9-13-1914

Travel Diary: September 13 to October 1, 1914

Francis Mairs Huntington-Wilson

Hotel Gran Club, Cali, Colombia,
September 13, 1914.

It is nearly a month since the last dictation.

In Arica I saw a sign posted up near the pier about "La Escuela Nocturna Barros Arana de la Sociedad de Instruccion Popular", and its curriculum of the three R's and history of Chile, hygiene and civic instruction, which appeared to be a very sound one.

Mr. Goedeke and I sailed August 16th from Arica on the C.S.A.V. (Chilean line) steamer "Imperial". We left Arica at 8 P.M. and arrived at Mollendo the next morning at 11 A.M.; left Mollendo at 5 P.M. and arrived at Chala at 9 A.M. on the 18th; left Chala at 11 A.M. and next morning reached Pisco at 9 A.M.; left Pisco at 1.30 P.M. and arrived at Tambo de Mora at 3/30 P.M.; left Tambo de Mora at 6.30 P.M. on August 19th; arrived Callao at 8 A.M. on August 20th. All the way there was a heavy swell with rolling. The days passed with early desayuno, almuerzo at 10 A.M., lunch at 1 P/M/, tea at 4 P.M., dinner at 6 P.M., and the offer of something to eat at 9 P.M. We went ashore at Pisco, a forlorn little unpaved village with a long pier and dock and walked inland in the direction of the better part of the town, which lies a couple of miles back and has a few decent buildings, trees and plaza, but does not amount to much. We sqw some works for compressing and baling cottonnffor export. RFrom south of Pisco, way around to Tambo de Mora, there sweeps a pretty broad strip of irrigated land, the greenery coming in places quite near the coast. Roosting about under the pier were curious draggled looking seabirds which made a noise like a grunting pig. Approaching Callao, there were big flocks of seabirds, and it was pretty to see them all en masse, and when they saw a fish, volplane to within a foot of the water, and then, folding their wings, plunge in for their prey.

During the four days trip we had much sun, but arrived at Callao in the usual pearl-gray atmosphere. I telephoned Lucy, and it was decided not to take the "Mantaro" that day for Panama. After two nights at the "Maury", we went to Guthrie's on Saturday, the 22nd, and remained until we sailed on Tuesday, the 25th of August, by the C.P.V.D steamer "Huallaga", Captain Wilson, for Panama. I walked about a good deal, but got no particular new impressions. Lucy had seen the Chamber of Deputies in session, and her impression was like that of some unreal dream, she told me, as she looked at the grave, decorous, and well dressed members who went through their rigamarole with so much dignity and pose, and who, one reflected, were for the most part corrupt and ridiculous so far as any straightforward work is concerned.

M------- told me one or two hair-raising things,-- for example, a large sum in gold, which under contract the Government was absolutely bound to pay at a fixed date to the corporation, had been deposited in the custody of a sort of court charged with the payment of liquidated and noncontentious debts. When that body was called on to turn it over the Corporation was blandly informed that the Government had drawn it for another purpose. It was proposed to issue paper money against the gold reserve, which was to be counted and sealed up by a committee of Peruvians. The Corporation demanded that one Englishman be present at the process. There was much objection, but the Government, compelled, finally selected an Englishman considered the least trustworthy of all those in Lima.

We reached Panama on Monday, August 31st, and after twenty-four hours quarantine, landed on Tuesday, the 1st of September, at 2.30 P.M. We saw Jackson and Feuille and Price and Cresson, and after some hours in Colon, I saw Lucy off on the 3rd of September on the United Fruit Company steamer "Zacapa".

Returning to Panamaearly the next morning, after a grand scramble with Jackson's assisantance, and sitting up working until nearly 5 A.M

we sailed on Saturday, September 5th, by the P.S.N.C. "Manavi". She is of 1400 tons, swarming with ants, and boasting the only cockroaches I ever saw larger than "Oscar" on the "Rolling Rubio". Captain Aylsbury was most kind, and I quite enjoyed sleeping on deck on my cot bed in the moonlight, reading, and the general serenity of the voyage, and this in spite of the fact that there was hardly any food aboard that one could stomach. We met Mr. D.D. McKay, who has a sawmill business at Guapi, Colombia, and two young Americans from the South, Leach and Richards, speaking no Spanish, but bound up the San Juan River or the coast to look for minerals in the most unhealthy regions. We reached Tumaco the first thing in the morning of September 8th. On the run across we saw no land excepting the Pearl Islands, passed the first day, and Gorgona Island, passed the second day, until nearing Tumaco, where the land sweeping out low towards the sea shows a long gray line. I gather that almost from Panama to seventy miles south of Tumaco this coast is mostly mangrove swamp, stretching from 10 to 30 miles landward. At the northern side of Buenaventura Bay there appears to be a clay bluff twenty feet high, and near there, I understand is Malaga Bay, a good natrual harbor with a neck of solid ground which could bring the railroad down, thus affording a better and less expensive port than Buenaventura can be. With us on board was a man appearing to be a British mechanic, visiting Buenventura for Pearson and Company to gain an idea of the dredging work necessary under a contract they are supposed to be consummating for harbor work, drainage, etc. At low tide there is a wide mud flat. This, it seems, will be filled in by pumping dredges.

The entrance to Tumaco is very pretty. Coming in, on one's right is Morro Island/ At its seaward end it has a fine miniatrue rock and clay bluff, apparently the result of some upheaval, and then tapers down into a good soiled flat island, growing bananas, palm trees, etc., and showing here and there prehistoric mounds.

due to early inhabitants of whom little or nothing is known. These occur all up and down this coast, among the islands of solid ground in the swamps. Excavation reveals much broken pottery, but no buried skeletons, so they do not appear to be tombs, but were perhaps for houses to stand upon. At the other end of our channel, where we had steamed nearly around the island, there is a sandbar on the seaward side, beyond where we anchored in front of the town.

Tumaco has a main street with no pavements but dust and sand and no sidewalks, framed buildings, painted white, with balconies, and stores underneath. One good store is kept by an English family, the Gamorras. I saw two antique Britishers and one antigue British woman, in addition to the attractive young Englsih wife of the storekeeper. There was also a German store. There is a nondescript population, negroes and mulattoes predominating. The Captain of the Port was of the dark, bony, strong-featured type. In the people who came abroad, and those in the streets ashore, there was noticeabl as later as Buenaventure, a much more amiable and alert expression of the face and much less of the rather snakelike and sinister expression that struck one at Guayaquil. The people , too, seemed slightly larger. The place exports hides, coffee, cocoas/ Due to the low prevailing prices, rubber and tagua are scarcely being sent out. The port serves both Pasto, and to some extent Popayan, althoug the journey is difficult, involving a roundabout steamboat trip up a river to Barbacoas.

Right after lunch the Captain and I started with Professor Saville and his son in their canoe, with gasoline motor attachment, to go up one of the rivers. All along here the mangrove swamps are networks of ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ rivers, estuaries that join them, and estuaries that at culs de sac. There is about 15 feet tide. We made the journey of some thirty miles and stopped for a glass of cocoanut milk with a Doctor Cruz, who has a finca on a little island in the swamp, where he and his wife were spending a week in the most

abject little shack of bamboo and palm leaves raised on poles from the ground. He had a good many good cattle grazing. As a result of our little walk, I am just now getting over the very annoying itching caused by the coloraditos, a microscopic insect that gets under the skin. On the way back, the motor broke down, and while we were crossing the broadest river in rather a heavy sea, both oars broke/ They were mended with string and Saville and his muchacho and one of the others paddling with a plank wrapped to a pole, we finally got across to a small hut, where an old man joined us with two or three paddles, and the Captain repaired the oars with two or three pieces of wire. It was dusk and the mosquitoes already very bad. The old man's small son followed in a little canoe to bring him back, and we finally got to the steamer about 8.30 P.M.

Sailing the next morning, the 9th, we reached Buenaventura the following morning, after a long steam up a very broad bay. The Captain of the Port, Senor F. de Heredia, the Chief of Customs, Alejandro Vallejo, and the Prefect, R/ Cruz Pombo, met me on board with very polite greetings, and the first named took us ashore and to the railway office, where Mr. Paz, the local manager, said the special train the Government was so kindly giving me, could not start until the afternoon. I therefore decided to start at 7 A.M. the next day. I later had a chat with the customs chief and the prefect when returning their calls, and met the former's daughter, who has two brothers in the United States. We walked out to the cable station to have a chat with the two good Britishers there. The American cable, which goes directly from Panama to Santa Elena, has a branch to the land here, and this branch is just now broken. It is the only line of communication to Bogota except by way of Guayaquil, Quito and overland. Buenaventura has a brokendown dock and a shabby waterfront, behind which runs the main street, all of painted board buildings like those at Tumaco. There is a plaza in principle with one tree. There are a German store and some Armenian

or Syrian ones. This street was paved with cobbles and has cement sidewalks. The water supply is entirely from rain. Malarial fevers prevail here, as indeed all along this coast and in the Cauca Valley, but the mosquitoes are not bad at this dry season. Beyond the main street the town consists of a few clay or sandy roads which serve as streets and ramble up on to the high ground near the cable station and then inland a little distance. It is an island in the mangrove swamp.

