady. Slept there and escaped.

Up the Amazon, a thousand miles, as far as the city of Manaos. Arrived and found all the hotels crowded; was compelled to take an inside room at the Hotel Cusino. This room had absolutely no ventilation. Being within a couple of degrees of the Equator, the disagreeableness of the situation may be imagined. The next morning a revolution broke out; the hotel was within one block of the Palace, where

Every window in the hotel was blown out, and the despised inside room became a haven of rest for unfortunate beings who occupied the outside rooms. Using racing terms, "quite a reversal in form." One evening the room a despised outsider, the next morning a warm favourite.

Left Para and went to Rio de Janeiro and saw the inauguration of a new President, and the revolution the next day—for the town was fired upon by the Dreadnoughts.

MONTEVIDEO

On New Year's Eve I left Buenos Aires with a party of friends on one of the comfortable night boats for the capital of Uruguay. There were many people on board, and the popping of corks testified that the infant year was being ushered in with revelry and goodwill. The next morning I awoke at our dock, and went on deck. One remarked that the blue waters of the South Atlantic still showed a trace of the mighty sandy flood of the Rio de la Plata, but the breeze that blows is a genuine seawind, dry and exhilarating. It is convenient to step from the boat on to the dock without the bother of using a tender or small boat. Two Uruguayan warships, gleaming with white cleanliness, confront us; and on the summit of the only hill visible from our anchorage, the Fort del Cerro (which may be for the protection or coercion of the city) dominates the situation.

Montevideo is a city of broad streets and pleasant plazas, where newly planted maple trees line both sides of the way and give promise of ample shade in a few years to come.

Flowers grow profusely in the public squares, especially geraniums. Monuments of past presidents are to be seen on all sides; they are mostly of French execution, and to visitors are more interesting as objects of art than as historical monuments. At the terminus station of Ferro Carril del Uruguay, one's national vanity is flattered by seeing under the portico station a monument of heroic size to the memory of James Watt and George Stephenson, to neither of whom has his parent country raised a befitting memorial. The terminal station at Montevideo is quite a South American St. Pancrasspacious, clean, and classical in design. The public park or Prado is generously provided with all sorts of tropical vegetation; goldfish dart in its placid ponds, and crotons rear themselves in majestic splendour from grassy margins. Everywhere the blue gum trees flourish, their twisted stems growing at a rate which can satisfy even the ambitions of a South American Republic. We were surprised that these monarchs of shade, like so many monarchs of humanity, are worth little when dead, a dollar gold, more or less 4s., being the value of their shapely stems when hewn.

Speaking of the value of the dead reminds me of an incident which took place on the Aragon coming out. In the third class, a Portuguese emigrant was standing talking to his wife at the head of the companion-way. All at once giddiness overcame him, and he fell back down the stairs. They picked the poor fellow up, but discovered life had left him: he had crushed his skull. His wife was overcome with grief at her loss. They were on their journey to Brazil in hopes to make a fortune and home. A collection was taken for the widow amongst the first-class passengers, which realised £127.

A scientific business man, and rather a wag in his way, figured that, supposing the unfortunate emigrant weighed twelve stone, an average man's weight, and his value were £127, he would be worth 15s. 2d. per pound. It was gruesome, but we had to smile.

No one visiting the city of Montevideo should omit the drive of half an hour or so to Pocitos, where the South Atlantic waves fall upon crystal sands, and the mighty ocean coos softly "as doves in immemorial elms," as our great Laureate wrote.

On New Year's Day there were many people enjoying the sea-bathing. The Hotel Balneario de los Pocitos, where we lunched, is an establishment which makes one feel like lingering for weeks, as the air is delightful, the hotel well managed, and the cuisine all that could be asked for. We were told that the *chef* receives £850 per year. Of course, to us this sounds a huge sum, but considering the enormous

living expenses in this part of the world, the salary would only go as far as £300 a year in England, the modest endowment of many a country vicar.

We were joined by a gentleman whom one of our party claimed as a genial Scot. In figure, face, and dialect, he might have stepped off the Exchange of Glasgow. However, we learnt with surprise he had come out from Scotland a baby of a year old, and had never returned to his native land. The Spanish language came more freely than his mother-tongue, and in some cases it was impossible for him to explain himself in English, and he had to resort to French and German.

We had a delightful luncheon, perfectly served, and not expensive. While we were enjoying peaches, apricots, pineapples, and strawberries, and fanned by exhilarating sea breezes, we wondered what sort of weather our friends at home were having, and ended by sending off piles of post-cards.

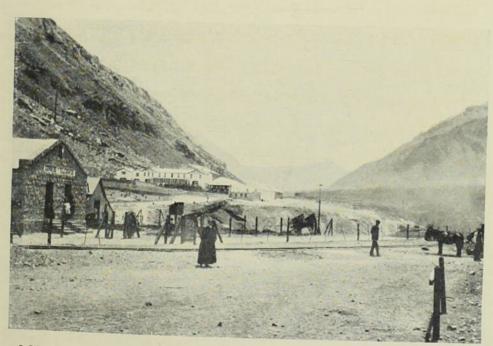
A BULL-FIGHT

By good fortune, to-day there was a special bull-fight à la Portuguese, to celebrate the grand Fiesta de la Ano Nuevo. A well-known matador and seven toros from Spain were to perform at the Plaza de Toros. We secured good places at almost the last moment. The Plaza is situated in Colon, half an hour's coach-ride from the centre of the city. On arriving, we were much struck by the number of motors, coaches, etc., that had conveyed four thousand spectators, more or less.

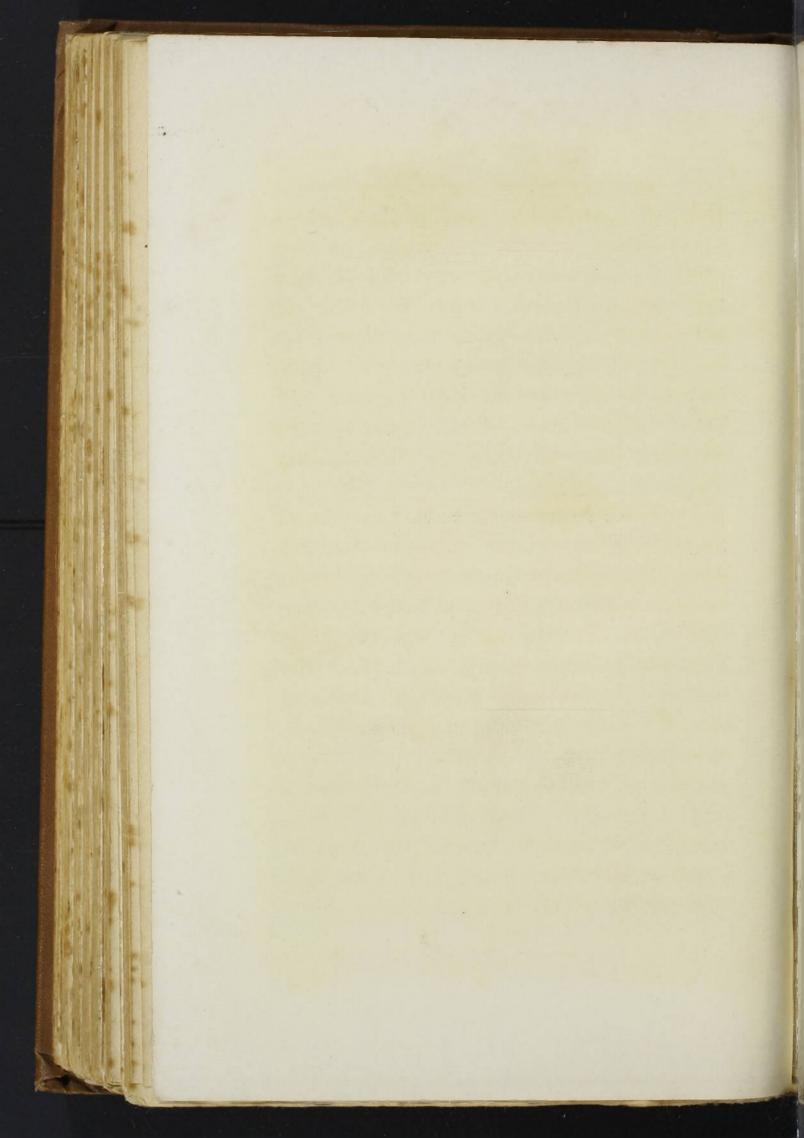
On entering the Plaza, the gaiety and frivolity of the huge crowd struck us as inconsistent with the so-called sport. A fringe of Spanish and Uruguayan flags fluttered in the wind from the balconies of the Plaza, where throngs of excited men's, women's, and little children's vociferous



CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION AT BOGOTA



LOS INCAS, GREATEST HEIGHT OF THE TRANSANDINE RAILWAY



cheers gave undoubted proof of their enthusiasm. Sometimes they were so carried away by the sport that they threw their hats and air-cushions into the arena as offerings to the successful matadors, who, in their gorgeous garments of flaming colours, heavily embroidered in gold and silver, smiled and bowed their thanks, returning the offerings to the cheering crowds.

The ladies bring air-cushions to sit on, as the wooden benches are uncomfortable, and when a favourite has been extremely clever, madame pins on a diamond brooch to the cushion as she throws it into the ring. This the matador accepts, returning the cushion. In the same way the men slip bank-notes into the lining of their straw hats for offerings.

Two gates swing apart, and through a passage facing the shady side of the arena, where are situated the most expensive seats, a young, gavotting black bull rushes out, with tail flourishing fantastically.

C

With lowered head, he charges the toreador, who calmly holds the regulation mantle to receive the impact of his horns. These mantles are not all red, as popularly supposed; some are purple, pink, and green. The toreador slips from behind the mantle and the bull shoots by on its wild charge. Some of the more adventurous performers will place their hats on the bull's horns as he charges.

Like a well-drilled football team they play the game, "Man versus Beast," with admirable alertness. No sooner is one man in danger than a comrade draws off the bull's attention, which is again transferred to another, by a similar waving of a coloured mantle. So far the game has been devoid of cruelty, and one might imagine a bull enjoying it. The nimble and fearless toreadors certainly deserve the applause which is showered upon them.

There were about ten toreadors, who were clad in gorgeous, brilliant costumes, which are supposed to be the survival of

the state dresses of the Cabileralleros of Old Spain.

A more disagreeable part of the show now commences. Two picadors, mounted on wretched hacks which have their nearside eyes blindfolded, and bearing lances with blunted points, make their appearance. The horses showed marked aversion to performing their part, and were spurred by their riders, and occasionally lashed by the attendants, in the direction of his Taurine Majesty. When within range the picador prodded the bull, in far from a gentle manner, which was resented by a charge with lowered horns that lifted the horse from its feet. Although the bull's horns were padded after the Portuguese fashion, the force of the impact and the power employed must have seriously hurt the horse, and gone far towards dismounting the rider, despite his huge Mexican stirrups. In fact, a picador should avert the bull's charge while guarding his horse and himself with his lance. It is said some

of them are clever enough to turn the bull over by dexterous management. most disagreeable part now comes on. The horses are led out, much to my relief, and the banderillear appear. Each man is provided with two darts, or banderillas. These darts are about two feet long, and covered with bright-coloured paper. They terminate in steel barbs, seemingly about two inches long, which when driven into the bull's neck make the lances secure. The proceeding is as follows: A banderillea holding a lance in each hand, but having no cloak or other weapon, walks deliberately up to the bull, and as he charges, endeavours to plant the two beribboned lances deep into the creature's lowered neck.

If the two banderillas remain upstanding, the ring roars with savage applause, and a shower of hats and offerings is thrown into the ring. If one only has found its billet there is loud execration.

... This mode of attack is repeated by

four or five more of the banderillear until the beast has eight of these banderillas planted in his neck, which is dripping with blood.

It is a sickening sight. After this the banderillear disappear, and the head matador comes to the front. It is he who is supposed to give the death-stroke, after much by-play with the wearied bull. He fixes another dart behind the poor brute's ear, and the sport finishes as far as that bull is concerned.

A ridiculous part is now enacted. The large gates again open, and out come two placid cows which conduct the bull from the ring.

According to the Portuguese rules the bull is not killed, and as he leaves the arena the banderillas are removed, his wounds bathed, and horns uncovered. After a short rest he is sent to the Camp, where he lives in peace; only once is he allowed to fight. Although it is not nearly as cruel as a Spanish fight, I feel that once is

enough, and that I should not care to visit another.

Driving back to town was most interesting. Not only did one see the people returning from the bull-fight, and the proud toreadors and matadors in full splendour, but it is the Spanish custom for the families, and the young girls especially, to don their very best raiment, with much elaboration of hair-dressing, and sit behind the grille of their open windows seeing and being seen.

In the evening I dined at the Hotel Oriental, and the slackness of the service was Oriental indeed. There being long waits in the restaurant, one was forced to fill up the time by noticing the decorations. The walls were painted panels of various pea-greens, outlined by pallid pink; the curtains were of brownish green, bordered with soiled pink, and the unique effect was accentuated by strips of bright emerald carpet bordered with red; the dado of thin marble slabs, the base green with cheap bath marble above, to the height of three

feet, then a foot of pink plaster intercepted with mirrors. Along the sides of the room were red-glass electric lights, while from the centre blue-glass lamps were con-On the various tables spicuous. water jugs of green and red, presumably made in Germany; they gave the port and starboard lights of our navy. Signs of civilisation in the shape of Worcester-sauce bottles were not lacking. Another feature of this hotel was large mirrors, on which most atrocious landscapes and flowers were painted, thereby destroying the practical value of the glass, their only value being "lujo," or show. Our dinner was dear, commonplace, and what one would expect from the artistic surroundings. I was glad to return to B.A. that evening. Our boat, the Venus, was new, clean, and up to date.

A WOMAN'S TRANSANDINE TOUR

In the early summer sunrise, Buenos Aires with its miles of white flat-roofed houses resembles Cairo. I awoke at six on January 9th, although my train, the Ferro-Carril de Buenos Aires al Pacifico, by which I was booked to travel to Valparaiso, did not leave the Retiro Station until 8.20.

It was with keen anticipation that I commenced my journey alone, over the Andes by the road which has only been open to the public since the Argentines celebrated their centenary of independence, on May 25th of last year, 1910. Every one has heard of the long, arduous trip on muleback, which in former times one was obliged to make in crossing the ice-crowned summits of the giant Cordillera.

This wonderful transandine railway, con-

necting Valparaiso with Buenos Aires, has been built by the English, and saves the traveller a distance of 2700 miles round Cape Horn, greatly accelerating the mail service and placing the capitals of East and West in closer touch. Our train, consisting of corridor carriages and restaurant-car, is drawn by a powerful Scotch-built engine, bearing the name of its destination—Mendoza.

As it is usually very dusty crossing the Pampas, most of our fellow-travellers wear long linen coats. Some people recommend taking damp sponges to breathe through, and a bottle of eau-de-Cologne will be appreciated. I enter the train, which corresponds with our trains de luxe—in fact, all the carriages are built in England—and find my reserved single compartment.

The comfortable bed-seats are upholstered in brown leather. There are two electric lamps, a generous allotment of racks and hooks, in the corner a mirror with waterbottles and glasses, and a nickel-plated lavatory, one side of which provides a table.

We pass out of the station. The suburbs stretch for miles along the level banks of the muddy River La Plata. A surprising thing is that none of the train attendants speak anything except Spanish, and, considering it is an English company, and largely patronised by English people, this is an oversight which should be remedied. Some few miles onward, and the rich agricultural lands of the Pampas open out. We pass through miles and miles of "estancias," where multitudes of horses and cattle, and occasionally a few ostriches, are grazing.

These estancias, or ranches, are of enormous extent: a friend tells me that hers is sixty miles around. There is so much land here in the Argentine, that, although emigration pours into the country from Spain and Portugal to the delight of the Government, one wishes that some of our unemployed might be sent to this prosper-

ous land of sunshine. For miles one cannot see a building, and the dreary isolation of the "peons," or cattle-hands, might make them envy Robinson Crusoe on his desert island.

At the stations, especially San Luis, Rufino, and Villa Mercedes, the natives show traces of their Inca blood by their dark, swarthy skins, narrow eyes, and straight, black hair similar to that of the North American Indian. The cattle-men are mounted on smart little horses; they use the Mexican saddles, and have their lassos coiled behind. The roads are extremely dusty, and the American carry-all seems to be the favourite mode of conveyance, while the people driving wear dust-coats, which cover all but the face.

In the dining-car, at table, I was fortunate enough to meet two travelled Englishmen. This was their first experience of a transandine route. The table accessories showed a distinct advantage to England, inasmuch as the china was English.

Cerebos salt and Worcester sauce were conspicuous, while Argentina was represented only by the inevitable toothpick. The menu, which included thick beefsteaks and tennis-racket chops, was well cooked, and more than ample. The meal cost two pesos, or a little less than four shillings. To me, it was interesting glancing at the different diners, most of whom were men. They were of the big, rugged type, and dark-complexioned; they were the workers; their thoughts were of business only. At my table were the only tourists.

In the evening every one retired early. After a hot and trying night, during which, a wind-storm having sprung up, my compartment was transformed into what appeared to be a sand-box, I was obliged to spend some time with dusters and brushes before I could make my appearance.

The pleasant vineyards of Mendoza, with their trickling brooks, backed by a glorious panorama of the Andes, were a relief after the monotony of the parched Pampas. The train arrived at 6.30, and thus completed the first portion of my transcontinental journey.

At Mendoza one has to change for the narrow-gauge line which, considering that the road has only been opened for a few months, gives promise of greater comfort to travellers in the future, when the rolling-stock which is now in construction has been completed.

Mendoza is two thousand feet above the sea-level, and as we steam through the vine-clad environs we get a splendid view of some of the Andine peaks, on which the white hand of our "Lady of the Snows" has placed a perpetual crown.

Along the beautiful valley of the Mendoza River we begin our steady climb, gradually leaving all vegetation behind, with the exception of the Scotch thistles, which, like the sons of the same soil, flourish in the Argentine. We might be in the Khyber Pass, save that in the valley we meet the

thick chocolate-coloured waters of the Mendoza rushing to La Plata. As we climb, we follow the course nearly to the summit. The high-peaked, ferric-coloured mountains form a great contrast, silhouetted as they are against the clear blue sky. The views on all sides are delightful, and as we travel farther on the colour changes, giving magnificent effects.

Even the frequenters of the line point out its beauties and find new pleasures in the ever-moving panorama. In Buenos Aires many faithful advisers warned me of the dangers of heart disease in the upper regions, but the fact was I had crossed the summit level, about 11,500 feet, and was in Chile, feeling nothing save the appreciation of the wonderful views down the Chilean slope towards the Pacific. Here, in our descent, we followed the River Blanco, which is our pilot, as its sister Red River had been on the opposite side; then downwards by rackrails and tilted bridges, by the tiny line that wound by impossible curves and jagged

tunnels, cutting the raw rock beside our galloping guide, which rushed unnavigable and unfordable to join the sea.

Seven minutes in the tunnel has transferred us from the Argentine to Chile, and the change was from the bare crater of an extinct volcano to the glow of a tropical state.

Still we feel the change of frontier in the shape of a Customs guard, who ships himself on the train armed with sword, carbine, and revolver.

Our engine thoughtfully broke down for half an hour on a bridge overlooking perhaps the most weirdly majestic view on the Chilean side: range upon range of mountains led the eye downwards to the Pacific, while glancing back a herd of cattle were being lassoed and thrown by the "vaqueros." A little farther on the curves and tunnels grew more frequent, and in the momentary daylight between two of the latter we crossed a high-poised bridge which spans the raging waters of the Rio Blanco, one thousand feet

below. It was a view Doré might have drawn in his "Inferno," and a place where the mightiest bird of prey in the world, the condor, might have made his nest. We all looked out for him with sun-aching eyes through a tiring journey, but alas! he was en relâche. Flowers, trees, and gardens abound in brilliant luxuriance on the Chilean side, and the green of some of the forest trees growing by the tumbling waters is dazzling; in fact, it is a pleasant relief from the league-long ranches of the Argentine.

