AT THE FOOT OF SOSA HILL

Viewing location of dams at Pacific terminus of Canal. On the extreme left are Henry C. Scott, Robert Moore, C. H. McCormick and John V. Farwell.

No trouble has been experienced lately in getting an adequate supply of each class of labor, and none is now anticipated. Of course the force must be constantly recruited to keep up with the present demands as well as to be prepared for the future.

It is estimated that over eighty per cent, of the black force has changed during the year; and yet, of a given force, while over ninety-five per cent. of the whites can be relied on for constant service, less than seventy per cent. of the negroes will be available.

We were assured that the force on hand was as large as could be profitably employed with the present equipment. An increase in cars and tracks will open the field for more men; but there seems no doubt that men, white and black, can be obtained in sufficient numbers as needed. We say, "white and black" for two reasons:

First. Because we were assured that notwithstanding the superiority of white labor by every test, it was desirable to employ both kinds to prevent each from fancying it could control the situation.

Second. Because Chinese labor is not wanted. While the Chinese coolie would meet every requirement of intelligence, strength and vitality, yet his introduction would lead to difficulties of administration and segregation which it seems desirable to avoid unless the confronting of the subject becomes necessary.

The only serious trouble now noticed is the difficulty of securing efficient gang bosses from the ranks, the general scale of intelligence not being quite equal to the demand.

We pass now to the skilled labor. This force has been recruited almost entirely from the United States. The method now employed to secure it is by employment agencies at home. Inquiry is there made as to the qualifications of applicants, and on arrival the men are assigned to the class of work with which they are familiar. Naturally the scale of wages, which includes free lodging, light, fuel, water and hospital service, is higher than is paid for similar work at home.

ANCON HILL

A view from the Tivoli Hotel showing the hospitals, with the City of Panama on the left, the Pacific end of the Canal on the right.

Eight hours constitute a day's work for the skilled labor, *i. e.* from 7 to 11 a. m. and from 1 to 5 p. m., and each man is entitled to forty-two days vacation, and, if he needs it, to thirty days sick leave, on full pay.

The inducements offered have been sufficient to tempt an adequate supply of competent men. Of course some come who are unfitted for the work, and others, though otherwise qualified, have not the adaptability to meet the surroundings. These are dismissed as soon as their deficiencies are discovered. But the good man stays, is pleased with his work, and makes more money than he could at home.

As vacancies occur in the higher ranks they are filled, if practicable, from below, and some of the men whom we met have reached their present positions by several promotions from inferior places in which they had proved their capability.

The chiefs with whom we came in contact impressed us as a highly intelligent, picked force — such a representation as might be expected from pursuing the principle of the survival of the fittest.

We made inquiry as to the efficiency of the labor, both skilled and unskilled, as affected by the climate, and as to the difference in the product of a day's labor on the Isthmus, compared with that of the same type of man at home, and were told there was practically no difference aside from the allowance already mentioned for vacation and sick leave. That this will continue indefinitely for the whole body of skilled labor may be doubted, as eighteen months or two years seems too short a period from which to draw such a conclusion. But the past experience at least proves that the tropical climate has not the enervating influence upon the efficiency of the healthy man interested in his work that had been feared.

As to the unskilled labor there need be no apprehension, for the climatic conditions are those to which the men of that class are accustomed.

We asked also as to the difficulties in handling labor from insubordination, strikes and other troubles. We heard of but one organized labor union — that of the steam shovellers, consisting of 180 men.

The situation is so different here from that in the normal labor market that the occasion for such trouble is not likely to arise. There is but one employer and house owner, and he cannot be expected to furnish lodgings to those who do not work. Those who quit work will be compelled by force of circumstances to go elsewhere, and cannot stay and intimidate those who wish to continue.

In conclusion we wish to call attention to the sympathy with the work, and to the zeal and intelligence of the men with whom we came directly in contact. They were young men and picked men. One and all, they spoke with unhesitating faith in commendation of the plan of the work, of the ability of the chief engineer and of his fidelity and zeal and of the practicability of completing the Canal upon the lines proposed.

