

which have no extradition treaties. Criminals from everywhere have taken advantage of this, and it is said that there are more men lying under an assumed name here than in any city of the world. This is especially so as to the emigrants from Italy, and until recently it was so as to some of those from our country.

A year or so ago, it is said, four Americans were chatting together in one of the cafes of Buenos Ayres, when three of the crowd began for some reason to jeer at the fourth. He grew angry and said:

"Well, gentlemen, you may sneer at me if you please, but I want you to understand that there is at least one of the United States that I dare go back to without fear of the sheriff. I know none of you can say as much."

This, however, is rather hard on the Americans. Years ago, before we lost our merchant marine, the Americans were among the most prominent of the foreigners here, and those who have been coming within recent years are men of high standing. Some of them have large interests here, and at present the Americans as a class are much respected.

Architecturally Buenos Ayres is a patchwork city. I have rooms high up in one of its biggest hotels. They are high in price, as well as in altitude. They cost me eight Argentine dollars a day. I am on the fourth floor and from my balcony I can see over most of the roofs of the city. Step out of the window with me and take a bird's-eye view of Buenos Ayres. Below and about us lies a vast ragged plain of one and two story houses, whose flat roofs are made of bricks, or brick tiles or corrugated iron. Some of them rise high above the others, and the whole looks like a lot of great store boxes jumbled together along narrow canyons, which are the streets. Away to the south you see a few smokestacks, the masts of ships and big warehouses. That is Barracas, the part of the city where meat, wool and hides are prepared for shipment to American and Europe. To the north there is a spot of green woods. That is Palermo park, where all the swells go to ride and drive every afternoon. You may see a thousand carriages there at a time.

To the east beyond that thicket of masts and spars lining the docks, extending on and on until they meet the horizon, are the muddy waters of the Rio de la Plata, which connects Buenos Ayres with the rest of the world. The river here is twenty-eight miles wide and in the foggy, misty air we cannot see its opposite banks.

Buenos Ayres is only forty-eight feet above the Atlantic ocean, and back around and beyond it extends the vast plain of the valley of this river, as rich here as that of the Mississippi. It is cut up by railroads and spotted with farms, some of which support cattle and sheep in herds of thousands.

As you look more closely at the roofs below you see that many of them surround little courts or patios. This is the Spanish style of building. There are no gardens in front or behind the houses, and the masses here live without plants, flowers or trees. There are no chimneys. The Argentines do not think fires healthful in their living rooms. You see here and there a black stovepipe coming up through the roof. Those pipes are connected with the kitchens, not with the parlors.

There are a few open spaces in the city of roofs. These are the plazas or parks. There are twelve in the city, varying in size from four to twelve acres. That one near the river is the Plaza de Mayo. It is the ecclesiastical governmental and financial center of the city. Upon it face the cathedral,

the president's house, congress, the courts and the Bolsa or stock exchange. Into it run some of the chief business streets, and from it to the west extends the Avenida de Mayo, the wide boulevard of which the people here are so proud, and at the other end of which the future capitol building of the republic is to stand. This avenue has already cost 10,000,000 gold dollars, and it will eventually be one of the grand streets of the world. The part of the city through which it goes was in the early Spanish days lighted with oil made of mare's grease. Now electricity gives the same locality its illuminating rays.

The Plaza de Mayo covers eight acres. The finest building upon it is the cathedral, which looks more like a government structure or an art gallery than a church. It covers more than an acre and it will hold 9,000 people. It is seldom full, however. Buenos Ayres is the largest Catholic city of the world. Ninety-six per cent of all the people in the Argentine are Roman Catholic. Still the men are not ardent church-goers, and the women who attend the cathedral do not usually fill it. There are in the city twenty-four other Catholic churches. There are only four which are Protestant. Protestants are freely tolerated, and one of these churches is the American Methodist church, whose pastor is an Ohio man, Dr. William McLaughlin. It is well attended, being situated within almost a stone's throw of the cathedral, in the very business heart of the city.

