

ley where rich vegetation contrasts strikingly with the barrenness of the surrounding ranges. The population, augmented by extra business due to railway construction, is about five thousand. The station is spacious and central. In the main plaza there is an unusually beautiful church and a substantial government building, used for postal and telegraphic service. The rest of the buildings, including two hotels, are insignificant, being of the usual village type and made of adobe. This place impressed us as being of sufficient importance for the location of a worker, who could reach out to Nazareno and other towns that lie within a few leagues' radius. Here the Quichua district appears to terminate, and Spanish is generally spoken.

From this point travellers to Tarija used to strike out on mules across broken ranges by a very rough route that required four days to traverse. At the beginning of 1924 a new road, for automobiles, was completed, to enter by way of Villazon, on the Argentine frontier, from which point Tarija may now be reached in one day. Mr. Haddow and I took this route, thus avoiding eight days in the saddle and a delay in Tupiza of uncertain duration, awaiting mules. The one passenger car being out of order and lying in Tarija awaiting repair parts, we were obliged to travel by motor truck. This was piled high with boxes of merchandise, steamer trunks and mail sacks. On top of all half a dozen passengers tried to make themselves comfortable, but we, fortunately, secured sheltered seats beside the driver. It was 4 p.m. when we set out, but we expected to leave the high plateau and enter warmer regions by nightfall. In this we were mistaken, for at 9 p.m. we were crossing a pass at 13,550 feet, and at 10, when we camped for the night, we were still 11,000 feet above sea level. At daybreak all was bustle, and, after a scanty breakfast, we were on the road again. First came a very long steep climb, next a level spin past two silent lakes, then up and down and over the last range till in the early afternoon we could distinguish the plaza and main streets of Tarija, on an immense plain beneath. Meandering through the valley was a stream

whose banks stood out green against the monotonous gray of the parched surrounding country. The last descent of twenty-one miles dropped us nearly 7,000 feet into the heat of the valley, and in less than an hour more we were entering the city. As the truck rumbled over the cobblestones the doorways were filled with interested spectators, and when the plaza was reached and we drew up at the police station to report our arrival, as required by the regulations, a curious crowd surrounded us and we were subjected to a public inspection.

A Pretty Place.

The Plaza, with its flowers and palms and orange trees, gives a favorable first impression. The city is laid out in squares, separated by narrow, ill-paved streets, and the houses which shelter its 6,000 or more inhabitants are not all huddled together, as is usual in Bolivia, for many have gardens and orchards even in the most central squares. Several of the buildings are of superior construction and have had great wealth lavished upon them, especially "The Mansion of Gold"; but the average dwelling is true to type; a simple adobe house, with the front mud-plastered and calsomined. The orchards produce chiefly grapes, oranges, peaches and figs. Wine-making on a small scale seems to be the only industry. Business is very limited, with the result that many young men have to migrate to make a living. It is significant that few remain in Bolivia. Some go to Chili, but the majority prefer the Argentine. The climate is good, on the whole, though in the wet season malaria is in evidence. The heat is oppressive. At the end of spring we found it less bearable than the hottest weather in Cochabamba. In addition to the municipal schools of lower grades there is a government secondary school and a college under the control of the Franciscan order.

Tarija is one of the very few cities that have no sacred edifice on the main plaza, but close by are two immense churches, with spacious grounds. One belongs to the Franciscans, who have a monastery in the city. The Roman church is deeply entrenched in the life of the people, and is gaining ground,