## AMERICAN WOMAN'S CONQUEST OF PERU Swathed in Cling

The Postilion Who Accom

panied Mrs Wright.

Marie Robinson Wright, who Travelled a Thousand Miles on Muleback and Crossed the Andes Five Times to Acquire
Her Vast Holdings of South American Lands

By Edmund Russell.

the first missionaries had been pretty women all heathen lands would long ago have been converted. An editor said to me the other day:— "Every pretty woman who comes into this office wants to tell me about a rali-

road concession she has somewhere in outh America."
Marie Robinson Wright has done even better; she has made them give her the land from which she can make her own concessions, with enough placer gold lying around to pick up and pay for railroads while they are being built. Long ago two pretty women opened a bank in Wall

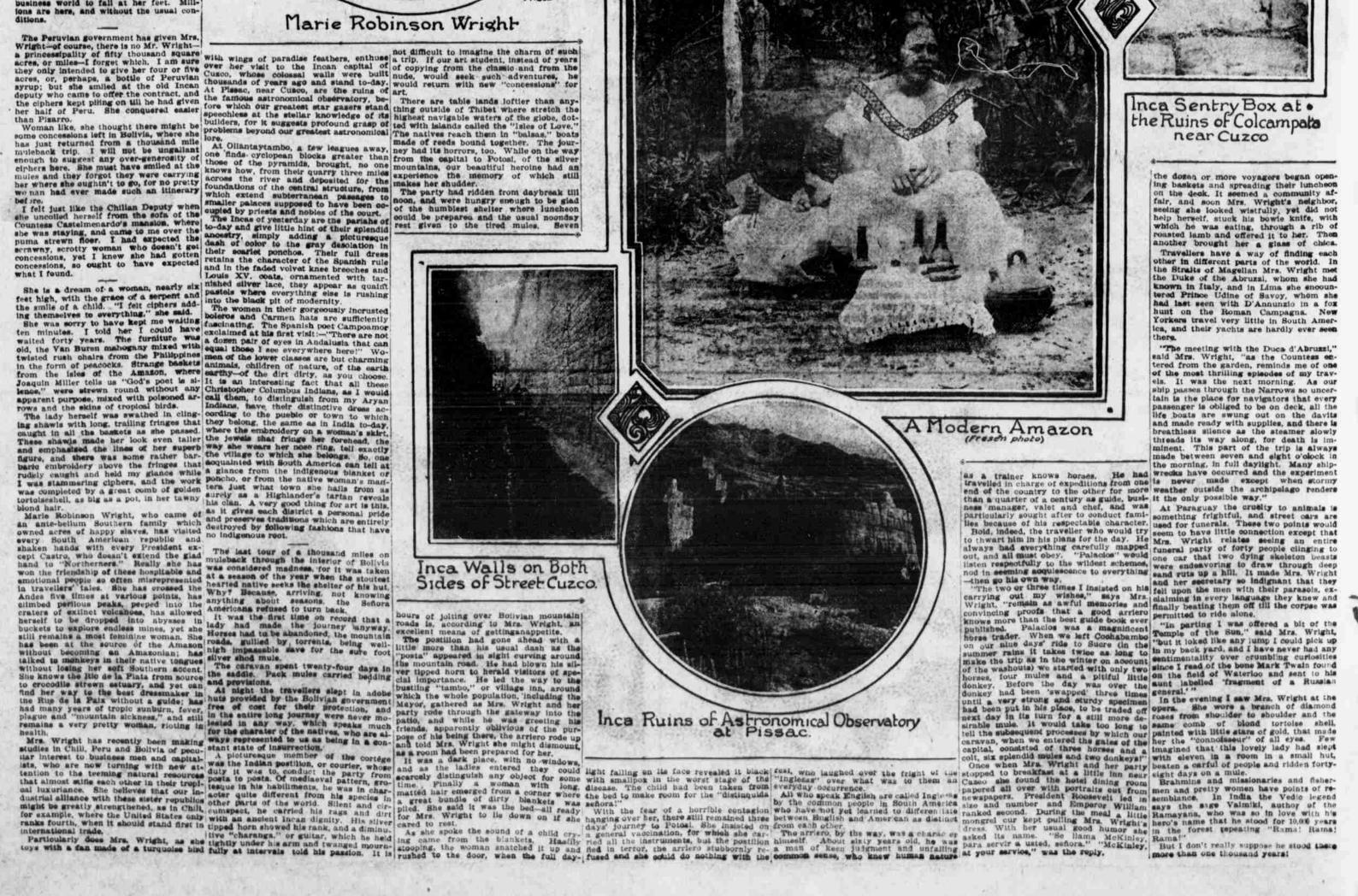
Wall street said:- "Some of us must It took two millionnaires to close

bank.
Then two homely women opened a bank in Wall street.
The bank closed itself.

Neither case accomplished anything. Now a pretty woman plays a gamler She routs by flank movement. Goes down to Patagonia and gets a concession to turn the Antarctic circle into a roller skating rink. Then comes back for the ousiness world to fall at her feet. Mill-ons are here, and without the usual con-



Marie Robinson Wright



Mrs. Wright wound and unwound a great chain of Brazilian amethysts about her wrist as she talked, and I asked her if it were true that she had been eaten by can-"It is not true, as widely reported during

With Long Trailing

Fingers

my last trip," she replied. "I have never seen a cannibal, and very few South Americans have, though it is known that they still exist in the impenetrable forests of the Valley of the Amazon, but they are said to be much scattered and constantly dwindling in numbers. The whole country is now so generally settled and governed that they are only heard of when some reckless explorer tries to make a record.

"I travelled everywhere with letters from the Secretary of State of my own country and also from the government of the State in which I happened to be. Everywhere I was met with the greatest courtesy, though, of course, such a journey had its inconveniences

One day in Southern Chill, after riding twenty leagues in a drenching rain, she was obliged to spend the night in a little tavern of the frontier and start out early in the morning with only a cup of tes and a bit of black bread to break a fast of thirty hours. She had missed the gov-ernment launch sent for her the day be-fore, so had to make a three hours' ride in a small passenger boat. Once started



Inca Sentry Box at . the Ruins of Colcampato near Cuzco

the dozen or more voyagers began open-ing baskets and spreading their luncheon on the deck. It seemed a community af-fair, and soon Mrs. Wright's neighbor, seeing she looked wistrully, yet did not help herself, stuck his bowle knife, with which he was eating, through a rib of roasted lamb and offered it to her. Them anothers brought her to her. Them another brought her a glass of chica. Travellers have a way of finding each other in different parts of the world. In the Straits of Magellan Mrs. Wright met the Duke of the Abruzzi, whom she had known in Italy, and in Lima she encountered Prince Udine of Savoy, whom she had last seen with D'Annunzio in a fox hunt on the Roman Campagna. New Yorkers travel very little in South America, and their yachts are hardly ever seen ica, and their yachts are hardly ever seen

"The meeting with the Duca d'Abruzzi," said Mrs. Wright, "as the Countess ec-tered from the garden, reminds me of one of the most thrilling episodes of my travels. It was the next morning. As our els. It was the next morning. As our ship passes through the Narrows so uncertain is the place for navigators that every passenger is obliged to be on deck, all the life boats are swung out on the davits and made ready with supplies, and there is breathless silence as the steamer slowly threads its way along, for death is imminent. This part of the trip is always under hetween seven and sight o'clock in made between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, in full daylight. Many ship-

