

Frederick Starr Papers

Box 22

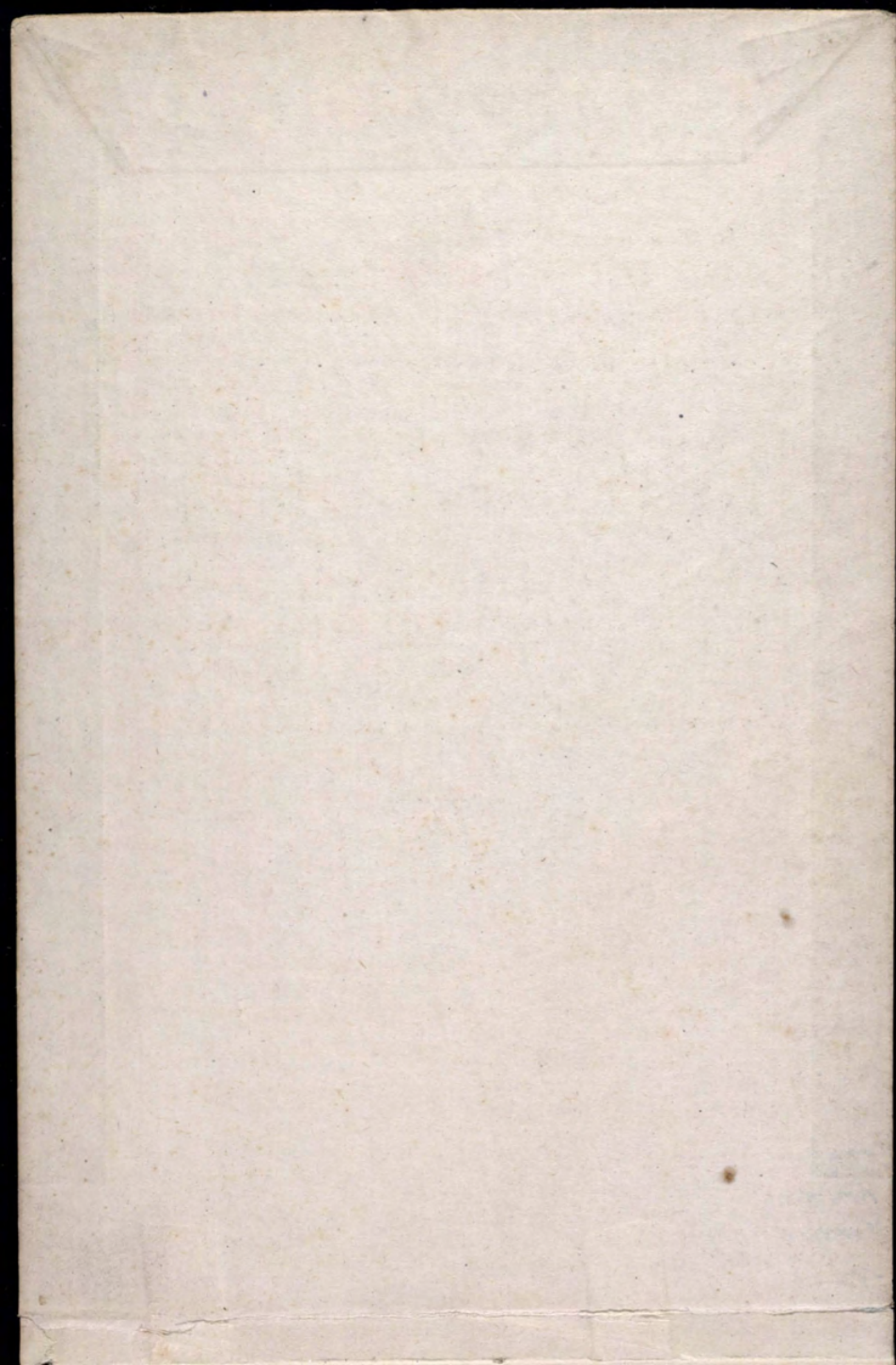
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO LIBRARY

Central America, Oct 18, No 2.



*Frederick Starr
The University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.*

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coming to call on him. There used to be many fine places here and one of the best was theirs: we passed its ruins. They lived for a time in a shack just by the ruins but are now in a rather neat frame house, brought ready-cut from New Orleans. It was rather a nice walk back, following the railroad track; we were at the house at about 7. Mrs. Fe had urged my coming back for tea and I took supper with them. She was an Eastern girl, a cousin of Fred Drake. It seems it was a case of love at first sight so far as he was concerned. He was Sophomore and went skating with a companion; they met two girls, to whom his friend introduced them. On his return he told his roommate that he had met the future wife. He is an Ohio-an. Was given a Consular appointment to Cuba, which he did not take but went to Cuba and fought under Maces; when the revolution failed, he returned to the States. Always acquainted with McKinley he was now appointed by him Consul at Bombay; there eight years. Appointed Consul to Mukden, he did not go there. Was then given Bremen and was in Germany until during the war. He was a lawyer by training and preparation, but ran Warren, Ohio as a model municipality, as Mayor for two terms; then and later was interested in Board of Health, &c. matters. In India he found considerable of interest and seems to have been quite impressed by the Dravidian Bhils, whom he found a good deal like our own Indians. I hurried away rather to keep my appointment at 8:10 we were slow, however, about getting away. The three servants were given the slow as well as ourselves. The house was crowded. The films were Hermana contra Hermana, a study in environment. It was a Fox production, and lived melodrama. The audience

- Centro-America, Organo de la Oficina Internacional Centro-Americana, Guatemala. 1909-1917
8° Quarterly. Nine volumes. Incomplete.
- Milla: Jose. } Historia de la América Cen-
Gómez Carrillo; Agustín } tral. 8° vols. 5. 1879-1905. 225.
Calvo; Joaquín Bernardo. La Campaña Nacional
contra los Filibusteros en 1856 y 1857. San José.
1909. 16°. 25.
- Milla: Jose: La Hija del Adelantado. Paris:
1889. 16°. Embrage 25.
Gómez Carrillo: Bohemia sentimental. n.l. 1899. 20.
Small 16°:
_____ : El Alma Japonesa. Paris. n.d. 16°. 50.
- Castañeda: Francisco. El Gral Menéndez y sus
victimarios. Guatemala. 1892. 8°. 10.
- Uriarte; R. Galeria poetica. 1-2-3. Guatemala.
Large 8°. 1888. 200.
- de Arce: Francisco. Impresiones sobre Guatemala.
- la. Guatemala. 1907. 16°. (8.)
- Miguel Díaz; Víctor. Narraciones Guatemala:
1918. 16°. 30.
- Receña: Mariano. Plumadas. Guat. 1901. 16°. 15.
- Montufar: Lorenzo. Memorias autobiograficas.
Guatemala: 1898, Primera Parte. 16°. 30.
- Paniagua: Felipe Estrada. El 9 de Febrero de
1898 en Guatemala. Guat. 1899. 16°. 15.
- Darwin; C. } L'Avenir de Guatemala. Paris. 1909. 10-
Loretz; C. } 16°.

of course was as interesting as the show. Consul Armstrong was there. It seems he married a Costa Rican. The Gallery was responsive; noisy at delays - good naturedly hostile to direction - breathers during episodes - and always coming out strong and on the right side at all the melodramatic crises. The Gallery here has both conscience and heart. It was 11.15 when the show ended and 12.30, when I reached home after more than twelve hours absence. Missed a call from Legation 21 St. I worked steadily, catching up with my notebook and correspondence, all the morning. After a siesta I was at Dr. Straus' at 2pm as appointed, to get my health document. He had been occupied all the morning however, with the Presidente and the Ministers de Gobernacion. Plans to get this from Mr. Clark and was going right to the station anyway, to send off various telegrams. He suggested that I go with him, but I had a prescription (he gave me) to be filled and it was on my list to go to the Minerva Temple. So I left him to arrange matters and leave my document at the hotel. It was a really long walk out to Minerva. I took the avenue that passed directly before the Cathedral, apparently two blocks from and paralleling my former walk. It was very hot and dusty. The pulling down of walls and the shattering of wasteheaps makes an air absolutely full of dust and dirt. I felt once or twice that I must be on the wrong track. However at last I saw it - not really on or at the end of the street that I had come but at the very end of the Avenida del Hipodromo. The other day I did better than I knew and worse; I was really on my way to Minerva when I stopped with the Parque Estrada Cabrera and the University. The Avenida del Hipodromo begins at the far end of the Park and runs straight - not parallel, however, to the numbered avenues, to the Templo, which is really in the Hipodromo. On the way that I came out today I came upon an entire district that is rebuilding in wood, somewhat bungalowesque, low and painted. At first I thought it was a foreign settlement but I believe they are the houses of well-to-do Guatemaltecos built in a material which they believe will better resist the really terrible rain.

- Beteta; alberto. En Defensa del Sr. Gral. D. Jose M.^a
Reina Barrios. Mexico. 1898. 80. 10.-
- Fernández Guardia; Ricardo. Cartilla histórica de
Costa Rica. San José. 1909. 160. 10.-
- . Cuentos Ticos. San José. 1901. 160. 10.-
- Batres Montufar; José. Poesías. Guatemala: 1916. 160. 15.-
- Martínez-Nolasco; Gustavo. La Señora es Así.
 Guatemala: 1918. 15.-
- Aruvalo Martínez; Rafael. El Hombre que Parecía
un Caballo. Huezoltanango. 1915. 20.
- Gómez Carrillo; Enrique. La Sonrisa de la Esfinge.
 Madrid: 1917. 25.
- Batres Jauregui; Antonio. La América Central ante
la Historia. Guatemala: 1916. 80. —
- Batres Jauregui; Antonio. Provincialismos de
Guatemala: Guat. 1892. (40)
- . El Castellano en América.
 Guatemala 1904. 80. (30)
- Carranza; J. C. Algunos -- General Barrios. Totó.
 — micapan. 1901. 80. (30)
- Salazar; Ramona. El Tiempo Viejo. Guatemala:
 1896. 160.
- Díezguz Olaverri; Juan. Poesías. Guat. 1893. 160. 70.-
- Silva L.; Felipe. Tecún Uman. Guat. 1887. 160.
- Martí; José. Guatemala. Guatemala, 1913. sm. 16.
- González; Darío. Nuevo Compendio de Geografía
de la América Central. Guat. (m.d.) 160. 25.
- Saravia; Miguel G. Compendio de la Historia
de Centro-América. Guat. 1915. 160. 30.

shocks. Perhaps they are right but I hate to see the fine old patio-style, plastered, tinted houses give way. Nor am I sure there will be better. Among them was a Villa Emilia. The neighborhood of the Minerva Temple is dead. No repairs or reconstructions, yet there. The two grandstands for witnessing the races were shattered by the quake and still hang in tatters. The temple is within the tracks and the map is next to it. The temple itself has not suffered so very much but needs some repairs. It is really an impressive and interesting building. "En el frontis aparece en relieve la diosa Minerva, la madre de la sabiduría, la creadora de pueblos grandes y hombres sabios; el lema latino 'Labor omnia vincet' resalta en plato dorado para que impresione bien el cerebro de las gentes y que para todos sea un axioma invariable el poder del trabajo."

