

Toward the close the policy was declared to be to "convert the Island into a desert." The value of the property destroyed and the cost of the war amounted to \$300,000,000. For miles, the members of the Commercial Clubs rode through a marvelously fertile section, once under cultivation, much of it the property then of French planters, laid waste in the Ten Years' War, and now with a forest of thirty years' growth spread over it.

Before leaving Santiago some of the visitors were shown where the fifty American officers and men, coming on the *Virginus*, to join the Cuban revolutionists in the midst of the Ten Years' War, and having been captured, were executed. American capital is behind the movement to reclaim this region and to make it productive again. Americans are building the Cuba Northeastern. American settlers are acquiring the land and clearing it for sugar, coffee and fruit. The evidence of American occupation in eastern Cuba was abundant and impressive. The new houses, such as American farmers would insist upon building, were numerous. The only concession to the climate was in the porches. Tall, broad-shouldered Americans, with faces bronzed by the tropical sun, towered above the groups of natives at the railroad stations. That the region is in the pioneer stage was shown by the acres of logs at every stopping place. The present business of the new road is largely that of transporting to the coast logs of mahogany, ebony, rosewood, cedar, logwood and other hardwoods of the tropics. A stalwart Canadian at one of the stations told the party that it cost \$20 an acre to clear away the forest, and that the lumber yielded \$15 an acre. When the American railroad builders began in eastern Cuba they used some mahogany logs for ties. Now they employ a native wood called cagueran, which lasts like steel. The travelers saw the beginnings of coffee plantations, but it takes a period of years to bring the coffee trees to the stage of profitable production. One coffee plantation, well advanced, was pointed out. The owner sells all of this coffee for home consumption at Guantanamo and receives twenty cents a pound for it.

Passing over the new roadbed the party noted that already grass and vines covered the sides of the embankments and of the cuts, so rapid is the growth of vegetation. Where the road was cut through the forest it was impossible to see but a few rods into the dense growth. With this experience came the realization that it was impossible for Spain to conquer revolutionists who had such opportunity for concealment.

As the train approached Guantanamo, the wilderness was left behind. Great sugar estates stretched away in all directions. The tall smoke stacks of the sugar mills — centrals, they are called in the vernacular of the

En Route to Bog Walk in Jamaica. Facing the camera (reading from left to right): David B. Gamble, Hanford Crawford, D. B. Meacham.



All aboard! Santiago.



Island — towered above the clusters of buildings which dotted the vast fields of cane. Mr. Sims pointed to one field which he said had yielded cane year after year without replanting for forty-seven years. But the yield had decreased to seventeen tons of cane an acre, and the owner had concluded to replant. In this wonderfully rich Guantanamo Valley, the rule is to cut the cane steadily for thirty years and then to turn the field into grass for a rest of ten or twelve years. The Guantanamo Valley has for years had its own railway system, the Cuba Eastern, giving the sugar estates the outlet to tidewater on Guantanamo Bay. The Cuba Northeastern is being built to connect the Cuba Eastern and the Guantanamo Valley with the railroad systems of central and western Cuba, as well as to develop the country between.

In the station at Guantanamo, Mr. Crawford divided his party, sending most of them to the La Venus Hotel, and taking a minority to the Washington. He notified all of the members that dinner would be served at the Washington. A ride through the streets revealed a little Cuban city, which had made no progress for thirty years, suddenly called upon by American enterprise to undergo transformation. To their surprise, the members of the Clubs found excellent hotels, such as few cities of like population in the States could boast of. The hotels were characteristic of Cuba, built around the large open court, with cafes open to the street. The beds were scrupulously clean, with canopies and curtains. The furniture was new. The attention was most painstaking.

At eight o'clock the members assembled at the Washington and were served with dinner at a long table set on a balcony overhanging the street. The proprietor of the hotel, his clerks and his chef assisted the waiters in serving the dinner. When, after several excellent courses the whole roast pig was carried around for inspection and the explanation was offered that the delicious flavor was due to a life-long diet of pine nuts, Mr. Green, of Cincinnati, felt constrained to rise from his chair and to propose again the sentiment:

"Gentlemen! To our unfortunate friends on the ship!"

There was but one discordant note in the feast. A street piano, the only one in eastern Cuba, had been whirled into position just under the balcony. The operator played continuously until Mr. McCormick, of Chicago, was, on motion, made a committee of one to go down stairs, return the thanks of the Clubs to the mechanical orchestra, and at any cost to secure the removal beyond earshot. Mr. McCormick did his work well. At the conclusion of the dinner, which well deserved to be called a banquet, Mr. Crawford introduced Mr. Sims, who gave some interesting information about eastern Cuba. Mr. Sims said:

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen: Notwithstanding the fact that I weigh about 200 pounds, whenever I rise to speak I always feel like a two-cent piece in a band-box. I sometimes think I might have thoughts—in my dreams—but on occasions of this kind I have none. I believe all I can say to you tonight, gentlemen, is that I welcome you here most heartily. I wish very much that you might come again to this city, not only to enjoy a visit to this part of Cuba, which is so interesting, but that you might then be able to appreciate the rapidity with which this end of the island is developing. No doubt the remainder of the island has its story of marvelous development, but I shall not speak of that because I am not familiar with it.

I remember on one occasion, after several years of arduous work in the laboratory, I succeeded in making a floor out of dry sand that stood about 2,000 pounds pressure to the square foot. There happened by this exhibit of floor a German who represented a large builder. He asked me how I made it. I told him that I simply put the screens in and reinforced them instead of reinforced concrete. He asked, "What you do then that make it don't fall?" I said, "Nothing." "Well," he said, "I would like to show it to my friends." I said, "All right." He said, "Yes, but I don't want them to think that I am such a liar as that."

Well, gentlemen, that's the way I feel about the eastern end of Cuba. Until you have seen some of it, I am afraid you will think, from the stories I could tell you, that I am a liar. If I should tell you that there are hundreds of mahogany trees on this end of the island that would require the outstretched arms of four men like myself to reach around, know you would think I am a pretty big liar. Gentlemen, these things are true. The part of Cuba you have traversed today the Spaniards have known and occupied for a hundred years or more. I would very gladly offer to head a junketing party, if any of you are sufficiently interested to go. We could take some 'hay-birds,' commonly known as mules in the States, and I could show you some of the wonderful things of which I speak. When I speak of mahogany, I mean hardwoods generally, for the cedars in Cuba are worth three or four times the money value of standard mahogany, and there are many other varieties of wood, the value of which has never been made known to the world.