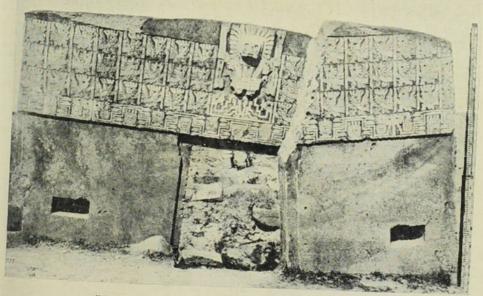
At Los Andes the Customs examination was conducted by a smart, well-dressed old gentleman with the appearance of a retired general and the manners of a Court official, who courteously chalked all English baggage. We were promised at Los Andes that a dining-car was to be attached to the broad-gauge train taking us to Valparaiso. When we arrived we were met by a wind-storm of conflicting rumours: the magnificent pack of lies we were told ended in about six of us English people, freemasons in travel,



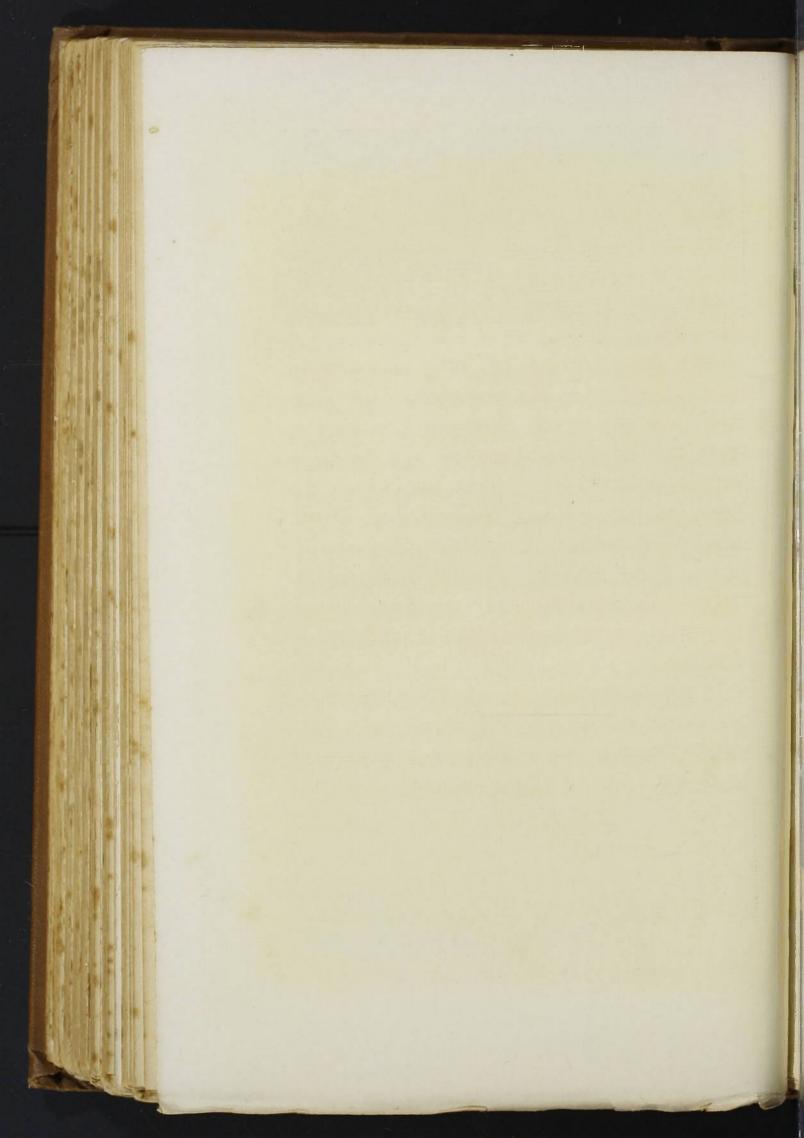
THE OLDEST CATHOLIC CHURCH IN SOUTH AMERICA.
INCAS GODS OUTSIDE



SPANISH MONOLITHS OR "MONOLITOS"



TEMPLE TO THE SUN GOD, TIAHUANACU



being borne off as prey to a local innkeeper, at whose establishment we got something to eat, after ten hours' fast, and from our dinnertable in the open saw the last sunrays on the mighty Andes.

Our host hurried us away, everything unfinished, save the paying of the bill, and left us in an unpleasant suspicion that the local stationmaster and he were extremely intimate. We were assured the train stopped nowhere between Los Andes and Valparaiso. Certainly, when under steam, it ran at rather a reckless rate, but at all principal stations we called, for conversation with, and refreshment of the officials of the line.

A gleam of moonlight on salt waters told us we were outside Valparaiso, and had safely crossed the continent at a cost of £13 10s., with £2 5s. for compartment.

VALPARAISO

VALPARAISO is the largest city on the west coast of South America, and also the largest British colony, comprising over two This colony is important thousand souls. and rich enough to support two Churches of England and one Presbyterian, and what in the United States of America would be called a Country Club at the Cancha, which, although nominally Chilean, is to all intents and purposes British. They have in the enclosure a racecourse, a golf club, polo, tennis, and croquet grounds. place, which is beautifully laid out and well kept, is about two miles north-west of Vina del Mar, which is the fashionable suburb of Valparaiso-the Brighton of Chili-to which all the Santiguenos and the beau monde from the interior flock during the summer months, which, it must be remembered, are December, January, February. Immediately after spending their Christmas and New Year in their broiling homes, they are glad to enjoy the sea breezes, and recuperate. Their carriages and motors vie with those of the Bois, in Paris, but not so do the roads over which they drive.

There is an excellent hotel, the "Grand," at Vina del Mar, with large gardens, and quite a menagerie. It is much preferable to stay here, which is only twenty minutes by tram, than to remain in Valparaiso, where there is much dust, and hotel and restaurant life not tempting. Here you have the lovely beach, handsome villas, and delightful gardens. Valparaiso is in a state of transition, a large part of it having been destroyed by the earthquake of 1906.

The municipality, taking advantage of this, are effecting many improvements, thanks to the loan of a million and a half sterling recently raised in England for that purpose; so that two years hence it is hoped that many of the crooked streets

may be made straight. A hygienic system of drainage (also undertaken by Englishmen), and many other improvements, are begun (and perhaps ended) in this land of Mañana. Amongst other adornments of the town, I must not forget to mention the Triumphal Arch now being constructed in Carrara marble with bronze plaques, commemorative of the War of Independence, surmounted by a bronze lion, and presented through the energy of our able Consul-General, Mr. Finn.

Napoleon had his choice of three models when he selected the Arch of Triumph for Paris, and from the remaining two models one was singled out by the Chileans to represent their commemoration of independence. This presentation, given by the British Colony in Chile to the nation, was in memory of the part taken by Scotch, Irish, and English in that war.

At the suggestion of Mr. Finn, Lord Dundonald, the grandson of the hero of the war, was specially invited to attend

the centenary celebrations; but it was genuinely regretted that although other nations sent special representatives and men-of-war to this festivity, owing to the Court mourning for King Edward, Great Britain was not represented. Unfortunately the people of the country do not quite appreciate the difficulties and niceties which our Government had to deal with, as they could not help seeing in the daily newspapers that while England could not take part in the general rejoicings, she was at the same time entertaining a Russian squadron in English waters. The Fourth Cruiser Squadron was sent to the Argentine a couple of months later, to congratulate the President of that country on the centennial of its independence from Spain, and although Chile broke off at the same time from the mother-country, no news has as yet been received of any such intended courtesy on our part.

We hope that this omission will be remedied soon, for the effect of the neglect

will not be easily wiped out, and cannot fail to react, more or less, on British interests, which in Chile are very much larger than people at home imagine to be the case. The South Pacific Mail is the one and only English newspaper published here.

Among the earliest recollections of most children are the adventures of our old friend Robinson Crusoe, and if one looked westward over the Pacific, according to the flight of a bird, the first terra firma we should see would be the Isla Juan Fernandez, with its volcanic mountain overlooking the vast expanse of the Pacific. One can picture solitary Robinson Crusoe climbing this sugar-loaf-shaped mountain, "monarch of all he surveyed," certainly, but, like Caliban, longing for his fellow-kind.

I stayed at the Royal Hotel while in Valparaiso, and must admit that it could be improved upon. A peculiar custom in all hotels in Chile is that cheese appears as

a luxury, and consequently is charged for separately; fruit you are supposed to buy yourself outside, although they condescend to serve it for you with your meal. Never in all my travels, which comprise most of the globe, have I met with such insecure-looking vehicles as are offered for public use; they are old, dilapidated glass coaches, with very soiled upholstery, and the nags which draw these antiquated cabs over the ill-paved streets are bone-protruding specimens of the horse family.

The amour propre of the Chileans has fortunately been restored by the auspicious visit of H.M.S. Kent and Challenger in April of this year (1911).

WEST COAST

The Orita of the Pacific Steam Navigation Co. is considered one of the best ships on the Pacific which visit the West Coast, and after the dust-storms of the Andes, with rather an uninteresting stay at Valparaiso, I was genuinely glad to once more sail on a British ship. On leaving Valparaiso the sun, setting, threw its golden rays over the queen city of this coast, and lighted up the waves to a beautiful light-green colour on one side, while on the other the waters were tinted orange by the retiring beams.

The sea was calm, and at night the moon, now three-quarters full, shone brilliantly, making the Pacific a veritable dream of delight. It is a curious thought as one stands gazing to the west, over the miles and miles of sea. The nearest land of importance is New Zealand, and out there,

somewhere in the distance, lies the greatest ocean depth known, so deep that, after measuring seven miles downward, H.M.S. Challenger was not able to touch bottom.

At dinner I found my place next but one to Captain Hayes and five of my fellow-voyagers of the *Aragon*. Our experiences were talked over, and I think we were all very pleased to meet again. The free-masonry of travellers unites more closely in a few days than years of social acquaint-ance at home.

The world's circles are narrow. Opposite me was a gentleman whom I knew I had met before, but could not place him; he also remembered me in the same way. After delving back into the pools of memory, suddenly he asked me, "Have you ever been on a ship on which Lord Roberts and his family were travelling?"

Instantaneously with the mention of that name all became clear—"Yes, it was the Egypt," I replied, "two years ago, going to

Egypt." It was pleasant to talk over reminiscences of that voyage, and of the people who had passed out of our lives. At dinner that night, Captain Hayes, our commodore-captain, who is much beloved by hosts of travellers, as they say the *Orita* is the first-favourite ship for all intending voyagers of the coast, told us the following story:—

It was some years ago, when travellers did not receive the same luxuries as in modern times. He described a rather irritable, impatient native, a small potentate of one of the states of South America. He ordered for his breakfast, scrambled eggs; there was a long wait, in which he fidgeted considerably. Finally he demanded of the steward why he did not bring the eggs. The steward replied conciliatingly: "Coming, sir, coming." But they did not arrive. The man became angry; Captain Hayes also remarked that there was cause for complaint. Having finished his breakfast, he went along to the galley to

inquire why the delay. He found the cook, who was breaking eggs.

"What is the matter about those eggs?"

demanded the captain.

"Please, sir, these eggs came on board yesterday, and this is the eighty-sixth I have broken—they are all bad!"

A consul on board some time ago was sorting out a number of documents, papers, etc. He made a large bundle, and flung it into the sea. A short time after a shark was caught, and when they hauled him on board and ripped him open, the consul's papers were found in his stomach. This is absolutely a true story, and may be verified by seeing the identical papers in a well-known London office. I asked the name to put it down, but have lost it.

COQUIMBO

AT seven the next morning after sailing, the bugle calls for the people to go ashore at Coquimbo. This is a dreary-looking town of flat-roofed buildings, clinging against barren, brown, rocky hills. There is no vegetation, and about a dozen miserablelooking trees seem to accentuate the lack of vegetation. Long dusty unpaved streets, on which corrugated iron and stucco onestoried houses are built, lead down to the sea. The Palace Hotel is a four-storied, grey structure which belies its name. In the market-place are three trees; these the natives appreciate greatly on account of the rareness of shade. Fortunately to-day there are clouds, and it is quite cool, but in the blazing sunshine one could imagine this place an Inferno.

Although the population is estimated at

two thousand, either it is too early for them to be up, or they keep inside their dismallooking houses, for no one is about, even in the market-place. A gunboat is close by, painted black, and looking anything but spick and span; it flies the orange, blue, and red flag of Ecuador.

Four hundred British live here. The British Consul-General of Chile, Mr. Finn, being on board, the Consular Jack is flown at the masthead. We have also Mr. Everard, a retired consul from the China service, whose narratives are most interesting. The exports from Coquimbo are minerals, principally copper, which is brought down to this port from the mountains.

On sailing out of the bay the clouds lifted, revealing the mountains, which gave a picturesqueness to the otherwise commonplace scenery. The remainder of the day was perfect, as far as weather, sea, a good ship, and genial company could make it. At these small Plazas all the townspeople congregate after dinner. Sometimes a band

A Woman's Winter in South America

plays, and the chic world wanders up and down, or round and round these depressing "oases"; and this is their sole recreation.

ANTOFAGASTA

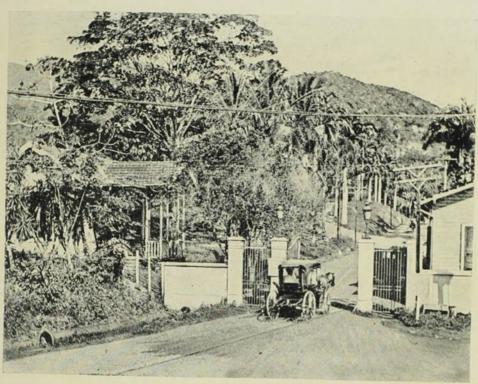
At noon, on January 13th, we saw the yellow-brown barren mountains, under which was stuck a town that, from the sea, resembled a burnt moor with white surf sobbing at its base. This desolate-looking place is Antofagasta. You go ashore in small boats, narrow and very pointed, in order to cut the big Pacific waves. The sea was in an ugly mood, so much so that when we were in the valley of the waters we could not see our neighbouring small boats in which the passengers were being landed.

Our amiable and much-liked Consul-General, Mr. Finn, left us at this port, much to the regret of his fellow-travellers. The captain was relieved to hand over to the bank officials seventy thousand pounds, which we had brought with us. This amount would seemingly buy the whole place. The

mountains spread directly down to the seafront; in fact, this is the case with the entire coast thus far from Valparaiso.

A dismal, uninteresting cemetery of large dimensions stretches itself along the further end of the town, while high up, midway on the mountains, huge advertising signs made of white stones announce that "Tratanpuro from Stevenson & Co. is the best tea," on another mountain Dulinea Té recommends itself to be the best. In our boat going ashore three Americans and two English made a bet that Té Lipton would make its appearance somewhere, and sure enough in the main street a small sign drew our attention to the name we are all familiar with.

On landing at the steps of a so-called dock, upon which much lumber, cases, and compressed hay were mounted, we remarked the condition of the streets, broad dusty roads with sidewalks slightly raised, not paved, and principally one-storied buildings. A grand hotel wore a desolate



ANCON HILL HOSPITAL, PANAMA



LIVES GIVEN FOR THE PANAMA CANAL



air, and gazed out upon "The Plaza." Ah! this is the sight of Antofagasta.

How much trouble these people have taken to guard that small square of sickly green trees and shrubs! And in the brown-baked soil a few geraniums try to breathe; they are lovingly cared for and watered conscientiously with, as they told us, water from the sea. This little garden, tenderly cared for like an invalid, was pathetic to behold, but it was as a jewel to the people who have to live in this place, where no green blade rears its head, and only the dusty, arid mountains meet the eye.

Even the wreaths for the dead in the shop windows were artificial; also they displayed baskets of fruit made of wax. I hope for the comfort of the inhabitants it is not the custom to send these dry souvenirs to repay hospitality or courtesy. I entered a shop, which was kept by a young Scotchman, to buy postcards. He was inclined to talk, and I asked him how he liked it in

this desert, where even Aden would have been pleasant by comparison.

He answered:

"Oh, it's not bad out here, when you get used to it."

I persevered.

"But what do you do, for instance, after business hours?"

He replied:

"There are cafés, and an English club, and we just sit there, a lot of us, and see who can drink the most whisky."

Truly a feat! But I felt one really could not much blame him in this wilderness of loneliness.

The primitive trams were drawn by three weary-looking mules; in fact, the whole place wore the same air. We noticed that we had not seen one woman in any of the streets. We walked up their shopping street; the contents of the shop windows did not tempt us. We took several photographs, and every one of us was content to board our nice clean ship. When we were getting

into our boat we did see two old wrinkled women sitting in a doorway. I hope they are not the sole specimens of the sex at Antofagasta. A gentleman who frequents this coast told us that the sea-lions abound here, and are most interesting in their frolicsomeness; but they were conspicuous by their absence to-day, as not one showed itself, although many cameras were conveniently handy to focus them. Afterward we found out that this was not their season. Maybe they were seeking cooler waters along the shore of Patagonia.

IQUIQUE

Our next port of call is Iquique, which exactly resembles Antofagasta, only that the mountains here rise perpendicularly from the sea; the monotonous, flat, dust-coloured roofs are pierced by a cathedral tower, and the surf is dancing over the rocks, threatening to swamp the gay parties in the open boats who have come out visiting our ship.

The flag of Chile, red, white, and blue, with a lone star in the upper corner, flutters gaily over their heads, producing a bright contrast against the blue waters. The chief amusement of the people who are obliged to live in these rather God-forsaken places is to visit the ships, make a social call on the officers, drink English mixtures, and buy cigarettes and tobacco. Considering the lack of amusements, and isolation, it can be imagined that this mild way of

entertainment may be looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation.

It has never rained along this particular part of the coast. From fifty miles up from Valparaiso rain rarely ever falls; I may say it is almost unknown, although sometimes there is a mist. They say if it rained it would mean ruin to all these ports, as the rich fields of nitrate lying beyond the mountains would melt and disappear, thereby taking away all the wealth of the country.

There is great enmity between Chile and Peru, caused by the war of 1879, which lasted over four years. The Peruvians are most friendly to America, whilst Chile prefers the English, and has a large community of Germans. In Chile the army and navy are dominated by Germantrained officers, and German tactics. In Peru the army and navy are officered under French influence. It would be interesting in case of war, which many predict for the near future, to prove the superiority of either nation on sea and land, viz. a French-

German war fought on the West Coast of South America.

Peru is a rich country, and will rapidly advance, especially after the opening of the Panama Canal.

Afterward, at sea, we passed several open roadsteads, each one with a few sailing-ships lying off a small dreary town, waiting for their cargoes of nitrate. Like young children, these nitrate ports have to be fed by hand, as no blade of grass grows. Some of the towns have condensing plants, and one or two boast of an ice factory, but life in these flat-topped hovels under a cloudless glare, soon sends the men stationed here to the whisky-bottle, the cemetery, or homeleave.

It is a pity the so-called nitrate kings of the Stock Exchange do not pay an annual visit to their subjects, for never was wealth won under more arduous conditions.

A SHIP STORY

BY CAPTAIN HAYES

There was a pet monkey on board, much beloved by the officers and sailors. was christened Jenny. Sadly enough, Jenny died, and a sack was sewn up for her and weighted head and foot with the usual iron She had the service read over her by one of the sailors before being consigned to the deep. The next day, near a port, some of the crew were fishing for sharks with a piece of pork. It seems that a shark is always accompanied by six or so smaller fish, who act as aids to him in his choice of food; they clustered around and told the monster that the pork was good, whereupon he tried to swallow the lot. He was caught and pulled on board, and when they dissected his carcase, there they found poor Jenny wrapped in her shroud with the iron weights intact.

Roars of silence!

ARICA

Arica is a pretty little place: a real oasis in this desert of mountains of sand. It has many artesian wells, therefore plenty of water. We arrived when the sun was low on the horizon, and the colours were glorious. The sea was well behaved, only a groundswell spoke of the long-journeyed waves, and we went ashore in comfort. arriving at the sensibly made steps of the landing pier, we began to explore the town. Many whisky shops were conspicuous, and the mounted police were very well turned out. We went to the Plaza, which was quite beautiful. Cotton trees were in the perfection of harvest, and looked like white rose trees in the distance. Geraniums, convolvuli, and many tropical flowers bloomed contentedly, and from a small white bandstand military music gave gaiety to the

scene. We walked through the tiny Plaza, where all the flowers—such a rare treasure on this coast—were tenderly cared for, and large pepper trees flourish.

Picture a long, badly paved street of one-storied houses in different-coloured stucco, backed by clay-grey mountains, and you have Arica. Only two shillings the boatman demanded to get us across from the town, and our shopping resulted in post-cards, which were pretty and well done, and a pineapple. A gentleman on board remarked many times how he would like a clove of garlic to season his salad, and as he was popular on the ship, we brought him a handful from the fruit-shop. Pineapples here cost two shillings each, and are of a very reddish colour; the odour is delicious.

At Arica, after much discussion between the respective countries, Bolivia, Chile, and Peru, they are building a railroad, which will take one to La Paz, the capital of Bolivia. As matters stand, Chile guarantees to keep Arica an open port for Bolivia. Let us hope she does so. Of all the West Coast towns, Arica strikes me as the pleasantest place to live in—if one were compelled. It is clean, has ample vegetation, and its promontory, El Famoso Morro, is decidedly picturesque.

MOLLENDO

AT Mollendo, our first Peruvian port, many passengers left the ship. It is here that one takes the train for La Paz, for Cuzco, the chief city of the Incas, for Peno and Lake Titicaca, also for Arequipa, the third city of Peru, boasting some ten thousand inhabitants. The description of the town tallies exactly with the others of this coast; the only difference is that the Peruvian flag manifests itself in place of the lone star of Chile. The railway zigzags around the curves of the mountains, to the high tableland of Bolivia. In a few years Mollendo will lose its first place as a railway centre, as Islay, seven miles up the coast, and a much more pleasant spot, will be the starting-point when the railway is completed.

Along the coast there are few signs of

life: even the little rivulets, which usually mark a mountain-stream here, are marked by falling boulders and drifting sands. In many of these West Coast towns, there are ten to thirty thousand inhabitants, and one wonders how they can find accommodation in the perceptible handful of one-roofed houses, so to speak. All this coast is frequently visited by earthquakes and tidal waves, and protection is more guaranteeable under a low roof.

THE LAND OF THE INCAS

AT Mollendo one takes the train for La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, going as far as Puno, remaining the night there, and continuing the next day to Chililaya, on Lake Titicaca. This lake is over twenty thousand feet high, the most elevated in the world. From here there is a coach to La Paz, a journey which takes five or six hours. It is hoped that before long the railway will be finished, going direct to La Paz. The most interesting place is Tiahuanacu, about twenty miles from the capital, where one sees the last of the surviving Indians of the Incas.

It is supposed that centuries ago the lake extended to Tiahuanacu. There is every evidence of it, and that perhaps even before the Pharaohs ruled in Egypt civilisation was established in this country.

From all accounts, they had a postal

service formed by the tying of different kinds of knots in coloured cords, which were sent by carriers, and constituted a manner of communication comprehensible to themselves. It is true they did not write on papyrus as the Egyptians did, but their form of worship, the adoration of the sun, and building splendid temples to the glorification of this deity, is very much akin to the religion of the ancient rulers of Egypt.

Tiahuanacu, which is a rich mine for Incas' ruins, obviously at one period was a great stronghold of vast importance. Here you find temples, erected to the Sun-God, of huge dark-coloured stone which is now not to be found in the country. These temples, of some of which I give the photographs, are very like the Egyptian temples, as they are entirely covered with hieroglyphics. The "Portada en Tiahuanacu" has deeply cut faces, which one could easily imagine were intended to represent the Sun-God.

