



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

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day, the birthday of the first President, I should not do my utmost to honor the memory of him to whom this country owes its first great impetus and inspiration.

"We have listened to the recital of our country's record in the past, to the glorious history of its present, and I am now requested to voice the predictions of its future.

"Long ago John Adams predicted that Alexandria, a town in Virginia, would some time become one of the greatest commercial ports in the world. Today the steamer on its way to Mount Vernon stops at Alexandria only when it is flagged. George Washington, the millionaire of his time, invested money in wharf property in Georgetown which today would not bring as much as he paid for it. Thomas Jefferson predicted that eventually in this country there would be three associated republics, divided by the great mountain ranges, one east of the Alleghenies, one between the Alleghenies and the Rockies, and one west of the Rockies to the Pacific Coast.

"In view of these three illustrious failures of prophetic wisdom, it would seem that any predictions I might make would go not much further astray.

"The tremendous changes undreamed of in the days of the Revolution, have been brought about by largely increased scientific knowledge; by the telegraph, the telephone, the railway, the discovery and appliance of steam and electricity, and by the modern methods of organization, the development and growth of corporations.

"In a recent book called the 'New Internationalism' is given Gladstone's statement that the entire accumulation of wealth during the 1800 years following the birth of Christ only equals the amount of wealth produced during the first fifty years of the Nineteenth Century; and he adds that the following twenty years—that is from 1850 to 1870—produced as much wealth as the previous fifty years. Therefore within a lifetime, covering a period of three score and ten years, the amount of wealth produced was double that which had been accumulated since the beginning of the Christian Era.

"And when we realize tonight that the amount of wealth which has been produced since 1870 makes even Gladstone's figures look small, we are almost bewildered by the magnitude of what has been produced during the last twenty years, being probably greater than the grand total of all the years which have preceded.

"Mr. Whitman, the first speaker of the evening, referred to our country as having become a great world power and compared our commercial and industrial size with England and with Germany. It seems to me that he does not go far enough; we no longer can be content to make comparisons with any single European nation. Our own territory between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans equals the entire territory of Great Britain and Europe west of Russia. It has more natural resources, more fertile soil, more coal, iron, copper, more mineral wealth of every nature and description; and the wealth which it has already produced is but a few hundred millions short of one-half of the combined wealth of all these countries in Europe, viz.: Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria, Italy and Spain. We thus should soon in the future begin making comparisons of the United States and the entire continent of Europe; and there is no reason why we should become self-satisfied until our annual wealth and our commercial prosperity equal in magnitude the wealth and prosperity of all of the powers in Europe.

"Even this will not be so wonderful a transformation as has already occurred since the death of Washington. The beginning of this vast movement of commercial and industrial activity was the factory system and the growth of the corporations. These factories soon began to combine among themselves, and today we have as a consequence tremendous organizations and aggregations of capital, which are practically under one management, such as the United States Steel Corporation, the Standard Oil Company, the Leather and Shoe Machinery Company, the American Smelting and Refining Company. And so I might go on and indicate how nearly all individual enterprise has become absorbed in these larger associations of capital.

"None of these things was dreamed of in the days of Washington; and it seems to me that one of the serious questions of the future is the influence of these large corporations on the political and social happiness of our people. A larger and deeper sense of

trusteeship must be developed than now exists. It seems to me most fitting that on the birthdays of such great men as Lincoln and Washington, organizations like our own should have meetings for the purpose of seriously considering these problems of our social and political life. Such meetings will tend to awaken in our minds a livelier interest in public affairs.

"Each one of you gentlemen has accomplished success in the line of business to which you have devoted your brains and energy, and each one of you undoubtedly realizes that the time has come when something further is necessary, larger views must be entertained, a wider interest cultivated and a greater responsibility recognized, than that which pertains to our own personal business concerns. There is constantly going on in the world a modification of individual selfishness. It has been going on for centuries. Out of it have developed the civilization, the representative governments, and the law and order of today.

"The time has come for the selfishness of the money maker and of the business man to become still more modified, in order that he may adjust himself to the requirements and demands of the social and political life of this generation.

"And on this anniversary of so illustrious an American it is well to be reminded of the ideal which Washington creates in our minds. It is not a mere recital of his achievements which arouses our enthusiasm when our memory dwells upon his name and character. It is something more than this; it is a personality, a spiritual force which he has left us to feel, to admire and to imitate. It is the spirit in which he worked more than the works which he achieved, which renders his name immortal.

"And as we bear his qualities in mind amid the serious, social, economic and political problems of today and those looming up in the future, I know of no better way of ending my remarks than to paraphrase the closing paragraph of Choate's eulogy on Webster:

"'On the battlefield, someone in the agony of the need of a general, exclaimed: 'Oh, for one hour of Condé.'" So I feel like exclaiming tonight: "Oh, for one hour of Washington now.'" One more bold and brave counsel of moderation; one more throb of American feeling; one more inspiration from his majestic presence; one more farewell address; and then might he ascend unhindered to the bosom of his Father and his God.'"

As the celebration came to an end the members of the Clubs scattered to the promenade deck and to the smoking room. Mr. Dwight, of Boston, voiced the general sentiment as he commented: "I don't remember to have witnessed on land a better observance of Washington's Birthday than this has been."



THE FRENCH JUNK ON THE ISTHMUS

Abandoned locomotives and other machinery and material of the de Lesseps regime, at Empire.

