

# RIVALS GRANDIEUR SWISS LAKES

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**B**ORED by the loveliness of Norway's fjords and grown weary of the soft beauty of the Italian and the rugged grandeur of the Swiss lakes, the blasé globe trotter turns in search of some new enchanted spot where the realization that it is seen for the first time lends again some zest to life.

The world is fast grasping the fact that in the comparatively small space between Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama lies, as it were, the Land of Promise—a promise of wealth incalculable to the realm of commerce, through the cultivation and development of marvelously rich and fertile countries which are being opened up with wonderful rapidity by the network of railroads that are spreading throughout the five beautiful republics of Central America. More than a land of promise to the archaeologist, who has here a vast field for research wherein to unravel the mystery which surrounds the history of the ancient American civilization and throw some light upon the origin of the people whose wonderful works are evidenced in the ruins of prehistoric cities found hidden in dense tropical forests. A land of beautiful realities to even the ordinary tourist, who finds easily accessible a wealth of scenic beauty unsurpassed and a perfection of climate rarely equaled.

This is particularly true of Guatemala, the most northern of the Central American republics and our nearest neighbor after Mexico. It is reached by a three days' delightful sail on the Gulf of Mexico and along the coast of British Honduras. The fine new ships of the United Fruit company give every luxury and comfort of ocean travel, and Guatemala, in the very near future, will become the Mecca of those desiring to escape the cold and gloom of a northern winter. Nowhere in the world can be found more magnificent and varied scenery than that which greets the traveler, especially in the lake regions of this lovely republic. Of the four larger lakes—Peten, lying far to the north; Yzabal, near the Atlantic coast; Amatitlan, on the Guatemala Central railroad not far from Guatemala City, and Atitlan, tucked away in the mountains near the Pacific coast—there is small choice. Differing so widely, each in its way is perfect, characteristic of its location and climate.

