Central America, Oct. 8, 1902.

Frederick Starr
The University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

If lost or found, with pride,
please return to above address.
coming to call on him. There used to be many fine places here, and one of the best was theirs; we passed its ruins. They lived for a time in a shack just by the ruins but were now in a rather neat frame house, bought ready-cut from New Orleans. It was rather a nice walk back, following the railroad track. We were at the house at about 7. Mrs. S. had urged my coming back for tea and I took supper with them. She was an eastern girl, a cousin of Fred Drake.

It seems it was a case of love at first sight, so far as he was concerned. He was Sophomore and went claiming as a companion; they met two girls to whom his predecessor had introduced them. On his return he told his roommate that he had met the future wife. He is an Ohioan. He was given a Consular appointment in Cuba, which he did not take but went to Cuba and fought under Maceo; when the revolution failed, he returned to the States. Always acquainted with McKinley he was now appointed by him Consul at Bombay; there eight years. Appointed Consul to Middles, he did not go there; was then given Bremen, and was in Germany until during the war. He was a lawyer by training and preparation, but Mr. Warren, Ohio, as a model municipality, as Mayor for two terms; then and later was interested in Board of Health, etc., matters. In India he found considerable interest and seems to have been quite impressed by the Brahman Phills whom he found a good deal like our own Hindu. I hurried away rather to keep my appointment at 8:10 we were slow, however, about getting away. The three servants were given the new as well as ourselves. The house was crowded. The films were Hermano contra Hermana, a study in conversation; it was a fox production, and taxed melodrama. The audience really taking it all in, went outside and kept asking to be told what was to happen.
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of course was as interesting as the theatre. Consul Amity was nice. It seems he married a Costa Rican. The gallery was responsive, none as delays — good naturally, while director-heathers during episodes, and always coming at ten and on the right side at all the melodramatic cries. The gallery here has both conscience and heart. It was 11.15 when the show ended and 12.30 when I reached home after more than twelve hours absence. Missed a call privilege 25th. I worked steadily, catching up with my notebook and counting, once all the morning. After lunch I was at Dr. Stein's at 2.30 as appointed, to get my health document. I had been occupied all the morning however, with the Residente and the Minister de Gobernación. Plans to get this from M. Clark, and was going right to the station anyway to send off various telegrams. He suggested that I go with him but I had a prescription to be filled and it was on my list to go to the Minerva Temple. So I left him to arrange matters and leave my document at the hotel. It was a really long walk out to Minerva. I took the avenue that passed directly before the Cathedral, apparently two blocks from and paralleling my former walk. It was very hot and dusty. The pulling down of walls and the shoveling of waste and coal makes an air absolutely full of dust and dirt. I felt once or twice that I must be on the wrong trail however as last I saw it — not really on or at the end of the street that I had come but at the very end of the Avenida del Hipódromo. The other day I did better than I knew and worse; I was actually on my way to Minerva when I stopped with the Parque España, Cabrera and the University. The Avenida del Hipódromo begins at the far end of the Park and runs straight — not parallel, however, to the numbered avenues, to the Temple, which is really in Bellavista. On the way that I came out today I came upon an entire district that is rebuilding in wood, and which seems to be a foreign settlement, but I believe they are the houses of well-to-do Guatemalans, built in a material which they believe will help against the prevailing climate.
Petela: Alberto. En defensa del Sr. General D. José Mª
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Mexico. 1901. 8o. (30)

1896. 16o.

Díazquez Olaverri: Juan. Poemas. Guatemala. 1893. 16o.
70.-

Silva; Felipe. Teoría Universal. Guatemala. 1887. 16o.

Martí: José. Guatemala, Guatemala. 1913. 16o.

Gonzalez; San. Nuevo compendio de Geografía
de la América Central. Guatemala. (2do) 16o.
25.-

Soravia; Miguel. Compendio de la Historia
de Centro América. Guatemala. 1915. 16o.
30.-
shocks, perhaps they are right but I hate to see the fine old patio-style, plastered, whitewashed houses give way. Nor am I sure those will be better. Among them was a Villa Emilia. The neighborhood of the Minerva Temple is vast, no repairs or reconstructions yet there. The two grandstands for witnessing the races were shattered by the quake and still hang in tatters. The temple itself has not suffered so very much but needs some repairs. It is really an impressive and interesting building. En el prologo aparece en relieve la diosa Minerva, la madre de Atalanta, la creadora de pueblos grandes y hombres sabios; el lema latino Labor omnia vincit resalta en relieve dorado para que impresione bien el corazón de las gentes que para todos sea un axioma invariable el poder del trabajo.

Ten steps - 7 and 3 - lead up from all sides to the flooring; the ceiling is divided into simply ornamented square panels; twenty columns support the roof; the decoration in front is simple and clear, an allegorical grouping with Minerva conspicuous; in large lettering.

Inside, along the border, under the ceiling, corresponding to the 28 pillars are twenty medallions; the 16 along the sides, four on each side are alike in size and are dedicated to men whose names have added to the educational advancement of Guatemala. The four on the corners are somewhat smaller and different probably, however, also to national famous: a great medal of different form bears The Portrait of Cabre-Echand 1899, El Pueblo de Guatemala al Quince Fundador de la Sociedad de Minerva.

The relief map is within a railing and a platform promenade it is on a horizontal scale of 1: and vertical of 1:2000. It represents a very considerable amount of work but is detailed for beyond any actual cartographic knowledge of the country; the thing that most impressed me was the very large amount of really very low-lying country - far more than I had realized; a notable feature is the way in which the windings of the railways
Proano, Federico. En Centro América, París, 1912. 25.

16°

Marroquín, Alejandro. "Buscador histórico de las Rel. soluciones de Centro América," Guatemala, 1877-88. (70)

Salazar, Ramón. Guatemala, 1897, Tomo I. (100)

16° Historia del Desarrollo Intelectual de Guatemala.

Arendal Martínez, Rafael. Una Vida, Guatemala. (5)

1914, 8vo. 16°

Erazo, Salvador. Carmelo Salvadorino, Barcelona. 16°, m.d. 16°

30.

Dario, Rubén. Los Raros, Barcelona, 1905, 16°

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La Caravana, para Madrid, 16°

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Azul, Barcelona, 16°

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La Vida de Rubén Dario, Barcelona, 16°, 3 vols.

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Mendoza, Juan M. Semblanzas y Artículos, Guatemala, 1902, 16°

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Masferrer, Alberto. Páginas, San Salvador, 1893, 16°

Tecena, Mariano. La Revolución de 1871 y sus Ca-
dillos, Guatemala, 1898, 16° (15).

Troyo, Rafael Ángel. Orto, San José de CR, 1903, 10.

Luís Blanco, Teodoro. Artículos escogidos, San

José de Costa Rica, 1904, 16° (12).