Five steps - 7 and 3 - lead up from all sides to the flooring; the ceiling is divided into simply ornamented square panels; twenty columns support the roof; the decoration in front is simple and clear, an allegorical grouping with Minerva conspicuous; in large lettering

Inside, along the border, under the ceiling, corresponding to the 20 pillars are twenty medallions; the 16 along the sides, four on each side are alike in size and are dedicated to men whose names have added to the ^{intellectual} educational advancement of Guatemala; the four at the corners are somewhat smaller and different - probably, however, also to national famous: a special medallion of different form bears the portrait of Cabrera himself. 1899. El Pueblo de Guatemala al Ilustre Fundador de la Escuela de Minería.

The relief map is within a railing and a platform promenade; it is on a horizontal scale of 1: and vertical of 1: 2000. It represents a very considerable amount of work but of course is detailed far beyond any actual cartographic knowledge of the country; the thing that most impressed me was the very large amount of really very low-lying country - far more than I had realized; a notable feature is the way in which the windings of the railways

Proano; Federico. En Centro-América, Paris. 1912.

25.-

16°

Marure; Alijandro. Bosquejo histórico de las Rev.

oluciones de Centro-América, Guat. 1877-8. 8°

(70)

Salazar; Ramona. Guatemala: 1897, Toms I,

(and only?). 16° Historia del Desemvolvimi-

ento Intelectual de Guatemala. (30)

100.

Arenal Martínez; Rafael. Una Vida, Guatemala:

(5)

1914, Sm. 16°

Erazo; Salvador C. Parnaso Salvadoreño. Barcel-

-na. m. d. 16°

30.-

Dario; Rubén, Los Raros. Barcelona: 1905. 16°

40.-

———— La Caravana pasa, Madrid:

16° 45.

———— Azul. Barcelona.

16° 40.-

———— La Vida de Rubén Dario. Barcelona. 16° 35.

Mendoza; Juan M. Señalanzas y Artículos Guat.

-emala: 1902. 16°

20.-

Selva; Carlos. Panama. Guatemala: 1904. 16°

15.-

Constitución de Guatemala. 16°

Solo Corpeño; J. Patria. San Salvador: 1914.

(15)

Masferrer; Alberto. Páginas. San Salvador 1893. 16°

Tecena; Mariano. La Revolución de 1871 y sus Cau-

dillos. Guatemala: 1898. 16° (15)

Troyo; Rafael Angel. Ortos. San José de C.R. 1903. (10)

Zúñiga Blanco; Teodoro. Artículos escogidos San

José de Costa Rica: 1904. 16° (12)

Lujan; Agustín. Esmales: poemas. San José

de Costa Rica. 1908. 16°

(6.-)

85-

(4)

come clearly to mind in such a map; cascades and gullies were sharply indicated; apparently there are monuments at various international boundary points and these are indicated in miniatures (large of course out of all proportion); the map has been somewhat damaged and will need some repair. Clegg had spoken of it with some enthusiasm and urged me when I should visit it to have the old man in charge "tween the water", giving him \$5. No one was around so I had to forego this pleasure, but I presume it would add to the effect. Most of the labelling was gone and I regretted not having an ordinary map with me to get my bearings a little better. The author of this map is F. Vela. Of course, from the hour I first knew of the Temple and the map, I have felt sure they were due to Chautauqua's Hall in the Grove and Map of Palestine. But how did Mr. E.-C. get hold of them? There is surely a link here somewhere. In this visit I was alone; no one else was in the enclosure or hipodromo; when I came out I walked up through the Avenida. It was a depressing scene. It is a splendid wide drive; through it ran a Secaucville Ry. now nothing; there were promenades on both sides, with covered bench-seats, and outside of these single driveways, and then what must have been some of the fine places of the city all were in ruin and no effort making to restore. Promenades, seats, driveways all broken and torn and ruined. Here I found again a hilla Emilia, probably the home of the same person as now lives in wood, on the avenue down which I came. The only reconstruction, I remember, along this once gay and brilliant thoroughfare was a wooden temporary shack, with coat of arms, Legation de Mexico. I stopped at several of the bench-seats, when in the one nearest the hipodromo, I noticed a tattered, tottery, negro, gaunt or thin, apparently a stranger, with pockets reversed and hanging, who was plainly looking for the Minerva Temple. He had not courage, however, to undo the gate-jamb and

Central American Library: cont.

p. 1410.-

Roche; James Jeffrey. Historia de los Filibristeros.
Version Cast. M. C. Paralta, San José; 1908-16. (30)

go in as I had done but took merely a distant view and then walked back toward town. I dallied too a little in the Park - which is officially Parque Estrada Cabrera (1908). The statue at the near entrance was to Francisco Morazan; the pedestal has been somewhat damaged and at present the statue is entirely missing. The walk back was hot and dusty. I stopt at bookstore and got several books, at the drugstore and received my medicines, and at the station where were several letters. At home found a letter from Dr. Strus. Mr. Clark has done as he ought and I expected: he will not transgress the law in my behalf - it is Dr. Strus' own law! Of course. Will I not come in the morning and have him "arrange" things with the Police? Of course this morning he telegraphed that he will come to Escuintla in the morning.

22^d To the p.o. to buy 20. of stamps and to mail my letters. In reality the postage here is very cheap. At 40, which we have not had since I have been in the country (my two exchanges have been @ 37 and 36) a 1.50 stamp costs 3.75 cents and takes a letter anywhere in the Union; my postcards go out for \$.60 which works out at .015 U.S. and today I bought \$.25 stamps; these are good for a letter in this city, in the republic, or ~~even~~ to any of the five Central American republics, which means .006 1/4 U.S. which is about one fifth what we now pay in the U.S. Letter boxes here are sunken at proper height, into the walls of houses at corners are are flush with the walls - not projecting; they unlock with a key and are marked by a tablet bearing hours of collection, which seem to be simultaneous and unvariable - of course an impossibility. I found Dr. Strus at home and with influenza; he said he was going down to Escuintla on the afternoon train but I urged him to wait until morning and to take his train in the cool of the day. He gave me a letter addressed to Genl. Yagües, the jefe of the urban police, telling him that I have already been here four days (including today). I did not see the officer, but the sub told me to come again the night before I left for my "boletos". We had some discussion as to when - but when I said that I desired to leave on the 25th, he said "ok very well - then on

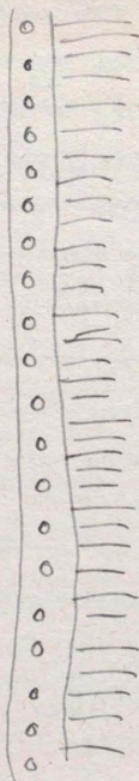
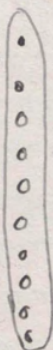
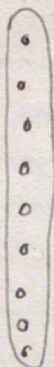
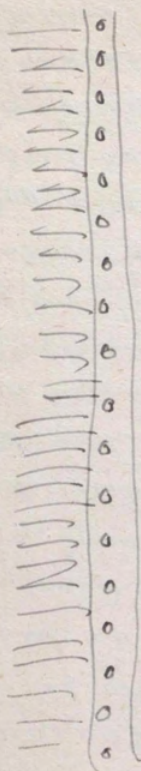
The 24th. While this has an amusing element in it, we are now in the line of sense and duty; why should Mr. Clark be expected to break the national laws? I started to find the Belgian Legation but met a telegraph carrier at about 18th St. and 7th Ave. and asking my way from him learned that he had just been there with a telegram (which he showed me as evidence) so I did not go out through heat and dust. After my siesta I went to the Legation, where I found a single letter, from Mrs. Hickey, written Oct. 4. to inform me of Vincent's death on October 3^d. From here I walked out through the dusty Seventh Avenue, under the famous bridge, which was built by José María Reina Barrios, and which has raised the horizontal, paved promenades leading to it on both sides of the street, which passes under it; there are medallions with the bird and the monogram, over the arches. Before reaching this I passed the Cuartel and at a considerable distance beyond it, in a glorieta is the monument erected in celebration of the railroad; turning here we enter the Reforma. Here is the Legation of Belgium and next to it that of Honduras - both near wooden structures of one style. Chalet Albert is the name of the Belgian one. The Minister was not there but I sat for some time on the porch watching the passers. Even now, in ruins and dust, there is some carriage riding and a few smart cars and automobiles went by. The drive turns left from Seventh Ave. but very soon turns abruptly right and the true Reforma probably begins there; I walked down to it, but did not go out. Here in an enclosure is another railway monument, erected by the Army on the completion of the

The Reforma has another name

This is official, but unlikely to supplant the old name. I walked home toward dusk. In the evening, about 8.30, I sat in the Central Plaza. The electric lights around the bandstand were lighted but there was no music. A few people sat on the benches and a few promenaded; only enough