As I say, I cherish an honored reputation for veracity, and therefore shall not expatiate further along this line. I want to repeat that we are very much pleased to see you here. (Cries of "Go on! Tell us the whole story!")

Gentlemen, I am not an expert in sugar cane. I may say, in the first place, that I came here about two and a half years ago to look over a certain property and to report to its owners as to its value. It happened that while I was here the chief engineer resigned, and I was asked to hold his place until a successor could be appointed. During that time the manager resigned and I was asked to take his place. And then our superintendent died and I was requested to hold his place. These circumstances caused me to look with greater care and with more detail into the business advantages and opportunities that were offered by this part of Cuba. The opportunities may be just as good in other parts of Cuba, but I am sure the eastern end cannot be surpassed for the fertility of its soil and the promise of development it presents.

After a residence of about three months in this little city I made up my mind I would give up my business connections in the States. I would give up the practice of my profession as a consulting civil engineer, and would abide here. It has so happened, however, that I have not been relieved of the positions I have mentioned, and so I have remained with the Cuba Eastern and its affiliated enterprises. My duties as manager of the Cuba Eastern made it incumbent upon me to look into the cane industry in order that among other things I might estimate the amount of freight to be secured for our road. I noticed that along the Cuba Eastern there did not seem to be the proper amount of enterprise and industry. I went up the road and found a good proposition that would yield a profit of thirty per cent every time the money was turned over. It seemed also to involve small business risk. I submitted it to a man here who has money to invest, and showed him all of the details of the proposition. He listened to me until I had finished and then simply shrugged his shoulders. I said, "Don't you want it?" He replied, "There is only thirty per cent in it." I could hardly understand his position until he told me he could lend his money at two per cent a month.

Then I went further and investigated the amount of tonnage that could be produced from an acre of cane land. I found that in this valley, without work and without cultivation the average yield is about thirty tons of cane to the acre, which means three tons of

sugar. In Iowa, thirty bushels of wheat is a pretty big yield. Thirty bushels of wheat makes about a ton to the acre. Here, as I said, an acre yields about thirty tons of cane and three tons of sugar. It has been yielding for a hundred years at the same rate. When cultivated the land will yield fifty tons of cane per acre, which makes five tons of sugar, worth two cents a pound. In Porto Rico my understanding is you have to plant the cane once every five or six years. This afternoon, on the Cuba Eastern, you passed a Cuba field that was planted forty-seven years ago and has never been replanted during that time. These facts are not appreciated by those in the States. Those acquainted with sugar conditions in Louisiana, where I am told the cane must be planted every year, find it difficult to believe that here, speaking conservatively, we plant only once every thirty years.

The Iowa soil produces a dividend, during a fairly good year, over and above labor wages for the farmer, of from five and one-half per cent. to six and one-half per cent. on a valuation of \$100 per acre. Cuban soil will pay interest at six per cent. on a valuation of \$500 to \$600 per acre. What is the difference? Why is not the interest produced by the Cuban soil and sent to the States in the form of a New York draft just as good as money invested in Iowa? I will tell you. During the Spanish occupation of Cuba you might make six per cent. on \$500 or you might have several years when you would not make anything. The reason why it requires a dividend of \$6 only on the Iowa land to make it worth \$100 per acre and requires \$30 or \$40 here is that the people who set the values upon the land have been brought up from childhood to regard the crops that grow on the land as very uncertain, due to political conditions. All this country needs to establish values is the security of a good and stable government. Sugar cane land will sell at \$60 per acre, but it is all in large tracts, and to be profitable, it must be accessible to a good mill. Virgin soil in this country is for sale anywhere at from \$8 to \$12 an acre—soil such as you rode through today. To show our confidence in these figures, we have bought within the past eighteen months, in round figures, 100,000 acres of land. That land today has such small value for the same reason that the cane land is worth only \$60 an acre, namely, because the people have not been taught to know that an investment in real estate is a perfectly safe investment. The man who can see the events that are coming and who gets possession of land at the rate the owners are perfectly willing to sell at now, in my opinion, is going to reap a very handsome profit in a very short space of time. The land that a year ago sold for \$6 an acre is now selling at from \$20 to \$30 an acre. Much of it is changing hands, and settlers are coming in quite rapidly.

I spoke of our company having acquired a considerable quantity of land at cheap prices. We could now dispose of this land at much enhanced values. The reason we do not sell land at \$25 that cost us \$5, is that it is not a paying business. We have had in Cuba five or six colonization companies. Every one of them has started out under full sail, but has struck a shoal and has met with misfortune. I am adverse, as a rule, to mentioning names in a talk of this kind, but I will say that at one place, a few miles from San Luis, and located on our line, a colony began with excellent opportunities. But the colonists have not succeeded because they did not study the conditions properly and did not adapt themselves thereto. Our colonization scheme has been formulated on an original and scientific basis. It is proposed to sell to a farmer, for example, 100 acres of land. We will require that he plant one-half of it in cane, and we bind ourselves to buy that cane from him for fifteen years, or for half of the estimated life of the field without replanting. We figure that the profit he can make on the fifty acres will put in his pocket at least \$1,000 a year. The colonist therefore will not go back to the States. The return of the discouraged is what has damaged all of the colonization companies in Cuba. Most of the colonists have not been successful. By creating a market for the crop raised on half of this land, we expect to enable our colonist to make a greater success than he would make in the States with 100 acres. In addition he will have the remaining half of his farm to plant with vegetables. We do not bind ourselves in legal manner to this further encouragement but we have announced — and of course we intend to conform — that we will put up a cold storage plant that will take care of all of the vegetables produced on this remaining half of the land of our colonists, where they may be retained until they can be transported to market and disposed of.

You can look at this soil and see that the foundation of the vegetation is legumes, showing that nitrogen is constantly being

stored in the ground. You can burn the vegetation and weeds will not grow up, but legumes will. We have gone into the land you saw today and spent \$220,000 for the clearing of it and the planting of it in cane. The roots of the cane in the ground are the security for that \$220,000. It is good security, for whatever you plant you reap.

