

# SOME OF THE MODEL FARMS OF CHILI.

New Agriculture is Conducted in the Far South—Servants Are Bound to Remain With Their Employers While They Owe a Penny.

## Special Correspondence.

Santiago de Chile, Nov. 2, 1903.—We journeyed south 100 miles—mostly by rail—to visit a model hacienda, for the express purpose of being able to tell you how the typical Chilean farm is conducted. The estate in question is owned by a gentleman formerly from New England, who, as his name will show, belongs to a numerous and highly respectable family of the United States—Mr. William Henry Smith, but, being married to a Chilean, it is here referred to as Don Guillermo Henrique Ferrer. Speaking of nomenclature, the most common and prosaic of our northern names become positively mellifluous when translated into this poetic language. For example: Our neighbor over the way in Pennsylvania, who has hailed from Mr. John James Tucker—is here addressed as Señor Don Juan Santiago Latrero. Pledant William becomes Guillermo; Henry, Henrique; Charles Carlos; Ned, Eduardo; Jim, Santiago; Peter, Pedro; Dick, Ricardo, and so on to the end of the chapter.

## UNIQUE NOMENCLATURE.

On the other hand, the native cognomen, when rendered in English, are often comical if not absolutely shocking. Not only people, but saloons, streets, factories and work shops are named in honor of the Savior, the Blessed Virgin, the Holy Trinity and all the saints in the calendar. There is the Crown of Thorns street, and the Body of Christ street. I have seen a saloon dedicated to the Mother of Jesus; another to Santissima Trinidad, (The Sacred Trinity), and another to the Love of Jesus. In Chile, as in other Spanish-Catholic countries, every child is named in honor of the saint whose anniversary comes nearest to the day on which he or she happens to be born, and that is the reason why so many men have girl's names and vice versa. I know a number of ladies named Guillermina, female for William; Juana, little John; Antonia, etc.; while Maria, Jesus and other feminine names are equally common among men. The name Yaca, (cow), occurs as often in Santiago as Smith in the United States. A young lady of my acquaintance, who was probably born near Christmas day, is called Jesus Christa Yaca, and his beautiful sister is Benedicta. Rafaela—Cow. We lived in a hotel where the barkeeper was called Jesus Christa Yaca. Maria Goyenechea—and how wicked we felt whenever obliged to shout his name down the passage—was the daughter of the province of Valparaiso named Domingo Torro (Sunday Bull), and the belle of Collaipo was christened Dolores (Sorrowful Stomach). There are few toddlers in the neighborhood who are weighed with names longer than these. What would you think of calling a girl baby Ubaldina Eduvieras Cisneros, or Echeverria Isidra Yagosa Cuananqui, and a knee high gentleman Hipolito Leoncio Davila Zanpantu, or Eduyjes Gonzalez Lopez Luz?

## MODEL SOUTH AMERICAN FARM.

But to return from this long digression to the model farm of which we were to comprise 500 acres, all enclosed within one fence, and so ponderous is the latter being ten feet high, three feet thick and roofed like a house—that it reminds one of the great wall of China. By the way, barbed wire has never been patented in Chile, though the government is fencing its railways with that commodity, brought from the United States, and some enterprising Yankees would come down here and secure a patent on it, for their fortune would be made. Ralls are never used in this country for fencing, except in the far south where timber is plenty. Stones are sometimes piled up into walls, but always in combination with lime and sand, making them solid. Those that are universal in Chile look strong enough to defy old Father Time for centuries, and are as picturesque as indestructible. This fence of our friend Ferrer is a fair sample. It is made of mud which has been molded into huge squares and dried in the sun. The great adobes are then piled into place, and while yet moist, earthenware tiling is imbedded in the top—of a rusty red color, like that which roofs the houses. The object of roosting the wall is to prevent the long continued, heavy rains of winter from soaking into the adobe and reducing them to their original mud.