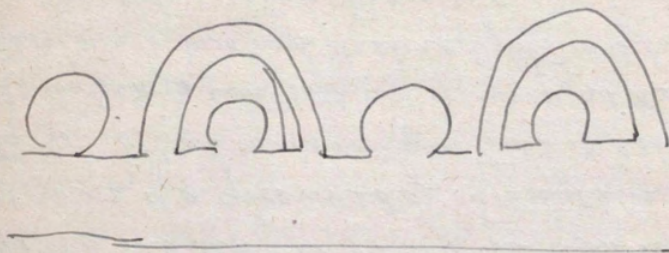
to show how desolate is the centre of gayety. I looked in
at the chief refreshment place which I believed would be full
any night after nightfall: no one was there. — I made
23^d up my notebook to date and wrote to Mrs. Hickey before starting
out. Was surprised to meet Dr. Struss — supposed he had gone; go-
ing this afternoon! We saw Thurston for a moment — ~~the~~ Dr. welcoming
him home, I went to the United Fruit Co. where I was surprised
to meet Dr. Leavell, whom I supposed had gone. He goes down to-
morrow, Mr. Owen accompanying him and together they go
to Livingston, as he proposes to recommend some recognition
of that port. Went then to see Mr. Fee as to whether he must
visa my passport which he must, and then I must see the
Foreign Office and then the Honduran Consul. He visa'd it
liberally enough and made no charge; it will be good until
November 10 and for all Central America. I then hunted all
the Consuls or Ministers — Nicaraguan, Salvadorean, Hon-
duran. I believe none of them do business at their legations
but at the Oficina Internacional. Anyhow I found none of
them and got home so hot and tired that I took my siesta at 11.
and again after lunch. I went to the Foreign Office at 2.30.
There is a regular passport clerk. He told me he would
want \$2.- Having no American money with me, I said —
that is \$70 in moneda nacional? No, 80, he replied. I
said — the last I knew exchange was 35. A little peppery
he replied "I will inquire." Oh no need I replied, "I was not
to make an argument; it is a small matter. However he
went and on returning announced it at 36. which
was really what I got last time at the bank. The \$8
was as good in my pocket as in his. ~~He~~ ^{He} handed over \$100.
bill, he rubber-stamped the passport, then said, you can
get your passport at 5 o'clock. And the charge? Then.
Just then he said — but where is your certificate of vacci-
nation? This was a poser — I have none. You must

bring it before I can give the passport; you must bring
it at 5. The law requires it. Of course I was lost by this
time but went to the "Fundación" hoping to find D. Strus'
Nicaraguan helper. He was not there, but the third man
and I hunted up a ~~blank~~ and filled it out; I have been
vaccinated many times always happily - left the ty-
phoid inoculation empty; rubberstamped D. Strus'
name. Both aid and I in doubt as to acceptance.
I now sat in the Plaza waiting my hour. A young man
of no dress pretension and with a squeaky voice and a
large acquaintance, whom I have met casually twice
before - once here and once at El Calvario, with another
young man came and chatted with me. At 4.45 I
was again at the Foreign Office. Asked to sit down
a minute, while it was signed. I sat and sat and
sat until at 6. the Minister came to his office. He
hastily looked at my document & vaccination certificate
and then I paid for a .25 stamp, which the clerk attached
and cancelled. Two Guatemalans waited as I did for
their passports. I examined it as I walked away and it
was not signed then!! However, I believed it would make
no difference. But to spend an entire day on a passport
seems loss of time. — Because the Chales Albert is
24th next door to the Honduran Legation, I decided to ask
Mouleart for a special endorsement with the Minis-
ter. I feel as if I needed all the push I can get. To make
sure of getting them both at home I started early. It was
a cool walk. Had a shave on the way. Was at the Chales
at 8.30 and the Minister not yet up. So I did I don't
walk the Reforma and be back at 9.30 so I did walk



The entire length. It took me more than an hour. It was really a sad sight. There has been little effort anywhere to repair or reconstruct. It was really a fine Paseo. There is a central stretch of green grass with a continuous line of trees; then a wide drive on either side, then another stretch of grass with trees bordering these, then promenades; it continues well developed thus to the culminating mid-scene; beyond that the well defined and paved promenade disappears and peters out, giving place even at places to another pair of drive ways (a Decauville track on one side). On the whole the fine buildings and the best villas are on the left as one goes out. Beginning as the War Dept. railway monument, the Reforma runs to the Rufino Barrios monument and its appendances. At the left the first building, in sad ruins is probably the Asilo. Next to it comes the low and prison-like Military School. The mid. green streak is presently broken by the granados monument; the shaft is damaged and the decoration and enclosure; a soldier here to guard; the statue itself is gone, but the inscriptions on the four sides still remain. Presently we come to what is the mid. culmination - altho less than half way down. Here I presume was the School, on the left. before it was a great open space, glorified; figures of bulls stand at the end of the long axis, 4 groups of animal figures (one a panther with a tortoise? the corresponding one is gone - then a

lion victorious over a crocodile and two boars fighting; there are four ruined kiosks placed at symmetrical points - and across - facing the school is a Neptune fountain. All, all in ruins. Next - somewhat far out rises a rather simple shaft pedestal, the capping figure or bust gone - Guatemala al Procer del Independence Mexicana Hidalgo Sept 16 de 1910 - Sept 10 de 1911. Next comes a somewhat finer, higher shaft-pedestal, with a large bust in place. This is the only uninjured item in the aggregation; there is no inscription or hint as to who is honored, but I think it is Benito Juarez. Then after a long space the whole comes to an end at the Barrios monument. Enclume, decoration, all is wrecked; the pedestal is little injured; the only inscription is al General Juarez Barrios La Patria. The statue itself is completely gone. Beyond, along the Reforma was a rather pretentious building, with hair-ways at the sides, badly ruined - probably the Museum. A band stand is at the left as we stand facing. Just before the monument but to the right is a curious enclosure of a green hedge. I thought it might contain the tomb but could not see that it did; elliptical, closely hedged, with but one opening, at the further end, there were two high electric lights in it, but I could see no sign of its purpose. There was indeed a shrub or tree near the centre to one side, which might have surrounded or grown over some grave. The trimming of the hedge was formal; flat-topped, about 4 ft



only the
arches
are nearer
crowding
on the balls.

high with an arch, containing a ball, then a ball, then an arch, a ball, &c. &c. full around. When I got back to the Chateau Albert, the hors had risen and was raining. I sat on the porch for a few minutes. When he appeared it was not Mouleart, but the Charge d'affaires E. Van Schendel. We had a pleasant enough chat. Mouleart is at the Grand Hotel Central: he will be sure to be accessible at 2 as he must go to the Ministry at 4. I decided now to call on the Redoubt Counsel, de Jonghe, who had expressed the hope of seeing me to Mr. Ice. He had gone out of town! So I dropped in on Ice himself. He takes a more serious view of the mission prima and I left the passport to be sent around. Stopt in then on the Legation: had to wait a bit. The Minister is gone. Thurston was quite friendly. He noticed my letter from John Stare Hunt. He was brought up in Mexico from 1909 perhaps and knew the Hunts apparently friendly. I got some names and addresses from him and told him my present plan. It was now after 12 so I went to the hotel, ate and siesta-ed; at 2.15 found Mouleart. His brother was killed in battle three days ago. He finds the Chateau too small for his family and will stay at the hotel, while some addition is made. He will arrange for Van Schendel to go with me to the Honduras minister in the morning to give me a good endorsement. I prowled now around bookstores and the Park. Got a copy of Uriarte's Galerie and when again at home went through my cards, with indicating those authors who are quoted in it. — It rained hard during the night and the morning was cool with the dew laid. I was 25th out early and walked out to Chateau Albert arriving at

Names and addresses.

Benjamin Lafayette Jefferson. Managua, Nicaragua
Stewart Johnson. San José de Costa Rica.

E. Van Schendel.

Walter F. Boyle. Puerto Cortes

John Ewing. Tegucigalpa -

Chas. B. Curtis " 2d. Secy.

Arnold. San Salvador.

Peter Edmund Pattico. Capt. Schr. Dernier.

J. T. Pirie } Carson, Pirie and Scott, Chicago.
C. B. Miller }

9.30, Van Schendel was ready and we went at once to the Honduran Minister, Guillermo Campos. We had a pleasant visit and at 3 o'clock I am to meet him at the Oficina Internacional to get visa on my passport and some letters to aid me on the journey. He gave me some advice and information about the journey up. I next went to Mr. Jagg where I got my passport, signed by the Minister of Relations who "forgot to sign it". Said goodbye to them - Mrs. Fee & Mr. F. went up to de Jongh's but he is not yet back from out of town. Next to Dr. Strus'; he is still away, but I said goodbye to Mrs. Strus and left greetings for him. Next book store, bank, and postcard purchases. It was now after twelve and I went to the hotel and ate and slept. Though cloudy it has been very hot. At 3pm, I was at the Oficina. Of course he was not, but he was not very late. Gave the visa, charging no fee and letters to the Comandante at Puerto Cortes and the Political Governor at San Pedro. He gave me bon voyage. Next to the police office, where I stood with the vulgar crowd, but received prompt attention - going in as soon as those already in were dispatched. And my precious boleto ran as follows:

Direccion General
de la
Policia Urbana

Guatemala 25 de Oct. de 1918.

amss
Guatemala, C.A.

Señor Agente del Ferrocarril al Norte.

Presente

Sevase usted conceder pase a don Frederick Starr para la estación de Quirigua zona del Norte, en virtud de no estar comprendido en el Acuerdo de 8 de Enero de 1918. Soy de usted muy atento servidor. R. Yaguián.

Tentative Program.

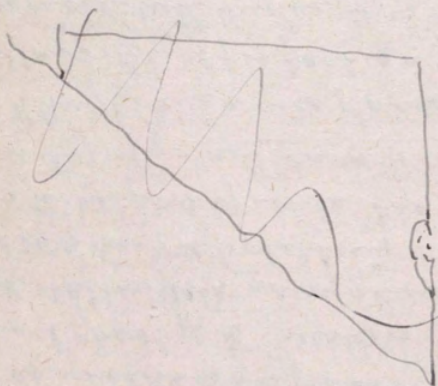
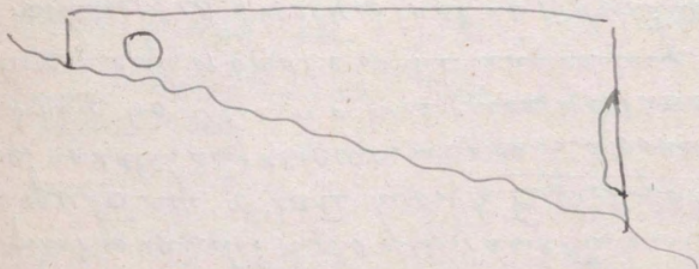
✓ Leave Guatemala:	Oct. 26, Sat.	
✓ Ar. Luriquia	27, Su.	
✓ Ar. Puerto Barrios	28, Mo.	
Limington - Guat. Paz.	29, Tu. —	Nov. 1,
Leave, —	Nov. —	
Ar. Tegucigalpa,	9.	
Leave Honduras	15.	Jan. —
In Salvador (6 days)	21.	Nov. 11. Managua
Arrive Managua	22,	21. San José.
Costa Rica,	Dec. 2.	
Leave	15	

The part underscored of course is typewritten in. This is ridiculous. I might just as well have left Tuesday on this claim. However I have it and hope no question will arise beyond Guirigua. Vamos a ver. I now went to the Legation to leave directions about my mail with Thurston. Got there just as a meeting of ministerial and consular took place. Saw Armstrong a moment and said goodbye to Thurston. It now began to rain and I took shelter with many others under the new fangled canopy of the Victor Talking machine agents. It happens to be just opposite one of the few bits of picture square antiquity - a Talabarteria Americana kept by Victor R. Angel. It is a nice place, wedged in between two old pillars; the upper part is a good part and in it a pretty niche with Virgin. It is entirely unspoiled, altho the front is painted bright yellow and the announcement are quite up to date even to English spoken. He makes fine saddles and describes success. Hooked inside and here too there is a fine piece of old work - a decorative frieze or border at the rear ceiling. When the rain stopped I walked back up to Fifth Ave. and so through to 18th St. to take down the Chinese names.