In the evening the Captain of the Port dined with me, and we had a long talk. He is a slender, rather good looking young man with a weak face, who does a good deal of dilettante thinking with his rather bright and pliable mind, and who has charming manners and is quite agreeable. Experience in France and England in the consular service, and residence in Italy and travel in Europe elsewhere, have given him breadth and cosmopolitanism. The local cura will send a paper to him saying that he and his employees will subscribe for the decorations for such and such a fiesta. Some merchant will receive a similar summons commanding him to defray another expense. Everyone always pays up because no one dares to refuse. The Port Captain does not attend church, but pays up when called on and contributes "for the poor". He thus has the friendly support of the cura. He says he has been trying to stop various abuses and has had opposition from the subordinates, so much so that he goes armed. When they were persecuting him about something, he had his friend, the cura, drop in to see him.. After this sign the subordinates, among them illiterate negroes who had put their mark to depositions against him, desisted through fear of the cura. If anyone opposes the cura, he will let fall a remark that being a church member he can do nothing, but that so and so deserves a thrashing. Then certain ruffians, faithful to the South American style of Catholicism, will beat up the individual in question

Interesting examples of the influence of the Church. Pasto, I am told, is mostly dominated by the Church, as is Buga, a small town with a big cathedral, and one gathers that throughout Colombia, without perhaps appearing frankly in politics, Church influence is the one perennial controlling factor. I had heard that the clergy were better educated in Colombia, but Mr. Walsh, a young American owning a shoe factory here and who lived more than a year in a Colombian family, says they are educated only by rote in the narrowest possible manner and that their lives are most profligate. The Port Captain described an academic discussion on the Canal question, in which, apropos of the pending treaty, he had got off rather a good line, "If we have the right to sell Panama, why had not Panama the right to sell us"? I said they ought to have a committee of engineers to study the port ~~question~~ improvement and railway projects, and that if Buenaventura was inferior to Malaga Bay they could better afford to pay the land owners and make the change. He said that in the first place it would be impossible to get honest engineers, and in the second place the charge on the score of paying the landowners would be so great that it would be impracticable. He told of his controversy with some negro petty officers in charge of the coast guard launch, and of the difficulty of getting any support from Bogota, because the government people never came to or knew anything about conditions in faraway places (it ought not to be hard, with telegrams at 3¢ a word, to keep in touch). I gathered that the central authorities distrusted their own local representatives and that in all controversies wondered who was telling the tallest lies. The Port Captain told very amusingly of an occasion in Bogota when he wrote a bill about a river in which he was interested and asked the minister concerned to have it presented to the Congress. The minister gave the bill to the under-secretary, who gave it to the chief of section. The chief of section gave it to his secretary, and the secretary of the chief of section sent it

to my friend and asked him to make a memorandum upon it, which he did. Then he met a deputy and asked him to press the bill/ The deputy took the bill to the minister, who asked the under-secretary, who asked the chief of section, who asked his secretary, for a memorandum. The private secretary asked my friend for a memorandum, which he gave. This the private secretary handed to the chief of section, who handed it to the under-secretary, who handed it to the minister, who handed it to the deputy. Then my friend met the deputy, who put on a grave expression of interest, and said, "yes, that the night before he had prepared a memorandum on the bill (referring to my friend's, then in his hands)/ Thus a bill with government support might pass without ever having been studied, perhaps not even read by anyone but the private person interested. My friend spoke also of the utter lack of the slightest continuity in government. In the past, financial matters and legislation have gone according to the will and the favoritism of those in power. Foreign affairs and every government policy are the pawns in the game of domestic politics, consisting chiefly in the scramble for office. President Reyes was described as a distator, who divided his servile party under the names of Conservative and Republican, leaving one Liberal a seat in order to make it appear that there was real party deliberation upon his orders. At the time of Sanclemente, Caro and Marroquin, it seems there was drafted a treaty more favorable to us than was the Hay-Herran. I believe Caro had favored it, but when Sanclemente did so, he reversed himself and thereafter bitterly opposed it in order to create an issue with his rivals which might serve to forward his ambitions. He, I believe, is the great orator who chiefly caused our troubles with Colombia. When Sanclemente was under arrest, the treaty was handed to a foreigner, and by him to a small boy, and so was smuggled back

to Bogota into the hands of Hart, our Minister. Then Marroquin became President. He was a weak man, dominated by his son, who was accustomed to be bribed, and finding himself unpaid, turned his father against the treaty. Beaupre spoke no Spanish, knew nothing, and never talked. In the Hay-Herran negotiations he was painfully tactless. If we had had an able, adroit, skilful and popular minister, and if we had sent ships with tactful officers to entertain the Colombians at the ports, the treaty would probably have passed, but we bungled the whole thing as a direct result of our amateur State Department and our untrained and carelessly selected foreign service. Cali was strongly for the treay in the end and opinion all over Colombia was in equilibrium and easy to turn one way or the other. Before DuBois, by exceeding instructions and raising the hopes, inflamed the public again, the matter was tending to become sub-acute. Although it was vaguely thought that the Democrats would do something, the hope of getting much out of us had nearly faded, and the fantastic offers of this administration are undoubtedly a cause of amazement to these people. They are in some respects like children and should be treated as such,- not taken too seriously, given plenty of candy and school debts and required to behave well or not at all. We must distinquish the vast differences between these South American peoples. Of course they dislike us and delight th any thought that through Japan or otherwise harm might come to us.

They seem to be considered great liars and quite insincere, without sense of honor, and unsociable with foreigners and also among themselves,- perhaps a slight Quiteño resemblance due to isolation and church influence. But they seem a much pleasanter people. I fancy a hollow and hypocritical religion to which they pay homage, along with a lack of ~~esthetic~~ ethical and ~~idealistic~~ thought and tradition, leaves the moral side undeveloped and hard and the canons of conduct esthetic and superficial. Sloth prevails.

Mr. Hall, the American engineer who accompanied us to Caldas, told me the efficiency of local labor was about 35% of that of average labor and that it was about 15% of that of American labor. The railway pays 80¢ to $1.00 for ordinary labor. McKay pays as low as 40¢. About Cali it runs about 60¢.

We left Buenaventure at 7 A.M. on September 11th. A 36" guage railroad runs on light rails, bridging the estuary from the little island, and on through swampy jungle, very gradually rising to join the bed of the Dagua River, which becomes pebbly and appears to be higher than some of the surrounding swamp. Soon we get to Cordoba and to San José, where the rails change to heavier ones. At Cisneros, kilometer 56 and perhaps a 1000 feet in altitude, begins the Roqueron or gorge of the Rio Dagua, which ends at Espinal. Through here the country looks like that from Bucay toward Huigra, but the hills are less precipitous and it is not so pretty. At kilometer 63, Naranja, the hills ceased to be wooded, and there begins pasture land with low mountains in the distance, and soon, at kilometer 83, we reach Caldas, at 11.30 A.M. It is a mushroom town that has grown up about the railway, and its shops making the suburbs of an ancient village hearby. Its elevation is somewhat more than 3000 feet. Here we lunched with Mr. Rufino Gutierrez, the Superintendent, a nice old blue-eyed man, once a Cabinet Minister, and Doctor Juan de la Barrios, a stalwart man educated at school and at Lehigh in the United States. He is Resident Engineer and accompanied us the rest of the way. The Superintendent took me to wash my hands in his room. It was a dirty, untidy little room, with no comforts. He remarked that they lived like the soldiers. I politely rejoined that they were soldiers of economic progress. But it is true that these Spanish-Americans have never acquired any taste for comforts or for cleanliness.

Leaving Caldas at 1.15 P.M., still riding on a flat car in [illegible] to get the view, the road develops its elevation

by a great series of loops, passing the town seven or eight times before finding its way over into a wide valley, where high above the Dagua River it winds its way in a rather spectacular manner into a high wooded table land, where the watershed occurs about kilometer 112, and then we reached the highest point, 5000 feet, at La Cumbre. Here there is a neat frame hotel, painted green and with a galvanized roof, and a creditable little station. A little later on in our gradual descent we came out upon a high shelf of the Eastern flank of the coast range, which is quite bare and tawny here, and began to wind our way down to the Cauca Valley, which stretched, a yellow and dark green floor, as far as we could see in the pearl gray mist of the afternoon. In the country through which we passed there was a little cattle and a little cultivation of bananas and manae. The country about Caldas appears to be of not much use for agriculture although they have streams, and two rainy seasons. I gather hereabouts there is a rainy season from October to December, inclusive, and from March to May inclusive., after one leaves the coast, where in some places, like Buenaventura, it rains many of the days for a time the year around. The railway has American rails and cars and American wood-burning locomotives, and wooden ties likely to be replaced by steel ones. We arrived at Jumbo at 7.10 P.M. The whole population seemed to be on the platform, because I understand this is the first passenger train that had come so far. The road will get to Cali by the end of the year, perhaps, and there is a project then to build south to Popayan and Pasto, and north to Ibague, and so on to connect at Girardot for Bogota.

HHenry J. Eder, who is American Consular Agent at Cali, sent a young German chauffeur with a Ford motor to meet us, and in an hour's ride over roads not nearly so bad as one would expect, we rounded the trunk of the Cordilleras and came into the electric lighted streets of Cali and up to the door of the Hotel Gran Club.

As we finished dinner Mr. Eder called, and the next day he came for a talk and he and his wife (an agreeable Colombian) sat with us at lunch. His father spent forty years in this valley, and the family own large sugar haciendas. His brother lives in Palmira, where we are to go to visit Tuesday. He controls the electric light (an American installation), has a large interest in the tramway, which runs to the river, and has a bank and a commercial house. Another brother is a lawyer in New York, and so far enough away to have written a book on the country. Eder told me some shocking and instructive experiences with American manufacturers and exporters. As he says, our export trade to this country has grown in spite of us. He says many commercial travelers now come to Colombia for American houses. They speak Spanish, but are usually Porto Ricans, Mexicans or Venezuelans. They make generous arrangements in getting orders, and then their New York principals repudiate the terms and say their representatives have exceeded their instructions. He says he wrote seven great American houses, and each one replied under domostic instead of foreign postage. The result was not only the necessity of payment, but what was really important, a delay of perhaps a fortnight before the postoffice would notify him to come for each letter. He wrote calling attention to this and received replies saying it would not occur again; nevertheless, it continued to occur. Even great firms like the Westinghouse and United States Steel Products Export Company, after demanding one-third down, one-third on shipment, and the remainder on delivery, would, after taking the order, exact still heavier payments in advance, and in the face of the definite agreement on which the order was based. Also, in placing a small order after a very large one which had been paid for, he was lately cabled that the order would be cancelled unless he cabled the money in full payment to New York. He said that naturally he was exasperated, and even tried to buy some things, notably motors, in England, but found them heavier, harder to run, and more expensive,

and so was compelled to buy from us against all natural inclination, simply because he needed the goods. If an American feels thus, how must foreigners and anti-American foreigners feel? He says the packing is almost always atrocious, and that the most specific requests as to size and weight of packing, etc., are absolutely ignored. He gave one instance. Our people send heavy cases, badly packed, inside, where two light and smaller ones for mule transportation are desired, and they pack heavy things in light cases without protection. The French and German packing, he says, is exquisite. What is wanted is something like this.- for mountain or long distance, cases weighing 125-150 lbs/; for short or several hauls (on mule) 180 lbs. up to 200 lbs., but if bulky, cases should not exceed 120 lbs. They should not be more than 24" wide, and not much more than this in thickness. They may be fairly long. They must be packed tight. The customs are collected on gross weight of packages, so the weight must be minimized.

