

IN CHILE

FIRST IMPRESSIONS. THE ARMY AND NAVY; A CHILEAN RANCH

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IN THE SERIES ON SOUTH AMERICA

ON the morning of November 21 we left Mendoza to cross the Andes. A good narrow-gauge railway now leads up the pass which, doubtless used from time immemorial by Indians, afterwards marked the course of traffic for their Spanish successors. There are tunnels at the top, and the old mule and carriage road on the very summit, where the great peace statue stands on the boundary between Chile and the Argentine, has been abandoned.

The ascent of the pass on the eastern slopes of the Andes was through a barren and desolate country. The line went through gray valleys, the steep slopes of the mountains towering on every hand. We sat on a seat in front of the engine for much of the time, and the scenery was wonderful. At one place, through a long ascending valley we saw the mighty peak of Aconcagua rising in its snows. Except in the Himalayas there is no loftier mountain. At an altitude of some ten thousand feet we stopped at a station where there are a natural bridge and hot springs. Here a very attractive and comfortable hotel has been built, and many people come to it in the summer. In the winter the snows sometimes lie deep and interrupt the railway traffic.

When we crossed the Chilean boundary and began to descend the western slopes, the landscape, while retaining its grandeur, became less desolate. At one point we went by a beautiful lake. Flowers of many colors abounded, and there were trees and huge cactus, like one species of the cactus of Arizona. We passed at the foot of lofty cliffs and went through narrow gorges. This trans-Andean line is one of those railways which of recent years have made the grandest scenery of the world accessible to the ordinary traveler.

Lower down the land became fertile. As we got into the lowlands, cultivated fields appeared and ox-carts took the place of the mule trains which we had occasionally seen

higher up on the trails that climbed the sides of the barren mountains.

Finally, at about sunset, we reached the thickly settled country. At every town we were received with the utmost enthusiasm both by the officials and the population, the children, under their school-teachers, assembling precisely as in similar circumstances our own school-children assembled; and there were Boy Scouts, too, in numbers.

The country was beautiful and fertile. Chile is a land of great length. In breadth it is merely a strip between the Andes and the coast, and most of this narrow strip is occupied by the barren mountains. But the valleys are fertile, and the people are industrious, for they are of a stock that know how to work as well as they know how to fight.

Late in the evening we reached Santiago itself, and on the following days we saw much of the city. Like the other big cities of temperate South America, it lies in an equable and warm climate. These cities are cities of the temperate zone, but it is the temperate zone in which Marseilles and Naples, Barcelona and Cadiz, New Orleans and Los Angeles flourish, not the temperate zone of farther north.

The foothills of the Andes hem in the plain in which Santiago stands, and at the time of our visit in the late southern spring, November, snow still clung to their summits. But severe cold is almost unknown in the city itself, and palms of different kinds flourish side by side with trees, both native and imported, which belong to a colder climate.

Santiago is an efficiently policed, cleaned, and lighted modern city. As with all these large South American cities, I was struck by the attractive side of its social life, and by the healthy basis on which this social life rests. Here again, as in the Argentine and Brazil, it is the rule for the wife of the man in high social and political position to have a large family. The women are charmingly dressed; they are attractive; they speak French, and

often English; and they are emphatically good wives and mothers.

We went to a number of entertainments, which were as charming as any similar entertainment in any capital of Europe would have been. We went to a state dinner at the President's. We attended a ball at the Jockey Club, a handsome building, and particularly attractive for dancing purposes, in my Northern eyes, because a good deal of the dancing was done under the stars in the open middle court. We went to the races. The race-course, which is well kept and handsomely situated, offered the spectacle that all such race-courses do offer, whether in Europe or South America.

A more unique type of entertainment was an afternoon tea or reception given on the hill called the Cerro St. Lucia. This is a sharp hill or little mountain rising out of the middle of the city. Paths zigzag and wind to the summit, and a wagon road leads nearly to the top. The hill is carefully planted, evidently by some experienced landscape gardener. The trees, grottoes, and cliffs are all charming, and the view in every direction across the city and across the surrounding plains to the great barren mountains in the background is wonderful. On that afternoon admittance to the entire hill was by invitation, and as the political framework of society in Chile is on a distinctly aristocratic basis, the entertainment itself, although given by the municipality, was much like any of the other social functions, so far as the guests were concerned.

One of the pleasant functions was a quiet breakfast at the Archbishop's in the old Archiepiscopal Palace, with its tree-filled inner yard and its heavily colonnaded galleries; the big rooms and private chapels were paneled, and the Colonial woodwork and furniture were curiously carved and ornamented. Santiago was the seat of a bishopric from its foundation in the middle of the sixteenth century, and soon after Chile became an independent republic the bishop was made an archbishop. The breakfast was given to Father Zahm and myself. At a previous dinner given for Father Zahm by Monsignor Duprat in Buenos Aires Father Zahm had quoted as illustrative of the attitude of the United States in religious matters my statement while I was President that as President I had always behaved toward my fellow-citizens who were Catholics precisely as I would desire that a Catholic President should behave

toward his fellow-citizens who were Protestants. As I think this pretty sound doctrine, I was pleased to have it again referred to in the little address of welcome made to me at the Archiepiscopal Palace in Santiago.

On Sunday I went to the American Union Church. The clergyman, Mr. Lesser, is a Presbyterian, an old Amherst baseball player, and a thoroughly fine fellow. This is a genuine union church. Any one who will come is made welcome. The sermon was delivered by a representative of the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army does very real good in Santiago, and not only our own Minister, but the English Minister, told me that it is the one place where they can be certain of having care and attention shown any of their unfortunate countrymen who are in dire straits. The plight of an American or an Englishman who finds himself without money or friends in a strange seaboard city is sore, and the Salvation Army in its valiant fight for souls never forgets to take care of the bodies. Among those present in the congregation was Dr. Shelley, himself a Methodist minister, head of Santiago College, a good school for girls, and Dr. Browning, the head of a similar institution for boys. Then there was a Catholic from Indiana, Miss Brennan, who explained that she had come because she felt that she had to see "her President," an American ex-President. She had come down to teach in a Chilean normal school, and she had with her half a dozen of her fellow-teachers and former pupils who were Chileans.