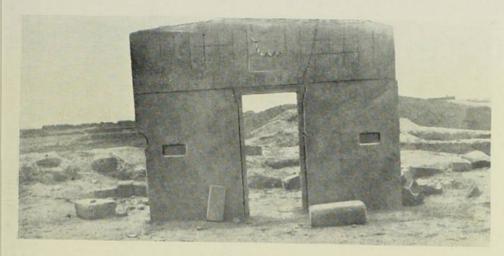
The stones forming these temples are of immense size and weight, and one wonders how the Incas erected them without machinery, as there is no evidence that they possessed any. These gods are most curious in facial expression, as you will notice by the photographs. They have not the classical features of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, but they are certainly peculiar, and one rarely finds a statue without the queer cap, or headdress, the design of which is deeply carved into the stone.

There is a Catholic church which dates back to the days of the Conquest. You will notice in the photographs they have placed two gods of the sun to rest outside, perhaps to capture evil spirits, that they may not enter. The whole of this part of the country, for miles around, is strewn with ruins: one has only to excavate to find any amount. The country, comparatively speaking, has not been excavated, and one has no idea what may be buried in the home of the Incas. The stone altar,

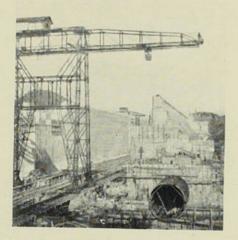
you will see by the photograph, is supposed to have been built for human sacrifice; it is of solid stone, fifteen feet long by ten feet broad. There may have been in the old days an avenue of stone "monolitos" crowned by the heads of the gods, leading up to the sacrificial temple, like Karnak, with its avenue of ram-headed sphinxes; as among the ruins they find great blocks of stone carved and mounted with god heads.

As one looks on these wonders of the past, one wishes that some kaleidoscope could turn and reveal to inquisitive eyes the pageants of history which have been enacted in this mystical land; but the dark, silent "monolitos," or stone pillars, will guard their secret treasures through all eternity.

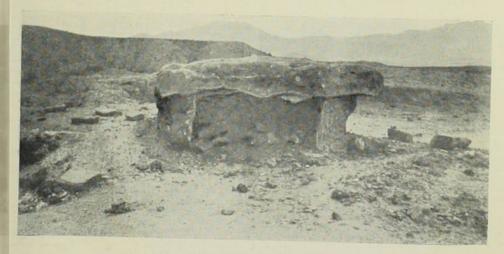
On the placid Lake of Titicaca's banks, rest the boats of compressed cane fibre, made by the Indians. The fibre grows along the shore. These boats are clean, light, and serviceable.



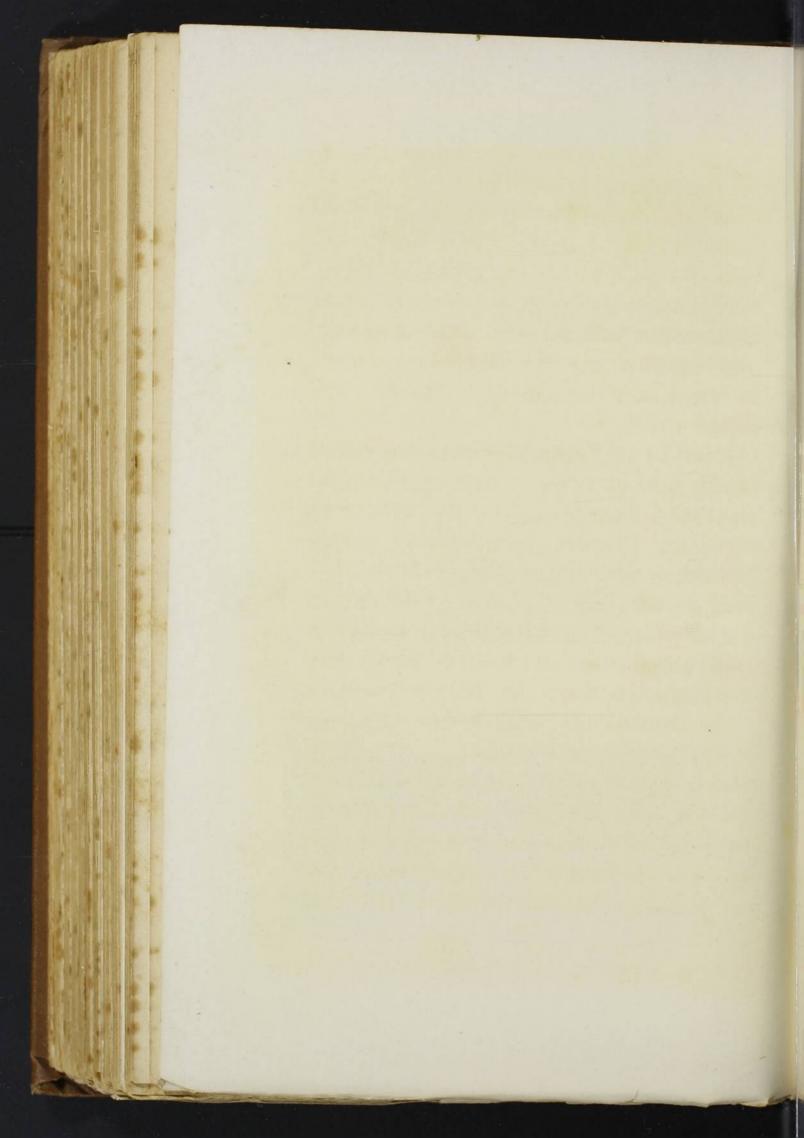
INCAS RUINS



CANTILEVER CRANE, PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK, PANAMA CANAL



SACRIFICIAL ALTAR OF THE INCAS



All the Indians are Catholics, but their feasts are pagan; they gorge and drink, both the women and the men, and tattoo their faces as fancy or tribe decrees, sometimes with a delicate tracery like lacework covering their entire face, others are content to tattoo only the cheeks. "Chacun à son goût."

During the "fiesta" they drink alcohol of ninety p.c. strength. There are two principal races, or tribes: the Cholas inherit all the vices of their mixed blood, white, Spanish, and Indian. They are very deprayed; the pure Incas do not descend to their depths. The Cholas wear wonderfully made garments of silk and jewels, whereas the Indian contents himself with woollens.

On the days of the fiesta the assemblage of the tribes is most interesting. They are fond of dancing, and wear dark loose cloth trousers, the bottoms of which are slit to the knees, and some bright material or embroidery is pleated in. Their waistcoats are dazzling with the glittering gold and

gay-coloured silks, while on their heads they place a huge hoop, or something reminding one of a denuded drum-barrel. These high, upstanding hoops are covered with leather, cloth, or paper, according to the taste and pocket of the wearer, and entirely sewn over with pieces of metal, bone, or gold. Sometimes for these fiestas, or debauches, they mask themselves. The masks always represent some ancient god or sacred animal. To see the dancer in this rig-out is weirdly thrilling.

In the eleventh century, when Manco-Capac, male, and Mama-Ocello, female, appeared and announced they had been sent down by their father, the Sun-God, to rule over the land of the Incas, they found a peaceful and industrious people who were content to till the soil.

The Incas were never warlike and ferocious like the North Americans, and it seems pathetic when one thinks of the advantage Pizarro took over Atahuallpa, the king, in the sixteenth century. The

Incas on beholding the Spaniards in their resplendent equipments believed that they were friendly gods, and welcomed them accordingly, not knowing of the avaricious thirst for gold which at that time was conspicuous at the Court of Spain.

CALLAO

Just as the sun was dying in gorgeous robes of red and gold, our ship turned towards the huge rocks which mark the entrance to the great Bay of Callao.

Previously we had amused ourselves by watching the sea-lions, hundreds of them rollicking below and jumping out of the blue water, while overhead as many pelicans circled about flapping their wings and darting down for small fish. On proceeding up the bay, which is spacious enough to hold all the navies of the world, we saw several mastheads rising out of the water. A Peruvian gentleman, who was kind enough to give me information, explained that these masts were the remains of the Chilean fleet which the Peruvians had sunk during the war. He said, "It was a satisfaction for the people of Peru to see these floating

memorials, and in a measure it helped to appease their mortification at the loss of the rich nitrate fields which the Chileans had taken from them during the war."

One had to think of the danger to navigation, and to me it appeared a senseless memorial to strife. The harbour was full of ships from all over the world. The smart white English-built warships, over which flew the ensign in perpendicular stripes of red and white with the coat-of-arms of Peru in the centre, dominated the scene. These were the Col. Bolognesi, named after the hero who commanded the defence of Arica and lost his life there with two thousand five hundred of his people, and the Almirante Grau, whose captain died in the command of the famous hussars. These two ships are of the latest design and build, their speed being twenty-four knots an hour.

In the distance against the setting sun rose the slender black spars of many sailing ships, dear reminders of old times when voyages were long and perilous. We drop anchor, and immediately a flotilla of small open boats surrounds us, filled with friends, who have come out to welcome their comrades home.

There are many messages exchanged, but alas! owing to dock rules, Government regulations, and medical mismanagement, no one is allowed to leave the ship. We have arrived an hour too late. One could not help feeling sorry for that disappointed welcoming flotilla as it disappeared in the now deepening dusk, voices cheeringly shouting, "A manana." At dinner that evening our Peruvian friend supplied the captain's table with champagne, and we all drank to the prosperity of the country, while the band struck up the national anthem. We rose to the occasion, not forgetting to toast our dear, genial Captain Hayes, who had done so much for his guests, and was the ideal of an English commander.

The captain's wife also claimed a toast. Once again we raised our glasses to the captain's wife, the *Orita*. The captain was a bachelor. Every one was sorry that this part of the voyage had ended, as one could not find a cleaner ship, and every one of the crew did his utmost in attention and care for the passengers. To-morrow we must transfer to the *Chile*—the Pacific Steam Navigation Co. These different companies have amalgamated, and in the near future I hope it will not be necessary to change ships at Callao, where the transition of baggage to cabins unknown is not pleasant.

For the benefit of other travellers one notes that the cost of the voyage from Valparaiso to Panama and across the Isthmus to the Royal Mail steamers at Colon is about £40.

I was fortunate enough to have a cabin to myself all along the West Coast. The officers are very careful and considerate in not mixing the English and the natives. For instance, the Britishers are put at the captain's table, and every officer is an Englishman. I trust I am not inconsiderate in so speaking of the natives, but one can

imagine how disagreeable it would be for an Englishwoman, in case the ship was crowded, to have a brown-skinned native woman to share the cabin. She might be covered with diamonds, but they would not conceal the native blood. I refer to the Indian or the Negro.

In Peru the Indian complexion was remarkably noticeable - the high cheekbones, the slanting brown eyes, flat nostrils, the straight dark hair. Their faces were Mongolian in character. At Callao the women wore long sweeping black skirts, and as the dust in the streets was several inches deep, one could imagine the filth which these long skirts gathered, Around the head and across the body was wrapped a black shawl, and every woman had children clinging to her: altogether their appearance was in no way attractive.

Even in the shops the brown colour was noticeable in the faces of shopmen and attendants. Callao is the seaport for Lima, which is eight miles distant.

LIMA

An excellent tramway service leaves Callao every few minutes for Lima. It is a ride of twenty minutes and costs twopence-halfpenny.

One goes through pretty scenery. Nasturtiums in abundance, convolvuli, and many flowers, fields of corn, growing much taller than ours at home, are passed on the way; banana trees spread their torn, dusty leaves, vineyards grow up by the roadside. Of course, all this vegetation is produced by irrigation, as practically it never rains there.

There are many peculiar small yellow dogs of no certain breed lying full length, basking in the sun. We notice that the women do not wear hats. The well-dressed Peruvian drapes the mantilla over her dusky hair, and her poorer sister is content with her black shawl.

On entering the environs of Lima one is rather disappointed with the aspect of the streets and its low-roofed stuccoed houses, each stained a bright colour to satisfy the taste of the inhabitant, most of them wearing an air of dilapidation. Nearly every street is supplied with street-cars, which make the town a noisy place.

We alight and take an ancient cab, which looks as if it might collapse at any moment, with wretchedly thin horses whose ribs were easily counted. We drove to the Plaza de Armas.

Two sides of the square are bounded by small shops, which look as if they contain all the undesirable merchandise of Europe. There are many overhanging glass balconies, in brilliant colourings.

The chief glory of the Plaza, however, is the cathedral, which dates from the Spanish Conquest, and is a large yellow building, with massive doors and two towers, the only height that pierces the flat city of Lima.

The vaulted ceilings, gorgeously painted in blue, pink, and gold, show neither taste nor architectural beauty.

In one of the chapels I saw a marvellous silver altar, beautifully carved, obviously a relic of Spanish grandees. The altar-cloth showed very fine handiwork, but was unfortunately spoilt by cheap lace trimmings.

The pride of the cathedral is in the fact that here, in a side-chapel, rest for evermore the bones of the great Pizarro, the autocratic Viceroy of Peru, he who captured all before him and spared no man, and was accountable for the death of the last king of the Incas, Atahuallpa. But he, too, had to pay the penalty of fame, and the civil wars and lack of strength vanquished him in turn as he had vanquished others.

Francisco Pizarro, from the portrait of him in the City Hall of Lima, wore a steel beplumed "morion" without the visor, a steel corslet, over which was his cloak of knighthood, bearing the cross of St. James on the left shoulder; one hand rests lightly on his swordhilt, and his right grasps a sealed document, doubtless his patent to conquer and rule the lands of the Pacific for Spain. The dress is the half-armour of the gentleman of Spain of the period, and the face of the wearer befits it well. The man who, by treachery, led the Inca to his death, and with undaunted courage led his few horsemen to conquer a world for Spain, has a manly, though not a pleasant face. Some weight of care and recollection is shown in the brooding eyes, but the firm mouth and chin tell of the policy of the man who was indomitable.

Now the charred, dry skeleton of the great Pizarro is stretched full length in a glass coffin. The old verger, wearing a very dirty collar and shirt, lights a large candle and passes it along the glass case from Pizarro's head to his feet, and one looks in wonder and reverence on that mummy-like form crumbling to dust; and as one looks, one pictures the bravery, the cruelty, the avarice, and perhaps the many virtues

which in the sixteenth century dominated this dry-boned chest, wherein a human heart once beat, a being breathed, who loved and hated as we do now.

Alas! The great dead, Cheops, Phœnicians, Romans, Huns, and all the conquerors—anno Domini claims them, and they sink into the rest which awaits us all.

But Pizarro, even in his crumbling dust, appeared a tall well-proportioned man, and they must have embalmed him almost on the same principles as in Egypt, for the brown, mummified figure resembles the Egyptians. In one corner, at the feet of Pizarro, is a large, round bottle, in which, the verger informs us, rests Pizarro's heart. This manner of preserving the heart apart from the body reminds one of the canopic vases which held these sacred remains from the days of the Egyptians. The glass coffin is supported by a blackand-white sarcophagus, on which is inscribed the date of Pizarro's birth and death, with eulogistic references to his valour.

As I leave the tiny chapel, which holds all that remains of this renowned man, a great feeling of sadness oppresses me. In the short span of life, most of us accomplish little, and for those who do achieve and make history, when the roll is called no one disobeys—great and small rush on to unknown futurity—no description of how to go, or the scenery we pass through. Mentally, I say good-bye to illustrious Pizarro. Having no interest in South America, probably I shall never again tread its soil. Thousands and millions will come and look as I have done, and pass into oblivion.

Bright sunshine illuminates the Plaza, where the trees, shrubs, and flowers are prolific in their production of perfume and shade. The bold red blooms of the hibiscus flame against backgrounds of green leaves, refreshing traveller-palms throw fantastic shadows, and a palm, which none of our party could name, had a bloom of long, hanging pink flowers on one side,

while on the other side of the same palm green and white flowers thrived. Large circulars, and fanciful drapings of electric lights must make the Plaza beautiful in the evening, when the band plays on the pretty white stand.

One thing which struck us as an unpleasant blot upon the Lima landscape was this: From all parts of the town, a mountain, their only one, had these two words plainly visible, "Pilsen Beer." It was written in large letters composed of small white stones, which stood out so boldly there was no ignoring it. The advertisement seemed to follow us and fix our attention, whether we would or no.

We had friends at the Hotel Maury, which is considered the best. We called upon them, and were much amused at their room-apartment. Space appears to be no object at this hotel, as every bedroom has a sitting-room. Our friends' suite was palatial in size: first a sitting-room, very neat and clean, but filled with weird

furniture, ornaments, and mirrors on which were daubed ghastly flowers. In the bedrooms were black iron bedsteads, upon which queer wild birds were depicted flying. The bathroom, however, we envied her; the floor was tiled, and the white marble bath was large enough for six people. The luxury and the squalor of the apartment were entirely incongruous.

We went downstairs and ordered lemon squashes, sandwiches, and biscuits. After waiting about half an hour, a "mozo" brought some glasses, two small limes, and some water. We were obliged to make our own squashes. They sent out to a grocery store for a tin of biscuits; this they served intact for us to open, and the sandwiches we are still waiting for.

We asked a young man who was living at the "Maury" how the food was. He replied by simply a shrug of his shoulders.

We understood.

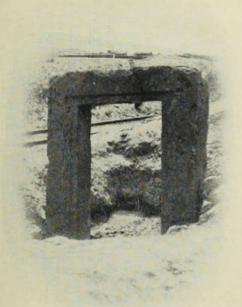
The streets of Lima are wretchedly



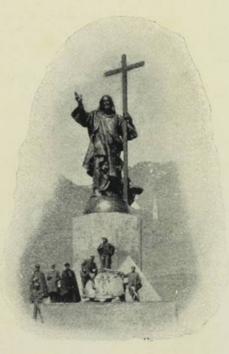
AN INCAS SUN GOD



INCAS GOD



THE MODERN AND ANCIENT IN THE STATUE OF CHRIST ON THE LAND OF THE INCAS—RAILWAY SUMMIT OF THE ANDES LAND OF THE INCAS—RAILWAY RUNNING BESIDE AN OLD TEMPLE





paved, as is usual on this side of the world. Earthquakes are often a good excuse for laziness. The long straight lines of streets stretch through the flat city; there are many shops, but all are small to what Europeans are accustomed to; no emporiums line the way. The sale of cotton goods must be enormous. It being the summer season, nearly all the ladies were gowned in white; I saw some pretty girls of the Velasquez type. In Peru are many Spanish grandee families who proudly trace their ancestors to the sixteenth century.

The houses are built low, and enclose a "patio," and we caught glimpses of cool green gardens and trickling fountains as we passed.

In the Avenue de Colon are many fine houses; here are situated the different legations. It is quite a pretty drive, and the centre is laid out with splendid tropical foliage; there are also several monuments to the dead heroes of Peru. The Public

Gardens are exquisite—roses of all varieties, nasturtiums, flowering shrubs, and the most beautiful tree I have ever seen grows here. This particular tree is called "Paradise," and is worthy of its name. There are many of these trees in the country, and we wished we could have brought a specimen to England. They grow as high as a maple, and have the leaf of the acacia. The bloom breaks out in wonderful clusters of hyacinth and blue bells, which hang about a foot long. These blossoms form one mass of blue; they cover the leaves so that all you can see is this marvellous splendour of colour.

The magnolia trees were starred by their creamy flowers, which shed delicious perfume.

The Zoological Gardens are well worth a visit. They are beautiful, and contain an interesting collection of alpacas, vicunas, and llamas (the camel of the country, who refuse to move, however much you may urge them, if they are overladen). There was a magnificent puma with long furry tail, many zebras, and something which was new to me, a huge iron cage full of the celebrated condors, the largest bird that flies. One had his wings of black and white feathers spread to their utmost capacity; he stood there as if posing to show us exactly how wide he could make himself. There were quite a dozen of these monster fliers, and woe to dog or lamb when his gigantic majesty swoops down from his heights in the Cordilleras. Of his strong talons, each toe is as long as a good-sized hand.

One cage fascinated me entirely. In it romped the dearest little baby lion of six weeks old. He was a sweet creature in furry yellow, with topaz-coloured eyes, and he had a white fox-terrier puppy in the cage to keep him company, in order that he should not suffer ennui. The manner in which these two played and tumbled over each other was charming. The keeper, noticing our interest in their performance, kindly opened the door, and allowed us to

a new sensation to hold a fluffy lion in one's arms, and to stroke him; and when one opened his little mouth one saw the tiny fangs, which would soon grow to be terrifying. I took his soft paw in mine, and could not help wishing that he could always remain a "baby," and never become a ferocious beast. The puppy was snow-white with a black spot, and also a dear.

It was with regret we had to hurry on, as our time was limited, and leave the babies. Lima is twelve degrees south of the Equator, but the temperature is comparatively cool and pleasant even in summer. Unfortunately it has had its share of earthquakes, for it was entirely destroyed in 1724. The Indians of Peru, although they understand and speak Spanish, have "Quichua" for their native tongue. A pretty bathing resort within a few miles of Callao attracts the Peruvians in the hot season. This place on the bay is called La Punta.

We have been sight-seeing, that is, driving about as quickly as possible for four to five hours, and the young friend who accompanied us and lived in Lima, told us we had seen practically all the places of interest in the town.

We again mounted the tram back to Callao. On arriving we bought some fruit—mangoes, grapes, oranges, avocado pears, cacti, and bananas, which are specially delicious here.

We embarked on rather a rickety steam launch to our new home, the *Chile*. Upon steaming out of the harbour we passed the large floating dry dock, and when opposite our beloved *Orita* handkerchiefs were waved, and our new captain gave the salute to Captain Hayes, who flew the commodore-captain's flag of the Pacific Mail Navigation Co.

UP THE COAST

FROM Callao northward the coast is bleak, sun-scorched, and uninteresting. The weather, however, was delightful. cool breeze followed us all the way; the Pacific has a distinct advantage over the Atlantic for this reason. By the Atlantic route, in crossing the Equator one passes through what is called the "Doldrums," where one experiences warm, damp, sticky, unpleasant weather, caused by the Gulf Stream, which renders the temperature oppressive, while all the way up the Pacific the Humboldt Current follows you, and as this stream flows from the Antarctic, its effect is cool breezes, which are most acceptable.

