

# Chili's Chief Port and Its People

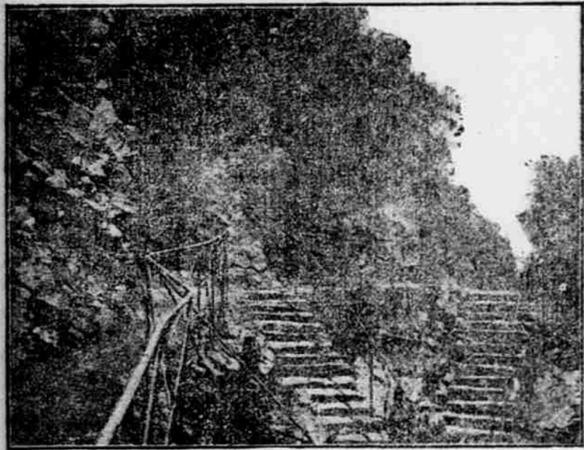
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

The man who selected the site and laid out the town of Valparaiso played a costly joke on future generations. He must have been crazy or drunk, although the records do not offer any such suggestion by way of explanation or apology for the rash act. Valparaiso means "the valley of Paris," and that is where the joke comes in. Instead of being a valley, the place is located on hills that are so steep they make one's head swim. Several long streets ramble aimlessly along the water front, and then, to get anywhere else, one must take to a row boat or an elevator.

The Chileno are called the Yankees of South America, and are praised a

Several of us were waiting outside while one of the party was making some purchases in a store. Presently our friend came out, red in the face, and swearing like a trooper. "What do you think? That d— fool in there won't take American money. I told him he was crazy—that it was the best money in the world. He looked it over carefully, remarked that it was very pretty, but said he couldn't do anything with it. Wouldn't that jar you?"

Other members of the party got jarred at Antofagasta. The small delegation that went to ask a question of the American consul got routed as unceremoniously as if they had been



Stairway Cut in Stone.

great deal for their energy and their thrifty qualities. They do look better and move faster than their neighbors. The foreign element here is responsible for this improvement, but it is likely to prove disastrous in the end, because it has made the native ambitious beyond his possibilities. He is making more show than he can afford. The country is being rented out to the foreigners; its resources are being leased and the rent is being spent faster than it comes in. Some day there won't be any more resources. Then the foreigner will go back where he came from and the native will find himself sitting up with a cross.

Chili is living over the history of Peru. Its northern part is desert, its central portion is vineyards, and the southern region agricultural lands and forests. The nitrate deposits in the northern desert are yielding the country 75 per cent of revenue. The foreigner is making the bulk of the profit from these rich fields, and he is sending it home. When he winds up his work and goes away, as he must eventually, the native will find himself without means of subsistence. He is making no provision whatever for the rainy day that is certain to come to all men and all nations.

Years ago Peru had a golden goose in its guano islands and nitrate fields. It derived millions from them and spent those millions recklessly and without thought of the future. One day the guano deposits gave out, and then, as if to prove that misfortunes never come singly, along came Chili and took away the nitrate fields by main strength and awkwardness.



Cathedral and Plaza.

Since that time Peru has been in sackcloth and ashes a year for every one she lived in riotous opulence. And now Chili is making poor use of her ill-gotten gains.

American money does not circulate in Chili. It is not accepted in either banks or stores. It must be traded off to brokers, much after the fashion of unused railroad tickets at home. In either instance one has to take whatever is offered. The money changers, like the ticket scalpers, have an agreement, and one of them will not give more than another.

It is said that Americans are very proud and boastful, and it is doubtless true, because they have a young and growing country, and youth is generally vain of its strength, but it takes the wind out of Mr. Yankee's sail the first time his pretty gold money is pushed back at him. I was with a party when this happened. It was at Antofagasta, one of the nitrate ports of the north of Chili.

the bartenders have to cater to the dearest thirsts on earth.

