

inaccuracies, to be sure, but those inaccuracies are not particularly tenuous. We must bear in mind that popular rumors are not corrected by the press, because the principal newspapers are censored or have been forced to suspend publication. The

feeling of oppression and duress that lies like a weight of lead upon the people likewise favors wild tales and exaggerations. But in the large, the accounts of conditions in Southern Tyrol that we have received in Germany are not exaggerated.

A YANKEE INSPECTOR IN ARICA¹

BY J. L. GREENE

SATURDAY morning we arrived at Arica, and my first impression as we pulled into the slightly sheltered harbor was that Arica was the nicest of all the ports we had stopped at coming southward from the Canal Zone. Trees could be seen over the tops of the houses, and there is a small plaza along the water front, these affording a great relief to the eyes after seeing so many miles of dry, barren coast with hardly a sign of vegetation anywhere. We were met by a member of the Commission who had passes for us which would permit us to land, were taken ashore, shown our quarters, and then taken to the office, where our duties were explained and we were put to work immediately.

The case of Chile and Peru had been thrashed out in Washington before the award was made; the statements as to conditions given by Chile and Peru were so extremely opposite that the Arbitrator could only suppose that the true condition lay somewhere between the two extremes, and in order to find just where the true

condition was it was necessary to have impartial observers and investigators go all over the provinces, interviewing anyone and everyone that they could find in an effort to get at the truth.

Our party of eight was divided into two sections. Five of us took the special train the afternoon of the day we landed and went to Tacna, the other three remaining in Arica. We found the work difficult in the towns, as so many of the houses, set back inside thick adobe walls, have no doorbells, and no one in sight, and also it was very noticeable that we were being watched, and that the people were afraid to be seen talking to us. In the outlying districts it was a little better; while we were still being followed and the same fear existed, there was less danger of our conversations with the people being overheard, and after gaining their confidence by explaining who we were and why we were there they would come close to us and in whispers tell their stories.

It did n't take long for us to decide that the true condition of affairs was nearer one of the extremes than it

¹From the *Panama Times* (Canal Zone English-language weekly), December 19

was halfway between the two. I am afraid that Chile badly misrepresented her case in Washington, and I think that any impartial observer would be of the same opinion if he were to spend a month in either Tacna or Arica.

Before there was a railroad in Arica it was a port of entry for a great amount of freight for Bolivia, which was transported on mule-back through Tacna, on up the Caplina Valley, across the Cordilleras and into La Paz, a two or three weeks' trip. Now Arica is the terminal of two railroads, the Arica-Tacna, and the Arica-La Paz International, the latter two hundred and seventy-seven miles in length, four hundred and forty-five miles shorter than the one from Antofagasta, Chile. It is plain to be seen that Arica is quite a little port, and hardly a day goes by that there are not three or four ships to be seen in the harbor.

On the extreme right as you enter the harbor stands the Morro, a huge bluff on which the Peruvians made their last stand against Chile in the War of the Pacific, and off which the commander of the Peruvian troops rode his horse, dashing himself to death on the rocks below rather than be captured. At the foot of the Morro lies a small plaza luxuriant with tropical, semitropical, and temperate plants and trees that bloom all the year. There are pansies, daisies, carnations, pinks, sweet Williams, hibiscus, and geraniums, and a large variety of palms. The geraniums grow to be large bushes, almost trees, and are of many kinds. Joining this plaza, corner to corner, is the main plaza with its palms and firs side by side, its bougainvillea-covered arbors, its fountain and statues.

Facing this plaza is the house that was assigned to us for our quarters when we were in Arica. The house had

been painted inside and papered just before we arrived, most of the furniture was new, and the rooms were large and well lighted. We took our meals at Los Baños, right at the foot of El Morro, and perched out over the sea. Los Baños is L-shaped, with dressing-booths for bathers along the side parallel to the coast, and a dining-room jutting out over the water and walled on only one side. The élite of the town gather here Saturday afternoons, Sundays, and evenings to eat, sip their wines, and dance.