SALAVERRY

WE called at Salaverry, an open roadstead, surrounded by barren sands and hills, that put one in mind of the Libyan Desert. There was a heavy roll at the anchorage, which spelled mal de mer to many, and although this did not incommode me, I had no desire to land, as the town was not attractive. We could see all we wished to through our glasses; and if I had gone ashore, it would have meant eight days' quarantine at Panama.

Salaverry consists of clusters of squalid native huts and a rusty iron pier, from which clumsy barges brought us many sacks of raw sugar, minerals, and cocoa as cargo. One young man came on board in lavender kid gloves and a jaunty grey suit. He was the only son of a sugar king at Salaverry; he was young and well educated. His father was sending him round

the world in order that he might forget a charming miniature face which hung from his watch-chain.

The towns on this part of the coast are among the first established by the Spaniards under Pizarro's rule. They are the shipping ports for all the rich valleys of the interior, where rivers, waterfalls, mountains, and practically virgin soil make fortunes for the Peruvians.

Divorce is unknown in Peru. As in the Argentine, one may obtain a separation, which of course the Catholic Church refuses to recognise. Even the civil authorities do not countenance divorce. A peculiar custom in the Argentine is that all children, legitimate or illegitimate, share the same in their father's property.

In the next two days we called at Pacasmayo, Eten, and Paita, or Payta, as some spell it. They were not interesting ports, as on account of the surf the ship lies far out, and cargo is brought to us. We were amused at Eten to watch the disembarkation of two native women, who seated themselves in a sort of wooden sleigh arrangement, and were lowered into the rocking lighter with a bump.

Our sister ship, the *Peru*, was anchored alongside of us, and we saw them loading cattle. In the old days it was done with great cruelty. They used to haul the poor beasts over the side, by the horns, and sometimes the weight was so heavy that the horns were torn from the head, and the animal foundered in the sea. Now, however, that is forbidden, and a wide belt of canvas is placed under their bodies, which cannot hurt them as they are lifted on board.

It is grotesque to see the animals suspended in the air. As the crane or derrick lifts them, they look back on their fellowcattle with such a comical and astonished expression.

At Eten men came on board to sell Panama hats; which are also made here. They say that the finest are plaited under water to make the reeds more pliable. At Paita we met the similar surf, iron pier, and huts nestling low on the sand. They joke about this place, as they say it is so healthy that there are no hospitals, and the cemetery is scarcely occupied, although boredom and ennui, stalking hand-in-hand, would kill as surely as disease.

On this coast some of the well-to-do native families have fevers of kleptomania. I heard a queer story, which is vouched for by the purser. A family were about to leave the ship; they were waiting for the tender. A steward rushed to the purser, and breathlessly exclaimed: "Those people have taken all the sheets and blankets from their cabin." It was awkward; if the purser spoke to the family and it were not true, they would naturally be angry. He forthwith inspected a portmanteau belonging to the family; it was not locked, and when they opened it, the contents displayed not only the sheets, counterpane, and blankets but half a dozen towels as well.

Inkstands, for some unknown reason,

tempt light-fingered people on the west coast. It was nearly impossible to find an inkstand, and when I asked the chief steward why, he explained that he could not keep them out, as people appropriated them to such an extent. He told me that six had already disappeared this trip—really to steal an inkpot seems so very small.

There were many warnings about locking up one's things; but personally I lost nothing nor did my friends, and the stewards are most careful about locking one's cabin door during the time the ship is in port.

PANAMA

At five o'clock in the morning commenced a tremendous knocking on our shuttered cabin doors, and the voices of officers and "mozos" informed us "The doctor has come on board. You must be inspected in the salon. Please, be quick."

Before one had time to half dress, voices without warned us that the last one who appeared would have to pay a fine. This was of course pour rire. We all goodnaturedly hurried as much as possible.

Although the hour was so early, the doctor and quarantine officer were amiable, and the dreaded examination finished speedily. Fortunately there were no illnesses on board.

The port authorities are quite right in demanding strict obedience as far as health rules are concerned, and the Americans can well be proud of their work at Panama. They have transformed one of the deadliest pesti-

lent ports of the world into a clean, healthy place where white men can live and labour, and complete that gigantic wonder—the Canal. American money and brains have drained the torrid swamps, have built reservoirs for pure drinking-water, and have practically destroyed the dreaded mosquito for miles around.

From our ship, the Chile, Panama looked most attractive: the early morning sunshine glowed upon it, showing us the white town backed by the high hills which are richly clothed in brilliant green tropical verdure. One was able to distinguish queen palms, bananas, and cocoanut trees: while farther on the blue misty mountains made a splendid background. It would have been delightful to have had a water-colour of this exquisite scene. We anchored close to the two islands, one of which is the "Quarantine Station"; here we became familiar with the stars and stripes. A little out to sea, we remarked a barren rocky island; this was, one of the officers told us, ceded

to Queen Elizabeth. We could not imagine Queen Bess feeling much elated upon acquiring the possession.

Nothing could be a greater contrast than the freshness of foliage by which we are now surrounded and the barren mountain wastes we have left behind us, all along the rainless west coast.

We were some time in landing, and had to wait until a sister ship sailed, to give us her place at the dock; in the meantime every one was interested to point out the mouth of the Canal, that great achievement which will change the map of the world. We tried to picture the ships as they will glide in and out, and think of the great celebrations which will take place at the opening.

When the ship lay at her dock there seemed to be every shade of brown man represented, from palest coffee to ebony black. The coloured police were well dressed in neat khaki uniforms. We were advised by our most obliging purser to deliver over our

keys and receipts for baggage to a tall black man and his assistant, who promised to see the things through the Customs and deliver them at our hotel at once. They eventually arrived about six in the evening.

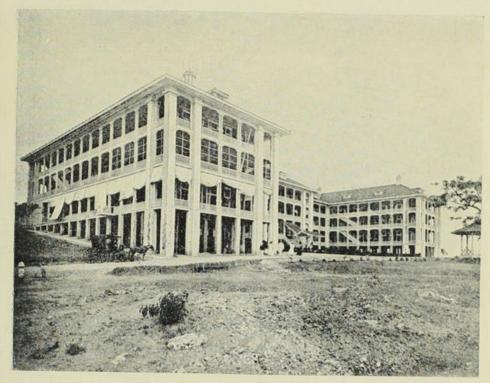
Having bid good-bye to Captain March and his officers, who had been indefatigable in courtesy and attention for our comfort, we all wished that a wise management would transfer them to a larger ship more worthy of themselves.

We landed, and engaged a cab to take us to the Tivoli Hotel. These cabs are an American vehicle, a sort of double buggy. We passed up and down the hills, through beautiful gardens in which crotons flamed gorgeous colours. Presently we came to a hill which looked as if one side had been sliced away. Men, cranes, and rock-drills were working, and in a moment several dull detonations like thunder seemed the earth's protest that dynamite was taking advantage of its feebleness as the hill gave up tons of its earth and rock.

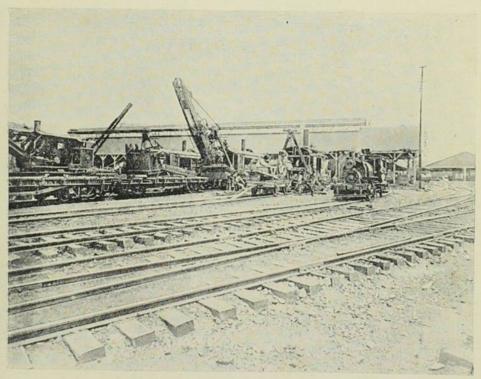
TIVOLI HOTEL

Commission for building this hotel. After a long sea-trip, it is a comfort to sleep in a large clean bed, and to be able to sort one's belongings into some order. This is a very large hotel, built of wood, and painted a dark slate colour (as are all the houses in Panama), picked out with white trimmings. There are wide verandahs which completely encircle every floor, back, front, and sides: all these cool resting-places are covered in with fine copper-wire netting, excluding every fly and insect.

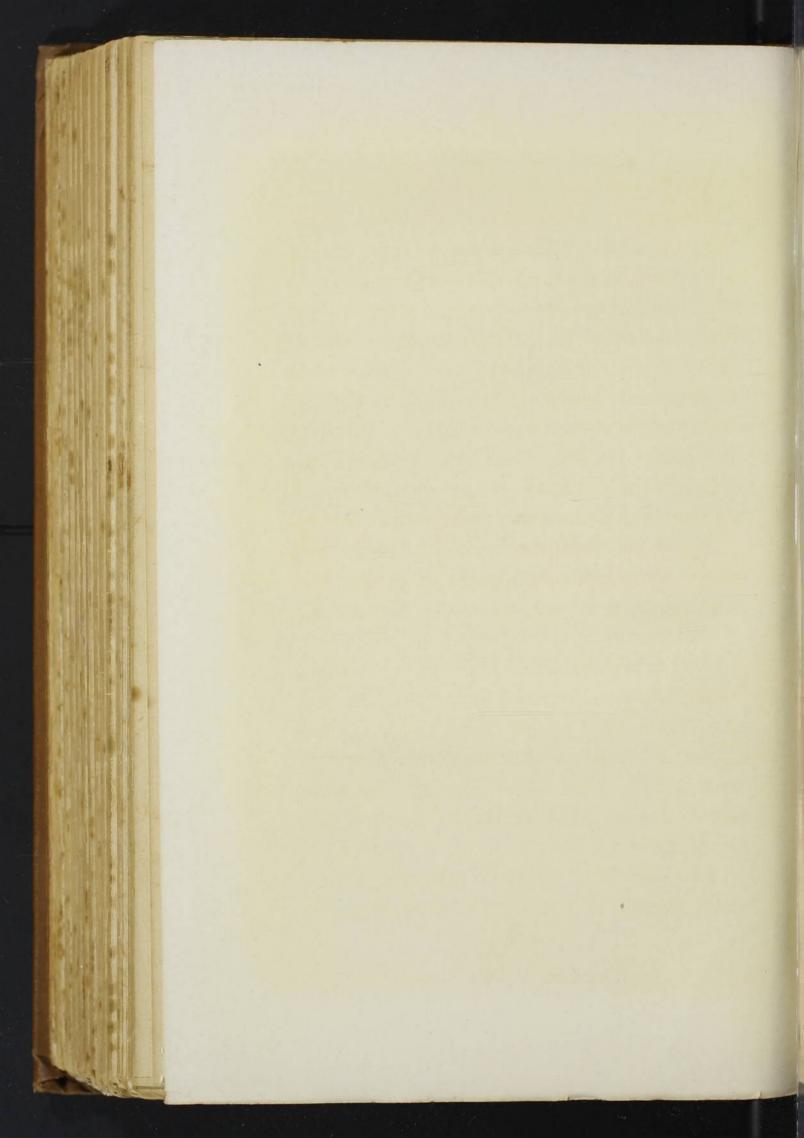
There are miles of netting, and they tell me that this alone cost a hundred thousand dollars. Every house in Panama is enclosed by wire screens. The houses are built in the same style, with white facings, and the unobtrusive slate colour; in a way, they resemble huge meat-safes, or birdcages.



TIVOLI HOTEL, PANAMA



MACHINERY, PANAMA CANAL



The gardens around the "Tivoli" are beautiful. Crotons of every colour and variety grow to the height of ten feet or more, and at a distance one would imagine they were shrubs covered with bright flowers, which shade from pale pink to deepest red. Clusters of hibiscus, single and double, raise their stately heads in open defiance to the sun's fiercest rays, and yellow convolvulus and lianas drape a rival porch and balcony in lace-like patterns of Nature.

There are tennis, croquet, billiards, and every Saturday a ball is given in the spacious lounge, where assembles the society of Panama.

The table is excellent. Negro waiters, in white linen, serve daintily; and to me, who have not been familiar with the American cuisine, like buckwheat cakes, corn bread, cream chicken, etc., for more than ten years, the revival of these dishes was delicious.

The chambers are practically the same—carefully thought out with every regard to

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modern hygienic principles. There is a large screened window and a door opening on to the balcony in every room. The lathed walls are stained a restful shade of green. This preparation of coal-tar product

is supposed to be insect-proof.

There are set porcelain bowls with running water; large, comfortable, white beds, and as many baths as you like. The cost per day, which includes five meals if you care to take them, with electric light, and baths free, ranges from four dollars to six dollars; the cheaper rooms being on the sunny side. This, I think, considering that everything has to be brought here and is of the best quality, cannot be said to be excessive.

One objectionable thing, from a tourist's point of view (and I should think that when the Canal opens and the influx of strangers increases it must be changed), is this rule, that no wines or spirits of any kind are sold in this hotel. An hour's notice often fails to secure a bottle of beer or wine for lunch, as it must be sent out for. The general result

of this puritanical ordinance is that the men of the hotel take carriages after dinner and proceed to the "Central" and other hotels in the town, where cocktails and high-balls are dealt out without grandmotherly superintendence.

Ancon Hill, on which is the hospital village, is at the back of the Tivoli Hotel. Some fifty or sixty bungalows are situated along the road which winds around the hill. These form the wards and staff quarters. From most of them the blue waters of the Pacific are visible, and the cool, invigorating winds circulate in the beautiful gardens which divide the wards.

Sadly enough, the road comes to a dead stop, for the last gate in this paradise of the sick is that of the cemetery, where, under formal little slabs of Government pattern, drawn up as stiffly as a regiment at attention, lie the dead, left by the great battle of civilisation against disease and the powers of Nature.

It was sad to remark that nearly all rest-

ing here were comparatively young men, their ages ranging from sixteen to thirty-six. We noticed only one grave that bore the age-record of forty years. There was a grim reminder of the step between life and death in the presence of half a dozen new-made graves waiting to receive the toll the tropics claim from the white men.

Fortunately, most of the cases now in hospital are surgical, although there are a number of mental invalids, and it gave me a great shock to see some hideous, contorted faces gazing out from iron-barred windows into a mass of tangled barbed wire, which was to prevent escape.

Wards, residences, administrative buildings, are all of the regulation type, raised from the ground on stone pillars and protected from insects by bronze-gauze screens. Auxiliary hospitals are placed all along the Canal zone, the doctors and nurses in every one having the highest qualifications and receiving generous pay.

PANAMA CITY

In driving through the curious streets of Panama one cannot fail to remark the blend of the lower classes who have settled here. The mixture of much Chinese blood with Spanish and Negro produces a peculiar and unpleasant countenance: every shade of colour, and the slanting eyes of the Mongolian are represented. It is a common thing to see in the native quarters small children playing outside their homes naked as when they were born. They stand on their rickety balconies watching the wheeling kites as they circle slowly about. They resemble small brown statues, their black eyes gleaming, and usually they are made happy with a piece of sugar-cane. Most of the life of the ménage takes place on the balcony. Old paraffin tins are revived into stands for plants. Macaws and parrots shout across the narrow streets to each

other. The women of the houses bring out their small cooking arrangements, and many pungent odours float down to the people in the streets. These balconies are painted in almost every colour, and glancing down the narrow streets one catches a view of the blue Pacific, which gives a picturesque touch to the scene. The streets remind one of China, India, and Mexico. An artist would find plenty of material awaiting him. The cathedral, which dates from the sixteenth century, is an ugly structure, and within is most uninteresting, containing a few gravestones and much dirt, and the ornaments of the chancel are the most blatantly vulgar tinsel crudities imaginable.

There is a great number of Chinese merchants, and every shop, no matter what their line is, sell whisky and mysterious bottles of liquids. Their names are "Rosebud Bar," "A les enfants de France," many Ching Hoys and Ling Sings, and "All Welcome Come."

An engineer friend of mine laughingly

suggested, "I suppose if I open an office for large dredgers, etc., I also shall be obliged to stock bottles as well."

He is responsible for this story, which will show the hygienic care of the Tivoli Hotel. Within the screened windows some one discovered a mosquito. Immediately a doctor came to examine the "monster." Two other medical men were sent for. They gained possession of this noxious beast, put him in a bottle, and took him to their laboratory to dissect.

The President's residence is a commodious mansion, and the opera-house and theatre are pretentious buildings in white stucco. Through the kindness of a friend I was invited to one of the legations, and was privileged to be a guest in a Panamanian house, which proved to be the acme of good taste, and to contain many souvenirs of European travel.

Her Excellency was a charming, well-read woman, who did not believe in war, and with this we all agreed. His Excellency raised his glass to the honour of England. Naturally we also drank to the health of the country he so efficiently represented.

He told us that when the Japanese fleet was here the Canal Commissioners invited the Japanese officers to inspect the Canal. Obviously the Japanese appreciated this offer, as every one of the officers accepted. I have also heard from other sources that on a dark night some of the men were found taking depths and scrutinizing the coast without lights. This, however, is nothing to do with me, and may be rumour.

The English lady, who is a companion to my Panamanian hostess, laughingly told us how people at home were aghast at her idea of coming out to Panama, and warned her that she must not take valuables of any kind, and that they would be scarcely civilised in South America. She has remained with this lady some three years now, and apparently enjoys herself immensely. People at home who travel little have absurd notions about other countries.

After a most delightful visit, we bade our host and hostess good-bye. It was very interesting to exchange views and experiences of the world together. It seems to me a pity that people of different nationalities do not oftener meet and exchange ideas to the advantage of both.

The drive to Savannah along the Old Panama Road is picturesque, The impenetrable jungle has been formed of lianas, their green feathery webs, mingled with palms and banana trees and old tree-trunks, trimmed and draped in a manner quite inimitable. Hibiscus, and a huge yellow flower, which I do not know the name of, show glowing faces through the green leaf traceries. Gourd trees and cocoanut palms look down disdainfully on the ambitious creepers. Butterflies of gorgeous colours and dragon flies seem very busy.

One could not help thinking of the snakes which must make their homes in the underbrush. I asked the driver about them. He

said, "Oh yes, lady, big snakes live down there."

I felt I had no desire to verify his words. At Old Panama, which has long been deserted, there are some interesting ruins, a picturesque dilapidated church, with a tree growing on the arch, and a few isolated Spanish families of the poorer class. Another drive, with similar scenery, is to Corisande. One thing which we remarked in this beautiful rich virgin soil was, there appeared no cultivation. A few cattle rambled over some of the cleared places, but there was an absence of farms, fruit gardens, and so forth. I presume these will come in the course of time, but at present fruit and vegetables are mostly sent from the States by the United Fruit Company's lines. It should be a good hint to farmers to settle here, as there is plenty of water, and irrigation would make farming profitable in this paradise of tropical vegetation.

"Hielo," or ice, is one Spanish word I shall

always remember, as I seemed to be in want of it from Pernambuco to the Azores.

A strange thing happened to-day. I often drove to the Savannah, which is the prettiest road here, and I noticed a large building in construction, evidently a factory. A friend and myself had talked it over, and remarked that there was no foundation to speak of, the under-pinning being fragile laths and small beams. To-day, on my return drive, I was obliged to get out and walk around the ruin, for the building had fallen across the street, splintering the dry wood into thousands of pieces and tearing down telephone and electric wires. Quite a hundred people had gathered, instead of going to It was a Sunday afternoon. church. said the reason was that, as the building had not been placed on concrete, or stone pillars, the ants which abound here had undermined the foundation by making deep furrows. At any rate, I felt grateful I had not been passing at the time of the accident.

THE CANAL*

Before dawn a party of friends and myself took the train for Culebra, where, by the courtesy of Colonel Goethals, chief of the Canal Commission, a private inspection motor-car awaited us. We retraced our steps along the single line which we had traversed, which passes through the rolling hills of the tropical Savannah.

After a few miles through beautiful scenery, we reached Culebra Cut, by a series of startling inclines, all being single lines. The excitement at times was added to by heavy trains and wagons following us at a few yards' distance. Every set of points and crossing is guarded by a flag-signaller—yellow for advance, red for stop, and green for precaution.

One signalman had lost both arms, and we were much surprised to note the clever

^{*} By kind permission of "The Car."

manner in which he waved the signal with his foot.

Of course, on a great work like this accidents are numerous, and we heard that about a thousand surgical cases have been in hospital at one time.

An ambulance train is always kept under steam with efficient orderlies who can render first aid, and in a half-hour or less the train is at the Hospital Station in Panama city.

By gradual but somewhat rough inclines the rail joins the network of lines which cover the bottom of this gigantic cutting. To the right stands the isolated peak of Golden Hill, the highest point the Canal traverses, and to the left is the pretty little engineering capital of Culebra, with its bungalows and clubs, standing in gardens with carefully trained tropical plants and creepers.

The gardens each show some individual taste. Sometimes scarlet crotons form the hedges, and curtains of flowering creepers

conceal the wire-netting on the verandahs. In fact, the settlement forms a pleasing contrast to the hideous, temporary buildings which spring up around public works in Europe.

The bottom of the Culebra Cut is still some forty feet above its final level, but ten lines of railroad and three hundred engines, with countless cars, are carting away the heart of the Isthmus to the Gatun Dam on the one hand, and the Panama Breakwater on the other. All the powers of Nature seemed chained to rend this pathway through a continent.

The forces of a hundred mighty steam shovels are attacking with insatiable hunger what we used to call the "Everlasting Hills."

At another point a cluster of rock-drills are hammering their way into the rock, leaving bores to receive the dynamite, the explosions of which we constantly hear. A third force, that of water, is harnessed to the task, and we saw huge hydraulic jets

employed in washing away the softer strata of the cutting.

We could not stop our car as often as we wished, as it had to be run to avoid interference with the construction trains; but once we were fortunate enough to be stopped below one of the steam shovels which was loading a train of cars. The enormous bucket, with its four steel teeth, attacked the mountain-side like an enraged mastodon, and tore away some six or seven tons of clay and boulders, the great arm swung around over the train, into which its spoil was dashed with a deafening crash.

