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COSTA RICAN SCENERY.

Travels of the Brigham Young Academy Exploring Expedition in Central America.

Thrilling Experience With Costa Rica Mud—Rich Haciendas Belonging to Gigantic United Fruit Company—People Like the Americans—Visit to the Richest Plantation in Costa Rica.

LIBERIA was a point of interest to us for two reasons. It was the first town in Costa Rica, and it was the place where the fever had been or was raging. We entered in a rain storm, and these downpours are becoming so frequent of late that they are almost a nuisance. We found that there had been a severe fever, but that the weather was now lifted and travel

road was good for a mile or two, but we soon made the acquaintance of Costa Rica mud. We came to a soft blue clay into which the horses sank as they would in snow, but when once down found it almost impossible to get their feet again. The little burros, of which we have two, labored and tugged for a few hours, but finally gave it up and sank down in despair. But

the greater difficulty was yet to be met. The rivers were swollen. Passing one with ease, we came to Pasohondo, and found it deeper and broader. Mr. Klenke rode in first to try its depth, with difficulty he reached the other bank. It was plain the burros could not carry their load; so, transferring the packs to the riding mules, we ventured the passage. Several times a mule went down, and we feared the rest, but finally with no other loss than a wet pack, or a haverbag full of water, we got across.

Hearing that an American was living in a hacienda about a mile below, I rode down while the boys were adjusting their packs, and found two, a Mr. Henry F. Meigs, superintendent of the hacienda, and Mr. A. B. Gleason, an alligator hunter, stopping temporarily with Mr. Meigs. They insisted on our stopping over night with them, and despatched a servant to tell the boys to come down. As we were wet and tired, though it was early in the afternoon, we felt justified in stopping.

This is the Pasohondo hacienda, owned by the United Fruit company of Boston, U. S., a company with a capital of twenty millions. It is a stock ranch of thirty thousand acres, but yields as well much revenue in valuable woods, especially in cedar and rosewood. It will be kept as a breeding farm, as the company owns other

ranches better adapted for fattening, and the greater part of the thirty thousand acres will be changed from a wood land into a meadow, or pasture land. At present one thousand acres are into grass, the Para grass being used, but the clearing and planting are going on as rapidly as possible.

The ranch is located on the east bank of the Pasohondo river, and lies principally in the rich alluvial bottom. The soil is twenty feet deep, and capable of producing almost anything or everything. On the farm and within a mile of the house, the river is sufficiently deep to admit the passage of coast steamers of light draft, and one runs regularly to Punt Arenas once a week. From here trains run to San Jose.

While this is a large ranch, and will no doubt in a few years pay big returns on the investments, and while there are many others, just as large and just as rich, and valuable, lying idle, that could be bought for from a dollar to five dollars per acre, I am constantly surprised to find so much valuable land uncultivated, and as valuable as any in the world, with a climate better in many respects than that in the United States, because not subject to such extremes of heat and cold, and yet there are so many people in Europe and the United States eking out a living on a rented farm, owning no land at all, who might make here comfortable homes.

could not become an American citizen. His business kept him at home. RICHEST PLANTATION IN COSTA RICA.

In a perfect deluge of rain, we reached the hacienda La Palma, and being invited by the superintendent and bookkeeper to stay all night we made camp.

This is said to be the richest and largest hacienda in Costa Rica. It has fifty miles of sea coast and runs inland for several miles. At present it is stocked with 3,000 head of cattle, and 300 head of pigs, besides 500 horses and mules, but the chief industry at present is in valuable woods, in the exporting of which five ships are kept constantly busy. At present there are eight ship loads of logs at the wharves ready for shipment. The porros are immense and are still being enlarged. Preparatory to the increasing of the number of stock, Senor S. H. Viniegra, a young man of not more than 25 years, is the sole owner. But he lives in San Jose, paying a visit to the hacienda only once a year, and then only for a few days. The main responsibility rests on the manager, Senor Francisco Valla, a young man of 26 years, and the bookkeeper, Senor Edward Marchena. The latter has worked on the place for ten years. They are both young men of education and business capacity, both speak English quite well, and both showed a hospitable

Both the owner and his officers are native Costa Ricans.

