



AN AMERICAN NAVAL DOCTOR OPERATING ON A NATIVE AT PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI

over the ranges, enhancing the glories of peak and valley; a grateful breeze blows in from the sapphire waters of the bay. A steady column of women on the native burros plod along to reach the shelter of market stalls before the heat descends. They discreetly leave room for these whizzing automobiles of the Americans.

We reach Croix des Bouquets, one of the larger towns of the interior. A heroic figure of the Saviour hangs from a cross in the shrine. Mud huts with straw thatches are scattered about. It is an African village in spite of the cross and the fair-sounding name. In it lie stretches of sun-baked mud, thorn bushes, grotesque cacti reaching with half-human arms like creatures from Dante's Inferno.

Once a Proud French Colony

In the environs of Croix des Bouquets we see evidences that this is not merely an African town. Fields of sugar cane indicate the agricultural progress made in the past few years, while extensive ruins of sugar-mills, stone aqueducts that still irrigate, solid bridges and crumbled châteaux remind us that Haiti was once the proudest of French colonies. Busily seeking signs of those romantic old days, I was surprised to hear a doctor calling attention to an unattractive out-house.

"Look!" he said gleefully. "That place has sanitation!"

"And over the way!" noted the other doctor. "Nearly every farm seems to have an out-house now. You should have seen this district a few years ago!"

By eight o'clock we reach Ganthier. For some time we have been bumping over an uncertain road; here a ditch, there a stony ravine. At Ganthier Nature says "Stop" to the most venturesome motorist. The rest of the trip is made on horseback.

A captain of the gendarmerie is waiting with the horses. Captain Farrell is another American employed by the Haitian government; and he is on a mission for the gendarmerie, the rural police organization. Fond-Verrettes, our destination, has need of police protection as well as medical attention, and Captain Farrell joins the party to purchase property for a new police station.

More cactus country, more thorn bushes; and a ravine where some malicious river god has piled stones to bar the invader. Now a gradual rise in the land is noticeable. A cliff abruptly blocks the way, but the dusty trail creeps along the ridge of a hill. It winds up and up, two thousand feet. Here the vegetation is gray-green, the breeze is actually refreshing.

A look back. What a view! We are directly above the plain, which distance