I have tried to picture the best side of things for you, and perhaps I should stop at that, but there are millions of little things, not nice, that I want to mention also. I can describe them all with a single word — FLEAS. There are large ones, small ones, black ones, brown ones, lazy ones — no, I'll take that back; they are all very energetic and always on the hop. Along about the middle of one week, three or four days after the sheets on my bed had been changed last, I spent a very restless night. Every now and then I would almost wake up, but never quite enough to get up and find out just what was wrong. In the morning, however, I suspected fleas, and threw the sheets down to investigate. There they were, a whole covey of them. I managed to catch and kill seven of them, and thought I had done pretty well. I sat on the edge of the bed for a minute to glory over my catch and then started to dress. I reached for my socks, picked up one foot, and there on my ankle were three more of the culprits. Two hopped, one died; so I tried the other foot. It also had a couple of black specks on it, and I believe I could have been sitting there yet keeping up a sort of perpetual motion, picking up one foot after the other and chasing off the fleas, had I not thought of a very

good and practical scheme. I picked 'em both up at once, chased off the fleas, crawled out the other side of the bed, sneaked around, and rolled up the rug, fleas and all, and threw it out in the hall. That afternoon I saw three other rugs out in the hall with mine, and the flea situation in room Number 2 was somewhat relieved.

Our work took us all over the provinces, where we interviewed everyone we could. It was difficult to get to all the people in the towns, and there are many we did not see, but in the outlying districts and in the surrounding country we visited practically every house and little farm. This was made fairly easy by the topography of the country. With the exception of a few valleys through which water flows all the year round, the entire region is desert, so by starting up or down a valley in a zigzag course we could find practically all of the people either in their homes or working in the fields. We had Ford cars to take us to and from the more distant settlements, and, if an automobile could n't make it, a horse or mule could. Of the trips I made, one in particular was by far more interesting than all the others combined. That was the one to Belen.

Belen lies away up in the mountains almost directly east of Arica. Two of us went together, and to get there we proceeded as far as Puquios on the Arica-La Paz railroad, where we landed at half-past one in the morning. While Puquios is only seventy-seven miles from Arica, it is just 12,117 feet higher. Can you imagine a train climbing over 12,000 feet in seventy-seven miles? The first twenty-five miles of track is fairly level, but from there on it can be called straight up. The engine which starts out from Arica pulls the train as far as Central, which is 4512 feet above sea level, and from there to

Puquios, thirty-five miles, the train is pushed up to an elevation of 12,117 feet by a specially built rack-and-pinion locomotive. It takes seven hours to make the journey.

We started out on horseback at eight in the morning accompanied by a pack mule, an *arriero*, and a *mozo* — I name them in the order of their usefulness, and, although we were out for ten days, I can't tell you yet the difference between an *arriero* and a *mozo*. The only time they required any of our attention was in the morning, when, as a rule, we wanted to get an early start. The earliest start we made was the first one, and I think that was largely due to the fact that both our men had to sleep in an open shed with baled hay for a bed, and only one blanket to keep out the cold air.

The landlord of Puquios's only hotel told us about the narrow trails along precipitous cliffs that we were about to go over. Familiarity breeds contempt. This gentleman had been over these trails many times, and he did n't half tell us about them. Several years ago I walked down the Bright Angel Trail in the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and, as I remember it in comparison with the trail between Puquios and Putre, surely Fords must have superseded the mules that used to carry the inquisitive tourists down to the Colorado River. We started out heading almost directly toward Mount Tarapaca, 18,870 feet above sea level, and on beyond we caught an occasional glimpse of Mount Payachata with its snow-capped peaks 20,570 feet nearer Heaven. Tarapaca is also graced with a mantle of perpetual snow. Several times we came to steep declines as we wound in and out of gorges through the barren, rocky hills, and each time we thought we had reached the bad place, and concluded that it was n't as bad as it had been pictured to us. At

length, after riding for three hours, we came to it, and there was n't any mistake this time.

