

CHAT ABOUT CHILI.

A Railway Jaunt Through the Heart of the Republic— What May be Seen Between Valparaiso and the Capital.

Special Correspondence.

Santiago de Chili, Oct. 15, 1903.—One can hardly imagine a pleasanter journey than that between Valparaiso and this city. The distance is 115 miles, and the time required by rail is five hours. The road, which is one of the oldest in South America, is owned and controlled by the government. Its queerly shaped locomotives and small, four-wheeled carriages, show plainly that it was built by English contractors, and until recently its equipment

grand as that along the Peruvian line; but much of this is eminently picturesque. Running down through the heart of Chili, in a southeasterly direction, the snowy peaks of the Andes are constantly in view—a broad, irregular line of white against the bluest skies I ever saw; while snow-shrouded Aconcagua, the loftiest mountain of the three Americas, is visible the entire distance. After leaving the Valparaiso station—never, by the remotest chance, on schedule time, but as likely to be several minutes too early as an hour or more too late—the road runs for sev-

sprinkled with the spray of the surf. The first stopping place is called Vindol Mar ("Vineyard of the Sea"), pronounced Veen-yo, a suburban town where the wealthiest people of the country come to spend their summers. It is the Longbranch of Chili, by far the most elegant and fashionable resort in all South America, not excepting Pampolis and San Paulo, near Rio de Janeiro, those former seats of royalty during Dom Pedro's time. Many of the citizens of Valparaiso and Santiago, and even of the far south, own splendid establishments in Vindol; and in times of peace the president of the republic spends there a part of each year. It is in no sense a commercial place, but reminds one of some of the popular resorts in California, or on the Atlantic coast and along the shores of the Mediterranean. Graceful cottages and pretentious mansions are set in marvellous gardens of fruits and flowers. There are lovely walks and drives and lounging places and unrivaled bathing facilities and an immense hotel, where in it is the fashion, especially on Sunday, for parties coming out by train from Valparaiso, to breakfast about midday. A great many English people reside in Vindol, therefore it goes

There are numerous villages between Valparaiso and the capital, but only two of any size and consequence. They are Quilote and Santa Felice, and at both stations swarms of ragged men and women are always collected when the train stops, with fruits and flowers to sell. Such gorgeous bouquets one sees nowhere else in Chili. They are arranged in high, pine-apple-shaped bunches, often larger than an ordinary water bucket—some composed entirely of sweet-scented violets; others all roses, or all pansies, or of mixed flowers—every one of them put up in the same ungraceful shape and surrounded by a vast circle of scalloped paper. Lazy as these bedraggled traders look, there are no fools among them. Step out upon the platform to purchase a bouquet, and every one of them "sics you up" in the twinkling of an eye. Therefore they unobtrusively demand five dollars for the over-grown bunch of violets (and it would be well worth it if grown in a northern greenhouse), but will take twenty-five cents for its counterpart without a murmur, from a native customer who is posted on local prices. Chilean flowers seem to be particularly short-lived. The hot sun withers

never known any better harrow than a bundle of brush; while all the thrashing of his enormous crop is done by the primitive method of driving horses to and fro over the grain. Arrived in the outskirts of Santiago, we are turned out at a very imposing depot of iron and bricks; and following the crowd, some at length to a long line of waiting street cars and carriages. Securing one of the latter, we have a three-mile drive—through the beautiful Alameda with its six rows of trees and four water-ways, and Dixey-echo avenue lined on both sides with marble palaces,—to the principal hotel on the central plaza.

FANNY B. WARD.

HE WAS FRIZ.

"Didn't you get no money from dat woman yer held up?" asked the first foot-pat. "Aw," replied the other, shivering slightly; "she wuz from Boston." "Well, Boston people has money." "Maybe dey has, but when I see to her, 'Money or yer life, lady, she sez, 'How dare ye speak ter me without de formality of a interdiction,' sez she, an' leaves me froze stiff."—Philadelphia Press.