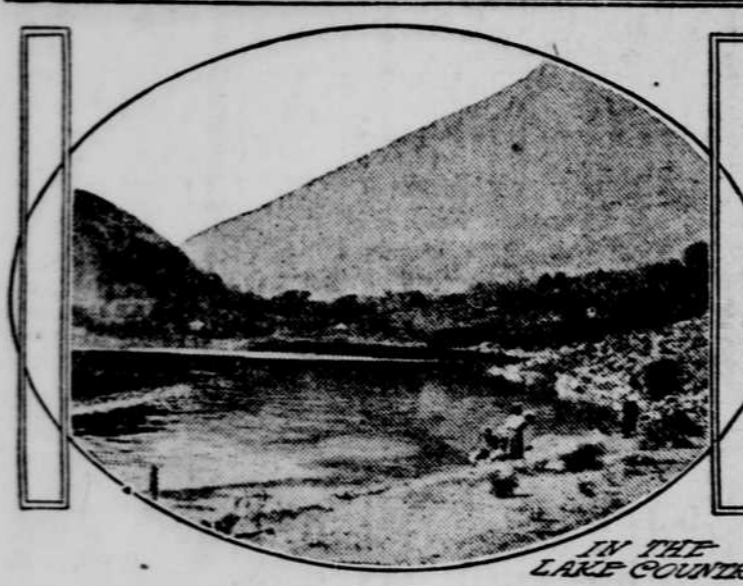
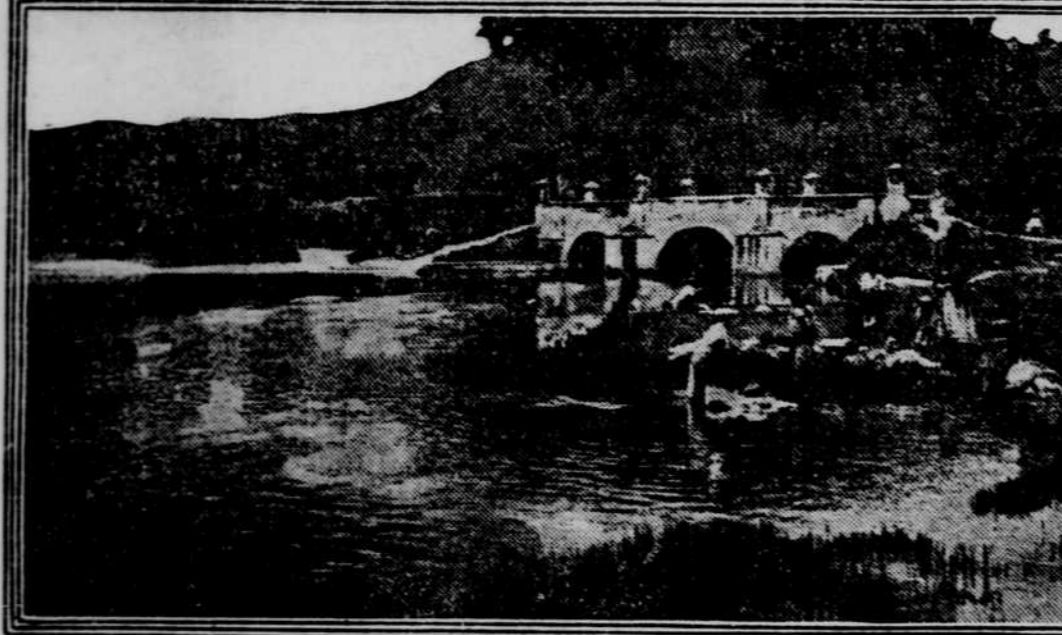
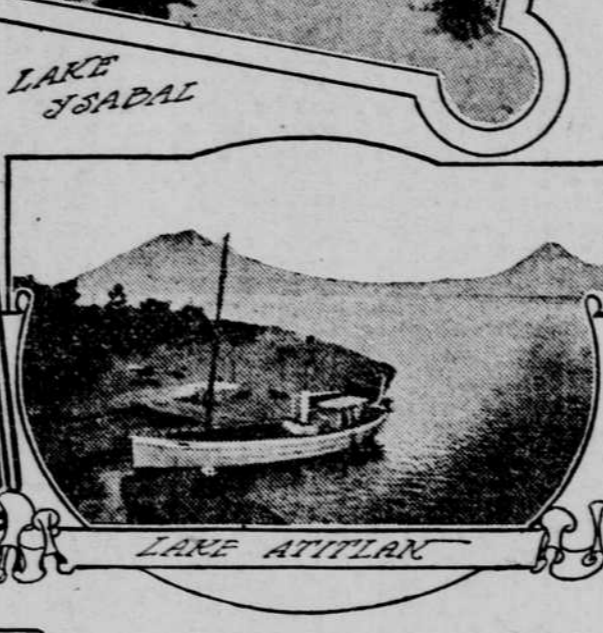
Upon our arrival at Puerto Barrios we concluded to visit Lake Yzabal before going up to the City of Guatemala. After one night of rest, therefore, we boarded the little mail boat which carried us out from the landlocked bay, a short distance across the Gulf of Amatique and along the shore line, where graceful palms stirred lazily in the perfumed breeze, to Livingston. This town is picturesquely situated on a bluff at the mouth of the Rio Dulce, or Sweet river. A new hotel, with comfortable rooms and excellent cuisine, has lately been opened here, and a day or two may be well spent enjoying the many unusual scenes in this quaint little town.

From the porch of the Hotel Rio Dulce we look down through a maze of palm trees, across the thatched roofs of the town, to the sparkling waters of the bay, where the Caribs dart back and forth in graceful canoes. In a kneeling posture and with only the use of a paddle, they skim across the water with incredible speed. The air is heavy with the scent of jasmine and gardenias; the gleam of oranges and the tiny golden balls of the camouet meet the eye at every turn, and towering above all the great spreading branches of the wonderful breadfruit tree.

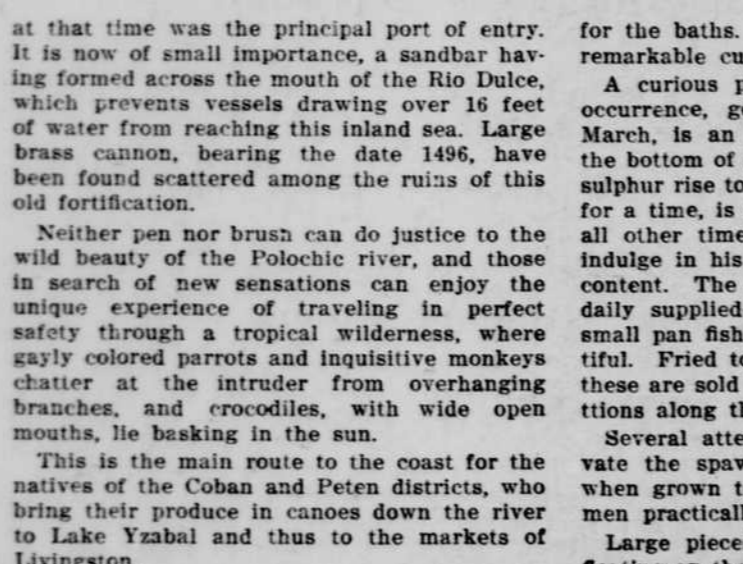
Lake Yzabal lies about 50 miles inland and a regular line of steamers ply between Livingston and Panosol, in the interior on the Polochic river. We did not, however, avail ourselves of this usual means of transportation, having had a launch placed at our disposal.