On Thanksgiving Day I went to Santiago College to meet the American colony. Miss Brennan and a dozen of her fellow-teachers were there, and among them were two ladies from South Dakota who were great friends of the Seth Bullocks—which was, of course, an immediate passport to my regard. Then there was an attractive Chilean family, that of Mr. Egan, whose father, Mr. Patrick Egan, had been American Minister in Chile. Then there were Mrs. Maguire and Mrs. Kilpatrick, both of them Chileans and widows of officers of our Civil War. Mrs. Kilpatrick's husband was the famous cavalry leader. One day when we took lunch at the Legation she sent round for our use the silver cups presented to her husband by the veterans of the Loyal Legion of Connecticut.

There is a beautiful park system. One of these parks includes a huge central ring or oval in which sports are played and troops

maneuvered. Chileans are very fond of football, and football-playing goes on every afternoon in this oval, many teams taking part. There are also bicycle races and other athletic games.

A specially arranged parade of the Boy Scouts took place at this oval in my honor. There were no less than two thousand Boy Scouts assembled, not only from Santiago, but from some of the districts of northern and southern Chile. They were camped in the public park. Among the Boy Scouts there were Red Cross organizations for girls, and in the march past these were even more enthusiastically applauded than were the Boy Scouts themselves. Every healthy boy, whether of the United States or Chile or anywhere else, wants to feel that if the necessity comes he can be a soldier—he is not worth his salt and has not the slightest chance of making a good citizen unless he does possess this desire. Accordingly, the Boy Scouts organization, which does so much to produce the best qualities needed in peace, has also an undoubted value because it inculcates certain virtues which are equally useful in war.

In Chile, as in most other countries, the drill of the army has been on the German method. This drill has been extended to the Boy Scouts, and includes the parade step of the German infantry when they pass before the reviewing officer. The crowd was hugely delighted with the way in which, as each company of Boy Scouts passed the reviewing officers, the boys fell into the parade step in the most approved Potsdam fashion. An interesting feature of the Boy Scout movement in Chile, which was organized by General Baden-Powell himself, is that it has been transported from Chile to Spain, where it is now flourishing. As I looked at the Scouts and realized how much the movement had meant for South America, I felt a very sincere feeling of gratitude toward the men who in my own country have taken up and pushed forward the movement.

We visited the seaport of Valparaiso, four hours distant by train from Santiago. The railway runs through a dry country, for all this country is dry in summer. But the soil is admirable, and wherever there has been irrigation the crops are excellent. The city of Valparaiso itself is one of the chief ports of the Pacific. It is progressing rapidly, as all these South American cities of importance are progressing, and arrangements are being

pushed forward for the improvement of the port facilities.

There is very little immigration to Chile, and therefore there is not the phenomenal growth in wealth and population that has occurred in certain other South American countries. But the upper classes show evidence of mixture with the English, German, and other business men who have come here during the last two generations—this aside from the men of English, Irish, and French blood, not to speak of those of the United States, who came here to take part in the war of independence. There will ultimately come in Chile a big industrial development connected with the utilization of the water power from the mountain streams, and her industrious natives are fit material for the development of such enterprises. I hope that when the time for this development comes the Chilean people will profit by the mistakes made by the present-day industrial nations, and will shape their laws so as to secure fair play for workers, owners, and managers alike.

There is little or no Indian blood among the upper classes, the governing and directing classes, but it is very evident in the ranks of the lower and of what may now not improperly be called the middle class, a class which has developed only during the last half-century. This Indian blood is from the old Araucanians, those valorous Indians who for three centuries fought with the Spaniards on even terms. I doubt if there could be better material for a nation than that afforded by the mixture of the strains of these two virile types.

When people who are not of very large means travel under circumstances that make them more or less representatives of their nations, not only is the work, however interesting, very fatiguing, but it is also fraught with disastrous surprises to the clothes. All persons who have had the good fortune to see George Ade's "Sultan of Sulu" will remember the lifelike representation of a typical "Governor's hat;" and all those other persons who for their misfortune have had to take part in political campaigns have under certain circumstances traveled around the country in top hats which rapidly grew to resemble that which the Sultan of Sulu was asked to accept as a symbol of his office. By the time I had reached Santiago my own top hat had begun to bear an unpleasant resemblance to the Governor's hat of George



