

hear the military bands playing at 9 in the morning, when they begin their drill, and again at sunset, or at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The soldiers act as the police. Each of them has a long sword at his side, and he does not scruple to use it in making an arrest. Of late some of the soldiers have been using sword-canes. You think they have nothing but a walking stick, but if you resist them they jerk the stick apart and give you a thrust under the fifth rib with a sharp blade of steel. I took a photograph of some of the policemen today in front of the cuartel, or police station, and a moment later, I met the governor coming out of the club, and, with his permission, photographed him.

It seems funny to think of a club down here on the Magellans, in the home of the guanaco, the seal, the whale and the naked aborigines! But Punta Arenas has its clubs, where the better classes of men meet for a social good, time a game of poker and a bit of liquid refreshment. The club is also the fire company, for here, as in many of the South American cities, the fire company is composed of the best men in the place. In Punta Arenas the club parlors are over the engine room. They are well furnished. They have two billiard tables, two poker rooms, a reading room and last but not least a bar. The bar is to be found in every club and in every hotel in South America. It is, as a rule, much patronized. At the German hotel where I am living in Punta Arenas you can get anything from a bottle of champagne to a Manhattan cocktail, from a sherry and bitters to a glass of vermouth or a pousse cafe. There is a great deal of drinking at the hotel. We are so far south here that it is dark now at 4 p. m. The guests have no loafing place but the bar room, and every night at about four sheep farmers, merchants, clerks and others drop in to get their nip before dinner. As dinner does not come on until half-past 6 they have plenty of time to fill up before that. The favorite method of buying drinks is by each man in the party throwing dice and the loser paying the bill. Liquors are very high here. This is so, notwithstanding that Punta Arenas is a free port and no duty is charged. Champagne costs twelve silver dollars a bottle. This last I know to my sorrow, for in a generous mood while talking sheep with a number of farmers last night I ordered champagne for the crowd. The bill was astounding.

You can't tell a man down here by his clothes. One of these sheep farmers, a young fellow of thirty, whose income runs into the tens of thousands a year, wears a faded \$10 velvet suit, a 76-cent wool shirt, a slouch hat and a pair of high boots. Half the time his shirt is unbuttoned at the neck and to look at him you would not think him worth a cent. His sheep farm is as big as an Ohio county, and at the last counting his sheep numbered 60,000 head. Another of the party was a young Englishman, who was dressed in a costume that would not have been out of place in Hyde Park. He had swell riding boots, with a well-cut suit of Scotch tweed. He was only an employe at a big sheep station. A third man was dressed much like an American business man. He was the manager of the biggest sheep ranch in Tierra del Fuego. He had the supervision of more than a hundred thousand sheep and of a grazing territory of two and one-half million acres of land.

Sheep farming has now become the great industry of this part of the world. A large part of lower Patagonia is given up to it, and all of the available lands in the Chilean territory of the Magellans, including Tierra del Fuego, have been either bought or leased. It will give you some idea of the growth

of the industry when I tell you that in 1878, just twenty years ago, there were only 185 sheep in all the Magellans. Seven years later there were 40,000 and in 192 the number had increased to 480,000. In 1895 it was estimated that there were 900,000, and now on this island alone there are considerably more than a million sheep. The sheep farmers originally came here from the Falkland Islands, but since then Australians, French, Germans, Russians and others have joined with them in gobbling up the lands. The majority, however, are English and Scotch. One of the largest owners of sheep here is our American consul, who is also interested in many other things. His name is Maurice Braun. He is a Russian by birth, but the most of his life has been spent in the Magellans. He has 340,000 acres in Tierra del Fuego, and is interested in a number of other large farms there and on the mainland. He is a young man, but possesses remarkable business ability, and makes a very excellent consul.

The management of one of these large sheep farms is interesting.