For the first ten miles we followed the winding course of the Rio Dulce, the beauty of which is only comparable to that of the far-famed Saguenay. By some terrible convulsion of nature, the mountains have been rent asunder and through picturesque canyons and gorges this lovely river winds its majestic course to the sea. The shores gradually draw nearer together and we soon find ourselves shut in between towering walls of green, rising to a height of 400 to 500 feet, with dense tropical vegetation and graceful overhanging vines lazily swaying in the breeze. Here the water seems to be motionless, its glassy surface reflecting in absolute perfection of detail each leaf and flower, and not a sound breaks the silence. The only signs of life are the hundreds of beautiful white Garza, the birds which furnish Dame Fashion with the much-desired and ever-expensive egret. We passed occasionally a native drifting downstream in his dugout, or piquan, as these canoes are called—his cargo a bunch of bananas or a string of fish.

The shores again receded and we entered the Gulf of Goite, a pretty body of water some ten miles in length and dotted with numerous islands. Another narrow channel and we finally entered the lake proper. A beautiful picture is before us—the lovely expanse of water with its wooded shores rising gradually to the rugged Sierras de las Minas, to the south, and the Santa Cruz mountains, to the north. Here stand the picturesque ruins of the old Spanish fort of San Felipe, built in 1525 by Hernando Cortez during his march from Mexico to Honduras and erected to protect the approach to the town of Yzabal, which



A PICTURESQUE SCENE IN GUATEMALA



IN THE LAKE COUNTRY

at that time was the principal port of entry. It is now of small importance, a sandbar having formed across the mouth of the Rio Dulce, which prevents vessels drawing over 16 feet of water from reaching this inland sea. Large brass cannon, bearing the date 1496, have been found scattered among the ruins of this old fortification.

Neither pen nor brush can do justice to the wild beauty of the Polochic river, and those in search of new sensations can enjoy the unique experience of traveling in perfect safety through a tropical wilderness, where gayly colored parrots and inquisitive monkeys chatter at the intruder from overhanging branches, and crocodiles, with wide open mouths, lie basking in the sun.

This is the main route to the coast for the natives of the Coban and Peten districts, who bring their produce in canoes down the river to Lake Yzabal and thus to the markets of Livingston.

On the Polochic, near Panosol, is situated the great rubber plantation of "Tinajas," which covers 155,000 acres of land. It is owned by the Guatemala Central railroad and is one of the most important and richest estates of its kind in Central America.

In the northern part of the country lies the great lake of Peten, or San Andres, of which comparatively little is known, except to antiquarians. Situated in a wild, almost uninhabited part of the country, perhaps the richest in all Guatemala, it is difficult of access. This immense body of fresh water, 27 miles long and having a shore line of 70 miles, is dotted with numerous islands. On the largest of these is the town of Flores, with about 15,000 inhabitants. Near Flores are the ruins of a buried city, with stone images and monoliths covered with hieroglyphics, showing the unread history of a people which dwelt in the midst of this primeval forest ages ago.

At Lake Amatitlan we find ourselves on a much visited lake. The borders of this lovely body of water, lying only 18 miles to the south of Guatemala City, are the playgrounds of the capital. For 15 miles along its curved shore line run the tracks of the Guatemala Central railroad, which, particularly on Sundays and holidays, carries many excursionists to the town of Amatitlan, the favorite resort of picnickers.

Situated at an altitude of nearly 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, 12 miles long and 3 miles wide, it is very deep and gives rise to a river, the Guastoya, which has its outlet in the Pacific ocean, 12 miles south of the port of San Jose, where it is 12 miles wide.

At the station of Lazuna we find a nice

little hotel, with wide porches which overlook the rippling blue waters and from where we can look across to the rich green slope of the giant volcano, Agua, which rises in one magnificent, unbroken sweep to the height of 13,000 feet. Behind it one catches a glimpse of the jagged crest of Fuego.

Amatitlan presents much to interest the scientist. The waters are strongly impregnated with sulphur and iron, and many people come here for the baths. In cases of rheumatism some remarkable cures have been made.

