CHILE'S CAPITAL

Three Horses Pull the Santiago Cart.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

SANTIAGO, metropolis and capital of Chile, is seen to greatest advantage by climbing to the summit of Santa Lucia hill, which rises out of the heart of the city much as the Acropolis is encompassed by Athens.

Let us climb up to the pavilion, built perilously on top of the rocks. At our feet lies a community of a half million souls, dwelling for the most part in one- and two-story houses. But for the moment we have no eyes for the beauties of this fair city. To the east rise the mightiest ramparts of the Andes. As the clouds drift over the sun, lights and shadows pursue one another and one sees the majestic mountains in many marvelous moods.

Morning, noon, and evening they present different aspects; but perhaps one's favorite memory of them is when the shades of evening are gathering. A blue haze veils the metropolis as the sun sinks behind the horizon, and multihued shadows climb higher and higher up the sides of the mountains until finally only the white crests of the loftiest summits are left in light.

At length they, too, must surrender the glory of the sun's light, and one's eyes turn back to the scene below—a vast city wrapped in darkness, but glittering with its tens of thousands of night jewels, made to shine by the hydro-electric engineer, who transmutes the melting Andean snows into light.

One turns in another direction and sees on the outskirts of the city San Cristobal, a conical mountain springing up from the level plain and towering above Santa Lucia, as the latter rises higher than the city at its feet. The distant ridges that separate the valleys of the Mapocho and Maipo from that of the Aconcagua and from the coast, add their beauties to this mountain-walled Eden.

Striking Architecture of the City.

Santiago itself is a city of innumerable domes and spires, which join with the few skyscrapers of the downtown district, the imposing railroad stations, and the great arched arcades to give diversity to its skyline. On the city's outskirts are the new hippodrome, perhaps one of the world's most beautiful racing plants; the Cemetery General; and the famous Parque Cousino and the Quinta Normal.

Past and present mingle strikingly in the capital. Here rises the tower of the Franciscan monastery from which sounded the bells of the curfew in days colonial, and there the steel-framed buildings of the commercial district. The cloister-constructed houses, with their open patios, red-tiled roofs, and stuccoed walls, are overshadowed by the brick and marble buildings of the palaces which share the blocks with them and which radiate the architectural spirit of France and America.

Stretching past the base of Santa Lucia is that magnificent avenue officially known as the Avenida de las Delicias, but popularly called the Alameda. It is, as its name proclaims, truly the "Avenue of the Delights." Once the Mapocho river ran down a part of its length, but the city planners gave to this stream an artificial channel, and thus converted a river bed into a beautiful thoroughfare.

Some one visiting Santiago during the season when the rivers are largely dry, and seeing the numerous bridges spanning the canalized section of the Mapocho, remarked that Santiago ought to sell its bridges and buy a river; but in the flood season the necessity for the bridges is obvious. The Mapocho's waters flow through the city with the rush of a mountain stream, and only a marathon runner could keep pace with a bit of board thrown into the water and carried downstream by the current.

On a charming terrace stands the statue of Pedro de Valdivia, surrounded by flower beds in which the most beautiful blossoms of Chile exude their fragrance to the memory of the hero it commemorates. The inscription tells us that "The valiant Captain of Estremadura, first governor of Chile, in this very spot encamped his band of 150 conquerors, December 13, 1540."

Beautiful Hanging Park.

It was from the top of Santa Lucia, with its sharp cliffs and steep slopes, that Huelen-Huala, surrounded by a gorgeous retinue of chiefs in full regalia, had been accustomed to issue his decrees to his people before the coming of the Spaniards. Now vanquished, he was forced to abandon his rock-bound citadel and dwell ever after in the valley below.

It was not until 1872 that work was begun on transforming this once rugged mass of rock into a magnificent hanging park, for which level Buenos Aires might freely offer a million cattle or a season's garnering of wheat. It was then that Don Benjamin Vicuna Mackenna began its transformation.