Julio Yon y Cia
Lum Wo Chong & Cia
Manuel Lamy Hnos.
Wing On Tay Ltd.
Quon Yuen Chong & Cia.
Joaquin Chang & Co.

La Estrella
Wing On Son Cia
Ji Chang Kee y Cia
Jop Sen y Cia
Lum On Tay

after dinner I packed and made ready for leaving. 26th did not sleep very well. Was uneasy over my baggage and the train. Through mistake I hurried more than was necessary. Thought everything was 6:40 on this duration - and I except



This one train which leaves at 7, so I rushed off without my breakfast, when I had plenty of time. No trouble, of course, about my baggage - the pass covered all which I did not expect. We must have left about on time. I wish I had made a details of what is left of old Guatemala. One of my prides is the old monastery of _____; the church itself, standing on the highest ground and facing on _____ avenue went, but the monastery, gaining in height as it went back to _____ avenue largely remains: it is like a fortress or prison; its thick walls are pierced by round windows at regular distances, which are smaller on the inside and are grated with heavy irons; at the rear corner there is a standing caryatid-like bearded figure; the whole is a rather dark pink or red color and the building seems to have suffered little. I hope it will remain. As we went out we saw several pilas and these must once have been a very characteristic feature of the city. And does pila mean the water jet, the basin, the stand from which the water jets, or all three at once? And must it be used for washing clothes, or is it simply a water source, or is it a drinking place for animals? - The morning glories were splendid. Great masses and tangles of them; sky blue and large and beautifully open. I am not sure whether the masses of smaller, pink, flowers, which were less common and conspicuous, but one or two spaces of which were lovely are real convolvulus. No question, however, of the purple red-blue species which became the common one an hour later. It is not so striking as the blue but fine. We soon crossed the famous high bridge, "longest in Guatemala." It is only just outside the city and the bridge has no side or upper construction. It gives me a feeling of insecurity. I don't know why. What

is the actual object of that construction anyway? Does it add firmness by weights above? Or surely cannot be to protect by catching drailed cars. This one is flung even a great green gorge of great beauty. To a city in our country or in Japan it would present enormous park, picnic and promenade possibilities — The most conspicuous and continuous present floral beauty are the shrubs and small trees covered with a blanket of golden yellow; the individual flowers are quite large and grouped closely into clusters: are they papilionaceous or are they more open? I feel that they are the development of the rather ugly green-yellow cloudings that we noticed coming up. — Further on white masses became the rule. These were largely shrubs or bushes suggestive of elder. But there were also compositae — and others various. And through the region of whiteness we had occasionally splashes of pink — here too, not due to a single species — comsolubus-like and a covering vine (?) that must be papilionaceous were two among them. — Three Germans, probably planters from the Livingston region were on the train. They were constant watchers of the landscape altho it was old to them. Nothing escaped them and one interesting feature which I should have missed they caught. — On a slope, rocky and rather desert-vegetationed, was a little spot where vapors and gases escaped. Whether it is a permanent fumarole, or one just broken loose, I know not. There are stretches, especially midway where the country is just like hot desert regions of Southern Mexico — like Tirotepec for instance. There are the mesquite-like, pitahaya, rarely nopal, occasional maquey, and the bare brown-red between and the blaze and the drowsiness. I was reminded of

my first drowsing ride through ^{these} the Southern ~~outlet~~ ^{outlet} and of Tomellin. To tell the truth I drowsed all day: did not see and enjoy as much as I should. It was partly my lack of sleep, partly empty stomach, largely the heat. Of one thing I am sure - real Guatemalan life is seen only from Progress to Los Amates. Most of the places between are worth while as typical. Los Amates is less so than I before thought being strongly affected by negroes and other riffraff from the priest co. — Was glad of the dinner at Zacapa. And here I had not realized a funny adjustment. I have not liked the horde of wild kids that board the car here trying to carry passengers' baggage. I was afraid of them and uneasy for my property - both today and coming up. I got back before the other passengers and found the car full of them; they had taken possession of most of the seats and are would have thought them passengers! Cheeky little wretches, I thought. But there was method. One of the Germans came back; the kid in his seat gave way, received a peso and went; - all of them in fact were little watch-dogs watching bones against each other and receiving pay for service. It is the system and not a bad one. One little nigger - the only one - had one of the German's and as a side issue - gave attention to the young fellow in the seat behind. The German gave him his peso, the young fellow gave him p 2. - so he went away rich. Attention seemed to be given to what one kid would receive from an American. He was the last passenger to get back and the train was on the point of leaving; still several little wretches lingered to see what his watcher got. When I was shelled out of the roll, one little rascal near me shook his head and sighed - "cinco pesos." The system is

convenient, but bad. No one ought to give more than 1/2 p. That is reasonable and sensible. But the business is bad. It is bad for a boy to receive easy pay for small personal service. There is the temptation to never go to work but to always remain 'juvenile' in attitude toward uncertain gratuities. And the gambling element - in the eternal possibility that someone may give 5 p. is exceedingly undesirable. — I have wondered often lately about the American who when I first came to Hotel Madrid occupied the room next to me. He was a rather nice looking fellow, who kept himself looking pretty well, tho drinking sometimes. He said he was from Chicago; was in fruit business; 'doing pretty well.' I supposed he had africa somewhere and after two or three days wondered why he did not get back to it to keep it from going to the dogs. He slept rather badly - at least he often groaned in his sleep and sometimes talked. One night he said, with some feeling, "la hija" - which gave room for a lot of questions. One day in evident delight, but to my surprise, having believed him an independent rancher, he told me "Well I've got my job at last." Yes - what is it. With the U. F. C. at Durigua. It seemed that he was with them before and that he knows the "Maya Farm" well. He got into trouble and had a fight. Both were discharged. Now they had consented to take him back. "When a man leaves them they will never take him again, but, if they discharge are he has some chance." He might go down tomorrow on next day. That was when I was drinking and expecting to go down myself any day. When finally, I went to Escuintla, I supposed he had gone down, and when I made my round trip, I practically forgot his case. To my surprise he was still at Madrid on my return. He was waiting daily for the letter from the Company; he had had influence and was run down; he was plainly

discouraged and "hope deferred" was making his heart sick." I believed too that he was running low on money and feared he would ask aid; feared - because I have nothing to spare. In two days he disappeared and his room was empty. I believed he was gone. Three days later I saw him in front of the next "joint" looking bad every way. I suspect "Don Antonio" had thrown him out. Poor fellow - he had been so happy in the certainty that he was taken back. — Los Amates interests me. The name must be old and is there a reason for Los Amates and the Quirigua inscriptions being near together? I believe the coincidence significant. As I said the impression this time was less Guatemalan. There are a lot of "negres" there and they look idle and worthless. — We reached Quirigua on time and it was blazing hot. My trunk was checked thru to Barrios; my suitcase I left at the station; my papers were in a paper. I walked up to the ~~Hotel~~ ^{Hospital}. It is situated on a splendid knoll overlooking the valley with bananas and bounded behind a double ridge of blue mountains. A sick railroad man, discouraged, had come down on the train for treatment. I gave way to him of course. Dr. McPhail was polite. He regretted that he could not take me in at the Hospital but could not and would not; they are full with influenza and I must run no chances and among the patients are some to whom he is giving his family quarters. He arranged for me to be at the hotel. will send the machine and a boy who knows the ruins with me at 8 in the morning; when he found I had no leggings, he will lend me a pair for they are necessary. I think he invited me to lunch. I'm not that ridiculous. I really do not know. The hotel is in the same

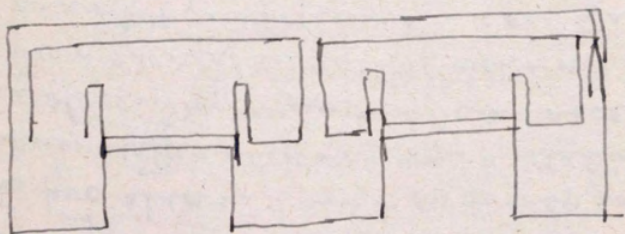
Knoll, a little further down. The knoll is grass grown, lamed, and the walks are bordered on both sides with Coleus and other foliaged shrubs: there are palms at intervals: the whole place is well-kept. There is an engine house here and several engines, gas cars, etc., also apparently a little branch of track probably running to some of the plantations. The hotel is in charge of Jamaican negroes, whom I can hardly understand. I got a good room, ground floor, air through: washwater, toilet, and shower-bath arrangements. The place is not general: order must issue from the D. There are mosquitos on the porch and midges everywhere - especially around the brilliant electric lights. So, and because tired, I went to bed at 7. - The morning freshness is a good return or compensation for the heat of the day.

27th. The boy was around at quarter before eight. He was a true Indian. The machine proved to be a gas car: there was an Indian boy to run it. We went zipping down the track to the Meya Dam. Ten minutes or so were enough. I few minutes walked then through the park brought us to a clearing, nearly rectangular and quite west and east on which are the monuments. The diagram is only approximate and subject to error. I was greatly astonished at what I found. The three etiae in line are about twice the height of my guide - so from 10 ft. upward. All three have elaborate carved figures on front and rear and a double column of handsome large glyphs on the sides. The condition of preservation is better than anticipated. There are figures on both faces and all are different in details. On (c), above the inscriptions on the two sides are six tablets with elaborate designs, figures and discs, that require real study. Before (a) and (c) - I think not very well lined - are turtle or boat-shaped altars: these bear a considerable amount of carving both small figures and glyphs: at some distance before these were two partic-

usually long and narrow & square columns with face figures and side inscriptions: one of these is fallen the other still stands. Still further east are two more stelae; the one on the S. has fallen the other still stands and is the one that occurs on the favorite postcard. I cannot at all place altar (c). I forget its location. Two other altars are crudely located in my plans, the smaller is quite indistinct and worn - though cleaning might help. The other is the large and fine one that Hewitt reproduced complete. The thing that most startled me is that the figures on stelae a. b. c. all have the Egyptian beard; I had never noticed this before. f. g. are not bearded. My memory fails regarding d. e. All these stelae are placed so that they face directly toward the morning sun and the two altars 1 and 2 are west from their corresponding stelae. Near 4 was a relatively small square stone. My guide said there has been more but it had been carried away. We went out now into the forest, near * 4 and followed a trail to a building in ruins. It lies W. anyway, perhaps S. from the chancel rectangle. The walls were of well tumbled stone and were set with plaster; the corners were sharp and square: I judge that originally the surfaces had been covered over with plaster. It seemed to be a small temple - double (or triple) in which each element seemed to be a small room back of a recess alcove, with floor, raised by two platform steps, with a small chamber in the thick walls on either side. The doubleness of the structure is evident. I am not sure at all of a third: some stones suggested a third but they may have come from the broken corner. Some of the stones lying around are fitted with tenon jointing and have decorative cutting

