

## WORD PICTURE OF LIFE IN CHILI.

Oddity of Its Fire Department and How the Bomberos Try to be Strictly Up-to-Date—Something of the White-Gowned Penitents and Their Atonement for Sins.

Special Correspondence.

Valparaiso, Chili, Oct. 10, 1903.—I believe it was in the year 1538 that Don Juan Saavedra—a Spaniard famous for nothing else—captured this locality from the aborigines. He laid it out in three separate towns, and named them respectively "El Puerto" (the port), "El Almendral," and "St. John of God," but had them christened in the lump, so to speak, under the general title of Val-Paraiso—"Vale of Paradise." That port-anciently called "El Puerto" is the only level part of the city and comprises all the business quarter, which until recently consisted of one long, straggling street, close to the beach. The hills, dedicated to San Juan de Dios, which now comprise most of the residence portion, vary in height from 1,000 to 1,400 feet. Nothing can be more exhilarating than an early morning or sunset canter over these breezy

to turn the hose in another direction; or failing in that, to lock doors and windows and stand in front with drawn revolvers to keep the destructive bombers at bay. The alarm system is so arranged by the ringing of bells that those who understand it can instantly locate the scene of disaster. Occasionally the bombers succeed in getting there, engine and all, before a building is quite consumed. They mostly ride up in carriages, and repair to the balconies of neighboring houses, where they watch the burning as if it were a spectacular show gotten up for their benefit. It is the courteous custom of the neighbors, aforesaid, to set out luncheon for these distinguished guests, including wines and beer. When not arrived too late to do anything but partake of the luncheon, the highly excitable amateurs sometimes perform wonderful feats, in the line of slinging babies and mirrors out of upper windows and carefully carrying down feather pillows. The other day I saw a

## TRAIL STRIKES NEW YORK.



CORNELIUS VAN COTT

Postmaster Cornelius Van Cott of New York, in whose office, it is alleged, many of the supplies have been used which are supposed to have been the objects of bribery to officials in the postal department and to politicians now under either indictment or suspension.

heights, along the new road that has been cut out of solid rock, away up on the steep precipices that face the bay. One day we went on foot to the top of the tallest hill, where in time of peace a signal-staff gives notice of approaching vessels. Up and up we climbed, by a winding pathway, part wooden stairs, part stone pavement at a sharp incline and slippery as glass; turning now to the right, now to the left, according to the zigzag trail, clinging to the iron railing that partially protects the path as it rounds the curve of some man's garden while a brisk breeze turned our sunshades wrongside out and threatened to serve our garments in the same manner. At length we were compelled to sit down on the stairs, ostensibly because so charmed with the scene below, but in reality from lack of breath to carry us another step. Just then a handsome Chilean tripped past, trailing a black velvet gown weighted with pounds of jet beads, yet looking unwearied and fresh as a rose-bud in June. But she lives up there and is used to it, and that makes all the difference in the world, you know! A boy with a hundred-foot ladder might climb from the "Puerto" straight up into her back yard in three minutes time, while to reach her front door she must wind around the hills a mile or more. Almost any resident of this part of town could easily surprise his nearest neighbor by slipping off his own porch and landing on the latter's roof; and if a child should happen to fall from the window of many a house he would bring up on the stone-paved street, 500 feet below. But the glorious view is worth climbing for. There are beautiful hills, rising one above another, dancing cataracts and majestic mountains; there is a crescent-shaped bay without a ripple upon its burnished surface, its ships motionless as sheeted ghosts, and its rolling tide washing the gray rocks at our feet—all combining to produce an effect of profound peacefulness. Viewed from this altitude, the streets in the level portions of the town look insignificant, but their vast array of red-tiled roofs make a pleasing picture. The houses are mostly three-storied, with thick walls plastered to represent stone. Spanish-American architecture, although different from anything found at the north, has its beauties and advantages. Among the latter may be mentioned the important fact that the houses are hard to burn. Roofs of earthen tiles, imbedded in dry mud, are extremely picturesque, especially in these moist sections, where their dull red surface soon takes on a coating of moss and lichens. Should a fire originate in the rafters, or in the boards and sheathing beneath, it would go out of its own accord after they were burned away, because the heavy mud covering, falling in, would effectually smother the conflagration.