Public and private munificence alike have shared in its embellishment, and today it is a mass of luxuriant vines, blossoming trees, and flowers, with here and there glimpses of stairs, roadways, cliffs and walls, towers and battlements, chapels and monuments. Flower beds and fountains ornament the terraces; trees, shrubs, and overhanging vines border the driveways and promenades. Here are dancing pavilions, restaurants with picturesque nooks and balconies, and rustic seats for those who wish to enjoy a view of the city, valley, and mountains from such a charming vantage ground.

Avenue of the Delights.

From Santa Lucia we wander up the Avenue of the Delights and appreciate the enthusiasm of the Santiaguino for his capital's major thoroughfare. For here one may see not only an imposing array of beautiful statuary, splendid residences, and all that makes a morning stroll delightful, but one may also find a cross-section of Chilean life.

The Alameda is 300 feet wide and 4 miles long. It was General O'Higgins who banished the river to make the city's principal boulevard. Many new buildings border it, including the splendid National library and the famous Club Union. The central parkway formerly was adorned with four rows of trees—oaks, elms, acacias, and other varieties. In recent years these have been removed as a military precaution.

The Alameda is Chile's "Hall of Fame," not encompassed by four walls, but placed in the capital's most frequented promenade, where the birds sing and the children frolic, and where the stories of sculptured marble and bronze inspire the multitude to patriotism and courage. Here is a stately monument in memory of Don Jose de San Martin, the Washington of South American freedom.

A few blocks beyond the Alameda, with the business district intervening, is the Plaza de Armas, once the center of the open-air social life of the capital. Even today there are certain evenings of each week when a large proportion of Santiago wanders there to see and to be seen. On one side of the square is the cathedral, on another the post office and government telegraph offices. The remaining two sides are occupied by arcades with picturesque shops.

Promenade of Youth.

There are walks around and through the Plaza, and during the evening promenade these are crowded with people on pleasure bent, always moving in two lines. Round and round they go, lovely young girls walking with their duennas, and the handsome young men, in their clothes of latest cut, usually in groups, the members of each line undisguisedly looking over and assessing the members of the other.

In spite of the watchful eyes of the mothers who bring their daughters to the promenade, which usually takes place on Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, Cupid seems to find the Plaza a delightful haunt.

The cathedral stands on the site which Valdivia appointed for the erection of Chile's first church. It contains numerous paintings by old masters; a reclining, life-size figure of San Francisco de Xavier, carved from the trunk of a pear tree; a monstrance and altar of silver more than 200 years old; and a crystal chandelier which hung in the room where the first Chilean congress met. The organ is one of the finest in the world. It came to Chile by accident. The ship which was carrying it to Australia was wrecked in the Strait of Magellan; the organ was salvaged, purchased at a bargain, and placed in the cathedral.

Across the city from the Plaza de Armas is the Parque Cousino, the Central park of Santiago. It is about a mile long and half a mile wide, green with eucalyptus, acacias, poplars, magnolias, and myrtle and a great variety of shrubs, vines and grasses. Here and there are charming little lakes and lovely flower beds. In the center is a parade ground, flanked by a grandstand.

Chloroform, Pain-Killing Anesthetic, Used in 1847

Hearing a woman crying in anguish while undergoing an operation, James Young Simpson, a Scottish medical student, vowed a century ago to evolve pain-killing anesthetics. For years he experimented, testing volatile liquids at grave personal risk. Then, one evening in November, 1847, he retrieved a small bottle of chloroform from under some waste paper in his lumber-room. He poured it out into three tumblers, and with his colleagues, Dr. Keith and Dr. Duncan, began the usual inhalation test.

Soon they grew gloriously hilarious, their praises of the liquid's delicious "bouquet" waxing more and more unrestrained. Suddenly, crashing voices seemed to penetrate their ear drums. Then, as if poleaxed, the three fell prostrate on the carpet. Upon recovery, Simpson was instantly impressed by his mental clarity. "This beats ether," he murmured. So a new surgical era was launched, observes a writer in Tit-Bits Magazine.

Previously surgeons tried to put their patients to sleep with hashish, mandragora, opium, and other drugs. Another grim practice, designed to numb the senses, consisted of constricting the patient's carotid arteries. This process, if carried a shade too far, garrotted him. Sir Humphry Davy discovered in 1799 the stupefying power of nitrous oxide. But nearly fifty years passed before surgery enlisted its services.