C.C. Hall, Director of Machinery of the Ferrocarril del Pacifico, thought the negroes were better than the mulattoes.

Edser said banks, which make 12% , were not so specially necessary to commerce here, because the Colombians keep their money in New York, where they receive it for their exports, and so could pay from their credits there without exchange on London. He said there were some American stores in Colombia. I think more American stores and a campaign that might be thought picayune would help things. For instance, if there were formed a Caribbean Corporation to be, among other things, a selling agency for a lot of countries, it might represent many firms in many ways, and firms dealing in the same goods could agree to divide a field and the expenses of exploitation. The Agency could send a couple of dozen Spanish speaking American salesmen to take orders, mail and telegraph, through the little towns and shops, and some of them might settle down with stores as permanent agents. In Buenaventura and Tumaco there were

no American stores; tinned goods, beer , and all that kind of thing on view on the shelves were generally European, especially English. Of course, as Eder agrees, the foreign steamship lines give us the worst of it, and we must have our own. All these foreigners in whose hands we leave ourselves are not above running down our wares and intriguing against us in every way, just as Crosse and Blackwell say in a circular that they sell no shoddy, cheap goods like the American ones.

In Panama I had a most interesting and helpful talk with Mr. Skilton, who speaks Spanish perfectly and has been in Colombia about eight years representing the Westinghouse firm, who through him have installed thirty or forty electric plants for sugar mills, lighting, etc. According to him, one finds negroes on the coast and in the Cauca Valley .In Antioquia the people are of Catalan origin and are sometimes called the Yankees of Colombia. They, it seems, are the most energetic, and are gradually getting hold of many valuable enterprises and properties throughout the country. This makes the people of other depatments dislike them. In Boyaca there are Indians. In Santander the people resemble the Antioquians. In the Caradi (?) section, some 80x40 miles, and situated in the heart of the country, the Indian inhabitants are so savage that no white man may go in and come out alive.

Late yesterday afternoon Mr. Goedke and I took a walk through the town. The streets are cobbled, and underneath, in a trough, bridged over with stone flags, flows the water supply, taken near here from the dirty little Cali river where people bathe and wash their clothes. In many streets, side by side, and separated only by a stone partition or running in a somewhat porous tile pipe, is the sewage, hence Cali water is almost a sure route to typhoid fever/ There are no water workd, but the water is carried about in kegs on the heads of the women, whose negro blood brings with it this African method of carry-

ing everything on the head as we saw it in Jamaica. Opposite our hotel is a rather pretty plaza having in the center a pedestal apparently awaiting some hero. The Cathedral is an indifferent looking building. Throughtout the town there are nearly everywhere good terra-cotta tiled sidewalks. The houses are nearly all kalsomined inwhite, usually with a base of terra-cotta color or lemon, and always with tiled roofs. They are in massive Spanish style, the windows, if any, on the ground floor being grilled, while above there are a few windows, often with small balconies. The streets seem very deserted, and there are no modern looking shops with show windows. Many men go ambling through the streets on their single-footed horses, often with white dust ponchos. The mornings, nights, and late afternoons are not too hot for comfort, but the middle hours of the day are like warn, dry, summer days at home. The whole neighborhood seems dry and dusty, and there is a good deal of breeze much of the time. A very large proportion of the population goes barefoot, not only the negroes, but many who show white Spanish blood. Republicanism showed itself when the negro waiter said, "Una Señora" would soon come to arrange the room. She did, and was a formidable negress. Also there are various men about the hotel, including one Spaniard, who wait on the table and do various things, and engage you in conversation, occupying a station somewhere between servant, clerk, manager, and friend, to the guest. The temper of the people is connoted by a placard prohibiting discussion on political or religious subjects. The hotel is filthy. In this room, for instance, are layers of ragged and unbelievably dirty carpets, superimposed but never cleaned since the beginning. The water glasses are rinsed only. There are ants on the tables. The sheets are never ironed, they say. They look suspiciously as if slept in, so we use our camp beds. The food is greasy and bad and the eggs not fresh. So far the bread is all vile and soggy. N.B. There is not here a German or French baker, usual in Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia.

To return to the appearance of the town. The great majority of the houses are one story only. They appear to be shallow, with great, untidy yards at the back. We wandered to one unfinished plaza, where there were beautiful trees with purple and orange colored flowers, of which latter there seemed to be several kinds. Some of the better houses also have plants in pots at the windows.

Last night we saw a moving picture show in an open air place arranged so the screen showed from both sides. Virtue and what kind people would hope was applauded, but sometimes suffering caused mirth, especially among the lower orders in the audience. Throwing paper from the upper balconies was very popular. The audience was pretty mongrel looking, and among the few more well-to-do there were no really ~~like~~ nice looking people of either sex. In seems in this hot season many families are living in little houses up in the hills. Getting back,we talked awhile with McKay and Walsh, and then to bed.

This afternoon we went to the cockpit, where a very mongrel looking crew were betting and enjoying themselves over the wobbly efforts of two poor roosters who were fighting until they could no longer stand. A cheeky, unwholseome looking kind of cholo person with no manner conversed insistently with me, wanting me to bet or buy lottery tickets. Then a willowy, goodlooking fellow with him showed better manners and pleasanter talk for a while. There were a few of the gente, all represented by shoes, gravity, watch charms seemly clothes, more lordly carriage, and a trifle of what is called education in these countries. They were in the upper gallery, mostly discussing and gesticulating in a dignified manner, probably about the cockfight, but in such a way that it might have been about some great intellectual problem. Below, one or two smoked their cigars, and took part with an air of patronage.

Next we went the half-hour's tramway ride to the river, looked about there and came back. The country is very dry, but with

broad fields, widespreading trees, sleek cattle, an occasional large white building, and a good many rather abject huts. The land itself, with its slow moving river below ten-foot banks of clay, and winding through fields or trees, recalled what might have been Missouri in a dry summer. The village (Juanchito) and the terminus had the same low whitewashed buildings, but with roofs of big bamboos split and lain so as to drain just like a tiled roof does. There was one house of wood and bamboo construction which looked airy and showed two methods of dealing with the heat. I cannot help thinking how charming such countries could be made if the Japanese were here with their ideal method of construction, their artistic taste in gardening, their industry, their painstaking neatness, their cleanliness, and their decent, clean food. Why cannot one nationlearn from another and adopt from elsewhere ways adapted to their climate? We saw the shabby stern wheel river boats, some enormous wooden canoes, and some bamboo rafts. The soldiers on the tram were ill mannered and the people frightfully ugly to look at, although some of them rather merry among themselves. Before starting we saw one helpless drunken man, and a fist fight occurred, but was promptly dealt with by the police, who blew the ubiquitos whistle and escorted away the miserable little yellow nondescript with a bloody nose. So far we find everyone of whom we ask questions exceedingly helpful and polite. .

Yesterday the Governor of Cali, Miguel Garcia Sierra, called to be polite. I gave him a glass of vermouth and we had a pleasant chat.

Yesterday as saw this: A little dark boy ringing a bell, three or four other shabby people, a priest carrying the Host, and a burning light; over him a huge red umbrella and behind him four or five other shabby people. This group moved rapidly along and disappeared within a church, when the bell ceased.

As it passed, men on horseback stopped and uncovered, women knelt, and men stood still and uncovered. I believe it was the procession returning from giving extreme unction to a dying person.

When the railroad reaches Cali, the expected schedule is a shuttle train leaving 7 A.M. and leaving 5 P.M., running six days a week. The total distance is kilometers 174, which makes about 110 miles. With all its twisting, this leaves the air line distance really short. In fact, they tell me it used to be possible for a man to get from Buenaventura to Cordoba by canoe in one day, from there to Caldas by horse the next day, and from Caldas all the way by horse to Cali the third day/ It was amusing to note the tremendous pride of the Colombians in this railway, which they call Colombian built, Colombian owned, and Colombian run. As a matter of fact, its construction began forty years ago. Most of the difficult part was done by Americans, and they have always had American assistants, as they now have Hall and another. The construction and location is child's play compared to the G & Q, the Oroya, the Arequipa, or the Arica-La Paz. One can see that they feel soulmates of all the great engineers of railways, and feel themselves appointed to bathe in the inspiring current of engineering progress. It is very delightfully childlike in a way, but awful nonsense when one thinks of the waste and delay over this little road. The line itself now looks well built, heavily ballasted, bridged, and walled and supported on good embankments. There has been the largest landslide I ever saw, and they had an unfortunate flood when the gorge got choked and then gave way, and so have had to rebuilt much of the road and make considerable new locations, the merit of which look high, although a non-engineer can hardly judge.

Cali and Caldas are about 2500 feet each in altitude.

The mulattoes and negroes, men, women and children, all smoke the very cheap cigars manufactured in Colombia.

Esperanza, Colombia, Tuesday, September 29,1914

Dictation neglected 16 days. Hereafter Mr. Goedeke will take down my dictation every day, or will get me to dictate my reason for not doing so.