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

**A STREET SCENE IN BUSY MENDOZA, THE CAPITAL OF THE WINE PROVINCE
OF SOUTH AMERICA**

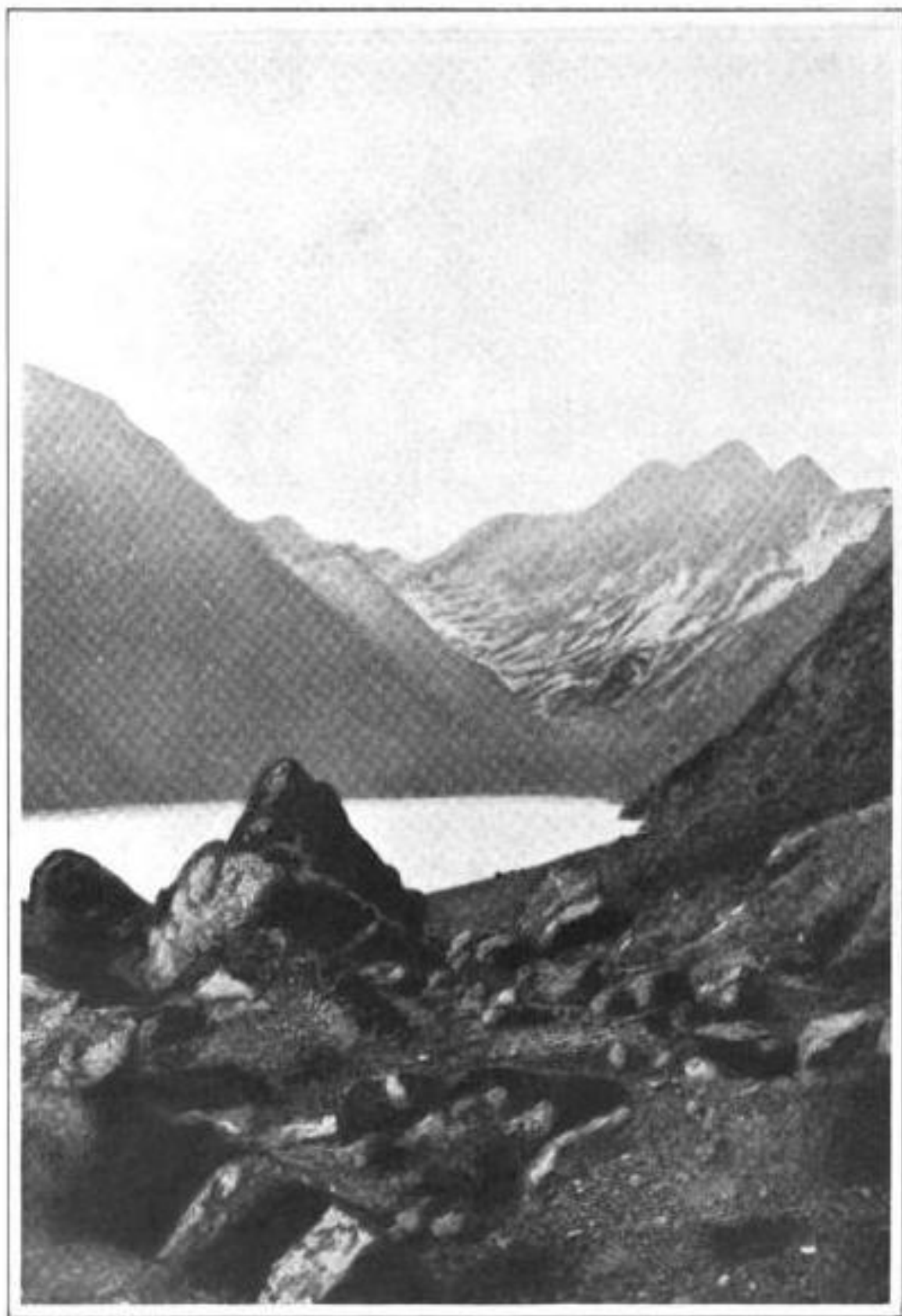
This is the starting-point for the railway trip across the Andes into Chile. It is a thriving and picturesque city of eighty-five thousand inhabitants.



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

THE HOT SPRINGS TEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL AT PUNTA DEL INCA

"Unusual natural phenomena," writes James Bryce in his book on South America, "are called after the Incas in these countries just as they are after the devil in Europe. Hot springs which gush from the ground have been turned to account in a small bathing establishment to which a few visitors resort in summer."



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARTEN

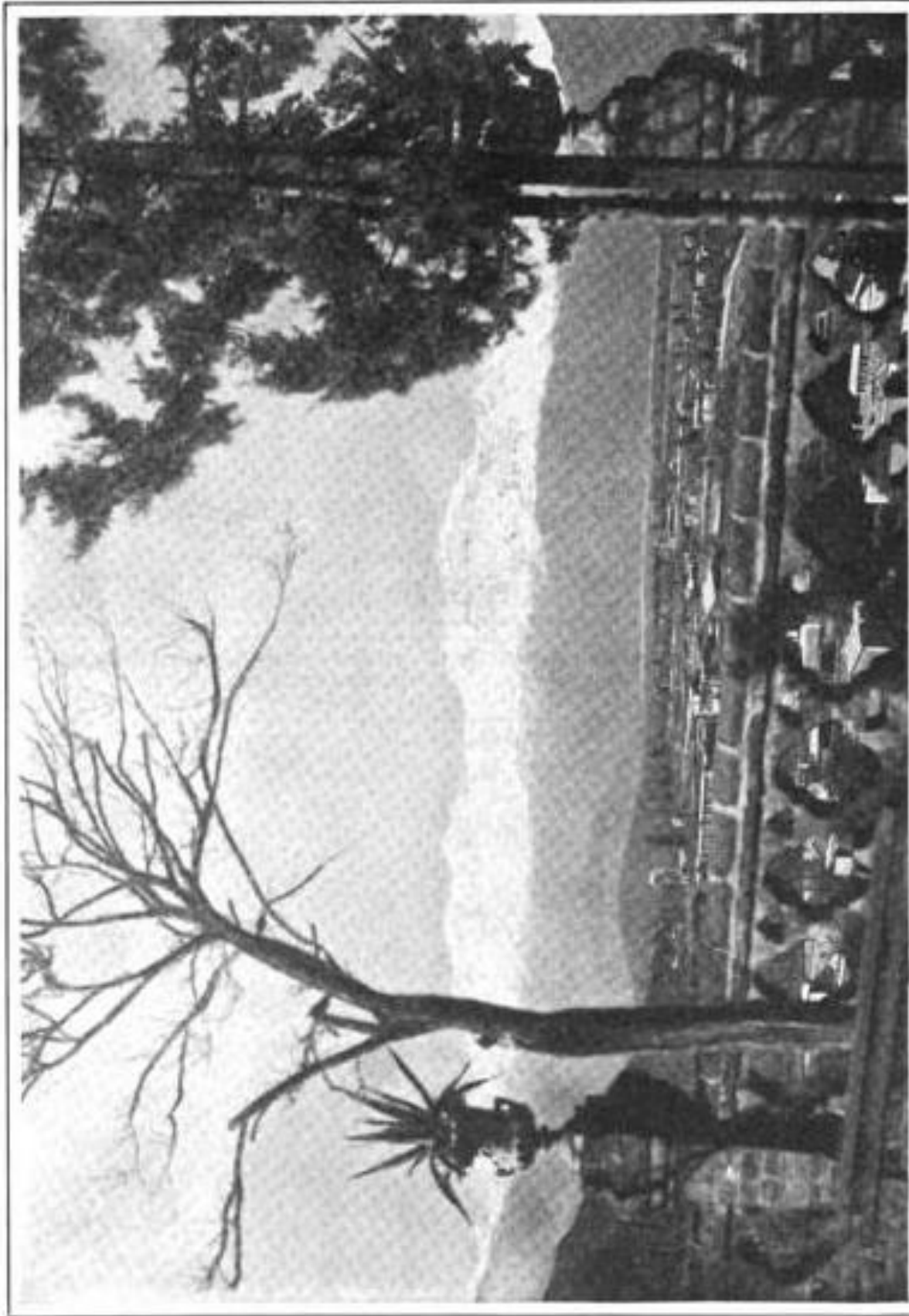
FRESH-WATER LAKE NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE ANDES, WITH SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS
IN THE INSTANCE, AS SEEN FROM THE RAILWAY