Luján, Agustín. En malas: poemas, San José, de Costa Rica, 1908, 16° (6)
come clearly to mind is such a map; cascades and gullies were sharply indicated; apparently there are monuments at various international boundary points and these are indicated in minuscules (large, crowded out of all proportion). The map has been somewhat damaged and will need some repair. Clegg had gotten it with some enthusiasm and urged me when I should visit it to have the old man in charge "tear me the water," giving him $5. No one was around so I had to forget this pleasure but I presume it would add to the effect. Most of the labelling was gone and I regretted not having an ordinary map with me to get my bearings a little better. The author of this map is T. Vela. Of course, from the Casa I first knew of the Temple and the map, I have felt sure they were due to Chautauqua Hall in the Grove and Mapa de Palestina. But how did M. E. C. get hold of them? There is surely a link here somewhere. In this visit I was alone; no one else was in the enclosure or hipodrome; when I came out I walked up through the Avenida. It was a depressing scene. It is a splendid wide drive; through it ran a Decadence By new nothing; there were promenades on both sides with couch bench seats, and outside of these single driveways, and then what must have been some of the fine places of the city, all were in ruin and no effort making to restore. Promenades, seats, driveways, all broken and torn and ruined. Here I found again a Villa Emilia, probably the home of the same person as now lives in wood on the avenue down which I came. The only reconstruction I remember along this once gay and brilliant thoroughfare was a wooden temporary shack with coat of arms, legation de Mexico. I stopped at several of the bench seats when in the one nearest the hipodrome, I noticed a lettered, totoing negro, wearing a chin, apparently a stranger, with pockets revolved and hand ring, who was plainly looking for the Minerva Temple. He had not courage, however, to undo the gate at a moment.
Roche; James Jeffrey. *Historia de los Fílribisteros.*
Versión Cast. por C. Peralta, San José; 1908-16º (30)
go in as I had done this look merely a distant view, and then walked back toward town. I dined a little in the Park, which is officially Parque Espana Cabrera (1903). The statue at the main entrance was to Francisco Morazan; the pedestal has been somewhat damaged and at present the statue is entirely missing. The walk back was hot and dusty. I stopped at bookstores and got several books, of the magazines and received my medicines, and as the station where were several letters. At home found a letter from Dr. Stiles. Mr. Clark has done as he ought and I expect he will not transgress the law in my behalf - it is Dr. Stiles own law. Of course, will I not come in the morning and have him arrange things with the Police? Of course this morning he telegraphed that he will come to Escuintla in the morning 22d to the p.m. to buy 20.9 stamps out to mail my letters. In reality the postage here is very cheap. At 40, which we have not had since I have been in the country (my two exchanges have been @ 3.75 and 3.75) 2.50 stamps costs 3.75 cents and takes a letter any where in the Union; my postcard go out for 60 which works out at 0.15 U.S. and today I bought 4.15 stamps; these are good for a letter in this city, in the republic, or any of the five Central American republics, which means 0.06-0.14 U.S., which is about one fifth what we now pay in the U.S. Letter boxes here are sunk at proper height, into the walls of homes at corners and are flush with the walls - not projecting. They unlock with a key and are marked by a tablet bearing hour of collection, which seems the simultaneous and invariable - or come an impossibility. I found Dr. Stiles at home and with influenza - he said he was going down to Escuintla on the afternoon train and I urged him to wait until morning and to take his train in the God of the day. He gave me a letter addressed to Genl. Yaguez, the life of the urban police, telling him that I have already been here four days (including today). I did not see the officer, but another told me to come again the night before I left for my ticket. We had some discussion as to when - but when I said that I desired to leave on the 25th, he said "ok very well - then on
While this has an amusing element in it, we are now in the line of sense and duty; why should Mr. Clough be expected to break the national laws? I wanted to find the Belgian Legation but met a telegraph carrier at about 18th St. and 7th Ave. and asking my way from him learned that he had just been there with a telegram (which he showed me as evidence) so I did not go out through heat and dust. After my siesta I went to the Legation where I found a single letter from Mr. Kiddle, written Oct. 4th to inform me about the death on Oct. 3rd. From here I walked up through the dusty Seventh Avenue, under the famous bridge which was built by Jose Maria Reina Barrios, and which has neat horizontal, parapet promenades leading to it on both sides of the street which passes under it; there are medallions with the bird and the monogram, over the arches. Before reaching this I passed the Quarteir and at a considerable distance beyond it, in a glorieta is the monument erected in celebration of the railroad. Here we enter the Reforma, here is the Legation of Belgium and next to it that of Honduras - both neat wooden imitation chalets. Albert, the name of the Belgo-American Minister was not there but I sat for some time on the park watching the passers. Even now, in 1898 and 1908, there is some carriage riding and a few smart carriages and automobiles pass by. The drive turns left from Seventh Ave. but very soon turns abruptly right and the true Reforma probably begins there. I walked down to it but did not go out. Here in an enclosure is another railway monument erected by the Army on the completing the Reforma. This is official and unlikely to supplant the old name. I only came around dusk. In the evening, about 8.30, I sat in the Central Plaza. The electric lights around the bandstand were lighted but there was no music. A few people sat on the benches, and a few promenaded.
to show how absolutely it is the centre of gaiety. I walked in at the chief frequented place which I believed would be full any night after nightfall: no one was there.—I made up my notebook to date and wrote to Mrs. Hickay before starting out. I was surprised to meet Mr. Sturtevant this afternoon; we saw influenza for a moment. He welcomed him home. I went to the United Fruit Co., where I was surprised to meet Mr. Leavell, whom I supposed had gone. He goes down to tomorrow, as he proposes to recommend some recognition of that part. Went there to see Mr. Lee as to whether he must visa my passport which he must, and then I must see the Foreign Office and then the Honduran Consul. He visa'd it liberally enough and made no charge; it will be good until November 10 and for all Central America. I then hunted all the Consuls in Mimasico—Nicaragua, Salvador, Honduras. I believe none of them do business at their legations but at the Oficina Internacional. Anyhow I found none of them and got home so hot and tired that I took my dinner at 11, and again after dinner. I went to the Foreign Office at 2.30. There is a regular passport clerk. He told me he would want $2. Having no American money with me, I said—what $2 in national currency? No, 80, he replied. I said—I don't know exchange was 35. A little perplexed he replied I will inquire. Oh no need, I replied; it was not to make an argument; it is a small matter. However he went and on returning announced it at 36, which was really what I got last time at the bank. The $8 was as good in my pocket as in his. He gave me 100 bill, the rubber-stamped the passport, then said, you can get your passport at 5 o'clock. And the charge? Then just then he said—but where is your certificate of vaccination? This was a peso—there was 6. You must
bring in before I can give the passport; you must bring it at 5. The law requires it. Of course I was last by this time but went to the formation hoping to find it. The Nicaraguan helper. He was not there but the Swedish man and I hunted up a blank and filled it out. I have been vaccinated many times always happily - left the typhoid inoculation empty; under stamped the name. Both air and I in doubt as to acceptance.

I now sat in the Plaza waiting my hour. A young man no drier pretension and with a greatly more a large acquaintance, whom I have seen casually twice before - once here and once at El Calvario with another young man came and chatted with me. At 4:45 I was again at the Foreign Office. Asked to sit down a minute, while it was signed. I sat and sat and sat until at 6. The minister came to this office, hastily looked at my documents; vaccination certificate and then I paid for a .25 stamp, which the clerk attached and canceled. Two Guatemalans waited as I did for their passports. I examined it as I walked away and it was not signed then!! However, I believed it would make no difference, but to spend an entire day on a passport seems long time.