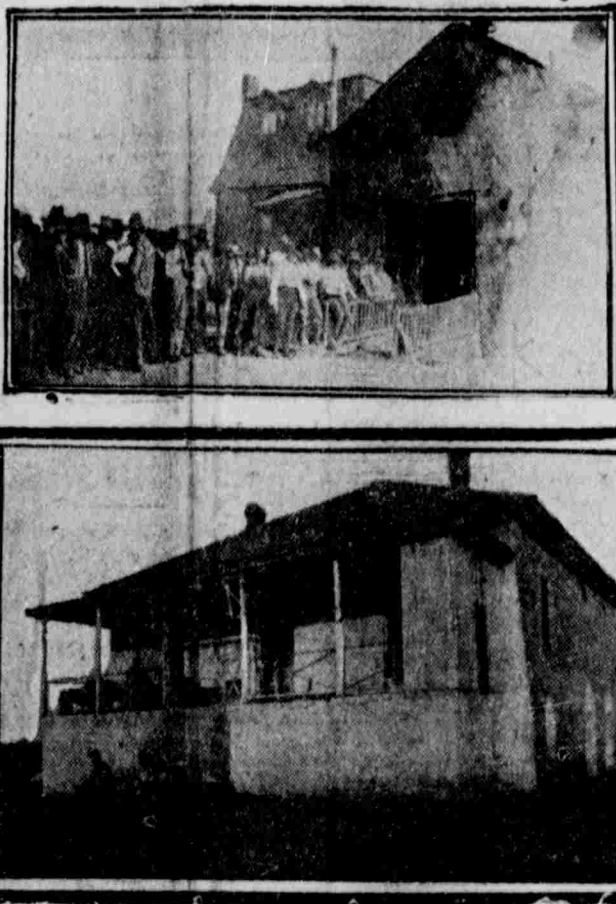
A look around the place revealed considerable that interested us. There is a cart shop, with a blacksmith shop connected, where the native carts are made, of which at times two or three hundred are kept busy hauling logs; a tailor shop, in which is manufactured the overalls, shirts, etc., used by the 250 workmen; a bakery which consumes 100 lbs of flour per day, and I don't know how much corn for tortillas. The bread is made by a Jamaican negro cook and is of first class quality. Cheese is manufactured in considerable quantities, and lastly there is a meat shop which consumes three hogs and one beef per week and a store that does a business of a hundred dollars per day. The whole place is well organized. I could not learn the total revenues, perhaps no one but the owner knows the amount, but it must be immense as the outlay is but slight.

From La Palma the country becomes more mountainous, the roads less given to mud, and the whole aspect is more beautiful. The streams of water are as clear as those of our own mountains and run as swiftly over stony bottoms. The forest along the river banks contains immense trees, and the ever-present monkey looks down from the dense limbs. At every few miles we pass a little ranch house, or hut, for these houses are often mere sheds with a few sticks stood around upright for

LUCKY LAND WINNERS WHO RUSHED TO FILE CLAIMS.



A NOTARY PUBLIC BUSINESS IN THE STREET



GIGANTIC FRUIT COMPANY.

The United Fruit company is a mammoth concern. It owns or controls all the banana lands of this republic of Honduras, of Nicaragua and part of Guatemala, Jamaica and Cuba. It owns the largest sugar plantation in Cuba, and several of the largest cattle ranches in Central America. Its own banana orchards amount now to over a hundred thousand acres, and as many more will soon be planted. But the banana trade is increasing, and will perhaps continue to increase for many years.

On the western coast, or rather southern coast, while there is much good land for bananas there is not the market and hence not the development in that industry. But with the building up of the West, and the opening up of new railroads from the West to the East, there is no reason why there could not be a large banana trade on the Pacific side.

Our stay at Pasohondo was pleasant and restful. We did not leave early, but took time to dry our clothes from the wetting they got the day before, while some of us embraced the opportunity of riding over the plantation with Mr. Meigs.

Here we parted with another of our companions, Artist Evans. He was thought best, in order to give him more time to sketch, that from San Jose, he should take steamer to the Magdalena river, while we proceeded more slowly overland. This will give him at least three months of good working time, while the photographing along the isthmus can be attended to by Mr. Tolton. He will take coast steamer to Punt Arenas, follow by rail to the capital, and await our arrival.

We rolled out at 2 p. m., and though we had but three leagues to make, we were until after dark in reaching our next camping place. A league from the hacienda we found the roads, the muddest and softest we have encountered. Often the roots of large trees would cross the trail, adding additional difficulties. Our animals labored nobly, plunging, stumbling, sticking fast at times, falling at times, then up again, and after a brief rest plunging at it again. Twice my mule fell with me, but I succeeded in getting off before she fell. Twice my horse, Klenke's, went down, on the early part of the trip, and he walked, or rather waded the rest of the distance. The little burros went down three or four times, the last time refusing to rise until their packs were taken off and transferred to the riding mules.

