

Homeseekers in Argentine Considered Legitimate Victims of Official Rascality

By Frederic J. Maslin, Special Correspondent of The Journal.
BUENOS AYRES, March 24.—An American who had settled upon government land in Argentine told me that he had to plant garden seed four feet deep to prevent the winds from blowing it away. He said that during the dry season the ground would break open in cracks so wide that a horse could not jump over them. One hears many astonishing statements concerning this remarkable country. The size of some of the individual holdings of land is almost incredible. One man is now harvesting 25,000 acres of wheat, and in order to handle this immense crop he is operating 255 binders. The supplies for this great

States east of the 94th meridian which includes all the states east of the Mississippi river and several west of it. The character of the country corresponds to Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and the whole plains region east of the Rocky mountains. It has lots of soil impregnated with alkali. One-third of its whole area is unfit for agriculture, and another third is fit only for stock raising. Only one-twelfth of the land suitable for cultivation is in use. Nearly all of the good land of Argentine is held in large tracts by a few men. The state of Iowa has approximately 20,000,000 acres of cultivated land, and this is held by 250,000 land owners, making the average something over 100 acres each. The 250-

settler and homeseeker, but once the immigrant arrives all interest is lost in him. Instead of giving him good land and framing laws to assist and protect him in the work of development, he is given the worst possible claim and left absolutely to his own resources. As a consequence immigration to Argentina has received a black eye. During the last 12 years the population of the country has decreased. This year 20,000 harvest hands were brought from Italy, a distance of 7,000 miles, to help take care of the crop. After the harvest these laborers went back to Europe.

Settlers Are Mistreated.
 This is quite a remarkable statement, but it is true. With millions of rich acres waiting for the plow the poor

he would have to cross. "One dollar," was the reply. When he started over he was charged \$1 for himself and \$3 for his horse. Settlers of all nationalities complain about official imposition in one form or another. The government understands the need of reform because the newspapers clamor for better laws and better administration of those laws in effect, but it seems difficult for the government to do anything for its hands-out of the poor immigrant's pocket. It is claimed that when an application is made for government land the officials try to find out how much money the applicant has, and they show him one form or another to get it away from him. Once he is located and relieved of his cash, no further interest is taken in him. A man from the interior told me that some Welsh settlers he visited were afraid to start out of the country because they had no provisions for themselves or for their horses and the journey to the coast would require many days' travel over an arid section where supplies would be necessary to sustain life.

Settlers Want to Move.
 Such stories sound badly. It is hard to believe that the officials of a country as progressive as Argentina has the name of being, would be so blind to the future interests of their land. Yet the bravest ones coming from Europe are going back again, and the others are something is wrong. Since I arrived in Buenos Ayres a delegation of Italian farmers called upon the American officials here and said that a large colony of their countrymen wanted to move to the western part of the United States; that they were all agriculturalists of experience, and that all of them had money enough to pay their way and make payments on land when they arrived in North America. The incident was rather suspicious from the Argentine officials, reported the matter and a lively skirmish is now going on with the hope of pacifying the foreigners and inducing them to remain.

Stockraising Country. There are many hands and bodies show a collection of scars that is quite remarkable. The northern stockman who has had experience on the open range, who has the nerve to defend his rights by force, may fight his way, but it is not a desirable place for the man with a family. Argentina is doing wrong in giving away its worst land first, and this mistake will become more apparent in time. Although there is no increase in its rural population, the field crops show a gain which is accounted for by the explanation that the large stockmen are giving more attention to agriculture instead of devoting all their energies to raising stock.



THE COWBOYS ARE A BAD LOT.

ranch are shipped by the special train load. In this country land is not reckoned by the acre, but by the league—which is a little more than three miles. Probably the largest individual holding of land in South America consists of 10 leagues. It is said there are so many cattle on this great range that their number is unknown; that if 10,000 steers were run off in a night, they would not be missed.

Character of the Country.
 Argentine is very large. Few people have any idea of its immense size. It is equal in area to all of the United

homeseeker cannot make his way in Argentina. Applicant for government land here are sent to such out-of-the-way places that they are likely to starve to death. They have no protection in the courts or at the hands of the officials. One American told me that he got a claim which was located so far from the railroad that it took 16 days to drive to it. The only thing he could get to market was wool, and the freight cost \$160 per ton.

He gives an instance of official rascality. He inquired in advance concerning the ferry charges at a point where

broken up. Sheep are raised mainly for their wool, the old ones being killed by various methods to get them out of the way. In some instances the carcasses are boiled to get the grease and this product is utilized in a commercial way. However, this is only in rare instances. In the region adjacent to Buenos Ayres large quantities of wool are raised for the foreign market. It is frozen, and shipped in that form.

No Place for Northerners.
 This is no place for a northern homeseeker to come. The titles to land are always complicated. There are no advantages in the way of schools and churches. The cowboys of the pampas are a bad lot. They are thieving and murderous and have little regard for human life. They use their knives on the slightest provocation and the rural police have little control over them. Whenever a crowd of these border ruffians are assembled together their face,

small farmer can thrive in the country. Small holdings among the rural population, thriving from the reward of its labor, makes a security that can be had in no other way. The farmer prince commanding from a distance his army of slaves and spending lavishly his earnings, is a spectacular figure in the life of this great southern metropolis, but under his careless, wasteful direction the great possibilities of his country will never be realized. It is impossible to utilize opportunities that have passed, and Argentina has trifled long with her chance for greatness.

supply of fat cattle in Argentina would give out unless the stockraisers adopted the American method of finishing on

year. There is nothing like the progress there ought to be.