Because the Chaillet Albert is not done to the Honduran legation, I decided to ask Moulcaut for a special endorsement with the Minister. I feel as if I needed all the push I can get. To make sure of getting them both at once I waited early. It was a cool walk. I had a shave on the way. Was at the Chaillet at 8:30 and the Minister not yet up. So I went from the Reforma and back at 8:30. So I did walk.
The entire length. It took me more than an hour. It was really a sad sight. There has been little effort anywhere to repair or reconstruct. It was really a fine place. There is a central stretch of green grass with a continuous line of trees; then a wide drive on either side, then another stretch of grass with trees bordering these, then promenades; it continues well developed thus to the culminating mid-scene; beyond that the well defined and pavement promenade disappears and peter out, giving place even as places to another pair of drive ways (a dreamlike track on one side). On the whole the fine buildings and the best villas are on the left as one goes east. Beginning at the War Dept., railroading movement, the Reform Club to the Bryan-Darwin movement and its appendentances. At the left the first building, in reddish stone is probably the Asilo. Next to it comes the low and prom-like Military Hospital. The mid-green street is presently broken by the Granada monument; the shaft is damaged and the decimation and enclosure; a weathervane to guard the statue itself is gone but the memorial in the four sides still remain. Presently we come to what is the mid culminating altar less than half way down. Here I presume was the School, on the left, before it was a great open space, glinting figures of bulls stand at the end of the longago 4 groups of animal figures (one a panther with a lion) the correspondence are so good - then a
him reverenced over a crocodile and two bears fighting; there are four armed disks placed at symmetrical points—and across—facing the school is a Neptune fountain. All, all in ruins. Next—somewhat far out rises a rather simple shaft pedestal, the capping figure or bust gone—Guatemala al Procer del Independence Mexicana Hidalgo Sep 16 de 1910—Sept 10 de 1911. Next comes a more what finer, higher shaft pedestal with a large bust in place. This is the only uninscribed item in the aggregation; there is no inscription or hint as to who is honored but I think it is Benito Juarez. Then after a long space the whole comes to an end at the Barrios monument. Eulogia, dedication, all is wrecked; the pedestal is little injured; the only inscription is Al General Prim; Barrios La Patria. The statue itself is completely gone. Beyond, nothing the Reforma was a rather pretentious building with high ways at the sides, badly ruined—probably the Museum. A band stand is at the left as we stand facing just before the monument, but to the right is a classic enclosure of a green hedge. I might it might contain the tomb—but could not see what it did; elliptical, closely hedged, with half an opening at the further end, there were two high electric lights in it, but I could see no sign of its purpose. There was indeed a shrub or tree near the centre of one side, which might have surrounded or grown over some grave. The trimmings of the hedge were formal; flat-topped, about 4 ft.
Only the arches are nearer to the bells.
high with an arch, containing a bell, then a ball, then a
arch, a ball, etc., etc., full of amber. When I got back to the
Chalez Albert, the sun had risen and was shining hot on
the porch for a few minutes, when he appeared was not Molleau,
but the Chargé d'Affaires E. Van Schendel.
We had a pleasant enough chat. Molleau is at the
Grand Hotel Central; he will be sure to be accessible at 2
as he must go to the Ministry at 4. I decided now to
call on the Redlands Consul, de Jonghe, who had expressed
the hope of seeing me to Mr. Lee. He had gone out of town,
so I dropped in on him himself. He takes a more liberal
view of the Mississippi prima and kept the passport to
be sent around. Deft in men on the deputation had
to wait a bit. The Minister is gone. Thornton was quite
friendly. He noticed my letter from J. Stan Hunt. He
was brought up in Mexico from 1909 perhaps and
knew the Hunts apparently friendly. I got some
names and addresses from him and told him
my present plan. It was now after 12 so I went to
the hotel, ate and rested and at 2:15 found Molleau.
His brother was killed in battle three days ago. He finds
the Chalez too small for his family and will stay at
the hotel, while some addition is made. He will ar-
range for Van Schendel to go with me to the Henderson
minister in the morning to give me a good endorsement.
I provided now around bookstores and the Park for a
copy of Utrantes Galerie and when again at home
went through my cards with shorthanding those authors
who are quoted in it. It rained hard during the
night and the morning was cool with the clear sky. I was
out early and walked out to Chalez Albert arriving at
Names and Addresses.

Benjamin Lafayette Jefferson, Managua, Nicaragua.
Stuart Johnson, San José de Costa Rica.
E. Van Dchenel.
Walter F. Boyle, Puerto Cortes.
John Ewing, Tegucigalpa.
Chas. B. Curtis, " 2d. Secy.
Arnold, San Salvador.
Peter Edmund Pattico, Capt. Schr. Dernier.
J. T. Pirie, Carson, Pirie and Scott, Chicago.

G. B. Miller.
9.30, Van Schendel was ready and we went at once to the Embassad minister, Guillermo Campos, we had a pleasant visit and at 3 o'clock I am to meet him at the oficina internacional to get visa on my passport and some letters to end my the journey. He gave me some advice and information about the journey up. I next went to Mr. Sey's where I got my passport, signed by the Ministry Relations who now signed it! Said goodbye to them—Mrs. Fee and went up to de Fanghi, but he is not yet back from out of town, went to Dr. Stein; he is still away but I said goodbye to Mrs. Erin and left greetings for him. Next, back to the bank and postal purchases. It was now after twelve and I went to the hotel and ate and slept. Though cloudy, it has been very hot. At 3pm, I was at the oficina. Though he was not, but he was not very late. Gave the miss, charging no fee and letters to the Comandante de Puerto Cortes and the Political Governor at San Pedro. We gave me a recommendation, next to the police office where I stood with the vulgar crowd but received prompt attention—giving me as soon as there already in were despatched. And my precious letters ran as follows:

Dirección General
de la
Policía Urbana

Guatemala 25 de Octubre de 1918

Amos,

Guatemala, Qu.

Señor Agente del Ferrocarril del Norte:

Prenta,

Sirvase usted conceder paso a don Frederick Starr para la estación de Quiriquinto, zona del Norte, evitando de no estar comprendida en el Acuerdo de 8 de Junio de 1918 doy de usted muy atento sirvient. R. Yaquez.
Tentative Program:

- Livingstone - Volapaz: 29, Tue. — Nov. 1.
- Leave: —
- Leave Honduras: 15 —
- In Salvador (6 days): 21 —
- Arrive Managua: 22 —
- Costa Rica: Dec. 2 —
- Leave: —

(13)
The part understood of course is typewritten in. This is ridiculous. I might just as well have left Tuesday on this claim. However, I have it and hope no question will arise beyond Quintana, James a ver. I now went to the Legation to leave directions about my mail with Thurston. Got there just as a meeting of ministers and consuls took place. Saw Aristotele a moment and said goodbye to Thurston. It now began to rain and I took shelter with many others under the new gayed corridor the victor taking machine agents. It happened to be just opposite one of the few buildings pictureque antiquity - a Talabantine Americana, kept by Victor H. Angel. It is a wee place, wedged in between two old pillars; the upper part is a good part and in it a pretty niche with Virgin. It is entirely unspoiled, the floor is painted bright yellow and the announcement are quite up to date even to English. Western, he makes fine saddles and describes in a book I bought inside and here too there is a fine piece of old work - a decorative frieze or border at the rear ceiling. When the rain stopped I walked back up 5th Ave. and so through to 18th St. to take down the Chinese names:

Julio Yong Cia.       La Estrella
Chang Los Chang & Cia.      Wing On Son Cia.
Manuel Leong Hnos.      J. Chang Kee y Cia.
Wing On Tai Ltd.          Jop Len y Cia.
Louis Yuen Chang & Cia.    Leon Tai
Fernando Chang C.        

After dinner I packed and made ready for leaving.

Did not sleep very well. Was uneasy over my baggage and the train through mistakes. I received word that was necessary through everything was by 4 o'clock on this train - and I decided...
This one train which leaves at 7, so I rushed off without my breakfast, when I had plenty of time, no trouble, of course, about my baggage—the pass covered all which I did not expect. We must have left about 8 or 9. I wish I had made a detail of what is left of old Guatemala. One of my prides is the old monastery of ; the church itself, standing on the hills, ground and facing on avenue went, but the monastery, gaining in height as it went back to avenue largely remains; it is like a fortress or prison; its thick walls are pierced by round windows at regular distances, which are smaller on the inside and are grated with heavy iron; at the rear corner there is a standing carved-stone bearded figure; the whole is a rather dark pink or red color and the building seems to have suffered little. I hope it will remain. As we went but we saw several fountains, and these must once have been a very characteristic feature of the city. And these fountains mean the water jet, the basin, the stand from which the water jet, or all these at once? And must it be used for washing clothes, or is it simply a water source, or is it a drinking place for animals?—The morning glories were splendid. Great masses and tangles of them; sky blue and large and beautifully open. I am not sure whether the masses of smaller, pink, flowers which were less common and conspicious, but one or two spaces of which were lovely, are real convolvulus. No question, however, of the purple red-blue species which became the common one an hour later. It is not so striking as the blue but fine.