St. Thomas

FOUR nights and four days, less two hours by the log of the "Dampschiff 'PRINZ JOACHIM,' von Leitner, Captain", was required for the 1186 miles between Charleston and St. Thomas. An early dinner was provided Sunday evening, February 24th, and when the members came out on the promenade deck, the headlands of Virgin Island, better known to the travelers of today as St. Thomas, were looming over the bow and on the port side. The steamer leisurely made headway into the harbor of Charlotte Amalie, capital city of the little island, checking speed to pick up the pilot. The navigator of the expedition, Mr. Batcheller, of Boston, explained why it had been necessary to come forty-three miles east of Porto Rico and to make this stop. A steamship sailing under a foreign flag, he said, must make a foreign port after leaving an American port, before it can enter a second American port. It was true the "PRINZ JOACHIM" had called at Charleston after leaving New York, but that had required a special dispensation from Washington, to accommodate the Commercial Clubs of the western cities. While the quarantine and port officers were going through the usual formalities with Captain von Leitner, the negro boatmen swarmed about the foot of the ladder offering their services to take the voyagers ashore. They were noisy and importunate. Dusk came on and the lights of Charlotte Amalie were numerous before the steam launch was ready to leave the ship's side with its tow of life boats. With a parting injunction from the Joint Committee to be on board again at 11 p. m. sharp, the members of the Clubs almost to a man left the ship. At the dock they were welcomed by a large percentage of the population of the city—a degree of interest in the party which was better appreciated when Mr. Leroy Nolte, Editor of the St. Thomas Tidende, exhibited a copy of his paper of the previous morning which contained the following:

"The billionaires on the 'PRINZ JOACHIM' are due tomorrow. As a matter of accommodation, we learn that His Honor, the Police Master, has given permission to merchants to open their stores both tomorrow and next Sunday during the time that the tourist steamer is in port. This deserves thanks."

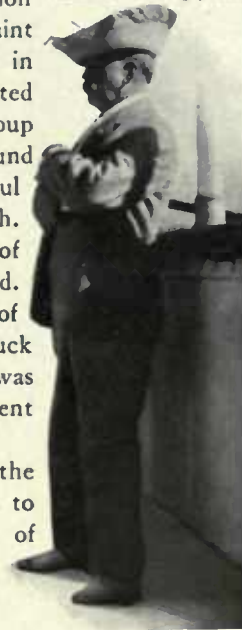
By the itinerary the "PRINZ JOACHIM" should have dropped anchor in the fine harbor of St. Thomas at two o'clock, Sunday afternoon, but the seven hours lost at Charleston, owing to the bad weather off Hatteras, had not been made up. The citizens of Charlotte Amalie were disappointed. They, however, showed the proper spirit of accommodation referred to in the permission of the Police Master. They kept open their stores until the demands of the "billionaires" for post cards, panama hats, duck suits and bay rum had been entirely satisfied.

St. Thomas is thirteen miles long and three miles wide, with a population of 10,000. There have been times in the history of the West Indies when the little Danish possession cut quite an international figure. Today the island is of interest chiefly for its quaint attractions for tourists. The members of the Clubs did Charlotte Amalie quite thoroughly in the three hours ashore. As they landed at King's Wharf they scattered widely. Some visited Government House, an imposing building for so small a colonial possession. One group composed of Mr. Scott, Mr. Jones and Mr. Knox, of St. Louis, climbed the hill and found a beautiful tropical garden through which the charming young daughter of a foreign consul conducted them. Mr. Nugent, of St. Louis, piloted a party to a very old and quaint church. "Blue Beard's Castle," the name given to the place of retirement, according to tradition, of one of the pirates when the Jolly Roger flew at the masthead in the Caribbean, was visited. Mr. Bascom and several members, who had started for the tropics without much thought of raiment, discovered that the stores of Charlotte Amalie were well stocked with duck suits of excellent quality. Bay rum is one of the staples of the Danish West Indies. It was purchased in quart bottles, and carried aboard the "PRINZ JOACHIM" in quantities sufficient to fill bath tubs.

Very entertaining the members found the narrow streets, the heavy stone buildings, the quick spoken and courteous people of Charlotte Amalie. Plainly the local disposition was to make the stay as agreeable as possible. Questioning developed the fact that the people of St. Thomas make it their chief vocation to entertain and interest visitors from other countries. There was no resentment, only an apologetic manner in the explanation that Charlotte Amalie was not looking her very best the night the Commercial Clubs landed because some American warships had been in the harbor a few nights before and 500 jackies had been given shore leave to the utter demoralization of the street lighting system.

It is easy to become acquainted with these West Indian subjects of Denmark. So long as the "PRINZ JOACHIM" remained in the harbor the latchstring of Charlotte Amalie was out to the Commercial Clubs. Not until the warning whistle blew and the members carrying their bundles and bottles started for the wharf did the shopkeepers begin to put up their shutters and to turn the keys in the locks of the massive doors. When the launch started for the ship with the last boat load, the population was still on the wharf looking good-will toward the departing "billionaires."

Mr. Dozier's Souvenir—
A Panama hat as it looks
before the finishing process.



Porto Rico

IN a gentle shower, all pervading mist and the temperature of a-late-in-April morning, the Commercial Clubs landed at San Juan, Porto Rico. It was a case of anchoring out in the harbor and going ashore in the launches. When the President of the United States was at San Juan in November last he could not embark because the harbor had not been dredged to permit the movement of a warship. He informed Congress of the situation and said: "I do not think this creditable to us as a nation."

While awaiting the rather slow method of getting ashore in relays, the members admired the bright and varied coloring of the buildings, public and private, and read the signs above the roofs of enterprising merchants—the color scheme being a reminiscence of the Spanish regime, the huge letters telling all who sail of the completeness of American occupation.