Gentlemen, these are but a few of the things I have seen and learned during the past two years, since I came to Cuba. I might say I am in the brick business, too. I was showing some of you this afternoon, as we were driving around town, two lots that I was offered not long ago for \$250.00, one at \$100 and the other at \$150. I did not buy them, and there is where the joke is on me. Within several months the corner lot, which I was offered at \$150 brought \$900, and the other one \$700. There is a big building on them now. Brick sell here for \$25 per thousand. I own all of the brick yards in town, but I did not know I was in the business at all until one day a fellow came to me and asked me to make a price on a number of brick. I thought at first he was jesting and treated his remarks in that way. He persisted in asking that I make the price. I said to him, "Why, you are mistaken, I haven't any brick to sell." He said, "Don't you own a certain lot here in town?" I replied affirmatively. He said "Don't you own this other lot?" mentioning another location. I admitted that I did. "Well," he said, "Have'nt they both got brick kilns on them, and aren't they the only yards in town?" When I examined the property later I found such to be the case. And so that is how I am in the brick business. We are not doing a very big business, but are selling all we can make. The reason we can't turn them out faster is because we can't get the machinery from the States. All of our brick have to be manufactured by hand. But, gentlemen, while I have a monopoly on the brick business of this city, I assure you I have not raised the price of our product or tried to stamp out legitimate competition.

My friends, these are not the exceptions I am pointing out to you, but the rule. When I came here, two years ago, a little building several blocks up this street was the only hotel in town. It had two rooms. A sick man occupied one, and it was always a question of who would secure the other. Now we have three or four hotels—two of them are furnishing the accommodations for you gentlemen tonight. We have four or five miles of macadam roads and streets. This is a sample of the development that has taken place within the past two years. I believe that Guantanamo will, in a few years, be the Havana of eastern Cuba. At Guantanamo Bay we have any amount of water, vertically and horizontally. We have around this place a perfect garden. From the bay itself we are about twenty kilometers. That is a misfortune, but we could not build the city right on the bay because of the agricultural conditions. There is no fresh water at the bay. All of the fresh water used there has to be hauled down as freight. Here no irrigation is necessary. The soil is fertile beyond compare. You can raise anything on it. In fact, you cannot keep things from growing on it. There is no more productive country on the face of the globe.

Now, gentlemen, I am not going to detain you longer. I hope you can return to Cuba some near time and will stay long enough to verify some of the statements I have made this evening. I desire again to express our appreciation and pleasure at your visit, and to thank you for your kind attention to my remarks.

Following President Sims, there was much spirited oratory. In front of the balcony assembled many of the ladies of Guantanamo. Inspired by the environment, the presiding officer of the evening, Mr. Crawford, brought to their feet in succession, for short talks, Mr. Francis, Harry Robinson, of the Cuba Northeastern, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Nugent, Mr. McCormick and Mr. Lawrence.

In the cool of the morning Mr. Crawford called his roll at the Guantanamo station. All were on time. Mr. McCormick, of Chicago, triumphantly exhibited his new baggage. He had found in Guantanamo a substantial bag of fibre and had filled it to the handles with a collection of necessities which ranged from toothbrush to pajamas. The party was in high good humor. Breakfast of genuine Cuban coffee, eggs from Guantanamo hens,

and rolls that could not be excelled in Paris, had pleased everybody. Once more the spirit of the occasion effervesced in Mr. Green, of Cincinnati, who exclaimed as he held aloft a bottle of Poland water:

"Gentlemen! to our unfortunate friends on the ship!"

As the train left the station the party had a vision of eastern Cuba of the old times. A volante drawn by galloping mules rolled out of the city on the road to the Soledad sugar estate, the huge wheels leaving a cloud of dust behind.

The route was back over the Cuba Northeastern to La Maya Valley where "three cheers for Sims" were given. The ride over the hills in the ambulances and on the ponies and mules was repeated. And then the travelers settled down for the long journey through the Island with Havana the terminus. All day the route lay over table lands of central Cuba where, until after the recent war with Spain, there was no railroad. At Bayate the travelers saw the cleared fields and the homes of the Scandinavian colony, which was established soon after the Spanish-American war. The colony began to raise great crops of fruit before facilities for marketing had been provided, and suffered loss thereby. At Bartol a short stop was made. The substantial improvements and the orange groves were admired. The latter half of the day the journey was through the stock ranges of Cuba, where cattle were grazing in grass knee-deep the first week in March.

Alto Cedro was the stopping place for lunch. Here Mr. Crawford led his party into a spacious dining room where a bright-eyed, agile Chinaman directed the serving of seventeen varieties of food, beginning with the Cuban dish of fried eggs with rice, and concluding with guava jelly on cheese. The astonishment was great when the Chinese proprietor brought on dishes of baked beans, which won the unstinted approval of the members of the Commercial Club of Boston. But the excitement increased when the waiters served a dozen of freshly cooked peach pies.

"Gentlemen!" cried Mr. Green, of Cincinnati, holding aloft a peach pie in each hand, "to our unfortunate friends on the ship!"

An hour was given to the remarkable luncheon at Alto Cedro. Before the train started the proprietor distributed to each member of the party a neat card, reading:

Battleship "MAINE" — Flagship of Admiral Robley D. Evans.
Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.



Y. Chong

The party insisted on having a photograph of their host, and Y. Chong obligingly stood before the camera. The remaining peach pies that could not be eaten were taken on board of the train and added to the stock of fruit collected for emergencies. It might be imagined that Mr. Crawford's party did little but eat on their three days' journeying across Cuba. They did a great deal besides eating, but the banquets were frequent.

In the early evening the train reached Camaguey, a city of 50,000 people, which, until the building of the Cuba Railroad, the Van Horne enterprise, a few years ago, had no railroad communication with the rest of Cuba.

Immediately upon their arrival the members of the Clubs took carriages and drove about the city for one hour. They found narrow but paved streets, handsome residences of the Cuban type, shops well stocked, and fine churches. But more impressive than these was the appearance of the people. Very few dark-skinned persons were seen. The Cubans of Camaguey are white men and women of pleasing features and dignified appearance. When later the visitors were told that Camaguey presents, in far more than average purity, the Cuban people, they were well prepared to accept it. After noting the cleanliness of the streets, the handsome appointments of the residences, the well kept stores, the visitors were prepared to expect a hotel in keeping with such a fine city, but they had not anticipated what they found in the Hotel Camaguey. Built around a patio, which was a small park with fountain and flowers and shrubbery, the hotel covers three and a half acres. Even in Havana, Cubans speak of Hotel Camaguey as the finest hotel on the Island.