We soon crossed the famous high bridge "lances of Guatemala." It is only just outside the city and the bridge has no side or upper construction. It gives me a feeling of insecurity. I don't know why. We
is the actual object of that construction anyway? Does it add fineness by weight above? It surely cannot be to protect by catching all wind. This one is plain, not a great green gorge of great beauty. Is a city built on a city or mounded or in Japan it would present enormous park, picnic, and promenade possibilities — the most conspicuous and continuous present floral beauty are the shrubs and small trees covered with a blanket of golden yellow; the individual flowers are quite large and grouped close into clusters. Are they papilionaceae or are they more open? Would that they are the development of the rather ugly green-yellow cloudings that we noticed coming up. Further on white masses become the rule. These were largely shrubs or bushes suggestive of elder. But there were also conifers and other varieties. And through the region of whiteness we had occasionally sprays of pink — here and there due to a single species — cinnabar-like and covering them — three Germans, probably plants from the Washington region were on the train. They were constant watchers of the landscape and the as it was old to them nothing escaped them and one interesting feature which I should have missed they caught. On a slope, rocky and rather desert vegetated, was a little spot where vapors and gases escaped. Whether it is a permanent fumarole, or one just broken loose, I know not. There are stretches, especially midway where the country is just like hot desert regions of Southern Mexico — like Tucubles for instance. There are the mesquite-like, pitayas, rarely solitary, occasionally maguary and the bare burnt-red between and the blaze and the drabness. I was reminded of
my first driving ride through the Southern Cotton belt and of Forellen. To tell the truth, I drove all day; did not see and enjoy as much as I should. It was partly my lack of sleep, partly empty stomach, largely the heat of the thing. I am sure real Guatemalan life is far only from Progress to Los Angeles. Most of the places between are worth while at all. Los Angeles is not so than I before thought being strongly affected by negro and other riff-raff from the prairies. We got out dinner at Yucapa. And here I had not realized a funny adjustment. I have not liked the crowd of wild kids that boarded the car here trying to carry passengers' baggage. I was afraid of them and uneasy for my property. But today and coming up, I got back before the other passengers and found the car full of them; they had taken possession of nearly the seats, and one would have thought them passengers! Cheeky little whelps, I thought. But there was method. One of the Germans came back; the kid in his seat gave way, received a peso and went; all of them in fact were little watch-dogs watching bones against each other and receiving pay for service. It is the system and not a bad one. One little nigger - the only one - had one of the Germans and as a side issue gave attention to the young fellow in the seat behind him. The German gave him his peso; the young fellow gave him 3 pesos, so he went away rich. Attention seemed to be given to what one kid would receive from an American. He was the last passenger to get back and the train was in the point of leaving; still several little uncivilized kids to see what his watche got. When it was shelled out of the roll, one little rascal near me shook his head and sighed — "cuatro pesos." The system is
convenient, but bad. No one ought to give more than 1$. That is reasonable and sensible. But the business is bad. It is bad for a boy to receive easy pay for small personal service. There is the temptation to never go to work but to always remain juvenile in attitude toward uncertain gratuities. And the gambling element in the eternal possibility that someone may give $5 is intensely undesirable. I have wondered often talk about the American who when I first came to Madrid occupied the room next to me. He was a rather nice-looking fellow, who kept himself looking pretty well. He drank sometimes. He said he was from Chicago; was neat in business; drank pretty well. I supposed he had Africa somewhere and after two or three deeps wondered why he did not go back to it to keep it from going to the dogs. He slept rather badly - at least he often groaned in his sleep and sometimes talked. One might be said with some feeling "a hija" - which gave room for a lot of questions. One day in evident delight, but to my surprise, having believed him an independent rancher, he told me "Well, he got my job at last." "Yes-what is it?" "With the 12th C. at Aranjuez. It seemed that he was with them before and that he knows the May Farm well. He got into trouble and had a fight. Both were discharged. Now they had consented to take him back. "When a man leaves them they will never take him again, but if they discharge one he has some chance." He might go down tomorrow or next day. That was when I was draining and expecting to go down myself any day. When finally, I went to Estelma, I supposed he had gone down, and when I made my second trip, I practically forgot his case. To my surprise he was still at Madrid on my return. He was waiting daily for the letter from the Company; he had had influence and was run down; he was simply
Discouraged and hope deferred was making his heart sick. I believed too that he was running low on money and feared he would ask aid; feared - because I have nothing to spare. In two days he disappeared and his room was empty. I believed he was gone. Three days later I saw him on part of the next joint looking bad every way. I suspect San Antonio had thrown him out. Poor fellows - he had been so happy in the certainty that he was taken back - all amateurs interest me. The name must be old and is there a reason for amateurs and the American missions being near together? I believe the coincidence significant. As I said the impression this time was less severe, tan. There are a lot of muggers there and my coolness idle and worthless - overreached American culture and it was blazing hot. My trunk was checked to Barrier, my suitcase I left at the station. my two canes were in a paper. I walked up to the hotel. It is situated on a splendid knoll overlooking the valley with bananas and bounded behind a double ridge of blue mountains. A sick railroad man, discouraged, had come down on the train for treatment. I gave way to him of course. Dr. McNeil was polite. He regretted that he could not take me in at the hospital but could not and would not; they are full with influenza and I must run no chances. Among the patients are some to whom he is giving his family quarters. He arranged for me to be at the hotel. He sent the machine and a boy who knows the road with me as 8 in the morning; when he found I had no breakfast he will lend me a pair for they are necessary. I think he invited me to lunch. Think that ridiculous I really do not know. The hotel is in the same
The knoll is grassy, swelled, and the walls are bounded on both sides withcolours and other palisade shrubs; there are palm trees inpots. The whole place is well-kept; there is an engine house here and several mills, sawing mill, etc., also apparently a little branch of harking, probably running to some of the plantations. The hotel is in charge of Jamaican negroes, whom I can hardly understand. I got a good warm ground floor, air through washwater, toilets, and shower bath arrangement. The place is not general; all must come from the city. There are mosquitoes on the porch and midges everywhere—especially around the brilliant electric lights. So, and because tired, I went to bed at 7. The morning freshness is a good return or compensation for the heat of the day.