## HIGH-TONED FIREMEN.

By the way, one of the institutions of Chili most conspicuous for its oddity is the fire department. All natives are compelled by law to serve as Bomberos (firemen), or in the militia; and as most of the young swell men prefer the former, the fire-companies resemble clubs, or similar social organizations, and are cliqued according to the strictest rules of caste. It is intensely funny to see the Bomberos out on a drill, which is made the occasion for a stunning display of smart uniforms of white linen and glittering nickel-plated helmets; and funnier still to see them at a fire—except for those whose property is being destroyed. The gorgeous Bomberos were never known to put out a fire, but their efforts, when they condescend to make any, are merely directed to checking its spread by deluging adjacent houses, thereby generally accomplishing quite as much damage by water as is done by the fire. It is not uncommon for some nearby merchant, whose stock in trade would be hopelessly ruined if the firemen were allowed their own reckless way, to pay sums of money to the chiefs of the companies to induce them

so. After a vast amount of spread-eagle talk, in print and in public speeches, the citizens organized a company of Bomberos, composed mainly of the "dilled youth," and purchased a monster fire engine, at unheard of expense in transportation. But they found no use for either, except in showy parades, followed by nights of convivial rejoicing and the usual resultant "big heads." When that kind of fame became an old story, some of the good people determined to redeem their city from the imputation of being behind the times, at any cost. An insurance agent was encouraged to visit Concepcion, and he succeeded in issuing a number of policies, for about double the value of the property insured. A night or two afterwards there was a rousing blaze—not any trifling, second class affair, but a genuine conflagration, in which coal oil and other combustibles caused the flame to leap and dance right merrily. The citizens were in ecstasies. Everybody turned out to see the fun. Church bells rang jubilantly. The new engine was dragged through the streets in triumph, and even the Bomberos managed to arrive in time to be "in at the death." One by one they came sauntering up, some on foot, others in carriages, all having tarried to dress up for the occasion in their brand new uniforms. In short, it was an eminently satisfactory performance—for everybody but the insurance company. The owners of the burned buildings came out some thousands of dollars ahead, for the alleged damages had to be paid, because the insurance business was yet in its infancy in Chili, and the company knew that refusal would be a death blow to their hopes of future prosperity.

WHITE-GOWNED PENITENTS. Another novelty, seen nowhere but in Chili, is the wearing of white mantas and white dresses by penitents, or women who have committed some sin, for which they desire to atone by thus advertising the fact. The black Manta, or shawl, with which the women of Peru and Bolivia universally cover the head and shoulders, is also used here, though most ladies of the aristocracy in Chili have discarded it except for church going, on other occasions sporting the finest French millinery. But if going to mass, a manta you must wear, for no other style of headgear is permitted inside a sanctuary.