Like most gentlemen farmers of Chile, Don William Henry does not live on his country estate, but in the city, coming out once or twice a month to see how things are going, and in the summer time bringing his family for a stay of several weeks. But there is a resident administrator de hacienda, a sub-administrator, several overseers and upwards of a hundred peons. Farming is carried on in Chile much as it was in Europe in feudal times, or as in Ireland today, each estate having its retainers who are provided with land, and in return they pay for a stipulated number of days' labor every year. As there is hardly any middle class in this country—only the rich and the poor, the landlord and the tenant—the haciendas are generally very large, and are owned by nabobs who seldom visit them. Each has its big, rambling casa, wherein the administrators and their families reside, a chapel, a commissary depot, granary, store houses, wine vaults and a number of little cottages surrounded by gardens, patches, where the peons live. The latter are paid for their labor, generally not in money, but in orders for the sundry stores, where, at prices optional with the administrator, food, clothing, chicha and rum are sold. Tenants are usually given small credit at these stores, and are forever in debt to their landlord. As the

law prohibits their leaving the service of a man to whom they owe money, they are thus kept in perpetual slavery. When the men assemble in the morning at the ringing of the sunrise bell, an overseer writes each one's name in a convenient place, and when the day's work is faithfully done, he puts a mark beside the name. At the end of the week the marks are counted and each man receives his day according to the score. As a rule haciendas and peons get along well enough together, and the servant will fight for his master to the death, if need be. As in the old world centuries ago, feudal wars are kept up between estates, through so many generations that the original provocation may be entirely forgotten, and sanguinary conflicts are constantly occurring, for the peon the Capulets is always more than willing to cut the throat of a servant of the Montagues. As other haciendas, Señor Ferrer's tenants begin work at 6 a. m., having previously eaten a desayuno of bread and coffee. Then each goes off to that part of the estate which is to be the scene of his day's labor, carrying with him a cow's horn of water and a small bag of meal. These are his rations for the morning breakfast, and not another mouthful will he get until he returns to dine at 6 p. m. The meal is of roasted wheat ground on a small hand-mill with which every hacienda is provided. We saw the men at their sunset dinner, and a more contented and healthy-looking lot would be hard to find—crowded around a table of rough boards without any cloth upon it. The repeat consisted entirely of beans and peas stewed together; but the administrator informed me with pride that all the laborers on this model farm are treated to meat and potatoes twice every week.

We went into the wheat field on a cart, topped by a very high and narrow hayrack made of cane poles lashed together with thongs, drawn by bullocks. The cart was driven to a place where the cut sheaves were thickest, the cattle were taken from the tongue and tied to a wheel, and the work of gathering commenced. Each man seized a bundle and carried it to the cart, until all the near-by sheaves were loaded. It did not occur to anybody to make the bullocks remove the cart to another part of the field; the bundle were still laboriously carried to the same place, however, the distance lengthened and the noontide heat increased.

## FARM OPERATIONS.

When the enormous load was complete, it was hauled to the threshing yard, where the wheat was carefully dumped in heaps, without the trouble of stacking it, for it rarely rains here during the summer months, so there is little danger of the grain spoiling. Meanwhile, threshing was going on, slowly but surely. A spot of land in England for the same number of acres would be pitched a few bundles; then a span of horses was driven over and over the straw, and then removed the wheat raked to the center, and more bundles were pitched. The straw was collected, a windmill was introduced to blow the chaff away, and the wheat was better quality. The plump, sound grains were fully a quarter of an inch long, and were told to me that the yield is twenty bushels to the acre. The corn crop is smaller, because the seasons are too cold. Oats return about 40 bushels to the acre, but, unfortunately, there is no market for them. Oranges, lemons, figs, peaches, apples, grapes, melons, etc., are always a sure crop, because, though the summers of Chile are seldom warm enough to make such crops, there is never frost enough in winter to kill flowers. All kinds of vegetables thrive remarkably, and whenever a farmer plants beets, he ties a knot in the end of each growing plant to prevent it from running wild. Corn is raised in general use as a primitive implement—a beam, with one long, stout handle extending far enough downward to attach a flat piece of iron which has been hammered sharp on a stone. Of course, with such a crude machine the earth can barely be scratched. Wheat is sown broadcast, and covered by dragging over it a weighted plank. Corn is sown in rows, in one direction. Holes are made at regular intervals in the rows with sharp sticks, into which the corn is dropped and then covered with the foot. The holes are about 14 inches high by five inches wide, each weight not less than eight pounds.