The boy was across at quarter before eight. He was a true Indian. The machine proved to be a gas car; there was an Indian boy to run it. We went zigzagging down the tracks to the main farm. Ten minutes or so were enough. A few minutes walk through the past brought us to a clearing, nearly rectangular and quite west and east on which are the monuments. The diagram is only approximate and subject to error. I was greatly astonished at what I found. The three statues in line are about twice the height of my guide. So from 10 or upward. All three have elaborate carved figures on foot and near and a double column of hands and large glyphs at the sides. The condition of preservation is better than anticipated. There are figures on both faces, and all are different in details. On(c), above the inscriptions on the right side, are six tablets with elaborate designs, figures, and glyphs that require real study. Before (a) and (c), I think not very clear, lined, are turtle or bird-shaped altars. There bear considerable amounts of carving both small figures and glyphs at some distance before they were two parties.
nearly long and narrow and square columns with four
pyramids and side inscriptions; one of these is fallen, the
other still stands. Still further east are two more
steleae; the one on the S. has fallen the other still stands
and is the one that occurs on the favorite postcard. I
cannot at all place altar C. I forget its location. Two
other altars are crudely located on my plan. The small
is quite indistinct and worn — though cleaning might
help. The other is the large and fine one that Hewett pro-
duced complete. The thing that most startled me is that
the figures on steleae A. B. C. all have the Egyptian beard; I
had never noticed this before. P. Q. are not bearded. My
memory fails regarding D. E. All these steleae are placed
so that they face directly toward the morn 
and the two altars I and 2 are over from their en-
response steleae. Near 4 was a relatively small
square stone. My guide said there has been more but
it has been carried away. We went out now into the
forest, near 4 and followed a trail to a building in
trunks. It lies E. anyway, perhaps 0. from the
original rectangle. The walls were of well trimmed
stone and were set with plaster; the corners were sharp
and square: I judge that originally the surfaces had
been covered over with plaster. It seemed to be a small
temple — double (or triple) in which each element seemed
15 to be a small room backed by a recess alcove, with floor,
raised by two platforms. Also with a small chamber in
the thick walls on either side. The doubling of the structure
is evident. I am not sure at all as to a third; some
stones suggested a third but they may have come from
the broken corner. Some of the stones lying around were
fitted with tenon joints and bore decorative cuttin
The front of the necessity by a high step to a narrow (about 12") ledge, where a second step, about a foot gives us the level floor of the room; the front of this platform, in both cells, bears glyphs; all diagonals are very crude and only approximate. I looked at the materials of the stela with some care after McKinley's hint. I believe they are real stone — a very reddish material with mellowed pebbles and coarse sand; I do not think them an artificial concrete. By the way — both stelae and altar stones have signs that they were once covered with red paint. We were back from our trip — pretty dirty — by 11 o'clock. I believed the Dr. invited me to lunch and that I accepted his invitation. Having I was in doubt as I left the hospital and the doubt remained with me. However I cleaned up as well as I could at lunch time and then did not go. I went up at about 4 o'clock to thank him and repeat the trip. He was then very busy, and I not come to supper at 6 — was the message brought by the boy. When I got back to the hotel I fell to talking with an engineer of the Trust Co. He was a long-time engineer on Mexican railways and we had a long talk. He has been Engineer on the S.C.A. but his present job is with the Trust Co. proper. He is a great beer-drinker as I knew not only from remarks passed at table (because there had been at the same table with him) but also by his looks. He was drinking beer as I came up and invited me to have one with him. He says it is the only thing one can spend money for here. Board and lodging is always paid by the wages and supplied by the company; if any employee is away from his usual base he simply calculates ever cattle place he is nearest which rates so make the change directly to the company. His work in Mexico was chiefly in the state of Michoacan, on the National, and like them all he lives back on Mexico as a delightful land. — At 6 o'clock I made my way back to the Dr. His assistant, Dr. Winn, and Mr. Smith from the Trust Co. were the others present. We
had a drink before supper and a nice meal pretty served. He has been here ten years; so has Smith. The latter knew of me from Clegg, who has been here lately. He inquired about Miss Baker, who has been here twice and still visits. Miss Baker always does—everywhere. The Dr. has learned that there is a chance to get away from Barrie tomorrow by a little boat leaving for Cherta Cotter at 3 p.m. It will not wait for the evening train, so the “local” should be on time—which is perhaps nearer, it might get me there. He begged Smith to let him know early in the morning what the probabilities were—as he has got some kids to train there. It will be good to have them out if necessary. We had a pleasant talk together—all four of us and then I went back. I am very happy a night for sleeping and not such a magnificent morning freshness after it. Everyone agrees that 28° today have been exceptional for heat. Fortunately, I felt them more than any down at the west side. I wanted to hear from the Dr. until about 8:15 when I walked down to the station to make inquiry. As the very instant the Dr. was telephoning in my case, the same as the phone (Frank Hamilton asked me if I were the Professor. Yes.” Well, Dr. MacSharry says I am to take you in my car to Barrie and that I must surely get you there by two; he asks if you had ready and wants me to say goodbye.” I said I was ready and would be there 6 minutes in ten minutes. I paid my bill ($2.75) and we left for the car at 8:45. The Dr. had heard his would not surely go through. Hamilton with pride said his was the only car that could be depended upon and is famous therefore. It was an uncovered gas car; he and I sat on a rattan seat at me side rear, I behind; our driver sat on the platform, right front. My bag and bundle, with their things filled
all space. We were off. It would have been very hot standing; we zipped ourselves in car. It was a fine ride of about 40 miles. It takes the down passenger train to make the run. One gets a much fresher experience and appreciates the farms, the natural vegetation and the real features much better from this little car than from the train. I had the train timetable in my hand and watched stations and running time. We had to make way for the up train at a section house a little before Montclair. Hamilton is a hunter and has been. I learned later a professional crackshot. He is an old Mexican railroad man; his connection here is superintendent of construction for the Texas Co. He was in Mr. Robinson and speaks of him as they all do. He never liked Steiner and when Steiner was raised, he quickly found that he was disliked. After a little Steiner discharged him. He went to his store to Dickerson who passed him over to Mr. Mr. Robinson heard his story—made no reply whatever—just went for Steiner; when he came he said, "Mr. Steine, replace Mr. Hamilton in his position and pay him full wages for the time he has not been working." Nothing more was ever said by anyone in the matter. He spoke with much regard for Dr. MacLain, who commands— he says—universal affection and regard, with both natives and foreigners. He spoke of the family, whose horse we passed, Americans where the woman gave birth to seven girls with combined weight of less than 4 pounds; they took them to the hospital and pulled them through without an incubator. Today they are as healthy and well grown as average children of their age. Hamilton is very fond of the family and often stops for a meal with them when he is passing. One time when he came in sight, the man
calls out to the wife—here comes Hamilton: for heaven's sake, put away the whiskey bottle and get out the buttermilk." It was meant as a joke, but the next time he came along, the tears ran in crying out—"Mother, mother, here comes Mr. Hamilton for the buttermilk. Get away the whiskey bottle and get out the buttermilk." He apologizes for telling me such a tiring story but there is so little variety and happening that we talk about everything. He tells me that jaguars are common; also big rattlesnakes, one of which killed by the train was said to be 22 ft. long—usually they are about 15 or 16. He headquarters in Quilcan and says that every house has a horse-snake or more than one; he has not in his own house that often have wished with him; he is entirely impatient with the expectation's impulse to kill a snake on sight which is so common among ourselves and which he does not consider natural; that it is unreasonable; he claims in view of the actual value of snakes in destroying vermin of all kinds. As to the horse-snares of this country they are unquestionably useful and most valuable—snakes, yexas, scorpions, etc., are kept under by them. I was interested in his having a tepécatl as his horse: it was given him by some native. Mr. Miller claims that this is the incident that was taken at the time of the conquest; it is not infrequently kept as horse "as a dog." I wonder not to have seen it before; it—because we often claim that it is extinct since the conquest—a very unlikely thing as nothing has happened to lead to its disappearance, that I can see. Hamilton says it is a marsupial (which is unlikely) and that its general appearance is considerably like a guinea-pig. I judge that the hind legs are rather largely developed as compared with the others, believe the animal is still eaten by natives: whether it is intentionally tall.
Dr. Mould's kindness was shown again by the fact, which we learned enroute, that he had started a second gas car after us so that if anything happened to ours we would still have a means to get through. I had not realized that on a run like this there were regular telegraphed orders at every station just as in a true train, but there we stopped at every station and received orders. We stopped at one station which he said would be our only chance and where we took a sip. However, further down the road he thought "perhaps" we might find something. This was at a littleiesta kept by a Jamaican negro who had also a Jamaican orange wine which we found in with the whiskey. Here I paid— and I paid again when at the hotel where we were ready for dinner. We reached Carias at 12:30 having been three hours and forty-five minutes on the way. The Asst. Supt. (not Koch) was at the station and I met him again from Mexico railroad man at Vera Cruz and local reporter there for Mexican Herald. Not a very agreeable fellow. My trunk was here safely. I arranged for my stuff to go to the customhouse dinner at the Hotel del Norte—malled my letters—to an 2 o'clock was examined and passed at the Custom House. Then to the little landing. Our boat stood out in the harbor at a little distance. Two Americans were also passengers. The captain was a black man from Belize. We went on in a "dory" which was a tiny thin dory. For passengers the Capt., my trunk, our hand luggage, the pens (one), and two paddlers made a load that worried all of my fellow passengers who expected momentary capsize. We were soon aboard. Our schooner (2 master) was a good little mahogany vessel, with cedar cabin, of 38 tons, flying under the British flag, calling Belize home and named "Dormer". The cabin was close, with primitive eyes and no natural beds—only a lummy sleeping and storage place. Our fourth passenger was a hollow-looking fad.
ian who seemed no great friend to anyone but had come from Belize. We at once made preparations and were ready to leave the harbor and in sight of Barren Island when they began to appear. It was well night before we really reached the open sea. The Cabo de Foresfallas in the nature of things would be slowly passed; they were. We had only a little food. I had decided to sleep on the cabin roof and wore all of them - clothes and my American companions planned not to have thoughts of sleeping so, but decided they would wear my undressed and pajamaed. It was not so bad the first two days but the weather had been threatening and some came really was asleep or almost so when the Captain called us on account of rain. We went below and were shifted up. Oh, how hot, close, and dreadful it was. The two Americans had already laid out a sleeping place in the flat_from an air seat, before thinking of sleeping outside; the Italian was ensconced on the other. There was a sun, the inconvenient steamers chair in the middle of which I took possession. It was not meant for me but I used it. It proves what the Captain called "a dirty night." There was a rough sea, contrary wind, rain, thunder-lightning and currents. We did nothing but drift back and forth about aimlessly. When morning came we were less than a third of our 56 miles. Before noon we were almost in a dead calm. In our vicinity British Honduras and its Cockcomb Mountains - while past it - before us, stretching out on a long, long reef, was a line of reefs. They are British politically; all are said to be long to one person of Portuguese descent - perhaps named Calder? One of them was said to have been the rest of the last of the pirates - perhaps the same name? We saw a papenue during the morning, following the boat; our first
Tallied to be a shark, we were surprised that sharks are never found where porpoises are seen; that the latter attack them boldly and successfully. The underlying reef at low tide seems to stretch out under water for beyond them and at its end is indicated by white surf breakers. We had to go around the whole reef before we could strike for Point Corles. And the calm; and the heat; and the boatmen almost none, or apparently drifting against current, impelled by currents—and the blazing sun. Now we came to hate these dreadful keys: now we seemed to draw, simply to live again. To be sure twice when we got into relatively shallow water, we looked down through the light green of wonderful clearness and saw the head genial on the bottom; this was beautiful, it was not only incident; once we saw a turtle, a fine great yellow floating so freely on the surface, stretching out head and neck just once as if to judge us; once in the light green clear water we saw such a lovely school of great fish—perhaps averaging 15-18 inches—length; there were two types—one darker colored and more slender, the other broader bound with a yellow tail and lighter colored. Were they really two species, or might they be sexually different; probably the former though they kept together; graceful movement, beautiful in form and color, there may have been sixty of them and they followed the boat tenaciously, until we got a line ready and baited just before which they dropped behind and we saw them no more—my American companions prove to be Chicagoans both. They are not for Carson Pirie Scott and Smart & Deucalis, via San Pedro Sula, at both of which places they have definite business. They are an old man Gilbert and younger Anderson. They differ.
ges as well. They came down by Ills Central. Their by the name offloors. They have been waiting impatiently to get away. Gilbert is the commonplace conventional; he is young, tall, quiet, polite and obliging, but with more pronounced ideas and much stranger character than the others. Thin, long, dry, tall; a sharp chin and thin lips; almost heartless but worried by any face-lifts; exceedingly sharp chin which with his thin lips gives him a constant appearance of attempting to say something. The contrast between the spotless and natural, generally quite young man and the somewhat reticent disposition of the older one is marked. — We finally got around the hateful reef and kept on toward ourselves heading for Puerto Cortes. Whether we should get in before 6 o'clock became a rather vital question. We seemed to crawl. It was almost to be any good, came a breeze and we saw ourselves really coming nearer. The harbor is good except for wind from the W. N. W. which would force going out to sea. We saw a light and were coming close at some distance out at sea. The town itself came really into sight only as we got inside. We ran up a sea of miles. The light made rather a good appearance and stretches along for some distance. We could see the Palm Hall and the Adlam is at the lower end of town, near it; the Italian hotel was farther up town as in the Comandante House. We lost breeze and did not get way up to the landing. We were not at 5.30 P.M. The Capt. at once took his papers and was called to the landing. His experience was that and better. They would not even look at his papers and as he returned...
he quoted them as saying: "Stay where you are until we will decide what you shall do." This sound
ed to me ominous and doubtful. It was now darkening
and mosquitoes came in hungry clouds. The prospect was
shocking. As we had already eaten, we began to arrange for a
bad night on board. We selected our places—mine on the cabin
roof and wraps ourselves against the venomous attacks of
ticks. The hard choice between suffocation and heat, and
bites, and possible fevers. We were however dispensed when
a steam- vessel put out and came near us: no one
boarded us or attempted trade so. They came up near us as they
passed closer and closer—"take your anchor out of the harbor,
go back to Puerto Barrios, where you came from." Our little
crew was terror-struck and in confusion. We were/user
captain, mate (a new man. his first trip here), one sailor and
the cook. They hesitated—I at once jumped up and shouted,
'If I have a letter to the Commandante, we will not stay
until he has seen me to receive it.' They paid no direct
attention, but repeating "get out of the harbor," they slowly
drew down and apparently to sea. We began to clear for
leaving. What was the matter? Had "relations been broken" between the
two nations? Had the boats gone far arms would she attack?" Our men were desperately frightened. They begged me to wait until I tried to see the Commandante; they were
danger of malaria and arrest, but yielded. I began to yell,
"I have a letter to the Commandante, from the Military Governor
of Guatemala; it is necessary that he be informed and that
I see him; send someone to notify him." They asked why.
I would pay. No, I will pay nothing, but it is necessary
that you send him word." This I cried as repeatedly
with intemperance—"Call the American Consul, Mr.
Boyle; I desire to see him." — "Call the Consul of Britain;
first for Anderson who though he has taken out his
papers is not yet an American subject. We
waited and waited. Once in response to my calling they said someone had gone. Finally from the upper end of the steamer a steamer put out. She came down to us. A man, apparently representing the Commandante, and quite unkind and greatly excited, wanted to know who had a letter from the Minister of Honduras in Guatemala to the Commandante? I told him that I had — is the Commandante here? No, give me the letter. I will give the letter to him; it was given to me for him. Will you take me to him? No, give me the letter. We will wait, if you will not take me to the Commandante, until you go and ask him whether you shall bring me to him. This he refused in the most insolent fashion and summoned the captain (who was there) and told him, if I refused to give the letter to him we must leave the port immediately. So I told the captain, he need wait no longer. They steamed away in a rage; we hauled sail and lifted anchor and were away. The breeze now was not bad, and we made good headway. As we entered the sea we heard the steamer coming rapidly after us. We all thought they wanted to renew negotiations, but made no sign of stopping. After捋ing it quite a time she stopped and went back. Whether she really means to take a shot, I don’t know—perhaps she merely means to see us actually out of their harbor. By this time we had no more mosquitoes; indeed I felt quite sure that even in the harbor they would have become relatively untroublesome — apparently there is an early evening hour when they drift out in swarms and then diminish. We noticed a difference even before we left. This night we all slept on deck; apparently she had made some reputation through my battle; anyway one of the sailors produced a real pillow from somewhere and gave it to me. I was the only one so supplied and realized my blessing. Of course we do not know all the circumstances. Perhaps the fact of a British flag, a Belize
boat and a black captain was something; perhaps they did not know there were passengers; perhaps it was not Honduras, Guatemala feeling; perhaps the captain made a blunder in not carrying letters to the actual landing—(they may have thought he was concealing sickness). Apparently it was fear of influence and an abrupt and arbitrary quarantine imposition. In any event— the refusal to look at the papers, which were entirely regular, the action in regard to a list of passengers, crew, entirely unknown, and their manner in ordering us out of the harbor, and back to the place from which we came, were all mercenary and arbitrary procedures. It seemed as if we never had an sails full clearing the night and again as time it seemed as if we were plunging through the water as a fire speed. On the whole I believed we had made little progress and expected to see the Keys ahead when we had daylight. Delight was great to learn that they were far behind and that the land to our left and ahead was Cabo de las puntas. Hope that we should be in Darwin by 9 a.m. were high. But—again, the calm, the heat, the glare, the less than anail rapidly, we tend absolutely to stand still, or even to drift back; the landscape points was said to be really that of a thousand points. We lay all day, inching along, we began to talk of another night on board of getting in tomorrow night.

