

glese and it proposes to give Chilean boys an academic and collegiate education. It has handsome buildings and grounds and is fairly well attended. Santiago also has its normal schools and military schools. It has an agricultural college, and an experimental farm. It has a fish commission and a weather bureau, which gives forecasts of the weather just as our bureau at Washington. It has the cheapest telegraph system I have ever met with in any country. The telegraph is owned by the government, and you can send a ten-word message to any part of Chile for about 7 cents of our money. There are now about 9,000 miles of wire in the country and all of the large cities can be reached by telegraph. The postal service is good. More than sixty million letters and newspapers are sent through the mails every year, and the mails are safe. Girls are employed as postal clerks, and when I register this letter for the United States it will be a Chilean maiden who will lick the stamps and give me the registry receipt. She will only charge me a sum equal to three and one-half of our cents for doing so and the postage to the United States will be less than you will pay our post office to send your letters to Chile.

I wish I could take you into some of the big houses of Santiago and show you how the wealthy Chileans live. Every one here is now talking of hard times, and I am told that many of the supposedly very wealthy people are mortgaged to the eyes. However that may be, they spend enormous amounts of money and live like very princes. I have been in houses here which were furnished as expensively as some of the palaces of Europe. Many of them have their billiard rooms and ball rooms. They contain fine paintings and statues and elegant furnishings. The curtains in one palace on the Alameda cost \$200,000, another house is a reproduction of the Alhambra in Spain, and a third, situated in a garden of five acres has a series of beautiful halls, ending in a Moorish bath room, with a marble pool in the center of the floor big enough to form the bath tub of an elephant. The most of these immense houses are of one or two stories, the rooms running around patios or gardens. They have ceilings which are fifteen or more feet high, and they are furnished with more regard to striking effect than to comfort. Much of the furniture is plated with gold leaf, and the general style of the hangings is French. There are no fireplaces nor stoves, nor chimneys with which they could be connected if desired. Still, Santiago has a temperate climate. It is as cold here just now as at Atlanta in the winter, and I am writing in my room at the hotel with my feet in a fur bag and a poncho over my shoulders. The Chilean gentlemen keep on their overcoats, and the ladies their furs in their parlors, and it is not an uncommon thing for men to wear their top coats over their dress suits when at dinner.

The meals of a rich Chilean family are different from ours. No one comes down stairs for his first meal. This is served in the bed rooms, and is usually eaten in bed. It consists of coffee and rolls, without butter or an extra spread in the way of jam. This meal is called desayuno. It is hardly considered a meal, but I am charged ten cents a day extra for it at my hotel. Breakfast, or almuerzo, is taken at 11 or 12 o'clock. It consists of a soup, some fish and some meat, with perhaps a pancake at the close. This is the breakfast you also get at the hotels. As a rule, wine is taken with breakfast, and a small cup of coffee after it. At 7 or 8 in the evening comes dinner. This is much like the breakfast, only much more elaborate. There are al-

ways wines on the table, and there are many courses served separately. There are soup, fish, entrees, roasts, game and salads, ending up with dessert. The food is rather heavy, as a rule, and the Chilean is a big eater. His country produces excellent food of all kinds, and the temptation is to eat too much. I have never dined more generously than in Chile, and have never visited a country where the hotels were uniformly so good.

But to return to the butterflies of Chile, for indeed the lives of many of the rich people here are almost as idle as that of the butterfly. I am speaking, of course, of the wealthy classes. They rise at about 8 or later, and the hours from the time they get up until breakfast are spent in walking or driving and attending to business. After breakfast they take a rest and between 3 and 6 p. m. they are ready to receive or make calls. At 6 every person of note who possesses a carriage goes to the Cousino Park. All are dressed in their best clothes, the men wearing silk hats, frock coats and well-cut suits, and the women having on Paris-made gowns and bonnets or hats. At the park they parade in their carriages up and down the principal drives and stare at each other. After about thirty minutes, by a sort of common consent, they all make for the Alameda, where they form a procession of carriages three or four abreast and parade up and down this street for a distance of about four blocks, still staring at one another. The driving is superintended and guarded by mounted policemen, and the scene is imposing, although it seems rather stilted and fantastic to a stranger. The vehicles are of all kinds. There are high drags, victorias, landaus and four-in-hands, some driven by their owners and some by coachmen in gorgeous liveries. The parade continues for perhaps half an hour, during which time no one speaks to another, but merely bows to his friends. After the parade all go home to dinner, some one carriage breaking the line and the others following suit on the trot.