## GRAPES AND WINE.

Every well regulated hacienda has its vineyard, and that of Señor Smith includes 10 acres. The crop is always abundant, and the grapes sell in market for about one cent per pound. They make good raisins as well as wine, a superior quality of homemade wine costs about eight cents a quart, but is too new to be desired by anybody but Chileans. Every native, old or young, drinks wine at all times of day and night, at meals and between meals. He may not afford a more luxurious dinner than common peonero, (which is composed of all the seeds and vegetables the cook can lay hands on, boiled with a bit of beef or bacon and flavored, if possible, with a few links of sausage), but he must wash it down with a glass or two of wine, and so must his wife and children. There is no V. O. T. here, and never was heard on the temperance question; yet drunkenness is far more rare than in the United States. The total value of Chilean real estate is estimated at \$200,000,000. Statistics say that last year 14,000,000 bushels of wheat were produced, 5,000,000 bushels of barley, 500,000 bushels of corn, 300,000 bushels of beans, 3,000,000 pounds of wool—not a bad showing considering the limited area of the agricultural district. Chile's great sources of wealth are in the products of her mines, which include all the important metals and minerals known.

White Diamond Cider. All fountains.

# A PRINCE IN POLITICS.

## Special Correspondence.

Baltimore, Dec. 10.—A prince in politics is a good deal of an anomaly in this democratic country, yet one of the leading men in the public life of Maryland for many years, and just now a figure of national prominence, is an heir to the imperial throne of France, Charles J. Bonaparte, one of the two men appointed by President Roosevelt to conduct a non-partisan inquiry into the postoffice department scandals and whose advice to the president in connection with the report of Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristol is likely to cause many officials to take to the woods, is the grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia and brother of the first Napoleon.

Jerome's marriage to the beautiful Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore was annulled by his brother, the emperor, but to this divorce the pope refused his sanction. The European Bonapartes regard Prince Victor Napoleon, grandson of Jerome by his second marriage, as the present head of the house and the legitimate "pretender," but by the laws of the Roman Catholic church, of which all the Bonapartes are members, Jerome's first marriage still stands, and therefore that marriage should be the basis of the second marriage. It is impossible for Mr. Bonaparte to ever dispute the imperial title with Prince Victor, even if an empire were to be re-established in France, but should he choose to do so he would have a good cause, and he is an able enough lawyer to plead his own cause successfully.

The love affair of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson is one of the great romances of American and French history. When Napoleon I was at the height of his power Jerome Bonaparte, a dashing young naval officer, visited Baltimore, where he immediately fell desperately in love with Miss Patterson, the acknowledged belle of a city already famed for its beautiful women. Their engagement was soon announced, and despite the efforts of the French envoy in Washington, who, knowing that the marriage of the emperor's brother to an untitled American would cause that monarch beyond reason, hastened to Baltimore to prevent such a catastrophe, the wedding was celebrated with great pomp by Archbishop Carroll, the head of the Roman Catholic church in America. When the emperor learned of it he was beside himself. He ordered his representative in America to advance no more funds and Jerome was warned all castles of French vessels not to embark the prince and his young bride. They fled into this country two years ago, then sailed for France in a ship owned by Jerome's American father-in-law. The United States government prevented not only from landing in France, but from setting foot on the soil of any European country but England.

She finally landed in England, where her son, the father of Charles J. Bonaparte, was born. He was a frequent letter to her, declaring that he would never give her up, but he was finally prevailed upon by the emperor to abide by an imperial decree of divorce after Pope Pius VII had declined to annul the marriage. A year later, Jerome was married to Princess Catherine of Westphalia and was created king of Westphalia. His discarded wife, Elizabeth Patterson, was never again making many ineffectual attempts to compel her recognition by Napoleon. After numerous trips to Europe and was more than once the guest of Napoleon's mother at Rome. Finally she came back to Baltimore to stay and to devote herself to the accumulation of a fortune for her son, in which she was successful, her standing that she had been disinherited by her father.