The trip usually pretty hard on the steerage and the captain. They had a few freight, which of course they could not unless more, in account of some representation which had been made to him of the demand and price paid in Cuba. The demurrer had bought up some things to sell; now he has to take passengers back without pay and toilets no encounter; then I presume they will have cleaning charges, 2. to pay at Barreces altogether had back.
Our fourth passenger, the Italian, is a brave and capable
and cheerful; he is pretty near the edge; he has the most
astounding appetite; my nickname for him of "the bottom
less pit" struck my companions as most happy. The
crew looked on him with wonder and constantly talked
him over how it was possible for such a tall and cast-ash
quantities without showing effects. I overhear and sus-
pected something. They took him as a Delaware, I think un-
able to pay fare; he claimed friends and business men,
in Puerto Cortes, from which and whom the cast would be
forthcoming; it looks as if he would prove a dead loss to
the crew. He was making much of the days in the bow
or stood looking nowhere; I half expected him to throw
himself into the sea. Our cook seems industrious and
willno and always busy at his duties; but his stuff
is awful; the only thing of any goodness he has turned out
has been a lot of fried cake with a little sweetness which
is not bad. This morning Captain and crew fell to work
and the result was that about 10 a.m. we had a break-
that was good—some real biscuits, a stew of potatos of
longue with some sliced onion, some good beans. As they
prepared this masterpiece, the Captain said, "Oh well in
every one of else is a pretty good cook, except the cook,
which seemed the very truth. Our cook was a tall
Swedish latternmale, with trousers cut as tight, with
face looked in his scullings and negatives almost top
most. Well, at last, with a monopage we reached the
very point and wound it; from here it was a straight
away to Barroso, seven leagues were hailed by us with joy.
But the evening neared and even at our best it looks
darkful. Therefore came now was in and pretty ended.
The pretty, deeply white Holland of Curacao was on
the other side of the dock. It was dark when we dropped
anchored and waited to know our fate. The electric lights flashed as the captain came back and announced that we were free to go ashore with our hand luggage. It was good to be free of the dormer. We found the hotel full after dinner. I took and wrote; one mounted the stairs and exclaimed—"here is the Professor!" Dr. was Mr. Clegg. And Koch is with him. We sat and chatted and the steep Caint backkept brought up beer at Clegg's orders. And van Schendel is here to go out tomorrow; Clegg gave him a special car; he locked his keys in his trunk (which has a spring lock) and Clegg spent two hours in opening it with a battering-ram. They happen to have the one next to mine. It was a joy to get my clothes off and to sleep in a night-gown. Also to get back to work again. At breakfast with Clegg and Koch and Hamilton came in while we were there. Quite a gathering of clairs. And I saw van Schendel at his breakfast and later on said goodbye to him as I was written. Did letters and notebook and some reading. Put in a busy day.

