

COAST TOWNS OF CHILI.

The Agricultural Section of This Long and Narrow Country.

Special Correspondence.

Talcahuano, Chili, Dec. 26.—Returning from Cruise's island to Talcahuano, about midway along the southern Pacific, I had no such novelty and interest here that the impulse is strong to stop for a time. Though the northern half of the republic is richer in minerals and large cities, the central and southern portions comprise nearly all the agricultural area, which will insure permanent prosperity after the gold and silver and nitrate and guano of the deserts in the north are exhausted. In a special point of view, the south is certainly to be preferred, with its lofty mountains, great rivers, green valleys, and dark forests whose dwellers the yet unconquered Araucanians—the bravest Indians in South America. All the coal of Chili is found in the south, which sells from \$25 to \$30 per ton, and all the timber, and though it has neither a Santiago nor a Valparaiso, the city of Concepcion is not a great way behind, being reckoned third in size in the republic, while Valdivia, Linares, Coronel, Imperial and other growing towns are already of considerable importance. In short, its southern half is to Chili what the great west is to the United States, and is a comparatively new possession, having been part of Patagonia until a recent period, when that territory was divided between Chili and the Argentine Republic.

BAY OF CONCEPCION.

The bay of Concepcion is about six miles long by four miles wide, and is by all odds the best and safest for large vessels on the coast of Chili. The port of Talcahuano occupies its southwest angle, with the villages of Ponce, Liriquen and Tago on the east, the island of Quiriquina at the entrance, and the important city of Concepcion only 29 miles inland, reached by railway in a few moments. The name of this port, by the way, is pronounced as if spelled Thal-cab-wan-oh, accented on the third syllable.

Viewed from the deck of a steamer, the village presents a beautiful appearance, but, like other South American coast towns, the distance lends enchantment. Its picturesque church spire forms a conspicuous mark toward which ships steer to anchor, and a wooden pier jut far out into the bay. There is a large dock, an arsenal, a seaman's hospital, a signal station on a lookout hill, and at the western end of the village, close down to the sea, is a handsome railway station, from which trains run both north and south, thus bringing the port into direct communication with the interior.

DESTROYED BY TIDAL WAVE.

There are government works in Concepcion where repairs to the machinery of vessels can be effected, and I am told that the yearly shipping in the bay averages 1,000 vessels. About 69 years ago Talcahuano was entirely destroyed by an earthquake. After the first shaking-up, the inhabitants fortunately for themselves, fled en masse to the low hills behind the town; and from that vantage ground, with the earth trembling so violently beneath them that it was impossible to stand upright, they beheld an awful sight. The ocean receded a long distance, and then advanced in three successive waves—each an unbroken wall of water 30 feet in height, dragging ships from their anchors and dashing some of them far inland; then the subsidence of the billows swept houses from their foundations and bore away the ruins, together with flocks and herds, leaving the townsite desolate and empty. The citizens homeless and poverty-stricken, Talcahuano has now a population of 5,000 or so, and, like other Chilean villages, is mostly built of adobe, though there are a few brick and frame houses in the place, belonging to German and English residents. Its narrow, dusty streets are generally pavementless, and there is one plaza, where—if you share the native fondness for that kind of amusement—you may wander about among peons, dogs, donkeys and fleas, and behold frouzy women sitting in their doorways strumming upon guitars. During the summer-time, which is the winter of our latitude, you know, this port is a great resort for whale-ships, though they are now much less numerous than formerly; and then the streets abound with drunken sailors, who are sure to be found in some sort of disturbance. Here, as at Valparaiso, notwithstanding the long pier, ships are laden and unladen by means of launches. The boatmen are distinctive class of citizens, who follow no other business from generation to generation. A launch is rowed near the beach, and then forced up on its stern foremost, as

far as the depth of the water will permit; and then the men, naked, except for a piece of cloth about the loins through the surf, cutting articles ashore, no matter what their weight. Their muscular frames become wondrously developed by this sort of exercise, and it is astonishing with what rapidity they perform the work.

The country in the neighborhood of Talcahuano amply rewards cultivation, and some of the valleys back of Concepcion are said to be among the richest in the world. All kinds of fruits, grains and vegetables are produced in abundance; beef, mutton, pork and fowls are well fattened and cheap, and fish can be netted in incredible quantities from the beach at flood-tide.

