

after worship on Sundays. It is, however, more a city of trade than of pleasure. The cable connects it with the markets of New York and Europe, and when the wires are up it is also connected with Quito and the other towns of the interior. It is at Guayaquil that Col Perry de Leon, one of the most efficient of our consuls general, is stationed, and here also M. Edward Pavia has charge of the branch house of Flint, Eddy & Company, the great South American importing firm of New York. These are some of the bright spots of the picture.

Guayaquil has its dark spots as well. Its taxes on real estate are lower than those of any city of our country, but in the altitude of its death rate it tops the world. The streets of Guayaquil are unpaved. During the summer season they are filled with dust, and the donkeys and mules wear pantalets to keep the gaffles and mosquitoes from eating them up. In the winter season, which is now on, the town is flooded whenever it pours with stagnant water to such an extent that it is against the law to drive a cart or carriage through the streets without a special permit from the police. This is the unhealthy season of Guayaquil—the season of the yellow fever, the season of malaria—when death hovers over the town and the doctors make enough to give them summer vacations in Europe. The water now lies all about me in pools, upon each of which a rich green coat of slime sullenly floats, ready to be turned into poisonous steam by the equatorial sun. The town lies between two rivers. It could be easily drained with a ditch plow, so that the tide, which is here very high, would flush it twice a day, but its people let it remain as it is. The result is that every now and then there is a great epidemic. The yellow fever of last year carried away thousands, and during the winter season some kind of fever is almost always present. Guayaquil has no sewers. Its water works are pit holes sunk in the streets, into which pumps are inserted at the time of a fire. The result is that the city has been burned again and again. There was a fire last year which consumed half of the houses, causing a loss of more than \$30,000,000. This also makes fire insurance especially high, the current Guayaquil rate here today being 7 per cent per annum on all city property. The American consulate has its offices in a three-story building which pays a yearly insurance of \$4,000, and I am told there are many other buildings which cannot get insurance even at the above rate, for the reason that the various companies have already written up all the risks they care to take in Guayaquil. At the same time, the tax on real estate is only 3-10 of one per cent, and the natives would have a revolution straightway if you offered to tax them enough to pave the streets and establish a good fire department.

Guayaquil has a wide-awake police force. I know this, for during my first few nights here I heard the policemen every fifteen minutes all night long yelling out that they were awake. It is a police regulation that every man on watch shall cry out or whistle every quarter of an hour. The cry is "¡El sentineta es alerta!" and the whistle is a combination more wonderful than anything except the cry of the Guayaquil frog, whose hi-hi-hi is screamed out all night long. The Ecuadorian police are soldiers. They carry swords and guns and both look and act in the fiercest manner. One of them almost dropped his gun on my foot the other day as I attempted to pass him. He said "¡atrás!" which I suppose means "back." At least I backed and walked around the other way. I have since learned that no one may pass between the police and the wall, but must go outside the policeman. I suppose if the

policeman has to fight he prefers to have the wall at his back. Another regulation is that all people out after 11 o'clock p. m. must give an account of themselves. The cry is, "Who goes there?" and the answers must be such that will satisfy the police or they will take you to jail. I doubt, in fact, whether there is a place in the world where it is so easy to break into jail as here. People are imprisoned for debt, and it is a common thing for a planter who wants hands on his estate to go to the jails and pay the debts of such of the prisoners as will agree to transfer their debts to him and work them out. He then gives them small wages and takes out perhaps a dollar a week from each man's salary until the debt is paid. In the jail at Bodegas, a town further up the Guayaquil river, I talked with a Jamaica negro, who told me he had been in prison for months because he had failed to pay a millionaire planter \$16 which he had borrowed. Said he: "If I were free I could work to get the money to pay my debt, but they keep me here until some one buys me out and then I must work for him or he can put me in again."

