

Carpenter Starts on Tour of South America

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INSTANT, Jamaica, Jan. 2.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I have stopped off at Kingston, on the island of Jamaica, on my way to South America. I am now in the center of the Caribbean sea. Two days later I shall be at Panama, and within a month I shall be amid the volcanoes and snows on the top of the Andes. I am just starting out on a tour of 25,000 miles through our great sister continent, to write a series of letters for The Omaha Bee. I expect to visit the principal countries of South America, going down the west coast from Panama to Patagonia, traveling for months in the Andes, investigating the possibilities of the South American desert, and writing of all the countries which face the Pacific. Later in the year I shall go around through the Strait of Magellan, or over the mountains to the great republics which lie on their eastern slopes, traversing the mighty plains and traveling up and down the principal rivers.

During this journey I shall describe the countries as they are today, and the mighty changes now going on in their civilization and industrial development. I expect to travel over all the new railroads, to describe the new factories and mills, to go down into the mines and to show the wonderful increase and the enormous possibilities of South American trade.

Continent of the Future.
The new South America! The words make my blood tingle when I think of its future. South America is the great undeveloped world of the nineteenth century. It is the treasure vault of the universe and the mighty coming bread basket of the human race. Argentina alone could supply enough wheat to feed all mankind. The plateaus of Bolivia and Brazil added to Uruguay and the Argentine may in the future be our chief sources of meat, and the minerals of the Andes—silver, gold, copper and tin—are practically inexhaustible. As to cultivatable land, South America far surpasses our own continent, which lies at the north. North America has the more square miles, but a vast part of it is all snow and ice. South America is good all the way through from Caracas in Venezuela to Punta Arenas on the Strait of Magellan. The distance is 4,500 miles, or as far as from San Francisco to Japan. The country is flat from east to west. At its greatest breadth it is 900 miles wider than the United States from Boston to San Francisco, and the most of it consists of mighty plains so fertile that they rival the valleys of the Nile or the Ganges in their potential possibilities.

Some Big Things in South America.
We are accustomed to boast that we have the greatest country on earth. North America seems about the only big thing on our hemisphere and the United States, in our opinion, stands out as prominently there as the bull on one's nose. We have no conception of the immensity of the vast continent which lies at the south, nor of the mighty countries which are there in the making. The man on the street thinks of Brazil only as a faroff locality, of minor extent, from where come the coffee he drinks of a morning and the rubber tire which cedes his motor car ride to his business. The truth is Brazil is so big that it could cover the whole of the United States proper as well as a blanket and have good lands left over equal to ten states the size of Maine or New Hampshire. Little Ecuador is twice as big as Illinois. Peru is ten times the size of Missouri, and the low shoestring of Chile, if laid out in one block would more than equal seven states as big as Ohio, Virginia or Kentucky. Argentina has one-third as much land as the United States and nearly every foot of it will raise, grass, grain or meat. Bolivia is ten times as big as the whole of New England and Colombia is bigger than France or the Spanish peninsula.