A curious phenomenon, which is a yearly occurrence, erupts during the month of March, in an eruption which takes place at the bottom of the lake, and great quantities of sulphur rise to the surface of the water. This, for a time, is the death knell of the fish. At all other times, however, the sportsman can indulge in his favorite pastime to his heart's content. The markets of Guatemala City are daily supplied from this lake, the Mojara, a small pan fish of fine flavor, being very plentiful. Fried to a crisp brown and piping hot, these are sold by Indian women at all the stations along the lake.

Several attempts have been made to cultivate the spawn of imported white fish, but when grown to a good size the native fishermen practically exhausted the stock.

Large pieces of pumice stone are found floating on the surface of the water and along the shore. In the boiling springs which abound is done the laundry work of the city, the women taking advantage of this water heated by nature and ever ready for use. Groups of dark-skinned Indian women, in their gayly colored native costumes, kneeling by the deep blue waters amidst piles of snowy linen, present a most attractive and fascinating picture. There is also a novelty about a picnic, when eggs can be cooked without trouble by merely dropping them into one of Mother Nature's ever-boiling pots.

It has been my good fortune to see many lakes in different parts of the world, but never have I seen one more exquisitely beautiful than the curious crater lake of Atitlan, incomparable for grandeur of scenery and perfection of climate.

In the southwestern part of Guatemala, some 35 miles from the railroad and at an altitude of 5,000 feet, nature seems, on the borders of this silent body of water, to have reached the culmination of her handiwork. Discovered first by the Spaniards in 1524, Alvarado was here victorious in a desperate battle with the natives, and, exploring the surrounding country, took possession in the name of Spain.

In the very heart of the mountains we find this lake, 30 miles in length and 10 miles in breadth. Although many streams empty their waters into it, there is no visible outlet and its depth is unknown, no soundings having been made with a line of more than 300 fathoms.

It is impossible to describe the charm and witchery of this country, bathed in moonlight, the scenery at each step becoming more im-

## PRINT WITHOUT INK

Englishman Makes Remarkable Discovery by Accident.

By Means of Electricity Inventor Can Print a Newspaper in All Hues of the Rainbow With One Contact.

London.—About two years ago a fugitive paragraph drifting in the English press had for its subject a possible "printing without ink."

Just now a semi-technical London publication has succeeded in running down the author of the discovery and from him it has the story of the experiment up to date. The man is Cecil Bembridge, London address not given.

It was an accidental lead which Mr. Bembridge picked up in his discovery of inkless printing. It was about 12 years ago that, working in his laboratory with an electric battery, he had spread a sheet of tin on the table and on the tin plate he had laid a piece of moist paper. The bare ends of the copper wires from his battery trailed over this sheet of wet paper which had stuck fast to the plate of tin.

His experiment originally was to discover a certain electro-metallurgical action in connection with gold and for the purpose of the experiment he reached into his pocket for a gold coin.

As he brought a handful of miscellaneous coins from his pocket, a gold piece slipped through his fingers, rolled upon the table and in catching at the coin, he clamped the sovereign upon one of the connecting battery wires and in firm contact with the moist paper.

In the effort at stopping the coin, too, the other wire was pushed over until it lay in contact with the sheet of tin. Then came the accidental discovery.

He reached for the coin and in picking it up was surprised to find upon



A Gold Piece Slipped Through His Fingers.

the moist paper an absolutely clear imprint of the coin in a brownish black. He describes the print as even clearer than if he had inked the coin and applied the inked surface to the paper by careful pressure.

Following his questionings he procured a few linotype lines of print, assembled them, and placed the type, face down, on a like sheet of moist paper resting upon a like sheet of tin. When the battery wires were connected with the type metal and with the tin sheet and current applied, every letter showed from the type lines with out blur or blemish.

Taking a sheet of zinc in lieu of the tin, again the electrical influences brought the same general effect, though the crudest of hand methods were used in applying the type to the paper. Dry paper was not affected; moisture was required for the proper conductivity.

After proving to his satisfaction that, regardless of the pressure upon the paper in contact, the clearness of the lettering was satisfactory, Mr. Bembridge sought to discover a chemical moistener for the paper which would give the jet black effect of ordinary printer's ink and at the same time preserve the whiteness of the paper.

The great trouble was to secure permanency in the electrical imprint. For ten years Mr. Bembridge wrestled with the solution of his problem. Today he announces that everything is accomplished and proved, not only in the matter of a jet black print without ink, but asserts that he is able to print a newspaper in all hues of the rainbow and with the one contact.