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Mexican Ghosts Meet Their Match in a Plucky American Woman

(Elizabeth Gilbert in the Argument.)
WHEN my husband took over the direction of the Gertruda and Santa Maria mines, near Pinal, we brought down from "the states" our various goods and chattels, and began the attempt to make ourselves as comfortable as possible in the huge, Spanish-built house which was the only thing in the way of an abode that could be secured, for love or money, in the very inconvenient new-old town of Pinal.

At first, I liked the queer, rambling old house with its wide, pillared corridors, thick walls, high-barred windows, and enormous carved doors. It had been built, according to a half-erased date, in the year 1603, and had been the habitat of more than one famous man in its time. But even after our modern furnishings were put in, flowers and vines arranged about, and everything possible done to brighten it, the house still had a dreary, ghostly air about it, and one always had the sensation that some one else was about—some one unseen, but felt—and altogether there was an indescribable eerie feeling about the place that did not tend to make one very cheerful. However, I consoled myself by remembering that big, old houses generally make one nervous at first; also, the rent was surprisingly low for so large an establishment, with its 15 rooms, corridors and corral. And, as one can get used to very nearly anything in this world, by which I had mostly felt, when sitting alone, and put it down to "nerves."

There was the slight drawback, however, that we could not keep servants. In spite of good wages, light work and short hours, our servants would invariably leave after two to five days' service, refusing under any circumstances, to stop longer. They gave no reason for this, beyond the fact that the situation was not to their liking. So I could not only pay them, and with indignant sorrow, view their departing backs, then face forth in search of further credentials, inwardly consigning Mexican servants to a future which it would be unadvisable to put into bald words.

In the midst of these testimonials, "Bociety" (with a big S) began, slowly and carefully, to call, and pleasantly hinted, in diverse ways, that there was something wrong about the house. The leader of Pinal society, Mrs. Isaacstein, was the last to call. She had at first been somewhat dubious about visiting me. As I have before said, she "led" Pinal society (for her husband was the principal grocer of the place), and therefore she could not, as she sweetly explained to me, be too careful about "boobles she galled upon."

Waiving, however, discussion of this excellent lady, for indeed she is "another story," her statement during her call that our house was said to be haunted by evil spirits, and that we would never be able to keep a servant in it, was somewhat dispiriting. In vain did I inquire particulars. No, she knew nothing beyond the fact that servants and "tradepeople" gave the place a bad name; that it was certainly troubled by something, and that no one ever lived long in it.

Here was a pretty mess! And, indeed, as if in confirmation of the old saying, "The very next day both servants left, after they had been with me four days, and I was on the point of beginning to expect better things of them. I sat down and wept. Then, disgusted with native servants, I hired me forth and wired to the "border" for a couple of old and well-tried Chinese servants, determined that I would not abandon the house, and live in hotels, to please ghosts, Mexican servants or any one else.

in the way of a match in a plucky American woman.

Portland as a Food Supply Station

The territory which supplies the city of Portland with food is a wide as well as a productive one. It is the richest on the coast, and many attempts have recently been made by other cities to force the trade in their direction.

Portland is a natural egg supply depot, and although at this time prices are considered rather excessive, they are several cents cheaper than are the prices in other coast cities.

during the summer months comes from the fishermen who throw the sea off Cape Flattery, but during the winter these same men go up the inside passage of the British Columbia coast, and there ply their trade, protected by the elements.

Herring and flounders that come to this market are from Puget Sound, but arrive in this city in about the same time as they do in the various cities which dot its borders. Herring and flounders are also caught in the waters of the Sound. Black cod are caught in about the same manner as halibut, and in the same waters. Stripped bass are mostly from San Francisco bay and rock-lined cod are from Puget Sound. Little neck clams are also from the Sound.

Crabs come from Yaquina bay where they are cooked and shipped by the fishermen. Razor clams are mostly found along the Washington shore, north of Shelton, and are the most of this stock come from San Francisco bay. The stocks from Puget Sound are called sprays, but sell readily in this market as ordinary shrimps. They are much larger than the California variety.

Silver smelt are from Puget Sound but the Columbia river has a variety all its own, which sells very largely in this market between the middle of November and April. The lobsters used in this market are not of the same variety as used in the Eastern states, those from this section

being known to the scientists as spiny lobster. They cannot be sent to California nor San Diego. The season for fresh lobsters closes in that state on August 1, and after that date none are allowed to be had at any price. This market buys large stocks during the open season which are placed in cold storage for the closed season.

A Fight to Hope For

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

000 between us in the last nine years. One of these deals showed \$46,000,000 profit. No writing ever passed between us in any of these deals.

In an interview since then he has said that the huge profits were made "without putting a single dollar in jeopardy." He has also explained the black written agreements which deal transactions by saying that "such were of the kind that 'take money away from the public without in one sense their knowing that they are parting with it,' and this could only be done by what we may call a trick in finance."

Such speech as this seems too frank to be credible. However, several important suits are coming to trial in which Mr. Lawson will have a chance to go into details. The prospect is an attractive one. Adapting the old adage, we may say that when "high" financiers fall out, the public has a chance of coming to its own.

Everything in Sight.
 "I suppose," said young Singleton, "that a wife is a great blessing, after all."

"Yes," replied his friend Wedderly, "after all she can get."

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