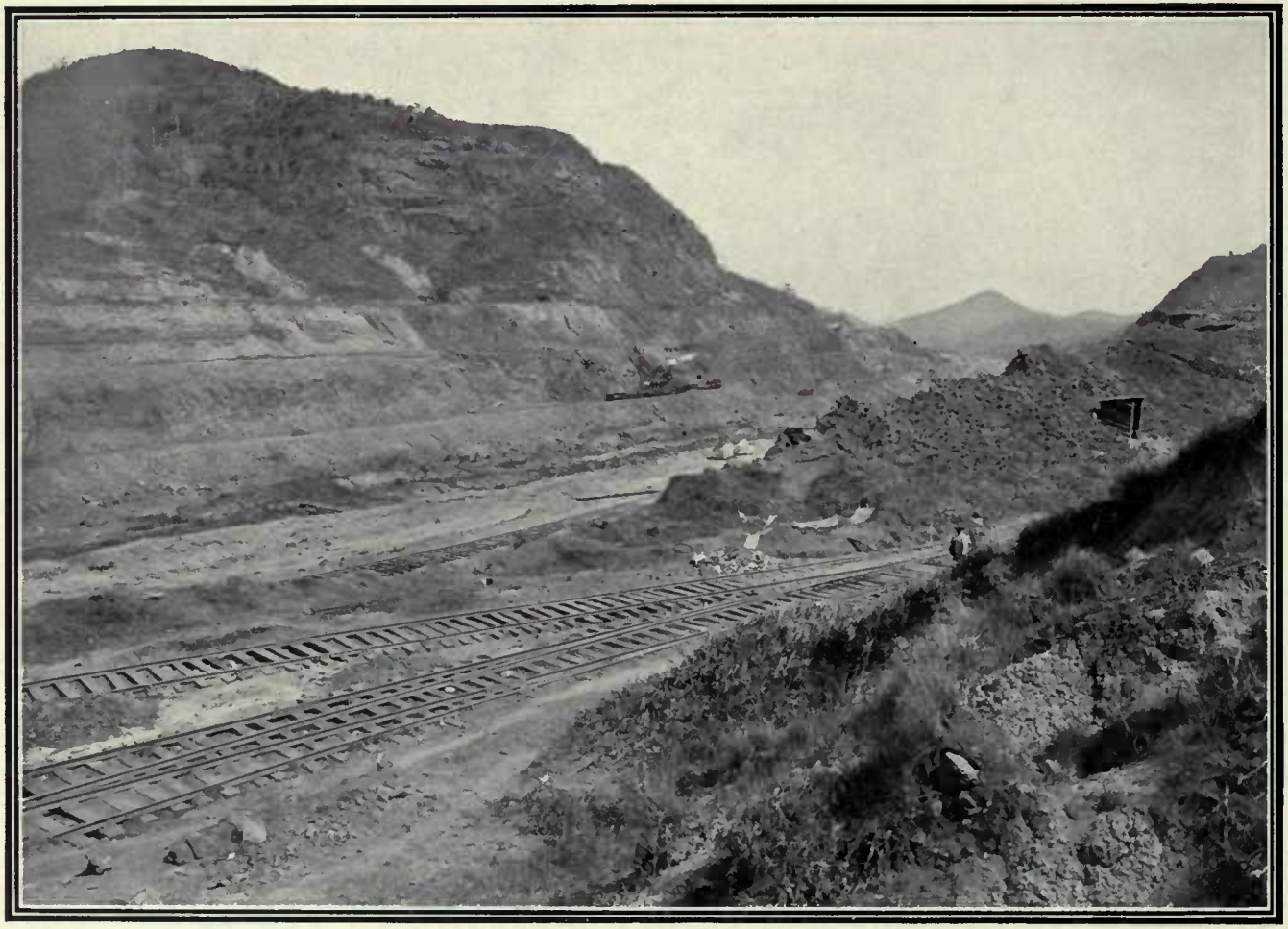
And they bore witness to the existence of a like faith in those under them, and of competition among them as to who would make the best showing for his day's work, if an artisan, or for his squad or department, if he was of higher grade.

We believe that the men in charge have solved the labor problem, and we have only words of praise for what they have accomplished. They have created an *esprit de corps* which has permeated the whole body of men under them, and will lead to a zealous prosecution of the work. It is of the utmost importance that the spirit thus inculcated should be fostered and encouraged by all in whose hands the execution of this stupendous task will fall.

Efficiency of the Plant, Including the Railroad: The economical and rapid construction of the Canal depends on maintaining its construction and transportation plant at its highest possible efficiency.

Shops — We found the machine and other shops for repairs and maintenance, as well as for the production of parts needed in the work, to be of ample capacity and to possess a good equipment of tools and machinery. It appeared also that the men were well adapted to operating this machinery, and the force was sufficient.

Docks and Terminals — On the Atlantic side the dock facilities, including conveyors, appear to be modern and ample, and the



THE BACKBONE OF THE ISTHMUS

Where the heaviest work is to be done in the nine miles of Culebra Cut. Gold Hill at left.

railway terminals, well arranged for storage and service, with a capacity of 1,000 cars, and for more in the storage yards. The same general condition of things seems to exist on the Pacific side.

Railroad — Of the Panama Railroad, thirty-six miles have been double tracked and stone ballasted, leaving nine miles yet to be double tracked; the total mileage being forty-five miles. All of the railway line has been relaid with seventy-pound steel rails. A crushing plant for making stone ballast, with a capacity of 900 tons daily, is in operation. The labor available seemed ample for the purpose of operation.

Railway Equipment — The railway equipment of locomotives will be completed when orders for twenty additional locomotives are filled and those on the ground are assembled and in operation.

