We landed in the mountain-locked harbor of Santiago, Cuba, in the early morning of the eighteenth of April. The sun was just rising above the edge of the high hills beyond the city and its bright rays falling on the clean, green foliage of the wrinkled hill and mountain slopes formed a panorama, the beauty of which we do not expect to see often exceeded. At one side of the tortuous entrance to the bay stand the grim pink walls of Morro Castle. Its winding stairways reach down to the water’s edge. East and west, the shore rises almost precipitously and on the west a commanding group of mountain peaks is massed close to the shore.

The fresh green color of the vegetation suggested the rains which had come a little earlier than usual to break up the dry season which normally extends from January to April inclusive. From June to October is the wet season, at the beginning of which most of the native fruits ripen. Some few trees were bare of leaves. On others the leaves were partly formed but on the great majority of plants the leaves were in their full vigor.

After some time spent in the examination of agricultural conditions about twenty-five miles east of Santiago, we took the train on the Cuban railroad for Havana. The route of this road lies nearly through the center of the island (Fig. 12) and traverses, for the most part, a beautifully undulating country, with occasional stretches of very level land and other stretches in which the rather rough hills closely flank the track. At Santa Clara, some four or five hours’ ride out of Havana, the Cuban railroad joins the United railways, by which means the trains of the former get into the capitol city. The twenty-four hour ride between Santiago and Havana gives one some sense of the extent of the island. This is a distance of 540 miles. The extreme length of the island is 730 miles and its width ranges from 25 miles near Havana to more than 100 miles in the eastern part. Its area, 44,000 square miles, is a little more than the state of Ohio and a little less than the state of New York.

We stopped for a short time at Ciego de Avila, near the middle of the island, and at Havana near the western end. I was tremendously impressed with the capacity of Cuba for agricultural produc-