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AUSTRALIAN-LONDON MAIL RACE.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

the men to whom they appeal. The weak fail; the strong, the ready, the competent turn emergencies into success. An emergency of international importance began in August last in the youngest nation in

the world-the commonwealth of Australla-and the men it inspired to great labors appeared on the other side of the planet.

This was the beginning of the emergency: The government of the commonwealth wished to communicate by mail with the home government in London in the least possible time. At the postoffice at Sydney, in the state of New South Wales, there lay, early in the morning of August 13, 1901, 367 sacks of important mail, the most important mail ever made up in the comnonwealth of England.

monwealth of England. This mail could go by the way of Colombo, Aden, the Suez canal, and could there be transferred to fast steamer for Brindisi and there placed in a special train for Calais, could be transferred to the channel boat and re-transferred at Dover to train for London. The mail could also go by the way of San Francisco, Chicago, New York and Liverpool to London. Both of these routes had been used for years to transport his majesty's mail, and were rival routes competing for the business.

The British, and by far the oldest route, was well supplied with a vast fleet of the largest steamers in the world. The regular time, when the boats and trains were "on time," in-cluding the five transfers, was thirty-five days and some hours. The usual time by steamer from Sydney to San Francisco had been twenty-six days, and this with four days to New York, six to Queenstown, and one more to London, was thirty-seven days and some hours. This could be relied up-on because the trains across the conthent were almost invariably on time. The total distance by the British route is 12,500 miles and by the American route 13,557 miles. Naturally the post-

MERGENCIES make or break from the American shipyards on the Delaware. She lay that morning in Sydney's beautiful harbor with steam up ready for sea. She was the best available ship on that day in the South Pacific. Thus it happened that this, the most important mail ever sent out from the commonwealth, was placed on board the new American, twin-crew placed steamer Ventura of the Oceanic Steamship company, and at 10 o'clock on the morning of August 13, 1901, his majesty's mail started on a journey that was to be one of the most remarkable feats ever recorded in the history of

transportation. Ventura is an American ship, The built wholly of American materials by American workmen and manned by American sailors. She is one of three sister ships, built at Cramp's yard in Philadelphia, each ship being 425 feet long, of 6,000 tons burden, and having 8,000 horse-power, twin-screw engines. The Ventura is not a giant, like some of the peninsular and oriental liners that run between England and Australia. She is a good, safe, fast, Amer-ican ship of the Atlantic coastwise type, the finest type in the world, be-cause conforming to the American ideas of comfort, safety and speed. From Sydney the Ventura steered straight east across the Tasman Sea for Auckland on the east coast of North Island, one of the larger islands of the group forming the Colony of New Zealand. The distance round the northern end of the island and down the coast is 1,280 miles over a smooth and pleasant sea and it is to the credit of the Ventura that she entered the fine land-locked harbor of Auckland on the

17th, and taking on freight, mails and passengers sailed again at 2 o'clock, having made the run from Sydney, including stop, in four days and four hours. Now the Ventura's prow was turned to about N.N.E. into the mystic, fasci-nating mid-Pacific, straight for Stevenson's memorial home, poetic and beau-tiful Samoa. Four splendid days and wonderful tropic nights passed and ear-

wonderful tropic hights passed and ear-ly on the morning of the 21st, the Ven-tura anchored at Pago Pago (pro-nounced Pango Pango) having made the 1,580 miles in three days and six-teen hours. Here the ship anchored near the new United States coaling sta-tion and was, thus, even in mid-Pacific, in earch with our day

route 13,567 miles. Naturally the post-office authorities, with that delightful respect for the old, so characteristic of the British official, preferred the old home route. The new is always in-ferior to the old, must be so in the very nature of English things, and could the mail have been sent that way it would have gone that way-and been late. There was, however, a new factor in the transportation business—the Ameri-can flag flying on a new ship, fresh

Story of the Great Feat Recently Accomplished in Carrying the Sacks Over the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Burlington, Lake Shore and New York Central Told by Charles Barnard.

Honolulu, having made the run 2,550 miles in six days nine hours. At midnight of 2,550 miles in six midnight and nine hours. At midnight she sailed again, steering about N. E. b E., for San Francisco. At 7 p. m., September 2nd, she anchored at quar-antine in San Francisco Harbor, having made 2,100 miles in five days, eighteen hours. Had she been urged it is pos-sible she could have arrived a few hours earlier and landed those precious mail bass that day. As it happened she hours earlier and landed those precious mail bags that day. As it happened she was detained all night, and they were not landed till 8:30 on the morning of the 3rd. They were at once transferred by teams to the Market street station of the Southern Pacific (Ogden route), and at 10 o'clock they began their eventful journey across the continent. So far, 7,510 miles had been traversed by the mail bags in an American ship in exactly twenty-one days, including all stops and including the delay of thirteen and a half hours at quarantine again thirteen and a half hours at quarantine and the transfer from ship to mail car, or a little over fourteen miles an

hour, the ship making an average speed of seventeen miles an hour.