A DISTINGUISHING FEATURE OF THE CITY OF SANTIAGO, CHILE, IS THE SMALL HILL, SANTA LUCIA, TO THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE, WHICH RISES FROM THE CENTER OF THE CITY



ENTRANCE TO SANTA LUCIA



THE WHITE PEAKS OF THE ANDES AS SEEN FROM THE SUMMIT OF SANTA LUCIA—THE HILL PICTURED ON THE PRECEDING PAGE—
WITH THE CITY OF SANTIAGO IN THE FOREGROUND. THE HILL ITSELF HAS BEEN DEVELOPED AS A BEAUTIFUL PUBLIC PARK



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HANSEN

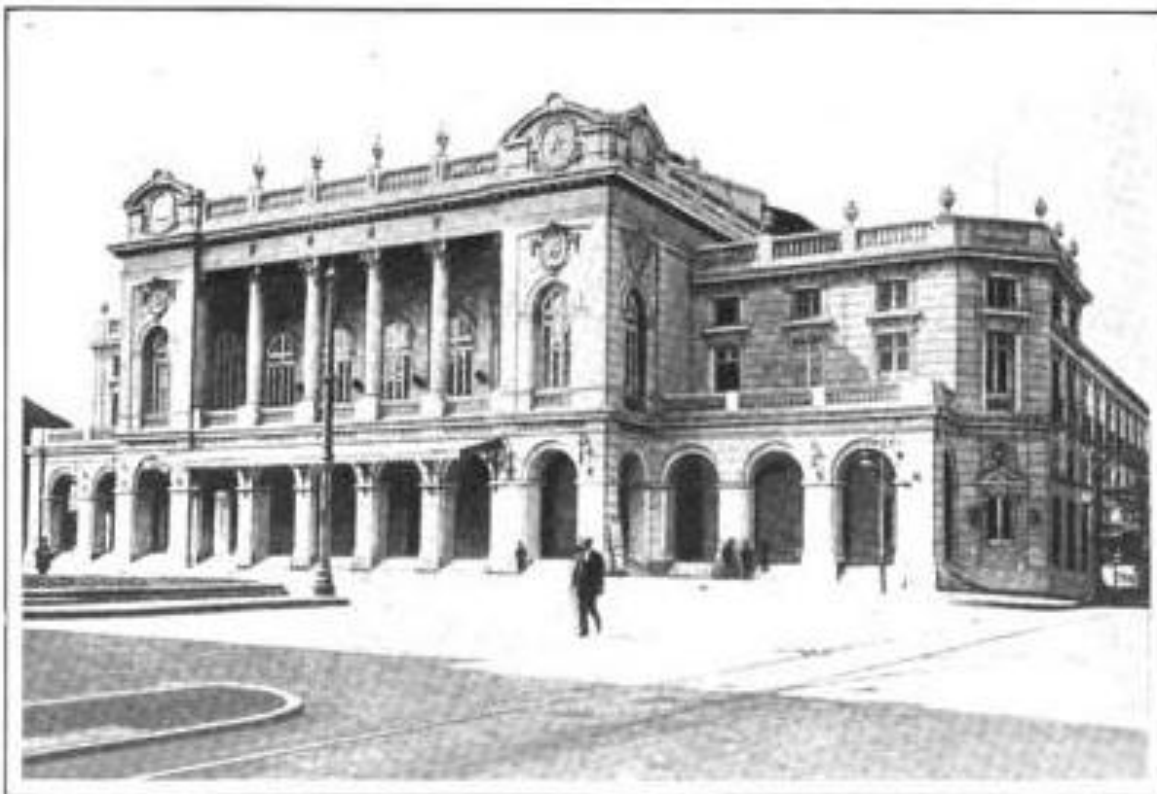
A STREET IN SANTIAGO, SHOWING CHILEAN GIRLS WEARING SPANISH MANTILLAS. THIS STYLE OF DRESS IS QUITE COMMON AND IS CONSIDERED A MARK OF PIETY



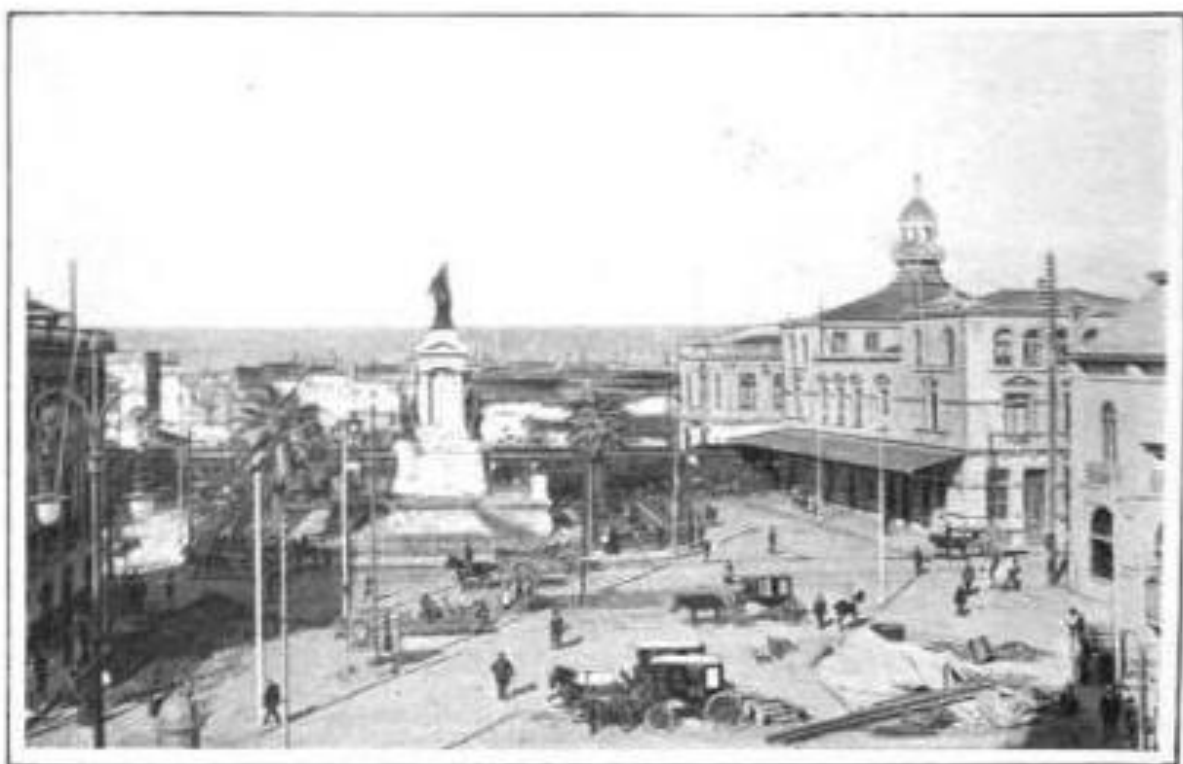
AN IDEA OF THE PROSPERITY OF SANTIAGO CAN BE HAD FROM THIS GLIMPSE OF PRIVATE RESIDENCES ON THE AVENIDA DE LAS DELICIAS



GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN SANTIAGO, AT WHICH MR. ROOSEVELT WAS ENTERTAINED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC AND HIS CABINET



THE FINE MUNICIPAL OPERA-HOUSE, AT WHICH MR. ROOSEVELT SPOKE IN SANTIAGO



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARTER

LOOKING OUT FROM THE MAYOR'S PALACE UPON THE PLAZA, VALPARAISO



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARTER

THE BUSY HARBOR OF VALPARAISO, WHICH IS TO THE PACIFIC COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA
WHAT SAN FRANCISCO IS TO THE PACIFIC COAST OF NORTH AMERICA

Ade's play—and this was all the more disastrous as my hosts and hostesses were so perfectly dressed.

No one can go through Chile without being struck by the fixity and solidarity of the national type. Although there is much Indian blood among the lower classes, and very little indeed among the governing and directing classes, and although among the latter there are strains of Irish, English, French, and German blood mixed with the Spanish, yet the characteristics of all the classes taken as a whole show at least as much similarity as in any other country with a well-established national type, and much more than is shown by most countries. Moreover, for the great good fortune of Chile, there is in this type a strain of the heroic. The average Chilean, high or low, is intensely patriotic, and he has the fighting edge. There is in him a power, an energy, and an assertion of his own individuality, combined with readiness to merge that individuality in the common good, that, taken together, account for much of Chile's really noteworthy military success.

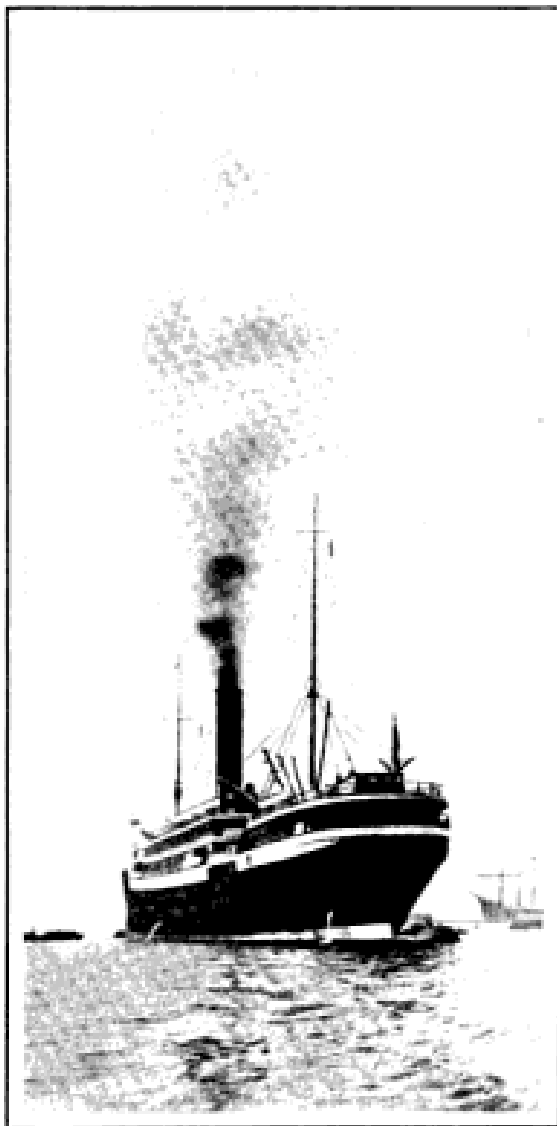
Like the Argentine, Chile has carried out the old American theory of an armed militia in effective and thoroughgoing fashion. All her young men are trained in the army for about a year, the training being so arranged that if they show special excellence in mastering and performing their duties they get off with much less time. My informants were a unit in telling me that the effect upon the

national character had been wholly good, and had added to the bold and vigorous but somewhat turbulent spirit of the average man an invaluable habit of discipline and self-control.

One day I went to the Cavalry School near Santiago to see the young officers and

some of the enlisted men manage their horses. The school is an excellent one, doing very fine work. As generally, the German army is taken as the model, whereas the fleet follows the British model. In certain points of horsemanship, however, it was the Italian and not the German system that had been adopted. We first saw a dozen men managing schooled horses, for the most part thoroughbred racers, in the ring. Better horsemanship would not be shown anywhere in any school of the kind. Then we shifted to out of doors, and a number of the officers and a number of the enlisted men went round the steeplechase course over jumps, some of them really difficult, and one representing the kind of country where it is necessary to ride down an almost perpendicular wall. Scores of officers and men went over the entire course without making a single

mistake, and almost without a refusal. These officers were for the most part, as is true of the highest ranks everywhere, pure white by blood, but some few of them had a strong trace of Indian, and these did just as well as the others. It would be impossible to desire to see a manlier, a more gallant, and a more efficient set of cavalymen than those turned out by this institution.