As explained by Mr. Bembridge, his long searchings into chemical combinations for producing jet black prints led him into electro-pigmentary combinations producible by oxidizing processes. More than all of this, however, the assertion is made that in treating the white paper some of the cheapest of chemical elements serve the purpose admirably and at a cost far below that of the costly printer's inks.

As for the presses for turning out the newspaper, they are greatly simplified, the ink troughs and rollers disappearing altogether. The stereotype plate is used and in position on the press is thoroughly insulated below, while the roller surface which guides the moist paper also is insulated. The paper rollers are connected with the positive magnetic pole, while the stereotype plate is linked with the negative and from the electric power that runs the press the electro-chemical action is set up, making the imprint as desired upon the paper.

Wanted to Wed by Proxy. Chicopee, Mass.—A plan of Stanislaus Uadnox to marry by proxy the other day received a setback. Stanislaus, with a buxom young woman, who, it was explained, would impersonate the future Mrs. Uadnox, and with attendants and witnesses, descended impressively upon the city hall in taxicabs hired in Springfield.

## Libby's Evaporated Milk

is the handiest thing in the pantry. It is pure and always ready to use.

There is no waste—use as much or as little as you need, and the rest keeps longer than fresh milk.

Gives fine results in all cooking

Tell your grocer to send Libby's Milk



## PLEDGE POLICIES FOR LOANS

Imprudent Act That Really Means Man Is Borrowing From His Widow.

Many men, pressed for money, go to the life insurance company, deposit their policy as security and borrow as much as the company is willing to lend. That the practice is common is proved by the fact that most companies have loaned from a fourth to a third of the aggregate face value of their policies in this way. "Very few of these loans," says the annual report of the Connecticut Mutual—and this company's experience is typical—"are ever repaid to the company. The moneys . . . are swallowed up in business enterprises, in speculations . . . and the total result means embarrassment and distress in a great many cases, and poverty in the place of competence, when the claims mature, and there is nothing left above the loans but a mere margin in cash on the policies for the protection of families or estates." Men who borrow on their policies are taking away protection from their families. It ought not to be done.—Collier's.

## Chinese Educational Puzzle.

It is generally recognized that China has set to work at the wrong end of her education problem. . . . China has begun at the top, has tried to establish universities without preparing students for them, and all the lower rungs of the ladder are so badly constructed that it is almost impossible for the student to mount by them.—National Review, Shanghai.

He Got It. "Won't you give me an order?" pleaded the too-persistent travelling salesman.

Their Time. Foolish Fred—Do you like lobsters? Pert Polly—Yes, both human and crustacean, in their salad days.

The right kind of a decision today will put powder in your gun for tomorrow.

## One Cook

May make a cake "fit for the Queen," while another only succeeds in making a "pretty good cake" from the same materials.

It's a matter of skill! People appreciate, who have once tasted.

## Post Toasties

A delicious food made of White Corn—flaked and toasted to a delicate, crisp brown—to the "Queen's taste."

Post Toasties are served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired—

A breakfast favorite!

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

## Tale of Graft in New York

New Man in Office Who Ignorantly Demanded \$500 and Might Have Had \$15,000.

This is a little story of New York graft, according to the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. Unfortunately, the names may not be used. But it has been the custom of a corporation in this city to pay a retainer fee to the hold-

er of a certain political office, just to be let alone. The corporation heads did not ask anything else from the officeholder. They merely did not want to be probed by crusades which presumably had an origin in a desire for reform. The graft payment for years had been \$10,000. "We'll likely have to pay more, now that So-and-so is in office," said they, when a certain

man was elected. "He has the name of being very grasping." So they sent an intermediary to the newly elected officeholder, with power to negotiate. They were willing to pay \$15,000, if necessary, but not a penny more. The usual preliminaries were gone through. "Your company will have to come over," said the officeholder. "I'm no cheap man. I know you've been paying right along, and you'll have to pay me more than you have been giving up to this office in the past. When I go grafting I

right." And he swelled up and looked very important. The intermediary was frightened. He asked very humbly how much the officeholder would demand. "Not a penny less than \$500 a year," said the officeholder, sternly. The sum was paid, and it was not until the officeholder had been out of office for months that he learned the scale on which previous payments had been made. The information actually sent him into a decline. He groined so over it that he really lost his

health. If one mentions a large sum of money in his presence nowadays he's apt to burst into tears.

Early Precedent. The three witches were preparing their broth. "You are funny people," said Macbeth, "to set up your kitchen out here on the blasted heath and prepare your supper in the rain." "That's all right, Mac," replied the first witch. "We are suffragettes and don't believe in home cooking."