c	20	e	g	40	
b					
a	1.0	d	f	5.0	

fallen *fallen*



The front of the recess rises by a high steps to a narrow (about 1 ft) ledge, when a second steps of about a foot gives us the level floor of the room; the front of this platform, in both cells, bears glyphs, all hieroglyphs are very crude and only approximate. I looked at the material of the stelae with some care after McKinley's hint. I believe they are real stone - a soft, reddish material with included pebbles and coarse sand; I do not think them an artificial concrete. By the way - both stelae and altars show signs that they were once covered with red paint. We were back from our trip - pretty dirty - by 11 o'clock. I believed the Dr. invited me to lunch and that I accepted his invitation. However, I was in doubt as I left the hospital and no doubt remained with me. However I cleaned up as well as I could at lunch time and then did not go. I went up at about 4 o'clock to thank him and report the trip. He was then very busy, hence I not come to supper at 6 - was the message brought by the boy. When I got back to the hotel I fell to talking with an engineer of the Fruit Co. He was a longtime Engineer on Mexican railways and we had a long talk; he has also been Engineer on the D.C. & A. but his present job is with the Fruit Co. proper. He is a great beer-drinker as I knew not only from remarks passed at table (because I have been at the same table with him) but also by his looks. He was drinking beer as I came up and invited me to have one with him. He says it is the only thing one can spend money for here. Board and lodging is always part of the wages and supplied by the company. If any employee is away from his usual base he simply eats at a hotel. Ever eating place he is nearest which rates & makes the charge directly to the company. His work in Mexico was chiefly in the State of Michoacan, on the National, and like them all he looks back on Mexico as a delightful land. - at 6 o'clock I made my way back to the Dr. His assistant, Dr. Winn, and a Mr. Smith from the Fruit Co. were the others present. We

had a drink before supper and a nice meal prettily served. He has been here ten years; so has Smith. The latter knew of me from Cligg, who has been here lately. He inquired about Miss Baker, who has been here twice and of Mrs. Vincent. Both left a good impression. Miss Baker always does - everywhere. The Dr. has learned that there is a chance to get away from Barrios tomorrow. A little boat leaves for Puerto Cortes at 3pm. It will not wait for the evening train. If the "local" should be on time - which it perhaps never is, it might get me there. He begged Smith to let him know early in the morning what the probabilities were - as he has got to send his car down soon and though it will be full-loaded will try to help me out if necessary. We had a pleasant talk together - all four of us and then I went back. - Not so good a night for sleeping and not such a magnificent morning freshness after it. Everyone agrees that 28th the two days have been exceptional for heat. Personally I felt them more than any down on the west side. I waited to hear from the Dr. until about 8.40, when I walked down to the station to make inquiry. At the very instant the Dr. was telephoning in my case. The man at the phone (Frank Hamilton) asked me if I were the Professor. "Yes." Well, Dr. MacPhail says I am to take you in my car to Barrios and that I must surely get you there by two; he asks if you are ready and wants me to say good-bye." I said I was ready and would be there to start in ten minutes. I paid my bill (\$3.75) and we boarded the car at 8.45. The Dr. had feared his would not surely go through. Hamilton with pride said his was the only car that could be depended upon and is famous therefore. It was an uncovered gas car; he and I sat on a rattan seat at one side rear, I behind; our driver sat on the platform, right front. My bag and bundle, with their things filled

all space. We were off. It would have been very hot, standing; we zipped ourselves fresh air. It was a fine ride of about 40 miles. It takes the down passengers three hours to make the run. One gets a much finer experience and appreciates the farms, the natural vegetation and the real features much better from this little car than from the train. I had the brief timetable in my hand and watched stations and running time. We had to make way for the uptrain as a section back a little before Montufar. Hamilton is a hunter, and has been. I learned later a professional crackshot. He is an old Mexican railroad man; his connection here is superintendent of construction for the F.M.C. Ry. He was with Mr. Robinson and speaks of him as they all do. He never liked Steiner and when Steiner was raised, he quickly found that he was disliked. After a little Steiner discharged him. He went with his story to Nickerson, who passed him over to A. A. R. Mr. Robinson heard his story - made no reply whatever - but sent for Steiner; when he came he said "Mr. Steiner, replace Mr. Hamilton in his position and pay him full wages for the time he has not been working." Nothing more was ever said by anyone in the matter. He spoke with much regard of Dr. MacThail, who commanded - he says - universal affection and regard, with both natives and foreigners. He spoke of one family, whose house we passed, Americans, where the woman gave birth to twin girls with combined weight less than 4 pounds; the Dr. took them to the hospital and pulled them through without an incubator. Today they are as healthy and well grown as average children of their age. Hamilton is very fond of the family and often stops for a meal with them when he is passing. One time when he came in sight - the man

called out to the wife - "Here comes Hamilton; for Heaven's sake, put away the whiskey bottle and get out the buttermilk." It was meant as a joke, but the next time he came along, the twins ran in crying out - "Mother, mother, here comes Mr. Hamilton; for Heaven's sake put away the whiskey bottle and get out the buttermilk." He apologized for telling me such a trifling story, but even here there is so little variety and happening that we talk about everything. He tells me that jaguars are common; also big tree snakes: one of the latter killed by the train was said to be 22 ft. long - usually they are about 15 or 16. He headquarters in Gualan and says that every house has a horse-snake or more than one; he has one in his own house that often shares his bed with him; he is entirely impatient with the instant impulse to kill a snake on sight which is so common among ourselves and which he does not consider natural; that it is unreasonable he claims in view of the actual value of snakes in destroying vermin of all kinds. As to the horse snakes in this country they are unquestionably useful and most valuable - spiders, roaches, scorpions, etc. are kept under by them. I was interested in his having a tepecuintle at his house: it was given him by some native. José Millá claims that this is the ixcuintle that was eaten at the time of the conquest: it is not infrequently kept as house "cat" or dog. I am sorry not to have seen it to know it - because we often claim that it is extinct since the conquest - a very unlikely thing as nothing has happened to lead to its disappearance, that I can see. Hamilton says it is a marsupial (which is unlikely) and that its general appearance is considerably like a guinea pig. I judge that the hind legs are rather largely developed as compared with the others. I believe the animal is still eaten by natives; whether it is intentionally fattened

ed I do not know. Dr. MacPhail's kindness was shown again by the fact, which we learned enroute, that he had started a second gas-car after us so that if anything happened to ~~ours~~ we would still have a means to get through. I had not realized that on a run like this there were regular telegraphed orders at every station, just as in a true train, but there are. We stopped at every station and received orders. We stopped at one station which he said would be our only chance and where we took a nip. However, further down the road he thought "perhaps" we might find something; this was at a little tienda kept by a Jamaican negro, who had also a Jamaica orange wine which we found in with the whiskey. Here I paid - and I paid again, when at the Hotel we were ready for dinner. We reached Barrios at 12.30 having been three hours and forty-five minutes on the way. The Asst. Supt. (not Hecht) was at the station and I met him; again from Mexico - railroad man at Vera Cruz and local reporter there for Mexican Herald. Not a very agreeable fellow. My trunk was here safely. I arranged for my stuff to go to the customs at dinner at the Hotel del Norte - mailed my letters - etc. At 2 o'clock was examined and passed at the Customs House. Then to the little landing. Our boat stood out in the harbor at a little distance. Two Americans were also passengers. The Captain was a black man from Belize. We went out in a "dory" which was a tipsy thin dugout. Four passengers the Capt., my trunk, our hand luggage, the purser (owner) and two paddlers made a load that worried one of my fellow-passengers, who expected momentary capsize. We were soon aboard. Our schooner (2-master) was a good little mahogany vessel, with cedar bottom, of 38 tons, sailing under the British flag; calling Belize home; and named "Dernier". The cabin was close, with four little air-eyes and no actual beds - only a sort of sleeping and storage platform. Our fourth passenger was a hollow-looking old

ian who seemed no great friend of anyone, but had come from Belize. We at once made preparations and were really off at 3: Very light breeze and we had to tack repeatedly to make any headway. At nightfall we were still in the harbor and in sight of Barris lights, when they began to appear. It was well nigh before we really reached the open sea. The Cabo de Tres puntas in the nature of things would be slowly passed; they were. We had only sail power. I had decided to sleep on the cabin roof and soon ~~down~~ there - clothes on. My American companions plainly had not thought of doing so, but decided they would - though both undressed and pajama-ed. It was not so bad there, but bad weather had been threatening and soon came. I really was asleep or almost so when the Captain called us on account of rain. We went below and were shut in. Oh how hot, close, and dreadful it was. The two Americans had already laid out a sleeping place on the flat form on one side, before thinking of sleeping outside; the Italian was ensconced on the other. There was a new, tho inconvenient, deamers chair in the middle of which I took possession. It was not meant for use but I used it. It proved what the Capt. called "a dirty night". There was a rough sea, contrary wind, rain, thunder, lightning and currents. We did nought, but drift back & forth about aimlessly. When morning came 29th we were less than a third of our 56 miles. Before noon we were almost in a dead calm. To our left lay British Honduras and its looms comb mountains - while from it - before us, stretching out on a long, long, reef, was a line of keys. They are British politically; all are said to belong to one person of Portuguese descent - perhaps named Cabral? One of them was said to have been the resort of the last of the pirates - perhaps of the same name? We saw a porpoise during the morning, following the boat; our first

Taken to be a shark, we were informed that sharks are never found where porpoises are seen: that the latter attack them boldly and successfully. The underlying reef of the keys stretched out under water far beyond them and at its end is indicated by white surf breakers. We had to go around the whole before we could strike Puerto Cortes. And the calm; and the heat; and the boat moving almost none, or apparently drifting against our will, impelled by currents — and the blazing sun. Now we came to hate those dreadful keys: now we seemed to advantage simply to lose again. To be sure twice when we got into relatively shallow water, we looked down through the light green of wonderful clearness and saw the heads of coral on the bottom; this was beautiful, it was ^{almost} only incidental; once we saw a turtle, a fine great fellow, floating lazily on the surface, stretching out head and neck just once as if to judge us; once in the light green, clear water we saw such a lovely school of great fish — perhaps averaging 15-18 inches length; there were two types — one darker colored and more slender, the other broader bodied with a yellow tail and lighter colored. Were they really two species, or might they be sexually different; probably the former, though they kept together; graceful in movement, beautiful in form and color, there may have been sixty of them and they followed the boat tenaciously, until we got a line ready and baited, just before which they dropped behind and we saw them no more.