On to Success—

With It Comes Boldness in New Ideas; Our Sphere of Friends and Activities Expands

A POOR salesman may be a genius at gardening; an indifferent stenographer sometimes never suspects her own gift for cookery, for dress design, for ability to pick up foreign languages. By thinking candidly about yourself, by being as friendly to yourself as you would be to another, you can often draw up a picture of your tastes, abilities, desires and hopes which will astonish you.

Take an inventory of yourself, paying special attention to the things you like but which you have little of in your daily life. Then start putting them into it.

From Interest to a Specialty

Often we have to begin slowly—reading, or finding courses of instruction within our means, or working out a program for ourselves in solitude; but every day something can be done toward the new way of living. It can grow from an interest into a hobby, from a hobby into a side line, from a side line into a specialty. Then comes the day when the unsatisfactory work can be given up (to someone who will find it as satisfying and as absorbing as we find our own new field) and success is at last really and noticeably on its way to us—or we are on our way to it.

Vitalizes Character

Then living begins to be fun. We meet people with the same tastes, not just the chance acquaintances who come our way in an uncongenial profession. Having succeeded once, we begin to show a little daring; we try new ideas more boldly, and our world of friends and activities expands even more. Chances we couldn't even imagine until we got inside our real work turn up on every hand. Best of all, even a small success has a vitalizing effect on character.

That is the most interesting discovery that success brings in its train: those who are living successfully make the best friends. They are free from malice and spitefulness. They are not petty. They are full of good talk and humor.—Dorothea Brande in Cosmopolitan.

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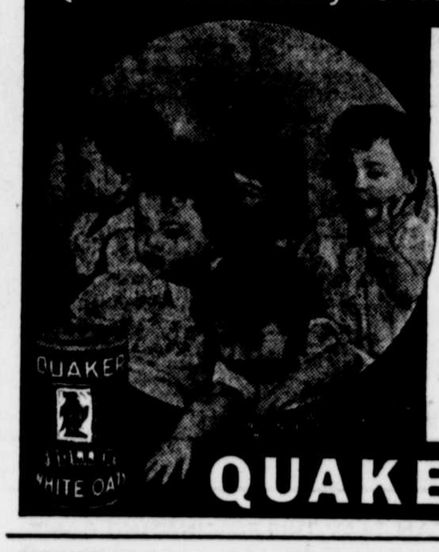

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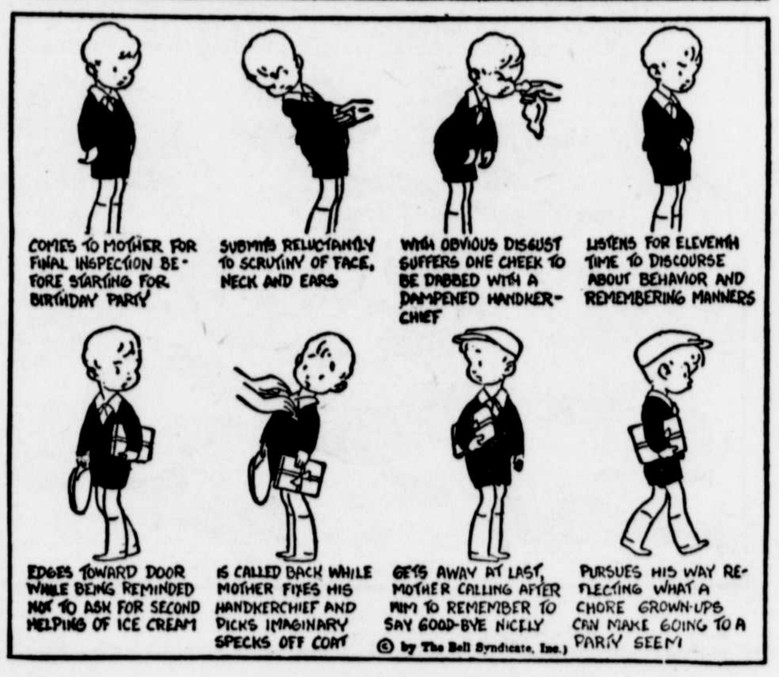

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