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARRER

STEAMING OUT OF THE HARBOR OF VALPARAISO

On another day I visited Talcahuano, the port of instruction and repair for the Chilean fleet. I had two capital aides, Captain Gomez of the navy and Major Ewing of the army, and with them along I needed no professional interpreter. Captain Gomez, who strikingly reminded me of our own best men of the Admiral Evans type, had been on the Blanca when that battle-ship was sunk by the Condor and the Lynch, in the hands of the Balmacedistas. He had also commanded at Santiago after the earthquake, and had the nerve and judgment to rise level to the needs of the appalling crisis. It sounded like home to hear how, because of his efficiency and disregard of red tape, he was accused after the crisis was over of having behaved in an unconstitutional manner.

Interesting though the modern ships were, and interesting though the two torpedo-boats that had survived the last great war also were, I was most interested and impressed by the Huascar. She was the Peruvian ironclad which, almost single-handed, for many months neutralized the Chilean attack. Her deck had been the scene of heroic deeds that but few other navies can match and none surpass. The first engagement in the war in which the Huascar took part was with an old wooden corvette of Chile—the Esmeralda. The Huascar was then an ironclad of a fairly modern type, and the Esmeralda was no more able to contend against her than the Congress and the Cumberland were able to contend against the Merrimac. Yet the Esmeralda fought to the death, going down with colors flying and guns firing, with a loss of four-fifths of her crew. The Huascar rammed the Esmeralda again and again. After the first ramming, as the ships separated, the Chilean captain endeavored to lead his men aboard the ironclad. The ships broke apart as he did so, leaving him with only one supporter on the decks of the ironclad. None of his foes were on the deck, being sheltered within their iron fortresses. Yet Arturo Prat, the captain, and his one follower, with no thought of either surrender or success, and with but a few seconds to live, rushed on until they were one on each side of the turret, where they fell dead. The points where they fell have been marked. Yet once more, when the Esmeralda was again rammed, a dozen of her crew, led by a lieutenant, leaped on the decks of the ironclad to die sword in hand. Meanwhile the second command, Uribe—a fine, gentle, valiant

soul, whom I met at Valparaiso, and who reminded me of Admiral Dewey—fought his doomed ship to the last; the water streaming into her wooden hull through the shot-holes and the great rents made by the beak of the ironclad. He was himself picked up when the vessel foundered. It was one of those heroic defeats, like Thermopylæ and the Alamo, which give renown to those who fell, and add incalculably, because morally, to the strength of the nation fortunate enough to call the dead men her sons. For some months the Huascar, a relatively swift boat, and handled with the utmost daring and resourcefulness, held back the whole Chilean advance. Then, one day, she was overtaken by a bigger and more powerful adversary—the Cochrane. She fought until she was a slaughter-pen, her gallant Peruvian captain, Grau, being one of the slain. Not long afterwards, while in the Chilean navy, and bombarding a Peruvian fort, her captain was killed on her quarter-deck—the third captain who had fallen aboard her within a few months. There is no other ironclad afloat that has had such a history as hers. To tread the decks of the Huascar must profoundly affect every man whose soul can be stirred by the memory of deeds of high valor.

I had visited the Navy Club at Valparaiso, and I had witnessed a review of infantry, artillery, and cavalry. The commanding officer on the latter occasion was a general who to a fine military record added a thorough and delightful knowledge of the best literature. His three favorite books, as he informed me, were "The Imitation of Christ," "Don Quixote," and "Pickwick;" and I believe that he knew the latter quite as well as I did—although I have always rather prided myself on my knowledge of "Pickwick." In his youth he had taken part in the desperate fighting that marked the Pacific War, the war between Chile and Peru, and the civil war which ended in Balmaceda's overthrow—the last being nearly coincident with the last civil disturbance in Brazil and Argentina, since which time the three nations have been in practically unbroken peace.

Many desperate deeds were done by the Chilean navy a hundred years ago in the war of independence, the most wonderful feat being performed under the lead of Admiral Cochrane, the foreigner who played in the Chilean navy of that day a part like that which John Paul Jones, also a foreigner, played in our own Revolutionary War. A

hundred years have passed, and in every generation the Chilean army and navy have had to their credit deeds of high enterprise and heroic valor. The world has rightly praised and wondered at the prowess shown by the Japanese against Russia. It was no greater than the prowess shown by the Chileans in their wars of the preceding quarter of a century. The energy, the intense patriotism, the terrible courage, displayed by the Chileans in these wars were on a smaller scale than those displayed by the Japanese, but in kind they were the same and in degree as great. There is nothing else to compare with them of late years, save the similar display made by the Bulgarians in the extraordinary campaign that culminated with the capture of Adrianople—a campaign which was followed by the lamentable folly that caused the loss of almost all that had been gained.

In the port where the Chilean ships, both cruisers and torpedo-boats, lay no one could help being struck by the excellence of the personnel among the officers and the enlisted men. The naval material was somewhat antiquated, but a resolute effort is being made by the working force to remedy any shortcomings. The Chilean navy is again receiving from the Government the attention to which it is entitled.

I very earnestly hope that the navies of Chile, the Argentine, and Brazil will be kept up at least to their present relative pitch of efficiency as compared with the other navies of the world. These three powers should henceforth feel that they are co-guarantors with the United States of the Monroe Doctrine, and they cannot be this unless they possess strength, and the will and the power to use it at need, should any Old World nation ever again seek to make the New World ground for its expansion.

