

REPUBLICS THREATEN WAR

Chili and Argentine Seriously Involved Over Boundary Lines.

PUTTING THEIR FIGHTING CLOTHES ON

Thirty Thousand Chileans Under Arms and Drilling—What Each Country Claims—Patriotism of the People.

(Copyrighted, 1898, by Frank G. Carpenter.) SANTIAGO, Chili, Aug. 22, 1898.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—There is great danger of a war breaking out between the Argentine Republic and Chili within the next three months. The masses of the Chileans want it, and popular meetings are held all over the country demanding it. Not long ago the secretary of war resigned from the cabinet, telling the president that he accepted the place because he supposed that Chili was going to fight the Argentine, and that if there was to be no war he preferred to resign. The president and his administration would like to avoid a conflict if possible, but the feeling of the people is so strong that the subject of diplomatic discussion for years, and it has again and again threatened to cause war. In 1876 the relations of the two countries were so strained over this matter that an armed conflict seemed imminent, and it was only avoided by the intervention of a joint commission of experts to mark out the boundary line. The present excitement is the result of the conflicting interpretations of the treaties which were made through these negotiations. The first attempt to settle the boundary failed. Another trial was made in 1878, but it was not until 1881 that a treaty was entered into and this was largely the result of the friendly offices of Thomas O. Osborn, then our minister to Argentina, and his cousin, Thomas A. Osborn, who was then United States minister to Chili. This treaty stated that the boundary from Peru as far south as the fifty-second degree of latitude, which is about the eastern entrance to the Strait of Magellan, should be the cordillera of the Andes. The treaty stated that the frontier line should run along the 3000-foot summits of the mountains that divide the waters and should pass between the sources of the streams which lie on the other side of those flowing into the Atlantic and Chili, taking all on the Pacific side. In cases where the boundary was not clear it was to be settled by two experts, one chosen by each country, and if they were not able to come to a decision a third agent chosen by both governments was to decide the matter. It was also provided that Chili was to have no port on the Atlantic and the Argentine no port on the Pacific. The line so fixed was to remain for all time, and if other matters of dispute arose they were to be submitted by the two governments to some friendly power for arbitration.

Too Many Carriages.

Speaking of the necessity for immediate action on account of expense, Senor Jorge Asta-Burruaga, the son of the former Chilean minister to the United States and for a time Chilean secretary of the legation at Washington, accompanied me on my tour of military inspection here. During the day I remarked several times on the splendid training and equipment of the men, when Senor Asta-Burruaga said: "Yes, they are very fine and they look very well, but Chili must use them soon if at all. We are like a man who has twenty-five carriages and nothing with which to keep them up. He may have the carriages brought around to his door every morning and the people will open their eyes and say, 'See what magnificent turnouts that man has,' while all the time he may be starving in the kitchen. These soldiers are very fine, but Chili can't stand the expense. This is true. Chili has all to do with only 3,000,000 people, not as many as a number of our American states. Five-sixths of these are peons, or laborers, who pay practically no taxes, and the burden of the military establishment comes on but few. The country does not grow in population to any extent, and the available territory is comparatively small. It has, however, good credit, and it has always promptly paid its foreign indebtedness.

Patriotism in Chili.

I have not yet seen the soldiers of the Argentine, but I doubt whether their army will compare with this for effective work. The Chileans are natural soldiers. They would rather fight than eat, and when the call was made for the members of the National Guard between the ages of 17 and 20 to come to the field for the present drill camp, they came in such numbers that it was to be settled by two experts, one chosen by each country, and if they were not able to come to a decision a third agent chosen by both governments was to decide the matter. It was also provided that Chili was to have no port on the Atlantic and the Argentine no port on the Pacific. The line so fixed was to remain for all time, and if other matters of dispute arose they were to be submitted by the two governments to some friendly power for arbitration.

This was a beautiful treaty, full of common sense and brotherly love, but when the experts began to work on the boundary the temper of the people changed and all sorts of disputes arose. In 1855, in advance of his report to the government, the Chilean cabinet published his statement of the situation. This was attacked at once by the Argentine press, and the relations of the two countries again became strained. Then a little later on the Argentine expert rushed into print in a book on the subject, which was bitterly attacked by the Chilean press and which is the cause of the war talk of today. According to this book the Chilean line in the south is close to the Pacific, while the people here believe it should be far inside of Patagonia. The land in question is, I am told, not worth the price of the powder that would be burned in the impending conflict; and, in fact, the real cause of the ill feeling dates considerably further back. By this treaty the Strait of Magellan and the greater part of the territory given to Chili. The Argentines think that they should have a large part of them and that the Chileans have really no right to anything east of the Andes, although they have agreed to the contrary. They think Chili is scheming to grab a great part of the territory, as she did the rich nitrate fields of Peru, and feel that she is after a war of conquest. Chili feels that the Argentines took a large part of Patagonia from her, and knows that a port on the Pacific would be of great advantage to her neighbor, and a war now before the Argentine gets so rich and powerful that she cannot hope to conquer her.