A zealous committee, representing the business interests of the city, was on the wharf to meet the first boat load of visitors. E. del Valle Ariles, the mayor, or *alcalde*, of San Juan, greeted Mr. Laws, chairman of the Joint Committee of the Clubs, as soon as he stepped from the boat, with a well-wordsed speech of welcome. Automobiles and carriages were waiting. To the members was handed a card informing them that the local committee hoped to carry out the following rapid-fire program with those who elected to pass the day in San Juan and its suburbs:

- 8:10 a. m. Drive about Marina (the wharves and warehouse district). Visit Planing Mill of Finlay Brothers, and Waymouth Trading Company.
 - 9:00 a. m. Call on his Excellency, Governor Beekman Winthrop.
 - 9:15 a. m. Visit to El Moro and Casa Blanca.
 - 10:00 a. m. Arrive Spanish Casino; reception until 11 a. m.
 - 11:10 a. m. Drive to Union Club.
 - 11:45 a. m. Luncheon at Union Club.
 - 1:00 p. m. Visit factory of Porto Rican American Tobacco Company.
 - 2:00 p. m. Take Special Train for Carolina, visit sugar central "Progreso."
 - 4:00 p. m. Take train for Santurce. Drive to Country Club.
 - 5:00 p. m. Stop at Country Club.
 - 5:30 p. m. Drive to Union Club.
 - 6:00 p. m. Dinner at Union Club. Miramar.
- After dinner drive to steamer landing.

COULD AGAIN.

The day in San Juan was strenuous. It was no fault of the committee of business men that every engagement on the program was not kept. Tide cut no figure, but time did. The departure of the steamer, in order to get away from the harbor before daylight ended, shut out two or three numbers on the itinerary. The members, on their own initiative, undertook lines of investigation not mentioned in the program, but of individual interest. For example, Mr. Carpenter, of Chicago, devoted a part of the day to a personal investigation of the insular police, with results satisfactory to him. Improving upon the old and disliked guardia civil of Spanish times, the American authority has developed a semi-military police force, which includes both city and country in its operations. There is no municipal police. The jurisdiction of the insular force is bounded only by the limits of the island. The force numbers 700 men. With the exception of the chief and assistant chief, the officers and men are native Porto Ricans. Besides the insular police, which is under the local Porto Rican government, the Island has a regiment of native Porto Rican infantry. The army post in the mountains was seen by those of the party who made the overland trip from San Juan to Ponce, and its well kept appearance was commented on admiringly. In his recent message to Congress, President Roosevelt spoke of the "excellent character" of both the insular police and the Porto Rican regiment. It seemed to Mr. Carpenter and to other members of the Clubs, who looked into that subject, that Porto Rico's progress toward the maintenance of law and order by native policing has been a long step toward the solution of a difficult problem.

Before scattering to see and to hear, the Clubs called at the Palace and were received by Governor Beekman Winthrop. They strolled through the wide corridors and spacious apartments with the wealth of decoration, statuary and paintings—reminders of the days of the Spanish Governors-General, when Porto Rico was the favorite colonial possession of Spain. American occupation has meant little change in the fine architecture and historical features of the Palace. It has meant the introduction of American furniture and American sanitary arrangements.

After the handshaking at the Palace, the party was conducted to the Spanish Club—the Casino, as it is better known. There followed a reception, the manner



The Morro—San Juan, P. R.

of which charmed the visitors. The president, and other officers of the Casino, met the members as they reached the head of the staircase. Introductions followed. Upon a wide gallery a table was spread with refreshments. The president of the Casino spoke in Spanish, his words being interpreted. Mr. Goepper, President of the Commercial Club of Cincinnati, replied for the visitors, expressing appreciation of the courtesies, and admiration for evidences of Porto Rico's prosperity, his words being translated into Spanish for the benefit of those not understanding English. Mr. Goepper said:

"I am sure that I am expressing the sentiment of the members of the four Commercial Clubs when I say to you that they greatly appreciate the cordial reception, the friendship and the interest shown by the gentlemen, the citizens of San Juan, in our visit to this delightful city.

"To many of us it is the first opportunity we have had of seeing what you offer here—not only in architecture, in foliage, in the picturesqueness of the city, but especially in the progress and the energy and the commercial development, which is in the nature of a surprise to many of us from the North.

"We sincerely wish that the Island may continue to prosper, and that your prosperity may increase.

"I want to thank you sincerely, on behalf of the four Commercial Clubs here represented, for the kind attention and for your manifestation of friendship toward us. We regret that we are compelled to make our visit so brief. We should like very much to have been permitted to remain here longer, in order to become better acquainted with your industries and also with the gentlemen who have been so kind to us today.

"I ask the members of the Commercial Clubs to join with me in a toast to the City of San Juan, Island of Porto Rico. May it continue to prosper, and may happiness and peace continue to reign here."

The toast was received with enthusiasm.

The Casino was the parting of ways for the visitors and for the local committeemen who had undertaken to guide and chaperon. Those who were to remain in San Juan, or who were to take short trips in the northern part of the Island, started in carriages for the Union Club, in the suburbs, to lunch. The adventurous spirits who had determined to make the overland trip of 130 kilometers—81 miles—took the conveyances that had been provided. Two automobiles of ordinary capacity got away first as pilots to let the Ponce people, who had made elaborate preparations to entertain, know that the others in the party were coming. In these smaller autos were Mr. Russell and Mr. Wright, of Boston; Mr. MacFarland, of Chicago; Mr. Wulsin, Mr. Warrington, Mr. Worthington and Mr. Langdon, of Cincinnati. These autos left before eleven o'clock. About the same time an automobile carry-all was loaded to the end step with nine Boston and two Chicago members, together with the secretary of the San Juan Chamber of Commerce and the chauffeur, making thirteen in all in an 18-horse power machine. These gentlemen, who esteemed themselves fortunate, as compared with their friends still waiting for carriages, were Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Burnett, Mr. Boit, Mr. Carter, Mr. Dennison, Mr. Dwight, Mr. Mandell, Mr. Minot, Mr. Whitman, of Boston; Mr. Clow and Mr. Noyes, of Chicago. The carry-all moved off majestically and rolled out of San Juan over the military road at encouraging speed. Later in the day and far into the night the carry-all became better known as "the hearse"—but that is a long and not

altogether merry story. For an hour after the automobile contingent had disappeared, those who were to ride in carriages speculated on the hour that would bring them to the last of the 130 kilometers. The members who drew carriages in the San Juan-Ponce lottery, were Mr. Cowdery, Mr. Hill, Mr. Jones, Mr. Knox, Mr. Nugent, Mr. Scott, of St. Louis; Mr. Ault, Mr. Carew, Mr. Chatfield, Mr. Davis, Mr. Durrell, Mr. Geier, Mr. Green, Mr. Laws, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Omwake, Mr. Rowe, of Cincinnati; Mr. Lawrence and Dr. Warren, of Boston. Acquaintances in the State may have difficulty in persuading themselves of the fact that at high noon of a February day these gentlemen set out in carriages to ride 81 miles.

