# ECUADOR'S COMMERCIAL CAPITAL

GUAYAQUIL, the largest port and the chief commercial city of Ecuador, is located on the west bank of the River Guayas, about seventy miles from the sea, in a splendid situation, at the end of deep-water navigation, and at the confluence of a number of rivers that spread over much of the country that lies to the westward of the Andes, says a writer in the Pan American Magazine.

Rounding a bend in the river we pass a number of shipbuilding yards and factories, and then, as our steamer slowly draws up to her anchorage, the whole of the busy water front is revealed to our view like the unrolling of a scene in a panorama. Backed by low hills, the city lies on a piece of level ground in an open and beautiful situation, stretching for several miles by the side of the river, which is at this point more than a mile wide and deep enough for steamers of considerable size. The whole of the water front is occupied by jetties and piers, where craft of many different types load and discharge their cargoes, the twin spires of the cathedral and numerous churches stand up, white and gleaming above the roofs of the houses, fine buildings face the water, and on a wide thoroughfare between them and the water streams of traffic pass to and fro.

The first impression of Guayaquil is that it is a large and busy place, with considerable local and foreign trade—an impression that is fully confirmed by closer acquaintance. The city is laid out in squares with streets running parallel to the river intersected by others at right angles to it, buildings are large and in good style, and there is a general air of business-like activity. The streets, well cambered and paved with blocks of gray stone, are remarkably wide, many of them are lined with trees, and the whole city has been laid out in accordance with modern ideas with decidedly good effect.

STREET SCENE IN GUAYAQUIL

**Great Activity in Trade.**

A walk through the busier streets show that there is considerable activity in the city in both wholesale and retail trades. There are many large offices and stores, the latter exhibiting splendid stocks of goods behind their big plate-glass windows. Commerce and trade are chiefly located on the water front and in the streets in that vicinity. The Malecon, one side occupied by large commercial houses and the other open to the river, though no wider than other streets in the city, has room for three street car lines (one of them electric) and a double railroad track without incommoding the ordinary street traffic. All along the river side piers are built out over the green bank, connecting with floating landing stages where cargo is landed from all kinds of small craft, river steamers, sailing vessels, lighters, and cayucas, to be transferred to the railroad for conveyance to the customhouse or carried to nearby warehouses. Out on the river ocean steamers lie at anchor, tugs and motor launches race along close to the water's edge, steam ferryboats slowly plow their way across the river from Duran, the terminus of the Quito railroad, and cayucas are dexterously paddled in and out among the piers to escape the effects of the swift tide. Life and movement are incessant, and the busy scene, on water and on land, well illustrates the commercial activity of the city.

The three streets running parallel to the Malecon are just as full of business as the water front, and here we find the largest banks, many commercial houses, and large stores. These thoroughfares for a great part of their length are of even greater width than the other streets in the city, comparing very favorably in this respect with streets in the finest cities of Europe and the United States. The Calle Nueve de Octubre is rendered conspicuous by its long avenue of ficus (called in Spanish "higuera"), sturdy trees, with gnarled stems, bare up to a height of about ten feet and then spreading out into a thick, bushy top. These tops have all been trimmed to a cylindrical shape, and as the trees are of very even growth the effect is neat and regular to a degree. This is not by any means the only avenue of trees in Guayaquil, but it is the best and most remarkable.

The chief business in Guayaquil is, of course, the export of cacao, for Ecuador is one of the greatest producers of this valuable food product in the world, the welfare of the city, and, indeed, of the whole country depending almost entirely on the cacao crop and the market. Most of the firms engaged in this trade have their offices and warehouses on or near the Malecon above the Calle Nueve de Octubre, conveniently situated for receiving the product from the river craft that bring it down from the interior and for shipping it away to Europe and America, while the broad streets serve as drying grounds for the reddish-brown beans.

Guayaquil is particularly well provided with public squares and open spaces such as the Plaza Bolivar, containing a fine bronze equestrian statue of the great libertador, the Plaza Pedro Carbo, near the Merced church, and the Plazas Montalvo, Rocafuerte, and Sucre. All of these are well kept and bright with roses, many colored crotons, and other tropical plants, besides having excellent bronze statues of men celebrated in the history of the country.