And have decided to go home: I have done pretty well, so far as Guatemala is concerned. But with the delay and difficulties of quarantine and war arrangements—there is no certainty what I can do ahead or when and how I can get out when I must get out. Better not waste the money and time. If I had months ahead and no debts behind I'd put on anyway. As it is I had better...what I can from the week. As I sat at work in the evening the Butcher, First Engineer and Mr. Goldschmidt came up to pay respects! The girl is here without her mother to spend the day with him. She must have come down yesterday and spent two nights at the hotel. They seem as infatuated as ever. He adores the ground on which she walks. Some rains toward evening and a real storm or perhaps just. Repeated and heavy rains during the night and night. The air really cool in the morning. It was still raining...
when we had to go to the train. Miss Goldschmidt was in the car and a nervous little fool of a travelling man, who is only twenty-one, but who will go quick if he don't look out. He smokes, drinks and dances down here and won't last long. He says the other man takes the coast and to the interior; he has tried to give the impression that he is a stager at this local game but I believe it only his second—perhaps his first trip. Thus, he does not yet know the City of Guatemala; at 1 P.M. he bought every type of presente from the Fruit Co.—he claims at 20 each—and examined them every now and then. I tested him on this and he said—"not many tunes before; only one or two!" He is a little scared over his expenses which have already been a thousand dollars and grounded over $1250 to get to Zacapa which will mean $50 by the time he is back in Barrios. He is afraid of fever and afraid of native cures. Nervously he now scratches and jerks almost constantly. Apparently drinks coffee for his nerves. He got off at Zacapa, we were on time up to El Rancho, where we went aside tracked on account of a derailment (an oil car off the track) and waited about two hours. When finally the break train came down, clegg's car was attached. It was transferred to our train. Week had persuaded me to come on board and I did so. We passed the down passenger—which had been kept waiting more than five hours at perhaps the next station. Made a good run from here in—arriving at 8:35. Clegg dressed up and went in for a half hours visit with the young lady; it seems that he furnished her transportation to Barrios and back, Supper at Madrid—a little late and order her still supper and a good sleep. Where it is really cold. The wines must have been general. Some mad on way to Hotel 2 d. While I was at breakfast, Anderson called to see me. He is at the Gran Central of course. Seems to have made some progress and plans to go to New Orleans by the next boat, going down to Barrios on Tuesday. I walked up town with him and after a shave and shirt went to the United Fruit Co. I do think their agent a most disagreeable man, an impression lasting ever
Guatemala, 25 de Octubre de 1918.

Señor General,
con Calixto Marín,
Comandante de

Puerto Cortés.


muy estimado General y amigo:

Después de saludar a usted atentamente, deseando todo bienestar, me tomo la libertad de introducir a su conocimiento al portador de la presente, profesor don Fidencio Stair, que va a nuestra patria en mien de estudios científicos.

El señor Stair es un caballero digno de todo estimación; y reconociéndolo así, me permito rogar a usted que se dé favorecerlo con sus atenciones, proporcionándole las facilidades posibles para el mejor cumplimiento de su objetivo —en la seguridad de que es merecedor de cuanto usted se sirva hacer por él.

Agradezco de antemano por la benevolencia que la merceda esta recomendación, me es muy grato repetirme de usted, con el aprecio de siempre, atento servidor y afetoísimo amigo,

Guillermo Campos

35
from my other experience with him, when I was trying to get information from them about boats to Puerto Cortes. He raised the question of going here—which now seems impractical—but telegraphed to my reservation. No. 12 is sold but he asked for one as near it as possible. I now went up to the Consulate, where I already knew I would come as Anderson told his story yesterday. Mrs. Conner, Assistant Consul, who has been ill and not seen before. Got my visa and after considerable deliberation, was advised not to see the Foreign Office again. Went next to the Legation where I waited some time in the parlor for Thurston; he had a pile of mail for me and had sent one to Managua; said goodbye to him and left the direction about returning my mail to the University. I was now headed for Dr. Stiles but was halted by him from a coach and after a moment's contact jumped m with him and rode to Madrid where he left me. He does not minimize the difficulty in the way of my leaving, but believes he can arrange it. He was about to see Dr. Clark and again prepared to throw the responsibility onto him; I told him quite frankly that I could not see why he should. He said this case was different and he believed Dr. Clark would do with it was to see me after his interview. He did not see Clark but stopped in all the same and we had quite a long talk about the yellow fever, the foundation, etc. He wants me to wait about going down until Tuesday when he goes to Guanique; it is sheer caprice, but I told him I would; he plans again to write to Yaquean—where I shall go on Monday. It is likely that it would be difficult to get any thing done Saturday afternoon or Sunday. After my dinner I was not at bookstores. Got some Sobre's stuff and Parres Salvadorec. Otherwise a quiet time of reading and writing.

3rd. Sunday. So far as work and play are concerned, I am suffering from a sort of paralysis. I have my notes, read some
El Ministro Residente de Honduras en Guatemala.
saludo atentamente al señor Gobernador Político de San Pedro Sula, y tiene el gusto de presentarle al patrón de la presente, profesor don Federico Iturr, que va a Honduras en viaje de investigaciones científicas; y le agradecería que, por tratarse de persona de sus méritos, se digan prestarse al apoyo que le fuere posible.

Guatemala, 25 de Octubre de 1918.

Sr. Gobernador Político de
San Pedro Sula.
and played solitaire. At a suitable hour I went to Montevideo’s book store where he had bought me some dario and a little pile to look over. He did not have J. D. Carpenito’s 3rd Pic, so I wandered down to the house and found it and wrote a letter to send me. So I went with him to the office and saw the Dr. and got the letter which stated that he was called away on business for the afternoon so I should not come.