The vehicle was the typical Porto Rican carriage, built strongly on the general plan of the folding top surrey of the States, but with a screw brake and with easy seats. The motive power at first sight caused some of the party to feel doubtful. Just what was the origin of the wiry little ponies of the Island seems to be not altogether clear. Present results have come about by evolution and adaptation to the needs of the service. When these ponies are at pasture in the grasses of the Island they are often entirely hidden except as they chance to raise their heads. But two of them will whirl along the heavy two-seated carriage containing three or four people, with astonishing ease. It is gallop and trot and trot and gallop, up mountain and down mountain, with an occasional five minutes' stop to breathe, and at longer intervals a walking gait up the steepest grades. As the stops to breathe are always in front of a roadhouse, nobody has ever been able to tell whether the relief is for the little ponies or for the thirsty drivers. For a distance of twenty or thirty kilometers the ponies scamper along and then pull up alongside a Porto Rican stable, which is a roof on poles—no sides. The harness is pulled off, fresh ponies are put in, and away rolls the carriage. With five teams the journey of 81 miles, over mountains 2400 feet high, is a matter of eleven hours. The members of the Commercial Clubs took a little more time for the passage, but they were out to see the country and for adventure. After such a statement of fact about distance and altitude, something about the wonderful road, which makes possible and fascinating this journey, may seem properly prefaced.

About the middle of the last century the Spanish authority in Porto Rico undertook the construction of a military road from the north to the south side of the Island, connecting the two principal cities, San Juan and Ponce. Distance as the crow might fly is thirty-five miles. In the engineering, to reduce grades to the minimum, the road was laid out and built eighty-one miles long between the two cities. Not only was the road graded so that it is for many miles no steeper than the tracks of some mountain railroads in the States, but it was built of material that endures today and keeps down the cost of maintenance. The black rock of the mountain sides is broken into about the size of macadam in the States. It is put on much like the method of constructing telford roadway; but as soon as Mayor Wells, of St. Louis, saw a stretch of this road, and had examined it, he said, "the binder is what does it." In with the broken black rock, the roadbuilders of Porto Rico put limestone, which abounds in shells, and enough of the stiff clay to mix well. The roller

On the Military Road to Ponce, Porto Rico.



presses this composition into a roadway, which is almost as smooth as asphalt, and more enduring. Hour after hour the travelers were carried over this road of Porto Rico without sense of fatigue, so perfect is the paving. As stated, the road was built in the middle of the last century. The period of construction was some twelve years. The Spaniards have never been charged with want of thoroughness when it comes to road-making, or to lack of knowledge in uses of stone and mortar. Culverts and bridges of great number, on this military road, are stone-arched, with paved roadways. American authority has learned a lesson in road-making. Not only is this military road, from San Juan to Ponce, well maintained, but other roads are being laid out and constructed to connect all important centers of population and production. Porto Rico now has four hundred and twenty-five miles of these graded and paved roadways. The Island government has voted a loan of \$1,000,000 to continue the road-building. It is not difficult to foresee the coming of the time when a trip to the Island for a month of automobiling will tempt thousands of Americans every winter. There are no such roads in the States as are being added to in Porto Rico. As yet the speed limit is not troublesome on this island. The rule of the road handed down by custom gives right of way to the faster vehicle. When the Porto Rican, with the ox-cart, sees a carriage or automobile approaching, he pilots his patient beasts to the edge of the road and stands at their heads with his goad presented until the road is clear again. The smaller autos, which carried three and four of the visitors, got through easily from San Juan to Ponce in between six and seven hours. This gave time to observe the wonderful scenery and to take the numberless curves with safety. So perfect is the roadway that automobile trucks from France are used for hauling between San Juan and the plantations by one of the large industrial companies. These trucks not only carry their own loads, but draw vans after them.

The trouble with the automobile carry-all, which became, with the common consent of the Bostonians, "the hearse," was too much deliberation of movement. One of the two cylinders, with which the machine was equipped, had an inconvenient weakness for getting overheated. The hearse did not actually give out, but it had a way of slackening speed on the grades which prompted the travelers to think they could get on faster by walking. The pilot autos had gone on before. The carriages did not come up behind. So the hearse moved on through the afternoon and evening—

With Ponce many miles away!

At Coamo a distress signal was sent to Ponce. But when the relief automobiles dashed up from Ponce, at twenty miles an hour, the hearse was doing better than at any previous part of the trip. With rare consideration the Bostonians told the relief expedition to go on and meet the carriages. They had decided to "sit tight" in the hearse. The autos passed on. Almost before another kilometer had been covered the hearse began to deliberate again. "It was almost as bad going down hill as up," was Mr. Dwight's description. The uncertainties continued until the electric lights of Ponce began to rival the Southern Cross in the heavens, and far beyond the city the Caribbean shimmered in the moonlight. About midnight the Bostonians were "all in"—but almost "after the ball" given by Ponce in honor of the Clubs, Mr. Boit, of Boston, had quit the hearse in disgust and had started to walk into Ponce, but, after he had hired a Porto Rican to "tote" him through one ford, he rejoined the party in the carry-all.