The city has an excellent street car system, partially electrified, with lines running across and from end to end of the town through all the principal streets. It is well worth the visitor's while to make a trip along the Calle Industria, leading from the center of the city southward to the district where the chief local manufacturers and shipbuilding yards are located, for Guayaquil has many other industries besides those directly connected with the cacao trade.

**Close to Equator But Cool.**

Although Guayaquil is only about two degrees south of the equator the climate is very much cooler than might be expected, the dry season, lasting from May to December, being the best part of the year. Visiting the city during the month of August the writer found the days agreeably cool and the nights almost cold; even during the hottest part of the day, from noon to four o'clock, a cloth suit could be worn without any discomfort. This surprising coolness is due to the effect of the Humboldt current, a stream of cold water from the Antarctic regions that, flowing northward along the west coast of South America, makes a considerable reduction in the temperature.

As an example of the progressive spirit of the Ecuadorians nothing could be more illustrative than the scheme for augmenting the city water supply, laying down a modern system of drainage and sewerage, improving the sanitary arrangements in general, and for street paving that is now being put into execution. When the entire project has been carried out Guayaquil will be one of the healthiest, most beautiful, and attractive cities on the west coast of South America.

The coolness of the summer months, the open position of the city, and the plentiful supplies of excellent fish, fruit, and vegetables to be obtained, go far toward making life in Guayaquil pleasant and enjoyable.

Most advantageously situated for both interior and exterior commerce, with a large area of fertile country behind it and a deep, wide river leading to the open sea in front, Guayaquil is a city to be reckoned with in South American commerce, while its wide streets, fine buildings, and distinctive air cannot fail to make a favorable impression on the visitor. It is not only a city with a great future but also a city with a well developed and very decided present, all ready and fully prepared for vast increases in its trade.

## STORM SAVED BURNING SHIP

**Waves, Breaking Over Abandoned Craft, Extinguished the Blazing Benzine.**

A strange shipwreck story, unreported by cable from the Azores, arrived at New York from Horta, Fayal, by the Holland-America freighter Zaandyk, which was forced to put into this port by heavy weather that reduced her coal supply. Captain Barendsen says he learned from the skipper of the Norwegian tank steamship La Habra, which arrived at Horta on February 7, bound from Talara bay, Peru, by way of the Panama canal, for London, that her cargo of benzine caused an explosion aboard as she was nearing the Azores to replenish her bunkers.

La Habra was quickly ablaze from stem to stern. About half of the crew were on the forward part of the tank and the other half aft. Fearing that the falls and other boat gear would be burned, the tank's skipper ordered all hands to leave her in lifeboats and stand by. The engines had been stopped and La Habra drifted into the trough and, as she was deeply laden, the seas, which were very high, washed over her.

The chief officer and five men were in a boat towing astern when the hatches of the tank were blown off and cataracts of blazing benzine shot over her sides and stern. The boat's painter was burned off and the chief officer and his men went drifting down the blast, being without oars or sail, and disappeared. The other boats were threatened with destruction by the burning benzine, which spread out all around La Habra, making her look like a fire ship in a lake of flame.

The skipper of the tank expected her to be destroyed utterly before his eyes. He was elated when a giant comber broke around her, dousing the fire almost completely. Other seas helped in the work, and all hands except the chief officer and those in the vanished boat went back on their ship. They found that all charts, books and instruments of navigation had been destroyed.

**London's Treasures Guarded.**

Extensive precautions have been taken in London to guard art treasures against the menace of air raids. The custodians of art galleries and museums long ago removed to vaults or similar places the most precious of their portable exhibits. At the British museum a number of priceless manuscripts, books, and other objects have been stored away in safes. Some measure of risk must, however, be borne in a building which contains 40 miles of bookshelves and massive pieces of sculpture. Visitors to the National gallery find the major part of the building closed. At the Guildhall the most valuable pictures have been placed in the basement. The magnificent Gainsborough, "Fording the River," has been removed from the walls. In the corporation strong room in the basement is stored what is probably the finest collection of municipal records in the world. It includes the charter of William the Conqueror "to William, Bishop and Gosfegdh, Portreeve, and all the burgesses within London," securing to them their ancient liberties. Every reign since the Conqueror is represented in the charters.

**The Latest War Story.**

Soldier's Unmarried Wife (who has been living with her man for eleven years, to charming and aristocratic widow, the local representative of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' association)—Well, ma'am, I'm going to be married next week, and I want you to come to the wedding. You've been so kind it would not be right without you.