Jerome Bonaparte II married a Massachusetts girl and left two sons, Jerome and Charles. Jerome, who died in 1891, was educated at Harvard and West Point and served long as an officer in the French army. Charles, the younger brother, has lived most of his life in the United States, devoting himself since leaving Harvard to the law and the management of his large estate. Since his entrance into public life he has attained a high position and came very near being elected to the United States senate by the late Senator George. He is an independent Republican and a "reformer."

## RECTOR OF ST. LUKE'S.

Ashburnham, Ontario, Testifies to the Good Qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Ashburnham, Ont., April 18, 1903.—I think it is only right that I should tell you what a wonderful effect Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has produced. The day before Easter I was so distressed with a cold and cough that I did not think to be able to take any duties the next day, as my voice was almost choked by the cough. The same day I received an order from you for a bottle of your Cough Remedy. I at once procured a sample bottle, and took about three doses of the medicine. To my great relief the cough and cold had completely disappeared and I was able to preach three times on Easter Day. I know that this rapid and effective cure was due to your Cough Remedy. I make this testimonial without solicitation, being thankful to have found such a God-sent remedy.

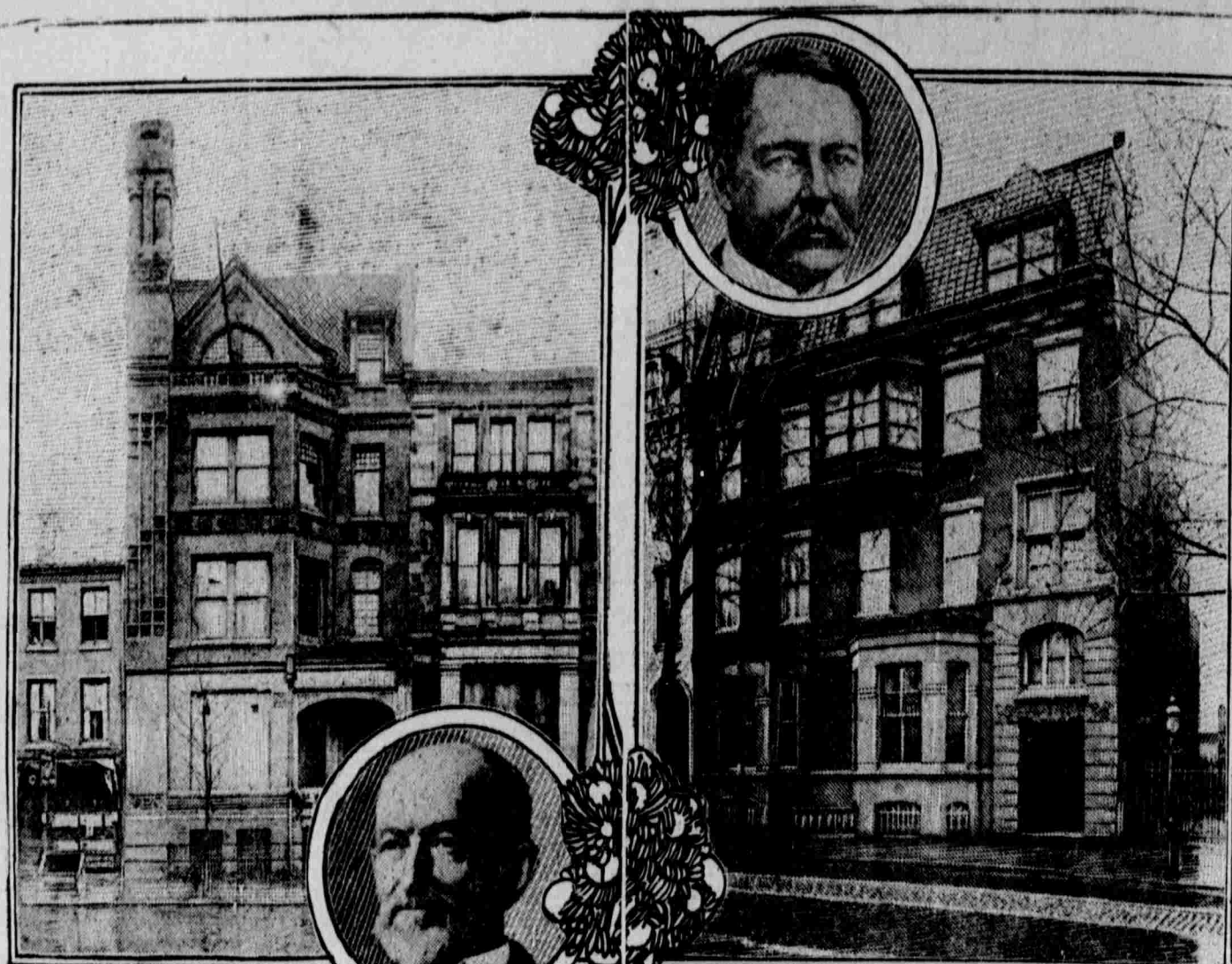
Respectfully yours,  
E. LANGFELDT, M. A.,  
Rector of St. Luke's Church.  
To Chamberlain Medicine Co.  
This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