Whether made by automobile or pony carriage, the journey from San Juan to Ponce is an experience to be remembered for a lifetime. No member of the Commercial Clubs regretted the trip. The untoward sank into insignificance, or became a joke, when the delightful experiences were recalled. In the succession of wonderfully fascinating mountain scenes, the kilometer stone posts went by too rapidly. Men who have traveled extensively re-echoed the comment of Henry C. Scott, of St. Louis, when near the end of the journey he pronounced this "the greatest natural scenery in the world." The guide-books call Porto Rico the "Switzerland of America." But Mr. Ault, of Cincinnati, and other club members who have done Switzerland, pointed out that while Porto Rico has the mountainous charm which is Switzerland's, Porto Rico has the luxurious vegetation, the glorious riot of brilliant colors, which Switzerland has not. As he looked across a wooded ravine, which was almost a chasm, and saw a perfect cone-shaped peak rise, clothed in deep green, to a crest covered with a cluster of trees, which were a mass of scarlet bloom, Mr. Cowdery, of St. Louis, voiced the longing which others felt for a botanist to talk intelligently of these objects of art in nature, new to northern eyes. Many fruits grow wild in Porto Rico. Along the roadside, not infrequently, were orange trees, native seedlings, bearing a small, sweet, juicy orange.

At a country cafe, which was little more than a couple of small rooms, the travelers by the ponies and carriage line stopped to drink such coffee as would make the fortune of a caterer in the States. To provide against contingencies, the party had carried lunches from the ship, but when Mr. Green and Mr. Durrell, of

A Typical Home in the Interior of Porto Rico.



Cincinnati, stopped at the hotel of one of the towns on the road, to supplement the bread and meat from the ship, they were served with strawberries. Previous to the occupation by the Americans there was almost no cultivation of the orange in Porto Rico. Now the orchards in cultivation cover 7,000 acres, with rapid increase in the planting of trees and every indication that orange shipments will soon be considerable.

Of the coming of the Porto Rico cigar the members of the clubs received a strong impression. After the first range of mountains was climbed by the ponies the valley of the Rio Piedras was traversed for several kilometers. The military road was bordered by a succession of tobacco plantations. Much new ground was being prepared. Curing barns dotted the fields. New barns were in course of construction, The company offices, warehouses, factories, and stables were grouped in the centers of production. Five years ago the tobacco product of Porto Rico was \$700,000. Last year it was more than five times that amount. The opening of new plantations, the buildings, the buying of tobacco land—these foreshadow great development of this industry.

As notable as the increase in acreage of tobacco is the improvement accomplished in culture. As the result of a discovery, and of two or three years of careful seed selection, tobacco raised in Porto Rico last year yielded a crop worth \$5,000 an acre. There wasn't much of the particular kind—about four acres—but what was gathered was worth \$2.50 a pound. The seed from which this very choice tobacco was produced, was valued at \$100 an ounce. When Mr. Walker Hill, of St. Louis, was told this marvelous tale of Porto Rico tobacco, he began to hum a little song, which a member of the Commercial Club, of Boston, had worked off on him a short time before, running—



A Group of Cock Fighters in Porto Rico, Rounded up by Mr. Green and Mr. Durrell.

It seems to me, it seems to me,
It seems to me just like a lie.
It may be so, I do not know,
But it sounds just like a lie.

However, Mr. Daniel Catlin, of St. Louis, who knows as much about tobacco as Mr. Hill does about banking—both being authorities in their respective lines,—said the story was not improbable. The explanation of the high priced tobacco is interesting. Three or four years ago, on one of these plantations where special attention was being given to the seed selection and methods of culture, there appeared in the field a single stalk, which towered two feet above its neighbors. The leaves were of unusual quality. From the head of this stalk, which was between four and five feet high, was gathered carefully all of the seed. This seed was planted in a field by itself and given every possible attention to encourage its development. It repaid

the attention with more of the tobacco of extraordinary height and quality. Again the seed was saved and again the plant was given the best of opportunities. In this way has been obtained a crop of between four and five acres worth \$5,000 an acre. The seed is now of sufficient quantity to rapidly increase the acreage. Other planters are eager for it, and the value put upon the limited supply is \$100 an ounce. One of these new tobacco companies, of Porto Rico, has, since it began, increased its capital from \$30,000 to \$240,000. Last year the company paid 20% dividends on its capital. Mr. Catlin and Mr. Dozier, of St. Louis, gave a couple of hours of the stay in San Juan to an examination of a tobacco factory. They observed the extreme care taken in the assortment of cigars for different grades. The principal test was one of color. All the world seemingly wishes a light colored cigar. In the mountains the travelers saw hundreds of acres of tobacco plants covered with cheese cloth on poles, forming a close tent. Mile after mile this strange spectacle of cloth-covered tobacco fields was observed. Before the American occupation, such treatment of the growing tobacco was almost unknown in Porto Rico. This additional care of the crop costs \$500 an acre. As each year sees an increasing acreage put under cheese cloth to mature, the results must be satisfactory to the planters. The explanation of the tent method is that the sun's rays are filtered, and that the maturing is slower and attended with better—that is to say—lighter coloring of the leaf. Some of the growers say the cheese cloth keeps off dust, particles of sand and insects which would otherwise do damage to the plants. Mr. Catlin, of St. Louis, who was the tobacco expert of the party, thought there might be a good deal in the philosophy of the effect of the covering on the ripening and coloring of the leaf.