To go back to Cali, t he proportion of negro blood there, as all through the Cauca Valley, is very great, both pure and in mixtures, although less conspicuous than on the coast. When the shops opened Monday, it appeared after all that Cali was quite an important commercial place. There are very few trade signs, but most of the forbidding looking buildings, when thrown open, turned out to be drygoods stores. The market is large, and besides the quantities of meat, vegetables and fruits, bought and sold and carried about in wooden trays on the head by negroes of various shades, smoking cigars, there is a huge array of shoddy goods, one guesses largely cheap German stuff. This, it seems, is the center where a large section of the population of the Valley comes to trade. I had an interesting talk with a Mr. Thompson, a handsome young New Zealander, who had done Central America in detail for the Singer people, and who gave me most useful suggestions for a trip to cover it thoroughly in three months. To begin in November he said was the ideal time, the dry season beginning then and lasting with increasing dustiness until the end of March. I also got from a Mr. Valencia, a Hollander of Spanish blood who lives in Curacao, a good itinerary for the Caribbean Islands (two months) and three itineraries for a too thorough doing of Venezuela and the Guianas at a rate which would take three to four months. While buying our huleras, alforjahs, and bridles, I met an American named Wisner, who has a firm in Barranquilla and is traveling about representing the General Electric Company seeking orders for power plants, etc., in opposition to Skilton and the Westinghouse

Mr. Goedeke and I walked down to the Cali River, where women were beating clothes with the usual cruelty in accordance with the laundry rules of these parts, and where many people were bathing. We saw two pools marked, one for "Señores" and one for "Señoras", and saw some of the latter splashing about in bathing suits. It seems a daily bath about 11 A.M. in one of these pools is quite an institution, the luxury of refreshment giving in this way a slight impulse to cleanliness.

Mr. Henry J. Eder came for us with the motor, and we and Mr. Wisner started with him for his brother's ranch, "La Manuelita", Tuesday morning, the 15th of September, at 9 A.M. It was a wonderful business getting the motor across the Cauca river. There is a ferry which crosses, attached to an overhead cable with an arrangement for tacking and using the current exactly as a sailboat uses the wind. The river was frightfully low, and it took about eight men with ropes and the power of the machine to get it up the bank. The Cauca river itself, and the country for the thirty kilometers from Cali to La Manuelita might have been in a flat part of Missouri at the end of a drought, so its general aspect - the good sized broad trees, the great fields, the cattle drowsing in the sun, and the pearl colored mist hanging over the dusty heated valley land - looked homelike enough, although the trees, seen close, would be of a different and tropical variety, and the fences were mostly bamboo poles with barb wire or bamboo basket work. The road was bumpy, and one could imagine how nearly impossible it would be when the prevailing yellow clay was turned to mud in the rainy season. Near the end of our journey we passed through the dusty little town of Palmira, where it seems dwell some wealthy negroes. We got to La Manuelita at noon, driving from the gate through a vast field of sugar cane up to the delightful old rambling house with verandah all around, and dark cool rooms down stairs, with a huge ceiba tree at the back, and a pretty garden of rosesand shrubbery about the

porte cochere. Here Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Eder and their charming little 12 year old daughter, Doris, entertained us most charmingly until we left Friday afternoon, at 3.50 P.M. We took a drive about the estate and a horseback ride up to a little outlying place in the foothills of the Central Cordillera, also a walk through the village of the laborers. La Manuelita consists of some 2000 acres. Mr. Eder, Senior, was a Russian boy who, brought to the United States were young, became a citizen, married, I believe, an English woman, and spent forty years in Colombia, amassing a fortune and bringing up his sons thorough-going Americans. One is a New York lawyer and wrote the Scribner series book on Colombia; the Cali one (Henry James Eder) is about to retire and live in the United States. Carlos Eder is typically American and also aggressive and argumentative, and fancies himself a socialist. The family own several other outlying estates. Carlos is most proud of his afforestation. It was a great pleasure to see a place so well kept up. The sugar plant has excellent machinery, made, alas, in Scotland, and brought overland from Buenaventura, some big wheels taking over a year en route. Here I saw the cane ground and the juice boiled, skimmed, reboiled, put through centrifugals and finally coming out fine looking white sugar, and being packed, some in bags, some in blocks boxed up, for shipment all over Western Colombia. Along our road we saw many pack animals laden with boxes or sacks marked C V A C (Cauca Valley Agricultural Company). There is a British Superintendent and a Scotch Manager. The small office force is Colombian, as is the government excise man who supervises the aguardiente and rum and incidentally keeps himself intoxicated most of the time. It was interesting to watch the laborers passing to and fro at the lunch hour. There are many regular negroes, a few pure Indians of a small type, from the coast, I fancy, and the rest a thoroughly blended Indian-Spanish type with often a dash of African blood, which showed itself oddly in some cases in the

fasion of raising the knees when walking. Some bearded men showe a persistent but degraded Spanish type. One heavily built foreman on a horse and wearing shoes was pointed out as a most efficient standby, and an individual who was said to have killed seven men in his time in and out of revolutions. The common laborers get about 45¢ a day and their quarters. The quarters are little huts or rooms in a block, in which latter case the women make fires and do their cooking under a bamboo shed at one end. All those past their youth smoke cigars as they go about their chores.

Eder told me that on the occasion of the Panama affair there was a mass meeting in Cali and a project of coming to wreck La Manuelita, and that troops were sent to guard the road and a number of friendly Colombians gathered to stand by him and see him through the trouble. Hereabouts, it seems, meat coast 14¢ a pound, and the cattle business pays about 40%. The pastures, called potreros, grow guinea, para or Argentine grass, or else ordinary grass. Milk costs four to five cents for a bottle containing nearly three-fourths of a litre.

We walked to a delightful old Spanish house on the place with a waterwheel and other arrangements for coffee curing, which is the Santa Rita finca mentioned in the delightful novel, "Maria", by Jorge Isaacs, the scene of which is laid just hereabouts.

While at Manuelita a seedy individual of Spanish type, with probably a little Indian blood, called on business/ It seems he takes tickets at the cinema show in Palmira.

All through this valley the haciendas of large size that formerly belonged to families of tradition have been divided among heirs and sold off. Through lack of industry the aristocratic families have grown poorer and poorer, and are now intermarrying with families having African blood, so that in this part of the country the element we should call mulatto is rather absorbing what we should call the white. This will be counteracted somewhat by

the great influx of Antioquenans, who are the energetic people of Colombia and who, it seems, are gradually getting hold of everything in sight of value in the valley.

The people of substance in the valley do not live in any state or entertain. It seems that revolutionary days have taught them to deem it more prudent not to appear well off. This may account for the lack of hospitality I am told they exhibit, although in a priest ridden town like Buga there may be other reasons why Mr/ Urquhart, the Manager of El Guavito cattle ranch belonging to the Eders, in more than a year's residence was never invited into the house of a citizen of the neighboring town of Buga. People who will call and expect to be entertained at La Manuelita will take no hospitable initiative when the Manuelita people pass their way.

It was very interesting to hear about Mrs. Carlos' family. Her father was an Italian named Cerruti. Confiscation of his property caused Italian cruisers to come to Colombia some years ago. Another incident in his career was that once in a revolution he actually kidnapped the Bishop of Popayan and sent him out of the country. Her grandfather was General Mosquera. Mrs. Carlos has a son at an American school, where she complains he is not taught good manners.

Manuelita is in the best part of the Cauca Valley. Here it is twenty five miles wide, narrowing gradually both north and south. Its total area of flat or gently rolling land is about

acres, the remainder being much cut up and mostly still wooded. Besides the sugar, it is almost entirely given over to cattle.

A feature at Manuelita was the absurd little darky who, with his sister, has been practically adopted by the Eders. This little imp has been through Italy and other parts of Europe with them and in New York, and here he was, in a sort of buttons uniform, waiting

on the table with great gravity and dignity until this was upset by a grin or a wink from the mischievous little Doris.

Leaving Manuelita Friday morning, September 18th, at 3.50 P.M., with two horses and two mules and Abel, all hired from the place, we started on our journey and arrived 6/15 P.M. at Cerrito. Here an indifferent and slovenly landlord turned us into a dark barracks at the corner. The front room appeared to be a disused bar room, but we groped our way with a candle to the back room with a grilled window on the street, and a door giving on a sort of lumber yard, which apparently served also as a theatre when the moving picture men came to town. We found our way into a sort of covered hall making two sides of a patio, where there were more candles, and two or three Spaniards, we found (the moving picture men) lounging about the dirty table cloth. Ragged, dirty children were asleep or crawling about. We managed to get some raw eggs and finally a tall negro had the kindness to open a tin of sausage for us with his machete. We groped our way to our barracks, put up our cots and mosquito netting, and this, with coffee soon after five in the morning, constituted the hospitality of the place. We were in the saddle at 6.15 A.M.

While the animals were being packed, I strolled out into the plaza, which was nearly treeless, surrounded by the usual long low buildings which make these plazas look very large and dignified and dominated by the usual large church, in this case flanked by the pleasant house of the cura, who had a patio which pretty flowers I could see through the door. This was at 5.30 A.M., and already the bell had rung and the pious folk of Cerrito thronged the church, the great majority barefoot, a minority more decorous in shoes. I went into the church, where the altar was brilliantly lighted against the cool, dim light of dawn, and a fine organ was being played.

arched brick bridge; along here, in fact, massive bridges are rather in evidence. They often arch high above tiny rivulets or the dry beds of what must be raging torrents in the rainy season. Not infrequently they appear to have been put out of business by the torrents and stand monuments of grandeur while yielding usefulness to some bamboo makeshift. All along here the fields are brown and frightfully burned up by what most people call an unprecedented drought, although one or two admit that there had been a similar one seven years ago. The other evidence of grandeur, dating doubtless from the days of large haciendas and grandes seigneurs are the massive portals marking the entrance to haciendas. Most of the latter in the valley, by the way, is in small holdings.