The most interesting thing, however, in Buenos Ayres is its people. I will write more of them in other letters. They are like no other people in the world. I have always thought that New Yorkers, Bostonians and Chicagoans were about as conceited as to their own towns as any citizens I had ever met in my travels, but these Argentines cap the climax. Talk to a man in Buenos Ayres about his city and his head swells out at once till it is as big as a foot ball. He thinks that the sun and moon rise and set for the Argentine alone. He don't care for strangers, and the only heroes he worships are those who live here. I was talking last night to Mr. William Bullfin of the Southern Cross. He is a leading editor and literary newspaper man here. I referred to the above phase of the Argentine character. Said he: "You are right about the Argentine self-esteem. I don't believe there is a man in Europe or America who could stir up the average person here by coming to visit us. I doubt if Li Hung Chang would attract notice in Buenos Ayres from any, one but the sellers of lottery tickets, who, you know, are after every new arrival. All we want to know is whether you speak Spanish and whether you are convinced that Buenos Ayres is the greatest city in the world."

I think Mr. Bullfin is right; but still these Argentines are not bad people after all. They have a character of their own, and after associating with them for a while you find yourself doing as they do. At home I took my meals in good American fashion and was a plain every-day business man. Here I am satisfied with coffee in the morning. I eat my breakfast at noon, and about 5 o'clock in the evening, rather to my own surprise, I confess, I find myself walking along the Calle Florida with the rest of the men, admiring the girls. I have been tempted a number of times to buy a ticket in the lottery, and have on three different days stopped on the steps of the stock exchange, wondering if I could not make a pretty penny by going in and betting on the rise and fall of gold. I think if I stayed here I should become an Argentine boomer,

and might—God forbid—absorb some of the Argentine character.

FRANK G. CAPENTER.

ACROSS A CONTINENT.

Constantinople, Oct. 27, 1898.

Since my last letter to the "News" I have had the pleasure of crossing another continent. After spending three weeks in "Merry England," I found myself one morning being gently rocked on those waves that are still storming the dykes of Holland. The ride from the Hook to Rotterdam through the green meadows speckled with countless herds of kine told me at once the origin of the famous "dutch cheese" and my unweaned longing for milk was only satisfied after several goblets of the sweet white fluid had been taken. Calling at 120 Isaac Hubart street, I met Elder Paul Roelofs who spent the forenoon with me in the quaint old city of Rotterdam. The Park, lying between the city and the sea is the home of tranquility and the palace of pleasure. How is it possible, we asked each other as we wander through these sylvan scenes, for sin to find a welcome in the hearts of those who live within such calm retreats as these? Dusk found me in the kaiser's empire and a mid-night I heard the carman cry Hanover! My knowledge of the German language was just sufficient to render my communications scriptural, for it was neither more nor less than ya, ya, and nein, nein. Next morning in the most remarkable manner I found Elder Penrose and Elder Vickers with whom the day was spent in visiting Saints and viewing sights. For order, cleanliness and beautiful surroundings, Hanover is the Washington of Europe, a resident city rather than one of smoking furnaces. The Herrnhausen Gartens are simply charming. We were there at sunset and the evening air seemed as fresh and clear and pure as a morning of spring in the mountains of Zion. Flowers in their never ending varieties gave their sweet odors to the teasing winds, and the numerous sparkling fountains threw a million pearly kisses to their twinkling beaux of night. Shining fishes darted through the splashing waters like bullets of gold cutting their way through baths of mercury. A pen so poor as mine can never paint in words the faintest outlines of such fairy grounds as those. Beautiful as they are the travelers admiration of art and nature still increases as such sights as Berlin, Dresden and Vienna come before his eyes. The main street in the city of Berlin, "United den Linden, is excelled in beauty," as one writer says, "only by the charming sweetness of its own name." The gorgeously decorated windows along the streets of this city, especially in the glare of ten thousand flaming electric globes of almost every color known, present a sight of indescribable richness. Monuments on every hand towers up to speak of praise of some dead hero of whom the Germans love to sing. Of course in an old city like Berlin one cannot hope to find no trace of uninviting spots. The castle of the kaiser is almost everything from the richest spangles of royal affluence to really shabby corners, and from delicate finery to dirty surroundings.

Riding through the country is a very pleasant pastime. The farmers were mostly engaged in digging their potato crop. In some of the fields there would be two or three hundred people, men, women and children, gathering in the great harvest of their summer's toil.

Women and oxen seem to be a very necessary adjunct to the prosperity of German agriculture.

Traveling is just about as you like it on the continent of Europe, that is, so far as cost and style go. My ticket was