Fair Widow—I shall be delighted to come, Mrs. Brown. What day is it?

Mrs. Brown—On Thursday, ma'am.

Fair Widow—That is very unfortunate. I am afraid I cannot go, as I have another important engagement.

Mrs. Brown—Is it very important, ma'am? Can't you put it off?

Fair Widow—Well, the truth is, I am going to be married myself.

Mrs. Brown—Ah, I quite understand. It doesn't do to miss the chance of getting married when you gets the opportunity!—London Tit-Bits.

**Real Sanitation in Air Towel.**

An "air towel" used in the large public lavatory in the District building at Washington, D. C., is the invention of J. M. Ward, superintendent of the District building. In appearance it resembles a rectangular box eleven inches by three, set in a sanitary base having twelve-inch legs, with an opening in the top of the case in which the wet hands are held while being dried. The device consists of a blower that forces air through an electric heating element to ducts and deflectors suitably placed for distributing the warmed air to all parts of the hands at the same time, and is operated by a foot lever or pedal, which in turn operates a quick-acting switch, thereby setting the blower in motion. By removing the foot the device is put out of operation. The hands come in contact with no part of the device, thus assuring a perfectly sanitary operation.

**Point of View.**

The pretty plaintiff had testified for three solid hours. She had talked and talked and talked.

"That is all, madam," said the lawyer. "You may leave the witness box."

"Chatterbox," grunted the lawyer for the defense, for he was married and had suffered.—Philadelphia Public Ledger

## EARN THEIR CROSSES

**WRITER TELLS OF BRAVERY OF GERMAN FIELD COOKS.**

**Are Held Responsible for Feeding the Men in the Trenches, and Well and Nobly They Are Doing Their Duty.**

"There isn't anything heroic about cooks," writes Herbert Corey to the New York Globe, "and when things go wrong one either apprehends a cook as chasing a waiter with a bread knife or giving way to tears." Yet the German army contains many a cook whose expansive apron is decorated with the iron cross. "And the iron cross," Mr. Corey reminds us, "is conferred for one thing only—for 100 per cent courage." The writer tells an interesting tale:

"'They've earned it,' said the man who had seen them. 'They are the bravest men in the kaiser's four millions. I've seen generals salute greasy, paunchy, sour-looking army cooks.'

"The cook's job is to feed the men of his company. Each German company is followed or preceded by a field kitchen on wheels. Sometimes the fires are kept going while the device trundles along. The cook stands on the footboards and thumps his bread. He is always the first man up in the morning and the last to sleep at night. The Teuton believes in plenty of food—of a sort. A well-fed soldier will fight. A hungry one may not.

"'When the company gets into camp at night,' said the man who knows, 'the cook is there before it, swearing at his fires and the second cook, and turning out quantities of a depressing looking veal stew, which is, nevertheless, very good to eat.'

"'When that company goes into the trenches the cook stays behind. There is no place for a field kitchen in a four-foot trench. But these men in the trench must be fed. The Teuton insists that all soldiers must be fed—but especially the men in a trench. The others may go hungry, but these must have tight belts. Upon their staying power may depend the safety of an army.

"'So, as the company cannot go to the cook, the cook goes to the company. When meal hour comes he puts a yoke on his shoulders and a cook's cap on his head and, warning the second cook as to what will happen if he lets the fires go out, puts a bucketful of the veal stew on either end of the yoke and goes to his men. Maybe the trench is under fire. No matter. His men are in that trench and must be fed.

"'Sometimes the second cook gets his step right here. Sometimes the apprentice cook—the dish washer—is summoned to pick up the cook's yoke and refill the spilled buckets and tramp steadily forward to the line. Sometimes the supply of assistant cooks, even, runs short. But the men in the trenches always get their food.

"'That's why so many cooks in the German army have iron crosses dangling from their breasts,' said the man who knows. 'No braver men ever lived. The man in the trench can duck his head and light his pipe and be relatively safe. No fat cook yoked to two buckets of veal stew ever can be safe as he marches down the trench under fire. But he always marches. His men are always fed, and fed on time. The hero of the German campaign is the fat cook of the field kitchen.'"