By the time we reached Cerrito the country was becoming gradually somewhat rolling, and the spaces of thick, but not imposing forest, rather than groups of handsome big ceiba trees, were increasing. We passed many mule trains with sacks of coffee from the Salazar Company in Medellin. This would ordinarily go from Manizales to Cartago by mule, and from Cartago to near Cali two days by steamer, then a few hours by mule to the railway at Jumbo, then by train to Buenaventura and so abroad. But now, due to the drought, the river is too low for anything but tiny launches.

About 9 A.M. on the 19th of September we sighted Buga in an undulating and rather glaring hot country, and crossed a handsome old bridge, kalsomined white, with quaint little ornamental blue capped towers, and rode up the cobble streets between the tinted houses. We rode around the square with its pretty gardens and looked at the enormous brick church. This place is very Catholic and reactionary, and harbors several religious orders with large numbers of monks and nuns. In the church many of the names over the confessionals were German ones. We saw one church in Buga with

the date of 1773. The town looked clean and neat and we got a fairly good lunch, with chocolate, in the Hotel Columbia, next door to which I noticed the shop of a German.

Pushing on at 11.15 A.M., we rode through the blazing heat until at 12/30 I had to lie down under a tree and use our precious bottled water on my head for nearly three hours, as I felt slight nausea and a tendency to giddiness from the sun. Leaving at 3/30 P.M., we reached Tulua at 6.05 P.M., putting up at the Hotel Sucre. It had a two-story, modern European looking exterior, a filthy interior, and a barefooted host otherwise conventionally clad in black who laid himself out to be helpful. On the usual dirty cloth, by the dim rays of a dirty lantern suspended from the ceiling, and one candle, we were the better able to eat our greasy soup, our invariably good boiled eggs, and a modest piece of meat. There were various slatternly girls about, and the dog in the upper verandah where we were smoking let out horrible howls, explained by his just having been bitten by a scorpion. We fixed up our net with both cots under it, and turned in at 9 P.M., to be called by Abel at 4.40 A.M.

Tulua was the usual town of 5 or 6000, a plaza, whitewashed buildings, and here several two storied and more pretentious looking ones, and the usual creditable looking garden in addition to the invariable plaza.

In the saddle at 5.35 A/M., Sunday, the 30th, we rode a few steps to the plaza, where at that hour Sunday morning the steps of the church were thronged with people entering, and we noticed wrapped in a manta and with shoes on and carrying her camp chair on worship bent, the particularly dirty, barefoot slattern who had made ribald jests and immoral proposals the night before.

We had a pleasant ride in the morning cool and through a good deal of wooded and very unsettled country, where in a broad

tract between usually barbed wire fences the alleged road consisted often of deep worn ruts washed into fantastic shapes by the rain, or worn here and there according to the chance route of the patient feet of generations of mules. At first we passed a few little villages and a great many pigs and wayfarers, but as the land gradually rose we had to open several gates, which gave the impression that the land alongg the road was a sort of common, or more probably that it was a mere right of way through private properties. At a dusty and insignificant town called Buga la Grande we saw about the last of the many streams of water which had cheered the country hitherto, and the hillocks became real hills as we rose to cross the Monte de Morillo, after which the second portal led us a long, hot ride through dusty brown pasture land, rolling and studded with bits of forest and trees, over hills, and up finally to the inviting, pleasant house of the Manager of El Guavito cattle ranch. Here Don Guillermo Mendoza made us welcome, after a little interval of cordial welcome and luncheon preparations by the amiable mulatto-Indian-Spanish cook. Don Guillermo was a wiry little man of Hebrew-Spanish type, barefoot and shabby, with machete at his side. The place was most attractive and we spent a few hours in the rooms of poor Urquhart, amongst his photographs of sturdy Scotch relatives and friends. I thought of his lonely life as Manager here, and of the story of his American sweetheart's having refused to marry him at the price of coming to Colombia. N.B. If she did not love him enough for that, he is lucky that she refused him.

We had an excellent lunch, which I watched being prepared. The kitchen, as usual, was dirty, though immaculate according to Colombian standard. Children fetched water in bamboo cylinders, and the stove consisted of stones arranged according to the cook's individuality and among which bits of wood were shoved and pots and pans were balanced in the most opportunistic manner.

It was so comfortable we longed to stay, but decided we must push on, and left at 4.30 P.M., Don Guillermo accompanying us a few miles to the end of the property. Along here, as elsewhere in the valley, the blue pearl greay atmosphere of mist and smoke cut off all distant views. Indeed, we never could see the mountain ranges on both sides, which in normal weather are in full view, and make it most beautiful, as I have seen from photographs taken by Mr. Chapman of the National History Museum in New York.

Over a deep rutted road and hilly country we got far ahead of Abel (the peons always travel on foot) and the cargo mules, and groped our way into Zazal in the pitch dark at 7 P.M. Here it gets light punctually at 5 A.M. and gets dark pretty punctually at 6.30 P.M. There was much movement in the streets at Zazal (Zarzal?) lighted only by the open doorways, and we passed sounds of cock fighting on our way up to turn the corner of the plaza and address the voices under the black verandah of the low one-story building which Don Manual Peria deigns to keep as a hotel. This barefooted Don was very stout, very placid, and very indifferent until he finally took an interest in a meat tin, his large, childlike face filled with curiosity. He laid his elbows and his stomach upon the table before us, and let us countenance shine upon us while we made shift with what we had and with chocolate and perhaps raw eggs furnished by the faithful Abel. A few señoritas hovered about, self-conscious, and rather neat in their Sunday dresses and their shoes, I think, of the day. One younger sister kept coming to take a drink of water, throwing the dregs on the floor and turning the glass down on the dirty table. No one ever thinks of wiping glasses - they are sketchily rinsed.

The town was full. It was the feast of the Virgin, hence much cock-fighting, and some funny little fireworks. Our childlike Don lit a firecracker at our candle at the immiment peril of his fingers, and a small boy let one off in the room, of which we were

soon made sole occupants, and so rigged our net and cots and went to sleep at 8.30 P.M., Abel sleeping on a bench in the same room.

The next morning we were up betimes, 4.30 o'clock. I walked out into the middle of the plaza just as the first daylight began and showed a nice little white calf, and then the church bell rang, and as it grew lighter the doors opened, showing the candle lighted altar, and the black manta-clad women began to trudge along and the peons and the population generally began to stream toward the little church. It was built of wood, but painted white, with noble classic columns recalling a little the handsome New England churches, but without the pointed tower.

As the little church stood there, dominating the plaza and the town, ringing its bell and lighting its altar and drawing its people, one felt respect for an institution that could put so much into so many otherwise vacant lives. It seemed to dominate the town as if the village were a university and it were the main building. What would their lieves be without it? Could not their lives be made good if it were honest and moved forward, instilling better ideals of conduct? Or, if it spread light instead of blinding by superstition, would that very light so blind the eyes of the beholder that he would no longer see in life a place for any church?

That night in Gazal the village dog strolled in and the rats romped. We left the place at 5.15 A.M., and reached Naranjo at 9.40 A.M., going to the Hotel Cauca. Naranjo is a short, one street village. Here, as in all these smaller villages, the houses are almost on the scale of Philippine huts. Stripped bamboo walls, sometimes plastered with adobe, plaintain leaf or grass thatch, dirt floors, the kitchen surely not adobe plastered and with the usual smoking wood fire among the stones. Outside the hotel was a trough where the horses had some corn. Within were the room , with a bench along the wall, a table and a

chair. At one side two windowless closte bedrooms. Behind, an open space and a shed where a negro carpenter was mending a gun, and a shack where a mulatto and a negro girl were cooking. To the rear, a cornfield, also serving as privy, along one side of which in the trees were several of the dollar-a-flower variety of orchids. The barefooted proprietor was rather tall and muscular, with a bullet head, and a strong Indian-Spanish type. While the food was preparing, I talked with the carpenter and with a tall, lank peon of aquiline Spanish-Indian look. The conversation was of the war, and then my tall friend, who had been drinking a little, made some rather indelicate allusions to the Panama question, which I ignored, and he later made some friendly remarks. We had a good lunch on a table cloth which seemed to have been a sheet the night before.

Mr. Goedeke had seen a really nice man in the shop next door, but when we went to buy cigarettes there were sounds of revelry from the adjoining closet, and a few minutes later our landlord was reeling about with a broom, hopelessly drunk. His wife calmly continued to comb her dirty mulatto girl's hair. I took a nap, but a hen pecked the saddlebag I had as pillow and woke me up. A litter of pigs rushed madly through the room from the backyard to the street two or three times. In the kitchen a cat and kitten roosted about among the crockery, and the hens and also a curious bird with a tremendous beak climbed up on the stove and had a go at the food. The hotel was also a butcher shop for horrible looking meat, and the proprietor's game cocks were tethered in the yard. While the proprietor was drunk, Abel acted as host, and about this time the little boy and a donkey, and the dirty young women started, they said, to a neighboring mudhole to take a bath, dragging the pigs to join in the festival, one surely for refreshment rather than cleanliness.

from before Buga la Grande, first hillocks, then hills, increasing in height, showed how the Central Cordillera spread out westward to make the beginning of the great broken plateau, with the Cauca river running in a narrow cañon that prevails north of Manizales and through Antioquia until the Central Cordillera dies away and lets the Cauca veer eastward to join the Magdalena.