Today has been a day good and ends of finishing. Drushed my last New York draft, bought and read about Chile, bought stamps here so as to avoid planting my letters over completely as I have been doing at Barreto. Their highest denomination was 12½ and it to be twelve to carry. My first letter I had addressed and it was hard putting a place for them after wards. I put the stamps on first and then wrote on the clear spaces. Had a last visit with Dr. Stites who outlined the situation as he would like it presented to Dr. Rosas of the Foundation. He gave me the letter to the Chief of Police who this time received me in person and gave me the desired “boleto” without question or grumble. The rest of the morning I spent in with Bruno, Tice and Mr. Burton. It seems the demand is from the D. of the C. of Barreto. He requires a statement that persons sailing have registered in a book here and reported at their office seven days. Which of course I have not done. I drew up a “statement” and Mr. Tice wrote Dr. Park Howell a letter to accompany it. Mr. Thomas then adding his endorsement, surely such a triple document should meet all demands. In the afternoon I bought a couple of “quake” photographs with a possible article in view, called on the Honduran Minister and returned his letters; gave him a precise account of the affair. He was much chagrined. It was the quarantine. After he saw me they telegraphed him that it had gone into operation; it is yet low fever they fear and claim it is in Barreto. He telegraphed a remonstrance and that it should be lifted.
as yet has received no answer. He says the Comandante was not at Puerto Cabello when we were there as he had heard that he was on the road from Yaguaimarca to Cortés. He wanted to give me the latest number of Centro América, but I already had it; he had my name put on the mailing list and gave me the Monografía de Centro América, published by the Oficina. He asked me to write something from time to time for the publication. He says after the earthquake Roberto Barrios went to the City of Mérida where he is employed upon some paper. — I took a last walk up to Calvario; there are trees both by the steps or 49 in four groups — 15.11.11.11. There are ten bells. As one passes the city and goes to the right they are:

1) small: triple: plain.
2)

Juan Klee 1879 de nuestra Señora de los Remedios
3) medium; solid; square; letter; poorly done; date probably 1892
alto is looks like 1892 or 1682; inscription in three lines
El santuario
ano 1892
Obra Pedro Figueroa
4) medium in size and thickness; slender curve and standard on body; a mid-line, narrow, around body.
inscription in one line below
A Santyils del Sñ Los Mª Parroquia de los Remedios año de 1853 por costillo
5) medium size and weight; a cross with standard on each side made up of 9 elements; inscription in two narrow bands above and below:
Cubas me seyit año de MDC LXXV
Salvador del Mundo ten misericordia de mi
6) small; large cross; below the word, San Andrés; good.
7. Raising large: inscription in ruin near mouth.
Santa Teresa de Jesús 19 de Mayo B 1906 por T. G.

8. Large: thick; cracked; fine bold work; oldest and most deca-
rañid. On one side a group of bejeweled with palm
spreading trees at sides; on other sides similar trees
and a clump pajaro— with nixes? or snakes? inscription
in one line, near mouth.

año B 1686 x x x Santejoseph o om pro nephys o

9. Large; thick; heavy; plain.

10. Fair size; good work: one line inscription.

Jesus Maria y joseph se fundio esta compañía

The view from her cuartas toward the city is always fine: the moun-
tains were concealed save their lower flanks in dark-
cloud); the avenue leading directly to the central plaza
is Bvnt Avenue and =Calle Real". Its continuation goes
straight to Parque Estrada Cabrera, and beyond which it
is Avenida del Hipódromo — In the market I bought
apri religious picture and novenas at a dead pulpice:
I have intended to work into miracle saints. There are

San Antonio del Monte, Sonoma, Salvador:

Señor crucificado, Capilla de Animas,

Hospital General de Guatemala.

Señor del Portal, Catedral Metropolitana de Guatemala

Nov. Señor crucificado, Esquipulas

Señor crucificado, Capilla de Animas, etc.

5th. I got off nicely with my train at 7, and we had an uneventful
ride through to Barrios, arriving at 6:40 p. Caught a glimpse of
Smith and his gas car. Among the passengers was a foreman
who is married to a native woman; they have three children,
and he is about to place them in school in Belize. Two items
of interest—the woman presents exceptionally the type of the
monuments, so much so that I wish I could arrange for
as least as a people. In Front - the breathing frocktail, the
aquiline nose, the thin lips, and the large gold rings from
her ears - it is fine; the children are all light and to their
resemble the parents. They are very like the father - the
small boy is an actual towhead, which is more than his fat-
er is. To my surprise I found Anderson here; he came
down Sunday. They are waiting for the Copena for
New Orleans. We expect her on Thursday at latest; sail-
ning on Friday night. I read the Spanish version of James-Jeffry
Roche's History of the filibusters on my way down. Dis-
intersting story - Put in a busy day on the.

Writing many letters. Read a little in Corra's Escobos.

It is a well written book. Walked over to Dr. Park. Barnard's office
through rain in the morning. He was not there, bringing
then to Bell's office to see him. We authorized the
sale of a house; which, however, is sold me. Day by daily
they now say Friday night or Saturday am. Dr. Barnard inquired about my walk and I mentioned the Hispanic
book - dealing with Central American literature. He
asked me if I knew that the Caribs have a little - chief
he has seen. The afternoon was very hot and weges
the full glare and heat of sun on our portegreens.
Among the passengers at night was the marble quarry
busmen, whom I met the other day on my way to
the city. He got all about ten miles above Fraga. He has
a quarry that is said to be a native marble of the best
quality; he has had O'Conner down to inspect it and
give his opinion. It lies sixteen miles back in the
hills and he has a railroad to it. This runs for some
distance over the level and then goes up a mountain
side by a pull-machine, then on from the summit. He
knows Central America but his practical knowledge and
promotions have taken him to many ships in the
world. He has not lived in Chicago but has maintained a home there—sending his three boys to Morgan Park Academy. It was he who taught me the discovery of the Cothenas trip has been cancelled and we will not come here. The Taramara will make the trip and is not expected until Sunday! The two travellers have beenbecoming more and more uneasy and restless and a boat came in this pm from Mobile bound for dela Mano; they seized the chance and have made arrangements to go by her. They went on board this evening, to sail early in the morning. This after they had telegraphed the Honduran Minister in my name asking about the quarantine at Puerto Cortes, for they had decided to try to get some boat there any way. Showers during the day kept down the heat and even the afternoon was comfortable. After my busyday of yesterday, however, I lazily shamefully played solitaire all day until 4 pm. However, there is nothing for me to do but read and think. The latter I do when I play—so what's the difference?—Only.

George varied the reading-play-thinking program by a visit to D. Harwell, he is going home because the danger season is past. It seems he is not a fleet Co. doctor as I thought but a U. S. man sent here only to protect against yellow fever dangers. This explains his reiterated statement that he "put this quarantine here." With November, the season in the U.S. is too cold for the mosquitoes to be a menace. The Carib tribe is probably nothing more than a Mennonite missionary translation. Shall see it tomorow. Dr. Howell was in the Philippme 1904-1907 mostly in Mindanao—probably centred at Zamboanga. It rains with marvelous ease and as if the reserve was abundant at all hours—but especially morning, noon, and night. This morning at 6:30 there is a splendid downpour.
nanni storska ba sin. Moskitő bila. Aarnhut
babele upliko nanni duacia printed dawkan J. Winter,
Stolpersa, Germany, 1889.
And with the exception of the afternoon heat in our back-
deadly again yesterday, we are having cool weather. These
are customary to the country complain of the cold and my blood is
still thick enough for me to greatly enjoy it. The doctor
came over in the morning with the Mosquito Bible; it
proved as I expected the work of the Moravian missionaries.
The volume contained the four Gospels and the Acts of the
Apostles. The date is 1839, a quarter of a century after
Puris's time. I remembered that he pointed some places
from these missionaries deploving the English aban-
donment of Mosquito control. They seem to have hung on.

I have been reading La barrada del rio Dulce, and...
Nally's shipping guide gives it 19,000 population; the Consul's agent says there can't be more than 1,600 and definitely assures that there is a young man from there at Table who doubts whether there are more than a hundred. The distance across from Puerto Barrios is not more than three miles and the Consul's agent says it is a naturally better location. At evening a lovely clear sky sunset with rose rays sharply and beautifully marked. Have read *Avvenir de Guatemala*, which is sadly padded and a poor book. Began *Salasars* deportoventos, which I find well worth while.

10 4th Sunday.