I very earnestly believe in peace. I abhor unjust war; I abhor and despise all men who lightly or wantonly do deeds that jeopardize peace. I believe that ways can be found which gradually, as nations grow more civilized, more on an equality of good conduct and right living, will permit of the substitution of other methods than those of war for the settlement of international disputes. But in the international body politic, as in every other body, natural or artificial, it is as foolish to attempt to draw into existence a function before there is an organ through which it can act as to create an organ before the function itself can be

exercised. The belief that signing names to a bit of paper, and calling it a treaty, in itself abolishes the facts of life is so foolish as hardly to be even pathetic. By treaty Korea is now an independent power, and North Schleswig part of Denmark. Are they such in fact? Does any body of peace people hope to make them such? If arbitral courts had existed in the days of our grandfathers, with the powers which the less wise among their grandsons fondly imagine ought to be given them, California and Colorado would now be parts of Mexico, enjoying whatever blessings complete absence from foreign war has secured that country during the last three years. As for how much a concert of the powers to enforce neutrality or right amounts to let Adrianople bear witness. At this moment Adrianople is Turkish simply because the solemn declarations of all the great powers of Europe combined mean literally nothing in the face of even a feeble antagonist who is resolute. Probably of all ingenious ways for securing the certainty of mischief, the most unerringly efficient is that of international agreement for the neutralization of a land under circumstances like those which well-meaning but weak-minded enthusiasts have thought would warrant the application of the doctrine to the Philippines. As yet the great free nations of the world, which, however stumblingly, do really strive for justice, would inevitably suffer the fate of China if they imitated the attitude of military impotence which China is herself at last realizing that it is vital for her to abandon.

In particular we should face the fact that America would unquestionably be the ground for the expansion of the overcrowded powers of Europe and Asia if it were not for the potential military strength of the United States, and—I believe and hope I may add—were it not also for the potential military strength of such South American nations as Brazil, the Argentine, and Chile. I also hope that in the end we shall be able to include in this list many other American nations as rapidly as they acquire the material prosperity and the moral solidity and self-restraint without which well-being cannot exist. The peace of righteousness is a noble ideal, and as yet it can be obtained in the world at large only if the righteous are able to defend their rights. The peace that might come temporarily as the result of impotence and weakness, of the soft shirking of effort and the foolish belief that danger can be

avoided by saying that it does not exist, would last for but a moment and would then be paid for by world-wide bloodshed and disaster. To divorce might from right is an uncommonly foolish procedure from the standpoint of right. The free and peace-loving nations, in the present state of the world's progress, can preserve the blessings of peace and righteousness only as long as they are both able and willing, if necessity should demand it, to use their potential strength against wrong-doers.

One of the most interesting experiences and one of the pleasantest and most interesting days we passed was at a great ranch, a great cattle farm and country place twenty-five or thirty miles from Santiago. It was three-quarters of an hour by motor from the railway station. The road led through a rich, fertile country largely under tillage, but also largely consisting of great fenced pastures.

The owners of the ranch, our hosts, had summoned all the riders of the neighborhood to attend the sports, and several hundred, perhaps a thousand, came. With the growth of cultivation of the soil and the introduction of improved methods of stock-breeding in Chile, the old rude life of the wild cow-herders is passing rapidly away. These countrymen lived their lives in the saddle. All whose industries are connected with cattle were, and their descendants are, known as *huasos*. They are kin to the Argentine *gauchos*, and more remotely to our own cowboys.

As we neared the ranch, slipping down

broad, dusty, tree-bordered roads beside which irrigation streams ran, we began to come across the *huasos* gathering for the sports. They rode singly and by twos and threes, or in parties of fifteen or twenty. They were on native Chilean horses—stocky, well-built beasts, hardy and enduring, and on the whole docile. Almost all the men wore

the light *mantas*, less heavy than the *serapi*, but like it in shape, the head of the rider being thrust through a hole in the middle. It would seem as though it might interfere with the free use of their arms, but it does not, and at the subsequent cattle sports many of the participants never took off their *mantas*. The riders wore straw hats of various types, but none of them with the sugar-loaf cones of the Mexicans. Their long spurs bore huge rowels. The *mantas* were not only picturesque, but gave the company a look of diversified and gaudy brilliancy, for they were of all possible colors, green, red, brown, and blue, solid and patterned. The saddles were far forward, and the shoe-shaped wooden stirrups were elaborately carved.

The men were fine-looking fellows, some with smooth faces or mustaches, some with beards, some of them light, most of them dark. They rode their horses with the utter ease found only in those who are born to the saddle. Now and then there were family parties, mother and children, all, down to the smallest, riding their own horses or perhaps all going in a wagon. Once or twice we passed horsemen who were coming out of the yards of their tumble-down houses, women



THE SMALLEST "GIRL GUIDE" IN THE WORLD, A MEMBER OF THE AUXILIARY BRANCH OF "BOY SCOUTS," IN SANTIAGO

and children crowding round. Generally the women had something in the dress that reminded one more or less of our Southwestern semi-civilized Indians, and the strain of Indian blood in both men and women was evident. Some of the men were poorly clad, others had paid much attention to their get-up and looked like very efficient dandies; but in its essentials the dress was always the same.

When we reached the ranch we first drove to a mass of buildings, which included the barns, branding-pens, corrals, and the like. It was here that the horsemen had galloped, and one of the pens was filled with an uneasy mass of cattle. Not far from this pen was a big hitching rail or bar, very stout, consisting of tree trunks at least a foot in diameter, the total length of the rail being forty or fifty feet. Beside it was a very large and stout corral. The inside of this corral was well padded with poles, making a somewhat springy wall, a feature I have never seen in any corrals in our own ranch country, but essential where the horses are trained to jam the cattle against the corral side.

Most of the sports took place inside this big corral. Gates led into it from opposite ends. Some thirty or forty feet in front of one of the gates, therefore just about that distance from the middle of the corral, was a short, crescent-faced fence which served to keep the stock that had yet to be worked separated from those that had been worked. Proceedings were begun by some thirty riders and a mob of cattle coming through one of the doors of the corral. A glance at the cattle was enough to show that the old days of the wild ranches had passed. These were not longhorns, staring, vicious creatures, shy and fleet as deer; they were graded stock, domestic in their ways, and rather reluctant to run. Among the riders, however, there was not the slightest falling off from the old dash and skill, and their very air, as they rode quietly in, and the way they sat every sudden, quick move of their horses, showed their complete ease and self-confidence.