We arrived at Cartago at 6.05 P.M. It had just rained and everything looked green and fresh. The place was more citified than anything since Cali. Negroes and mulattoes in odd red caps were on duty as policemen. The population continued very mongrel, but there were in evidence here and there very European types and Indian-Spanish faces of the better sort. We rode up past the Hotel Junin and to the plaza, and then back to put up at the Junin, which was a one-story building around a patio. We took a room looking on the back yard, which was a cane field and a privy, its latter quality extending to within a few feet of the [redacted] wall and of the dirty gutter where a filthy mulatto sat with her dress in the muck washing the dishes in a hollow wooden vessel in a liquid the color of pea soup, only grayer. This was the anteroom also of the dark and filthy kitchen, from which emerged very decent food. The other toilet arrangements consisted in one enormous water basin on an iron stand, and a dirty towel hanging nearby. Here the guests would come to take the South American bath, which consists apparently in a dab at the cornersof the eyes, a rinse with the fingers about the mouth, a twirling of the mustache, and a clawing or possible brushing of the hair. The barefooted proprietress continually smoked cigars and spit all over the place, once a minute, whether smoking or not. Two very small kids who afficiated at my shaving, one holding the candle and the other, with the plaintive big eyes, holding the tiny mirror, had pale lips and a more than racial yellowishness, and there was a larger and still more sickly looking kid. The little boys were

all over the place like little animals, and could be seen sitting on the floor tearing bits of meat with their hands and teeth, just like any other little puppies.

Mr. Sebastian Feijoo, to whom I was recommended by Henry Ryder, was very attentive. We took a walk through the town and to a place to view La Vieja river, which flows nearby and is availed of for bathing and for a very bad water supply. He had tea with us the next day (September 22nd), and returned after dinner, where we were joined by a fine-looking Colombian from Cali, and by a seedy looking Venezuelan musician who said he was an artista, and played and sang with his guitar quite nicely. Mr. Sebastian Feijoo helped us get fresh animals. I insisted that their backs be not sore, but one had four raw spots where the saddle goes, which Mr. Feijoo had the nerve to explain were bites by another horse. The animals were most disgusting, with a horrible sort of tick nearly as big as a snail and attacked in clusters in tender places. They also had the marks of the sweat of their last labor. How horrible it is that in these countries, which exist by the grace of the horse, the mule, and the donkey, these good beasts should receive no care at all. They are even too lazy to drive off the ticks with kerosene or something or ever to rub them down. They are too cruel to care at all for their poor backs. When a mule is down and cannot get up under a heavy pack, we saw them beating him over the head with sticks. Exhausted cattle have their tails twisted and are beaten over the head with clubs. It makes one think of Heaven as a place inhabited entirely by South American beasts of burden and of hell as a place inhabited entirely by South Americans. We waited a day to get a horse with a good back.

Cartago claims 18000. It has the usual cobbled streets, white buildings, tiled roofs, sidewalks of the big thin oblong

bricks of the country, several adobe or brick churches plastered white, many grilled windows and a few two story buildings. It is important as a center of traffic from Caldas to the Cauca River steamers, and is a distributing point for the northern part of the valley.

We were sorry to leave Abel. He is a wiry little bearded man of strong Hebrew type, who might have stepped out of the pages of the old Testament. In the morning he gets up and shakes himself, rinses his mouth with water and lights a cigar, adjusts his machete, and is ready with his mules to feel at home in the world. In his place we took on Salvador Mercado, a mulatto of much goodnatured zeal .

On September 23rd we got up at 4.40 A.M., and left Cartago at 6 o'clock, reaching Pereira at 10.30 A.M. Although the rain had not extended so far, still from Cartago on the country looked greener, and I understand that up here the dry season is more punctuated by showers that it is down in the valley proper.

My general impression of the Cauca Valley is that it has a fine soil of black loam and sometimes clay, and might be put to splendid agricultural uses, not only in sugar but in rice, possibly cotton, and probably various grains, but that it is mostly given over to cattle because of laziness, and for the same reason is lying fallow to a great extent. It seems that it, the Bogota plateau, and the Tolima valley, are the three richest agricultural sections. As on the coast, so in the valley, there is a surprising amount of African blood. The mixture here is more subtle and harder to analyze than in Panama, Ecuador, or Bolivia. It seems as if Spanish blood, very long ago tinctured with Indian blood, was mixing with similar strains charged with African blood, and so creating a three-cornered blend being evolved as the local type. The cattle industry and its vaqueros give a certain dash and insolence. The hordes of arrieros,

the men of theroad, give a certain rough and narrow worldliness. The church and its superstitions, with ignorance, give complacency. The fat of the land and the climate give laziness, and the negro blood helps produce the happy go lucky shiftlessness and slatternliness of a dirty people living dirtily and making poor avail of a fine inheritance.

Arriving at Pereira, one is immediately struck with the complete change of atmosphere. The streets are bustling and full of commercial signs and frantic advertising appeals. The people look upstanding, virile and unafraid. The negro and mulatto element is less seen, and the strongly European type is far more in evidence. Arriving at the hotel and calling for oranges, I was dumfounded to be handed them already peeled in about two minutes, instead of getting them , if at all, after many efforts and in the course of an hour's time. The proprietress of the hotel was bustling and cheerful, and her little barefooted girl was at her school books. There was even a WC of sorts and electric light. This was our first real contact with the Antioquian people. Old Antioquia included Caldas, and the Antioqueños have populated Tolima, as they are tending to possess themselves of the valley. The electric plant is owned by the city, and the power runs also a big municipal coffee shelling and roasting establishment. From here on we are in the district whose riches are chiefly in coffee. It is a modern commercial town. There are six Turks and one German.

After lunching and resting, we left at 3.30 P.M., passing over roads very rutty, but with many hills, and through a country given over to coffee, bananas, and sugar. All this this country the bamboo, or guadua as it is here called, adds a distinct note of beauty to the scenery, and is made to serve many practical uses. There were many pretty views on the trip - red tiled farm houses among the greenery, and occasional green pastures,

the best view being from a rest house at the top of a little pass, with a wide panorama on each side. From this point we came down at dusk to Santa Rosa, but pushed on by the light of distant lightning to a posada called Guayavito, where we put up comfortably for the night.

I talked to the young man in charge, with a young man from Medellin who shared our room, and with two plausible common men, perhaps farmers. As usual, there was talk of the war, brought on in this way. We were looking at a map of Colombia and Venezuela when one of these men passed his finger vaguely over Venezuela and asked whether the countries that were fighting were over there. The bright young man from Medellin knew better, but the incident reminded me of the wonderful South American ability for conversation and of the question how much real knowledge or education they really have behind their plausibility. At any rate, class for class, they seem rather superior in ability to converse on various subjects.

Thursday, the 24th of September, we left Guayavito at 7.30 A/M. in a slight shower. We reached Rosario at 11.15 A.M. Here a tall, white bearded, rather distinguished looking, slippered Don, with tall sons many shades darker, received us with dignity in a clean little house where we were given almuerzo of boiled eggs and milk. We started on at 12.20 P.M., and had an almost steady climb through increasingly beautiful scenery and hills patched with coffee, bananas, sugar or maize, bits of pastures, and bits of forest, until at 3.30 P.M. we rode up an especially steep hill to Manizales, the capital of Caldas, perched aloft like an Italian hill town, except that it is surrounded by a panorama but of green hills and mountains instead of by an Umbrian plain.

Del Busy, Colombia, September 30, 1914.

We rode through the principal street, and I went at once to the house of Felix Salazar e Hijos to present Eder's letter and to inquire which was the best hotel. Don Miguel Salazar, with the modesty such inquiries had met elsewhere, said the least bad was th the hotel Berlin. He was most kind, despatched a boy to engage the room, and arranged to call late in the afternoon, when he also stayed to dine with us. We got a windowless room opening on the patio, in the balcony of which we ate. At meal times here, as in Pereira, a good many local merchants and clerks came briskly in for their meals. The ablutions were interesting. I saw three men in succession dip their fingers in a dirty bowl of water, in which one man had already washed, wipe them on a dirty towle hanging over the banister, twirl their mustaches and pass happily on to the table. The slop jar was over the railing into the patio. Here, as elsewhere, in Colombia, it seems to be the national taste to ~~hang~~ systematically hang all pictures crooked. They usually consist of chromos, sometimes groups of identical chromos from advertisements, very frequently advertisements, chiefly of patent medicines. There were three rather nice looking German commercial travelers stopping here. There is a German resident in the hat business, and these other Germans stay for weeks and doubtless ~~xxx~~ do tours on muleback through the mountain towns.

By the way, I do not believe there has been a house along the road not placarded with "Tabletas Bayer de Aspirina, para Fiebre, Dolores, Reumatismo". It is shocking how every dangerous coal tar product, every quack pill, is forced upon these people. American, German and French remedies are most pushed, and even innocent old Cod Liver Oil becomes "Emulsion de Scott" for the cure of tuberculosis. Fancy telling that lie to people living in a fine climate, but who do not know enough to ventilate their

sleeping rooms when they are prosperous enough to make their walls air tight.

Manizales is a fine looking town. In the main street two story buildings predominate. Here, as elsewhere, in Antioquia, there is a penchant for gilt lines on door and window paneling, and for somewhat decorative upstairs window frames, slightly Mooresque or Venetian in their suggestion. The buildings are of wood and bamboo, with mud and a little brick, all plastered over white as the prevailing color, with the woodwork painted maroon or green or some other color, and the supports of the broad overhanging eaves occasionally painted a pretty blue or other bright color. There are good sidewalks, and cobble pavements leaving, however, a broad clay surface in the middle for the convenience of passing animals. Here we begin to see very frequent teams of oxen, because they can carry bigger loads over this difficult country. The cattle of Antioquia look good and are almost all grayish white. In the plaza is a huge but ugly church. There are several streets humming with commerce and industry, saddlers, shoemakers, carpenters, and merchants of every sort. The business of the town is in coffee, hides, gold, tagua, a little cacao, straw hats, and cancho. A good deal more than half the exports of Manizales go to the United States. The gold goes to England.