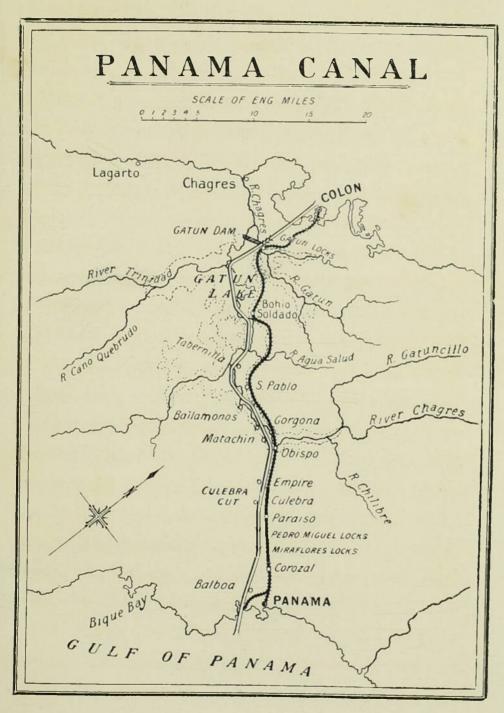
These wagons, which hold thirty tons, move forward a few feet between each operation. About five of these giant mouthfuls are sufficient to fill one of them. The whole earth seems to tremble with the bellow of dynamite, the roar of machinery, and the dull vibration of the loaded trains. All along our route of some ten miles we were never out of sight of dense masses of workmen, nor clear of the black smoke of

straining engines, which clanked, groaned, shrieked, and whistled through miles of construction track, which is being daily shifted to lower levels as the strenuous work of excavation progresses.

Over all the toiling bells the American locomotives sound the death-knell of the cordilla of a continent.

The brains that guide, and hands that execute, a work like this deserve some mention of us, who had the privilege of visiting the executive building, and the pleasure of being introduced to Col. Goethals and some of his staff. We found this class of American, undiscovered by the novelist or dramatist. These tall, modest men conduct their work without fuss or noise, and explain it without boast or adjective. They know, although a mountain-side may collapse, or a fall of rock dwarf a year's weary labour, that the work will go on.

One of our party pointed out some treacherous green silt, and suggested a



FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC



possible slip. A junior engineer humorously said: "I suppose the U.S. would line the Canal with marble in that case."

Passing downwards in the ranks, we come to the principal mechanics and enginedrivers, the latter, by the way, drawing £500 per annum. All this class are provided with good houses, electric light, fuel, water, and medical attendance free, also their houses are furnished for them from the Government shops, and in case of accident to even a cup, they have only to apply to Uncle Sam for more.

The unskilled labour is equally favoured. Men of all nations are in its ranks—Italian, Spanish, and Negro. The average pay is twenty-five and thirty cents an hour. The day consists of nine hours. A labour train takes them to each meal, which costs them thirty cents, and is abundantly provided from the Government stores.

The men are dressed in khaki, and look clean and well cared for.

Our car returned towards Panama by

the Isthmian railroad, which we left by a construction line to visit the great Miraflores Lock. This, one of the six locks of the Canal, is probably the largest concrete construction in the world. The facing of the lock-pit is of concrete blocks, and the filling in behind of concrete en masse, which is placed in position in a remarkably ingenious manner. A cantilever crane runs on the floor of the lock-pit and hoists the tubs of concrete from the cars beneath, runs them out to either side, and deposits their contents to an inch on any point of the works.

Some idea of the size of the lock-pits is shown in the fact that any of them will hold a steamer a thousand feet long by a hundred-and-ten beam, or two Dreadnoughts. The passage which drains the water from the upper lock is an iron tube embedded in concrete, large enough to take a locomotive. This stupendous structure towers above the tropical shrub like some prehistoric temple, impressive in its bulk and lack of ornamentation.

We were surprised to hear at Culebra that more Englishmen than Americans visit this marvellous work in construction. Fear of ill-health or bad hotel accommodation need keep no one away. The city is healthy, and the Government Hotel excellent. Altogether, a week spent here is most delightful.

In abolishing a geographical expression, by destroying an isthmus, the U.S. have done more than make a new route for commerce. They have put in training a race of oversea Americans who will one day rival our own Indian administration. The far-reaching hands of America already grasp the Far East via the Philippines; soon they will hold the keys of a trade route as important as the Suez Canal. men who work, plan, and sanitate the Canal zone are able to rise to its administration, and will take less and less interest in petty interstate squabbles, and more in the future of their race as a mighty power overseas.

The initial difficulty of all attempts to make a canal across the Isthmus of Panama has been the pestiferous climate of the country. The laying of the railway cost unknown thousands of lives, and the disastrous failure of Count de Lesseps's canal was due as much to fever as to faulty finance.

When the U.S. Canal Commission was appointed, it was decided that the sanitation of the zone to be traversed must take precedence of all works of construction, and the entire available labour force for nearly two years was devoted to this object. The city of Panama was paved, drained, and provided with a water supply, which was subsequently extended to the entire Canal zone.

It is a matter of common rumour that the inhabitants of Panama are far from being grateful for the sanitary attention of the U.S.A. The dense mangrove swamps were burnt and drained, fire and axe cut broad roads through the interlacing shrub of the Savannah, every ditch and pool was treated with mineral oil, laid on in tubes and made deadly to the mosquito grub.

A new Panama rose, of perfect plan for a tropical climate. Every precaution was taken that the heavy rains should not form damp spots in its boundaries, such as gnats and mosquitoes love to incubate in. Everywhere in the streets are concrete conduits which conduct every drop of rainwater to the sea, and when the pest-ridden city was clean, and the mist of filthy insects vanished from the Isthmus, it was with clear conscience that the Sanitary Board called on Uncle Sam to send his sons with pick and shovel to commence—the great Canal.

The U.S. Government paid the Panama Assembly £2,000,000 cash for five miles each way from the Canal, but stipulated that £1,500,000 should be invested in Manhattan securities. They also paid the French, £8,000,000 for all concessions, and work done by them.

GATUN DAM

I LEFT Panama basking in the rays of a tropical noon, and with regret took a fare-well glance at the pale blue waters of the Pacific glittering like an aquamarine in its setting of golden sand. From the railway I had again a sight of the gigantic trench through the mountains at Culebra, which grows more impressive every time one sees it.

Farther on we crossed the yellow, sullen waters of the Chagres River, which is at once the dread and the assistance of the Canal Commission; its sudden floods often rising three to four feet in an hour make it a dangerous ally, but without its tribute of water it would be impossible to work the locks of the Canal. Its waters will be stored in an artificial lake, with a larger area than all the fresh-water lakes in

Great Britain. This hundred square miles of water will have sufficient depth in the channel to allow the largest ocean steamers to travel at full speed. Forests will have to be hewn and submerged.

The present railway, made at the cost of so much life and treasure, will become a geographical memory, for a new line on higher ground is being built to take its place. On arrival at Gatun we sighted the breakers of the wild Atlantic from the station platform. With the introduction of Col. Goethals we called on Col. Siebert, who is in charge of the Atlantic section. With the charming courtesy which distinguishes the officials of the Canal Commission he delegated one of his assistants to take us around the Gatun Dam and Locks in a private car. I have motored fifty miles over the Canal. They tell me the U.S. pay-roll reaches two million dollars a month.

This stupendous work holds up the waters of the Chagres River to form the

lake from which the locks will be fed, which is the summit-level of the Canal. The locks at Gatun form a colossal stair of three steps, which will lift the ships from the Atlantic level to the summit. mode of construction is picturesque and Some hundred feet above us, we striking. saw a spider's web of steel cables miles in extent, stretching from steel towers, along which black bodies passed and repassed. These were steel tubs conveying concrete for the huge structure; they stopped in midair with apparently human instinct, lowered themselves spider-like by a thread of steel, and emptied their load within a yard on the spots required. Gigantic steel cylinders revolve in the concrete-mixing works, and when a car is ready to be loaded, automatically lower themselves, and fill the waiting tubs to an inch of accuracy; weird cars bringing gravel, sand, and cement, move driverless, in a procession along an electric railroad; immense hooks descend, condor-like, on two-ton loads of concrete,

which are whirled away sky-high to the place decreed for them.

All is thorough, determined, and preordained. The forest a thousand summers have made rank, must be converted into the bed of a great reservoir; the hills a million years have scarped and moulded, must have their flanks bitten deep by the engineer; and one feels the joining of two oceans is not a matter of time nor money, but a determination of undaunted genius.

From sea to sea the voyage is supposed to take about ten hours, through scenery the loveliest in Central America. The delay at each lock will be approximately an hour and a half. At the Gatun it will be remembered there are three locks, at Pedro Miguel there are two, and at Miraflores one. Then the Pacific level is reached, where the forthcoming forts of Panama will frown grim defiance to all enemies of the people who have halved a continent. I hope England will never be amongst their number.

In the early morning the views of the Pacific were with us; in the afternoon we were greeted by the wild Atlantic, whose white breakers roared on the Colon shores. A few miles' run took us from Gatun to Colon; part of the old French canal is being used on this section.

COLON

Colon was in a state of hysterical excitement over the Chinese New Year. The roll and roar of fire-crackers had even frightened the placid cabhorses of the station, and for nearly an hour we waited with our hand-baggage for a vehicle to take us to the steamer.

The Chinaman with fireworks is an infliction, preferring noise to colour. Most of his efforts are of the schoolboy-cracker variety, and one longs for a British constable who would promptly move on the offensive and noisome "Chink."

A genial literary friend and his wife insisted upon my dining with them at the Hotel Washington. The other hotel at Colon bears the respected name of "Lincoln," and is only open to the Canal staff. To our kindly host's dismay he found the

"Washington" served no wine and very little food, but with the energy of a Napoleon, and the perseverance of a Von Moltke, he interviewed the chef, and informed him that the smallest eater of our party was the chairman of the Kitchen Committee of a leading London club. This reduced the coloured gentleman to a receptive state of Our friend commandeered turtle soup, a delicious Spanish mackerel, and an Imperial planked steak some three inches in depth, and a square foot in area. artistic surroundings matched the joint: circling potatoes, peas, peppers, and beans completed the scheme of colour. Our table decorations were hibiscus and croton leaves. The only thing we regretted was the lack of an appetite such as four hours after the partridges over turnips gives one in England. The sacred portals of the "Washington" are, of course, unsullied by the hoof of the alcohol fiend, but our invincible host had dived into a shop and procured the dainty wine of Eastern France. The three pint

bottles he bought exhausted the stock of the dealer; all were good brands, but all wore different labels. However, confidence in our host and an Isthmian thirst made each equally enjoyable. Another novelty, as far as I was concerned, was a liqueur called Crème de Cocoa, which our artful host bore into the hotel in a mineral-water bottle concealed in his pocket. Our rather elaborate meal was gazed upon open-eyed and openmouthed by the coloured staff of the hotel, who were obviously impatient to consume the balance of our feast.

My host and hostess accompanied our party on board the *Magdalena*, where pleasant au revoirs and promises of reunion in London kept us talking till close upon midnight. The next morning saw our respective ships sailing together on their varied courses, one for New York, and mine for England.

AT SEA-CARIBBEAN

A FELLOW-VOYAGER at dinner related his experience of a cock-fight at Panama. friend and himself passed a small amphi theatre; curiosity compelled them to enter. They found seats, and the fight began. In the cock-pit were a brown cock and a grey They spurred them on to battle, and the grey cock fought fiercely, tearing the plumage off the brown cock's neck in a fearful manner. He took his punishment meekly, and tried to hide his poor injured head under the grey cock's wings, but occasionally his spur gained revenge, ripping the feathers off the sprightly grey one's neck. After several rounds, in which the brown appeared to get the worst of it, and seemed nearly dead, the grey bird for a moment relaxed his vigil, and instantly the brown, who had been hiding his head,

attacked ferociously, and slew his grey rival.

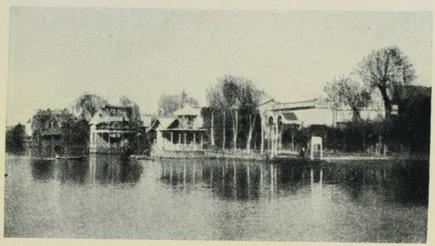
After leaving Colon, southward bound, we encountered a stiff breeze in the Caribbean Sea, which in the afternoon assumed almost the force of a hurricane. The ship pitched and strained, and the wind met us with merciless force.

CARTAGENA

In the early morning the Magdalena picked up a coloured pilot, and proceeded to the harbour of Cartagena, which has been so graphically described in Westward Ho! The approach, with its green boundaries, looks attractive. We made fast to the quay, which is in the heart of a mangrove swamp.

In the harbour was anchored a small, grey, Colombian gunboat, which was once Mrs. Langtry's celebrated yacht, *The White Lady*. When I had last seen it, years ago, at Monte Carlo, it was resplendent in gold and white enamel.

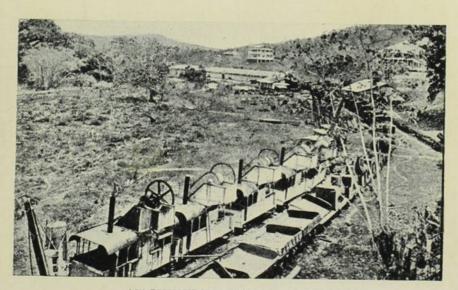
We took a two hours' drive in, perhaps, the most ruinous town in Central America. The ancient walls, built during the Spanish occupation, are grass-grown and decayed, the streets are filthy and unpaved, and the



THE HENLEY OF BUENOS AIRES-THE TIGRE DE LA PLATA



PUBLIC GARDENS, RIO DE JANEIRO



MACHINERY, PANAMA CANAL



buildings mean and dilapidated. There was no sign of energy about the people. The children, up to the age of ten, wear the garb of Nature, and assume the colour of their dusty surroundings. The cathedral resembles a vast barn, stuck around with coloured plaster images. A so-called Murillo, painted on wood, and practically obliterated by age and exposure, is shown as the only object of interest. The daub represents the Archangel Michael, with sword and helmet, driving sinners to the nether regions. A squad of young, untidy buglers were drumming and fifing on the neglected ramparts. They were only too willing I should photograph them, and formed up in a slouching parade for the purpose. I have a lurking suspicion that they constituted the bulk of the standing army of Colombia. On these ramparts tradition places the guns of Columbus, but the only two guns we saw were of Elswick manufacture, about thirty years old, and were being consumed by rust.

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The walls of the fortifications are largely composed of coraline rock, the graceful, fan-like pattern of which gives a pretty decorative effect. The currency here is entirely paper. A hundred-dollar bill is, therefore, worth only 4s. 2d. English, and fifty dollars goes a very short way to purchase two bottles of beer. However, it pleases the Colombian to think in dollars when he is paying in pence. There is a small English colony pleasantly situated on an arm of the sea outside the fortifications. Here are a tennis club and some pretty bungalow residences, with many cocoanut palms and gorgeous flowers in their gardens.

In the old ruined fortress of St. Philip, Drake was supposed to have made a stand, and, as we walked over the tangled walks, we were shown a stone portal leading into the sea. This was the route by which smugglers and escaping prisoners were conducted.

I drove to Walters' American Hotel,

Cartagena

which is a clean, well-kept place. I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Walters thirteen years ago, when I last visited Cartagena. It was pleasant to again chat with her, and find the family well and prosperous, and the little daughter grown to quite a young lady.

PORTO COLOMBIA—BARRAN-QUILLA—BOGOTA

WE moored to the long pier at Porto Colombia, where we found two German steamers occupying the other two berths. The pier is about a mile long, and carries a railroad which connects the port to Barranquilla, an hour's distance.

Among our passengers was the Bishop of Trinidad, who organised a party to visit the city. A special train, which the company would run if twenty people guaranteed to go, we took at the rate of five shillings a head. For the first few miles the line runs along the shores of the bay, then, branching inland through straggling undergrowths and mangrove swamps, at one point it affords a glimpse of the great Magdalena River, which is navigable for some eight hundred miles.

The native negro huts were tiny one-

storied shanties, thatched with palm leaves. Pelicans flew over the bay, and all along the line we admired a beautiful pink-flowering tree of the acacia family, which reminded one of Japan.

The city of Barranquilla has thirty thousand inhabitants: the streets are extremely sandy and dusty, as none of them are paved except in the centre of the town and business portion. Owing to the bad surface of the streets, driving is most uncomfortable. We climbed into an antique vehicle of the American carry-all class, and with two thin, worn-looking horses prepared to visit the sights of the town. These consisted of the cathedral, a large stucco building, containing rather a fine marble tomb of a local benefactor. A Plaza, full of crotons and flowers, has two monuments which proclaim the thanks of city to Liberty-"Barranquilla al Libertador."

The better-class houses are of one story, encircled by a verandah, with gardens. The

poorer dwellings are small, with thatched roofs, the walls being made of large sundried bricks, held together by straw, called the "adobe." These are covered with stucco, which is colour-washed in every tint, blue being a favourite.

The prison was large and well guarded. Many faces looked out from behind the open barred windows. They were mostly political prisoners, they told us. The only clean, bright spot in this depressing city was Pension Inglesi, kept by an Englishwoman. It seemed to be the rendezvous of those unfortunate Englishmen who are expatriated in this uninteresting Central American third-class city.

We saw a fleet of stern-wheeled steamers on an arm of the Magdalena River. These boats form the means of communication to Bogota, the capital of Colombia. The length of time consumed on the journey varies from ten days to seven weeks, as the condition of the river dictates. The stream abounds with islands, crocodiles, and malarial mosquitoes. The boats have to tie up at night, and no one must venture without a thick mosquito net,

A gentleman who lives at Bogota, bearing the name of one of Columbus's navigators, tells me that Bogota, which is situated on a tableland nine thousand feet high, has the most delightful climate imaginable. The temperature varies little, and remains about sixteen degrees centigrade the year round. Flowers and fruit are always procurable. On the high lands they grow apples, wheat, and all products of a temperate zone, while below in the tropical valleys they have pineapples, peaches, chirimoya, and aguacate. These two fruits are delicious, but being most delicate, they are not frequently exported.

The capital has nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants, mostly of Spanish descent. There is an English and a German colony, and many native Indians, but few negroes. They have one large theatre and an operahouse. The influence of the priest here is very strong, and revolution often threatens.

The Colombians say that the Americans instigated the Panamanians to demand their independence, and are not content to have Panama under an influence not their own.

Bogota must be unquestionably an interesting place, and doubtless would be a Mecca for tourists were it not so inaccessible.

One leaves Barranquilla by steamer to go up the Magdalena River, where the scenery is beautiful, and after eight or ten days one arrives at Dorada. Here you vary the monotony by taking a train for an hour and a half to two hours, and you alight at a small town called Honda. At this place you change trains, and in half a day, if there are no breakdowns, you get out at the upper river Port. More changing, this time into a small river boat, which is compelled to move very slowly on account of the rapids, usually taking a day and a night, according to the mood of the river. Here you again take a train at Girardot, which is noted for luxurious gardens. At seven in the morning you begin your ascent of

nine thousand feet, passing through lovely valleys, winding in and out. At one place the railway becomes a veritable switchback, and at six o'clock of the same day you finally arrive at Bogota, a wonderful old place with a delightful temperate climate.

A fellow-shipmate who occupied a consulate position at Bogota, and who was a merchant of some eminence in the city, told me an amusing story of one of the perennial revolutions, which act as a tonic to these irrepressible republics, which but for them would relapse into the "sleepily-drowsily" of the land of Mañama. The faction that found itself "top dog" in the bloodless revolution arrested and put in prison my consulate friend. Alas! for him there was no consular guard, but the outrage on his flag was as nothing to that on his hunger, for by noon the call of déjeuner asserted itself. Four hours in a dirty Central American cell is almost a casus belli to the most pacific of representatives. He gravely passed the sentry, informing

him that the consul of "Rutinia" was going to lunch, and Mr. X., the merchant, would return to prison at four. The end of the drama, like most political moves in South America, ended in blackmail, and our friend had to eventually pay what was mentioned as a "subscription" to the election expenses to the party in whose hands, until the next revolution, rests the peace, welfare, and honour of the precious Republic of Colombia.

PUERTO CABELLO

I FEAR that the greatest enthusiast could record little of interest at this port of Venezuela. We steamed to our dock early in the morning. The country, with its background of shaded mountains and brilliant verdure, looked attractive from the sea. Usually the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company does not include Puerto Cabello as a calling-place, but this time we were obliged to collect three hundred tons of frozen beef. The ship lies in dock, and the railway lines are close by. I watch the negroes handling these huge sides of beef, which have come down from the interior in refrigerator cars and are carefully and cleanly sewn in canvas. As the negroes take the beef from the car it is immediately placed in our ship's chilled room. Although the sun blazes mercilessly, it is so quickly restored to icy chambers that it has not time to feel the change of temperature.

Opposite us is a small island, obviously a military station. From an insignificant fort the bugle rings with startling frequency, and the flag of Venezuela-red, yellow, and blue, with a few scattered stars in the centre, which stand for their different provinces droops lightly from its flagstaff. There was a bandstand in a small Plaza with beautiful palms and large trees, upon the tops of which bright red flowers bloom, forming a pleasant picture against the blue, tropical sky. the dock the black boys are selling oranges, cocoanuts, bananas, a badly cured alligatorskin, some hideous striped cotton slippers, small green parrots, and daintily coloured humming-birds. The man with the postcards is also in evidence; his charges are twenty cents for each, about fivepence.

I took a cab, rather a good one, with two strong brown horses. It is a relief to ride when you are sure that the horses can comfortably be relied on. In most places one felt such genuine pity for the animals that the pleasure of sight-seeing was curtailed. I drove past a little Plaza and through the streets, which did not require a long time. They are not paved, and the open mudditches, full of sewage, did not induce one to linger. The houses of all colours, dilapidated and squalid, appear anything but attractive. My driver and I could not speak a word together, as neither of us comprehended the other's language, but conscientiously he wound in and out of all the streets, insisting I should see everything, and at the end of our excursion he halted at a shop which was supposed to sell curios. Upon entering, I found a collection of some rather pretty pink shells, corals, fat, ugly dried beetles, a family of tropical birds, and many venomous snakes preserved in English pickle-bottles, which still bore the name of Crosse and Blackwell. I must acknowledge that at Puerto Cabello they make one of the most delicious liqueurs I have ever tasted; it is called Crème de Cacao-Chonao, and can be obtained in England. For my promenade *en voiture* my gesticulating driver demanded one dollar, or four shillings, which certainly was not excessive.