**Unusual Business Happening.**

Through the transfer of a lease recently in New York, what is believed to be the most unusual trinity of business interests in the history of the country has developed. For a hundred years the same family has retained the ownership of the property, which has been occupied in part by the same firm for that length of time, leasing through the same real estate brokerage firm. The property in question is a section of the four-story building at the corner of Front and Fulton streets, which has come down through three generations of the Peter Schermerhorn family. The original lease made to Samuel G. Smith has been renewed from year to year for the past century by the brokerage firm of William Cruikshank's Sons.

**Will Create Precedent.**

The first instance in Europe of the use of a submarine cable for the transportation of high voltage electric power current will be in connection with the project for supplying practically all of Denmark with cheap electricity for both light and power, generated by waterpower in Sweden. When completed, power sufficient to provide for an area of 500 square miles will be brought across three high-pressure cables laid under "the sound" at the entrance of the Baltic sea. The electricity is to be generated with power from the Swedish river Lagan, supplemented with the use of low-grade coal

**May Abandon Seal Hunting.**

Unless some plan can be devised within a month whereby the skins and oil of the hair seal can be utilized by the British government for war supplies, there is a strong possibility that the seal hunt, which has been an important factor in the commerce of Newfoundland for many years, will be abandoned for the coming season. Because of industrial depression and the war, none of last year's catch of 283,000 has been disposed of, and about half of the great catch of 372,000 skins in 1913 remains in the hands of brokers in London and New York.

## AERIAL TOY QUITE AMUSING

**Whirls Into Space When the Wire Holder Is Rotated—Any Handy Boy Can Construct One.**

A simple aerial toy that any boy can make for himself has been patented by an Illinois man. Take a piece of stout cardboard and cut out of it a propeller shaped like that in the illustration. Bend the outward end of the propeller in different directions, slightly. Not up or down from its horizontal plant, but tip each a little to one side. Take a piece of wire and bend a triangular portion at the top. Cut a slot through the center of the propeller and thrust the point of the triangle through the slot. Then hold the lower end of the wire between the palms and cause it to rotate

Amusing Aerial Toy.

rapidly. The result will be that the propeller will go whirling off through space and will remain in the air for a considerable time, owing to the motion imparted by its bent ends.

## MILITARY TRAINING OF BOYS

**At the Age of Twelve Australian Lad Begins to Learn Warfare—Penalties for Evasion.**

Australian lads of twelve years begin a more or less voluntary form of military training. It is an indulgent, happy go lucky sort of thing, designed primarily to be of physical advantage, writes Norman Duncan in Harper's Magazine. When lads are fourteen years old, a limited military service is severely compulsory, with penalties for evasion, and fines laid upon employers and parents who interfere, and thus continues, with physical exercises, drill, parades and rifle practice, for four years, whereupon these cadets are passed into the citizen forces. Four whole day drills are required each year, and 12 half-day drills and 24 night drills. A perfunctory attendance upon these grave obligations—inapt, sullen, frivolous behavior—counts for nothing at all. If the cadet fails to be marked efficient by his battalion officers he must perform his service all over again. In Kalgoorlie of western Australia—a great duststorm blowing that night—we watched a column of these "little conscripts" march past with rifles and bugles and drums; and they were smart to see—brown uniforms, with tricks of green, and wide-brimmed Australian hats caught up at the side in the Australian way. It is no farcical affair. When we were in Brisbane of Queensland, a score of truant youngsters were packed off to the military barracks for ten days of close confinement and drill; and away they went, in a big cape wagon, in charge of a sergeant-major, and under escort of some brilliant artillerymen—a melancholy little crew, these truants, then, facing ten days of absence from home, with six hours of drill on the hot parade ground, under an officer who knew how to improve the patriotism of small culprits, and would do it with a switch.

## ELABORATE TOYS FOR CHILD

**Interesting Article in Magazine on the Medieval Boy—Playthings Met With Same Treatment.**

In these days of elaborate toys for children it is interesting to read in Blackwood's Magazine, in an article on the "Medieval Boy," by L. F. Calzmann, of a present "of a little gayly painted cross-bow" to Alphonso, son of Edward I.

"Alphonso's elder brother Henry," continues the article, "was given a little cart, costing seven pence, to play with, and also a model of a plow, which cost four pence. Even allowing for the difference in the value and purchasing power of money at that time, the four pence being equivalent to something like five shillings, the expense of the toys used in the royal nursery compares favorably with the cost of those expected by the ordinary modern child, as any Christmas-ridden father or conscientious uncle will admit.