Why Chili Must Fight Now.

It is hardly probable that these troubles can ever be finally settled without a war. Both countries realize this, and the Argentines know that their best policy is to put the conflict off as long as possible. The Chileans must fight soon if at all. They cannot stand the expenses of their present war establishment. I am told that the army and navy are now costing about \$50,000 gold a day. Enormous sums have been spent for arms and ammunition, and during a visit which I made this week to the various military establishments here I found that the guns and equipment are of the

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finest and the most recent makes. The soldiers are armed with Mauser rifles. In the artillery barracks I was shown mountain guns which were made at the Krupp works in 1896, and other arms of the same date. The soldiers are well uniformed, and their drill is as good as that of any army of Europe. They have Prussian army officers as instructors, and the most rigid discipline has been enforced. The most arduous gymnastic exercises are practiced, so that the bodies of the men are like iron, and today there is not an army in the world that is better fitted to take the field than that of Chili. The buildings of the army and navy at Santiago and Valparaiso cover acres, and they are among the fine buildings of the country.

The President's Guard.

Just opposite the Meneo, or the Chilean white house, is the headquarters of the president's guard. This consists of 200 cavalry who are mounted on some of the finest horses of Chili. During my visit the commander held a review of the troops that I might see what the Chileans can do on horseback. They are among the best horsemen of the world, and it is a common expression that the Chilean is born on horseback. The president's cavalry moved as one man. The companies of troops were galloping over the hedges and ditches and barriers, which are kept in the large court of the quarters for practice. Dummy soldiers in uniform were scattered about the ground to represent the wounded on the field of battle, and these the men pierced with their lances as they went galloping by. At the military school, or West Point of Chili, the best families of the country are undergoing the most rigid gymnastic and military training. Boys of from 15 to 18 whose fathers are worth millions were marching through the same exercises as the recruits of the national guard. They had drilled the guns well and the discipline was perfect. There is a naval school at Valparaiso. There are military and naval clubs here, and Chili has military and naval journals subsidized by the state. There is a lack of martial spirit and the ambition in a military way of both old and young is boundless.

What Neighbors May Do.

If this war occurs it will hardly be confined to Chili and the Argentine. All of the adjoining countries will probably be forced to take part. Peru has taken the best of her money producing territory and has made her bankrupt. She has looted her public buildings and has butchered her people by the tens of thousands. The Chileans scraped the Peruvian territory as with a fine tooth comb for things valuable. They wiped out villages and demolished cities. They destroyed plantations and burned factories. They sacked Lima and brought away everything of value. The books in the public libraries, the art in the museums and even the animals in the zoological gardens were carried to Santiago. At the end of the struggle Chili demanded the nitrate fields as one of the prices of peace and she is now getting a great part of her revenues from the export duties which she collects from what was once Peruvian territory. Bolivia would join Peru and the Argentine for much the same reasons and also because the Bolivians think as do also many of the Peruvians that Chili is victorious over the Argentine she will at once push her conquests further north, swallowing up all of the countries on the west coast and making Chili extend from Cape Horn to the Isthmus of Panama. The Argentines on the other hand fear that Brazil will unite with Chili. The Brazilians and the Argentines are old time enemies, and the Argentines despise and hate the Brazilians.

They fear that in case of war the Brazilians will demand back some of the territory which President Cleveland as arbitrator awarded them in a dispute during his administration and that in case of a union with Chili and Argentina they would be able to demand back the territory which the Argentine would be carried up to suit the two. One thing that is holding Chili back from declaring war is the large amount of property in the Argentine belonging to foreigners. The best things of the Argentines are either mortgages, Bolivian bonds bought by Europeans, and Chili does not see where she could get enough stuff in the country to pay the expenses of the war. Said one of the most influential of the Chileans, a man who is very close to the president, to me last night: "If the Argentine had any available assets we would make war at once. If there was anything there that would pay the expenses of our army we would go in and take it, but there is not, and we don't see where we can come out whole. It is like entering into a lawsuit for damages with a pauper. He may give you a hard fight and if you succeed you can collect nothing. The Argentine has a debt of almost half a billion gold dollars a year. With the foreign influences against us we would find it hard to get anything out of the nation should we succeed, and should we lose they will carve us to pieces. They will take the whole of lower Chili for themselves and will allow Peru and Bolivia to have what we captured in our war with Peru."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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The War Will Be a Bloody One.