For our matinée amusement we watched the shipping of some twenty or thirty turtles, who arrived on their backs in a dugout alongside. A rope was tied around their shoulder flippers, and they were unceremoniously flung on deck. The larger ones, weighing about 225 lbs., came singly, but the smaller fry were landed in groups of three and four. Their appearance as they lay helpless on their backs on deck gasping for breath, their eyes rolling in their small heads, was ludicrous; but also one had to feel a certain amount of pity for them. soon as possible, large wooden tanks were brought, and they were berthed, only the big fellows having a cabin to themselves. The smaller fry were mated together, then the sailors played the hose upon them, filling their tanks with cold sea-water, which must

have been refreshing. They splashed about with seeming content.

The first officer was standing beside me, and said that, with the exception of the water, they took nothing throughout the voyage; and when I inquired if they did not lose weight, he said, "No, we sometimes try to feed them with herbs, but they will not eat. Last voyage we brought home one turtle which weighed over four hundred pounds."

I heard this afternoon that we had taken five thousand head of cattle on board for the cold storage. Really, when one realises this great slaughter, one feels very much inclined to become a vegetarian.

The Venezuela Navy, consisting of three tramp-steamers, flying the pennant and flag, steam past us. The size of the flag makes up for the insignificance of the ship, while a disabled torpedo-boat seems to complete the roll of this Caribbean fleet. The port is innocent of drains, water supply, and ice, to the provision of which the money spent

on a burlesque fleet might be more worthily directed.

A red-and-white placard announces that a cock-fight takes place at three this afternoon. An American fellow-shipmate, who has a mania for this form of sport, said he was going. I asked him if ladies ever attended. He thought for a moment, and replied, "Well, I have never seen any one I thought was a lady, but I have seen plenty of women there."



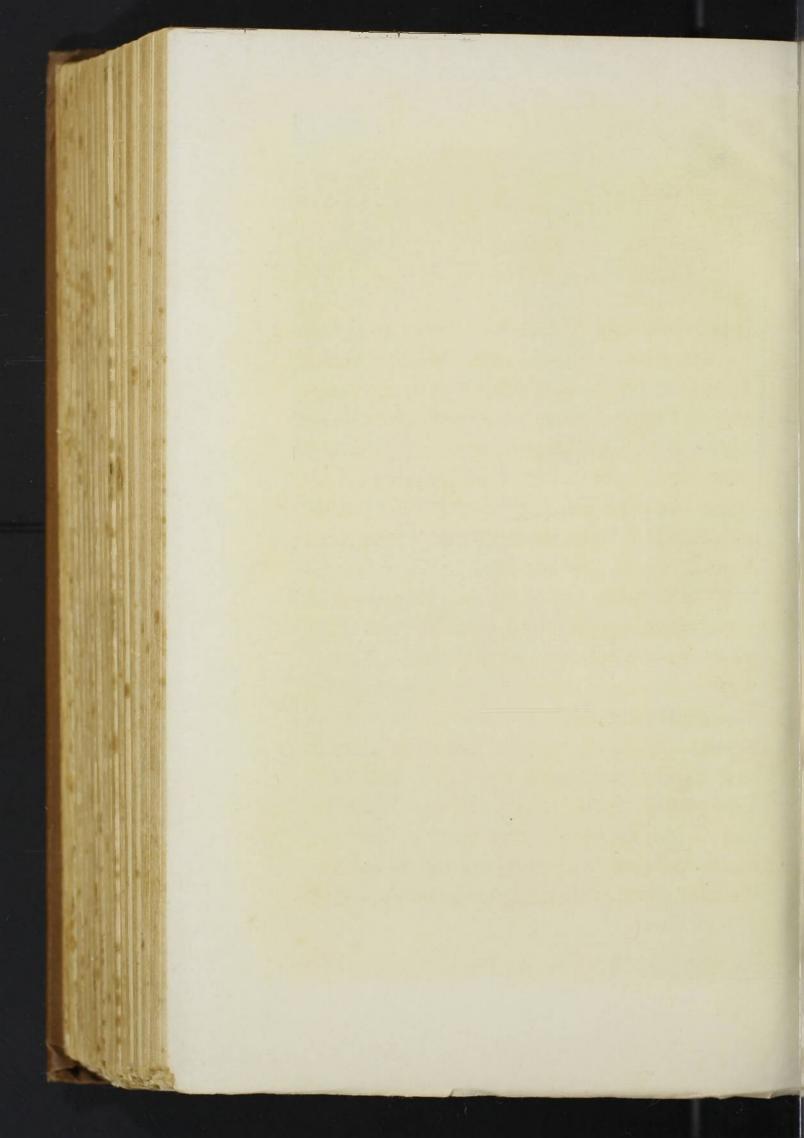
GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, TRINIDAD



BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO







TRINIDAD

This beautiful island has been so often written about, one can add little to Charles Kingsley's able description. The approach to the Port of Spain past the high wooded hills was well worth getting up at six in the morning to see. The ship lay about two miles from the pier. To avoid the nuisance of coaling, I went ashore early. The town looked clean and healthy, and a friend who was with me said the English had done wonders for the place since five years ago when we were there last and the "Johnny Crows," or vultures, were the scavengers. Now clean streets have driven them to wider fields of forage, and by the transference of the R.M.S.P. Company's chief office from Barbados, the Port of Spain has sprung into an era of prosperity, largely owing to the industrious Indian coolies, who are imported

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to work on the cocoa plantations. The streets are bright with hotels, shops, and consulates. The coloured inhabitants were obviously preparing for the coming carnival, the shop windows being filled with glaring costumes, confetti, and idiotic masks; those most favoured by the coloured race are the wire ones, showing the face of a blonde English woman. Probably when the humour of the masquerade has ceased to interest the most degenerate of the Latin races, the dark man will cherish this survival of the Saturnalia, in childish ignorance of its origin, and deck his wool with confetti beneath the palms of the Caribbean.

The native grog-shops, which modestly announce themselves as groceries, boast one or two peculiar signs, such as "Agar sells everything." "The Merry Widow Grocery." "The Fair-play Shop," one excelling the others in the Whiteley-like variety of goods by numbering on its side "Ecclesiastical objects and cool Drinks." The streets bore the names of great English

admirals; one, rejoicing in the name of Piccadilly Street, consisted of small nigger huts, facing a slum. The ideal beauty-spot of the Port of Spain is the "Savannah," a level plain of some two or three miles in extent, with a view of the Gulf of Paria on one side, and a semicircle of gloriously wooded hills on the other, where the scarlet paradise tree flames like streaks of fire across the adjacent greenery. The landscape fulfilled Dr. Samuel Johnson's requirements of a perfect view, for it had a good inn in the foreground, and it would be a very captious traveller who complained of the Queen's Park Hotel, with its smart white-clothed negro waiters, good cooking, and seductive verandah, which you never feel inclined to leave.

At lunchon salmon was on the menu. I ordered it, and found it was a white fish with firm flesh and excellent flavour. Doubtless it received its name from one of the wandering Scots who dreamed of Tay and Tweed beneath the shadow of his cocoa

trees. Not fancying meat in the tropics, I ordered salted fish a la Trinidad, that is, cooked with onion sauce and yellow-and-green peppers, against which strangers should be warned, for the heat without is simply nothing to that produced within by these virulent vegetables.

There was a long menu, which comprised crab-backs, ochre (a glutinous green vegetable, more unpicturesque to eat than macaroni), and an ample supply of West Indian delicious fruit. The service was perfect, and the charge, six shillings each person, not out of the way.

Regretfully I left the shade of the verandah, and chartered a victoria, driven by a well-groomed coloured coachman, who spoke English with a decidedly cultured accent. In fact, the natives in the West Indies have forgotten the origin of their race, and, unlike the East Indian coolie, are without a language or a nationality, save that of England, to whom they profess unbounded loyalty—a loyalty which is

emblazoned in the records of our two West Indian regiments.

We started our long drive in the direction of Coolie Town. The road is exceptionally good, and the coolie huts remind one of Ceylon at its best; the cross-roads bear the names of Indian cities, such as Bombay Street, Agra, Calcutta, etc.

The coolie women, heavy with nose-rings, ear-rings, anklets, bracelets, and necklaces, walked unveiled; and the children, plump, well clad and smiling, waved their greeting to the "mem Sahib."

The schools were ended for the day, and crowds of happy scholars with their slates and books filled the streets—black, white, and chocolate mixing in comradeship together. At Coolie Town there appeared to be schools for all denominations.

A less pleasant feature is the iniquitous Chinese grog-shop, which blasts the country from the Yukon to Trinidad.

Driving around the north of the Savannah, we visited the beautiful Botanical

Gardens, which the usual afternoon torrent of rain prevented me from exploring as thoroughly as I should have liked. The heated soil drank in the warm downpour, and one could fancy one saw or heard the bamboo clumps growing. Here we remarked an avenue of Indian rubber trees; on the one side was a hedge of huge scarlet hibiscus, and on the other the crotons raised their banners of red and gold.

Close to these lovely gardens is the Governor-General's residence, looking across terraced lawns to the wide Savannah; the King's representative in this beautiful island could not be more delightfully located. Afterwards we drove along the coast, through miles of negro huts, which, although they have not the brightness of Coolie Town, still exhibited pathetic little efforts in the way of decoration; small houses, scarcely bigger than a tramcar, faced with firewood and flattened paraffin tins, often boasted a pair of flimsy lace curtains to the windows of their one room.

Along the road chickens abounded, but, by some mysterious law, all seemed the same size and thinness. Like Peter Pan, they appeared determined not to grow up.

We met many negresses, cleanly clothed in bright cottons, bearing on their heads trays, on which yams, plantains, and breadfruit rested. Their stately poise is one that justifies the compliment—one of the nicest which a woman with a good figure can receive—that she has "a negro back." They all pass us with a pleasant smile, and the black police salute in military manner. The limit of our drive was an Englishowned cocoa estate which shadowed our road on each side for about a mile. As far as one could see, the brilliant, feathery branches waved in the soft sea breeze, without which the cocoa-palm cannot live.

The annual estimate of each tree is about sixty cocoanuts, the dried kernel of which—copra—is exported all over the world for its oil-yielding qualities.

On returning to the town we found the

local custom is to close the shops at half-past four, therefore a preserved baby shark which I had coveted was unobtainable. Our party took refuge while waiting for the ship's tender on the shady balcony of the "Ice House," a delightful name for a hostelry in this sunny city. Here a fellow-traveller introduced us to the famous Trinidad cocktail (green swizzle), which seems compounded of ice, lime-juice, spirit, and Angostura bitters, which are made here, the works having been removed from one of the South America republics on account of the painful frequency of its revolutions.

In the shops are all manner of stuffed reptiles, dried blow-fish, centipedes, scorpions, octopus, and other horrors; cheap Indian brasswork and curios abound—a miscellaneous mixture—while many people lay in a supply of tinned turtle soup, fiery pickles, peppers, and sauces. Our drive, which lasted nearly four hours, cost us sixteen shillings; but the driver's patriotism and willing information won him the balance of a sovereign.

BARBADOS

BARBADOS is unlike Trinidad, although only thirteen hours' steaming separates the islands. We dropped our anchor at Bridgetown early in the morning, and found the merciless sun, which some of us had grumbled at in Port of Spain, covered with grey clouds. The undulating fields and low hills of the island form a great change from the luxuriant volcanic peaks of Trinidad. The coast seems to justify the boast of the Barbadians, that this is the England of the Antilles. Since its Caribbean inhabitants owned its pleasant lands, no flag but that of England has flown upon its soil.

Every other island of the Spanish Main has been a pawn in the game of war, to be conquered, ceded, or stolen; but with pride our black fellow-subjects of Barbados claim English birthright, and speak our language

with a soft and perfect intonation.

A friend who visited Bridgetown in the

dark hours of the Boer War was assured by the stalwart boatmen that "England is all safe, because the Barbadians would fight for her to a man."

These same boatmen are of splendid physique, and are fine oarsmen, and it is a pity that their services cannot be enlisted in one or two coast-defence gunboats, where their service and discipline might rival that of their brothers of the West Indian Regiment. Bridgetown meant for us the parting of the ways, for we miss our cheery deckpassengers. They were of all shades of colour, but of one mood, that of happy content. We had watched for days their interlaced hammocks and uncomfortable perches on brass-guarded skylights, where mysterious games of cards were carried on during the day, and semi-religious concerts were thumbed out on banjo and concertina in the evening.

We remember one performer on a form of musical bellows who bore on his ebony face the rapt inspiration of a Paderewski. Hour by hour revivalist hymns rolled on, until a handful of cigarettes and a shilling from the bridge induced him to venture into a tolerable imitation of "God Save the King."

We had only a few hours on shore, so chartered the whale-boat Gertrude, manned by a crew of four pleasant black men. We walked through the Custom-house and found ourselves in the main street, which is called "Broad," on the same principle that a certain street in Damascus is called in the Scriptures "Straight." Broad Street starts from Trafalgar Square and, as far as its geography interests tourists, ends in a hostelry, again boasting the refreshing name of the "Ice House." The call from the memory of victory to the absorption of refreshment seemed essentially British.

An indifferent statue of Nelson stands upon a paltry pedestal. The inscription can scarcely be read for hurrying mule-trams, which congregate at its base. The great admiral is the idol of the island, for at Bridgetown he received the summons to his last campaign, which ended in the dearly bought victory of Trafalgar.

The kindly familiarity of the negroes is

amusing. I happened to be dressed in white from head to foot, which obviously found favour with the natives, one darksome lady exclaiming,

"I like dat lady." Farther on, another said: "Nice lady," with an engaging smile. In Broad Street one old darky woman, whose head was wrapped in a red-and-yellow turban, and who carried a basket of bananas for sale, assured an English officer, "It's all right, sweetheart; you buy another day."

We took a drive to Victoria Park—it is of somewhat recent creation—which led us into the main road towards Hastings, where the Marine Hotel is the fashionable resort for lunch. Time, however, was short, and we had to turn back after passing the Governor's house. The villas here do not show the same prosperity as those of the Port of Spain. The walls are mildewed and the gardens ill kept. The negro cottages, or "shacks" as they are locally called, are as conspicuous for their pretentious names as for their insignificance.

Along the route we saw many experimental fields of cotton, whose pale yellow blossoms resembled roses in the distance. The towers of ruined windmills surrounding Bridgetown are monuments to the dead sugar industry of the island. Each windmill twenty years ago marked the site of a cane-mill, but now sugar only lingers on a few of the better-managed plantations, and the hope of the island is in the cultivation of cotton, which was introduced into the Antilles by the late Sir Alfred Jones.

Among our cargo we carried some dozens of bales of high-quality sea-island cotton, and I hope that labour and capital will be found to enable this and other West Indian islands to extend a valuable source of supply to Lancashire.

Barbados suffers keenly from the with-drawal of the headquarters of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. It offered a subsidy of £5000, which its sister island, Trinidad, outbid by one of £20,000.

In the back streets a few of the great

sugar warehouses still show the relics of the staple industry of the island, and stray hogsheads of molasses, covered with flies, await shipment. Another remarkable feature of the streets was the number of old guns at every stage of rust and decay placed as door- or corner-posts, which tell of the breaking up of many privateers and pirates of all nations. The Northern Antilles are full of memories of these great sea criminals. The healthful hills above Port Royal, in Jamaica, are supposed to conceal the treasure of John Morgan, the raider of Old Panama, while every tiny reef surrounding the Cayman Islands has been dug and explored in search of the storied treasure of Captain Kidd, one of whose schooners, with slave-rings and gratings in position, the new-comer has still pointed out to him at St. Thomas, together with an ineligible marine residence known as "Captain Kidd's Castle."

People charitably disposed, and wishing to bring curios home to friends, should call at "The Women's Self-help," where one finds a large display of lace embroideries and island curios, such as necklaces, daintily tinted, made of fish-scales, brooches of tiny native shells, table-centres, and doilies of lace-tree fibre decorated with ferns, and a further array of curios, ranging from stuffed fish to West Indian pickles.

On my return to the Magdalena I found that most of the gay souls we had taken on board the day before at Port of Spain had disembarked. They were only birds of passage.

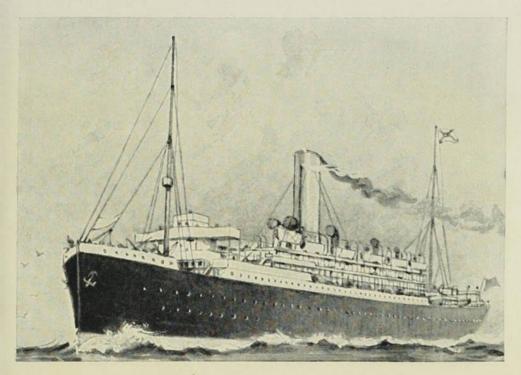
We had forty passengers homeward bound. I regretfully think of my friends who have vanished to other parts and duties, and I feel sad to leave these beautiful tropical shores and face the big Atlantic swell, over the leagues of sea which are to complete my twenty-four thousand miles of wandering. Visions of home, my good dog "Bogie," and hosts of friends make me wish that aeroplanes were perfected, and one could, like the stupid gulls, fly immediately to England.

POLITICAL

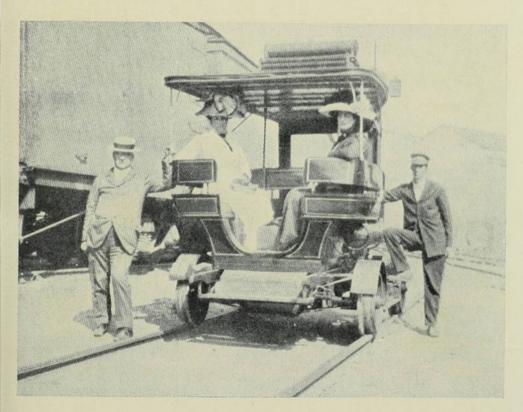
During my lengthy travel, the merchantmen of England filled every port; nineteen out of twenty of the flags we saw were the red ensigns of our Mercantile Marine, but only once, at Rio de Janeiro, did we see the white ensign of the British fleet.

The old West Indian Squadron so many of my fellow-travellers remembered, has drifted into the oblivion of the pirates and buccaneers it had replaced. The English Antilles, which form a fringe of outposts and coaling-stations, guarding a new artery of commerce, stand with their troops withdrawn, their harbours empty of the white ensign, and their trade depressed by selfish legislation from "Home."

The value such islands are to more progressive Powers is shown by the frantic eagerness of the United States to purchase



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St. Thomas from Denmark, and acquire Curaçoa from Holland, offers which these small nations patriotically refuse. Our neglect of the West Indies is eating into the heart and the life of their people. We are keeping an expensive administration to make the islands an American health resort. Already the dollar has displaced the King's coinage, and I had much pleasure in making the shopmen convert dollars and cents into the legal specie of the country.

This *criminal* neglect of the strategical and colonial value of the West Indies to England is *incomprehensible*.

If, previous to the opening of the Suez Canal, we had withdrawn our garrisons and fleets from the Mediterranean, the rulers of Europe would have said, "Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad."

To-day, on the eve of the opening of an equally important channel of world's trade, the traditions of England's power in the

Caribbean have been allowed to fade; and memories of Drake, Rodney, and Nelson, with a few rusty guns as gateposts, are all that are left to remind our fellow-subjects of the might of Britain's senior service.

Should earthquake or cyclone destroy, or the black devilment of negro republics express itself in outrage and insult, we tell our colonies to rely on the kindly intervention of the Stars and Stripes.

A long and lasting peace has bound our flags together, but we must remember that times may come when our sister nation may require every man and gun on her own lengthy seacoast.

The envious eyes of Germany, who has no foothold here, already search for oversea coaling-stations, especially those which form a strategical key to the Panama Canal. Only those who have visited the islands can understand the sorrow of the people at the absence of the soldiers and the bluejackets; the oppression of the declining trade and Imperial neglect seem to have sapped the

confidence of the people. One feels this, especially in Barbados, where the flag of King Charles flew during three years of Cromwell's misrule.

The policy of Great Britain is simply a case of either hold, cede, or sell. Certainly the decision of England will be to hold, and if this is emphatically declared by the presence of a West Indian Squadron and signs of military occupation, heart will be put into our oversea subjects, and these mighty outposts of the Empire, these smaller gems of the Imperial crown, will reassert our old sovereignty of the Caribbean.

THE AZORES

"Henry the Navigator" must have been endowed with the love of the picturesque when his "galleons steered for these Islands of the Blessed," long fabled as existing beyond the pillars of Hercules, which still on the Spanish dollar bear the proud motto, "Plus ultra."

Worlds have been won and lost by the Latin race, but still Portugal, now republican, flies its gaudy flag in red and green, alike over the Azores and distant Macoa.

At dawn the Magdalena dropped anchor at Ponta Delgada, the port of St. Michaels. A concrete breakwater gives security from the heavy surges of the Atlantic. I made an early rush on shore, and with some fellow-voyagers chartered a somewhat broken-down landau, which cost untold

"reis" an hour, which condensed itself to 2s. a head at the finish.

The diminutive landing-place was quaint and particularly clean for a Portuguese town. The paved sidewalks are laid in mosaics, that remind one of the Rolling Square of Lisbon.

The far from too lovely inhabitants of the gentle sex cover themselves in mysterious garments called "capotas," which is a voluminous circular cloak of black woollen surmounted by a huge black cowl, which is wired to stand out in the back, and completely disguises the wearer, their appearance altogether being too ghoulish and revolting. Malta in this respect is bad enough, but the Azores is worse, although neither has any visible charms to conceal. When two housewives meet on scandal intent, the nodding hoods endorse the spoken lie. We drove through the narrow, well-paved streets, on each side of which were the featureless one-storied houses in stucco, daubed in those bright colours

which make every artist wish to paint them from the sea, but revolt from them when he has a closer acquaintance.