"That the toys were strongly made we may assume, but it is clear that they met with much the same treatment then as now, for it was not long before Prince Henry's cart was broken and required mending, at a cost of two pence. His mug also had to be repaired and regilded."

**Doubtful Compliment.**

Little Johnny—Mrs. Talkendown paid you a big compliment.

Mother—Did she, really? Well, there's no denying that woman has sense. What did she say?

Little Johnny—She said she didn't see how you came to have such a nice little boy as I was.

## STILL IN STONE AGE

**REMARKABLE NATIVES OF THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.**

**One of Their Most Striking Peculiarities Is Their Use of Grindstones as What Might Be Called a Form of Currency.**

When the Japanese conquered Yap, capital of the Caroline islands, they found a good many things there to surprise them, for there is no quainter spot on the face of the globe, no place where the customs are more strange and more delightfully humorous from the point of view of the western world.

Some time ago Dr. William Henry Furness III, the distinguished scientist of Philadelphia, made a visit to the islands and studied the character and customs of the inhabitants—probably the first time such a thing was ever done. He brought home with him a large collection of ethnological specimens, which he presented to the University museum, which is a department of the University of Pennsylvania. The most remarkable of the specimens are what appear to be a lot of grindstones. These are coin of the realm in the Caroline islands and nothing else is used except a few clam shells for very small change.

Now, in the Caroline islands nature provides the people with everything that most men work hard to get—food, shelter and clothing. The food is abundant, the shelter easy to make and the amount of clothing depends entirely upon the style and not comfort. The only thing the people need money for is to get ornaments of various sorts, and so it came about that grindstones became the currency of the realm. It may be noted that when the first white people reached Yap there was not in any of the Caroline islands anything resembling metal. These people were still in the stone age, and there they are for the most part today.

The grindstones are not for use, for they have no need for axes or scythes. They come from the Pellew islands, many miles away, and are fetched on rafts with sails and paddles, although in modern times prosaic steamships sometimes perform the service. A chicken can be bought with a grindstone weighing 100 pounds, a pig for 500 pounds and a wife for half a ton. Some of these stones are 12 feet in diameter and weigh five tons. They are only rudely circular and have a hole in the center proportioned to the size.

The owner of the money does not consider that possession is even one point in the law. Generally he does not take his stone with him.

The richest family in the islands, the one which may be called the Rockefeller outfit of Yap, is in what would be by most persons looked upon as in a sad condition. It owns by far the largest grindstone ever mined in the Pellew islands. Figures as to its size vary, but there is no doubt that it is enormous nor that it is owned by the multimillionaire family of Yap. The seemingly unfortunate thing is that it is at the bottom of the Pacific ocean, having fallen off the raft in transportation. That, however, does not mean anything to the people of Yap. They are not ostentatious of their wealth. They own that stone and that is all there is to it.

The university museum has other specimens from Yap which make one think that Alice in Wonderland was not wholly a figment of the imagination. It may be that Lewis Carroll had been to the Caroline islands.

**Delayed "Last Moments."**

In the battle of Friedland, on June 14, 1807, there was a young lieutenant in Napoleon's army named Schramm. When the victorious general was riding over the battlefield that evening he came upon the eighteen-year-old officer lying on the ground, mortally wounded, and weeping bitterly.

"Why do you weep?" asked Napoleon as he rode by.

"Because I must die before I can become a captain," the youth complained.

The words of the dying lieutenant softened the emperor's heart. "My son, I shall gladly fulfill your wish," he said. "I hereby advance you to the rank of captain."

The unexpected promotion actually saved the boy's life; he recovered. Later on he fought most valiantly for the cause of Napoleon, and by the time of the battle of Waterloo he had already become a general. He outlived his "last moments" on the field of Friedland by more than seventy years.—Youth's Companion.

**At the Telephone.**

A convenient telephone index is made to slip over the mouthpiece—or rather under it, for the mouthpiece must be unscrewed to put the index on. It is circular in form, and the little index flaps, of green leather lettered in gold, radiate from the center. They push in and out, behind and in front of each other, to expose the little wedge-shaped sections on which the numbers are written. There is one division headed "Emergencies," on which the police and fire numbers, the doctor's number and any frequently called numbers may be written.

**How It Hurts.**

Clerk—Yes, miss, all face powders have gone up in price on account of the war.

Young Lady—Oh, isn't war just horrid!—Judge.