Well, we got through; bespattered and drenched with mud from head to foot, and feeling that we had passed through one experience at least we did not care to repeat. The only thing lacking to make our experience complete in one way was a heavy downpour of rain. The weather, however, took pity on us and remained clear.

At dusk we rolled into the little town of Hotel, and as we came from an unfrequented direction, we caused, for a few moments, a little excitement among the villagers. We found a place to camp, and a potrero for our animals, and turned in without supper. The morning was fresh and beautiful. Our worn roads were passed, at least for a while, and at 8:05 we were on our way again, feeling much better than we did the night before. The little town looked better, too, though the houses were all thatched, except the one we occupied, which was of lumber, and there was a neatness about the gardens and little orchards surrounding them. The people were all courteous and I suppose by this time, though it was early morning, all knew who we were and where we were going.

LIKE THE AMERICANS. The people, as a rule, in Nicaragua and Costa Rica like the Americans. Not unfrequently we have been spoken of as the "brave Americans." The young men aspire to talk English, and one man, the owner of the wealthy hacienda of Santa Clara, expressed himself that his only regret was that he

able spirit equal to that of our own countrymen. The superintendent remarked after we were thoroughly settled, "Now, gentlemen, you are at home. Please make yourselves as free around here as if you were in your own house." But it was with the bookkeeper that we had the most to do, and he looked after our wants as carefully as though we were some special friends.

walls; almost as often there are no walls at all. With the closing of the afternoon we reached a good camping place, and making satisfactory arrangements, turned in for the night and for the Sunday's rest, three days from San Jose.

RENE CLUFF JR. Hacienda Mico, Costa Rica, June 23, 1901.

Is Cane or Beet Sugar the Sweeter

Several years since we entered into a long discussion relating to the comparative value of cane and beet sugar. We then pointed out that the two sugars were identical from both a chemical and physical standpoint. We stated also that upon general principles it might be admitted that if there was a difference it was due mainly to the fact that one of these sugars was generally alkaline, and the other acid, which might form a preliminary method of distinguishing between the two. We suggested that a series of experiments be made with lemon juice and water, and that a certain number of persons were to taste lemonades sweetened with a given amount of both sugars. We have since then made the experiments and are more than ever convinced that the two sugars, from a sweetening point of view, are identical. The reason that raw cane sugar is sweeter than raw beet sugar is that the former contains a smaller percentage of salts than the latter, these salts, however, conveying, in the case of cane molasses, a sensation of sweetness that even white sugar does not possess.

The reason is explained by the stimulation caused by the salts upon the organ of taste, the transmission to the brain then being more rapid than it is in the case of refined white sugar that must first melt in the mouth before we realize that it is sweet. The Louisiana Planters' and Sugar Manufacturers' association has been discussing the question of cane and beet sugar, and says that a well known professor declares himself in favor of the blind-folding method with various sugar solutions, and taking an average of the judgment as to any apparent sweetness. We beg to state in this writing, as we have previously done, that such tests should be made side by side, not only with two sugars of the same polarization, but having been refined by identical modes. If this factor is not taken into consideration the results obtained would be very misleading. There remains a whole field open for a series of investigations to show just within what limits refining processes of various countries influence the sweetening power of a given weight of sugar. The question, to our knowledge, has never been discussed in the leading textbooks.

Life of the Greatest of All Englishmen

Sir Walter Besant's posthumous "Story of King Alfred" will be published by the Appletons next week.

It is a direct, simple and vivid account of one whom Sir Walter calls the greatest of all Englishmen, and, in England at least, it may achieve the author's pet ambition—"I would rather," he says, "write a book for the people than anything else the world can offer." Alfred is the one great character in early English history who still lives in the popular memory. He died exactly one thousand years ago, but his name is familiar to many, who, perhaps, do not know the name of any other king or other worthy before the Norman conquest. He has a special interest in this A. D. 1901.

"The life of Alfred," as Sir Walter reminds us, "has been of late very much spoken of by the press; it will be spoken of much more when, in the autumn of this year, the great millenary celebration of the king is held in his venerable capital of Winchester."