of seventeen miles an hour. His majesty's mail was now safe in a U. S. mail car bound for New York. 3,338 miles away. The route would be over five great railroads, the Southern Pacific (Ogden route), the Union Paci-fic, the Chicago, Burlington & Quiney, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and the New York Central & Hudson River. The train was the regular fast mail, and it was due at the Grand Cen-tral Station in New York at 10 in the morning of the 7th. To do this it must have, including all stops for water. changing engines, transfers of the mail changing engines, transfers of the mail from car to car and across town at Chicago, an average speed of thirty-five and a half miles for every one of the ninety-six hours.

It's path is now across the golden state of California, over the Sierra Ne-vada mountains, through the great mining state of Nevada, along the lost

I nois to Chicago; then on through Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, along the south shore of Lake Erie, cutting across western Pennsylvania and on through the center of the empire state to the Atlantic ocean at New York. It must slow up and pass through a hundred cities, stop at every great city for passengers and mails and it must be on time. The trip had been made on schedule time a thousand times before, and there was every reason to think it would be done again

So it was that the train sped swiftly So it was that the train sped switty on all that day with Httle attention from anyone, save those concerned in its rapid journey—the officers of the Southern Pacific and those of the Oceanic Steamship company who were na-turally anxious that the mail they had just brought over seas should make good progress. These interested parties were kept informed by telegraph of the progress of the train during that day and evening. Suddenly the unexpected happened. The train arrived at Ogden, Utah, 895 miles from San Francisco, two dread-ful hours late. The emergency was at hand

Where were the men to meet it. Everywhere. In general offices at San Francisco, Omaha, Chicago, Buf-falo and New York, along the line at way stations and in lonely, signal cab-ity in soundhouses controlles and ins, in roundhouses, on trains and bridges, in busy yards and far out on the desolate miles of track, all the way from Utah to New York. Within a few hours every man on four great rall-roads knew he must stand by, must be ready to go on duty, day or night, and meet the emergency. The mail was transferred at Ogden

The mail was transferred at Ogden to the mail car of train No. 2 of the Union Pacific. Now, the lost time must be recovered and the pace must be set for Omaha, 1013 miles away. On and on, faster and faster. Stand every man to his post. See that every rail and spike be firm, every signal tower manned, every yard clear. Trim all your lamps for His Majesty's mail must go through. Telegrams flashed forward and back from station to station, reand back from station to station, re-porting the breathless progress. There was no day, no night, nothing but the duty of making up time. Slowly as the day and night wore on it became evi-

dent that the train with all its spurts of speed was not gaining fast enough. There was a Chicago connection to be made at 8:30 a. m. on the 6th. If the train had been on schedule there would be ample time to connect and transfer the mails. As the hours grew it became evident that the speed must be increased somewhere, some how, or the connection could not be made.

On the 5th vigorous action started. Telegrams were sent to Chicago. Can you hold No. 6 an hour? No. The United States mail must go "on time." Then a record run must be made. A man rushed into the round-house of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy at the Chicago, Burnington and Quincy at the Union Pacific Transfer at Council Bluffs, oposite Omana, "Special fast en-gine instantly," At 9:48 the belated train arrived at Omaha, having made up some time, but not much. It left at 9:55 and was soon at the Union Pacific Transfer and the dnale mail car con-Transfer and the Jingle mail car con-taining his majesty's mail was cut out The special backed up and at 10:12 started for its race for Chicago, 500 miles away.

"Clear the line for the Q' special." That was the word sent ahead to every man in station, yard or siding, on the line. Freights drew off on sidings, passenger trains kept out of the way. It was a night run for No. 1086 and the crew consisted of engineer, fireman, conductor, flagman and mail agent-five men, one engine and one car tearing through the night on a record-breaking run. The hours speed on, midnight, one o'clock, two, three, four -dawn in the east and still the furious pace was kept up. Four minutes lost at Buda for water at 6.56 in the morning. On and on, sixty miles an hour steady. Mendota passed 7.40, Somonauk 7.58, Aurora 8.20. Chicago suburbs aprang up on the horizon. Slow up for the city and the train stopped at the Union Sta-tion at 9.08. Five hundred and eight miles in five hundred and fifty-five minutes minutes

6 left at \$:30. She is the Lake No. ica. She had 38 minutes start. All was lost. She could never be lost. She could never be overtaken. The tremendous run from Omaha had cut down a part of the two hours lost but not enough.