If the war occurs it will be one of the bloodiest of history. It will be fought with the latest improvements in arms and with all the advantages of the middle ages. In the war with Peru there was not much need of hospitals. The Chileans stabbed the wounded to death with their lances or cut their throats as they lay on the field. I have told you how I saw the president's guard hanging wounded dummies in the review. I imagine that the Argentines would not be much better in this respect, and it will be a war to the death. It is hard for one who has not seen the Chilean peon to understand him. He is as tough as a knot, and he can endure all sorts of hardships. He can sleep on the ground for weeks at a stretch, and can live for months on rations of a handful or so of toasted flour for his meals. He comes of the best Castilian blood crossed with that of the bravest Indians of this continent, and he will stick to his commander until he falls. He seems to care nothing for life and little for pain, and will do the most foolish things rather than be thought a coward. One day last week two peons were drinking together with a crowd of their fellows, when one said to the other that he thought him a coward. "You do?" was the reply. "Well, I will show you that I am not. Would a coward do this?" And thereupon he pulled a knife and plunged it into his bowels again and again. "I will show you that I am not a coward," rejoined the other, and he began to stab himself. The two men would have soon committed suicide had not a young priest rushed in and torn the knives from their hands and called in the police to take them to the hospital. The above story was told me by a man who saw the whole affair, and he said that no one else but a priest could have stopped the cutting.

The Axes of the Two Countries.

It is believed that if war occurs it will be largely naval. In order to prevent war it was suggested by some of the statesmen here at the time that the United States was buying up vessels for our fight with Spain, that both Chili and the Argentine give up their ships to the United States for some-

VISITORS FLOCK TO WAR SHIPS

Crowds That Throng the Fighting Vessels Whenever They Come to Port.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON THE DECKS

Pride of the Officers and Men in Exhibiting Their Charges—The Jackies' Leonine Explanation of Thrilling Events.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—It is estimated that fully 100,000 persons have visited the various ships of Admiral Sampson's victorious squadron since their arrival from Cuba. From 9 in the morning until 5 in the afternoon the decks of the New York, the Brooklyn and the rest of the fleet have echoed to the tread of an admiring host of American citizens—citizens who have just awakened to the fact that they have a navy that can fight remarkable battles in a remarkably short space of time.

The mere fact that these vessels have all been inspected and viewed many times before has nothing to do with it. That wonderful chase off Santiago and the annihilation of a mighty Spanish fleet have been each craft from the stately flagship to the second-class battleship Texas with such a halo of interest and romance that the drawing properties of a circus pale into insignificance before it. The crowds that descended upon the fleet directly anchored were dropped off Tompkinsville literally besieged the ships and when it became necessary to commence needed repairs the authorities at Washington were compelled to issue orders closing the gangways and even the gates at the Brooklyn navy yard. There were no complaints because of the influx of visitors from the officers and crew, however. Jack and his superiors are never happier than when the decks are thronged with visitors from shore. They like the attention and they like to feel that their masters—the American people—are interested in them. "Fighting Bob" Evans, the captain of the Iowa, said recently: "I would be glad to show to my ship to every man and woman, boy and girl in the whole country. I am only sorry that I can't go on deck and greet every visitor personally. They are indeed welcome to any ship I command."

The Mecca of Visitors.

The Brooklyn navy yard is the Mecca of two-thirds of the strangers who annually visit New York City, but within the last month hosts of tourists, who have lived all their lives almost within sight of the naval workshop while without entering the gate, have eagerly sought admission to see the ships of Sampson's fleet. Admission is by pass obtained from the captain of the yard, and the visitor who has obtained his pass is met by the visitor before he reaches the gate at the foot of Sands street, Brooklyn, where he is compelled to submit to the scrutiny of a watchman and several marines. Once inside the yard, a yard regularly laid out with paths and walks, parks, gas lamps, police and an efficient fire department, is easy enough to find the waterfront where are moored the various ships of war undergoing repairs.