On one side of the lead colored buildings along the wharf, the word nitrate is spelled out in big black letters. This explains the presence of the white people, and of the town itself. Were it not for nitrate the lizards would soon be left in possession of the shifting sands of Antofagasta. The white people have taken much treasure from the desert, but they have had to pay for it. High up on the mountain are the gleaming shafts of an overgrown graveyard. The thickly studded headstones flash in the sun as if to signal you the desert warning and its challenge. It is no easy thing to live where your drinking water must come through a pipe 180 miles long. We forgive the consul.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding, by experience; the most ignorant, by necessity; and beasts by nature.—Cicero.

## BEFORE THE PUBLIC EYE

HE CRITICIZED THE KAISER.

Prof. Hasse Offered Objections to "Personal Government."

Prof. Hasse dared lese majesty at a meeting of the Pan-German congress at Luebeck by arraigning the Kaiser for his "personal government" methods and for placing a barrier of con-



PROF. ERNST HASSE

fers between himself and the people. Prof. Hasse is noted as a statistician and student of government, and is connected with the University of Leipzig. He is the author of several books on statistical and political subjects.

### THERE TO TAKE DEGREES.

New York University Has Arranged to Distribute Honors.

Chancellor MacCracken of the New York university announces that at the seventy-second commencement honorary degrees will be conferred upon Elbin Root, Mrs. Russell Sage and seven others. To Mr. Root, who graduated from the university's law school in 1857 and has served as president of the law school alumni, is to be given the degree of doctor of laws, and to Mrs. Sage, who is a member of the women's advisory board of the university and for many years has been president of the Emma Willard association, will be given the degree of master of letters. Justice Willard Bartlett of the appellate division of the supreme court, a graduate of the law school in 1868 and a former associate of Mr. Root in practice, is also to be honored with the degree of LL. D.

### HONOR FOR EX-GOV. BLACK.

New York Man Will Place President Roosevelt in Nomination.

Ex-Governor Frank S. Black of New York, who has been slated to place Mr. Roosevelt in nomination at the Chicago convention, is busily engaged preparing his speech. He recently went over with the president the principal points of the address, and the attitude to be taken in support of the administration policy was agreed on. Seconding speeches will be made by



representative republicans of the northwest, the south, the Pacific coast states and New England, along lines laid down by the republican manager.

### NOT HIS DAY FOR SUICIDE.

New Jersey Man's Efforts to Find Death Frustrated.

Elmer Gilbert of Trenton, N. J., came to the conclusion that life was not worth living, so he went down to a pier by the creek and proceeded to slip quietly into the water. A stout spike sticking out from the spring-piece thereupon assumed the role of lifesaver. It caught in the ample bosom of Elmer's trousers just as he let go with his hands, and there the would-be suicide hung, kicking vainly, his toes but a few inches from the watery grave he sought. It was a most unidealized arrangement altogether, but Mr. Gilbert was unable to extricate himself. After wriggling about for some ten minutes he yelled for help and shortly he was yanked back to safety.

### President Ingalls' Quick Action.

President M. E. Ingalls of the Big Four road was passing through Cleveland a few days ago, and while waiting in a railroad station for his train found the smoke from locomotives to be of almost stifling density. Learning that this was the normal condition there, he sent word to the other railroad companies using the Union station that conditions must be improved at once. Before he left town plans were under way for the substitution of electric motors for coal-burning engines in depot work.

## SELF-TORTURE

BY

## PERSIAN FANATICS

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

Availing myself of the influence of a Turkish friend, who procured for me a privilege seldom accorded those who are not followers of the prophet, I have just witnessed what is probably the most gruesome and bloody exhibition of self-inflicted punishment and torture on a wholesale scale, that can be seen anywhere within the confines of civilization.

"If you think that your nerves can stand it," said my friend to me, "I will show you something that I guarantee you will remember as long as you live; but I warn you that it may cost you one or two bad dreams."

So, by appointment, a few days later—it chanced to be Palm Sunday—we met in Stamboul and wended our

time to the mosque, and uttering in chorus the mournful refrain, "Has-san! Hus-sein! A-ii!" each name being punctuated by a cruel blow.