The travelers sat down to dinner in a dining-room which accommodated them in one corner. The long table was decorated with flowers and with great pyramids of fruit. Mr. Crawford cut short the speech-making at the close of the dinner and led the way back to the train. Sleeping cars were added to the coaches at Camaguey. An hour before arriving at Camaguey Mr. Crawford had knitted his brows over the problem of lower berths and upper berths. He had succeeded in finding volunteers enough for upper berths to relieve the pressure. But when the party went on board the train there speedily developed a spirit of self-sacrifice. Everybody was willing to take an upper berth after seeing the lowers. Those who retired last found surplus lower berths but all upper berths filled. Thus did the expected difficulties of the trip disappear when the time came to meet them.

The test of the staying quality of the expedition came at 1:30 in the morning. Beside a great sugar central, Jatobonico, the train stopped. The party was invited out to see sugar-making as it is carried on in these days of improved labor-saving machinery. Rather informally clad, the travelers left their berths and went through the sugar mill. They saw the cane by the car load lifted in a kind of cradle and deposited in the hopper. Mechanical traveling buckets carried the juice through the lime-mixing process. At all stages were automatic devices and labor-saving contrivances until the filled bag with its 320 pounds of sugar represented the finished product, worth two and one-quarter cents a pound. The capacity of this central, with its shifts of labor to cover day and night, is 1,000 bags in twenty-four hours, or about \$7,200 worth of sugar. In a grinding



IN THE FORTIFICATIONS OF HAVANA

season of 100 days this central is expected to turn out \$600,000 worth of sugar. And it does it with American machinery. The centrals about Guantanamo have American managers and chemists, but they are still using English and French machinery.

Mr. Crawford's party slept peacefully through an hour's wait at Santa Clara. Somebody in authority, discovering that the engineer, with cheerful confidence in the right-of-way, was about to start with a locomotive having no headlight, insisted that the train be held until the missing part was supplied. When morning came Matanzas was several hours away. Mr. Crawford consulted with train men, who knew no English, and learned that coffee might be ordered at Colon. This was done. Of the refreshment at Colon there is not much to say further than that it made the later breakfast at Matanzas more appreciated. "The Naples of Cuba" has learned much since the tide of American travel has been setting in so strong. When the special of the Commercial Clubs drew into the imposing Matanzas station, a committee of citizens, escorting the mayor, was on the platform, and large automobiles were waiting outside. The party was conducted to the Grand hotel, by the committee, consisting of Eugenio Galbon, President of the Chamber of Commerce; Stewart Hamilton, manager of the Matanzas branch of the Royal Bank of Canada; Bonifacio Menendez, Francisco Ferrer, Alejandro Ezquirre, Wenceslao Gonzalez Solis, N. Urrechaga, Silvio Silveira, Padro Urquiza, Alfredo Heydrick and S. F. Yawger, manager of the Matanzas branch of the National Bank of Cuba.

To breakfast with the visitors, the business men of Matanzas had invited Isidoro J. Ojeda, the mayor of the city, Colonel Sweet and Captain Wilson, U. S. A. While the breakfast was in progress the band of the Twenty-eighth Infantry played a number of selections. At the close of the breakfast brief speeches were made by the mayor of Matanzas, who welcomed the Clubs, and by Hanford Crawford, who expressed the hearty thanks of his associates for the very handsome entertainment. The visitors were given a ride in automobiles to the Paseo and along the beach of the beautiful Bay, of Matanzas. Early in the afternoon the train was under way for Havana, and with expressions of delight the members of the Clubs were viewing from car windows the beautiful Yumuri Valley. From the wilderness of eastern Cuba to the closely populated and highly improved section between Matanzas and Havana was a marked transition. At five o'clock Mr. Crawford landed his party in the heart of Havana only a few hours after the "PRINZ JOACHIM" had dropped anchor in the harbor. The sail around Cuba had been very interesting but less strenuous. "Our unfortunate friends on the ship" had not been unfortunate. They had, after leaving Santiago, entered Guantanamo Bay and had inspected the unrivaled naval station secured to the United States under the treaty with Cuba. They had found the fleet of Admiral Evans in the Bay, and Captain von Leitner had given evidences of his qualities as a navigator by circling in and out among the battleships while the members of the Clubs cheered them and the admiral.

The thirty-six hours in Havana were made memorable chiefly by individual experiences, although the visit was not without its social and official functions. Friday evening, March 8th, a reception was given at the



AT THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, HAVANA

Reading from left to right: R. H. W. Dwight, D. B. Meacham, Walker Hill, John V. Farwell, Jr., C. H. McCormick, L. W. Noyes,
David B. Gamble, J. G. Schmidlapp, John M. Clark, W. K. Bixby, L. A. Ault, W. A. Fuller,
W. J. Chalmers, John Morron, A. L. Baker, George M. Wright.

Palace was one of the most pleasing incidents of the Havana visit. At 6 o'clock, by request of the Joint Committee, the members of the Clubs assembled at the Hotel Telegrafo, on the Prado, to dine in Cuban style. The small tables, each for four persons, were set in a part of the large cafe opening upon the sidewalk. There, with Central Park across the way, with the Saturday evening throngs of Havana's most popular boulevard passing in endless procession, the members ate the typical Cuban dinner, according to the following menu:

Mantequilla y Aceitunas
Sopa Jigote
Pescado minuta. S. Mallonesa
Pollo Asado Caserola
Ensalada Mixta
Filete al Horno
Frutas y Helados
Vinos
Jerez
Rioja Clarete Lainez
White Rock

Hotel Telegrafo

Marzo 9, 1907.

Flowers in profusion decked the tables. Pescado minuta — the little fish on the menu — were very appetizing and well calculated to stimulate the diner's interest in the other 640 varieties which abound in Cuban waters.