White Diamond Cider. All fountains.

First and Foremost  
In the field of medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It possesses actual and unequalled merit by which it cures all diseases caused or promoted by impure or impoverished blood. If you have rheumatism, dyspepsia, scrofula or catarrh you may take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured. If you are run down and feel weak and tired you may be sure it will do you good.

The favorite family cathartic is Hood's Pills.

# MILLIONAIRES' HOMES FOR SALE.



CHARLES H. CRAMP'S HOME, Broad and Lombard Sts.

A. J. CASSETT'S HOME, cor. W. Rittenhouse & 14th St.

The sale of Mr. A. J. Cassatt's home is explained by the attempt on the part of the Gould-Rockefeller interests to force Mr. Cassatt out of the presidency of the Pennsylvania railroad by depressing its stock because he was instrumental in driving the Western Union out of the P. R. R. system. The cause of the sale of Mr. Cramp's magnificent home is traceable to the killing of the stock of the Cramp Shipbuilding company.

# BOYS' AND GIRLS' FREE BOOK CHANCE!

All boys and girls into whose homes the Saturday News comes, are invited to try their hands at this puzzle. For the first three correct answers received through the mail (none others considered) THE DESERET NEWS BOOK STORE will give a free story book, a standard work, neatly printed and well bound. The names of the three winners, with the solution of the puzzle, will be printed in the following issue of the Saturday News. Cut out the picture, mark plainly the location of the various objects you find, and address it to the DESERET NEWS BOOK STORE, PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