In Antioquia, on the haciendas and in the mines, labor receives 30¢ per day, with food and lodging provided, the hours being from 5 or 6 A.M. to 5 P.M., with two hours off at lunch time. Skilled labor gets from 65¢ to $3 a day. Most of the holdings are by small proprietorsTwo thirds of all the gold product of Colombia is from Antioquia (including Caldas and Tolima, I think). The mine called Morena produces thirty pounds per month, with old fashioned methods, and that called Cascada, worked scientifically, produces 80 pounds per month. Fully 300,000 sacks of coffee are

shipped from Caldas alone. Vieja Antioquia, is supposed to have 1,500,000 inhabitants, including 300,000 Antioquians in Caldas, the number of Antioquians in the whole country being estimated at 2,000,000/ Manizales claims nearly 40,000 inhabitants, but I should think this exaggerated by some 10,000.

The Antioquia custom is to require payments in three 6 months periods, which makes an average credit of say one year. The Germans and English give six to nine months, the Americans four months. Their credit system makes the effects of the war felt with special severity, because with much of their export trade paralyzed they still cannot realize promptly on their home credits. This makes it difficult for them to buy coffee from the producers, and the producers' purchasing power thus wiped out, reacts again against the merchants. They say times are very bad in these parts.

The second night in Manizales we were taken to dine at the club, a dingy little suite of rooms upstairs on the plaza, with billiard tables, where we got a pretty good dinner. With us were Jose Jesus Salazar, a brother, and the two Gutierrez brothers, one of the latter having been consul in England, and the other just returned as an engineer speaking four or five languages, and about to take part in the construction of the aerial railway to Marsquita. This is a British project in which Manizales capital was allowed to take a few shares, which it oversubscribed 100%, I was told with pride. It is to be ninety kilometers, for freight only, and may be done in two years. We took a motor ride out on the road in that direction. The scenery was most beautiful in spite of the persistent mist. In the foreground blue-green hills and an odd little sugar loaf baby mountain. On a clear day they say one can see Ruiz, with its perpetual snow. It must be wonderful in clear weather.

The native chauffeur of the only car in town tore along at a fearful speed, cutting curves, terrifying mules, and driving

stray horses before him. In this way we also passed through the town and the neat looking hospital, and safely back.

The morning we left I went to the market with Jose Salazar. It was a fine new building. There was a splendid array of tropical fruits, tubercles, vast quantities of meat, and shoddy drygoods. Even here the mulatto and negro element was comparatively small. In our walks about the town, skirting the streets back of which the land falls away abruptly, we saw many interesting types, among them two red-haired girls, one quite pretty. Leaning from a window and looking at us foreigners with a childlike amusement were three old faces, gray eyed and quite European, who might have stepped out of a Velasquez picture. Some of the tradesmen eating at the hotel had suspiciously curly hair, but in my shopping I saw several very fair, quite European looking, young men. In general, the Antioquians seem very white and European looking, as South Americans go. They seem to me, indeed, to resemble the Chilenos in some respects of appearance and character. One sometimes fancies that there is more mulatto evidence in the faces of little children, especially in the country districts, and this may connote a gradual absorption of the European strain.

There is an electric light and power plant, but for months it has been out of business, due to a boycott. The people of Manizales objected to the unsatisfactory attidue of the company in the matter of receiving power. They have the hardihood to keep up this fight and live by candle light, although it is said the case, now in the courts, may take two or three years, due to the dilatoriness of these bodies in these countries. The enterprise belongs to two brothers, who find it convenient to live in Bogota during the row.

All through this country one finds cups, plates and bowls of enameled ware. Even in the Manizales Cathedral the very fonts were these wash basins, and they were discreetly padlocked to the

building.

They are starting a university, having so far only the school of letters, and there is a garrison (barracks), where we saw the local garrison being energetically drilled and exercised about. In Antioquia there seem to be less abogados, and I hear there are less poets than in the rest of Colombia. With their materializer they have, alas, a less pretty plaza than is common in more backward towns. We did, however, see a pretty public garden where a lot of school girls sat studying.

It was twelve o'clock on Saturday, the 26th of September, by the time Mr. Salazar had arranged for our four mules. Our visit had been very pleasant and the Salazar and Gutierrez brothers (who, by the way, all took tea with us also) had been most kind, so we were off at length for our long ride to Medellin.

From Manizales we immediately took a steep road down a very long quebrada, and winding along ascended the right hand cliff interminably until we ultimately passed through Neira, a white town with its church spires, perched high like Manizales on a mountain, across from which we could see Manizales in the blue gray distance across the tumbling chasm of the quebrada, with the endless ravines which make every ride in these parts so interminably winding, even when the actual distance made is short. This would be the country for aeroplanes. One could do in twenty or thirty minutes what it takes hours and leagues to cover. Beautiful mountains, with various shades of green, with patches of sugar, coffee, bananas, maize, and little houses perched here and there, the houses often with a sunk verandah and railing with posts, and usually with tile roofs, suggesting in the distance Japanese houses.

Winding down from Neira on the right of another deep quebrada, we arrived with the dusk and a heavy rain and thunder storm at Las Souces, a typical Colombian wayside inn, with an

estanquillo or bar, with sacks and boxes piled about, and lounging arrieros whose sorebacked mules are eating, if they are lucky, some sugar cane stalks. Within, a barefoot and slatternly crew, but amiable and quite efficient in making one comfortable, as they did us by removing the tables from the dining room when we had dined, to make us a bedroom, where we turned in at 8.30 P.M.

Sunday
Saturday, September 27th, we were awake at 4.30, but lay abed until the rain stopped, and after getting ready to make our own breakfast because Aparicio Vasco, our new arriero, was a pessimist, our host supplied us with chocolate and boiled eggs and we were off at 6.35 A.M.

The country was delightfully fresh after the rain, but I may remark here that it never seems to me that in the tropics even at dawn one gets the same delicious feeling in the air, quite, that we get at home. The road was a succession of ups and downs, until a long and toilsome upgrade brought us to Aranzazu, another white town, with white spires, perched upon another crest. From near here we got a wonderful view, seeing Neira quite plainly, and actually seeing for a long while the silhouette of Manizales perched on its distant ridge. I may say once for all of all this country from Manizales to Esperanza, that it is so extraordinary that "there aint' no such country". We were hampered by a blue haze. It prevented us from seeing the most distant heights, but it cast a spell of mystery and we saw in conscience far away. Often there would be five or six ridges overtopping each other in outline in the distance, and always near by vast heights and depths, precipitous slopes, and endless ravines. Sometimes two or three streams would meet in one huge cañon where three gigantic quebrada would come together. Such was the maginificent Cañon de la Arma. Such was, on a smaller scale, the Cañon de la Frisolera. Much of the available land is in pasture, but coffee growing under bananas or plaintains is the mainstay of the

country, and there and there were patvhes of the light yellow green of sugar cane or patches of maize. In the ravines are woods, which in the low places reach a certain tropical importance, but higher up are not at all imposing. Some places,- in fact, a large proportion of the surface, is too steep even for Antioqueños. The surprising thing is that so many patches are under cultivation, in such a country and on such steeps that the farmers may be seen with ten-foot staves balancing themselves on their fields at an agle often exceeding 45°. There are little farmers' shacks far down the ravines and others perched on crests. A man might almost spit down his neighbor's chimney a thousand feet below, and still be unable to visit him short of a hard day's journey. There are many streams, and at all the places we stopped through there we used two blankets and wished for more. At the bottoms of the cañons it is tierra caliente; the woods are tropical orchid plants are on the trees, and bamboos wave. On the heights it is tierra fria, although coffee and maize and bananas make good through here.

We passed quickly through Aranzazu, a neat and pleasing twon like the others. Sunday had filled the plaze with the townsfolk and the people from the neighborhood. The streets were teeming with men, very few women being in evidence. They were a bright-eyed, energetic looking lot, little affected either by the ignoble African nor the inscrutable Indian strains. Here we first noticed the fact that all the Antioquian towns have well kept cemeteries, with solid, tiled roofed walls, and well built chapels. Over the gates there is usually a Latin legend of the nature of a promise or a threat. In one case the effect wag augmented by a huge deisng of skull and crossbones. Through here, chiefly in valleys, where I suppose the water power was used, we came across warehouses for coffee. They were two stories, with sunken verandah, the

After many ups and downs we stopped at a pleasant posada kept by an Italian looking Colombian woman who gave us an excellent lunch, topped off with delicious preserved figs. Here I met and chatted with a Mr/ Duque and a younger man on their way to Manizales. These two were the most well bred, gentlemanly appearing Colombians I have so far met. With them, as with other people of all classes, it is interesting to note their curiosity about our nationality, and the involuntary lull that always occurs after we announce that we are Americans.

Wending our way up and down and along, we finally turned a corner and suddenly saw ahead, on a high ridge, the white town of Salamina with its church spires. As we climbed the hills to it, down on our left was an ideal looking Colombian farm, with its comfortable house near the edge of the precipice, its trees, bananas, coffee, sugar, and its cows and calves in neighborly relation to the family verandah. Climbing up, we reached the plaza and our hotel (Hotel Alvarez), while the church bells rang and the sunset threw new colors over the marvelous panorama on all sides.

We walked through the town and were a joy to a throng of small boys. There was the usual sprinkling of shoe wearing people, and there were some brightly clad señoritas out by the cemetery, one of them smoking a cigar. The edges of the town are so steep that a careless person might fall hundreds of feet in the ravines on all sides. We had a fine room overlooking the plaza inn the Hotel Alvarez, and I talked a long while with the landlord, who had been an Antioquian separatista a dozen years ago, but is reconciled now that Antioquia has had a President in Restrepo, and is being recognized at present in the Cabinet and the Government. Foremerly, the feeling had been that it was taxed too much and given too small a share by the Bogotaños. He said the situation was dreadful because nobody would buy coffee

from the farmers on account of the war. There had been a fire destroying one side of the plaza and starting in a candle factory. This, like other Antioquian industries, recalls New England. Here are people lacking most natural resources importing the materials, and are having an industrial development due wholly to their own energy. Walking through these towns, one sees everyone busy and therefore contented, and notes that these people deal with life by finding contentment in acitivity instead of by finding discontent in an otium cum dignitati mooning common to most Latin-Americans. Their bright faces, manly, self-respecting bearing, and alertness and cheerfulness indicate the merits of the respective systems.