The same thing can be said of the car equipment — but at present there is a great car shortage, which is now the most serious obstacle to rapid construction. This refers, of course, to cars intended for construction and dumpage. While some of the French car equipment is used, it is to be replaced as soon as possible by the modern plant for the reason that it is of limited capacity.

Compressed Air Plant — In the compressed air plant for operating drills, hoists, etc., there are twelve compressors of 2,500 cubic feet of air per minute — a capacity which seems to be ample for the requirements.

Coal Shutes — The coal shutes which have been established are apparently modern and well equipped.

Foundries — There are foundries for making cast iron castings, in which the principal source of materal is French scrap, with a small addition of pig iron.

Operation and Earnings of Railroad — For general information it may be of use to note that the commercial freight handled per month on the Panama Railroad has increased from about 40,000 tons in August, 1905, to over 96,000 tons in January, 1907. The cost of delivery on the docks per ton is now fifty-one cents, having been reduced from seventy-one cents. The total cost of operating the Panama Railroad is now fifty-nine per cent, reduced from eighty per cent of the gross receipts. The cost per ton mile, which was in December 1905, $.0634, was in December, 1906, reduced to $.0422. The earnings per ton mile during the same period increased from $.068 to $.071.

Steam Shovel Epuipment — The steam shovel equipment is standard and we are informed is quite effective for the work in hand. So far as known, its capacity is much ahead of the capacity for transportation and disposal of the dirt. It is in fact working at about fifty per cent capacity. This, it is expected, will be remedied when the cars and locomotives now ordered and the additional trackage now contemplated are in full service.

Dredging — Before the completion of the Canal there will he needed a considerable amount of dredging, but that stage has not been reached, and the plant for it cannot be dealt with here.

Old Plant — While some of the French machinery is being used in the interim, most of it, on account of it being obsolete, and of limited capacity, has been abandoned, and when the plant is completed with its modern equipment, all the rest should likewise be abandoned, as it belongs to a period more than twenty years back, which fact forbids its economical operation at the present time.

Men — So far as we could learn from our intercourse with the engineers and the people in charge of the various departments with whom we came in contact, they are capable, enthusiastic and energetic men, and seem to have their work well in hand.

Conclusion — In general, it may be said that it appeared to us that the plant, when completed, will be well balanced and capable of being used economically to accomplish the work for which it has been established.

Progress of the Canal Work: To properly understand and to appreciate the progress made, it is necessary to take into account the fact that less than three years ago, when the government undertook to construct the Canal, there was no organization and nothing but obsolete tools with which to work. The type of Canal was not definitely decided upon by Congress until June 30, 1906.

Before work could begin in anything more than a tentative way, it was necessary to make new surveys and plans; to organize a civil government; to do an enormous work of housing and sanitation; to practically reconstruct the railroad; to order, to transport for thousands of miles and to assemble the largest construction plant ever brought together; to create an organization and to gather an army of laborers, skilled and unskilled, by whom the work should be done — an army which during the wet season of eight months is compelled to work under very adverse conditions.

But all this — though not completed — has been so far accomplished that at the most important and critical points, the Gatun locks, and the great summit cut from Bas Obispo to Pedro Miguel, work is now in operation at a rate which has increased from 178,000 cubic yards in July, 1906, to 650,000 cubic yards in February, 1907, and which promises in a few months to exceed 1,000,000 yards per month.

Assuming that there will be no substantial change in the present plans or methods of work, we see no reason to question the estimate of the engineers that the Canal will be open for traffic in eight years — by January 1st, 1915.

LUCIEN WULSIN, Chairman,
ROBERT A. BOIT, J. G. SCHMIDLAPP,
LAWRENCE MAXWELL, JR., JOHN V. FARWELL, JR.,
ROBERT M. BURNETT, ROBERT MOORE,
ELIHU THOMSON.

THE VALLEY OF BOG WALK
Showing the Rio Cobre River and the Road to Spanish Town.

THE BUSINESS CENTER OF KINGSTON

A typical scene of the havoc wrought by the earthquake.

Jamaica

THE "PRINZ JOACHIM" reached the dock in Kingston harbor two hours after dark, instead of at three o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, March 4th. Delay in the departure from Colon was partly responsible. The 550 miles sail was most of the time in the face of the head winds from the north. The mountains of Jamaica were sighted before dark, but the pilot was not picked up until dusk. Entrance to the harbor was made with great care, Captain von Leitner having in mind the recent fate of two good boats which had gone on the rocks near Kingston—one of them the "PRINZESSIN VICTORIA LUISE," which the Commercial Clubs had originally expected to engage for their cruise.