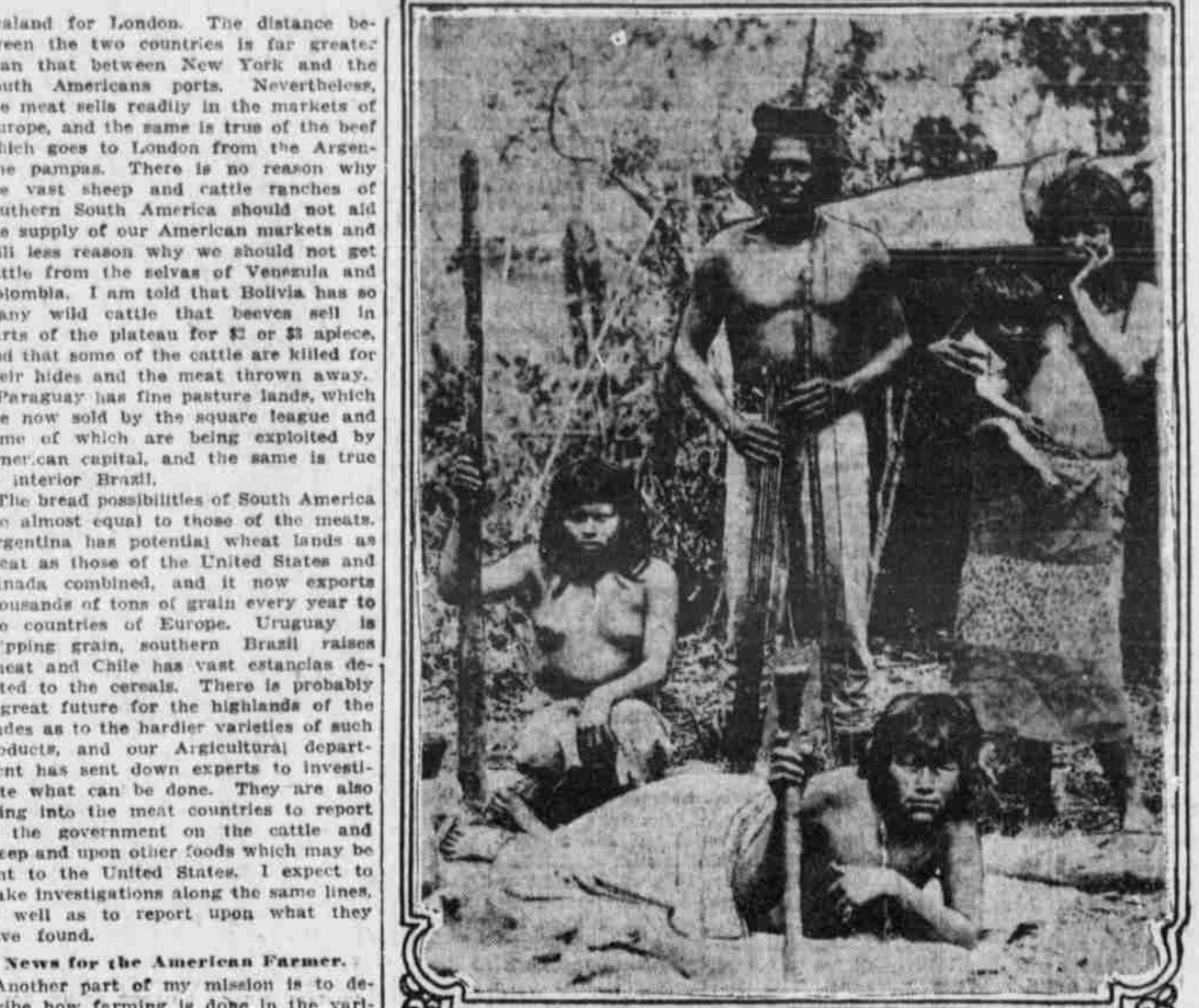
The most of these countries are white men's countries in the making, which lie in the tropics have vast tracts of land so high above the sea that their climate is delightful all the year round. The whole of central and eastern Brazil is one vast plateau, and the southern part of that country is noted for cattle and grain. It is so popular with the Germans that they have settled there by the hundreds of thousands. The country has become known as the "meat and milk land" and it has German cities and towns, while regular steamers from Germany call at the ports.

You might think that the white man could not live as far south as the Strait of Magellan. That strait is 1,000 miles farther south than Cape Town, in Africa. It is away down on the globe, below Australia and New Zealand, and, nevertheless, its climate is so mild that cattle and sheep can feed out of doors there all the year round. The great island of Terra del Fuego is now devoted to sheep, and the whole country about is a summer resort compared with the lands of central Alaska. As to that part of South America, I speak from personal experience. I have been at the Strait of Magellan in the heart of midwinter, and have tramped around in the mud, the weather being so warm that there was no frost in the ground. I do not mean to say that this is so all the time, but the winters are mild.

Filling Uncle Sam's Bread Basket.
Speaking of the sheep at the Strait of Magellan, I hope to make us as whether South America cannot cut down the cost of our legs of mutton and our tenderloin roasts. There is no doubt that frozen mutton can be shipped from there to our country and be served just as fresh as though they came from the farm. I have seen them loading ships with frozen mutton in New



The famous bridge of the Incas and the highest railroad in the world



Queer Indians from Tierra del Fuego

Zealand for London. The distance between the two countries is far greater than that between New York and the South American ports. Nevertheless, the meat sells readily in the markets of Europe, and the same is true of the beef which goes to London from the Argentine pampas. There is no reason why the vast sheep and cattle ranches of southern South America should not aid the supply of our American markets and still less reason why we should not get cattle from the selvas of Venezuela and Colombia. I am told that Bolivia has so many wild cattle that beavers sell in parts of the plateau for \$2 or \$3 apiece, and that some of the cattle are killed for their hides and the meat thrown away.