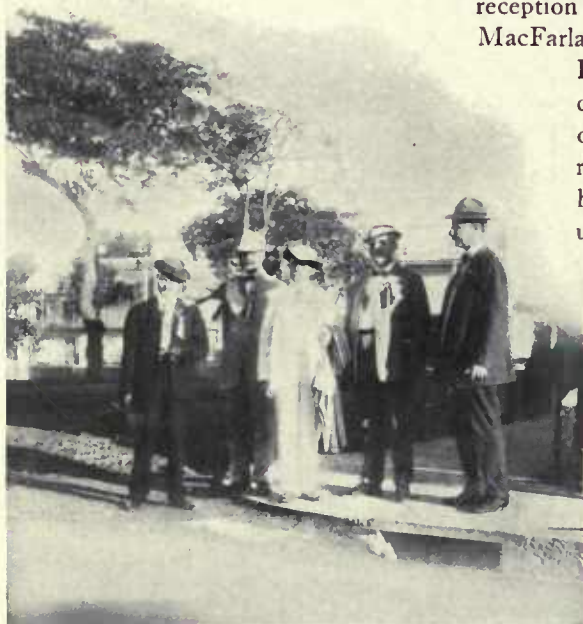
What they saw of educational facilities on the trip from San Juan to Ponce surprised and pleased the members of the Commercial Clubs. At Rio Piedras, at Caguas, at Cayey, at Aibonito, at Coamo, at Juana Diaz—towns on the military road,—the visitors saw school houses, the substantial and well kept appearance of which excited comment. Some of the buildings were of masonry construction, with handsome iron fences and neat yards. Alongside the road, at frequent intervals, were the country school houses, usually of frame, but painted and clean looking. But the appearance and manners of the children were even more gratifying to the visitors. Cleanliness seems to have been the first lesson taught, and to have been well learned. The members of the clubs saw many barefooted children about the homes of the working people. They did not see a barefooted child at school, or going to school, or



Tobacco Growing Under Cheese Cloth, as Seen from the Military Road, Porto Rico.

coming from school. They saw thousands of children at school, and going to and coming from school. All of them wore shoes and stockings, and clean clothes. The Porto Rican is born with a degree of dignity, upon which American education has built a most promising outlook for the coming generation.

The Commercial Clubs, by turns, furnished the presiding officer of the party. It fell to President Whitelaw, of the St. Louis Club, to be the official head of the party while on the Island of Porto Rico. President Whitelaw gave a considerable portion of his time to a study of the educational system and its results, talking at length with Governor Winthrop, and other officials. The sum of \$535,000 has been expended in building new schoolhouses since 1901. There are in operation between 1,100 and 1,200 schools, attended by 52,000 children. High schools, manual training schools, and an agricultural school supplement the common schools. A normal school is turning out native teachers. Porto Rico, it should be remembered, has a population only a little in excess of Boston or St. Louis.



At a Street Corner in Ponce.

To a long day, full of the picturesque, the fascinating, the surprising, a reception at Ponce was the fitting and culminating finale. Mr. MacFarland, of Chicago, who was one of the first to get through to Ponce, characterized the affair as in most excellent taste. He described, with enthusiasm, the beautiful ladies, the decorations of the ballroom, the music of the concert which preceded the reception. At nine o'clock the committee called at the principal hotel in Ponce and escorted all of the visitors, who had arrived, up to that hour, to the theatre, which belongs to the Club and adjoins the Casino. The committee was composed of Simon Moret, the mayor; Jose Lacot, president of the Casino; Carlos Armstrong, president of the Board of Trade; H. A. Besosa, Xavier Mariani, Carlos Cabrera, Z. Cintron, G. Carlada. Accompanied by this committee, Mr. Wulsin, Mr. Warrington, Mr. Worthington and Mr. Langdon, of Cincinnati; Mr. MacFarland, of Chicago; Mr. Russell and Mr. Wright, of Boston, entered the handsome theatre to find 1500 ladies and gentlemen assembled to do honor to the guests of Ponce. The seven fortunate gentlemen agree that when they looked around upon the forty boxes filled with the ladies of Ponce and vicinity, they received an impression of the beauty and intelligence and fine taste of the ladies of Porto Rico, which

will not soon fade from memory. The reception of the visitors by the audience was most pleasing. The concert, which gave the party an idea of the musical culture of the Island, consisted of selections from the soft, gentle music, popular with all of Latin blood. After the concert was given a pantomime by native talent. The visitors were escorted to the ballroom of the Club and presented to the ladies. Then followed refreshments delicious to the visitors. The dancing was begun and the guests were given their choice of partners. To add to the pleasure, it was discovered that many of the Porto Rican ladies spoke the language of the country of their recent adoption. As the night wore on, the members traveling by carriages and by the carry-all reached Ponce and were conducted to the ballroom to be received and entertained. Said Mr. MacFarland: "It was a social entertainment of the highest class. It was as fine as you will see anywhere in the States. It was remarkably well planned for such a double entertainment, and was carried through perfectly."

The invitation and program were highly prized as souvenirs of the Porto Rico visit:

CASINO DE PONCE.

La Directiva de este Centro ha acordado celebrar, en obsequio a los miembros de los Clubs comerciales de Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati y San Luis, el 25 del actual, un Festival Artístico dirigido por el reputado Profesor

DON FRANCISCO CORTES

Lo que me complace en participar a Vd. como socio de dicho Centro.

Ponce, Febrero 23 de 1907.

JOSE LACOT, *Presidente.*

Terminado dicho acto, en el Teatro, se abran los Salones del Casino, y se efectuara una recepcion en honor de dichos señores.

Ponce is in the midst of the great sugar plantations of the Island. These plantations form the fringe of the beautiful mountain region of the interior. They are found near the coast, back of San Juan, and almost everywhere in the low country. Last year some of the sugar planters of Porto Rico cleared from the crop thirty per cent on their investments. Sugar leads in value of the crops of the Island. It is a growing industry. New centrals, as the manufacturing plants are called, are being built. New plantations are being opened. But the most promising thing about the industry is the improvement in methods. The south part of the Island is utilizing irrigation on an elaborate scale to insure moisture at the right time. Wells, driven to a depth of fifty feet, yield a seemingly inexhaustible supply of water. Some steam plowing is done. The mills are putting in the best and latest mechanical appliances.

PROGRAMA DEL FESTIVAL ARTISTICO

PRIMERA PARTE

1. "Feria," Serie de Orquesta.....Lacome.
(a) Sous le Balcon.
(b) Au Theatre.
2. "Tosca," cantada por la Srta..... Amalia Paoli, Puccini.
3. "Arlequinade Pizzicato" [orquesta]..... L. Ganne.
4. "Royale Czardas" "Michiels.
5. "Colombe" "Ch. Gounod.
6. "Propos Galants" "Sudessi.
7. "Une Fete a Cuba"..... " F. P. Cortes.