But before I go further let me tell you a few things about Ecuador. Ecuador is the land of the equator. It lies sandwiched between Colombia and Brazil and Peru, on the west coast of South America, in the shape of a great fan, the handle of which extends into northern Brazil, and the scalloped rim of which is washed by the Pacific ocean. It is one of the least known countries of the world. Parts of it have never been surveyed, and today the different geographical estimates of its size range all the way from the bigness of California to that of Texas. The coast is low, and a rich tropical vegetation extends from the ocean back for one hundred miles or less to the foothills of the Andes. The Andes cross the country from north to south in two great parallel ridges, upholding between them a series of beautiful valleys, in which about nine-tenths of the people live. These valleys are from a mile and a half to two miles above the sea, and give the interior a healthy climate, which is more like that of New York City than of the equator. Quito, the capital, is situated in one of the highest of these valleys. It is almost two miles above the altitude of Washington city. Here the weather is that of May in Ohio all the year around. East of the Andes the country is a tropical wilderness. A great branch of the Amazon, the Marañon river, flows along its southern boundaries, and steamers go up the Amazon, enter the Marañon and bring you within a comparatively short distance of Quito. In fact, I am told you can come to within four days' mule travel of Quito by water via these great rivers and the streams which flow into them. Ecuador thus has almost every climate known to man. Scores of its Andean peaks are covered with snow, and it has mighty glaciers. Chimborazo, which on clear days is visible here, is 21,200 feet above the sea, and the great valley of Ecuador is guarded by twenty-one peaks, ranging in height from three to four miles, while there are seventeen other peaks which are more than two miles in height. Today in Guayaquil the air is filled with ashes. They come from one of Ecuador's ten active volcanoes, and every week or so an earthquake makes the ground tremble. The houses of Guayaquil are built to withstand the earthquakes. They are of wooden timbers so joined and spliced that they can sway with the trembling of the earth and not break. The frame work is then covered with bamboo laths, made by splitting the cane. Upon these bamboos a coating of plaster is spread. This makes the exterior of the houses look as though the walls were backed

with brick and stone, when, in fact, they are actually made up of good-sized fishing poles. Just now a vast deal of building is going on here, and the hammer of the carpenter nailing on these laths is always to be heard. Much of the lumber used comes from Oregon and Washington, and some from Georgia.

The equatorial coast region, where I now am, is full of vegetable wonders. This is today the richest and most productive part of Ecuador. In my sixty miles' sail up the River Guayas to this city I passed vast haciendas covered with grass as green as the fields of Egypt in winter, in which fat cattle, horses and mules stood up to their bellies and ate without having to bend down to reach the grass. I passed rich plantations of sugar cane, which here grows to the height of ten feet, and which grows for twenty-five years without replanting. I saw vast cocoa orchards loaded down with the fruit from which our chocolate comes. Tall cocoanut palms bearing green balls of fruit as big as your head swayed to and fro high above the houses of the planters, and strange fruits of so many kinds that I cannot give you their names were offered to us again and again. The wharves of Guayaquil are lined with the Ecuadorian natives who have brought fruit and other things to sell. They have melons which comes from trees, known as the papaya. This fruit is of the size of a large musk melon, and when opened its rich yellow flesh seems much the same. There are many trees here which bear fruits as big as your head of one kind or another. The buttons on your coat are probably made of vegetable ivory from Colombia or Ecuador. This ivory is shipped from Guayaquil and Panama in the shape of nuts, which look much like chestnuts, save that each nut is as big as the fist of a two-year-old baby, and as hard as iron. These nuts grow on a low palm tree in what looks like rough chestnuts burrs as big as your head. Each burr contains a dozen or more nuts, which, when green, are filled with a soft jelly-like substance tasting not unlike cocoanut milk. In company with a party on a recent trip to the interior I ate some of them and found them not at all bad. Ecuador has a considerable trade in them, and her shipments of them last year brought in \$356,000.

Ecuador has trees which weave bed clothing. I slept last night in a blanket made of the bark of a tree which grows on the slopes of the Andes. The blanket is six feet long and over five feet wide, and it is as soft and pliable as though it was made of flannel. It is of about the thickness of a good flannel blanket, and I can easily roll it up and put it in my shawl strap without hurting it. This blanket is merely a strip of bark cut from a section of the trunk of the demajagua tree. The Indians made a cutting around the trunk to get it, and they then prepared it by soaking it in water until it was soft. They then pounded it so that the rough outside could be stripped off and the inside alone left. The inside is of fine fibers so joined together by nature that it makes a beautiful blanket, warm enough to be used as a cover and soft enough for a mattress. I have had a photograph made of it, my friend, Mr. Rook, and myself holding it up to show you its size. The pineapples here are delicious, and the bananas and coffee are unsurpassed by those of any other part of South America.

The chief article of export from Ecuador, however, is cacao, or, as we call it, cocoa. It is from this that the chocolate comes. There are vast cocoa plantations along the Guayas river and the other rivers of the Pacific coast, and the planters have one of the best paying businesses among the farmers of the world. There are few planta-