Paraguay has fine pasture lands, which are now sold by the square league and some of which are being exploited by American capital, and the same is true of interior Brazil.

The bread possibilities of South America are almost equal to those of the meats. Argentina has potential wheat lands as great as those of the United States and Canada combined, and it now exports thousands of tons of grain every year to the countries of Europe. Uruguay raises sheep, grain, southern Brazil raises wheat and Chile has vast estancias devoted to the cereals. There is probably a great future for the highlands of the Andes as to the harder varieties of such products, and our Agricultural department has sent down experts to investigate what can be done. They are also going into the meat countries to report to the government on the cattle and sheep and upon other foods which may be sent to the United States. I expect to make investigations along the same lines, as well as to report upon what they have found.

News for the American Farmer.
Another part of my mission is to describe how farming is done in the various countries and to report upon new grains and fruits which may possibly be used in our country. The Andes mountains are the home of the potato and upon the plateau of Bolivia there are many varieties which are unknown in North America. Some of these date back to prehistoric days. The common people ruled by the Incas were raising "spuds" long before Ireland was thought of and every tuber of the potato variety we eat has a genealogical tree whose roots are buried in the heights of the Andes.

Further down the mountain the people have a vegetable known as the yuca. This is a tuber with branches like an underground tree and there may be varieties equal to that which Luther Burbank found when a boy, and from that discovery continued his investigations to fame and to fortune.

I want to investigate the guano islands, on the coast of Peru, and also go into the nitrate fields of the great South American desert, which now so largely supply the nitrogen for our American farms. These deserts have already yielded several hundred million dollars' worth of that fertilizer, and they are now turning out nitrate of soda by the billions of pounds. As it is now, we are taking one-fifth of the whole product, and there is scarcely a live orchardist or market gardener in our country who does not nourish his crops with plant food from Chile. I want to go out into the desert and visit the mines, and tell you how the nitrates look in the ground.

As to the guano islands, they are scattered along the Pacific coast some distance above where the nitrate desert begins. They are frequented by millions of birds, and the droppings from these have already produced more than 12,000,000 tons of manure as rich as that of your hen house. They have brought into the treasure vaults of Peru some thing over a billion gold dollars, and, although almost exhausted, are still yielding guano.

On the Tops of the Andes.
Some of my most interesting letters will be from the tops of the Andes. I shall see them at their lowest at the Culebra cut when I pass through the canal, and I shall be near where they are highest in South Chile when I climb the slopes of Mount Aconcagua, whose peak is more than four miles above the sea. During my last visit to South America I traveled by railroad over a pass in the Peruvian Andes which was higher than Mont Blanc, and I shall now be able to cross the Andes by rail in several places, and make my way for some distance down their east slopes. Americans have recently built a railroad in Ecuador that will bring me close to the volcanoes of Cotopaxi and Chimborazo, and on the highlands of Bolivia I shall visit Sorata and Illimani, whose snowy peaks are nearer the sky than any in North America outside Alaska. A great part of the Andes is volcanic, and I shall likely be able to describe a volcano in action.

An interesting part of this journey will be in the footsteps of the Incas. I shall see their old highway in Ecuador in Quito, and shall travel over it later in Cuzco near the City of the Sun. That road was built long before there was a paved highway in any part of the North American continent, and I am told that parts of it are in good condition today. Just before I left Washington, in a chat with Louise Waller Page of the bureau of public roads, he asked me to get him pieces of the road metal and ship them to him in order that they may be tested

under Engineer Wallace, and I have been on the ground from time to time while the greatest army of laborers the world has ever known, under Colonel Goethals has been plowing down the mountains and damming the streams. The great ditch has now separated the continents, but at the same time it has tied their peoples and the countries more closely together, and it will for the future be the great catwalk from one to the other. My next letter will describe it as it looks today and as it will look when the ships go through.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

MILLIONAIRE POCKET MONEY

Carrying a Large "Roll" is Not a Hobby with the Wealthy.