With uncertainty as to the arrangements made for sightseeing in Jamaica, the members of the Clubs watched the lights of Kingston increase in number and strength as the ship approached the city. Original plans had been formed before the earthquake. It was not known to what extent they might have been interfered with by the disaster. There was one other complication about which the Joint Committee had kept very quiet, but which might prove serious. The authorities of Caribbean ports are sensitive on all matters of quarantine. Small cause for alarm shuts one port against a vessel coming from another until the quarantine period has elapsed. When the "PRINZ JOACHIM" was leaving Porto Rico the Joint Committee learned that a case or two of smallpox at Colon might prevent the landing at Kingston or at Santiago. Some cabling was done, and the strongest precautions were taken before the ship reached Colon to prevent the possibility of contagion. Orders were issued that the crew must not go ashore. Fortunately, when the "PRINZ JOACHIM" reached Colon, the fear had subsided. The cabling was effective. When the quarantine officers came aboard off Kingston no objection was made to the landing of the members of the Clubs. This disposed of the quarantine complication.

The Joint Committee was delighted to discover, in Captain W. P. Forwood, a business man possessing a degree of active efficiency unusual in the tropics, and a degree of humor extraordinary in an Englishman. Mr. Robert Batcheller, of Boston, a traveler of wide experience, of the Joint Committee, had, from his knowledge of Jamaica, planned a most agreeable surprise to the party. The success of the plan called for arrangements in considerable detail. It developed that Captain Forwood had attended to all of these preliminary details with such care that Mr. Batcheller was enabled to give the party a day of delightful entertainment. The twenty-four hours in Jamaica passed into memory as constituting one of the most enjoyable days of the trip.

A corner of the market in Kingston.

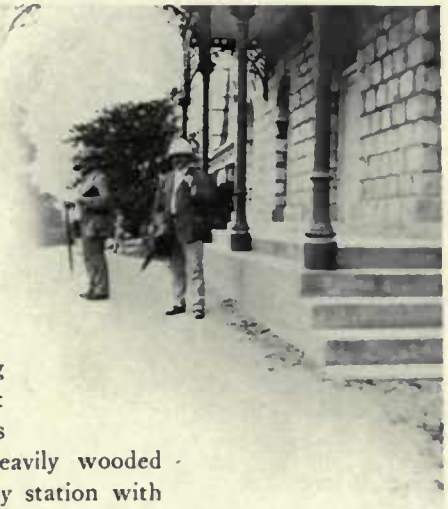
While the steamer was getting into place at the dock, Captain Forwood entertained the travelers with a thrilling narrative of his earthquake experiences. He prepared them somewhat for the scene of ruin which was presented when they went ashore and, between ten o'clock and midnight, walked through the silent streets. Block after block showed not a building standing. Walls had crumbled and gone down. Where the walls had stood were windrows of brick. If there had been no mortar in the walls the shaking down could hardly have been more thorough. In some blocks the wood-work had disappeared entirely, licked up by the flames which had swept over. Where fire had not completed the devastation, the roofs had fallen and window frames were twisted, the glass was shattered. This was the business district of Kingston, the principal city of Jamaica, which is about the size of Long Island. Wandering beyond the business center to the residence streets, the visitors saw that nearly every house had lost some part of its architecture. Here was a house with a complete front but with both side walls gone. At other places the rear was open. Here the chimneys had fallen. There a gable end had been shaken out. Families were occupying tents in their side yards. A house at first seemed practically intact, but a more thorough examination showed that it had been shattered and rendered uninhabitable. The park was a city of tents and hastily constructed shacks, with the color line drawn — on one side the white refugees, on the other the black. Vacant lots had their colonies. Such was Kingston as the members of the Clubs saw it by moonlight, on the night of their arrival. It looked no better by daylight, but the 45,000 inhabitants were going about their daily vocations very much as they would have been doing if the city had been whole. The street cars were running. The dark-skinned coachmen, with perfect English pronunciation and manners, were at the docks with their hacks to hire by the shilling. The market was a jam of vendors and buyers, with an overflow which filled the surrounding streets. The city was being slowly, very slowly, rebuilt. Reconstruction was going on perhaps at one place in each desolated block. Black women were mixing mortar and carrying brick. Black men were laying the walls. Nobody was making haste.

Kingston is not Jamaica. If it had been the "PRINZ JOACHIM" would not have tarried long. Kingston was not the location of Mr. Batcheller's well-planned surprise. A couple of hours after breakfast a train was backed down to the end of the dock. Members of the Clubs had their choice between coaches of the American style and the English compartment cars. The first fifteen minutes of the trip carried the travelers beyond the squalid outskirts of Kingston. Then came the plantations of bananas, the fields of pineapples, the

THE ROAD FROM BOG WALK DOWN THE GORGE OF THE RIO COBRE

sugar estates. The dusty plain about Kingston gave place to luxuriant vegetation. Orange trees loaded with ripening fruit the travelers readily recognized, but the breadfruit, the tamarinds, the spice trees, were less familiar. Beside the railroad track ran a broad, deep irrigation ditch full to the brim with water clear as crystal. The arid southern part of Jamaica looks to the northern part with its heavy rainfall to divide on moisture. By Mr. Batcheller the members had been told that their destination was Bog Walk, and when they pressed for an explanation of the name they were told that Bog Walk was the popular pronunciation of the Spanish Boca del Agua, which means, "Mouth of the Water." The 600,000 African slaves, brought over to till the soil of Jamaica before the British conscience was aroused, made strange work of the Spanish names they found on the Island.