BROADWAY GIRLS IN THE "FOXY GRANDPA" CO., WITH JOSEPH HART AND CARRIE DeMAR, WHICH APPEARS AT THE SALT LAKE THEATRE, NOV. 26th, 27th, 28th.

and management were entirely on the European plan. During the time of the late President Balmaceda, (who killed himself to save his friends with whom he was hiding after the revolution had turned against him), the Chilean government received 800 cars and 35 locomotives which were manufactured in England after American models. The order was placed in England, instead of in the United States, solely on account of the cheaper rate and more rapid delivery from the former country. Of the 23 ships that now touch regularly at Chilean ports, 21 are English; 23 are German, 9 are French, 7 are Chilean, and 3 are Italian—but not one from the United States. That is, not as it should be, since we are all Americans on this western hemisphere, whether born on the northern or the southern continent, and especially as the younger republics of the north have built themselves upon the shining example of the older sister of the north.

YANKEES OF THE SOUTH.

Chili entertains the most friendly feelings toward the United States, and is so anxious to establish direct and regular steamship communication between the ports of the two countries, that its government will contribute her full proportion toward any reasonable subsidy that may be necessary to secure such service. The proudest boast of these progressive people is that they are called the Yankees of the south. Nowadays, on trips between the sea port and Santiago, there is a parlor coach, with chairs, here known as "the Spooner car," because introduced by a gentleman of that name. At first it was difficult to persuade anybody to pay a dollar for the privilege of riding in a chair, for habit is strong and these good people were quite satisfied with the transit they had been accustomed to, but having once tried the parlor car, they were delighted with it, and now anybody who can command an extra dollar will not ride in any other. The consequence is that the Spooner coach is always crowded, while the others are nearly empty; and so great is the demand for chairs that they are engaged several days in advance, men often deferring their journey until the seats they desire can be secured. The "Spooner" coaches, which for many years were the only ones in use, are as odd inside as their exterior would indicate, each having two long seats running lengthwise from end to end, so that the traveler sits with his back to the window, and his feet in the central aisle, gazing discontentedly at his companions in misery instead of at the flying landscape. The benches are as uncomfortable as pews in a country church, being upholstered in black leather, cold and slippery as glass, and so wide that one cannot rest his back and his toes at the same time.

IN THE HEART OF CHILI.

The engineering problems of this Central Chilean railway do not appear to have been great, at least as compared with those so frequently encountered in Peru. The rise between the sea and Santiago is less than 2,000 feet, and there are no steep grades, nor bridges worth mentioning, and only a few short tunnels. Neither is the scenery so

eral miles along the edge of the bay, close to the gray rocks against which the waves are dashing, while gulls and curlews circle screaming overhead. In one place the hills trend down so closely to the shore that there is barely room for the track, and in stormy weather the car windows are often

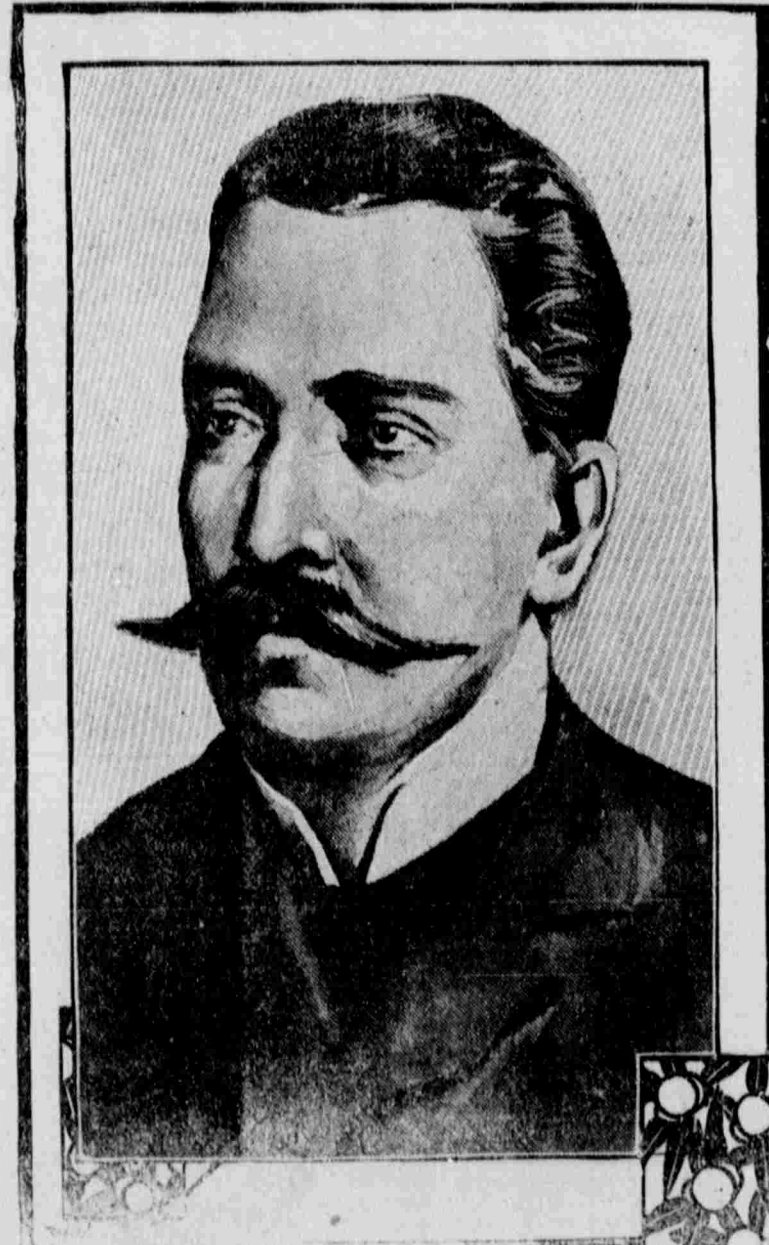
without saying that there is a fine race course, and that horse-back riding is greatly indulged in by both ladies and gentlemen. Nowhere in the world can better society be found and the dinner parties, high teas, lawn fetes and kettle drums are like a bit of London life transferred to this remote corner.