There across the canyon was Putre, where we would stay overnight and the next day. We could see the green fields, and make out the thread-like lines which were adobe fences to keep out the neighbors' llamas and burros, but, holy cats! how were we going to get over there? Here we were, perched on the top of the world, and the darn thing was broken in two. Down below us, just a few thousand feet under my left foot, was an arm of the ocean, the Lluta River, and we had to go down there and wade across if we wanted to get to Putre and find a place to rest and get something to eat. I was getting pretty hungry. A Chilean breakfast consists of a small roll and a cup of black coffee, so I decided I'd carry on if my companion would follow, and he was only a few feet behind me, carrying his one hundred and eighty-five pounds well on his right stirrup, ready to jump off in case another slice of the earth should fall off into space. Down, down, down, we went. The horses did n't mind it at all, but seemed to enjoy seeing which one could walk closest to the edge of the narrow trail.

Frequently my horse cast longing glances at the opposite side, neglecting my safety with careless disdain; each time I pulled steadily and firmly on the right rein and tried to summon a feeling of security by directing my gaze at the solid cliff on my right. It took us an hour and a half to get from the rim of the canyon to the river, and I thought that the worst of the trip was over. I was mistaken, however, because though we left the main canyon and were now following up that of the Putre River, and at no time was there a straight drop of more than a thousand feet, the trail in many places was

steeper and narrower than it was on the opposite side. We reached the village of Putre at four in the afternoon.

One of the first things I noticed when I got off my horse was the absence of fatigue. I can think of no other reason for this than the high altitude, and at no time during the ten days' trip was I really tired. After riding all day I would go to bed and lie there for hours not the least bit sleepy. Some of you may wonder why I went to bed when I was n't sleepy, and some will answer, 'Because there was n't anything else to do.' The true reason was that I had six blankets in my sleeping-bag, and right down among them was the only comfortable place in the village. While Putre is not quite as high as Puquios, where we reached the highest elevation of our trip, it is still close to twelve thousand feet, and right at the foot of the snow on Mount Tarapaca.

We were met by all of the Chilean officials of the town, and literally given the key to the city. We spent all of the following day using the key, and the next day set out for Socoroma, a little Indian village about fifteen miles away. It was hard enough work trying to teach the natives good Spanish, but when we ran into the Aymara Indians we had a job cut out for us. A few of them, usually those who had served a year in the Chilean Army, could speak some Spanish, and we directed our energy on them. At each of the villages, no matter how small, there is always a Chilean *subdelegado*, and a commissioned or noncommissioned *carabinero*, and their hospitality toward us was second to none. Word had been sent long ahead of us that we were coming, and, while it was a great help to our comfort, it did n't help our investigations. I'd like to drop into one of those villages, unseen and out

of a clear sky, just to see if those Indians don't mix a little more Spanish with their Aymara.

We arrived in Socoroma about noon, and stayed there until the following morning. During the night I was suddenly wakened, and I wondered why in the devil they were moving the mountains somewhere else. This seemed to be the best place I had ever seen for such barren, rocky masses, but someone was surely moving them, and whoever it was was n't very careful with them either. My cot nearly jumped out from under me, and I thought that the walls of the house I was in would surely crumble and fall any minute. It was only an earthquake. Down in Arica we did n't pay much attention to them; they were so many and so slight that after the first few nights we could sleep right through them. But up here with all these steep mountains with huge rocks perched perilously on the edges of high cliffs it's the most reckless thing I ever heard of to let them run around loose. Suppose old Tarapaca had fallen into the canyon, the whole Lluta Valley would dry up and blow away, and there would n't be any water for irrigating for the next thousand years; and besides, I wanted to get some pictures of those trails on my return trip.