Speaking of the fisheries reminds me of St. Peter's day, which is made a great fiesta in all the coast towns of Chili. Peter was a fisherman, you know, and this country has a great many miles of sea shore, while its greatest width is not so wide but that a large proportion of the people can journey to the ocean—on foot if need be—to worship the Saint in a fit and becoming manner. Of course it is made a holiday, for nobody dreams of working at such a time. With the first peep of dawn all the bells are rung, and in every church the usual six o'clock mass is celebrated. The largest sanctuary in the place has been decorated beforehand for the occasion with flags and flowers and votive offerings around the shrines of the holy fishermen. At 10 a. m. the people congregate, and a procession is formed to march down to the ocean. A life-sized wax or wooden figure, richly dressed, representing the apostle Peter, is carried at the head of the procession with great pomp and ceremony. Arrived at the water's edge, the image is placed in a boat and held over the sea, and at Talcahuano it is rowed all around the bay, while priests bless the waters that they may produce fish abundantly. Those who expect to reap the reward of this salutary patronage, the poor fishermen, are highly taxed to pay for the performance.

Pose on the opposite side of the bay, (pronounced Poo-ay, according to the final syllable), is a favorite summer resort for the people of this section. A tiny steamer, 50 feet long by 15 wide, with a canvas awning to protect the passengers from sun and rain, plies continually between Talcahuano and Ponce. It was bought one day by an energetic German, for what loose change he happened to have in his vest pocket, and now he realizes no less than \$10,000 dollars a year carrying passengers across the bay. It seems strange that so much of the business of Chili's coast is in the hands of foreigners. At Ponce one hears more English, French and German spoken than Spanish, and frequently when wrestling with the native dialect in an effort to buy something, you are surprised by the question, "Don't you speak Eng-

lish, madame?" They make barrels in Ponce, and wine, whisky and brandy to fill them; also flour, brick, tiling and an excellent quality of woolen cloth. The bathing is said to be exceptionally good, but there are no bath houses, and I am informed that it is the custom for parties coming here to bring along small tents in which matters of dress may be adjusted; or matters of undress rather, for strollers on the beach at almost any hour may see men, women and children displaying themselves gloriously in the water in a perfectly nude condition, who appear neither startled nor embarrassed by the gaze of beholders.

CITY OF CONCEPCION.

The city of Concepcion, formerly named Penco, was situated on the eastern side of the bay; but its repeated destruction by the sea, earthquakes and the Araucanian Indians, finally drove the inhabitants nine miles inland, where they located the present city upon the northern bank of the river Bio-Bio, a large, navigable stream. Old Penco, as the former town is now called, possesses peculiar interest from its historical associations. For it was here that Pedro de Valdivia first raised the cross of Spain in southern Chili in the year 1550. All that is now to be seen of its former greatness are the remains of an ancient fort, or water-battery, with walls six feet thick and of great extent. On the facade the Spanish coat of arms, covered in a space eight feet square, is cut in stone. The road from Talcahuano to Concepcion traverses a sandy plain,

dotted here and there by bushes and dwarf trees. As the traveler approaches he sees what at first appears to be a few scattered huts at the base of a range of sand-hills and not far off the mighty Bio-bio; and is amazed to find himself almost immediately afterwards in the midst of a city of 20,000 people. It was noon when we reached Concepcion, and in passing through a long street to our hotel, we saw only three animated objects—a muleter, a boy and a donkey. It was the siesta hour, and the whole city was asleep; and in broad day among thousands of human beings, utter silence reigned. The hotel to which we were directed is quaint enough to merit description. There is a passage in the center through which donkeys, laden with wood, bags of water, sacks of coal, baskets of vegetables, dead pigs, sheep, etc., are driven on their way to the kitchen. The only room to sit in is the dining room, which is floored with brick and has a bay of liquors on one corner. All the bedrooms open on the central court, and if you are partial to light and air enough to keep a door or window open, their interiors may be scanned at leisure by all the neighbors.

That the quaint old city has made many advances in civilization the following true story will show: A little more than 40 years ago, a beautiful girl, whose parents were among the wealthiest citizens of Concepcion, married the son of another equally prominent family, and the pair settled down to housekeeping with flattering prospects of future happiness. Children

came to the case, and for a few years their domestic felicity was undisturbed. Then the demon of jealousy took possession of the wife (whether on reasonable grounds, I do not know); and one night, while the husband slept, she deliberately poured a kettle of boiling water over his face and head. After a few hours of horrible torture, he died; and so did she, seven days later, in a no less shocking manner. Though her father offered the whole of his wealth to save her life, and tendered the governor a million dollars in gold, the woman—who was still young and handsome—was dragged, screaming, to the "Hill of Death," or place of public execution. There, according to her sentence, she was shot; and then her yet warm body was sewn up in a sack, together with living snakes and rats, and sunk in the middle of the Bio-Bio.