Take that of the company which has two and one-half million acres in Tierra del Fuego. Its one hundred thousand sheep are divided up into flocks of 2,000 each. Each flock has a pasture tract about six miles square allotted to it. This is just the size of many of our American townships, and if you will imagine a township as one field you will have an idea of the ordinary Tierra del Fuego pasture. This, to many of our farmers, would seem a large amount of land for this number of sheep, but the grass here is short, and in Tierra del Fuego from two to three acres are required for each sheep. Every flock has its own shepherd, who watches the sheep on horseback. He has a number of dogs which he so trains that they will obey his signs. Most of the dogs are Scotch collies, which are very intelligent, and which understand their masters almost as well as though they could understand language. When the shepherd makes a motion to the front they know they are to go ahead, a motion to the rear calls them back, and the raising of his hand in the air brings them to a standstill. Other motions send them to the right and left, and, in fact, they act for him almost as well as if they were human beings. The shepherds are usually Scotchmen, who come here on five-year contracts at from \$25 to \$35 gold a month, with the understanding that they are to have meat, fuel and houses free. The meat is mutton, the fuel they cut themselves, and their houses are little two or three room shanties scattered over the farm. They do not have very hard work for most of the year. They have to feed the sheep. This is not hard, for all the feeding that the sheep get is from the pasture, for the grass is always green on the Magellans, and the sheep can graze in Tierra del Fuego all the year around.

They have a little harder work at shearing time, but here much of the work is done by professional shearers and the shepherds only assist. The shearing time begins in January, and on a big sheep station it lasts for two months. The sheep are not washed before shearing. The wool is cleaned after it reaches the European market. The price paid the shearers is \$1.50 per hundred sheep, at which rate a good man can make big wages.

Within the past year or so some flocks in Tierra del Fuego have been sheared by steam. A set of knives or clippers, like those used by our barbers for clipping the hair short, is attached to a cord running on an overhead pulley and a man moves these clippers over the skin of the sheep, clipping off the wool. This is said to make a

cleaner and closer job and does not cut the skin. After shearing the fleeces are carefully spread out, being laid one on top of the other, and so packed in bales of 500 pounds each. The most of the wool goes to the English markets, where it brings from 8 to 25 cents a pound. All of these large stations have their managers, overseers and bookkeepers.

Nearly every one has a store, where its men can get their supplies, and every successful sheep station must be managed after the best business methods. Sheep raising is by no means all profit. It takes money to make money here as well as elsewhere. I heard of one farmer who paid \$40,000 for "dip" last year. "Dip" is the term used for the fluid in which the sheep are washed several times a year to free them from the scabs. The scab is a parasite, which spreads so rapidly that it will infect a thousand sheep within a few days.

And with all this does sheep farming pay? Yes, if you can get the land and the sheep. But the land about here and in Tierra del Fuego is all taken up, though I am told that there is some to be bought in Argentine Patagonia. Much of the Chilean lands are held under lease from the government, but nearly all is in large tracts, which is necessary on account of the thinness of the pasture. Sheep here are worth on the average of about \$2.50 gold a head. It is estimated that the ewes will produce an increase of about 45 per cent of the flock a year, and taking the wool and the increase into consideration every sheep in the flock should net the proprietor about a dollar a year. The number of employes needed is comparatively small, and this is being considerably reduced by fencing the pasture fields with wire. At present it takes a large capital to go into sheep raising in this part of the world, and considering everything I should say that the chances for the ordinary American farmer or small investor would be hardly worthy of consideration.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

#### CEDAR NORMAL SCHOOL.

Cedar City, Oct. 29.—Cedar was all animation yesterday, according to a dispatch to the Herald, due to a number of events of more than ordinary importance. At 2 o'clock the exercises incident to the transfer of title to the branch normal building and grounds commenced at the school building and an interesting program was carried out. Following this was a sumptuous repast served for the old people at the spacious ward hall, to which all visiting friends were invited, and the day closed with a grand ball this evening, also for the old people.

Governor Wells and Professor Stewart of the state normal school, were present and took part in the exercises at the branch normal, arriving here shortly after noon. Between 250 and 300 school children, ranging from the primary to the intermediate grades, were drawn up in double line at the approaches to the building, between which the distinguished visitors passed, giving them a good opportunity to judge as to the needs of the people of this section in educational matters and whether or not the state had made a mistake in locating a school here.

Dr. George W. Middleton was made master of ceremonies and the meeting opened by the choir and congregation singing America. After invocation by Joseph S. Armstrong, Stake President, U. T. Jones, delivered an address of welcome to the visitors.

Governor Wells then delivered a brief, business-like address, eulogizing the people of Cedar in the strongest terms for the marvelous work they had ac-