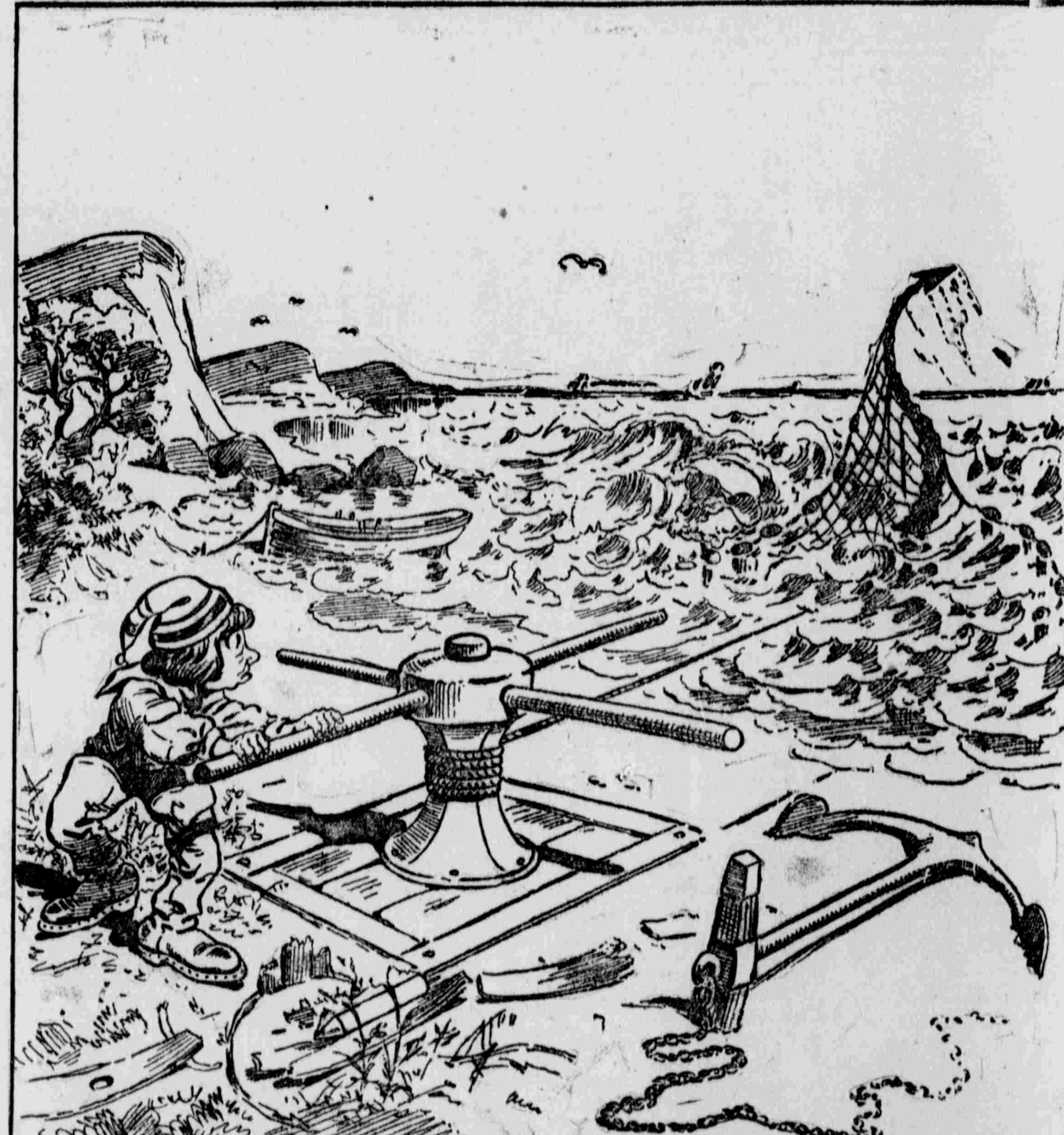
Winners of Nov. 21 are: Edythe Reeve, 718 east Third South street, City; Mabel Reed, Calder's Park Station, Utah; Frances Sowles, 735 east Eighth South, City.

## SOLUTION OF THE PUZZLE OF JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

The missing words of this fable are as follows: Cow, Bear, Cow's, Moon, Clothes-trump, Prop, Hand, Axe and Airship. With the picture in its natural position, one of the hunters can be found about two-thirds way up, on the left side of the beanstalk. With the upper part of the picture used as base, Jack's mother is found to the right of the cottage door. By using the upper left corner of the picture as base, the giant is found in the upper corner, formed in the foliage, and the second hunter in the center of the picture, a little to the left of Jack.

## THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIUS.

In this picture are objects illustrating the missing words. Two are hidden. Can you supply the missing words, and also find the fisherman, his wife and the genius?