This was by far the most severe earthquake I had ever experienced, and I should n't have been greatly surprised if, when I returned to Arica, the O'Higgins, the Ucayali, and the Rochester had all been lying alongside the boilers of the old U. S. S. Wateree that was washed up half a mile from the present waterline by the big tidal wave in 1868. The Wateree was a side-wheeler, and I believe the first U. S. battleship to go around the Horn. There's nothing left of her now but the boilers. The wood from her hull must

have been a gift from the gods to whoever found her high and dry on the desert.

At daybreak we discovered that the quake had n't changed the landscape, so after having our bread and coffee we set out for Belen. We were told that this trail was the roughest of all those that we were to travel over, and I agree. There were n't many long, steep stretches or dangerous cliffs, but it certainly was rough and rocky. Those horses won my admiration by the way they scrambled along, hesitating now and then to pick a place to get a foothold. There were places where I did n't think the horses could make it, just little niches here and there over solid rock, and often not even that, but the sure-footed horses, urged now and then by our spurs, took us through.

We reached Belen after being on the trail nearly seven hours, and just in time for afternoon tea. Afternoon tea sounds out of place, but it is just as much a part of the day as breakfast, dinner, and supper. In addition to the officials, there was a padre on the reception committee, and I guess he was the chairman, because we spread our cots in his dining-room, and took our meals with him. We got to Belen right in the midst of a *Chapianqui*, the spring festival which is held after the crops are all planted. We watched the villagers dance their native dances, and sipped of their wine. The whole population of the village turned out and gathered in the town square. It's no wonder that they dance the way they do; enough of that wine would make the Statue of Liberty do a shimmy. The big event for the following day was the *Guatias*, a sort of barbecue. Two holes were dug in the ground and lined with hot rocks. Four or five sheep were thrown into one of them, and bushels of potatoes in the other. They

were covered with more rocks and dirt and left to cook.

The class distinction that was shown at the banquet which followed was interesting. A long table was placed in the square, half of it covered with a cloth. The upper class, in which we were included, was seated at the end that was covered, the middle class sat at the other end and ate on the bare table, while the four million took theirs from a long strip of canvas spread on the ground. The upper class was the only one that had knives and forks, but these were n't really necessary, as the meal consisted of nothing but roast mutton and baked potatoes, and the sand that stuck to the meat would wear the plate off solid silver. Dancing followed the feast, and continued into the wee sma' hours, long after the two of us had found refuge from the cold in our blankets.

Belen was the end of our journey. The return trip was made over practically the same trails, with the same

stops, and we got back to Puquios in time to get several hours' sleep before we caught the train, at half-past three in the morning, that carried us back to Arica.

The sights on the trip down out of the mountains by train were well worth keeping awake to see. It was quite light at five, and at six-thirty the sun was out as bright as it is at home on a clear day.

Below us was a veritable sea of clouds, while on all sides as far as we could see was another ocean, one of rock and ragged peaks.

We were up high above the clouds, which stretched out below us like an ocean of snow. At seven o'clock we got down into the clouds and, before we reached Arica, saw morning dawn for the second time that day. Two members of our party met us at the train, two of the original eight were out in the bay on the steamer that was to take them back home, and the other two were up at Tacna.

BRITAIN AND AMERICA¹

CONTRIBUTIONS TO COUSINLY RELATIONS

[We print below two articles from the *Spectator*, which is the most active advocate of Anglo-American coöperation among the great British weeklies, dealing with the relations of the two countries. The first is unsigned; the second is by a contributor who adopts the nom de plume 'Lancastrian.']

¹From the *Spectator* (London Moderate-Conservative weekly), *January 30*

NATIONAL antipathies are curious things. The affection of yesterday may in a few years turn to hate. The question of how national prejudices are formed and subsequently develop is outside the scope of this article, which is devoted to British-American relations.

Let us then confine ourselves to the change that has taken place in British