As a rule millionaires do not carry much money on their persons. The pocket check book has taken the place of currency with them to a great extent. The personal checks that I would send over to the bank for my principal usually called for two or three hundred dollars, and it was unusual if the sum were more than \$50. But there were times when I drew as much currency as this for them every two or three days, so the money did not stay with them long.

On one occasion \$10,000 was placed in a bank as a household checking account, and it was all spent within about six months.

The rich men I have known have seemed to be slightly more economical than their wives. One of them got along with three or four business suits a year, made by a Fifth avenue firm at about \$50 each, and democratically rode in a street car. Perhaps this was one of the reasons why his wife could spend thousands on her gowns and always take a hansom or motor car.

The one thing that millionaires do not stint themselves on is their table. While those I have been through with drink little or nothing their food is of the choicest quality that money will buy. This may account for the fact that all of them have taken on weight, although none would be called stout.

Few of them have had hobbies. One was exceedingly particular about his stationery. Another used to wear his clothes until they were almost threadbare. One wore a straw hat until way in October, after everybody else had put on berber or fedoras. "You see, young man," he once remarked, "I can do this

And some day when you grow rich you can, too, if you like."

The men have cared much less for social triumphs than their wives. One has no great liking for evening clothes, although his wife is resplendent at the opera. Most rich men welcome position for their families' sake, and take great pride in all that goes with prestige and power.

Like their less fortunate brothers, the wealthy are usually hard workers. Where they have inherited their money, they have been drilled in mercantile ways before coming into full control of their

property. Nearly every rich man I have ever known has excelled in some one profession or line of business. This ability and discipline have undoubtedly aided them in their efforts to control and increase their fortunes.—Boston Transcript.

Exhilarating Sport.
First Tourist Abroad—Hi, ha, ha! This is worth all the time, money and bother I've spent over here!
Second Ditto—How's that?
First Tourist—I deliberately kissed the little servant maid with the worst gossip in town looking on. There she is over there telling my wife about it, and the old lady can't understand a word of the language.—Judge.

Good Cheer Aids Digestion of Food

Dyspeptics Can Make the Rest of the Family Happy by Using a Laxative-tonic

The temper of the family and the good cheer around the table depend so much on the good digestion of each individual present that the experiences of some former dyspeptics who overcame their trouble should be of interest to those now suffering in this way.

The best advice one can give—but it is advice that is seldom heeded—is to eat slowly and masticate each mouthful carefully. However, if slow eating and careful mastication fail the next aid is one close to nature, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. This remedy is an excellent digestant, and in addition to helping in the digestion of the food, acts gently on the liver and bowels, ridding them of the accumulation of waste that should long ago have been passed off. It is safe, reliable, pleasant-tasting, and results are guaranteed.

Mal. S. Martin, of Joplin, Mo., now 77, thinks Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has helped him to a longer and happier life. He has not felt so good in years as he has since taking this excellent medicine, and in spite of his 77 years he says he feels like a boy.

It is the ideal remedy for indigestion, no matter how severe; constipation, no matter how chronic, biliousness, headaches, gas on the stomach, drowsiness after eating and similar annoyances.

You can obtain Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at any drug store for fifty cents



MAJ. S. MARTIN

or one dollar, the latter size being bought by heads of families already familiar with its merits. Results are always guaranteed or money will be refunded.

When you use Syrup Pepsin you will see the fallacy of chewing mints and tablets or of taking cathartics, salts, pills and similar drastic medicines. Unlike these, Syrup Pepsin does not lose its good effect, and by automatically training the stomach and bowels muscles to do their work, soon restores these organs to normal.

Families wishing to try a free sample bottle can obtain it postpaid by addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 419 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. A postal card with your name and address on it will do.

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These are the words of Artemus Ward, the man who made a fortune from his success in advertising Sapolio.

There are a great many men, who try advertising like the small boy, who digs up the grains of corn he has planted to see if they are growing. They stop advertising before they have had time to really make a start.

Some people seem to think that there is something mysterious about advertising and obtaining results from advertising. There is nothing more certain in the world than the effect of advertising. It merely causes people to know and, if continued sufficiently long, to remember what you say to them about your goods. This is a certainty, proved beyond question.

The uncertain element is whether you can show the public a real advantage in the goods, the prices, or the service you offer. If you have no advantages to offer, this is a good time to go out of business. If you have advantages, you can not fail to gain by letting people know about them.

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