The Joint Committee had planned a full evening program for the last night in the American Mediterranean. When dinner was finished carriages were waiting — the little one-horse coach of Havana which carries two passengers comfortably and has a low seat with little leg room for the third member of the party. They were driven direct to the Jai Alai building where for two hours the ball game, which arouses Cuban interest to a higher pitch than any other sport, was studied by the visitors. There is no accounting for taste in recreation as well as in other directions. The Americans observed with interest the dexterity and the strenuous exertions of the players. They were entertained with the eager betting of the crowd. They could not feel the infatuation which made the Jai Alai enterprise so fabulously profitable to the stockholders of the enterprise. In twos and threes they left the game of pelota unfinished and returned to the ship or rode about the City.



The Carrier Pigeon — Between Guantanamo and Havana
a carrier pigeon alighted on the steamer and
remained several hours.

Late in the evening many of the visitors were entertained at the Hotel Miramar. Walter A. Stanton, president of the National Bank of Cuba and chairman of the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission, welcomed the guests, expressing the great pleasure felt by Havana in having the honor

of a visit from the Commercial Clubs of the four great cities of the United States. He spoke of the industrial and commercial benefits which might result mutually from such a visit.

David R. Francis, of St. Louis, and Lucien Wulsin, of Cincinnati, replied, heartily thanking the officials and the business men of Havana for their hospitality and courtesies.

Sunday morning the "PRINZ JOACHIM" left the harbor of Havana. The Joint Committee voiced the sentiments of the Clubs in the following:

S. S. "PRINZ JOACHIM," March 10, 1907.

Governor Magoon, Havana:

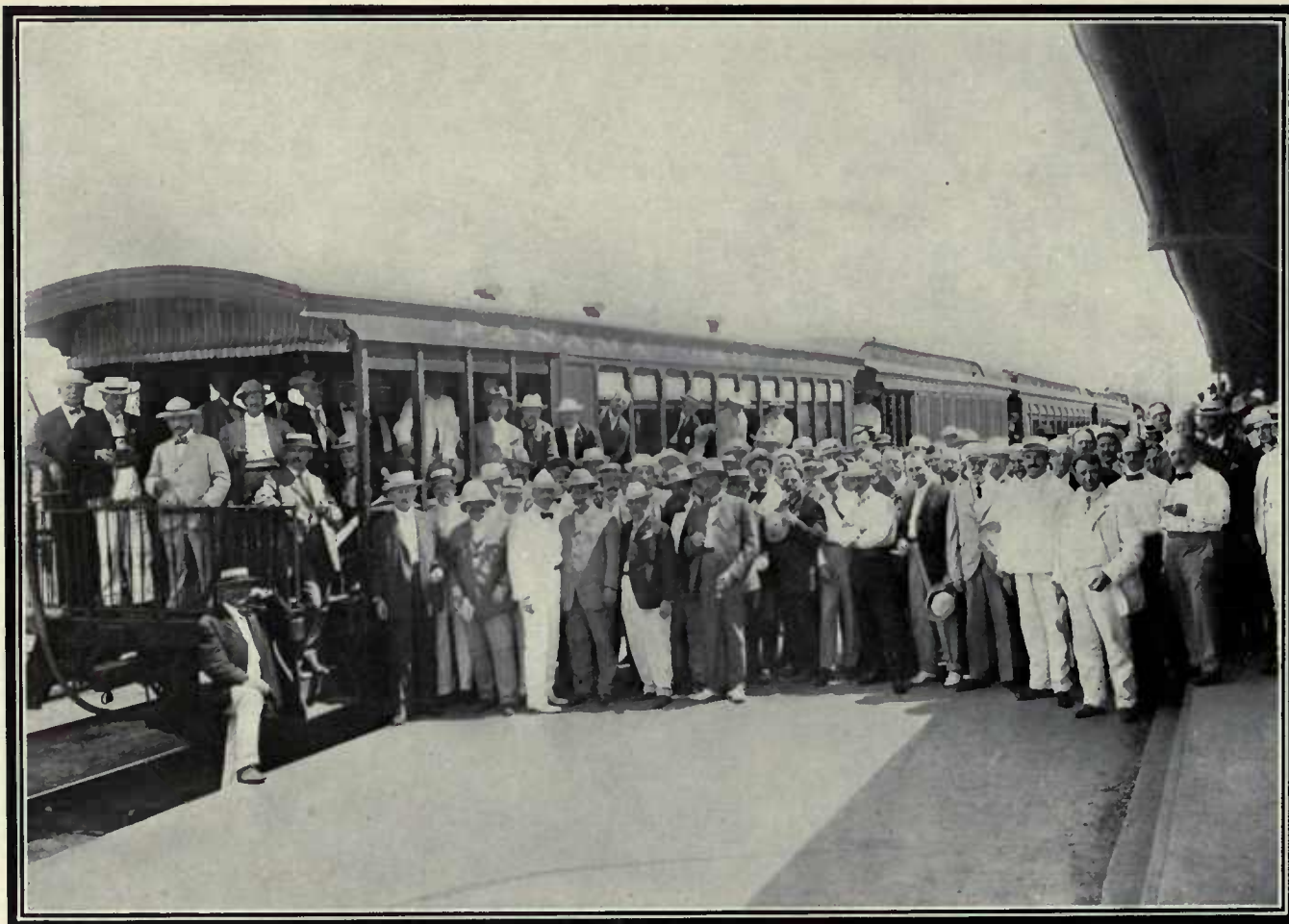
The members of the Commercial Clubs of Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, on board "PRINZ JOACHIM" from Panama, desire to express through you their high appreciation of the kindness and courtesy shown them in Cuba, and beg that you will accept their profound thanks for yourself and all throughout Cuba and in Havana who so generously contributed to the pleasure and interest of the visit.

THE JOINT COMMITTEE.

Scrupulously the members of the Commercial Clubs refrained from talking politics in Cuba. They investigated material conditions thoroughly. They realized the great possibilities of the wonderfully fertile island. They brought away strong impressions.

Mr. Yeiser, of Cincinnati, and his souvenir of the Isthmus.