SEGUNDA PARTE

NUIT DE NOEL

Mimo-Drama en un acto
de F. P. Cortes y Argumento de Monsieur Berteyle
con el reparto anterior.

Landing Coconuts, Ponce, P. R.



When it is stated that land in parts of the Island that sold before the American occupation for five dollars an acre, now readily commands fifty dollars an acre, an impression of Porto Rican prosperity under the new regime is given.

Conversing about the development commercially Governor Winthrop said to Mr. Batcheller that the total trade between the United States and Porto Rico had increased from \$3,000,000 a year before American annexation in 1899 to \$45,000,000 in 1906.

"In the case of Porto Rico," commented Mr. Batcheller, "trade did follow the flag."

Many interesting individual experiences the members of the Clubs enjoyed in Porto Rico. Mr. Elihu Thomson and Mr. Batcheller of Boston, immediately after the reception at the Governor's Palace in the morning, took their cameras, got into a carriage and spent a charming day in San Juan and vicinity. Mr. Batcheller from previous experience was able to do some effective guiding. Cristobal fort was visited. El Morro, with its dungeons and ancient fortifications, was done under the courteous guidance of Captain Gambell of the U. S. Army. Cristobal Colon Plaza, the Cathedral, Casa Blanca were viewed, and many picturesque bits of San Juan life were caught by the cameras. Then Mr. Thomson and Mr. Batcheller went to lunch at the Union Club in the suburbs. As they sat at the table a cheery "Hullo there" in genuine Bostonian accent greeted them. They looked up to meet the smiling look of Arthur Estabrook of Estabrook & Co., bankers, of Boston. Mr. Estabrook has for several years taken a deep personal interest in the welfare of Porto Rico. He has done a great deal to develop the industries and the commercial prosperity of the Island. Making Mr. Thomson, Mr. Batcheller, Mr. Bremer and Mr. Rice his guests for the remainder of the day, Mr. Estabrook got out a six-cylinder auto and gave them a twenty mile ride to the tobacco country on the military road.

Mr. Batcheller and Mr. Thomson had occasion to congratulate themselves on the marvelous good fortune which attended them. Early in the day they were seeking the entrance to the Castle of San Cristobal and inquired the way of a lady who was passing. The answer was given. "But", said the lady, "have you a pass to get in?" The Bostonians looked at each other in dismay. "Oh well" said the lady, "perhaps my pass will take all of us in." And it did. An hour or two later Mr. Batcheller and Mr. Thomson asked a stranger on the street how they could reach Morro Castle. "You will need a pass," said the stranger, after giving the street directions. "Perhaps I can help you out." And thereupon the unknown wrote a pass which secured the Bostonians admission to the citadel.

Many of the party renewed pleasant acquaintances with Major Cecil of the U. S. Army, who was in St. Louis during the World's Fair.

Mr. Swift, of Chicago, found acquaintances awaiting him on the San Juan wharf and was whisked away. Mr. Chalmers, Mr. McCormick and Mr. Farwell, of Chicago, were among those whom Chairman Turner, of the San Juan reception committee, escorted about the city and to the Union Club. It was something of a whirlwind of hospitality that the members of the Clubs encountered in San Juan. At one stopping place for refreshments it occurred to Mr. Chalmers that the entertainment called for formal acknowledgment. He asked for order and was about to introduce Mr. David R. Francis, of St. Louis, to return thanks when he saw that the reception committee was already leading the way out for the next place on the program.

Mr. Francis, Mr. Carleton, Mr. Knapp, Mr. George M. Wright, Mayor Wells, of St. Louis, and Mr. Wilson and Mr. Clark, of Chicago, were taken in charge by Laurence A. Grahame, who was Secretary to the National Commission at the World's Fair in St. Louis, and who is now Commissioner of the Interior of Porto Rico. In two automobiles the gentlemen were conveyed to the summer palace some distance out of San Juan. The palace was built and the grounds beautified for the Spanish Governors-General of the Island.

Mr. Crawford and Mr. Bixby, of St. Louis, and Mr. Taylor, of Cincinnati, were handsomely entertained by the Behn Brothers at their home. One of the most unique experiences was that enjoyed by Mr. Cowdery and Mr. Hill, of St. Louis. About ten o'clock at night these gentlemen were riding along the military road, enjoying moonlight views of mountain scenery, thirty kilometers from Ponce. It came to them by chance that Mr. A. M. Lyons, of San Juan, representing the Government in the conduct of the party across the Island, would have to leave the main road a little beyond Coamo and drive to Coamo Springs to explain why shortness of time did not permit the party to stop at the hotel and road, Mr. take a late dinner there as had been arranged. When Mr. Lyons turned off the main road, Mr. Hill and Mr. Cowdery with their carriage followed. Mr. Lyons stopped: "You gentlemen understand this is not the road to Ponce?" he asked.

"Yes, we are going to the hotel to see the springs and to eat that dinner if it takes all night," replied Mr. Hill.

The two carriages proceeded to what was in the days of the Spanish sovereignty the Monte Carlo of the Island, but which under the American occupation of the Island is a health resort with fame rapidly extending. The party drove into the beautiful tropical park surrounding the hotel. One glance told them that they had found something that discounted sleep. For half an hour the visitors strolled about the grounds. They went down the long covered passage and



Columbus Statue and Castle of San Cristobal, San Juan, Porto Rico.

many stone steps to the bath-rooms with their old fashioned marble lined tubs almost as large as plunge pools. They drank of the delicious hot water with not unpleasant traces of mineral qualities. They went to the spacious dining-room and were served over spotless linen with a dinner which required an hour to discuss. It was a meal of the most satisfying kind as to food, cooking and service. The visitors were quite prepared to believe what Mr. Lyons told them, that nothing better was to be had in any Porto Rico hotel. The Porto Rican dulces and the Porto Rican fruits in variety completed the dinner which Mr. Hill and Mr. Cowdery insisted upon calling a banquet.