FANNIE B. WARD.

A Startling Test.

To save a life, Dr. T. G. Merritt, of No. Mehoopany, Pa., made a startling test resulting in a wonderful cure. He writes: "A patient was attacked with violent hemorrhages, caused by ulceration of the stomach. I had often found Electric Bitters excellent for acute stomach and liver troubles so I prescribed them. The patient gained from the first, and has not had an attack in 11 months." Electric Bitters are positively guaranteed for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and Kidney troubles. Try them. Only 50c at Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

PEN PICTURE OF PINCHOT.

Forester of the United States Who is Leaving an Enduring Mark on the Country's Economic Life.

Special Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—There are few men at Washington who are likely to leave a deeper or more lasting mark upon the country's economic life than the young man who five years ago, at the age of thirty-three, became forester of the United States. Presidents, cabinets and legislatures come and go, but if Gifford Pinchot lives he may reasonably hope to devote the space of a generation to the important work he has in hand. And the nature of the work is such that its influence will be felt for a thousand years to come.

Mr. Pinchot was deliberately educated for the career in which he is now engaged. A native of Connecticut, he graduated from Yale in 1889 and then studied forestry in France, Germany, Switzerland and Austria. He began his first systematic forest work in Blount county, North Carolina, in January, 1892, on the famous estate of George W. Vanderbilt. He also served as a member of the National Forest commission, which drew the boundaries of the Cleveland forest reserves. He has been a large contributor to the literature of the subject which supplies his life work, and has done much in this way to bring it home to the popular comprehension. He became forester under the department of agriculture on July 1, 1898, and has gradually perfected the organization of a superb working force of young men which now covers the entire country. In the south and in the Adirondack region of New York his plans for scientific lumbering and reforestation have been quite generally accepted by those engaged in the industry.

It is in the great mountain regions of the west, however, that Mr. Pinchot finds his widest and most important field. There the relation of the forestry to the economic life of the entire community is much deeper and more far-reaching than anywhere else. The preservation of the forest is not merely a question of a continued supply of timber in its raw and unmanufactured form, but it is also a question of content with powerful opposition, for it is regarded as somewhat revolutionary, remote from large centers, sparsely populated and distinct in a spirit of enterprise which older societies can hardly appreciate. The far west has craved development and coveted capital without the most thoughtful regard for the interests of posterity. The destruction of a timbered watershed, here and there, by wasteful lumbering has been regarded as the loss of only a drop from the full bucket of local resources, while the investment of capital in mills, railroads and the employment of large amounts

of labor has seemed a complete offset. The first step in the new plan was the setting aside of millions of acres as forest reserves. This excited intense opposition in many localities. It was claimed that much land which had no value for reservations, and that both grazing and the settlement of agricultural soil would be unreasonably interfered with in consequence. Mr. Pinchot replied by saying that these boundaries were only tentative, and that when accurate lines are drawn all land not valuable for reserves will be excluded; further, that livestock will be allowed to graze in the reserves under permits, providing for the enforcement of reasonable measures. There were many influential men who asserted that the forests are not valuable in conserving water supply and that they save, far, absorb more water than the forest grows again very quickly, almost as soon as the trees are cut. Mr. Pinchot replied that the forest holds the snow better than the forest itself.

In answer to this formidable objection, Mr. Pinchot replied that these boundaries were simply mistakes—that the experience of all mankind shows that the forests do regulate the streams. This experience is definitely confirmed by local studies made in various parts of the west and is conclusively settled by the highest authorities on the subject in the United States.

But the most serious misapprehension was the notion that the setting apart of reserves, and the scientific management of forestry to follow, would end largely curtail the lumbering industry on mountain watersheds. To this objection, the forester made the following notable response:

"I am not a preserver of trees. I am a cultivator of trees. It is the essence of forestry to have trees harvested when they are ripe and followed by successive crops. The human race is not destroyed because the individual tree dies. Every individual must die, but the race lives on. So every tree must die, but the forest will be extended and multiplied. It by no means follows that the face of the land shall be denuded, so that the character of the watershed shall be altered, with the resulting injury to streams and to agricultural lands dependent upon them.

