

of their redemption from eternity to eternity. Do not neglect this! God bless you. Amen.

### THE CAPITAL OF CHILE.

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Santiago, Chile, Sept. 11th, 1898.—Santiago is the capital of Chile. It is almost as big as Washington, and in many things it compares favorably with it. Washington is six hours' ride from our chief seaport, New York. Santiago is about six hours by rail from Valparaiso, the chief port of Chile. The way to it is over the coast range of the Andes, and you go from one city to the other in a chair car like those which are on the roads between New York and Washington. Our national capital lies in a basin on the banks of the Potomac. Santiago is cut in two by the River Mapocho and the basin in which it is built is walled by the snowy Andes on one side and on the others by lower mountains which rise one above the other from grassy plains. We have our Capitol Hill. Santiago has its Santa Lucia, a mass of rocks which the volcanic gods of the past have thrown up in all sorts of picturesque shapes. These rocks have a base of about an acre and they rise almost precipitously out of the midst of the city to a height at least three-fifths that of the Washington monument. Their top is far above all the buildings and far higher than the highest flat buildings of New York. Santa Lucia is perhaps the most wonderful hill of any city of the world. It rises like a great fort and on its top there is a theater which is as picturesque as any castle on the Rhine. The sides of the hill are covered with English Ivy, tall eucalyptus trees rise in terraces out of the rocks from its foot to its summit, and with its flowers, gigantic ferns, beautiful grottoes and wonders of rock formation it forms a hanging garden, as wonderful if not so extensive as those of Babylon, resting under the shadow of the Andes above Santiago. Santa Lucia has a restaurant at which you can get your breakfast or give a good dinner, and there are cosy nooks and shady walks where you may spend hours hardly realizing that below you is the liveliest and most cosmopolitan city of western South America.

If you will climb to the Capitol dome you can get a fine view of Washington. It is on Santa Lucia that you get your best outlook over Santiago. I stood upon its peak this morning and took notes of the scene below me. I was in the midst of a vast expanse of square ridges made of terra cotta tiles, out of which here and there rose trees and bushes of green. These ridges were the roofs of the houses, which are all built in Spanish style about patios or courts which form in most cases the only gardens of the people. Some of the dwellings have many patios and their rooms are numbered by scores. From the hill you see that most of the buildings are of one and two stories. They are built close to the streets and the streets cross one another almost at right angles, the city being divided by the Alameda. This is the Pennsylvania avenue, the Champs Elysee, the Unter den Linden of Santiago. It is more than twice as wide as Pennsylvania avenue in Washington, and it runs the full length of the city almost east and west. Two rushing streams of mountain water flow through stone aqueducts along it, and between these are rows of great poplar trees, which furnish an arbor of thick shade extending from one end of Santiago to the other. In this arbor are the statues of many of Chile's heroes, and at every few feet throughout its full length there are stone seats filled with people who are resting after their promenade. Other

green spots in the plain of terra cotta roofs as viewed from Santa Lucia are the great parks of Cousino and the Quinta Normal, or the Agricultural College, the Hipico race course, and the new avenue which has recently been laid out along the River Mapocho. The Mapocho itself is one of Santiago's wonders. It is more than 130 feet wide, and it runs through the city for a distance of about two miles. Throughout this length its bed has been paved with stone, and its banks are massive stone walls, which are now lined with shade trees.