Mr. Batcheller and Mr. Thomson, of Boston, at Constant Spring Hotel, near Kingston.



The train passed out of the plantation belt and without intervening foothills, climbed into rugged mountainous country. Jamaica, narrow as it is, only forty-nine miles across, has mountains 7,000 feet high. Two hours out of Kingston the train was in the midst of wild scenery with heavily wooded mountains all about. It roared through a tunnel, came out beside a pretty station with a little park surrounding. And there was the Boca del Agua, "The mouth of the Water," which is the head of the Rio Cobre River. Carriages, carry-alls, and automobiles were waiting for a ten-mile drive, the charm of which is not equaled in the States. It is well to see America first and then go to Jamaica to learn what a good road is. Mile after mile the decent of the gorge of the Rio Cobre was made over a road which shared with the rushing river the space between the two towering mountain sides. Here and there were patches of rocky cliffs in view, but for the most part the towering slopes were covered with a dense growth of plants and trees. The star apple, the palms, the bamboo clung to the mountain sides while all about them in profusion were ferns and plants and vines of great variety.

"This is like riding for miles through some vast greenhouse," was the way Robert McKittrick Jones of St. Louis described it. The flora, grown under glass and nurtured with so much care in the States, here thrived riotously out of doors.

Winding down the gorge, each curve opening up another fascinating view, the road was a succession of gentle grades over which the ponies trotted briskly. Occasionally the road crossed over a stone bridge and changed sides with the river. Well up toward the source an eight-foot iron pipe gathered a strong head of water and held its growing pressure until at a power house the pressure was carried into another kind of current

A black Aphrodite discoved by Mr. Green, Mr. Davis and Mr. Gamble in tbe gorge of the Rio Cobre.

—to be transmitted by wire down the valley. These Jamaica roads are built of broken rock like macadam, but a natural kind of cement completes the binding and gives a surface almost as smooth as asphalt. The Island has 2,000 miles of these roads kept in perfect condition by continuous repairing. As the travelers rode down the gorge from Bog Walk they saw here and there the little heaps of material placed for repair purposes. They saw the black women of Jamaica breaking and assorting stone for the roadmaking. The ride ended at Spanish Town, the old capitol before the days of British occupation. It was amid tropical conditions and yet through a country that differed from Porto Rico and the Isthmus. The travelers missed the royal palms, but they saw everywhere the all-spice trees. They saw more kinds of fruits than anywhere else in their West Indian journeyings. They saw flowers and ferns and orchids in endless profusion. They saw a population in which the dark-skinned were very dark, in which the proportion was fifty negroes to one white person—the great majority being a gentle, well mannered, easy-going people, doing little work, and subsisting upon next to nothing.

At Spanish Town the Cathedral and the King's House were visited. At the Rio Cobre hotel, a quaint-looking building with wide porches, with lawns sloping away front and rear, with oranges and lemons on the trees, the travelers ate a Jamaica lunch of half a dozen courses, including dishes novel to American palates. They were given revelations in the marvelous fruitfulness of Jamaica. The luncheon menu included a bewildering variety of fruits and vegetables. But there were strange things to see, not edible, gathered from trees and shrubs of Jamaica. Small black boys were waiting in front of the hotel to sell the visitors strings of beans and nuts of many sizes and shapes, of all the colors of the rainbow, strung like beads and easily mistaken for beads at first glance. "Job's tears" was the fanciful name bestowed upon one variety of these hard legumes, sombre gray in color. The descendants of the slaves of Jamaica have their own nomenclature. The origin of the Bog Walk has been mentioned. "Wag water" is the Alta Agua of the Spanish regime. The attention of Mr. Cowdery, of St. Louis, was attracted to a tree with a long narrow leaf which, no matter how slight the breeze, was in constant movement. He asked his black coachman for the name of the tree.

"We call it 'woman's tongue' tree," said the driver.

Mr. Cowdery looked puzzled.

"It is never still," explained the driver with real English gravity.

JAMAICA WOMEN BREAKING STONE TO REPAIR THE ROADS

The scenery in the gorge of the Rio Cobre was that of vegetation unchecked and riotous. Occasionally the thatched roof of a hut was visible in the jungle like growth. A path led to the road. Little black children, hearing the rattle of the carriages, ran out to cry a greeting and to hold up fruits for sale.

The day in Jamaica was rounded out with a trolley ride some miles to Constant Spring. The route was through the best suburban section of Kingston, past the villas of Kingston officials and merchants. Upon the great highway, beside which were the railroad tracks, there was much life. Black women, erect and dignified, strode along with even step carrying on their heads bundles and baskets. Burros with enormous panniers went by singly and in trains of from three to half a dozen. Not infrequently the man who had been to market with a burro load of fruit or produce rode homeward, sitting well back, his feet hanging over the front of the baskets.

