

softens to a tired-looking green with checkered squares of brighter hue—the sugar fields. Beyond the plain another mountain range cuts into a blue sky. To the left the sea sparkles under the waxing sun; to the right another body of water has appeared, a vivid ultramarine fringed with a white border. Once an extension of the sea, this is now a brackish lake reaching beyond the border of Haiti into the neighboring Republic of Santo Domingo. A world of its own indeed, is this island that seems like such a small spot on the map. Ten thousand square miles of it is contained in the Republic of Haiti, but that is only a third of it; the other two-thirds are Santo Domingo.

On a mountain plateau there is a halt for lunch. Then we descend into another valley. A torrent echoes in cavernous depths; the verdure-clad heights beyond rise a mile into the air. Down in the valley by the rushing waters are welcome signs of habitation. Women beat clothes and rinse them in wooden tubs.

*"Give Me Five Cents!"*

"Bon jour, blanc!" Such is the smiling greeting in these out-of-the-way places where a white face is a novelty. The *petites filles* ("tee-fees," they are called in Creole) will not refuse a cigaret, and sit quite nicely for a photo at five cents per.

"Give me five cents!" is their friendly challenge. It is the most universally known

English expression in Haiti. Many doubtless believe it American for "Good morning." The Haitians are not a mercenary people in spite of the five-cent greeting. Even the peasants in remote spots are gentle and well-mannered, doffing a ragged hat to the passing stranger.

*Medical Missionaries*

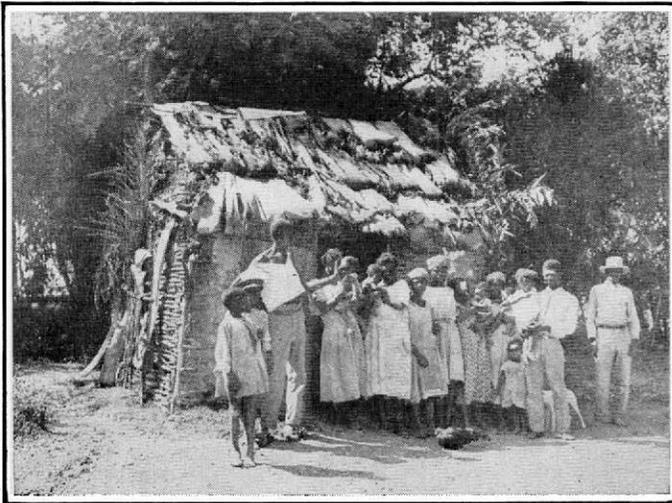
Along the stream our path now leads us. Nature is more bountiful here. Mango, orange, banana and bread-fruit trees are in flower or fruit. Here is a tree called "women's tongues" in Creole, with dry pods whispering incessantly. A lizard with a blue tail basking by the wayside scurries noisily away. Orioles people one big tree as though it were an apartment house. In fact, much bird life is seen—canaries, crows, paroquets, humming-birds, a chicken hawk swinging in lazy circles. And butterflies, sometimes in swarms like snow.

Now we ascend once more. This is another hard road: stones, stones. The rugged mountain sides are covered with pines, welcome sight for a Nordic. Pines a hundred feet tall droop their branches with a burden of tropical moss.

One vale of stones seems more endless than the others. Our train spreads out and I find myself riding quite alone, no living thing in sight. My thoughts turn back to other days, similar days, when I had seen eager doctors from the North bringing the gospel of health to other regions; in

Kashmir, behind the Himalayas, the medical missionary, Protestant or Catholic, justifying his calling by saving bodies as well as souls; in China and Siam, energetic physicians from the occident stemming the tide of plagues; in Manila, American doctors turning a place that was a byword for pestilence into a health resort. The vigorous methods of our sanitary experts in the Philippines have now borne fruit; no tropical orientals seem so sound in health as the Filipinos. Perhaps a similar transformation will some day be evident here.

At about two in the afternoon, Fond-Verrettes



WHERE SANITATION IS BEING INTRODUCED

A Haitian home. All the people in this picture live in the hut before which they are standing.