After dinner the swells of Santiago go to the opera. There is here one of the largest opera houses on this hemisphere. It is known as the Municipal Theater, and it is subsidized by the government. Every year it has a season of Italian opera, the companies being brought from Italy. The season lasts for eighty nights and nearly every person of prominence has his box for the season, which costs him \$1,200 in Chilean money, a sum equal to about \$400 American gold. Each box will hold six people, and all of the boxes are taken, although two of the galleries of the large theater are divided up in boxes. Ladies and gentlemen always wear full dress at the opera and the ladies are usually resplendent with diamonds. As a rule the swells pay but little attention to the music, devoting most of their time to looking at each other. For this season the lights are never turned down during the acts. The ladies take their hats off when they enter the boxes. The men keep their heads mare during the acting, but as soon as the curtain goes down every man puts on his hat. Between the acts both ladies and gentlemen go out and promenade in the lobbies of the theater. Here there are restaurants where the ladies can have ices and to which the gentlemen go to get refreshments, not ices. All kinds of liquors are sold and you can have anything of the sort from a bottle of champagne to a special variety of cocktail which was introduced into Chile by a former secretary of the American legation. It is the one thing American that now holds and will always hold its own in Chile. During these intermissions there is visiting going on among

friends in the boxes, and the whole affair, is, indeed, more a social occasion than a musical one. The Chileans do not have as close social intercourse as we do, and I have yet to hear of women's clubs in Chile. The people are fond of dancing and the president often combines a dancing party with one of his big receptions. At such times the display of diamonds on the part of the ladies is gorgeous in the extreme. Quarts of these precious stones are dragged out of the vaults and their brilliancy vies with that of the electric lights. At a recent reception one lady wore eight diamond stars and another a large bouquet of diamonds. There were chokers of diamonds, buckles of diamonds, and, in fact, almost every kind of diamond ornament you can imagine. None of the ladies wore such common things as roses, though one or two had on bouquets of orchids so rare that in New York they would have cost as much as jewels.

Another social feature of Santiago is the races, which are held regularly every Sunday afternoon during the season under the auspices of the Club Hípico. This is the event of the week. Gentlemen come dressed in tail hats, black frock coats, light or dark pantaloons and white kids. The ladies put on their handsomest street gowns and they call upon one another between heats. The race course is just back of the Park Cousino, in the heart of the city. It is right under the shadow of the Andes and is one of the finest tracks in the world. The horses are excellent, and a race in Santiago is one of the great sights of South America.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

#### BEFORE AND AFTER THE BATTLE

Theodore Cleghorn, a member of Battery A, Utah volunteers, writes to his family as follows:

Camp Dewey, Manila,  
Philippine Islands,  
July 31st, 1898.

Dear Mother, Father and Sisters—We have at last got into encampment and I am not very sorry either for I got very tired of the boat. This is a beautiful place; it seems to me just like a picture. Our tent is pitched under a large palm tree which keeps us cool through the day. Ellis and I go out nearly every day and get fruits of all kinds from the natives. Bananas and coconuts grow wild. You, I guess, have often heard of the bread fruit—there is lots of it here, but I don't like it.

For the first time I was fired upon this morning; our section and section five was to the front last night. We were posted in the entrenchments which had been thrown up by the infantry in the last few days for gun pits. This was as near as any of the battery boys had been to the Spanish lines. The difference between our lines and the enemy's is a little over 150 yards, just in easy range for the Spanish sharpshooters to pick us off, one by one. But for some reason or other they did not continue. Whether they were afraid or not I don't know. This was before daybreak, but when we got our guns into position and everything ready for action, we heard the report of two large guns. Just then two 6-inch shells whizzed past over our heads in the neighborhood of about 100 feet. But that was close enough to make us duck. I guess they only intended to give us a morning salute. The only thing I don't like about this place is that we have to get up at 4:15 in the morning and it never gets light till 6 at the earliest; but it is the best time to drill. The hottest day we have had yet was last Monday, 26 in the shade. You may not think that hot, but it was very sultry. I don't know exactly when we are going to make an attack, but I