## HAT CAUSES TROUBLE.

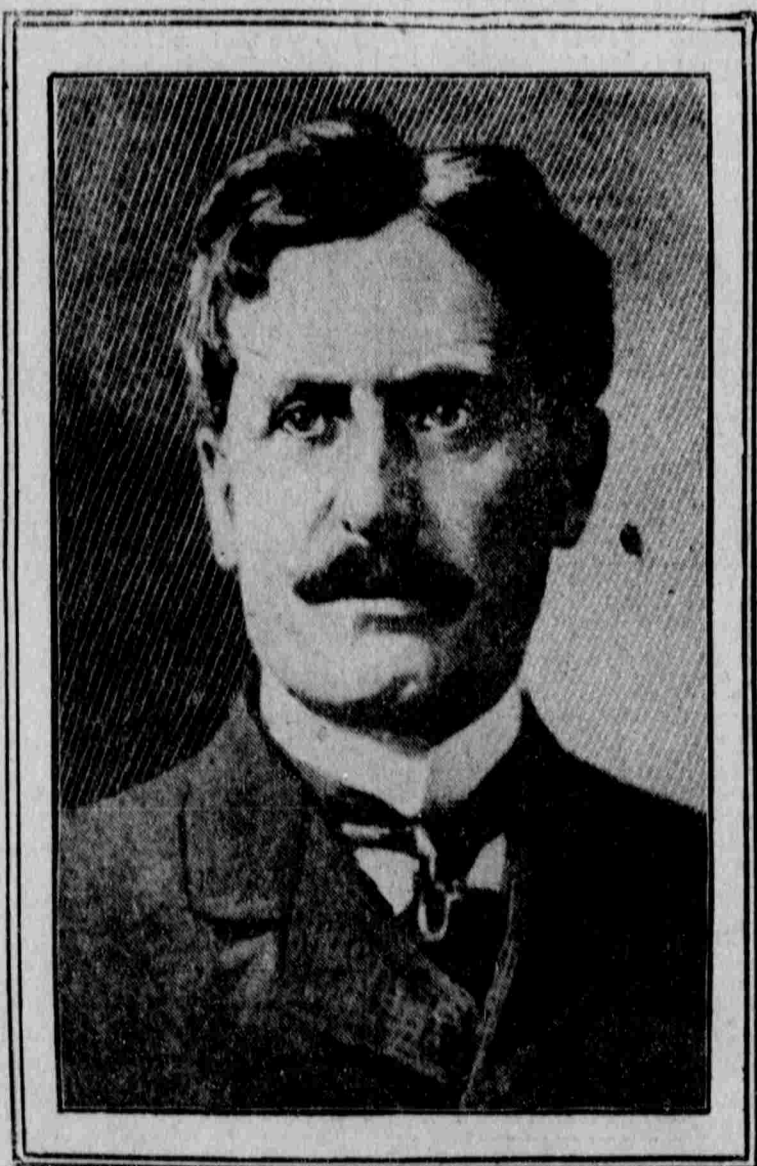
In this connection I am reminded of the recent experience of a Philadelphia couple who are making a wedding journey around the world and took in South America on the way. The bride, who is one of the sweetest and demurest little women I ever met, told me, with a blush of mortification, how they were actually turned out of a Santiago church. There was a grand mass for some religious festa; and, being in utter ignorance of local custom, the lady wore her traveling hat—a modest toque, of black chip. She says that the moment they entered the door, a woman came hurriedly forward and whispered something in an angry tone—in Spanish, of which language our friends do not understand a word. As they passed along the aisle, another woman stepped up to stay their progress; then another and another, each gesticulating more vehemently than her predecessors, but whispering the same words. Considerably astonished, but knowing no cause for dismay and feeling sustained by conscious rectitude, the young Philadelphia couple went serenely to those who accosted them, and having chosen a retired spot behind a pillar, prepared with due reverence to enjoy the ceremonies. But a black-gowned priest strode down from the altar, took my lady by the arm and politely walked her out, followed of course by the now wrathful husband; and not until they met an English-speaking acquaintance did they learn the cause of their ejection—all on account of that modest little toque.

## THE MANTA BECOMING.

Though the manta is exceedingly becoming to everybody, it suits the big black eyes of these southern sisters better than the Saxon blue or gray. It not only heightens grace and beauty, but hides slovenly dressing and all defects of figure. When properly draped, it makes an old woman look young, a skeleton form into a reasonably plump, a meal-bag-tied-in-the-middle shape almost slender, and renders a handsome face irresistible. Some of the mantas, of rich silk, coated all over with heavy embroidery and edged with the real Spanish lace, cost from \$150 to \$300. There are cheaper all-wool varieties that drape equally well and have an embroidered vine running around the edges, which sell for between \$20 and \$100; while coarser grades, commonly worn by servants and los pobres, can be bought as low as \$5. But the mantas of the penitents are none of these, being strips of white wool-delaine—say three yards long by a yard wide—and entirely without adornment, though worn in the same coquettish fashion as the black ones. The wearers go about the streets with downcast eyes, recognizing no one and apparently looking at nothing.