LEAVING THE STATION, CITY OF PANAMA

Reading from left to right: On board the train—Chas. W. Knapp, J. D. Bascom, D. C. Nugent, B. W. Campbell, Rolla Wells, John F. Stevens (Chief Engineer), Thos. P. Egan, Robt. Moore, Stephen L. Bartlett, H. L. Rice, Capt. Shanton, M. A. Ryerson, Benj. Carpenter, Chas. S. Dennison, R. McK. Jones, D. B. Meacham. Those on the station platform—David R. Francis, C. H. McCormick, Robt. Batcheller, W. D. Mandell, Henry C. Scott, R. H. W. Dwight, N. H. Davis, E. G. Cowdery, Edward Goepfer, W. E. Clow, J. R. Carter, Wm. Worthington, Chas. W. Durrell, J. A. Green, Lucien Wulsin, E. C. Goshorn, LaVerne W. Noyes, Frank J. Jones, Arnold Shanklin, J. W. G. Cofran, Daniel Catlin, Elihu Thomson, Joy Morton, W. J. Chalmers, Walker Hill, Jos. B. Russell, W. H. Wilson, L. D. Dozier, G. M. Wright, Fred A. Geier, Murray Carleton, Hanford Crawford, Oscar L. Whitelaw, Robert A. Boit, H. J. MacFarland, W. G. Tubby, James E. Mooney, Edward F. Swift, Chas. F. Cutler, L. A. Ault, S. Parker Bremer, J. G. Schmidlapp, John V. Farwell, Jr., C. H. Conover, John M. Clark, Geo. O. Carpenter, Clyde M. Carr, Alfred L. Baker.

Homeward Bound

HOMEWARD bound, between Havana and Charleston, the "PRINZ JOACHIM," with the favoring current of the Gulf Stream and with no headwinds to hinder, did better than the schedule. Captain von Leitner told his passengers that he would land them in Charleston Tuesday morning, March twelfth, instead of at noon as the itinerary had contemplated. The cabin was handsomely decorated with palms and flags under the direction of Mr. Fahrenheit for the farewell assembly. A resolution thanking the Hamburg-American line, and the officers, was presented by Mr. J. W. Warrington, of Cincinnati, and was unanimously adopted.

Captain von Leitner acknowledged the courtesy in a few words expressing the pleasure it had been to him to have the Commercial Clubs on his ship.

The tribute to the Hamburg-American line was not perfunctory. The agreement entered into with the Joint Committee was carried out by the steamship people with evident determination to make the cruise entirely satisfactory to the Clubs. Mr. Emil Boas, New York, general manager, and Mr. J. P. Meyer, assistant to general manager of the Hamburg-American line, manifested more than official concern in the trip of the Commercial Clubs. Prompted by a warm personal interest, as well, they aided greatly in the successful execution of the plans of the Joint Committee. To accompany the party and to exercise supervision over arrangements for physical comfort, the management brought from Europe Mr. E. Fahrenheit, whose province it is to go upon special and extraordinary cruises of the steamers of the Hamburg-American line. Mr. Fahrenheit has upon several occasions accompanied the Emperor of Germany, and has been the recipient of souvenirs of these voyages presented by the Emperor in recognition of his services. His presence on the "PRINZ JOACHIM" contributed materially to the enjoyment of the Trip to Panama.

The resolution, presented by Mr. Warrington, heartily approved by the members, and signed by the Joint Committee, was as follows:

Resolved: That as members of the Commercial Clubs of Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, returning from a cruise to Porto Rico, Cuba, Jamaica and the Isthmus of Panama, we desire hereby to express our thorough satisfaction with the manner in which the Hamburg-American Steamship Company has fulfilled the terms of its contract with us, under which the steamer "PRINZ JOACHIM" was chartered.

In particular, we tender our sincere thanks to Mr. Emil Boas, and to Mr. J. P. Meyer, his assistant, representing the Hamburg-

American Line in New York City for their personal efforts to make the voyage in every way successful. We acknowledge the courtesy of the home office of the Steamship Company in placing at our disposal the inspector of cuisine, Mr. Emil Fahrenheit, whose skill and management added so much to our comfort and enjoyment.



VON LEITNER, CAPTAIN S. S. "PRINZ JOACHIM."

It gives us great pleasure to mention in an especial manner the continued courteous attention of Capt. Von Leitner, and of the other officers, and of the entire crew of the "PRINZ JOACHIM", whose labors contributed to make the trip thoroughly enjoyable.

HARRY L. LAWS.
ROBERT BATCHELLER.
BENJAMIN CARPENTER.
HANFORD CRAWFORD.

In the circular of information which, in December, presented to the Commercial Clubs the attractions of the trip to Panama, this inducement was held out for acceptance.

"During February and March, in these tropical waters, unpleasant weather is practically unknown; a comfortable trip at sea is therefore assured."

While old Atlantic and phosphorescent Caribbean were not at all times as smooth as glass, the "PRINZ JOACHIM" encountered no storm. There were few meals which did not bring to the dining saloon the full complement of voyagers. Not many of the members were making their first acquaintance with ocean travel, but three or four who were at sea on an initial experience escaped sickness to their surprise and great gratification. The end of the first day out justified this wireless message:

"At sundown, Commercial Clubs three hundred miles from Charleston toward Porto Rico. Weather perfect."

Cooling breezes, sunny skies by day, beautiful moonlight nights favored the travelers almost throughout the cruise.

The voyage of the "PRINZ JOACHIM" was 5,660 miles. This distance those representing the Commercial Club of Boston traveled on the steamer. The members representing the Commercial Clubs of Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis journeyed 4,360 miles by water.

The cruise began at 6 a. m. February 18th, and was concluded at 3 p. m. March 14th.

Captain von Leitner's log, the translation of which from the German was obtained, thoughtfully, by Mr. Green, of Cincinnati, was as follows:



AT SPANISH TOWN

The quaint hotel at the ancient capital of Jamaica, where luncheon was served.

Steamship "PRINZ JOACHIM"—Trip from New York to the West Indies

Abstract from Log

New York to Charleston

Left Pier 55, Monday, Feb. 18, '07 at 6:15 a. m.

Passed Scotland Lightship, 8:00 a. m., Chro. 1:15 p. m. Beginning of passage, Draught, forward 19' 5", aft. 19' 6".

From	Date	To	Course	Wind	Latitude	Longitude	Distance	Remarks
	Feb. 18,		Diverse	NW 4	39° 38' N	73° 57' W	50 miles	Moderate Sea
Feb. 18,	Feb. 19,		S 12.5° W	SSW 4-5	35° 7' N	75° 14' W	278 "	Smooth Sea
" 19,	" 20,		Diverse	SW 6-7	32° 52' N	79° 12' W	270 "	Smooth Sea

Remaining distance, 28".