Mr. Taylor, of Cincinnati, taking a stroll in Kingston.

At the village of Half-Way Tree, a few miles out of Kingston, the cars stopped long enough to test the superstition which these black people have against the camera. The members obtained some snap-shots of Jamaica life, but the women and children were rather unwilling subjects. Frequently they disappeared through convenient doorways and gates when they saw the camera approaching. Once Captain Forwood followed, and picking up a five-year-old girl brought her out to be photographed. The expression of apprehension changed quickly to delight when the coin dropped into the little black palm.

At Constant Spring the members of the Clubs were almost under the shadows of the Blue Mountains. Here again the characteristic of no foot-hills was noted. The gently undulating, fertile land, extended from the base of the mountains to the coast. From the porches of the Constant Spring hotel were views embracing miles of charming country, much of it in cultivation, if that word can be used to describe the banana plantations, the coffee and spice groves, the cane fields, the orange and lemon trees, which, season after season, all but take care of themselves.

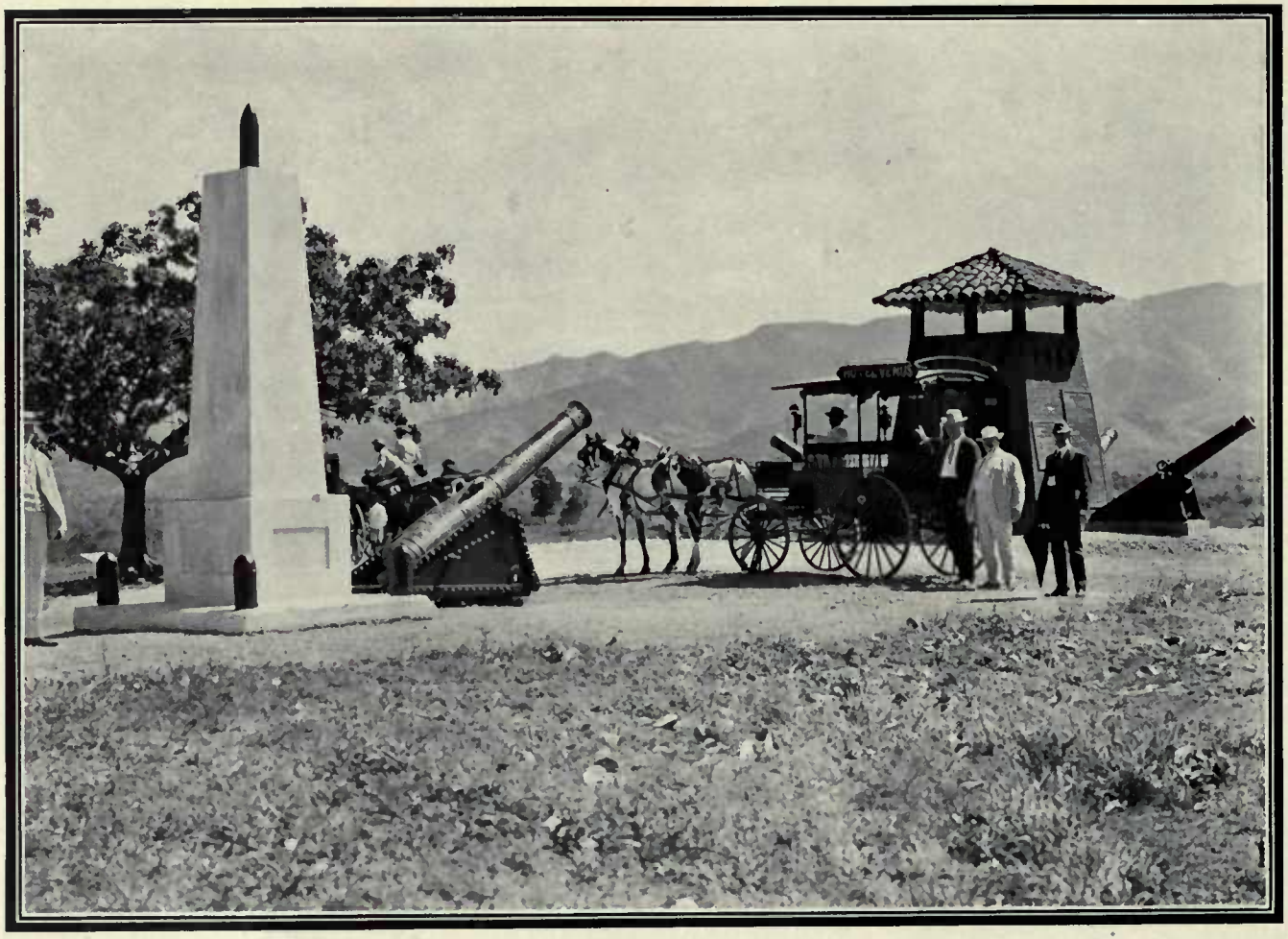
Repeated appeals from the Joint Committee were necessary to break the spell of the Jamaica charm and to draw the members of the Clubs from the grounds of Constant Spring back to the cars. At 5 o'clock the whistle of the "PRINZ JOACHIM" blew warningly. When night came on the steamer had left behind the rocky coast of Jamaica, made more uncertain by the earthquake.