Stop? Never! Everything had been prepared.

prepared. Twenty-five men stood ready on the platform as the one-car special drew up, and sprang into the car, and those precious sacks were car, and those precious sucks were hustled out, placed upon trucks, holst-ed up in the elevators to four mail wagons drawn up in the street. Your respected Uncle Samuel would take a hand. Those mail sacks were going through. The U. S. M. teams were loaded and rushed through Chicago streets to the Lake Shore Station streets to the Lake Shore Station.

The Lake Shore folks would now show what they could do. A new special, two cars and No. 566, a regular 100 miles an hour flyer, would attempt the apparently hopeless. No. 566 would break the record and overtake No. 6 somewhere, if it had to chase it all the way into Buffalo. The instant the last bag was in the car, No, 566 pulled out. The engineer smiled a grimy smile and said it would be Cleveland. It was ber 6th, when she started from the station of the Lake Shore road—and No 6 one hour and twentynine minutes and a half ahead. Once more, and still another road every man stood at attention, every signal man on the lookout, every suburban train held in safety, every yard clear, every station reporting the breathless race from mile to mile, minute to minute

The United States woke up to the fact that something was going on. It was in all the papers, and the progress of the special was reported from New York to San Francisco. Every railroad office in the land knew of it, and at the Grand Central station, New York, it was watched, as it were, upon every mile of the terrific run. Some thought it might overtake No. 6 at Buffalo. The first emergency race was in the night. the second race was in daylight across the three states of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. As the special ate up the miles, it became evident that she was making up the lost time. By 2 o'clock it was clear that the special would overhaul No. 6 at Toledo. The "Fast Mail" would leave on time whether the special arrived or not. There are other mails besides his majesty's, and they cannot wait. The last minute but one had come. "All aboard." The special was there! Two hundred and forty-four miles in two hundred and sixty-five and one-half minutes. How many miles an hour is that?

The thing had been done. The two hours lost two thousand miles areas had been made up. The emergency had found its men. However, the trib was not yet over. No. 6 pulled out of Toledo bound for Cleveland and Buffalo on time and she must keep on time. New York is still 736 miles away and a second lost here and a minute there might | won them with three to spare.

be fatal. Keep to your schedule Mr. Engineer.

At 10:10 p. m. central time, Friday, September 6th. Lake Shore No. 6 ar-rived at Buffalo "on time." Here more precaution was taken. The car contain-inng those mail sacks from the other side of the world, away, below the side of the world, away below the ecuador, was with the other cars of United States mail made up for the first section of the New York Central's No. 6--the "Fast Mail"--which was now to proceed in two sections from Buffalo over the four-track line of the New York Central, the fifth and last of the railroad lines forming the route the railroad lines forming the route the rallroad lines forming the route across the United States. All the long night the first section rushed on, through Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, through e beautiful Mohawk Valley, down into the valley of the historic Hudson river at Albany, arriving there in the early dawn. Only a moments pause at Albany, then the rush south over the long level way bedde the

over the long level way beside the peaceful river, through Poughkeepsie, West Point, the frowning highlands, Peekskill and the suburban towns, just as they were at breakfast. The early commuter started as the mail section rushed by. The smell of the sea was in the air. The Palisades were gray in the morning sun. Round the sharp curve-New York-Spuyten Duyvil

Four big United States mail wagons were ready at the Grand Central sta-tion as the train pulled in at 9:57-three minutes ahead of time. New Yorkers, astonished at nothing, saw the four teams loaded with his majesty's mail tearing through the streets without comment. Somebody was doing his

duty, that's all. The Campania sailed at noon of the 7th, with his majesty's mail on board. twenty-five days and two hours out of Sydney. She arrived at Queenstown at 31 p. m., Friday, September 13th. His majesty's mall which left Sydney,

Australia, on the morning of August 13th at 10 o'clock was delivered at the postoffice in London, assorted and ready for the carriers, at 7 o'clock Saturday morning, September 14th.

To whom should the honor be given for the remarkable record? To all, to the steamship company, the officers of the five great railroads, to the engithe five great railroads, to the engi-neers, firemen, and train crews on every train, regular and special, to every sig-nal man, section hand and telegrapher, to the men in the pilot house and en-gine room, to the man on the track to everyman who did his duty in his place. These are men who make it possible

to run steamers and trains on time every day over 10,898 miles of sea and land for months without failure. These were the men when it became necessary to win back 120 minutes in 2,000 miles

ACROSS ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

Travels of the Brigham Young Academy South American Exploring Expedition.

Lives Sacrificed in Building Railroad from Sea to Sea-Early History of Panama-Destroyed by Buccaneers -Condition of the Great Canal Project-Troubles of the Expedition and Future Plans-Loyal Tribe of Indians Jealously Protect Their Country from Strangers.