End of passage Wed., Feb. 20, '07, 3:10 p. m., Chro. 8:46, Draught, forward 19' 5", aft. 19' 3".

Time of passage, 2 days, 7.2 hours. Total distance, 626 miles. Average speed, 11.3 knots.

Charleston to St. Thomas

Left Pier in Charleston, Wed., Feb. 20, '07 at 8:15.

Beginning of passage, 10 p. m., Chro. B, 3.32; Draught, forward 19' 5", aft. 19' 5".

From	Date	To	Course	Wind	Latitude	Longitude	Distance	Remarks
	Feb. 21,		S 36.5° E	NW 3	30° 13' N	77° 35' W	185 miles	Moderate Sea
Feb. 21,	" 22,		S 40.5° E	S 2	26° 9' N	73° 38' W	322 "	Broken Sea
" 22,	" 23,		S 45° E	ENE 4-5	22° 37' N	69° 46' W	300 "	Choppy Sea
" 23,	" 24,		S 45° E	ENE 7	19° 8' N	65° 58' W	300 "	Rough Sea

Remaining distance, 79".

End of passage Sunday, Feb. 24, '07, 6:15 p. m., Chro. 10:57, Draught, forward 18' 4", aft. 19'.

Time of passage, 3 days, 19.4 hours. Total distance, 1,186 miles. Average speed, 13-knots.

St. Thomas to San Juan

Left harbor Sunday, Feb. 24, '07, 11:40 p. m.

Beginning of passage, 12 p. m., Chro. 4.23, Draught, forward 18' 4", aft. 19'.

End of passage, Monday, Feb. 25, '07, 6:00 a. m., Chro. 10.28, Draught, forward 18' 4", aft. 18' 10".

Waited at harbor entrance on account of rain for pilot, 8:50 a. m.

Time of passage, 6 hours. Total distance, 70 miles. Average speed, 11.7 knots.

San Juan to Ponce

Left harbor Monday, Feb. 25, '07, 5:45 p. m.

Beginning of passage, 6:10 p. m., Chro. 10.20 p. m., Draught, forward 18' 2", aft. 18' 7".

End of passage, Tues., Feb. 26, '07, 6:20 a. m., Chro. 11.5, Draught, forward 18' 2", aft. 18' 7".

Time of passage, 12.2 hours. Total distance, 142 miles. Average speed, 11.6 knots.

Ponce to Colon

Beginning of passage, Tues., Feb. 26, '07, 9:45 a. m., Chro. 2.30, Draught, forward 13' 2", aft. 18' 7".

From	Date	To	Course	Wind	Latitude	Longitude	Distance	Remarks
	Feb. 26,		S 58° W	ENE 3	17° 40' N	67° 06' W	31 miles	Moderate Sea
Feb. 26,	"	27,	S 59.5° W	ENE 3	14° 50' N	72° 04' W	333 "	" "
"	27,	"	S 58° W	E 5-6	11° 58' N	76° 48' W	326 "	" "

Remaining distance, 244 miles. Choppy Sea.

End of passage, March 1, '07 7:20 a. m., Chro, 1, Draught, forward 18', aft. 18' 5".

Time of passage, 2 days, 22.5 hours. Total distance, 934 miles. Average speed, 13.2 knots.

Colon to Kingston

Left Bay of Colon, March 2, '07, at 9:55 p. m.

Beginning of passage, 10:00 p. m., Chro. 3.37. Draught, forward 18', aft. 18' 2".

From	Date	To	Course	Wind	Latitude	Longitude	Distance	Remarks
	March 3,		N 23° E	NNE 6	11° 47' N	78° 54' W	133 miles	Rough Sea, (stea. pitch.)
March 3,	"	4,	N 18° E	NNE 6	16° 14' N	77° 25' W	281 "	" "

Remaining distance, 110 miles, Rough Sea.

End of passage, sighted Plum Point, Monday, March 4, 8:55 p. m., Chro. 2:23, Draught, forward 16' 8", aft. 19' 3".

Time of passage, 1 day 22.8 hours. Total distance, 550 miles. Average speed, 11.8 knots.

Kingston to Santiago de Cuba

Beginning of passage, Tues., March 5, '07, 6:00 p. m., Chro. 11.17, Draught, forward 16' 8", aft. 19' 6".

End of passage, Wed., March 6, '07, 7:00 a. m., Chro. 0.20, Draught, forward 16' 8", aft. 19' 5".

Time of passage, 13 hours. Total distance, 166 miles. Average speed, 12.8 knots.

Santiago de Cuba to Havana, via Guantanamo

Left Santiago Harbor, March 6, '07, 0.30 p. m., beginning of passage, 1:00 p. m., Chro. 6.20, Draught, forward 16' 8", aft. 19' 5".

Entered Guantanamo Bay at 4 o'clock to view the American fleet and continued directly on course.

Date		Course	Wind	Latitude	Longitude	Distance	Remarks
From	To						
	March 7,	Diverse	ENE 4	21° 51' N	76° 36' W	300 miles	Moderate Sea
March 7,	" 8,	"	E 3	23° 14' N	82° 10' W	329 "	" "

Remaining distance, 12 miles, moderate sea.

End of passage, Fri., March 8, 1:15 p. m., Chro. 6.50, Draught, forward 15' 10", aft. 19'.

Time of passage, 48.5 hours. Total distance, 641 miles. Average speed, 13.2 knots.

Havana to Charleston

Left Havana Harbor, Sunday, March 10, '07, 7:15 a. m.

Beginning of passage, 7:50 a. m., Chro. 1.26, Draught, forward 17' 6", aft. 19' 10".

Date		Course	Wind	Latitude	Longitude	Distance	Remarks
From	To						
	March 10,	Diverse	ESE 4	23° 48' N	81° 37' W	57 miles	Moderate Sea
March 10,	" 11,	"	NE 4	29° 12' N	79° 44' W	367 "	" "

Remaining distance, 212 miles, moderate sea.

End of passage, March 12, 3:30 a. m., Chro. 9.

Time of passage, 1 day, 19.7 hours. Total distance, 636 miles. Average speed, 14.6 knots.

VON LEITNER, Capt.

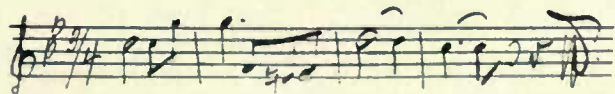
Held fire-drill on February 20, 22, 27; March 3, 7 and 10.