It is not necessary for the people to understand the real object of the new really conservative of all the economic interests of the country—of agriculture, of mining, of grazing and of lumbering itself, as well as of all the commercial interests which depend upon the prosperity of these fundamental industries.

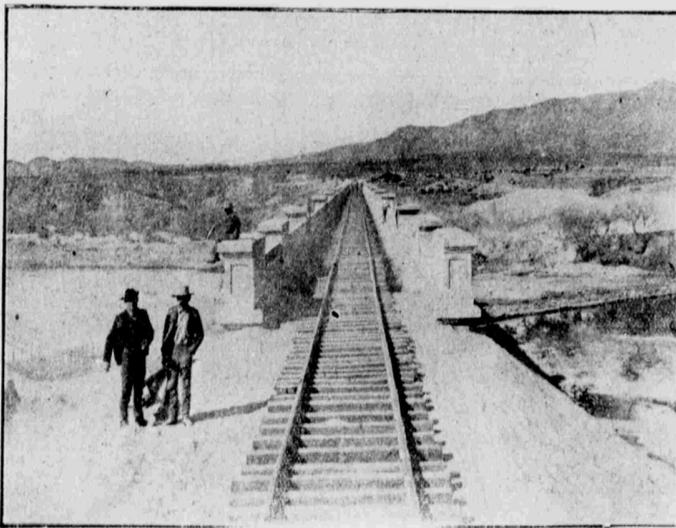
There is an inspiration in the work to which Gifford Pinchot has set his hand. He is not only aiming to establish a new era of forestry, but to place existing timber lands under which the product forever in regular crops, to make trees spring into life where they have been wantonly destroyed and even where they have never grown within the memory of living men.

There are now 55 reserves, covering the enormous area of 62,354,960 acres. A bill now pending in Congress and favorably reported in the house provides for the transfer of these reserves to Mr. Pinchot's bureau of forestry in which is to be consolidated all the forestry work of the government, now divided among the several bureaus.

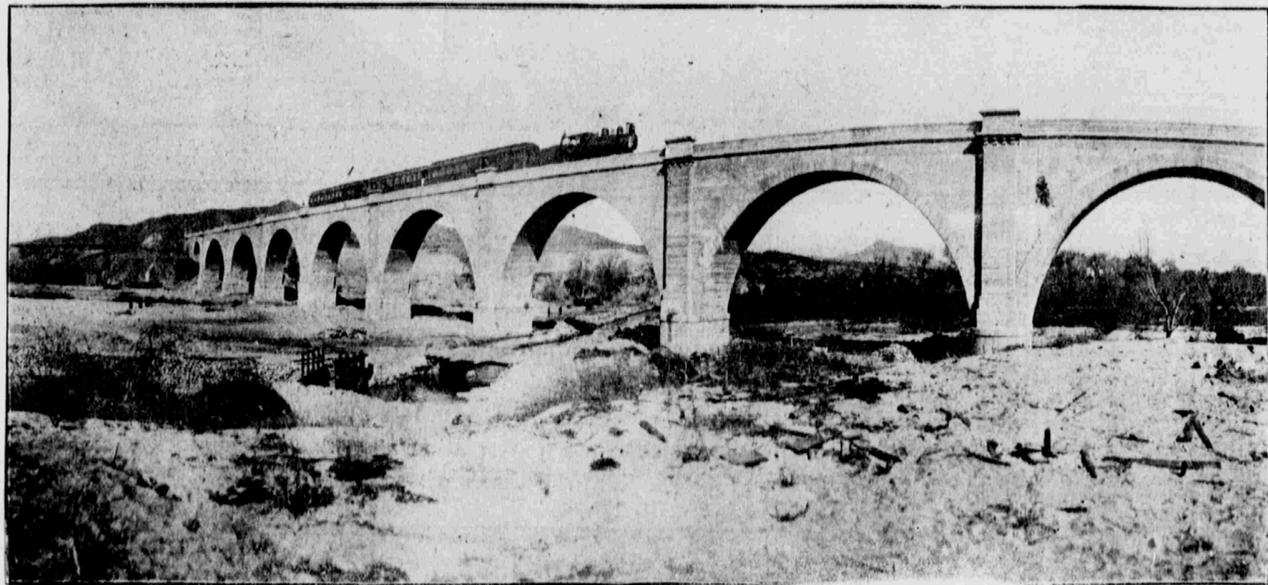
But the government, looking to its present welfare, as well as to future generations, should go further even than this. It should quit the present practice, under the timber and stone law, of selling at \$2.50 an acre, timber lands which are worth in many instances \$20 and even \$100 an acre, and place all the public timber and stone reserves, to be forever owned by the government, allowing the government forester to of course sell the timber to the highest bidder, and under regulations which will insure the perpetuation of the forests, and prevent the denudation of vast areas, and preserve our water supply. By selling government timber at its real market value, the government will obtain a million dollars where it now receives a thousand dollars, under the operation of the timber and stone law.