At the conclusion of the stay at Coamo Springs the gentlemen were disposed to make light of the suggestion of sleep that night. The ponies trotted into Ponce at 3:30 a. m. Mr. Lyons conducted Mr. Hill and Mr. Cowdery to the residence of Mr. George H. Buckley, who responded to the call bell. In five minutes the St. Louisans were in bed dreaming of Coamo. The stories they told next day of that midnight experience in the mountains of Porto Rico were almost too marvelous for acceptance, and were only eclipsed by the picturesque accounts given by Messrs. Green and Durrell, of Cincinnati. The latter gentlemen set out from San Juan with a driver who knew no English, and with the following to guide them:

- Kil. 12 Rio Piedras
- Kil. 36 Caguas
- Kil. 60 Cayey (Road to Guayama)
- Kil. 72 Plantations of the P. A. Tobacco Co.
- Kil. 81 Aibonito
- Kil. 102 Coamo
- Kil. 103 Road to Coamo Springs
- Kil. 118 Juana Diaz
- Kil. 130 Ponce
- Kil. 135 Ponce Playa

A lame pony put Mr. Green and Mr. Durrell out of the running, their carriage dropping back behind the others. Thereafter Cincinnati brought up the rear in the eighty-one miles ride. Mr. Green recalled a few Spanish words from the bright

Convicts on the military road in Porto Rico. They keep the road in repair.



In the Mountains of Porto Rico. View from the military road.

lexicon of his youth. At Caguas the carriage was stopped and a lesiurely dinner was taken. At Cayey Mr. Green and Mr. Durrell had given up all hopes of overtaking the others. At Aibonito they were reasonably certain that it was useless to think of reaching Ponce before morning. Mr. Green, after several hours' practice, had established a code of communication with the driver. When the fork of the road was reached at mid-night, he gave the order to go to Coamo Springs. Just as Mr. Hill and Mr. Cowdery, of St. Louis, drove out of the Coamo Springs Park after their Lucullian feast, Mr. Green and Mr. Durrell arrived. The Cincinnati gentlemen visited the Hot Springs and bathed in the old Spanish marble lined tubs. They found an alarm clock and set it with much care for four a. m. Then they climbed into the canopied, daintily curtained beds and slept blissfully. At four o'clock the alarm sounded. A Porto Rican breakfast was on the table. In the early morning Mr. Green and Mr. Durrell rode down the mountain, the rested ponies going at a gallop. Fresh as daisies they drove up to the hotel just as Mr. Laws was marshaling his overland party to go aboard the "PRINZ JOACHIM".

Those who had circumnavigated the Island of Porto Rico reached Ponce Playa in time for an hour's visit ashore. When the steam launch sounded the return whistle they came back from the wonderful fruit market bringing cocoanuts and all manner of tropical fruits.

Very tired, but thoroughly pleased with their day and their night, the members of the Clubs sailed away from Ponce. By wireless they sent back this message of appreciation:

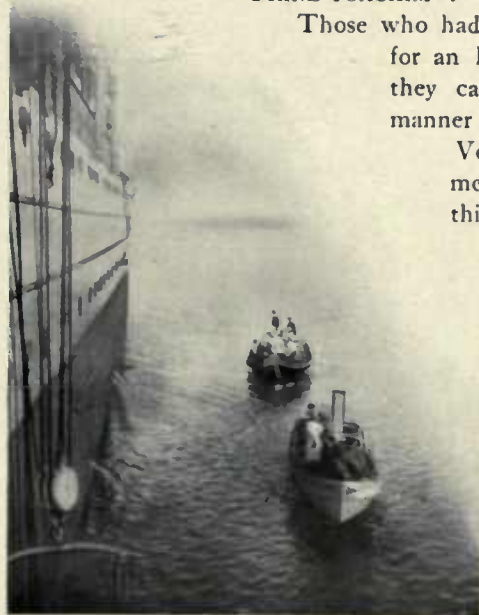
S. S. "PRINZ JOACHIM," Feby. 26, 1907.

Laurence A. Grahame,
Commissioner Interior,
San Juan, Porto Rico.

To the officials, business organizations and social Clubs of San Juan and Ponce, the Commercial Clubs of Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis send this expression.

The twenty-four hours passed upon your Island have given us impressions of Porto Rico which prompt us to say "the half was not told us." In groups we have seen your cities and harbors. We have traversed roads which are an object lesson to our whole country. We have admired your school system. We have observed your efficient insular police. We have inspected your thriving industries. Your hospitable shores are fading as we say to you by wireless we are proud Porto Rico is part of the United States.

JOINT COMMITTEE OF COMMERCIAL CLUBS.



Boarding the "PRINZ JOACHIM". Members returning to the ship off Ponce, P. R.

The seven wise men who had taken automobiles, and had reached Ponce in abundant season for the fete at the Casino, felt prompted to do something special, by way of acknowledgment of the courtesies shown them. At their instance, Mr. Wulsin sent the following:

S. S. "PRINZ JOACHIM" Feb. 26, 1907.

Hon. Simon Moret,
Alcalde, Ponce, Porto Rico.

Members Commercial Clubs Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, who enjoyed hospitality citizens of Ponce, ask you to again express to all their high appreciation and thanks.

LUCIEN WULSIN.



LAS CASCADAS.

Near Northern end of the Cut. Shops and power plant, storage elevator, railroad yard, family and bachelor quarters, men's hall.



THE CHAIRMEN OF THE GROUPS

Reading from left to right: Standing—Robert A. Boit, John V. Farwell, Jr., Lawrence Maxwell, Jr. Sitting—Robert M. Burnett, Elihu Thomson, Lucien Wulsin, J. G. Schmidlapp, Robert Moore.