On Monday, September the 28th, we were up at 4.30 A.M., and left Salamina at 5.30., for a long climb down and up through the Cañon de la Frisolera, after which we were overcharged for a bad lunch at a wayside inn, and climbed on up, to reach Aguadas, a lofty white town rather larger than the others, at 4.15 P.M. Owing to market day, the hotels were crowded and failing to get a room at the Sucre, we evaded an effort to charge us all the traffic would bear for a lodging nearby, and went to the Hotel Central, where we got a room with no chairs, and through which the occupants of the next room had to pass.

At dinner I talked with an odd type named Federico Fernandez. I think he was a Spaniard and a mining prospector. He had spent ten years roaming South and Central America. In his room afterwards, with his two friends, he showed us a very remarkable collection of coins. He carries these, weighing nine pounds, in his belt, along with his 38 Colt.

Tuesday, September 29, we were awake at 3.50 A.M. and in the saddle at 5.08 o'clock. Riding out of the town, asleep save for one small boy drawing water sleepily, one had a charming impression of the winding street, looking unreal and romantic

under the mysterious light of a sky of dark blue, behind clouds tinged with the reddish gold of the sun rising behind the mountains, out of whose pearl blue gray the brown tinges were just emerging. First, the road wound around and down through a little ravine where we saw the intake for electric power, and then we came out suddenly with a marvelous panorama before us of the vast, yamning Cañon de la Arma, in the impressive depths of which two small streams met the river of that name to flow on to join the Cauca, which has lost its valley and is flowing beyond two or three ridges to the West at the bottom of a steep quebrada. After taking a photograph from the site of the powerhouse, we started on foot to the road to begin the descent. I went on ahead, and not noticing the turn to the left, wasted half an hour on the road to Honda, and for my pains had to come back and tear down the right road, very hard work, and finally fire a shot to attract the attention of Aparicio. Mr. Goedeke walked to the bottom. The road followed out a long hog's back, running toward the line of the cañon, and then by zigzags and windings and long detours finally brought us to the bottom at 8.30 A.M.

Here it was tierra caliente, and the people looked yellower in the posada, where a tall, gaunt Colombian gave us a lunch prepared by a couple of mulatto women, enciente as usual, and whose numerous little brats showed in their faces what would be in the next generation the type of our host, himself still reminiscent of Spain. I wonder whether these men take these women because they like them, or because no other sort will follow them to such places. Perhaps this is the reason, with the added consideration that they are after all a slovenly lot who have lost their self-respect and are lazy, and want women, however dirty, who will work hard, cost nothing, and satisfy their wants. Not in this man, but in many of the types I saw here, I fancy I find in their eyes a sort of unconscious expression of some reminiscent

questioning, some impulse to feel that their present situation is anomalous -- such an expression as you might expect to find in the face of a youth if you took a gentleman's son and brought him up with the swine. Yet we see peons and shopkeepers often blue eyed and who might be Anglo-Saxons, like the old man and his sons whom we saw today thrashing barley with long poles. That was the only grain except maize of which I have seen evidence on this trip.

The ride up took us until 2.45 P.M., when we reached La Esperanza, a finca and rosada at the top of the tierra fria. It was frightfully hot. The road was unbelievably steep and rocky in its zigzags, and where it skirted the mountain side it seemed to form a sort of trough for hot air under the pelting of the tropical sun so near the equinox. When we did reach La Esperanza and, wonderful to relate, we found it a comfortable, rambling house, with a roofless sort of closet bath, with plenty of running water, back in the garden, where Mr. Goedeke and I scrubbed ourselves until our dinner was cold and the moon was up. There was actually an excusado, a thing not too common in these parts. The host, ruddy and gray bearded and keen featured, might have been a New England farmer and everything was very neat and decent. The rolling pasture land on this little plateau under the moonlight might have been New England, and one quite forgot that a few hundred yards away there came in sight the terrible chasms and quebradas that appal the eye and make it so remarkable that people are living, having their being, and above all, even moving in such a country.

La Ceja, Colombia, Sept. 30, '91

This morning, Wednesday, September 30, we were not called until 5 and got off at 6 o'clock. Aparicio had assured us that we were to cross a country todo llano and we had only a little over seven leagues to make. Llano meant that we stayed in the tierra fria, and that there were few places where the animals were compelled by the steepness almost to mark time. There were,

indeed , occasional 100 yard stretches of approximate level, and considerable stretched where one could make time by the uncomfortable process of trotting down hill. The whole country from La Esperanza to La Ceja is on a small scale, and comparatively very smiling, undulating and gemütlich. The pastures have ordinary grass, pasto comun, and in their green lumpiness and damp sedges have that delicious comfortable look of pastures at home. This is really tierra fria, and on the high places there were bushes and ferns rather than any decent trees. To be sure, in this level country we went down and up two canons, which brought us to fairly tropical forest and over roads and among mountains that would be considered the one most severe and the other rather important at home. There was a space of unoccupied pasture without evidence of anything to eat, but when we reached Del Buey, where we had a frugal lunch, maize fields became more and more numerous. Finally we passed a large ridge and suddenyl saw before us, actually, a small plain backed by a ridge of hills, and with a fine high hill below, and in it the town of La Ceja, white and spired as usual. We rode into it between corn fields, with maize growing quite fourteen feet high, I should think. Here for the first time were neatly tiled top walls bounding the road. The town is like the others and we were glad to get down at this dingy hotel after ten hours in the saddle.

Before dinner I strolled out into the plaza. The church bell had rung and some nuns and other devout people were within. All around were commercial houses, but as usual the church dominated. Coming back I passed a bespectacled cura talking to a group, the main part of which was two fine-looking bearded men with European faces, fine looks, and a certain knowing expression more like that of thexXxxxx enlightened north than like that of the intriguing south.

Finca "El Verjel", Colombia, October 1.1914

Half an hour after leaving La Esperanza we came to Abejorral, which first loomed up along the crest of a low lying hill, showing a low silhouette of white amd adobe color and three spires of dark brown, which at a distance took on a Moorish form. Indeed, the whole place, lying among these bright green hills against the sky, had a very story book look. When we got there the towers were tawdry, the village shabby and uninteresting, and the charm was gone. We were, however, impressed by a good looking school building with a pretty flower garden, which we passed as the shoe wearing teacher unlocked the gate and many little boys were coming. to school.

While I was dictating last night, the next room was suddenly noisily occupied. The partition did not go to the ceiling. From the boisterous talk we thought it was two rowdies and two girls of the town. This morning, when we came down to coffee at 5.30 o'clock, we saw two rather dainty looking young girls dressed in white for riding, with white ponchos, and two young men, rather well dressed and getting their animals ready for the road. One would have said that the voices of these young women had the typical sycophantic cackle peculiar to a feminene profession the world over. That they could look so nice and make such a noise gives one misgivings as to their natural character when divested of the cloak of ceremony and restraint which is their manner.

I forgot to mention that in the Cauca Valley the negroes spoke Spanish with a certain singsong and with an unnatural distinctness, which recalled the fashion of speech of the Jamaican negroes. This tone, it seemed to me, had been caught somewhat by the whole speech of the valley.

We saw German signs over shops, or heard that there was one German. in the towns of Buga. Neira. Aguadas and Pereira.

Salamina, two days journey from Manizales at 20 to 40 cents per pint. Why should not American beer come in here? The amazing part is that there should be a market among people apparently so poor.

In the valley the Buenos Dias of the passerby was more that effective than later on, although less so there than in any of the other countries we have visited. As we came among the Antioqueños a bare nod of the head without change of expression, or a perfunctory touching of the hat was much more common than the phrase, and the more well-to-do people were rather the most likely to pass one without a sign. At all the places we stopped, however, the manners of the people were pretty good. Indeed, our finer and more educated fellow countrymen might learn a lot as to the graces of human intercourse from even the simplest and the most ignorant of these people.

A short note as to the cost of the trip and the ordinary incidentals:

Cost of mules (four) Manizales to Medellin $56.00
Peons cost 80 cents to $1.00 a day, ~~including~~ with meals and lodging extra
The food for the four animals averaged 40 cents a day
Rates of hotels averaged $1.50 a night for lodging and food and including food for animals
Beer cost about 10 cents for native beer and 30 cents average for imported beer, half bottles
Kola averaged 12 cents a bottle for native brand
Almuerzos or lunches cost from 50 cents to 75 cents each
Apollinaris in Medellin for half pints cost 50 cents
Vichy celestins cost $1.20 a bottle
Hotel cost $3.75 a day, including meals
Cognac cost $3.20 a quart bottle

I continued to be struck by the number of blue eyes and the faces of northern European appearance. Where we stopped this morning for a glass of kola we were attended by a handome, brown eyed boy in a smock frock who might well have been an Englishman.

When we sighted the valley of La Ceja it was the first level spot more than a couple of hundred feet square that we had

seen since about Cartago. This morning we have crossed gentle ridges and followed little wooded valleys with homely sedgy pasture and streams. It reminded me of New England between Norwich and Newport. There were few people, few cattle and little cultivation. As we came out of La Ceja we met a couple of dozen women and girls carrying firewood upon their backs and saw at once that they were Indians of pretty pure type. Their features and expressions distinctly recalled the roundish, boyish looks of the Chunchos rather than the sharp cut features of the sierra Indians. Just now we met very many oxen dragging small trees and logs to a couple of little establishments, which I learn are salt factories. We passed two very pretty waterfalls in the little stream we were following. The soil, as usual, is yellow or reddish clay overlaid with a few inches of black loam, and in places where we make our steepest ascents, rocky, making a road bad beyond belief.

Aguadas, I think I said, manufactures hats.

The seasons in the Cauca Valley are: wet, October to December; dry, January to March; wet, April to June; dry, July to September. Ordinarily there is an occasional night shower even in the dry season, but this year there have been three months without a single drop.