Pink walls with bright green doors appeared to mark the fashionable quarter.

An utter absence of shops severely disappointed some of my fellow-passengers, as, search as we would, the only thing we could purchase were postcards and some small terra-cotta figures of the cloaked figures of the islanders.

We drove to Antonio Borge's garden, which must have been created at an enormous expense, as the different grottos showed. Up winding paths through a neglected subtropical garden we climbed through forests of pink-and-white camellias and by hedges of geraniums interlaced with azaleas to a ruined outlook-tower. The gardener presented the ladies of the party with large bunches of pink-and-white camellias.

Driving homeward, we called at the Church Matriz, where we were shown a marvellous altar in wood-carving, said to be done by the nuns. The front of the church is in the type of Spanish rococo architecture. The fame of St. Michael's oranges is past, pineapples having taken their place. The island pineapple is grown under glass shelters, which are whitewashed, giving a peculiar effect as of a vast encampment of tents on the green hillside. The scented fruit is far from cheap, although it is grown here, and five shillings is no uncommon price for a single pineapple.

Goats and dogs were harnessed in small carts bearing loads of firewood and charcoal. The bodies of these carts were braided willows. Men from the environs, selling chickens, stood on the kerbstone. They held as many as a dozen fowls in a hand, heads downwards, and wore bright hand-kerchiefs around their heads, upon which was perched a sombrero.

White and coloured shawls and handkerchiefs seemed to be the chief articles in demand at the shops. My friend and I could discover no other souvenirs.

The climate is moist and temperate. There are no fireplaces, consequently the houses must be chilly in the cool season. There does not appear to be much in the way of entertainment. The whole place is quiet and picturesque, but breathes of neglect and dullness. Those active beings who care for riding and walking tours may possibly enjoy St. Michael's.

The hotel where our English friends put up was "Brown's." We had no difficulty in exhausting the sights of the town in two hours, and were content to catch our boat at the appointed time, our boatman only charging two shillings a head for the double journey.

On leaving St. Michael's a splendid panorama presented itself. We steamed for hours past the rich, high, cultivated hills, surmounted by volcanic peaks of the last remaining indications of the lost continent of Atlantis.

White villages and farms are set like jewels in the green circle of this "Isle of Summer Seas." Cape beyond cape drops behind, and only some few hundred miles of sea separate us from the welcome leadsman's call—"Channel soundings—sand and shells."

REFLECTIONS

When one looks back upon a twenty-four-thousand-mile journey, and as one's mental kaleidoscope turns the pictures ever pleasant over one's whole voyage, it may confidently be put down as a success. This is how I felt about South America.

When one thinks of the variety of places and scenery, the wonderful new development of some of the cities, the remote historical interest of the ancient Incas, the comfort of the Royal Mail steamers, where you, comparatively speaking, are on English soil and surrounded by home luxuries, it makes one wonder why more people, and especially women who, like myself, are obliged to winter abroad, do not, instead of continually visiting the well-known winter resorts, make a new departure and explore South America, which is the coming

Reflections

country. Although a traveller all my life, I have never enjoyed a more interesting trip, and can conscientiously recommend it to others.

PRACTICAL NOTES

MONEY

Although I had a letter of credit from my bankers, I never used it. I found Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons' circular notes far more convenient. They have their agents in all the cities of South America, and the pursers on the mail steamers willingly cash the notes. On the English-owned steamers gold is required for wine bills, tips, etc.

Travellers should be careful in touching the various American republics to take away as little of their silver or paper currency as possible, as the exchange always results in a heavy loss to the traveller.

The following list will show the varying money I had to bargain in:—

	S.	d.
Brazil one mil reis .	2	2
Argentina. dollar paper .	3	10
Chile . silver or paper dollar	1	5
Peru dollar gold .	3	10

Peru has a gold standard, and an English sovereign passes at par. Panama has a

duplex coinage, the United States gold dollar having a fixed value of 4s. 2d., while the Panamanian or silver dollar is worth 2s. 1d.

Travellers will avoid some annoyance if they take care to ascertain whether prices

are quoted in silver or gold.

Colombia: the currency of this most eccentric republic reminds one of Kipling's description of Cecil Rhodes "as one who thought in Empires." The make-believe dollar notes of Colombia float into circulation on the artistic wings of the American Bank-note Engraving Company, with the proud emblazon of one dollar on their front: their actual value of currency, however, is one halfpenny English, or one cent U.S.A.

Two hundred and fifty dollars Colombian will barely procure a decent luncheon in

their capital—Bogota.

BRITISH WEST INDIES

English and United States money are equally current, and as a mark of our neglect in the West Indies, shopkeepers give their price in dollars and cents, and with some delay convert it into pounds and pence.

The last changing of money is at the Azores, where the exchange is discreetly reported to be "variable." Here anything in the way of coin is taken, and generally kept. The extravagant Portuguese coinage of reis again meets us and, like all travellers, we long for a sight of one of these illusive coins which seem to be the fabled "snark" of European coinage.

Passports are not necessary, although one

feels safer with one.

WARDROBE

It is difficult to choose a wardrobe for such varying climates. For instance, when one leaves Southampton, the regulation blue serge, a heavy coat, and rug are comfortable. Thick warm clothing will be required for quite four or five days out, after which each day becomes warmer—light flannels, coats and skirts in blue, grey or black alpaca, sicilian, or tussore silk. I found alpaca costumes most convenient. They do not crush or soil easily, are light in weight, and one has not to have them brushed continually. Demi-toilettes are worn for

dinner—silk, lace, or chiffon. They may be cut away slightly, but in my experience the best class of travellers do not wear décolleté for a ship dinner.

A good Burberry is indispensable, also rubber-soled deck shoes. Chiffon scarves should be taken, as they are useful in motoring, shielding the face from the sun, and most light and becoming to throw over the hair on deck to keep it tidy, and also as a protection for the head.

Several linen gowns should be included, and it is more practical to have them in blues, greys, and browns. White soils easily, especially in the damp heat of the Doldrums, although nothing looks better on board ship in the tropics. A few muslin or lingerie frocks one must have, as in crossing the Line it seems impossible to put on anything cool enough, and also in Buenos Aires. In fact, one needs only summer clothing for the whole trip, with the exception of four days, those of leaving England and of returning. Fancy-dress costumes are taken by many, who go in for the contests, and I should think that one

evening gown, or décolleté, would be ample, that is, for a traveller. Of course, if one competes with the ladies of Buenos Aires, who are said to be the most extravagant in the world, then one requires fifty or sixty frocks and all accessories, but it must be remembered that although the steamers carry your innumerable pieces of baggage free, not so does the Transandine Railway, nor the Panama, where the charges per pound make an item in one's expense list.

MEDICINES

I am thankful to say I needed none of these, but took, by the advice of a friend, a bottle of chlorodine, which came back intact, and some packets of Burroughs & Welcomes' quinine, cascara, and soda-mint, none of which had their bulk diminished. On the other hand, I would advise all intending voyagers to lay in a plentiful supply of soaps, tooth-powder, brushes, eau-de-Cologne, and all petty toilet necessities, as in South America the prohibitive duties make prices extortionate. On the R.M.S.P. Line the ship's barber carries an assortment

of these articles that makes him a nautical Whiteley, whose prices are reasonable.

STEWARDS AND STEWARDESSES—TIPS

Being a good sailor I give very little trouble to my stewardess, save in fastening up my gown for dinner,

For a three weeks' voyage she was quite pleased with a present of a pound and stray oddments in the way of a hat, soiled blouses, etc.

My table steward I gave ten shillings, also my cabin steward, as he had access to the hold baggage.

Five shillings each go to the bath steward, the boots, and deck steward, who is responsible for the position of one's deck-chairs. This seemed to amply satisfy them.

Of course, men passengers who frequent the smoking-room have its staff to reward.

Naturally on short trips one's donnier is less.

At the American hotels you tip your waiter when you sign the bill for luncheon or dinner, if you desire attention. The English hall-porter, always obliging, deserves

a weekly remembrance, especially in Buenos Aires. If you can't speak Spanish, an odd sixpence is gratifying to the boys who call your "coach," and is a good investment, as also to the liftmen who swing you to the dizzy heights of the Plaza Hotel.

I have found in travelling that it is not so much in the value of a gratuity, as in the manner in which it is given. Some employees would prefer a kick from a gentleman to a sovereign from a cad.

DEPORTMENT

In the words of Shakespeare, "A merry heart goes all the way, your sad tires in a mile."

The merry heart does not involve the eternal giggle, but a kindly interest in the affairs of one's fellow-travellers is an obligation we must all feel when bound together for a long voyage.

The great Dr. Johnson stigmatised a ship as a prison with the possibility of being drowned, and life on a big liner would be insupportable save for the good comradeship which is the pass degree in the University of Travel.

A kindly smile and a pleasant "Good morning" cost nothing, but may go deep into the heart of an ill, solitary voyager, and often may open great fields of information and experience from men and women who appear at first most hopelessly uncomrady. The test of a snob is his anxiety to force himself to the captain's table in order to shoulder any distinguished official or titled person on board. He meets his due reward, as half the meal-times the commander is on duty, and must be unspeakably bored by the mass of silly questions flung at him whenever he makes his appearance. Captains are most patient in this respect: apparently they regard it as part of their duty.

The paths of the Seven Seas are pleasant for those who maintain a cheerful manner. Do not try to run the ship, nor endeavour to be the most popular being on board; do not seek, nor avert, friendship, but be ever ready to do a kindly action and you will not

lack appreciation.

HOTELS

Lisbon . . . Restaurant Tavares.

Rio de Janeiro . Hotel Avenida, Central, and Hotel International at Corcovado.

Monte Video . Hotel de Pocitos.

Buenos Aires . Plaza Hotel.

Valparaiso . . Royal Hotel and Grand Hotel at Vina del Var.

Antofagasta . Palace Hotel.
Lima . . Hotel Maury.
Panama . Tivoli Hotel.

Colon . The Washington.

Cartagena . . . Walters' American Hotel.

Barranquilla . Pension Inglise. Puerto Cabello . Grand Hotel.

Trinidad . . . Queen's Park Hotel.

Barbados . . . Marine Hotel, Ice House.

Azores . . Brown's Hotel.

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Stray leaves from the Diary of BARONESS ALBERT D'ANETHAN, with an introduction by His Excellency the Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Fully illustrated with photogravure and half-tone illustrations printed on art paper, 18s. net.

This volume consists of the diaries of the Baroness d'Anethan, widow of the late Baron Albert d'Anethan, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the King of the Belgians at the Court of Japan. For fifteen or sixteen years Baron d'Anethan held this position, and during the whole of that period the Baroness, who is the authoress of several novels and who comes of a literary family, being a sister of Lieut.-Col. Andrew Haggard, D.S.O., of Mr. Rider Haggard, and of Major Arthur Haggard, described day by day the events, historical, social, and official, in which she was taking part. The Diary commences with her first day in the Far East, and deals with the stirring events of the following years, the Japanese-Chinese War, the tragedies of the Boxer trouble, experiences of the Red Cross work, the various travels and expeditions in the lovely interior of Japan, Court, official, and religious functions, many no longer existing, and above all the exciting incidents of the Russo-Japanese War. All these are described with a realistic and

During the greater part of those thrilling and epoch-making years the Belgian minister and his wife were Doyen and Doyenne of the diplomatic body in Tokio. This position naturally brought them into intimate touch, not only with the Imperial Court and the official world, but also with all the most interesting personages who were resident in, and who visited Japan during the time they were there. Each phrase breathes of the love and admiration of the Authoress for the claver, and sympathetic people with whom she and here for the clever and sympathetic people with whom she and her husband made their home for so many years. His Excellency Monsieur Kato, the Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James, who writes an introduction to the book, was twice Minister of

Foreign Affairs during Baron d'Anethan's term in Tokio.

Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III.: Personal Reminiscences of the Man and the Emperor by the late BARON D'AMBES; translated by A. R. Allinson. In two volumes, demy 8vo, fully illustrated, 24s. net the set.

This book is the private diary of a life-long and intimate friend of Leuis Napoleon, whose identity is here thinly veiled under a somewhat obvious pseudonym. The Baron first made the acquaintance of the future Emperor when scarcely more than a boy at Arenaberg, the Swiss home where he and his mother Queen Hortense of Holland were living in exile. Deeply impressed from the beginning by the personality of Louis Napoleon, the Baron gradually became impressed with the idea that his friend was a son of Napoleon I., and in his diary he alleges some startling evidence in favour of his theory. From his earliest association with Louis he began jotting down incidents, conversations, and reflections as they occurred, and to these he added evidence from every source, letters, documents, newspaper cuttings, which, after the death of Louis Napoleon and within a few years of his own, he prepared for publication. The book therefore supplies a large quantity of first hand material, for the first time in English, for a survey and study of the life and character of one of the most enigmatic figures in modern history. The Baron follows his hero from boyhood through the years of exile and adventure, as a conspirator in Italy, as a refugee in London, as President of the Republic of '48, finally as Emperor, down to the disasters of 1870, the fatal day at Sedan and the death at Chislehurst. In every phase of that chequered career this unique diary throws illuminating sidelights on a number of interesting and hitherto imperfectly understood episodes.

An Imperial Victim: Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, Empress of the French and Duchess of Parma. EDITH E. CUTHELL, F.R. Hist. Soc. Author of "Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baireuth," etc. Fully illustrated. In two volumes, demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with two photogravure frontispieces and other Illustrations, 24s. net the set.

Bonapartist writers have been unsparing in their condemnation of Marie Louise, the second wife of Napoleon I. History has never judged her fairly, nor has her life-story hitherto been fully and impartially told. Artistic, cultivated, well-read, she was a peculiarly sweet and gentle, if weak character, possessing great charm, and a power of making and retaining devoted friendships. She was thrice sacrificed by an unscrupulous, if fond father, and his callous mentor Meternich, to reasons of policy. First as a mere girl, brought up in cloister-like seclusion, she was hastily forced into marriage with Napoleon. At his downfall, the same hands and for the same reasons ruthlessly tore her from him, and separated her cruelly from her son, throwing her with brutal want of principle into the snares of a fascinating libertine. After the storm and stress of her youth and early married life in the vortex of the Napoleonic upheaval and cataclysm, for 31 years she was the adored sovereign of the one happy and peaceful principality in Italy, when the Peninsula was wrecked with her travail for liberty.

The Life and Letters of Lawrence Sterne.

Lewis Melville. Author of "William Makepeace Thackeray, a Biography," and other works. In two volumes, demy 8vo, with coloured frontispiece and other illustrations, 28s. net the set.

Mr. Lewis Melville, who has already written much on the eighteenth century, has brought to the production of this book a full knowledge of the work of his predecessors, to which he has added the results of his own investigations and not a little information inaccessible to earlier writers. This has enabled him to correct old errors and chronicle newly-established facts, and so to make his work the most complete and accurate account of the life, and the fullest collection of the letters of this great humourist.

Like the immortal Pepys, Sterne had a weakness for the 'sex'; and not the least important among the letters Mr. Melville has collected are those which Sterne addressed to the women with whom he so ardently philandered. Lord Baring has kindly permitted the use of all the letters of Mrs. Draper, written from India, in his possession. Sterne was a lover rather of woman than of women, and, as his biographer points out, while he dallied with many women he devoted himself exclusively to none. His philanderings were confined, Mr. Melville concludes from the evidence available, to an intellectual sensuality or sentimentality. There is a delightful note of frankness and self-revelation in Sterne's letters, and throughout his two volumes Mr. Melville has been careful to let the author of "Tristram Shandy" speak for himself. The work has been produced in a manner in every way worthy of the standard position it will naturally take.

The Coburgs: The Story of the Rise of a great Royal House. Edmund B. d'Auvergne. Author of "Lola Montez," "A Queen at Bay," "The Bride of Two Kings," etc. Photogravure frontispiece and other full-page illustrations on art paper. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 16s. net.

At the present day the house of Saxe-Coburg Gotha occupies the thrones of England, Belgium and Bulgaria, as it occupied till last year that also of Portugal. It is allied to almost every reigning family in Christendom. Less than a hundred years ago it was absolutely unknown outside the confines of its tiny German duchy. After a glance at the early history of this remarkable family, Mr. d'Auvergne tells the story of its rapid rise to greatness. He shows how the cadets of the house won the hands of queens and princesses, and by what arts they made themselves indispensable to European diplomacy. With absolute frankness he discusses the position of the Prince Consort towards his wife's subjects, and traces the influence of the Coburgs on European policy for nearly a century. He is the first historian to attribute the Franco-German War to the restless ambition of the Portuguese branch of the family-a startling conclusion which he brings new facts to support. This book is at once an important contribution to contemporary history, and a fascinating and intimate account of the relations of the greatest personages of our own time.

The Love Affairs of the Vatican. Dr. Angelo S. Rappopert. Author of "Royal Lovers," "Mad Majesties," "Leopold II.," etc. In demy 8vo, handsome cloth gilt, with photogravure plates and numerous other illustrations, printed on art paper, 16s. net.

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The Baron of Ill Fame. HESTER BARTON This story gives a faithful picture of Florence in the time of Dante. Besides Corso Donati, the hero of Campaldino, Dante and his wife; Giotto, the great artist; Giano della Bella, the popular demagogue, and other Florentines known to history, figure in the novel. The period dealt with was a stirring and brutal one, yet amid the clash of steel, the flow of blood, the hoarse yells of mutual hatred, the orgies of illicit passion, the violation of convents, the sacking and burning of towns, men and women plighted troth even as to-day, and the author of this romance of mediæval Florence has unified her graphic descriptions of historical incidents by a love story all the more idyllic because of the background of vice and crime.

Duckworth's Diamonds. E. EVERETT-GREEN Author of "Clive Lorimer's Marriage," "The Lady of the Bungalow," etc.

Duckworth has entrusted a haul of diamonds to his friend, Dermot Fitzgerald, who brings them to England to await instructions. He is aware that he is shadowed by one, Pike, and gets Hilton, a friend of his, to come over to Ireland and advise him. Hilton advises him to bring the treasure and hide it in his own caves of Treversal. they do, though not without adventure. In a little village, close to Treversal, stands a small cottage to which Barbara Quentin has retired on the death of her millionaire father, whose assets appear to be nil, and whose child is unprovided for. She lives in the cottage with a friend, making acquaintance with Hilton and Dermot. Later on, Phyllis Duckworth is drawn into the web of fate, and comes also to the cottage. Letters come ostensibly from Duckworth, demanding the surrender of the treasure to his sister; but Phyllis deems these forgeries, and Dermot holds on. In the end and in the nick of time, Duckworth himself turns up; there is a raid upon the caves of Treversal, but the villains are caught and arrested, and various pairs of lovers are made happy. (Spring, 1912.)

Stanley Paul's New Six Shilling Fiction-continued.

A Passion in Morocco. CHARLOTTE CAMERON Author of "A Woman's Winter in South America."

The story opens on board a P. & O. steamer when it is ploughing its way steadily towards the Moroccan coast. A beautiful English girl, duly chaperoned, makes the acquaintance of a handsome Moorish prince who is returning to his native land after passing through the curriculum at Oxford, with the varied problems of East and West seeking solution in his mind. The presence of the girl presses one of these questions irresistibly to the forefront of his consideration. At Mazagan the ladies are invited by an officers' guide to visit the harem of the Kaid, where the beautiful English girl, separated from the party, is trapped by the wily owner, from whose hands she is duly rescued, at the eleventh hour, by Mohammed el Yumar, the Moorish prince. Many adventures follow—amid strange scenes are enacted against a background of vivid Oriental colour, and in the end East and West effect a union, finding that "love levels all."

The Lotus Lantern. MARY IMLAY TAYLOR Author of "The Respine" "The Impersorater" "M. I. I.

Author of "The Reaping," "The Impersonator," "My Lady Clancarty," etc.

A love story of great charm and dramatic power, whose scene is laid in Japan of to-day. Lieut. John Holland, a military attaché of the British Embassy, and betrothed to the daughter of the British Ambassador, while witnessing the Buddhist festival of lanterns, symbolizing ships of the souls of the dead, meets Umé-San, who had been sold by her relatives and had become a Geisha girl in a Tokyo tea garden. A plot has been formed to place her in the power of an unscrupulous and cruel Japanese prince. Holland's sympathy is first enlisted, and finally he falls passionately in love with the little Japanese girl, pure, sweet, and devout, notwithstanding her surroundings. The story moves with dramatic force, is filled with interest from the opening chapter to the end, and Umé (flower of the plum) is one of the tenderest and dearest heroines of fiction.

Damosel Croft. R. MURRAY GILCHRIST

Author of "The Courtesy Dame," "The Two Goodwins," "The Firstborn," etc.

The heroine of this book is the last of a wealthy yeoman family in the High Peak Country; the hero is a young man from Yorkshire, of equal social standing but comparatively insignificent means. Janey Maskrey is beloved by three; her choice falls at last upon the most fitting suitor, with whom, without being aware of the fact, she has been in love for some considerable time. An author of distinguished reputation—akin to the Maskreys—presents with his curious entourage a remarkable contrast. Several old-world country-scenes, notably the Carrying of the Garland at Castleton, are presented with a wealth of colour. The book is full of sunlight, of happiness and of country mirth.

The Doll: A Happy Story. VIOLET HUNT Author of "White Rose of Weary Leaf, "The Wife of Altamount."

This is a story of a woman who, having been divorced once, and having lost control of her child, invents a stratagem by which, upon her re-marriage, she thinks she will be protected from a second loss of her child should she again be divorced. How the stratagem fails and how the first child that she had lost comes into her life again, and how in the end, though her stratagem has failed, she is successful all along the line owing to the employment of purely feminine weapons, it is the purpose of this novel to show.

A Prisoner in Paradise.