This book is written with a view to the right understanding of the celebration and of him celebrated. It tells what manner of man Alfred was, what kind of world he lived in, what he did in succinct but breezy narrative it re-

veals as at once captain, law-giver, saint, and scholar, alike the deliverer of the ruler and the teacher of his people. It shows him fighting as a boy and man almost continuously for thirty years and more, nearly the whole of his active life; tells how his kingdom was overrun, his people murdered, his lands devastated, his churches and schools swept away; how religion, liberty, learning, the arts were all destroyed. Only one thing remained to the unfortunate country, the tenacity, the courage, the faith of the king. He triumphed over his enemies. He laid the foundations in everything of the England that was to grow out of his little kingdom of Wessex.

"Do not call him the creator or the founder of anything; he renewed the foundations; he made the growth and development of England possible; he gave us our fleet, our army, our institutions, our religion, our arts and our trade. Not that he invented, created or founded these things; his brother had a fleet, there were English armies before his time, there was a score of laws before his own, there was a foreign trade; there were arts before Alfred lived. But everything had been destroyed; and Alfred, in restoring and rebuilding, renewed the foundations, and made things stable which before were unstable placed on the solid rock of religion what had previously rested on the shifting sands of tradition."

THE TEXAS OIL BELT

Speculations as to its Extent and Duration—The True Caliber of the Beaumont Petroleum Deposits Yet Undefined—The Attitude of the Standard Oil Company Toward the New Field.

Special Correspondence.

Beaumont, Texas, Aug. 5.—Veteran operators who have been drilling "gushers," fairly good wells and "dusters" since the days of Colonel Drake, the first of their class, say that in some respects the new field, or pool of oil, near here is the most remarkable in the history of the crude petroleum business. Very recently there were 13 producing wells, all located on a tract of land not exceeding 150 acres in extent. About 25 dry holes had been drilled just over the edges of this small tract to the west, northwest, north, northeast and east, demonstrating that the field, or pool did not extend in those directions, and in the territory to the south alone remained the hope that the field would be still further enlarged by the opening of future wells in that direction. At that time it had been shown that if the territory to the south proved to be as dry as the territory to the east, three sides of the 150 acres tract the field would be a mere pool of limited area, and yet, despite the fact that 1,000,000 barrels of oil had already been taken from the 150 acre tract, the Heywood No. 3, the thirteenth well drilled, seemed to be as great a gusher, seemed to be capable of producing as much oil as the first gusher, the Lucas well, which conservative men say was good for 50,000 barrels of crude petroleum per day when it was first struck.

Pools ordinarily open up for business in a sensational way by producing vast quantities of oil at the start and then speedily dwindle to insignificance. They go up like the rocket and come down like the rocket's stick. Yet here is apparently a pool of a very few acres whose 13 curbed volcanoes of oil have already produced 1,000,000 barrels, and the last well comes in as strong as the first. Old oil men cannot understand this, and there are many other things about the Beaumont field that puzzle them. There seems to be practically no gas worth mentioning, and yet the wells all flow with wonderful strength, and do not need the usual felt given by the explosion of several hundred quarts of nitroglycerine in the oil bearing sand or rock. When the stream of oil in the Heywood No. 3 broke loose, it shot up 215 feet in the air, forming a fountain of oil that was very beautiful but expensive luxury, and yet when this well was shut off it only had a pressure of 80 pounds to the square inch at the casing head. The oil is unlike any other ever discovered in this country; the wells are drilled in a new way because quicksand prevents the use of the old apparatus. The new method mixes up the rock and sand so that no one can tell exactly how and when and where different formations are encountered, and the conditions and indications are so different that the veterans are all unable to tell what the outcome will be. The consequence is that no one knows anything as yet concerning the true caliber of Beaumont. There has been a great deal written in the newspapers about gushers that produce 40,000 or 50,000 or even 100,000 barrels of oil per day, through 50,000 is said to be the true figure for the Lucas well, but no man can tell how long the gushers will gash—whether they will continue to pour forth seas of oil week after week and month after month or practically run dry in a few days or a fortnight. It must be born in mind that owing to the lack of tankage not one of these thirteen producing wells has yet been unbridled and permitted to show what it can do. It is one thing to have a 50,000 barrel well in good working order and another to care for such an enormous production.