The first feat performed began by two of the horsemen, acting together, cutting out an animal from the bunch. This was done with skill and precision, but differed in no way from the work I used formerly to see and take part in on the Little Missouri. What followed, however, was totally different. The animal was raced by the two men out from the herd and from behind the little semi-circular fence, and was taken at full speed

round the edge of the great corral past the closed gate on the other side, and almost back to the starting-point. One horseman rode behind the animal, a little on its inner side. The other rode outside it, the horse's head abreast of the steer's flank. As they galloped the riders uttered strange, long-drawn cries, evidently of Indian origin. Round the corral rushed the steer, and, after it passed the door on the opposite side and began to return toward its starting-point and saw the other cattle ahead of it, it put on speed. Then the outside rider raced forward and at the same moment wheeled inward, pinning the steer behind the horns and either by the neck or shoulder against the rough yielding boughs with which the corral was lined. Instantly the other horseman pressed the steer's hind quarters outward, so that it found itself not only checked, but turned in the opposite direction. Again it was urged into a gallop, the calling horsemen following and repeating their performance. The steer was thus turned three times. After the third turning the gate which it had passed was opened and it trotted out.

A dozen times different pairs of riders performed the feat with different steers. It was a fine exhibition of daring prowess and of good training in both the horses and the riders. Of course if it had not been for the lining of the inner fence with timber poles the steer would have been killed or crippled—we saw one of them injured, as it was. The horse, which entered heartily into the spirit of the chase, had to crash straight into the fence, nailing the steer and bringing it to a standstill in the midst of its headlong gallop. Once or twice at the critical moment the rider was not able to charge quickly enough; and when the steer was caught too far back it usually made its escape and rejoined the huddle of cattle from which it had been cut out. The men were riders of such skill that shaking them in their seats was impossible, no matter how quickly the horse turned or how violent the shocks were; nor was a single horse hurt in the rough play. It was a wild scene, and an exhibition of prowess well worth witnessing.

Other exhibitions of horsemanship followed, including the old feat of riding a bull. A bull, a vicious one, was left alone in the ring, and his temper soon showed signs of extreme shortness as he pawed the dirt, tossing it above his shoulders. Watching the chance when the bull's attention was fixed elsewhere,



PHOTOGRAPH BY HERMIT ROOSEVELT

HUASO (CHILEAN COWBOY) RIDING A BULL.

"All the bull's furious bucking and jumping could not unseat the rider!"



PHOTOGRAPH BY HERMIT ROOSEVELT

TWO HUASOS RACING A STEER ROUND THE CORRAL. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE THE SPECTATORS BEHIND THE POLE-PADDED CORRAL FAMILIAR IN CHILE.

a man ran in and got to the little fence before the bull could charge him. Then, while the bull was still angrily endeavoring to get the man, the corral gate opposite was thrown open and six or eight horsemen entered, riding with quiet unconcern. The bull was obviously not in the least afraid of the footman, whereas he had a certain feeling of respect for the horsemen. Two of the latter approached him. One got his rope over the bull's horns, and the other then dexterously roped the hind legs. The footman rushed in and seized the tail, and the bull was speedily on his side. Then a lean, slab-sided, rather frowzy-looking man, outwardly differing in no essential respect from the professional bronco-buster of the Southwest, slipped from the spectators' seats into the ring. A saddle was girthed tight on the bull, and a rope ring placed round his broad chest so as to give the rider something by which to hang. The lassoes upon him were cast loose, and he rose, snorting with rage and terror. If he had thrown the man, the horsemen would have had to work with instantaneous swiftness to save his life. But all the bull's furious bucking and jumping could not unseat the rider. The horsemen began to tease the animal, flapping red blankets in his face, and luring him to charges which they easily evaded. Finally they threw him again, took off his saddle and turned him loose, and at the same time some steers were driven into the corral to serve as company for him. A couple of the horsemen took him out of the bunch and raced him round the corral, turning him when they wished by pressing him against the pole corral lining, thus repeating the game that had already been played with so many of the steers. In his case it was, of course, more dangerous. But they showed complete mastery, and the horses had not the slightest fear, nailing him flat against the wall with their chests, and spinning him round when they struck him on occasions when he was trying to make up his mind to resist.

After the sports in the corral were finished eight or ten of the *huasos* appeared on big horses at the bar of which I have spoken, and took part in a sport which was entirely new to me. Two champions would appear opposite one another at the bar. Each would turn his horse's head until it hung over the bar as they fronted each other, on the same side of the bar. The object was for each man to try to push his opponent away from

the bar and then shove past him, usually carrying his opponent with him. Sometimes it was a contest of man against man. Sometimes each would have two or three backers. No one could touch any other man's horse, and each drove his animal right against his opponent. The two men fronting each other at the bar kept their horse's head on or against the bar; the others strove each to get his horse's head between the body of one of his opponents and the head of that opponent's horse. They then remained in a knot for some minutes, the riders cheering the horses with their strange, wild, Indian-like cries, while the horses pushed and strained. Usually there was almost no progress on either side at first. It would look as though not an inch was gained. Gradually, however, the horses on one side or the other got an inch or two or three inches advantage of position by straining and shoving. Suddenly the right vantage-point would have been attained. There was an outburst of furious shouting from the riders. The horses of one side with straining quarters thrust their way through the press, whirling round or half upsetting their opponents, and rushed down alongside the bar. Why the men's legs were not broken I could not say. On this occasion all the men were good-natured. But it was a rough sport, and I could well credit the statement that, if there were bad blood to gratify, the chances were excellent for a fight.

After the sports we motored down to a great pasture on one side of a lake, beyond which rose lofty mountains. Then we motored to the ranch house itself, a huge single-story house with a great courtyard in the middle and wings extending towards the stable, the saddle rooms, and the like. It was a most attractive building, its architecture of the old native style, and characteristic of the life and the country. Because of this fact it was in my eyes superior to the big houses we had sometimes seen on such ranches, make-believe Gothic buildings, out of place in their surroundings. Then we had the Chilean breakfast of Continental Europe, which at home would be called lunch. We sat under the dense shade of a great row of trees, at a long table laden with silver and glass and white linen. The food was delicious. Our whole surroundings were not merely comfortable but luxurious, and the contrast enhanced the charm of the glimpse of wild old-time *Huaso* life that we had just caught.