Round and round the square they march with what seems exasperating slowness to one who feels for the pain they are enduring, voluntary though it is. Black welts soon give place to red streaks, and then the blood flows freely, but for an hour they keep it up, showing no abatement in the fervor of their self-inflicted penance, with each repetition of the sacred names smiting their raw flesh and allowing no sign of suffering to show itself on their set and stoical faces.

Now comes another procession, but



Punishment of the Bastinado.

way to the Valled Khan, or Mother's House, where live most of the elect of the Persian residents of the capital. The only entrance was through a vaulted passage, which was guarded by a strong detachment of Turkish troops; but my companion produced a document which their leader carefully scrutinized, and at a word from him the soldiers made way for us.

A black-garbed individual, after inspecting something like a ticket which my friend showed him, gravely conducted us to an upper room in one of the houses, and when we had squatted on the floor, Turkish fashion, before the iron-barred window, and pushed aside the black drapery sufficiently to let us see all that went on, my Turkish companion explained what it all meant.

"Know unbellyer," he said, "that this is the Moutharrem of the Persians, the season when Persian Mahometans mourn the death of Ali and his two sons, Hasan and Hussein, true successors of the prophet. Mistaken and deceived by the devil, they slew them 1220 years ago, and to-day, the anniversary of their assassination, having prepared themselves for it by twenty-four hours of fasting and lamentation, praying and weeping, they expiate the terrible crime of their ancestors by undergoing self-inflicted punishment and torture."

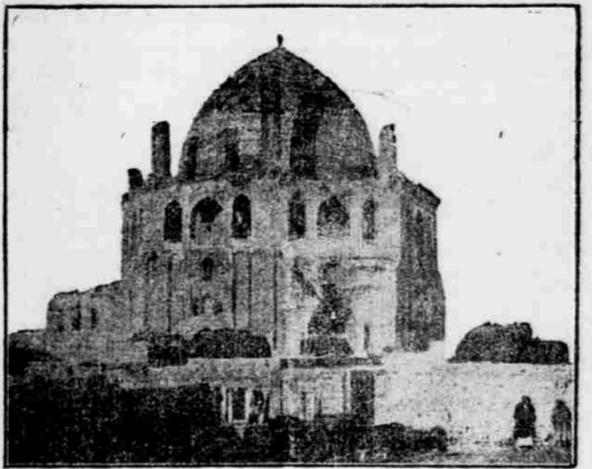
At this moment a stir among the silent throng announced the arrival of the Persian ambassador and his suite, who were conducted to a kiosk at one side of the mosque. Then the square was cleared and the priests gathered on the steps of the mosque.

The dirge-like wail of funeral music reaches us and relieves the tension of silence. Black robed men appear marching with slow and solemn steps,

this time all the figures in it are clad in white. Following the banners are two superb white horses of purest Arabian breed, each led by two men. Two crossed swords adorn the shoulders of each horse. Behind the swords are perched a pair of white doves. The long white trappings of the horses are smeared with blood, which affords a sinister hint as to the purpose of the 200 men who follow behind them, armed with yataghans, which gleam in the light of torch and lamp as they whirl them around their heads, wailing as they advance, "Has-san! Hus-sein! A-ii!"

Headed by some dozen men who carry aloft gigantic flaming torches the procession slowly moves around the square. Before it has made the circuit once, to the oft-repeated cries of "Has-san! Hus-sein! A-ii!" an old white-bearded priest receives an ugly gash in the throat from one of those whirling, gleaming yataghans. But as he is being carried away my Turkish friend assures me that it was "a mere accident," that there was no intention of offering him up as a vicarious atonement for the 1220-year-old crime of the Persians.

The cries of "Has-san! Hus-sein! A-ii!" grow fiercer. A note of denunciation appears in the wailing tone in which they are rendered. The murderous yataghans cleave the air more viciously as the second circuit nears completion. And then, suddenly, by what preconcerted signal I could not discern, the cry of "Has-san! Hus-sein! A-ii!" was delivered with redoubled volume and energy, and immediately, so quickly was it done I did not see one of the self-inflicted blows delivered, each face of those 200 fanatics was drenched with blood, and their white robes were dyed red.