It is now the visitor finds that the pass—an official-looking document duly signed and sealed—is potent only in the yard itself. The pass has no standing or influence on board a ship in commission. This fact is learned when the honest citizen is stopped at the gangway of a ship by a marine sentry and informed in any kind of a dialect that "It's no good here, sir. If you want to go aboard this ship you must get permission from the officer of the deck."

During certain hours, however, this particular yard of red tape is not in evidence and visitors are permitted to look and explore and stare to their heart's content. Once over the gangway, the welcome shows itself. The officer of the deck, a dapper young ensign, looking very cool and neat in his white uniform, generally approaches and asks if the visitor or visitors would like to see the ship. On being answered in the affirmative the young officer beckons to some apprentice or bluejacket, of whom there are generally a number in waiting, and says easily: "Thompson, show these people the sights. Explain the turrets and anything else they may care to see."

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There was a big jagged hole there a few days ago," said the bluejacket in a peculiarly sad tone of voice. "It's where the shell came thro' that exploded on the other side of the deck and killed one of our apprentices. You read the story in 'The Ship,' I guess. I—I saw it all, an' Thompson brushed one hand over his shirt with a queer gesture of repugnance—an' I helped pick him up. He was a good boy an' him and me chummed it as a rule. 'The shell, it came thro' the steel side with

are small, but Thompson pilots them in safety, saying as he does so, "Just duck your heads, there, ladies and gents. That coaming is harder than bone, bet'cher life. There was a dude rammed his put agin it yesterday in the semi-darkness, but the way at every step; there is a closeness in the air which would be stifling if it were not for the ventilating blowers which can be heard whirring and humming in each passageway. The ceilings are low and cork painted, and the steel coaming lower with its strange electrical contrivances and its machinery of a steering wheel and various other objects of more or less interest. He returned with the party to the quarterdeck.

"I hope you like th' old hooker," he said, standing with cap in hand and a friendly grin on his good-natured face. "We boys are all proud of her, bet'cher life. There ladies she was a hoodoo an' th' old Texas would fall to pieces with nervous prostration when th' dagoes got a shot at her, but I guess she's—"

Impressive Shooting Tools.

A little gasp of awe comes from the feminine portion of the visitors. There is something grimly impressive in the great iron chamber with its curious objects of war. In the center rests the monster 12-inch breech loading rifle, built upon a pedestal of cast-iron chamber many feet across and rising to double a man's height is reached. The bluejacket guide waves his hand and says with the air of a showman exhibiting his most valuable curiosity: "This, ladies an' gents, is the for-ard turret."

He stopped and took a step backward. One of the party had thrust a hand toward him containing a small wad of green in the palm. Thompson looked hurt.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said slowly, "but you must 'souse mon. We boys don't take nothin' like that. When we shows th' ship we do it because we are proud of her. No, thankee, very much. Will I give you my name? Certainly, I'm William Thompson, seaman. Been in th' service three full cruises an' expect to stay th' rest of my time. Good-by! Come again and welcome."

With a bow and one of his queer little ducks the blue jacket turned and disappeared forward. The members of the party who had offered him money stopped up to the officer of the deck and said:

"I want to express my appreciation of your ship and your gallant crew, sir. The man who piloted us about is a rough jewel of the first water. His name is Thompson, I believe. I'd like to leave this bill to be used in—"

"Excuse me, but I do not think it would be wise, sir," interrupted the young officer with a smile. "The boys are rather strict on that subject. Thompson would thank me if I took anything for him, good-by, sir. You are heartily welcome. Come again."

As the party threaded its way down the crowded gangplank, one of the members glanced back and saw several bluejackets escorting other parties about the ship. One of the sailors was Thompson, grinning, happy and glad of his task.

An Incident of the Fight. "There was a big jagged hole there a few days ago," said the bluejacket in a peculiarly sad tone of voice. "It's where the shell came thro' that exploded on the other side of the deck and killed one of our apprentices. You read the story in 'The Ship,' I guess. I—I saw it all, an' Thompson brushed one hand over his shirt with a queer gesture of repugnance—an' I helped pick him up. He was a good boy an' him and me chummed it as a rule. 'The shell, it came thro' the steel side with