Held boat-drill on February 24, 25, 26; March 1, 6 and 8.

During each drill, the boats were alternately lowered to the waters, bringing various boats into use. The boats are all in good, seaworthy condition.

A German folk song, the music rendered upon the cornet, was the signal for something doing in the early morning of the "PRINZ JOACHIM" day. It sounded first toward the bow. It swelled amidships. It died away aft. "The Wake-up" was the title which the band leader employed.. The notes and words, as furnished by the leader, are given herewith:

22 Cornet-Call



Golf on Deck—A life preserver, the putting hole. Those keeping score and looking on (from left to right): William E. Clow, H. P. Knapp, L. D. Dozier, William K. Bixby, C. H. Conover, Stephen L. Bartlett, Robert A. Boit.



Wacht auf ihr Schlafer „Gross und Klein“,
 Es wacht schon langst der „Capitain“
 Er ruft euch „Guten Morgen“ zu,
 Wacht auf ihr Schlafer aus der Ruh!

Wake up you sleepers, big and small,
 The early rising Captain beats;
 “A Good Morning” to you all
 Wake up you sleepers, big and small.

Mr. Ault, of Cincinnati, a world-wide traveler, had a smoother version of the words for “The Wake-up.” His version was:

Awake! Awake! Thou sleepy one,
 And view the rising of the Sun.
 'Tis time the day's work was begun;
 And so, get up, thou lazy one.

Long before they reached Charleston the members of the Clubs knew “The Wake-up” by heart and many of them could hum or whistle it.

A daily diversion on the “PRINZ JOACHIM” was the outcome of the hat pools. Mr. Carpenter, of Boston, inaugurated this entertainment and it proved to be so popular that he was induced to continue in charge to the end of the cruise. He was sometimes called the pool builder. Every day Mr. Carpenter collected a dollar from each member. Then he drafted into service two assistants, who drew names and numbers from a hat until all of the participants had been divided into groups of ten, with numbers from one to ten. At exactly 12 o'clock each day the Captain gave Mr. Carpenter the run of the preceding twenty-four hours. The winners of the pools were those whose numbers corresponded with the last numeral in the run. If the “PRINZ JOACHIM'S” run was 127 miles, the winners of the pools were those whose numbers were seven in the groups. And they received ten dollars each. Mr. Carpenter made the rounds of the decks every day just after noon, distributing the winnings of the pools. A couple of hours later he made his second call and collected for the next day's distribution.

A golf tournament supplied all of the excitement which one day demanded. It was of overshadowing interest while it lasted. Golf on shipboard! Whoever heard of a putting hole on deck? The committee on sports devised the game and formulated rules, which called for considerable skill. Upon the officers' deck the teams, one for each city, assembled. A life preserver was the putting hole, the ends pointing toward the player. It was located so that the cabin used for the wireless telegraph office and outfit served as a backstop, preventing wild balls from passing overboard. The distance for putting the ball was fifteen feet. From the scratch line the



AFTER LUNCHEON AT THE CULEBRA DINING HALL

Reading from left to right: Clyde M. Carr, Alfred L. Baker, D. B. Meacham, Frank J. Jones, John M. Clark, D. C. Nugent, Consul-General Shanklin, C. S. Dennison, C. H. McCormick, L. D. Dozier, John F. Stevens (Chief Engineer), Oscar L. Whitelaw, David R. Francis, Daniel Catlin, Rolla Wells, W. H. Taylor, R. McK. Jones, F. B. Carpenter, W. B. Lawrence, W. J. Chalmers, W. K. Bixby, Benj. Carpenter, Lucien Wulsin, H. J. MacFarland, Homer P. Knapp.

ball must be driven by a single stroke into the life preserver to win. The golf players of the four cities entered with zeal into the contest. Each individual player had five drives, for which he paid five cents apiece. At the close of the tournament the score stood: Chicago, 42; Boston, 36; Cincinnati, 36; St. Louis, 32. The championship honors of the tournament were won by William A. Fuller, of Chicago, who made the perfect score of five.

One of the games which the committee on sports provided for recreation was quoits. It was played with rope rings. Mr. Cumner, of Boston, is an experienced yachtsman. He taught the land lubbers how to make the rope rings.

The game of shuffle-board was, perhaps, the most provocative of hilarity. The long-handled pushers, or shovels, were in almost continuous use mornings and afternoons. Among the most enthusiastic of the shuffle players were Mr. Egan, of Cincinnati, and Mr. Charles W. Knapp, of St. Louis. With these gentlemen behind the shovels, and one of the German sailors of the "PRINZ JOACHIM" reporting the scoring, there was fun enough to entertain the whole line of occupants of the steamer chairs. The sailor was willing, but his vocabulary of English was limited.

"Das ist gut!" the sailor would call out when a disk had been shot down the long deck and had played havoc with the disks which had been shot before, displacing them from their positions on the numbered squares of the diagram. Then would follow a dialogue at long range between the players and the sailor outlook to determine for which side the result was "gut."

"Twenty-five is bad!" the lookout would announce.

"Bad for which side—red or white!" Mr. Knapp would shout.

"Red ist gerecht," the sailor would reply, after careful inspection of the diagram.

And then the game would proceed.

There were other players on the shuffle-board—Mr. Jones, of St. Louis, Mr. Walker Hill, of St. Louis, Mr. Dennison, of Boston, Mr. Cumner, of Boston, Mr. Mandell, of Boston, but none of them made the welkin ring as did Mr. Egan and Mr. Charles W. Knapp.

One day at sea, off the coast of Cuba, a carrier pigeon circled and alighted on the "PRINZ JOACHIM." The bronze feathers drooped a little. The bird was evidently very tired. Nobody was allowed to approach near enough to decipher what was on the band around the leg. But so long as the travelers kept at a distance the pigeon manifested no uneasiness whatever. One of the stewards placed some rice near. The pigeon ate greedily. After making itself at home several hours on the "PRINZ JOACHIM" the bird spread its wings and flew away.

Golf on Shipboard—Joseph B. Russell putting the ball. Those looking on (from left to right): Frank J. Jones, Thomas P. Egan, H. J. MacFarland, Eilhu Thomson, F. A. Geier, William A. Fuller.