— My American companions prove to be Chicagoans both. They are out for Carson. Pirie Scott and found to Tegucigalpa, via San Pedro Sula, at both of which places they have definite business. They are an older man Gilbert, and younger Anderson. They differ, but

get on well. They came down by Ello. Central; then by
the Copename here. They have been waiting impatiently to
get away. Gilbert is the commonplace conventional;
cares for comfort, respectability and show, but not at all
a bad lot - and anxious to take things as they come.
The other is a more pronounced and interesting charac-
ter. He is young, but uncertain age; polite and obliging,
but with more pronounced ideas and much stronger charac-
ter than the other. Thin, bony, dry, tall; a sharp chin and
thin lips; almost beardless but worried by any face-hair;
exceedingly sharp chin, which with his thin lips, gives him
the constant appearance of setting his jaws and trying
to compel himself; he has surely a touch of negro blood
and may have been born in some British tropical country.
He has been in New Zealand, Jamaica, Haiti and some
other tropic lands. We got along nicely together, though the
contrast between the spontaneous and natural generosity
of the young man and the somewhat selfish disposition of
the older one is marked. — We finally got around the
hateful reef and kept and found ourselves heading for
Puerto Cortes. Whether we should get in before 6 o'clock became
a rather vital question. We seemed to crawl. Too late, almost
to be any good, came a breeze and we saw ourselves really com-
ing nearer. The harbor is good except for winds from the N.E.
which would force going out to sea. We saw a light and disac-
camping house at some distance out at sea. The town itself
came really into sight only as we got inside. We go up a
sort of inlet. The town makes rather a good appearance and
stretches along for some distance. We could see the Palm Hotel.
The Adriana is at the lower end of town, near it; the Italian
hotel was further up town - as is the Commandant's house. We
lost breeze and did not get way up to the landing. We were an-
k at 5.30 pm. The Capt. at once took his papers and was ~~sent~~
"dled to the landing. His experience was short and bitter.
They would not even look at his papers and as he returned

he quoted them as saying "Stay where you are until morning when we will decide what you shall do." This sounded to me ominous and doubtful. It was now darkening and mosquitoes came in hungry clouds. The prospect was shocking. As we had already eaten, we began to arrange for a bad night on board. We selected our places - mine on the cabin roof and wrapped ourselves against the venomous attack. It was the hard choice between suffocation and heat, and bites and possible fevers. We were however dispirited when a steam-vessel put out and came over near us: no one boarded us or attempted to do so. They came up near as they passed shouted out - "hoist your anchor; get out of the harbor; go back to Puerto Barrios, where you came from." Our little crew was terror-struck and in confusion. We were owner, captain, mate (a new man, his first trip here), one sailor, and the cook. They hesitated - I at once jumped up and shouted - I have a letter to the Commandante; ^{from the Minister of H. M.} we will not leave until he has seen me to receive it - they paid no direct attention, but repeating "get out of the harbor," they turned down and apparently to sea. We began to clear for leaving. What was the matter? Had relations been broken between the two nations? Had the boat gone far arms & would she attack? Our men were desperately frightened. I begged them to wait until I tried to see the Commandante; they urged danger of mutiny and arrest, but yielded. I began to yell. "I have a letter for the Commandante, from the Minister of H. M. to Guatemala; it is necessary that he be informed and that I see him; send someone to notify him." They asked if I would pay. "No, I will pay nothing, but it is necessary that you send him word." This I cried and repeatedly with "intulations" - "Call the American Consul, Mr. Boyle, I desire to see him" - "call the Consul of Britain" - This for Anderson who though he has taken out his first papers is not yet an American subject. We

waited and waited. Once in response to my calling, they said someone had gone. Finally, from the upper end of town a steam-vessel put out. She came down to us. A man, apparently representing the Commandante, and quite unfit and greatly excited, wanted to know "who had a letter from the Minister of Honduras in Guatemala to the Commandante?" I told him that I had — is the Commandante here? No. Give me the letter. I will give the letter to him: it was given to me for him. Will you take me to him? No. Give me the letter. We will wait, if you will not take me to the Commandante, until you go and ask him whether you shall bring me to him. This he refused in the most insolent fashion and summoned the Captain (who was there) and told him, if I refused to give the letter to him — we must leave the port immediately. So I told the Captain, he need wait no longer. They steamed away in a rage. We hoisted sail and lifted anchor and were away. The breeze now was not bad and we made good headway. As we entered the sea we heard the steamer coming rapidly after us. We all thought they wanted to renew negotiations, but made no sign of stopping. After following us quite a time she stopped and went back. Whether she really meant to talk or not, I don't know — perhaps she merely meant to see us actually out of their harbor. By this time we had no more mosquitoes — indeed I feel quite sure that even in the harbor, they would have become relatively untroublesome — apparently there is an early evening hour when they drift out in swarms and then diminish. We noticed a difference even before we left. This night we all slept on deck; apparently I had made some reputation through my battle; anyway one of the sailors produced a real pillow from somewhere and gave it to me. I was the only one so supplied and realized my blessing. — Of course we do not know all the circumstances. Perhaps the fact of a British flag, a Belize

boat and a black captain was something; perhaps they did not know there were passengers; perhaps it is the Honduras-Guatemala feeling; perhaps the captain made a blunder in not trying harder to go to the actual landing. (They may be thought, he was concealing sickness). Apparently it was fear of influenza and an abrupt and arbitrary quarantine imposition. In any event - the refusal to look at the papers, which were entirely regular, the action in regard to a list of passengers & crew entirely unknown and their manner in ordering us out of the harbor, and back to the place from which we came, were all inexcusable and arbitrary procedures. — It seemed as if we never had our sails full during the night and again as times it seemed as if we were plunging through the water at a fine speed. On the whole I believed we had made little progress and expected to see "the keys" ahead of us when we had daylight. Delight was great to learn that they were far behind and that the land to our left and ahead was Cabo de tres puntas. Hope that we would be in Barrus by 9 a.m. were high. But - again, the calm, the heat, the glare, the less than snail-rapidity. We seemed absolutely to stand still, or even to drift back: the tape of three points was rated to be really that of a thousand points. We lay all day, inching along, we began to talk of another night on board - of getting in tomorrow night. — The trip was really pretty hard on the deceño and the captain. They had a fair freight, which of course they could not unload more, on account of some representations, which had been made to him, of the demand and price paid in Cortes. The deceño had brought up some things to sell; now he has to take passengers back without pay and to feed us en route; then I presume they will have clearing charges, &c. to pay at Barrus: altogether hard luck. —

Our fourth passenger, the *Fabian* is a brute and cadaverous creature; he is pretty near the edge; he has the most astounding appetite; my nickname for him of "the bottomless pit" struck my companions as most happy: the crew looked on him with wonder and constantly rallied him over how it was possible for such a rail to eat such quantities, without showing effects. I overheard and surmised something. They took him as at Belize, I think unable to pay fare; he claimed friends and business matters in Puerto Cortes, from which and whom the cash would be forthcoming; it looks as, if he would prove a dead loss to the dueño: he sat moping much of the days in the bow or stood looking nowhere; I half expected him to throw himself into the sea. — Our cook seems industrious and willing and always busied at his duties: but his stuff is awful; the only thing of any goodness he has turned out has been a sort of fried cake with a little sweetness which is not bad. This morning Captain and dueño fell to work and the result was that about 10 am. we had a breakfast that was good — some real biscuits, a stew of potatoes and tongue with some sliced onion, some good beans. As they prepared this masterpiece, the Captain said — "oh well in every one of else is a pretty good cook, except the cook" which seemed the very truth. Our cook was a sad looking dwarfish latter day maleon, with trousers out at heel, whose face looked in its swellings and rugosities almost leprous. — Well, at last, with a strong breeze we reached the very point and rounded it; from here it was a straightaway to Barrios, signs of which were hailed by us with joy. But the evening neared and went at our best, it looked doubtful. The *Aracua* was in and partly loaded. The pretty, shapely, white *Hollandia* of Curacao was on the other side of the dock. It was dark when we dropped

anchor and waited to know our fate. The electric lights flashed as the Captain came back and announced that we were free to go ashore with our hand baggage. It was good to be free of the Dernierz. We found the hotel full. After dinner I sat and wrote; one mounted the stairs and exclaimed - "here is the Professor." It was Mr. Clegg. And Hoeck is with him. We sat and chatted and the black Carib barkeep brought up beer at Clegg's orders. And van Schendel is here to go out tomorrow; ~~Clegg~~ gave him a special car; he locked his keys in his trunk (which has a spring lock) and Clegg spent two hours in opening it with a bitlockhook: they happen to have the same next to mine. It was a joy to get my clothes off and to sleep in a night-gown. Also to get back to work again. At 3¹⁵ breakfast with Clegg and Hoeck and Hamilton came in while we were there. Quite a gathering of clans. And I saw van Schendel at his breakfast and later on said goodbye to him as I sat writing. Did letters and rollbook and some reading. Put in a busy day. And have decided to go home: I have done pretty well, so far as Guatemala is concerned. But with the delays and difficulties of quarantines and war arrangements - there is no certainty what I can do ahead, or when and how I can get out when I must get out. Better not waste the money and time. If I had months ahead and no debts behind I'd push on anyway. As it is I had better save what I can from the wreck. - As I sat at work in the evening the Purser, First Engineer and Miss Goldschmidt came up to pay respects! The girl is here without her mother to spend the day with him. She must have come down yesterday and spent two nights at the hotel. They seem as infatuated as ever. He adores the ground on which she walks. Some rains toward evening and a real storm or perhaps four. Repeated and heavy rains during the night and now. The air really cool in the morning. It was still raining

when we had to go to the train. Mias Goldschmidt was with us and a nervous little fool of a travelling man, who is only twenty-one, but who will go quick if he don't look out. He smokes, drinks and dances down here and won't last long. He says the other man takes the coast and he the interior; he has tried to give the impression that he is a stager at this local game but I believe it only his second - perhaps his first trip. Thus, he does not yet know the City of Guatemala; at Isla he bought every type of portland from the Fruit Co. - he claims at .20 each - and examines them every now and then. I tested him on this and he said - "not many times before; only one or two!" He is a little scared over his expenses which have already been a thousand dollars and groaned over \$12.50 to get to Zacapa which will mean \$50. by the time he is back in Barrios. He is afraid of fever and afraid of native anger. Nervously he now twitches and jerks almost constantly. Apparently drinks coffee for his nerves. He got off at Zacapa. We were on time up to El Rancho, where we were side tracked on account of a derailment (an oil car off the track) and waited about two hours. When finally the wreck-train came down Cligg's car was attached. It was transferred to our train. Hock had beckoned me to come on board and I did so. We passed the down-passenger - which had been kept waiting more than five hours at perhaps the next station. Made a good run from here in - arriving at 8.35. Cligg dressed up and went in for a half-hour's visit with the young lady; it seems that he furnished her transportation to Barrios and back. Supper at Madrid - a little late and pane' hit still supper and a good sleep. Up here it is really cold. The rains must have been general. Same mud on way to Hotel. 2 d. While I was at breakfast, Anderson called to see me. He is at the Gran Central of course. Seems to have made some progress and plans to go to New Orleans by the next boat, going down to Barrios on Tuesday. I walked uptown with him and after a shave and shine went to the United Fruit Co. I do think their agent a most disagreeable man, an impression lasting over

Guatemala, 25 de Octubre de 1918.