But let us go down from Santa Lucia and take a ride through Santiago on the top of one of the street cars. There is no better way of seeing a city than this, and the street car fares here are the cheapest of the whole world. The roof seats cost only 2½ cents in silver, or about one cent of our money, and it is worth more than that to get the smile which the pretty girl who acts as conductor gives us as she puts our money into the right pocket of her white apron. We notice that the streets are well paved with Belgian block. They are rather narrow, however, and the big oxcarts, which form the drays and freight wagons of Chile, are crowded almost to the walls of the houses as we go whizzing by. How big the houses are and how low. Many of them cover acres and very few are of more than two stories, while the majority have not more than one. In the best parts of the city the houses have Greek fronts. They are all of brick plastered smooth with yellow or white stucco. Their doors are upheld by columns of stucco, and I am sure there are more Corinthian columns in Santiago today than in Athens. Many of the residences are like Italian palaces, and homes, which have cost a hundred thousand dollars and upward are many. I doubt whether there is a capital of its size in the world that spends so much money, and you have only to look at the well-dressed people on the streets and the fine turnouts which pass our tram as we ride through the Alameda to see that Santiago is a very rich city. The same thing is noticeable in the business streets. There are as fine stores here as you will find in an European capital, and the costliest of diamonds sparkle in the jewelers' windows. This is one of the best diamond markets, and the costliest of all kinds of goods are in demand. The show windows are well dressed, and Santiago, as we see on our way to the Plaza de Armes, has several great arcades, roofed with glass, which cut through some of the big business blocks from one side to the other. The plaza where the car stops is the ganglionic center of the Chilean capital. About it are the chief business streets, on one corner is the cathedral, on another the postoffice, and all around are portales or corridors filled with booths and walled at the back with fine stores. The plaza itself is a beautiful little park containing several fountains, palm trees and many tropical plants and flowers. It is surrounded by a hexagonal walk or promenade sixty feet wide, which is as beautifully laid as any tiled floor of a Washington vestibule.

Let us go over there and enter the portales to watch the people buying and selling. This is one of the oldest section of Santiago, and the town, you know, was more than two centuries of age when Washington city was born. The portales have stores much like those of the old cities of Spain and far different from the more modern shops on the other side of the Plaza. They are merely caves in the walls, and their floors are filled with piles of goods so arranged that it is easy for the purchasers to handle them. Some of the merchants have stacked up their best cloths in the doorways or on the walks

outside. There are scores of women moving to and fro through these portales. Many are shopping, and the desire for a good bargain is quite as keen here as at home. The most of the women wear black gowns and their heads are clad in black mantas. The younger girls drape their mantas coquettishly around them, so that they form a sort of bonnet about their beautiful faces. These are the prettiest women I have so far seen in my travels. They are tall and slender, and many have beautiful forms. Their complexions are not so dark as those of the ladies I saw in Peru, and they appear to have more style and intelligence than the girls further north. But let us take a look at the prices. We see that many of the stores have their goods marked and that among the lowest the figures are \$1, \$2 and \$3 a yard. Over there is a store where the silk hats are marked \$25 apiece, and next door is a shop where ladies' shoes are selling for \$10 and \$15 a pair. These prices, however, are in Chilean money, which is worth just about one-third as much as ours, so that the cost of good goods is about the same as at home. All imported articles are higher. For instance, a lady told me yesterday she paid \$30 a pair for the American shoes which she bought in Santiago and that imported bonnets cost \$50 apiece. At the hotel where I stop the price of a good room is \$7 and upward a day, and this includes only two meals. Books are especially dear, and a Statesman's Year Book, which I usually buy for \$2.50 at home, costs me here \$10.50, or more than \$1 more of our money. I can't get a yellow-backed novel in English for less than \$2, and about the only things that are especially cheap are the street cars and cabs. The cab fares are only 7 cents of our money a trip, and the rate for an hour is 35 cents.

Santiago is a city of churches and schools. Nearly all of the churches are Catholic, and the priests are so many that you could hardly throw a stone without hitting one of them. There are schools here of different kinds, from the University of Santiago, which has more than 1,000 students, down to the public primary schools, which are found all over the country, and which are attended by more than 114,000 little Chileans. This is, however, less than one-fifth of the children of school age, so that four out of every five remain at home. I visited the National University. It has branches of law and medicine, as well as the ordinary collegiate departments. No tuition is charged, and the professors are paid by the state. Chile is proud of her educational system, and she is doing all she can to extend it. She spends millions of dollars upon it every year. There are now public schools in all of the towns, and the larger places have liceos, or high schools. There are twenty-five of these in the country. The National Institute or High School of Santiago, has more than 1,000 pupils, and Chile has an additional 411 private schools and colleges, with an average attendance of 18,000 pupils. There are two American schools here, one for girls and another for boys. The girl's school—I should say the girl's college, for it is as good a college as you will find almost anywhere—has been in operation for years, and it has a great reputation in Chile. It is under the direction of Mr. I. H. La Fetra, and it has a corps of eleven American girls who act as its teachers. It has several hundred students, and the daughters of many of the best Chilean families are among them. This school is connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, although religious instruction forms no obligatory part of its tuition. The boy's school is under the Presbyterian church of the United States. It is called the Instituto In-