FANNIE B. WARD.

## OHIO'S GOVERNOR-ELECT.



COL. MYRON T. HERRICK

No election contest was watched more closely than was that between the rival candidates for governor of Ohio. The re-election of Gov. Herrick is regarded as a strong blow to Democracy and ensures the re-election of United States Senator Hanna.

## AT LEYSON'S.

A BARGAIN HUNTER is rarely a buyer of bargains, and is seldom as economical a buyer as one who recognizes and takes advantage of good value when found. Good value is not reckoned by price paid as much as by the merit of the article purchased. Many merchants advertise their best values in their January sales after the holiday shopping is over; but it is our purpose to call attention to our best values in every line at a time when our patrons really want them.

Christmas is approaching, and it is an excellent time for prospective buyers to consider what we have to say. All goods sold by us are guaranteed to satisfy the purchaser. No better or more comprehensive guarantee can be given.

We are here going to talk about two lines of merchandise, both of great intrinsic worth and of more than ordinary interest to Christmas buyers.

## DIAMONDS.

Next to money people value Diamonds, and in giving money for Diamonds they are but right in demanding its equivalent.

If a fair exchange has been made between merchant and customer, the latter is owner of an article of trade which is always marketable.

Diamonds have as many defects as people and are much more difficult to remedy; and because of this the average buyer is fearful of his own judgment and doubts the merchant.

ANY BUYER OF ONE OF THESE STONES MENTIONED BELOW, CAN GET THE FULL PURCHASE PRICE ANY TIME WITHIN TWELVE MONTHS FROM DATE OF PURCHASE UPON REQUEST OF US. THIS OFFER APPLIES TO THIS LOT ONLY.

We have just bought \$15,000 worth of unmounted crystal white stones in four separate packages. We bought these gems because we got them below the prevailing market price and know positively that an advance of fifteen per cent will be asked before February 1, 1904.

We will mount these diamonds only to order. They range in price from \$25 to \$250 each, and are pure white and strictly gems of the "first water."

We propose to sell this lot at a margin of profit so low that we will turn them into cash rapidly.

## STERLING TABLEWARE.

All Western people know that silver bullion has advanced quite noticeably in price recently.

As a natural consequence every silver-smith in America has advanced their prices on silver tableware within the past thirty days.

Fortunately our stock was all bought before the advance, and marked to sell at \$1.00 an ounce for most patterns and 95 cents an ounce for some of them. These prices have never been undersold, and we propose to give our patrons sterling ware at our old prices as long as our present stock will last.

The extremes in sterling designs were never so far apart as now, and never before did individual fancy demand so many finishes, designs and weights.

Beyond the convincing argument of price, we claim the right to all patronage in sterling ware, as we have the most abundant stock in the state, AND ALL OF STANDARD MAKES.

We are selling Gorham's "Lancaster" tea spoons at, a set . . . \$3.25

We are selling Wallace's "Rose" tea spoons at, a set . . . \$3.75

We are selling Whiting's "Louis XV" tea forks at, a set . . . \$6.50

And can furnish anything from a silver spoon to an \$850.00 Chest of Silver in any one of fifteen patterns.

Remember our 95c and \$1.00 an ounce silver.

FINALLY—We are in the Jewelry Business to lead, never to follow. We have spent \$20,000 in modernizing and improving our business during the past six months. We have added to and filled in lines of the choicest merchandise carried in any jewelry store in the country. We have anticipated the growth of our city and the demands of our people, and propose to sell goods cheaper than our competitors by selling more of them. Every buyer helps us sell cheaper. The quantity sold reduces the cost of handling each piece.

We are sincere in our purposes and promises, and invite the public to profit by our enterprise, and spend their money where the smallest profit is asked.

**Leyson's**  
JEWELERS.  
236 MAIN ST.  
SALT LAKE CITY.