The first duty of Congress, then, is to repeal this act, along with the desert land act and the commutation clause of the homestead act under which an equal squandering of the great land resources of the government is occurring month by month.

GUY E. MITCHELL.



APPROACH TO BIG VIADUCT.



FIRST TRAIN OVER SANTA ANA VIADUCT (CAL.) ON SALT LAKE ROUTE, LARGEST CONCRETE BRIDGE IN AMERICA.

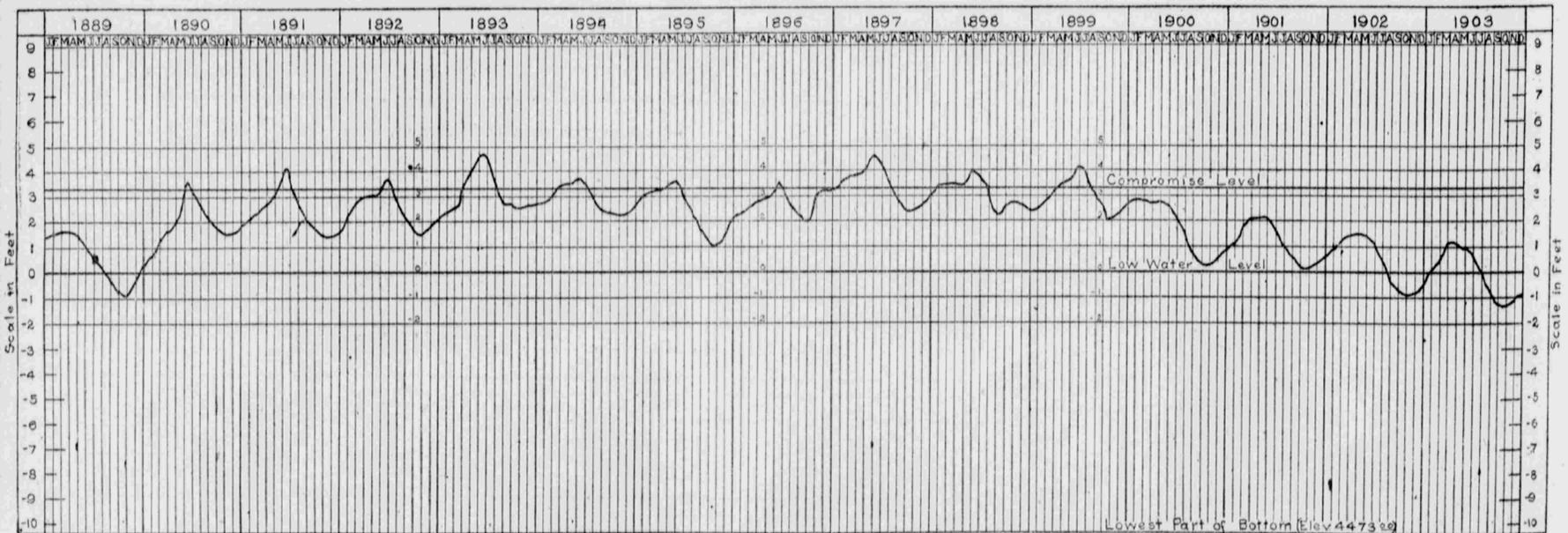


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE FLUCTUATIONS IN THE SURFACE OF UTAH LAKE FROM 1889 TO 1903 INCLUSIVE.

The irregular line shows how the level of the lake changes from month to month through the different years. The low-water level (being a fixed point 3 feet 3/4 inches below the compromise level), is taken as the zero for the vertical scale, and distances above it are figured as plus and those below it as minus.

During a short season for several of the years the lake rose above compromise. In the fall of 1889, the lake reached a lower level than ever before, but rose during the following winter to about the normal height. In 1900 the lake began falling rapidly. It almost reached the low-water level during the season of 1901, and in 1902 fell to the low level reached in 1889. In 1903, the lake became lower than ever before, falling to 4 feet 8 3/4 inches below compromise.