Cuba

DON'T talk politics. This was the injunction laid on the members of the Commercial Clubs as they approached Cuba. The prohibition was observed from the hour the bow of the "PRINZ JOACHIM" poked into the harbor at Santiago, where Hobson sunk the collier, until the last look at Morro Castle astern, after the steamer left Havana. The Pearl of the Antilles was viewed in all lights but that of politics.

The "PRINZ JOACHIM" left Kingston just before dark on Tuesday, March 5th. At sunrise the mountain range of Eastern Cuba was in view. After an early and hurried breakfast the voyagers were on deck to see where the fleets of Sampson and Schley stood off shore day after day waiting for Cervera's fleet to come out. The "PRINZ JOACHIM" was headed due north for what at first was a slight gap in the frowning headland. Away to the eastward came into view the coast depression where Shafter's army disembarked to make the land campaign against Santiago. Then the squat outlines of Morro guarding the entrance to the harbor were distinguishable. A sail boat came scudding along the coast westward of the entrance. That was the course Cervera's ships took until, one after another, crippled and sinking, they were driven on the rocks. Long before the "PRINZ JOACHIM" came up with the pilot boat and drew near the entrance, the line of white-crested surf breaking at the foot of the cliffs both east and west of Morro was visible. Not until the steamer was fairly into the narrow, tortuous channel did Santiago, at the head of the harbor, come into view. The most entertaining, most fascinating approach to any of the West Indian cities visited on this cruise of the Commercial Clubs was the entrance to the harbor of Santiago and the sail to the immediate vicinity of the city's water front.

The half day which the itinerary allotted to Santiago was all too short. While some of the members rode and strolled about the city, others breakfasted leisurely after the Latin-American custom. Santiago has a restaurant, La Venus, famed throughout the West Indies. Breakfast at La Venus is a Santiago experience to be remembered. Many of the members enjoyed that experience. Perhaps half of the party took carriages and made a hasty drive out of the city and over a fine road to San Juan Hill, passing the great peace tree in the shade of which the capitulation of Santiago to the Americans under Shafter was arranged. They were fortunate to have for their escort Mr. Elwell, a prominent merchant of Santiago. Mr. Elwell came from northern Ohio to Cuba seventeen years ago. When the time arrived for all Americans to leave the Island he disposed of his



ON SAN JUAN HILL

Viewing the battlefield near Santiago. Reading from left to right: Daniel Catlin, W. K. Bixby, W. B. Lawrence.

business in Santiago and went to Washington. A little later he returned in charge of a department of the Red Cross work with Shafter's army. When Santiago fell, Mr. Elwell resumed his residence and went into business again. The United States government has made the beginning of a military park, including San Juan Hill. Some cannon, brought from Morro, at the mouth of the harbor, have been posted on the Hill. An observatory has been built in order that visitors may have a good view of the battle field. San Juan Hill is the Mecca of all American visitors to Santiago.

In Santiago Mr. Maxwell, of Cincinnati, and Mr. Charles W. Knapp made the acquaintance of the Jamaica kola, a tropical non-alcoholic drink, the praises of which they sang with enthusiasm.

On the boat landing at Santiago the Joint Committee presented to the members the choice of routes to Havana. They told them frankly that the overland journey might be one of some hardships. It had been planned to go eastward from Santiago to Guantanamo, part of the way by a new railroad, the Cuba Northeastern. The new road was not running through as had been expected when the program was arranged in the States. There was some doubt about reaching Guantanamo. The Joint Committee could not guarantee connections or sleepers. The members were told that they must decide for themselves whether they would go by rail or by steamer to Havana. To take charge of those who might decide to join the overland expedition one member of the Joint Committee, Mr. Hanford Crawford, of St. Louis, was selected. Having furnished Mr. Crawford with two stewards from the "PRINZ JOACHIM" and a large supply of Poland water, the other Joint Committeemen took leave of him as of one they might not meet again in a long time. When Mr. Crawford called his roll at the railroad station a little before noon he found his party made up as follows:

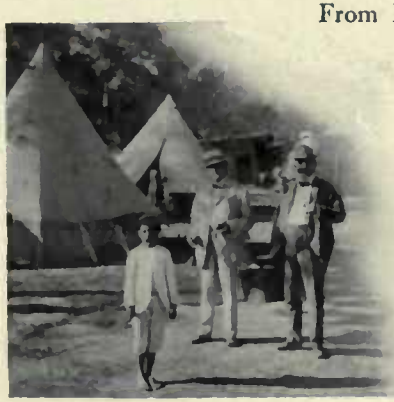
From Boston: Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Cumner, Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Cutler.