Señor General
don Calisto Marín,
Comandante de

Puerto Cortés. -

Muy estimado General y amigo:

Después de saludar a usted atentamente, deseándole todo bienestar, me tomo la libertad de introducir a su conocimiento al portador de la presente profesor don Federico Starr, que va a nuestra patria en viaje de estudios científicos.

El señor Starr es un caballero digno de toda estimación; y reconociéndolo así, me permite rogar a usted que se digne favorecerlo con sus atenciones, proporcionándole las facilidades posibles para el mejor cumplimiento de su objetivo - en la seguridad de que es merecedor de cuanto usted se sirva hacer por él.

Agradecido de antemano por la benevolencia que le merezca esta recomendación, me es muy grato repetirme de usted, con el aprecio de siempre, atento servidor y afectísimo amigo,

Guillermo Campob

from my other experience with him, when I was trying to get
information from them about boats to Puerto Cortés. He raised the
question of seven days here - which now seems in force - but telegraph-
ed my reservation. No. 12 is sold but he asked for one as near
it as possible. I now went up to the Consulate where I
already knew I would come as Anderson told his story yester-
day. Met Conner, Assistant Consul, who has been ill
and not seen before. Got my visa and, after considerable
deliberation, was advised not to see the Foreign Office again.
Went next to the Legation, where I waited some time in the
parlor, for Thurston; he had a pile of mail for me and has
sent some to Managua; said goodbye to him and left the
direction about returning my mail to the University. I
was now headed for Dr. Stries but was hailed by him from a
coach and after a moment's confab jumped in with him
and rode to Madrid, where he left me. He does not minimize
the difficulty in the way of my leaving, but believes he can
arrange it. He was about to see Mr. Clark and again
proposed to throw the responsibility onto him; I told him
quite frankly that I could not see why he should. He said
this case was different and he believed Mr. Clark would see it.
He was to see me after his interview. He did not find Clark
but stopped in all the same and we had quite a long talk
about the yellow fever, the foundation, etc. He wants me
to wait about going down until Tuesday when he goes
to Quirigua; it is sheer caprice, but I told him I would;
he plans again to write to Yagüean - where I shall go on
Monday. It is likely that it would be difficult to get any-
thing done Saturday afternoon or Sunday. After my visit
I was out at bookstore. Got some Sarrís stuff and Parnes
Salvadoreño. Otherwise a quiet time of reading and stitching.
3d. Sunday. So far as work and play are concerned, I am suf-
fering from sort of paralysis. I wrote my notes, read some,

El Ministro Residente de Honduras en Guatemala

saluda atentamente al señor Gobernador Político de San Pedro Sula y tiene el gusto de presentarle al portador de la presente, profesor don Federico Starr, que va a Honduras en viaje de investigaciones científicas; y le agradecería que, por tratarse de persona de sus méritos, se dignare prestarle al apoyo que le fuere posible.

Guatemala, 25 de Octubre de 1918.

Señor Gobernador Político de

San Pedro Sula.

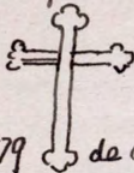
and played solitaire. At a suitable hour I went to Montealegre's book-store where he had bought me some of Dario and a little pile to look over. He did not have J. Dol. Corpinos Retiro, so I wandered down to the house and found it and one other. I was to call on Dr. Strus in the afternoon, but on my way back I met his assistant, who told me the Dr. had a letter to send me. So I went with him to the office and saw the Dr. and got the letter, which stated that he was called away on business for the afternoon - so I should not come.

4th Today has been a day of odds and ends of finishing. I cashed my last New York draft, bought and read Actualidad, bought stamps here so as to avoid plastering my letters over completely as I have been doing at Barrios. Their highest denomination was 12 1/2 and it took twelve to carry. My first letter I had addressed and it was hard finding a place for them afterward. I put the stamps on first and then wrote on the clear spaces. Had a last visit with Dr. Strus, who outlined the situation as he would like it presented to Dr. Rose of the Foundation. He gave me the letter to the Chief of Police, who this time received me in person and gave me the desired "boleta" without question or quibble. The rest of the morning I put in with Bruni, Ice and Thurston. It seems the demand is from the D. of the C. at Barrios. He requires a statement that persons sailing have registered in a book here and reported at their office seven days - which of course I have not done. I drew up a "statement" and Mr. Ice wrote Dr. Park Howell a letter to accompany it, Mr. Thurston adding his endorsement. Surely such a triple document should meet all demands. In the afternoon I bought a couple of "quake" photographs with a possible article in view. Called on the Handeran Minister and returned his letters; I gave him a precise account of the affair. He was much chagrined. It was the quarantine. After he saw me, they telegraphed him that it had gone into operation; it is yet low fever they fear and claim it is in Barrios. He telegraphed a remonstrance and that it should be lifted.

as yet has received no answer. He says the Comandante was not at Puerto Cortes when we were there as he has heard that he was on the road from Tegucigalpa to Cortes. He wanted to give me the latest number of Centro-America, but I already had it: he had my name put on the mailing list and gave me the Monografía de Centro America, published by the Oficina. He asked me to write something from time to time for the publication. He says after the earthquake Roberto Barrios went to the City of Mexico where he is employed upon some paper. — I took a last walk up to Calvario: there are ~~marked to be~~ ^{steps} 50 steps or 49 in four groups — 16. 11. 11. 11. There are ten bells. As one faces the city and goes to the right they are:

1) small; thick; plain.

2)



= Juan Klee = 1879 de nuestra señora de los remedios

3) medium: solid; square-letter; poorly done; date probably 1892 altho it looks like 1892 or 1882; inscription in three lines

El bautismo

año 1892

obra Pedro Figueras

4. Medium in size and thickness: slender cross and standard on body; a mid-ridge, narrow, around body. inscription in one line below

A Solitud del Dñr Los. M^{za} Parroquia de los Remedios
año de 1853 por Costillo

5. Medium size and weight; a cross with standard on each side made up of  elements: inscription in two narrow bands above and below:

Cubas me fecit año de MDC LXXV

Salvador del mundo ten misericordia de mi

6. small: lozenge cross: below the words, San Andres; good.

7. Rather large: inscription in lime near mouth.

Santa Teresa de Jesus 19 de Mayo D 1906 por T. G.

8. Large; thick; cracked; fine bold work; oldest & most decorated. On one side a great cross of lozenges with formal spindling trees at sides; on other side similar trees and a chude figure - with vines? & snakes? inscription in one line, near mouth.

año D 1686 x x x Santiago Joseph o ora pro nobys o

9. Large; thick; heavy; plain.

10. Fair size; good work; one line inscription.

o Jesus o Maria o y. ioseph se fundio esta o compana

The view from here out over the city is always fine: the mountains were concealed save their lower flanks in dark cloud; the avenue leading directly to the central plaza is Sixth Avenue and = "Calle Real". Its continuation goes straight to Parque Estrada Cabrera, and beyond there it is Avenida del Hipodromo. — In the market I bought a few religious pictures and novenas at a dual price. I have intended to look into miracle saints. These are San Antonio del Monte, Sonoma, Salvador.

Señor crucificado, Capilla de Animas,

Hospital General de Guatemala.

Señor del Portal, Catedral Metropolitana de Guatemala.

Nov. Señor crucificado, Esquipulas

Señor crucificado, Capilla de Animas, etc.

5th. I got off nicely with my train at 7 and we had an uneventful ride through to Barrios, arriving at 6:40 p. Caught a glimpse of Smith and his gas-car. Among the passengers was a foreigner who is married to a native woman; they have three children and he is about to place them in school in Belize. Two items of interest — the woman presents exceptionally the type of the monuments, so much so that I wish I could arrange for

at least a profile portrait - the retreating forehead, the
aquiline nose, the thin lips - and she had large gold rings from
her ears - it is fine; the children are all light and so far as
they resemble either parent they are like the father - the
littlest boy is an actual tow-head, which is more than his father
is. - To my surprise I found Anderson here; he came
down on Sunday. They are waiting for the Copename for
New Orleans. We expect her on Thursday at latest, sailing
on Friday night. I read the Spanish version of James Jeffray
Roche's History of the Filibusters on my way down. It is an
interesting story. Put in a busy day at the

City, writing many letters. Read a little in Cerna's Escombros.
It is a well written book. Walked over to Dr. Park Harell's office
through rain in the morning. He was not there, but among
them to Pallen's office found him there. He authorized the
sale of a ticket which, however, is sold the day of sailing
- they now say Friday night or Saturday am. Dr. Harell in-
quired about my work and I mentioned the Hispanic book -
dealing with Central-American literatures. He
asked me if I knew that the Caribs have a bible - which
he has seen. The afternoon was very hot and we get

the full glare and heat of its sun on our front porches.
Among the passengers at night was the marble quarry
owner, whom I met the other day on my way up to
the city. He got off about ten miles above Jacapa. He has
a quarry that is said to be statuary marble of the best
quality; he has had O'Conner down to inspect it and
give an opinion. It lies sixteen miles back in the
hills and he has a railroad to it; this runs for some
distance over the level and then goes up a mountain
side by a full-incline, then on from the summit. He
knows Central America but his practical geology and
excursions have taken him to many parts of the