them immediately; the enterprising bouquet vendors plunge those that have failed to sell during the day into the nearest stream, and palm them off as freshly picked on unwary passengers by the night train, who are deceived by their dying fragrance but cannot see their delapidation in the dim light.

QUAINT HAMLETS.

Some of the hamlets along this road are as quaint as their names. There is Lilliall (pronounced Ye-yil), where you take breakfast or supper, according to the train you happen to be on; and Thui-Thal, where you may have a cup of hot tea or a glass of milk, chili, or whisky, and a sandwich, or a cigarette, according to your taste and sex. Then there is Linauche, with its beautiful gardens and orchards, where many families of the middle class, who cannot afford the prices at aristocratic Vindol del Mar, retire to pass a cool and quiet summer; and Los Angeles, where you get on to a branch road if bound for the mountains, or for Mendoza, on the Argentine side of the famous Upsallata Pass, which we must traverse by and by. Hereabouts in Central Chili the country is gently undulating, the hills on both sides covered with green scrub and the valleys crowded with vineyards, orchards and fields of barley and clover. There are occasional groups of palm trees, but they are rather dwarfed and sickly so far from the equator; and we are delighted to behold long stretches of those gorgeous yellow flowers known as "California poppies" wherever the English language is spoken—only in this alien soil they grow much larger than those that carpet the valleys of the Golden State. The fields and pastures of Chili present the most vivid emerald tint I ever saw—perhaps by contrast with the brown of the foothills and the snows of the towering mountains; at any rate they look as much greener than northern barley and clover as the sky bluer and the sunshine brighter. The land is generally owned in immense estates, and irrigation is necessary in nearly all the coast districts. Yet there is no lack of rivers in Chili—as many as 75 of them being deep enough to float crafts of various kinds, with a total navigable length of 2,800 miles; not to mention a multitude of smaller streams, numerous lakes and a long line of sea coast. Farther in the interior the climate is more equable than so near the Pacific, and the soil is prodigiously fertile. Notwithstanding the rude methods of agriculture yet in vogue, the wheat crop is enormous, and there is a remarkable yield of other products—notably potatoes—considering the limited area devoted to farming. Mining is reckoned as Chili's most important industry, and agriculture next. Among the articles of export, wheat and flour figure most prominently; also barley, potatoes, corn, wool, hides, dried and salted beef, honey, hay, butter and cheese. Most of these, however, go no farther than Bolivia and Peru, the country immediately to the northward. Yet the Chilean farmer, as a rule, still plows with a sharp pointed piece of wood, sometimes shod with iron, sometimes not, and has

PRESIDENT OF PANAMA.



Dr. Mutis Duran, the recently deposed governor of Panama, who will probably be the next president of the new republic. His latest picture is presented here.

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