Mosque of Sultana.

bearing on staffs surmounted by silver bands pointing heavenward, banners of purple, green and black silk, with inscriptions upon them of pious inspiration. One of the banners is white. Then follows a band. It consists only of a few flageolets, drums and cymbals, and its music is restricted to six bars, repeated again and again with monotonous insistence, but despite its lack of melody its effect is as mournful as that of the "Dead March."

Behind the band follows a large number of men, walking two and two, bare shouldered, but for the rest clad in the all-pervading black. Each right hand wields a short staff, to which bunches of steel chains are attached. As they march, with the pendulum-like regularity of some gymnastic exercise they smite themselves over each shoulder alternately, keeping

Still they pursued their course around the square, slashing and hacking at their shaven crowns with their razor-edged weapons with each utterance of the sacred names and never flinching. Their features indistinguishable, their drenched garments leaving a trail of blood behind them, most of the dervishes succeeded in making that horrible third march around the square. A few reeled and fell and as a special honor were carried to where the ambassador sat, and laid at his feet, to die perhaps, in the blessed assurance of being immediately transported to paradise, for such is the reward promised those who perish of these self-inflicted wounds.

My friend had spoken truly. It was a sight that I shall always remember, and the like of which I have no wish to see again.

## AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

OFFERS TRIP TO THE NORTH

Commander Peary Has Room for Thirty Passengers.

Commander R. E. Peary, in completing the plans for his 1905 Polar voyage to his furthest north sailing station, will make a preliminary voyage to his furthest north sailing station—hunters, scientists or ordinary tourists.

The auxiliary ship will sail for the Arctic about July 1, to return early in September. It will visit points in Newfoundland, Labrador, Greenland, Ellesmere Land and the Baffin's Bay coast.

The real purpose of this preliminary voyage is to place a depot of coal, to arrange with the White Sound Esquimaux to collect meat and other provisions for the main expedition the following year.

Commander Peary found he would have room for more than the ship's company and cargo in this voyage and conceived the idea of arranging accommodations for passengers to help pay expenses of the preliminary trip.

Commander Peary says that those who desire to take this trip for scien-



tific study or sport can be landed at any point on the upward voyage and picked up again on the return, giving them some weeks in one locality.

### SEES FAULTS OF AMERICANS.

German Observer Writes of What He Considers Failings.

Dr. Reich, a German observer of American character and customs, has published some interesting views of us, which are discussed at length in the current Harper's Weekly. The doctor believes that we would be better, as a nation, if we had some neighbors to fight with in the European way. Every nation in Europe, he argues, owes its progress to the necessity of resisting the aggressions of its immediate neighbors and he thinks that Americans, having no such incentive, will presently lose their snap and cease to go ahead. Dr. Reich also believes that American women are too aggressive, too ambitious—that they weary of family life and tend to break out of bounds.

### IS LOOKING AFTER AMERICANS.

Admiral Stirling, with Cruiser New Orleans, is at Chefoo.

Admiral Yates Stirling, with the cruiser New Orleans, is at Chefoo, to protect foreign interests. The mission of the New Orleans is to protect all foreigners, although many Americans are in business there.

Admiral Stirling was born at Baltimore, Md., May 6, 1842, and was appointed to Annapolis in 1860. He was



graduated in 1863 and was assigned on the Onondaga on the James river. He saw much service during the war and was promoted rapidly. He was assigned to command the naval station at San Juan, P. R., in 1900, but later was sent to Puget Sound and thence to the Asiatic station.

Admiral Stirling is considered a careful, cool officer, but brave and determined, just such a man as is needed in a delicate situation.

### American Jockeys Not First Class.

Competent critics say there is not a first-class jockey in America today. Not one compares with Murphy or Sloan as a judge of pace, with McLaughlin in ability to get away from the post or with Garrison and Fitzpatrick in a finish. Perhaps Redfern and Buras more nearly approach McLaughlin. Odom comes closest to Murphy's art and Fuller at times is within hailing distance of "Dare Devil Fitz" and "Snapper" Garrison, but not one of the lot can in justice be looked upon as a master.