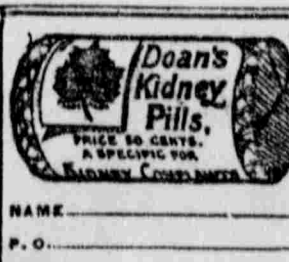
Once upon a time there was a fisherman whose net was so heavily laden that he couldn't haul it in. So he sent up a . . . and his wife, understanding the signal, sent their son out in another . . . to assist his father, and together they were able to draw the net to the . . . Now by this time it had grown dark. While peering over the side of the . . . to see what the net contained the father was seized by something and pulled overboard, and the son, being unable by himself to hold the net, was obliged to let go, and thus his father was lost. Rowing quickly toward the shore, he informed his mother of the sad fate of his father. The widow and her family, being now destitute, were compelled to depend on the oldest son for support. So, putting on his fisherman's gear, he took the . . . and went out to cast his net. Arriving at the spot where his father was lost, he dropped . . . but as the boat continued to drift he raised the . . . and found it entangled in a rope. Seizing the rope he began pulling it in, and soon discovered that it was the rope attached to his father's net when it was lost. So, securing the end to his . . . he towed the net slowly toward the shore, making the rope fast to a . . . which the fisherman used to haul in their seines. Then he began to wind in the net, and as it approached the . . . something leaped the waters furiously, and to his amazement he found that it was the monster he had seen in the net. He was so terrified that he fled to the shore, and there he lay, unable to move, while the monster completely wound around him. Having thus secured it, he then took a heavy iron . . . from an old . . . and passing it through its gills, he strung the serpent as one would string a fish, and so at last the terrible sea serpent was a prisoner. By this time the day was well spent, and the . . . deserted, and as he stood there wondering what he should do with his prize, he was surprised to see a great volume of smoke issue from the serpent's mouth and drift off. Then its side was suddenly split open and out stepped his father, safe and sound, and together they ran joyously home. While his delighted wife busied herself getting supper the fisherman recounted his wonderful adventure. He told them how he had been swallowed by the sea serpent which he had caught in his net, and how as he went down its throat his head came violently in contact with a hard object, so that he lost consciousness; how, on regaining his senses he found himself able to breathe and very comfortable, and how a voice spoke to him and bade him be of good cheer; how he afterward learned that the one who spoke to him was a genius who had been imprisoned in a copper cylinder and thrown to the sea serpent, and how on being swallowed by the monster the fisherman's head striking the copper cylinder, had broken it open, releasing the genius, and how the genius in gratitude had taken the fisherman's . . . and needed it with the serpent's lungs, and how the oxygen which he breathed was passed from his lungs through the . . . to the fisherman, enabling him to live till rescued by his son. Then the fisherman drew from his pocket a handful of round objects which he gathered from the stomach of the . . . They proved to be precious pearls of enormous size and great value, and they made him independent in life, so he retired from the fishing business and built a palace on the . . . There were some great volumes of smoke . . . and he had issued from the serpent's mouth, and it passed down the chimney of the . . . and the fisherman's head struck the copper cylinder, and the genius, who had been imprisoned in a copper cylinder and thrown to the sea serpent, and how on being swallowed by the monster the fisherman's head striking the copper cylinder, had broken it open, releasing the genius, and how the genius in gratitude had taken the fisherman's . . . and needed it with the serpent's lungs, and how the oxygen which he breathed was passed from his lungs through the . . . to the fisherman, enabling him to live till rescued by his son. Then the fisherman drew from his pocket a handful of round objects which he gathered from the stomach of the . . . 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# Away With Backache!

That constant backache! Strikes you anytime—it's the first symptom of Kidney ills—comes in many forms—sudden twinges of pain—slow exhaustive aches—Kidneys out of order, require relief. Backache is a Kidney warning—neglect the warning, other troubles follow. Sick Kidneys cause bad backs—bad backs are weak and lame and aching. Sick Kidneys cause weariness—headaches—dizziness—rheumatic pains and numerous other aches. Doan's Kidney Pills cure every ill of the Kidneys and Bladder—urinary disorder—infrequent and too frequent urinary discharges—diabetes, dropsy, Bright's disease.

## A TRIAL FREE

To Salt Lake City News Readers



For free trial box, mail this coupon to Doan's Kidney Pills, 555 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Name \_\_\_\_\_ P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# SALT LAKE CITY PROOF

Mrs. Thomas Lambert (of 235 east Sixth South, wife of Thomas Lambert, clerk, says: "The pain in my back, generally very persistent, was located just over the kidneys. When I attempted to do any lifting or stooping sharp twinges shot through me and in getting up I often had to observe the greatest care unless I wished to incur excruciating pains. This continued in spite of my use of medicine until I was willing to try almost anything. Ever on the outlook for something which might help, I happened to see an advertisement about Doan's Kidney Pills and went to the F. J. Hill Drug Co.'s store for a box. If the first one had not brought marked benefit I never would have bought a second, and if the second had not further helped I never would have bought a third, and if the treatment had not decidedly proved to me that Doan's Kidney Pills act as represented, I would be the last resident of Salt Lake City to publicly endorse the preparation."