From Chicago: Mr. Clow, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. McCormick, Mr. Morton, Mr. Noyes, Mr. Ryerson, Mr. Swift and Mr. Wilson.

From Cincinnati: Mr. Ault, Mr. Durrell, Mr. Egan, Mr. Geier, Mr. Green, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Meacham, Mr. Omwake and Mr. Yeiser.

From St. Louis: Mr. Crawford, Mr. Dozier, Mr. Francis, Mr. Hill, Mr. Jones, Mr. Chas. W. Knapp, Mr. Homer P. Knapp and Mr. Nugent.

The handbag of Charles W. Knapp, of St. Louis, was thrust into the car window as the train left the station. Mr. McCormick, of Chicago, was not so fortunate. His handbag went around to Havana by steamer.



The earthquake refugees' camp in the City Park at Kingston.

No party of tourists ever set out for an unknown country with

more implicit faith manifested in their personal conductor. No conductor ever more fully justified the confidence reposed in him, than did Mr. Crawford. These gentlemen followed Mr. Crawford on board the cars after their busy morning in Santiago and asked no questions. Before they realized that they were hungry, they were fed with sandwiches from the "PRINZ JOACHIM." At thirty-minutes intervals the duck-garbed stewards caromed along the aisles with the Poland water, which never gave out.

An hour from Santiago the special train made a leisurely stop at Estacion del Cristo. Small boys ran alongside the cars offering oranges in clusters of a dozen, and bunches of little bananas which are known as "lady fingers." Larger boys offered cocoanuts. They carried their long knives, machetes, and when a purchase was made, deftly sliced off the ends, scooped a puncture to the hollow interior, and presented the cocoanut water in natural goblets. Other tropical fruits, less familiar to the travelers, were tendered. All of these products were sold at such low prices that every Americano became forthwith a buyer. Traffic was encouraged by the fact that every little merchant knew American money and wanted nothing else. No question of exchange complicates the tourist trade in Cuba. American money goes in the interior of the island just as universally and as acceptably as it does in Porto Rico. So the members of Mr. Crawford's party bought and bought at Estacion del Cristo. As rapidly as they found their stock depleted, the little boys darted away and were back with fresh supplies. When the train was ready to proceed the interiors of the cars presented an extensive horticultural exhibit. Then the travelers ate and ate. In the midst of the feast Mr. Green, of Cincinnati, arose at the end of a coach aisle and shouted:

"Gentlemen! I wish to propose a sentiment. To our unfortunate friends on the ship!"

"To our unfortunate friends on the ship!" responded the adventurous thirty, holding aloft and flourishing oranges, bananas and cocoanuts.

"We are not through to Havana," said Mr. Crawford warningly, "although the start seems to be all right."

Three hours of much curving and climbing brought the train to La Maya, in a coffee and cocoa district of eastern Cuba. Here two army ambulances and two dozen saddle ponies and mules were waiting in charge of half a dozen stalwart young Americans attached to the new Cuba Northeastern Railroad. The hand baggage and the boxes of Poland water were strapped to a two-wheeled cart. Half the party

Forestry of the Tropics.

chose their mounts. The others climed in the ambulances. The cavalcade filed down the principal street of La Maya and out on a ridge which commanded a view of the surrounding country for miles. The route was down a steep road into a valley and up by a stiff climb to another tableland. A half hour's ride covered the distance from La Maya to where a train was waiting on the roadbed of the new Cuba Northeastern. Later in the day, as they were nearing Guantanamo, the members of Mr. Crawford's party learned that they had had the distinction of being carried in the first passenger train over the road. A. V. Sims, president and general manager of the Cuba Northeastern, met the party at La Maya. Mr. Harry Robinson, of the railroad corporation, accompanied the party from Santiago. When Mr. Crawford met Mr. Robinson he recognized something familiar about him. After some thinking he said:

"Robinson, you ought to know me."

Mr. Robinson looked hard, but replied regretfully that he could not recall they had ever met.

"Don't you remember Hanford Crawford?" was asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Robinson, "but he didn't have any beard."

Years ago, when Hanford Crawford was a young man just out of college, he taught in a locally famous boys' school of New York City, and Harry Robinson was one of the boys. Teacher and pupil had lost track of each other until they came together in Eastern Cuba

From La Maya Valley all of the way to Guantanamo, a three hours' journey over the new Cuba Northeastern, the members of the Clubs explored a part of the Island almost unknown to this generation. Here was the scene of the terrible devastation of the Ten Years' War. When the rebellion against Spanish authority began, in 1868, this region was one of the most productive of all Cuba. Here were coffee plantations. Cocoa was a notable product. Cuba was producing 750,000 tons of cane sugar, and the sugar estates of eastern Cuba were among the richest on the Island. With the revolution of 1868 ended what was known as "the golden age" of Cuba. In the Ten Years' War which followed, 40,000 Cubans perished. Spain lost 208,000 of the 257,000 soldiers sent to sustain her authority.

In the suburbs of Kingston.