The oil must be stored somewhere, and the favorite receptacle for this purpose—huge iron tanks, each with a capacity of 35,000 barrels—are very expensive structures and cannot be built in a week or a month in a new oil country. Some of the tanks even hold 50,000 barrels, and supposing that Guffey & Galey, the owners of the Lucas well, were able to perform the impossible and create a new tank each day this vast, constantly growing tankage scheme would only be capable of caring for one well, provided it continued to produce 50,000 barrels per day for a number of days or weeks. When the

fact is kept in view that there are thirteen wells to be supplied with tankage, not one, and that there was not a single tank erected when the Lucas gusher began operations, the reader is readily able to understand what a vast problem the storage problem is and why Beaumont's thirteen gushers have been tightly muzzled most of the time since they were struck. They have not been permitted to flow steadily, after the manner of most oil wells, thus giving experts some idea of their staying qualities, but have only been unleashed for an hour or two at a time as fast as new tanks could be built or new pipe lines laid to neighboring towns and the gulf.

In the land of the oil a few years ago a well was struck that was a modern deluge of oil, pouring forth 100,000 barrels per day for forty days and forty nights until 4,000,000 barrels in all had seen the light, but the Lucas gusher and some of its neighboring wells are by far the largest ever struck in the western hemisphere. Prior to the advent of the Lucas well, the record holder was the Matthews well, which was good for 10,000 barrels a day. The Texas wells are consequently not only the most difficult to care for from the tankage standpoint, but there are other complications. Ordinarily when new fields are discovered the United Pipe Lines, a corporation that has hundreds of mammoth tanks and thousands of miles of pipe lines, extends its lines to them at once and pumps the oil away as fast as it is produced at 10 cents in its tanks or a 15 cents after ego, the Standard Oil company.

Texas, however, does not love the Standard Oil company and has enacted certain laws designed to prevent it from doing business in the Lone Star State. When the laws were made, no one had any idea that in a very short time Texas would possess some of the greatest oil wells in history, and now that she has oil in large quantities to sell the Standard does not seem at all in a hurry to violate the state's unfriendly statutes by purchasing it. Standard agents declare that the oil has little value, owing to the fact that but a small quantity of illuminating oil may be extracted from it, and the oil trust's valuation seems to be about 20 cents per barrel. Large quantities of the Beaumont petroleum, however, have been sold for 25 cents per barrel for use as fuel on rice and sugar plantations, steamboats, railroads and in manufacturing establishments. The oil is said to be a better oil for kerosene than the Lima oil, and it is expected that its by-products will successfully compete with those of the Ohio and Indiana oils.

Producers here are not disconcerted by the attitude of the Standard Oil company, because they know that that company will sooner or later take a business hand in the Texas game. Tankage is sufficient to store 1,500,000 barrels of oil has been erected since the Lucas well was struck, and there are pipe lines to Port Arthur and the sea, two facts indicating that the oil will be disposed of to some one, Standard or no Standard. In fact, there are those who claim that despite its alleged coldness the Standard is already doing business here under one of its numerous aliases, a theory not at all improbable.

At 25 cents per barrel the Beaumont oil sells for exactly one-third the price received for the product of the Bradford field—\$1.50 per barrel—while the oil is worth \$1.20 and Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky oil about 74 cents. Colonel J. M. Guffey, the most noted oil producer in the United States and the leading spirit in the Democratic party in Pennsylvania, is one of the principal owners of the Lucas well and has thousands of acres of other territory leased near it. He and his associates have already expended a fortune for tankage, pipe lines and if Beaumont proves to be a pool, but little money perhaps none, will be made. The boom here has been over for some time and the majority of those who bought land or leased at boom prices have undoubtedly lost the money invested. Most of the boomers have left town owing to the bad sanitary condition here, and the streets have been repeatedly sprinkled with crude oil from the wells near by to prevent a serious outbreak of disease, the oil being considered an excellent disinfectant. Many oil operators with large interests here have followed the boom and will remain away for a time owing to the fear that a shotgun quarantine may be established, which would shut them in here for weeks or even months.

DAUGHTER OF CONFEDERACY TO WED.



Caroline Lewis Gordon, daughter of the dashing Confederate major-general, John B. Gordon, and who since Winnie Davis' death has been called by old Confederates "The Daughter of the Confederacy," is to wed Orrin Bishop Potter, a wealthy New York business man.



The Duchess of Sutherland, well known for her philanthropy, has lately been indulging in a little of what is vulgarly known as leg-pulling. At her most charity fete, she staggered society by the steepness of the prices she asked. The admission fee was 15s, while it cost just \$250 for a seat at supper.