H. L. VAHEY

The scenes of this story are enacted in the Malay Islands and Singapore. A British agent, after years of residence on the South Sea Islands, pines for civilisation, and decides to quit. The appearance of a beautiful half-caste reconciles him to remaining. Complications with the natives arise, and flight becomes the only safety of the lovers. They fly by different routes, and the man arrives at Singapore, where the vessel carrying the woman is reported lost with all hands. The tie that bound him to the Malays thus broken, he seeks the solaces of civilisation by marrying a widow. Disillusioned, after two months he quarrels with the widow, and ships back to barbarism. Unexpectedly, he finds the Malay wife returned and awaiting him, and considers himself absolved from his recent unsuccessful marriage. The book is said to possess something of the glitter and colour of Conrad's tropical tales.

When Satan took Flesh.

A. J. ANDERSON
Author of "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi," etc.

In this story Satan takes flesh that he may plot a second Fall. By means of Clairvoyance he bargains for possession of a young man's body, and discovers in the doctrine of the limitation of the family a new and powerful temptation by which to wreck the human race. Mr. Anderson writes with sincerity of purpose and has a thorough knowledge of his subject, and his story is worthy of the careful attention of every thoughtful mind.

The Children of Alsace.

Rene Bazin

Author of "The Nun," "Redemption," etc.

A story of Alsace full of this famous author's penetrative charm. It is of Alsace conquered, of those who remain loyal to France and those who compromise with the victors. Obeile is the name of a prominent Alsatian family, the head of which goes over to the winning side. Love complications arise among the younger members of the family, such as occurred in English History in the time of the Cavaliers and Roundheads. The atmosphere of Alsace under the new government is skilfully reproduced, and the conflict of racial feeling engendered admirably portrayed. The story is full of interest and excitement, and has the added charm of historical accuracy.

Stanley Paul's New Six Shilling Fiction—continued.

Red Revenge: A Romance of Cawnpore. CHARLES E. PEARCE. Author of "Love Besieged," "The Bungalow under the Lake," "The Amazing Duchess," "The Beloved Princess," etc.

The story of Cawnpore is probably the most exciting story on record of the gratification of personal hatred. It stands alone in the history of the Indian Mutiny. The most striking feature of the outbreaks in other centres is the entire absence of any leadership, and any concerted plan or policy on the part of the rebels. No particular man is identified with the massacres at Meerut, at Delhi, at Benares, and other places, and it is impossible to say who was in command of the besiegers at Lucknow. But one cannot think of Cawnpore without also thinking of Nana Sahib. Yet the Nana was only a puppet in the hands of two crafty and lesser known personages, Azimoolah Khan and his infamous woman associate, Hoosainee Khanum. The mysterious part played by these two-one an ex-khidmutgar and the other the servant of the Nana's favourite dancing girl-was not suspected at the time and was only revealed long afterwards. The web of treachery, intrigue, passion, and hatred in which the story of Cawnpore is interwoven, and into which a young English girl and an English officer were drawn, forms the basis on which "Red Revenge" is founded. "Red Revenge" is a pendant to Mr. Pearce's successful novel "Love Besieged," the scene of which is laid in Lucknow at the time of the Mutiny.

Between Two Stools.

Author of "Red as a Rose is She," "Cometh up as a Flower," etc.

Miss Rhoda Broughton was one of the earliest among women writers to deal frankly with the relations of the sexes. But her work has always been characterised by artistic reticence, and to the method which sets out to exploit the subject of sex she has ever been opposed. The idealities of art rather than the crudities of reality are the subject-matter of Rhoda Broughton's stories. In "Between Two Stools" she deals in her own inimitable way with the relations of a man to two women, and the effects of waiting for dead men's shoes.

The Free Marriage.

Author of "The Plunder Pit," "Princess Joyce," "Hate of Evil,"

"The Life Class," "The Forbidden Theatre," etc.

There is an individual, characteristic quality and a kind of drastic strength about this story which place it far above the level of average library fiction. It tells how Dick, a sensitive, honourable young man, marries Margery, an ambitious girl, full of vitality: how these two agree that each shall be independent and free to think and act without consulting the other; how they drift apart, amid cold clouds of misunderstanding; and how, after trouble and grief, humiliation and anger, mistrust and antagonism give place to a better understanding.

The Marriage of Lenore. A

ALICE M. DIEHL

Author of "A Mysterious Lover," etc.

Lenore has married more than once, and thereby hang numerous complications. Her first husband is an elderly roue, and the second, who is present at her first marriage, restores to her the bouquet which she drops, and in this act and its recognition eyes and souls meet. There is a rumour that the first husband was a bigamist. Thereupon Lenore marries her second, only to find that her first husband's mésalliance was no marriage and that she herself has committed bigamy. The old husband dies, and so matters are set right. The story flows on through troubles and distractions, raptures and pains, to its happy ending.

God Disposes.

Pellew Hawker

A novel of quick changes, rapid movements, and striking dramatic situations, which opens with the description of a dead man sitting at his library table, his hand resting on his cheque book. The surreptitious visitor who makes the discovery secures the cheque book, forges the dead man's signature, and succeeds in cashing a cheque for a large amount. On the strength of the money he poses as a rich man, pushes himself into country society, and wins the heart of Lady Angela Dawson, who is affianced to Viscount Woolmer, the son and heir of Lord Bletchford, and the elder brother of the dead man. Later he claims to be the heir to the property, but in due course is discovered and exposed. The characterisation is good, the narrative interesting and the dénouement all that can be desired.

The Watch Night.

REV. H. BETT

With illustrations on art paper.

A story of adventure in the exciting years of 1741-1746. The hero, when a young man in London, comes under the influence of Whitefield and Wesley, and joins the Methodists. Later he becomes involved in Jacobite plots in Lincolnshire and Northumberland, and falls in love with a lady who is acting as one of the Pretender's agents in England. The Jacobites suspect that he is a spy upon them, and he is kidnapped and carried to Holland. There his life is attempted, and he learns that the English Government has offered a reward for his apprehension. Since he cannot return, he journeys to the borders of Bohemia to visit Herrhut, the headquarters of the Moravian Brethren. Here he finds himself in the midst of the second Silesian war. He sees Frederick the Great, and meets the heroine once more unexpectedly at Dresden. It would be unfair to unravel the complex plot with all its surprises, it will suffice to say that while this is a lively narrative of love, intrigue, and adventure which hurries the reader on from page to page, it is also a serious attempt, the first in English fiction, to give a faithful picture of the life of the Eighteenth Century Moravians and Methodists. There are vivid glimpses of many famous men, especially John Wesley.

Stanley Paul's New Six Shilling Fiction—continued.

A Woman with a Purpose. Anna Chapin Ray

With coloured frontispiece by Frank Snapp.

In characterization, in dramatic force, and in artistic treatment this is the best story Miss Ray has yet written. It deals with the married life of a strong, successful, self-willed man of affairs to a girl who has tried to support herself by her pen, and in failing has retained her high ideals and her respect for her own opinions. The story is so full of the life of to-day that it stirs our emotions while it delights us with its absorbing plot. People of rare quality and reality are portrayed, vital problems are inspiringly handled, and a love story of power and originality is developed to its logical conclusion.

Love's Old Sweet Song.

CLIFTON BINGHAM

Mr. Clifton Bingham, who, thirty years ago, wrote the words of the famous song bearing this title, which is known and sung all the world over, has in this new novel—the first he has written—woven his sympathetic verses into a most interesting and human story, both dramatic and pathetic. Though containing only five characters (excepting the dog) it touches lightly and tenderly the chords of human life in a manner that will appeal, as in Molloy's song, to every heart. It is a book that will be appreciated by everyone who has heard or sung "Just a Song at Twilight, when the Lights are Low," and should make an appropriate gift book to lovers of music.

The Activities of Lavie Jutt. ARMIGER BARCLAY Author of "The Kingmakers," "The Worsleys," etc.

Lavie, the heiress of a millionaire, is taken into society—for a hand-some consideration. She is resourceful as well as charming, and when she falls in love with the impecunious Lord Loamington, who keeps a hat shop, she is able to tender very valuable advice. But Lavie is not satisfied with talking; she is full of activity and inventiveness, and she "makes things hum." This story of her many activities is bright and out of the common.

Opal of October.

JOY SHIRLEY

For those born in the month of October, the opal is said to be a lucky stone, and this novel is based upon the assumption that it is so. It is a story of the times of the soothsayers and the witches, when people were all more or less trying to discover the philosopher's stone which turns everything to gold. The witch in this case is a young girl of great beauty, who narrowly escapes the stake.

The Mystery of Red Marsh Farm. ARCHIBALD H. MARSHALL. Author of "The Squire's Daughter," "Exton Manor," etc.

This novel deals with the mysterious disappearance of a child, who is heir to a property consisting of an old Manor House and a large marshland farm, which has been in the family for generations. Many people are concerned in the mystery, and suspicion falls first on one, then on the other, but the police fail to clear it up. The mystery is solved by a young squire who is in love with the sister of the missing child, but not until he has travelled half round the world in search of the solution.

Two Worlds: A Romance. LIEUT.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard. Author of "The France of Joan of Arc," etc.

Colonel Andrew Haggard, so well known for his clever and amusing histories of French Court Life is no less known as a novelist of distinction. In this story he introduces the reader to life in Vancouver Island, the scene opening in that gem of the Pacific, the beautiful city of Victoria. The heroine is a lovely young unbeliever, whose naturally generous and ardent temperament has become warped by the perusal of atheistic literature. The hero is a manly young Englishman, himself an agnostic but a seeker after the truth. They have some weird adventures in the realm of the occult. Then the scene changes to Europe, where we meet with a generous-minded and somewhat eccentric peer given to Christian Science, who has a great effect upon the subsequent development of the plot, and the many exciting incidents by land, sea and aeroplane with which this unusual romance is filled.

The Three Anarchists. MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON Author of "A Lady of the Regency," "The Stairway of Honour," "The Enchanted Garden," "The Easy-Go-Luckies," etc.

The Three, who dominate alike the romance of the world and the plot of this new story from the pen of the author of "The Enchanted Garden," are Love, Death, and Birth, and the title is based on a phrase in Mr. C. F. G. Masterman's fine volume of essays, "The Peril of Change." The puissance of this triumvirate is unfolded in the story of a simple woman, born nameless, and of no position, whose life, at first uneventful, is suddenly engulfed by social eminence, sensation, temptation and a dangerous love. The Three come to her aid in each crisis, and each leaves her stronger and more competent to hold the heritage of peace and happiness which eventually becomes hers.

Maids in Many Moods.

Author of "His Will and her Way."

(Spring, 1912.)

This novel shows the feminine temperament and the feminine temper in its various and discordant phases, but it is a novel of incident rather than of psychological analysis, and will appeal to all who like a genuine unsophisticated love story.

The Lovelocks of Diana.

KATE HORN

Author of "The White Owl," "The Coronation of George King," "Mulberries of Daphne," "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun,"

"Ships of Desire," etc.

A modern romance of a damsel in distress, many of the scenes of which are laid in Malta. Major Cassel, the villain of the piece, infatuated by Diana, sends his accomplice, Mrs. Vavasour, who runs a gambling hell in London, to lure the girl from Malta. Mrs. Vavasour, masquerading as a Baroness, accomplishes her purpose. Diana's complete ruin is plotted, but the stars in their courses watch over her, frustrating the machinations of her enemies and bringing to her rescue a worthy lover.

Married When Suited. Mrs. Henry Dudeney Author of "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken," etc.

Since the publication of her first book, "A Man with a Maid," in 1897, Mrs. Dudeney has been writing and publishing with ever-increasing success and acceptance. "Hagar of Homerton," "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken," "Men of Marlowe's," "Spindle and Plough," "Robin Brilliant," "The Story of Susan," "The Wise Woods," etc., etc., have followed each other from the press to public favour, and her new book will be sure of a hearty welcome from friends old and new.

Ruffles.

L. T. MEADE

Author of "A World of Girls," "The Way of a Woman," Daddy's Girl," etc.

A novel of quick movement and amazing incident. Ruffles is a character of the irrepressible-girl type, and the way in which she motored down to No-man's-land and saved her friend from a mesalliance by forbidding her marriage to a fortune hunter, at the risk of being charged with brawling in Church, will make the reader wish he had shared the journey and witnessed the dénouement.

Clive Lorimer's Marriage. E. EVERETT-GREEN Author of "The City of the Golden Gate," "A Will in a Well," "Co-Heiresses," etc.

Clive Lorimer owns a flourishing plantation in Santa Lucia, where he lives with his beautiful extravagant wife. She is apparently killed in the awful Mont Pelee disaster. He returns to England, marries, and lives happily with his family. The missing wife appears on the scene in a nurse's garb. In the delirium of fever he is thought to have killed her, but her violent death is otherwise explained. The story is direct and clearly told and interesting throughout.

Stanley Paul's New Six Shilling Fiction—continued.

The City of Enticement. DOROTHEA GERARD Author of "The Grass Widow," "The Blood Tax," etc.

Mr. Spiteful visits Vienna with much the same results that follow the fly that visits a fly-paper—he sticks there till he dies. Two English sisters, his cousins, follow him in search of his fortune, and find the fly-paper just as attractive. An art-loving cousin despatched to fetch them home sticks fast also, as does a schoolboy who despatches himself, and others who follow with the same view. They are all held fast by the City of Enticement, which has a separate appeal for each of their foibles. An extremely entertaining novel.

Love in Armour.

PHILIP L. STEVENSON

Author of "The Rose of Dauphiny," "A Gallant of Gascony," etc.

Major Stevenson writes historical romances with a vigour, verve and enthusiasm which have led several critics to compare him with Dumas. He does not, like some writers, economise his situations. He is lavish of hairbreadth escapes and exciting incidents, and his readers are whirled along with him in a high state of excitement from the first page to the last. "Love in Armour' is, perhaps, the best novel Mr. Stevenson has yet written. The Times critic, writing of his last novel, "The Rose of Dauphiny," says: "Mr. Stevenson is winning an honourable place among the school of Mr. Stanley Weyman."

Madge Carrington and her Welsh Neighbours.

"DRAIG GLAS." Author of "The Perfidious Welshman." 9th Edit.

In this story of Welsh village life "Draig Glas" employs his gift of satire in depicting various types of Welsh character, and gives incisive portraits of Welsh men and women, and graphic pictures of Welsh scenery. No visitor to the principality should fail to procure a copy of this novel. Tourists especially will find much interest in endeavouring to trace the original of the Welsh village, and its vicinage, which "Draig Glas" delineates in his volume.

Our Guests.

St. John Trevor

Author of "Angela."

The guests referred to are the paying guests of two impecunious young gentlemen who, finding themselves in possession of a dilapidated ancestral mansion, conceive the brilliant idea of running the place as a hydropathic establishment. The idiosyncracies of the guests, and the adventures of the two bachelor proprietors with love-lorn housekeepers, refractory charwomen, and a penniless nobleman, who is hired as a "decoy," provide Mr. Trevor with excellent material for a delightfully diverting story.

Suffragette Sally.

G. COLMORE
Author of "The Crimson Gate," "Priests of Progress," etc.

This novel is written with intimate knowledge, ardent, but restrained conviction and deep feeling. It deals with the woman's question as it stands to-day, in a good story, neither hysterical nor melodramatic, and yet throbbing with human interest. Its characters are well drawn. The heroine is a poor little servant maid who dies for the cause. A well known society lady under an altered name and different conditions also figures in the story and divides honours with the little servant maid as a joint heroine. Friends of the movement should not miss this story, and those who stand aloof from propaganda work will find great interest in the narrative.

Dian's Gift.

KATE HORN

Author of "The Lovelocks of Diana," "The Mulberries of Daphne," "Ships of Desire," etc.

Miss Kate Horn's successes follow so surely one upon another that expectation is always alert and never disappointed. Besides the novels enumerated above, others immediately occur to us, "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun," with its flashes of humour; "The White Owl," with its dash of adventure. "Dian's Gift" yields to none in charm of style and human interest. The story has a delightful heroine well worthy of Dian's favour.

In Fear of a Throne.

R. ANDOM

Author of "We Three and Troddles," etc., with 50 original illustrations.

Readers, and they are to be counted by the hundred thousand, who have followed the fortunes of R. Andom's famous quartet will find themselves in a new atmosphere in this story. The four friends are on a cycling tour abroad, when they get into a Stanley Weyman coil of political intrigue, owing to the chance resemblance of the hero to the weak-minded heir to the throne of a petty kingdom. But Troddles is always good fun, and his efforts to find personal comfort in the midst of a whirl of exciting adventure, of which he is the unwilling victim, will tickle the fancy of his numerous friends.

The Imperishable Wing. Mrs. HaveLock Ellis Author of "Attainment," "My Cornish Neighbours," etc.

Cornwall and its homely, primitive people are as intimately known to Mrs. Havelock Ellis as Devon is to Mr. Thomas Hardy, and in this new volume from her pen, she sketches incisive portraits of the men and women of that land. They are convincing types of the Cornish folk, and the quaint dialect of Cornwall in which they speak gives an additional touch of realism to the book. Cornwall is a land of infinite charm, and Mrs. Havelock Ellis has distilled its essence in this volume.

The Promoter's Pilgrimage. C. REGINALD ENOCK, F.R.G.S. Author of "The Andes and the Amazon," Peru," "Mexico," etc.

This is a thrilling tale of London and Mexico. A young prospector discovers a site rich in mineral wealth in South America, and obtains from the Government a concession with a time limit. He puts the matter before a syndicate in England, who, believing in the value of the speculation, delay coming to terms with the prospector in the hope that he may be unable to keep his engagements until the expiration of the time limit, and two of the directors ship for South America to be on the spot and secure the property when the prospector fails. The prospector hears of their departure and follows them by the next boat, and the story of his chase across the world is told with much spirit and vivacity. There are some brilliant passages of local colour and the description of the cave of repentance is worthy of Edgar Allen Poe.

Brass Faces.

CHARLES McEvoy

An exciting modern story of grip and power, some of the most startling episodes of which concern the kidnapping of a girl who has been turned out of house and home by her father and imprisoned in a house in Kensington. She is rescued by a bachelor, who in turn finds himself in a delicate position. An American female detective plots his arrest and ruin. The story rushes on in a whirl of excitement through a maze of plots and counterplots to a dramatic dénouement.

The White Fleur de Lys. MAY WYNNE Author of "Henri of Navarre," "Honour's Fetters," etc.

This is a tale of the Revolution period in Provence, and presents a phase of that great social upheaval but little known to the majority of English readers. It tells of the nobles of the White Terror who rose to avenge the atrocities of the Reds, banded themselves together, and wore as their badge a Fleur de Lys. It also relates how Rosaline, the charming aristocratic heroine, and her father, who have ruled wisely and humanely, live unmolested in their château near Avignon; how Rosaline's father refuses to join the Band of the White Fleur de Lys, and how the villain of the piece, an aristocrat of evil life and brutal will, tries to kill him. This villain means to wed Rosaline. After adventures and escapes all ends well, and Rosaline weds worthily.

Pluto and Proserpine.

John Summers

A Poem. In crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

The ancient myth of Pluto's abduction of Proserpine, whose love he endeavours to win, is the subject of Mr. Summers's poem. The narrative is cast in stanza form. Lovers of poetry will find much to admire in the poem, which has a certain naïve charm it is difficult to describe.

SOME RECENT SUCCESSFUL NOVELS.

Because of a Kiss.

LADY CONSTANCE

Times: "A highly ingenious and vivacious story."

Morning Leader: "The steps by which the denouement is reached are highly original and ingenious, and the book is full of surprises. . . . A very readable and clever piece of fiction."

The Desire of Life.

MATILDE SERAO

Author of "Farewell Love," "Fantasy," "The Conquest of Rome," "After the Pardon," etc. Translated from the Italian by William

Collinge, M.A.

Pall Mall Gazette: "A gifted Italian lady here presents us with a brilliant picture of the season in the Engadine; a study in gleam and gloom, where pleasure-seekers rub shoulders with those to whom the shadow feared by man has drawn very close indeed. It is interesting to see men and women of a dozen races through Italian eyes. England has no cause for complaint; she is represented by a maiden who is as sweet and virginal as her name. . . . Keen powers of observation tempered by humour, toleration widening out to sympathy—these are the leading characteristics of Matilde Serao's latest romance."

The White Owl.

KATE HORN

Author of "The Mulberries of Daphne," "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun," "Ships of Desire," etc.

Academy: "This wholesome tale of love, intrigue, and rural life moves along in a very interesting and amusing manner. There are no dull pages in the book. We look forward to more stories from the same pen told in a similar bright and healthy manner."

The Riding Master.

Author of "Tropical Tales," etc.

Westminster Gazette: "A tour-de-force in more senses than one. . . . There is much that is true and human and beautiful."

Literary World: "Dolf Wyllarde writes forcibly. . . . It is probable that many will regard this as her best book."

When We are Rich.

WARD MUIR

Author of "The Amazing Mutes."

Observer: An exceedingly lovable little study of a group of delightful people."

Liverpool Daily Courier: "Mr. Ward Muir's new novel is positively pitched in an even lighter key than his last—that soufflé of laughter, that melting syllable of mirth, which he called 'The Amazing Mutes.'"

Man with a Past. A. St. John Adcock. Bookman: "Its humour is infectious, its high spirits exhilarating, its view of life sane and sunny. . . . A particularly clever blend of sensational incidents and versatile characterisation."

The Lion's Skin.

RAFAEL SABATINI

Author of "Bardelys the Magnificent," etc.

Globe: "A novel in Mr. Sabatini's best manner—and his best is very good. It is seldom we meet with a book so uniformly attractive; so well written and so agreeable to read."

The Justice of the King. Hamilton Drummond Author of "Shoes of Gold," etc.

Daily Telegraph: "It is a brave tale and may be heartily recommended." Observer: "A thoroughly fascinating historical novel."

Honour's Fetters.

MAY WYNNE

Author of "Mistress Cynthia," "Henry of Navarre," etc.

Morning Post: "The story abounds in incident, and adventure and romance."

Vanity Fair: "Well written, and full of incident and excitement."

STANLEY PAUL'S 6s. NOVELS

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E. EVERETT-GREEN

The Lady of the Bungalow.

E. EVERETT-GREEN

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Edward and I and

Mrs. Honeybun. KATE HORN

The Mulberries of Daphne.

KATE HORN

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