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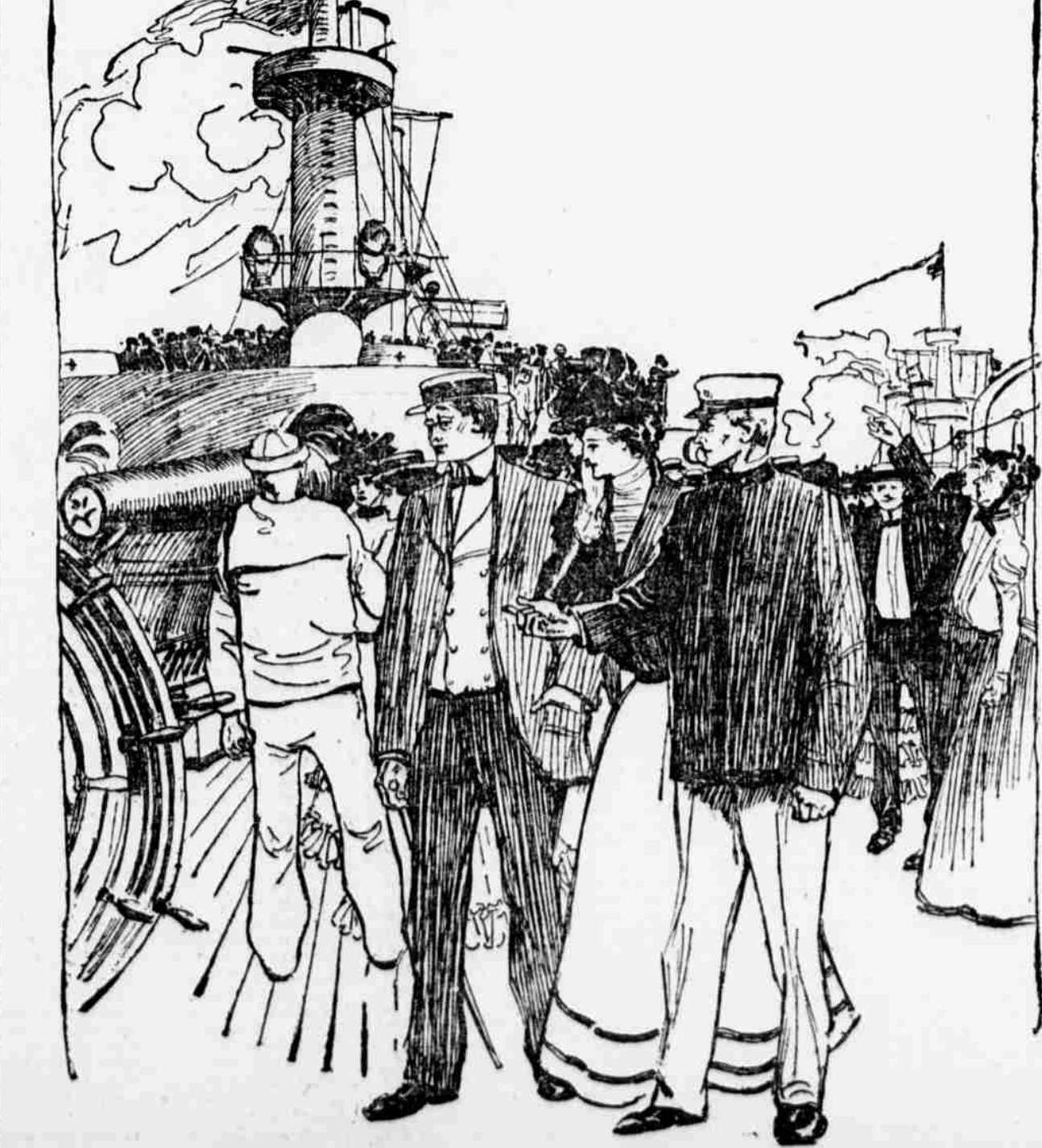
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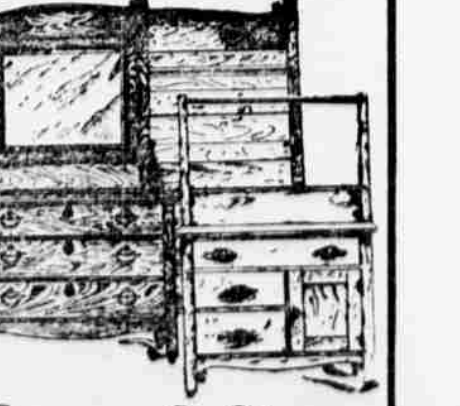
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VISITORS ON THE U. S. S. "BROOKLYN."



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