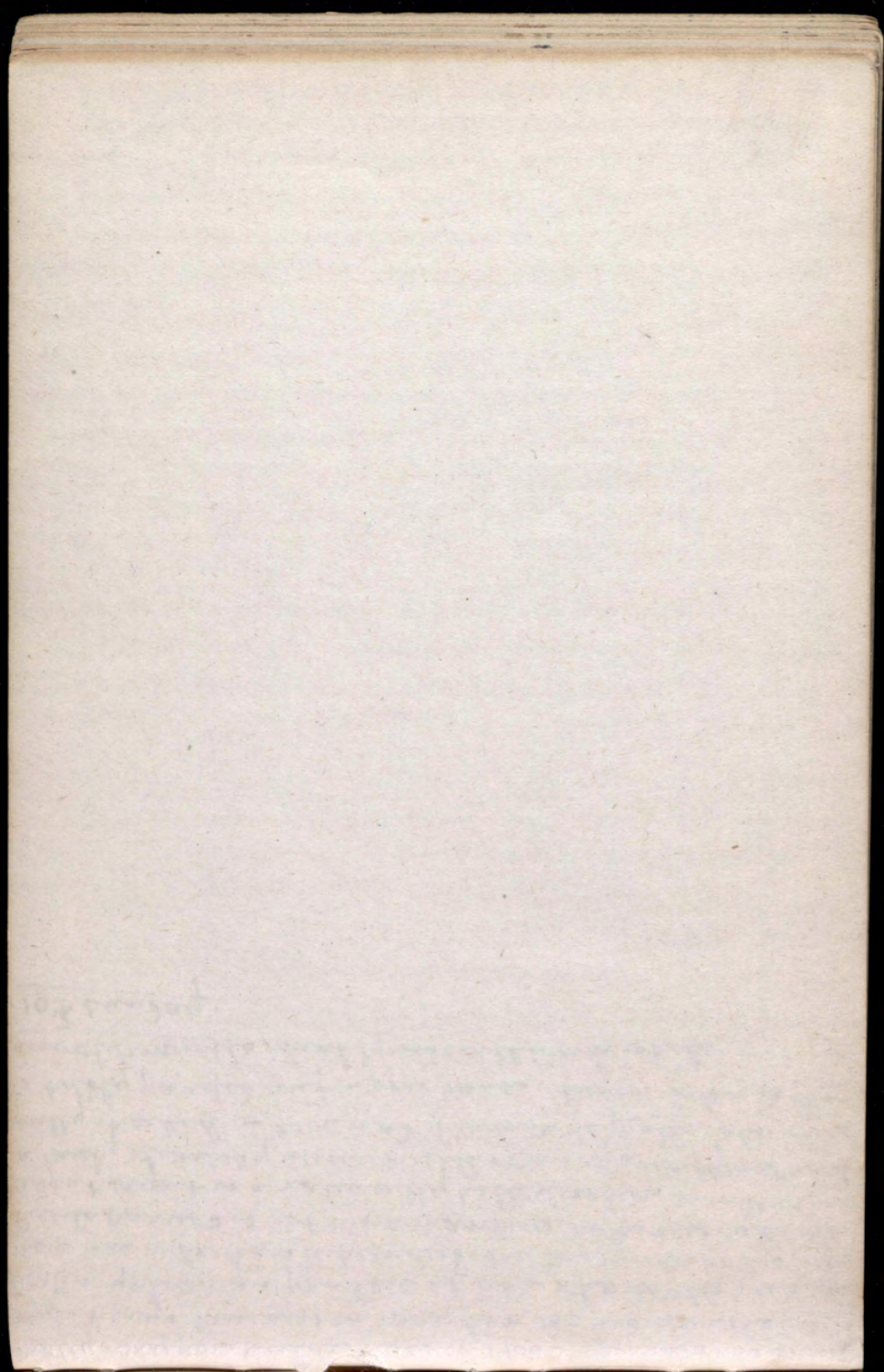
world. He has not lived in Chicago but has maintained a home "there" — sending his three boys to Morgan Park Academy. It was he who brought me the discouraging news that the Copename trip has been cancelled and she will not come here. The Saramaca will make the trip and is not expected until Sunday! The two travellers have been becoming more and more uneasy and at 8:00 a boat came in this p.m. from Mobile bound for Isla tomorrow; they seized the chance and have made arrangements to go by her. They went on board this evening, to sail early in the morning. This after they had telegraphed the Honduran Minister in my name asking about the quarantine at Puerto Cortes for they had decided to try to get some boat there anyway. Showers during the day kept down the heat and even the afternoon was comfortable. After my busy day of yesterday, however, I layed shamefully, playing Solitaire all day until 4 p.m. However, there is nothing for me to do, but read and think. The latter I do when I play — so what's the difference? — Only 8th varied the reading-play-thinking program by a visit to Dr. Howell. He is going home because the danger season is past. It seems he is not a Fruit Co. doctor as I thought but a U. S. man sent here only to protect against yellow fever danger. This explains his reiterated statement that he "put this quarantine here." With November 1, the season in the U. S. is too cold for the mosquito to be a menace. The Carib bible is probably nothing more than a Moravian missionary translation. Shall see it tomorrow. Dr. Howell was in the Philippines 1904-1907 mostly in Mindanao — probably centred at Zamboanga. 9th. It rains with marvellous ease and as if the reserve was abundant at all hours — but especially morning, noon, and night. This morning at 6:40 there is a splendid downpour.

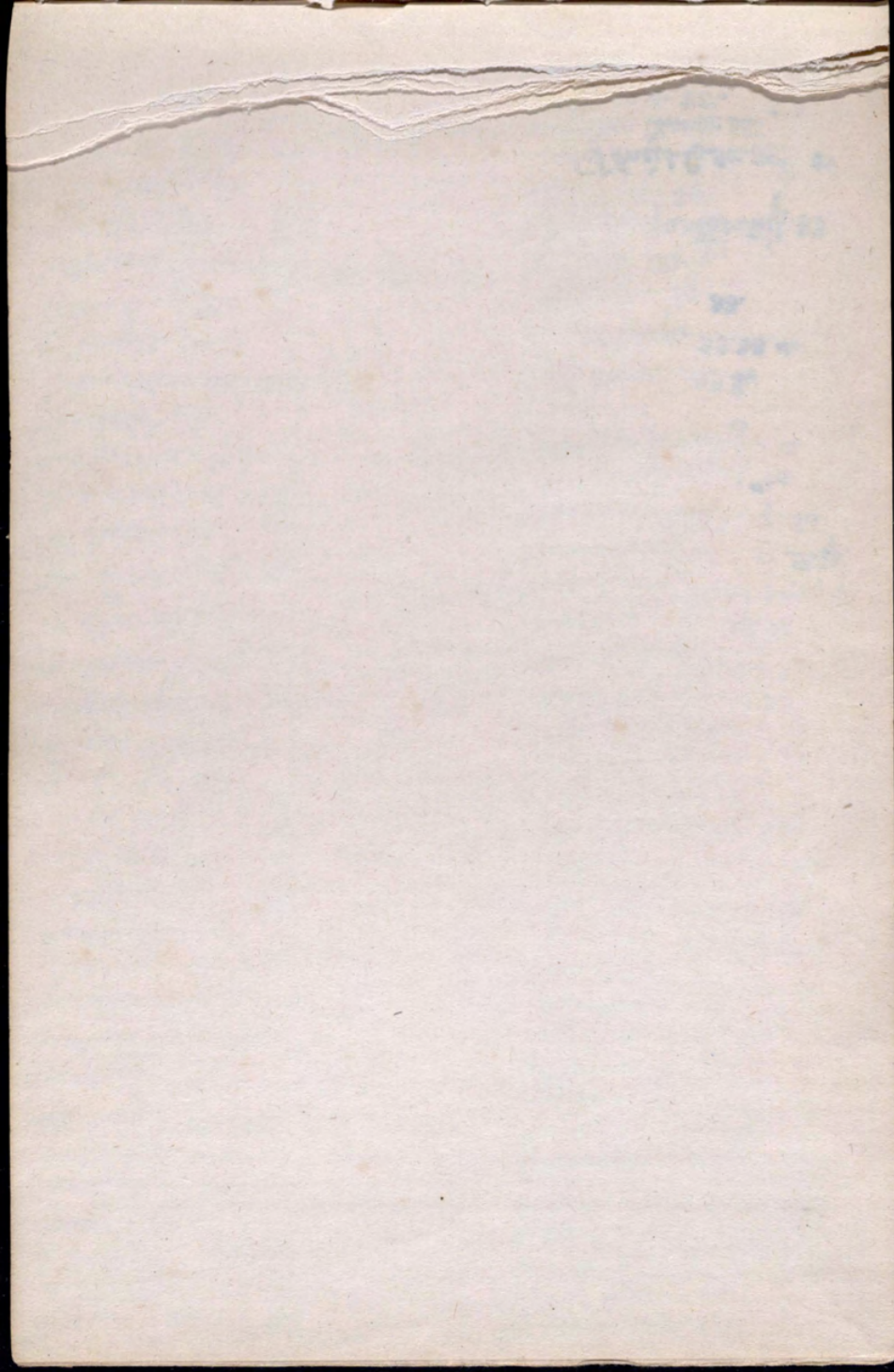
St. mattheus, mark, luk, John nanni Gospelka. Apostel
nanni Storke ba sin. Moskitō bila. Herminhut
baibel uplika nanni dukia printed daukan J. Winter,
Stolpenra. Germany, 1889.

And with the exception of the afternoon heat on our parch-
dreadful again yesterday, we are having cool weather. These
accustomed to the country complain of the cold: my blood is
still thick enough for me to greatly enjoy it. — The doctor
came over in the morning with the Mosquito Bible: it
proved as I expected the work of the Moravian missionaries.
The volume contained the four Gospels and the Acts of the
Apostles. The date is 1889, a quarter of a century after
Pin's time. I remembered that he printed some letters
from these missionaries deploring the English abandon-
ment of Mosquitoia control. They seem to have hung on.
— I have been reading La barra del rio Dulce, and regret more
than ever not having made the Vera Paz trip. The article is copied
(Centro. America: vol. vii. 1. pp. 130-139) from Panorama Guatem-
alteco de José María García Salas and is written by Julio Rosig-
non. He made a strong plea to open up the rio Dulce — i. e. Gabal,
x. Polochic route — and thence to Gualan and so on up to the
City. The present development of horse lines at Coban and
the Alta Vera Paz and leaves the City out of account. There is
a serious and permanent bar at the mouth of the rio Dulce
and a trifling and temporary one at the mouth of the Polochic
both of which need opening. The writer does not minimize
the importance of Sto. Tomas but makes the plea for Livingston
and the rio Dulce. It seems that this district has been the
theatre of activity of two schemes of European colonization.
The British had a colony plan for Abascoille = Boca Nueva (Pola-
chic) and the Belgians began a promising colony at Sto. To-
mas. In rivalry and position the two would correspond to the
Livingston and Puerto Barrios of today. In three months, from
August to October of the year 1844, four hundred Belgian
colonists succumbed in Puerto Barrios. Poor crowded Belgium
— no wonder Leopold II seized upon the African opportunity for an
overflow. Today of course Santo Tomas is nothing: there are
still some of the fine old houses standing deserted and in
ruin and neglect. A small population lingers. Rand. M.

nally's Shippers Guide gives it 19000 population; the Consul
Agent says there can't be more than 160 and refers the ques-
tion to a young man from there at table who doubts whether
there are more than a hundred. The distance across from
Puerto Barrios is not more than three miles and the British
agent says it is a naturally better location. — At evening
a lovely clear sky sunset, with rose rays sharply and beauti-
fully marked. — Have read L'Avenir de Guatemala, which
is badly padded and a poor book. Began Salazar's Des-
envolvimiento, which I find well worth while. —

10th. Sunday.





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