Panama with Colon, and at the same time joins the Pacific with the Atlantic, is only forty-eight miles long. It winds through the low mountains, climbing some steep grades until it reach-

es the summit at Las Cascadas, then goes down at a good speed thirty inlies to Colon. The whole course is through ever-changing tropical scenery. For a few miles it follows the Chagres river, and here the vegetation is even more luxuriant than before.

This is the railroad of which it has oeen said that "for every tie a man died." Whether every tie cost the life of a man or not it is true that many people died in the construction of the road. The grade was made in many riaces through swamps, and the men were forced to work in mud and water. This soon gave them the fever and from it they died. It was difficult to yet workmen. White men could not stand the hot sun. Finally a ship load of eight hundred Chinamen were cf eight hundred Chinamen wers brought in, lured here by the promise of big wages and sure pay. The poor fellows did not know to what fate they were coming. They labored for a few days, but scon began to get sick, and worst of all, they became discouraged. For a short time opium was supplied them and they revived. But the drug was so expensive the supply could not continue, and the second deprivation made them worse than ever. Many of them died, but more committed suicide. Some hung themselves on the trees and others tied stones to their necks and others tied stones to their necks and threw themselves into the river. Others went to the sea shore, when the tide was out, and sitting far out on some long rout, litting far out on some lone rock, literally awaited death. In a few months only eighty of the eight hundred remained. One of the towns is named Matachin, or kill Chinaman, from the fact that so many Celestials diad in that place. died in that plac

Next came a shipload of Irishmen, brought without any knowledge of the conditions they would have to meet, and they fared but little better, though they did not destroy them-selves. Lastly, Jamalea negroes and natives were employed and these could stand the strain and the works went on with fewer deaths. But even among them the mortality was considerable.

EARLY HISTORY OF PANAMA.

In the early California days many people came this way in their search for gold, walking from ocean to ocean, and many died of the fever. So closely were the Chagres river and the fever connected, so many died on its banks that the sickness came to be known as the Chagres fever.

DESTROYED BY BUCCANEERS.

Many years before, this river played an innocent part in another great drama. Up it the great buccaneer Morgan took his men to the destruction of eld Panama. Leaving the river he followed the old Panama and Puerto Belo road and reached the walls of the city just at evening. The Spanish were prepared for him, but no attack was made that night. Next morning by the

HE railroad which connects | break of day his men were in line of battle. One column was to the right on the side of a hill, another to the left; on the side of a hill, another to the left; both were facing the city. In a little while the Spanish yielded to the temp-tation, the gates of the city flew open and out rushed a company of hosemen all a glitter with bright armor and polished steel. They paused a moment as if to measure the situation, then turned and with a dash made for the men on the hillside. Here lie their mistake, for between them and the buccaand mire, into which their horses plunged, but could not get out. While both men and horses were floundering the robbers rushed down and with little resistance cut off the whole col-umn A fast forces makes and fable. umn. A few more rushes, some feeble resistance and the enemy was within the walls and Old Panama was taken. But not with all its treasure, for antic-ipating the worst, the Spanish had re-moved much of the gold from the church, placed it on board a vessel and sent it to a safe place but encode more sent it to a safe place, but enough was left for the robbers, though when Mor-gan learned of the removal of the treasure he immediately fitted out an-other vessel and sent it inpursuit, but without encours

without success. Once in possession of the town, the excesses of the robbers knew resses of the robbers knew bounds. They were not to restrained by the report that wine had been poisoned; in fact, excesses the

the wine had been poisoned; in fact, nothing could restrain them, not even the authority of their leaders. Soon the city was in flames, and all was over. From the old site, the people moved to the present and built up a new Pana ma. The ruins of the old still stand as a sad reminder of the days of the buc-cancers.

THE GREAT CANAL.

THE GREAT CANAL. Next to the revolution the canal re-ceives the most attention. The great guestion is, "What will the United States do?" for all depends on that gov-ernment. The present canal company is helpless. Its only anxiety seems to be to get out easy. Not much actual digging has been done, though mil-lions have been waster in preparation. Little villages of from a dozen to two dozen large houses are strewn all alons the route. There must be at least forty of them, and I am told by good author-ity that not half the houses ever were or ever could have been used. Then dd machinery is seen everywhere, scrapers of peculiar make, cars, trucks, ralls, etc., costing millions of dollars are now rusting as fast as rain and and can rust them. It is impossible to get information from the canal offi-cers, but from an American who con-tioned for a large plece of the work it

cers, but from an American who con-tracted for a large place of the work i learn that three hundred million of dol-lars were supposed to have been spent, whereas only thirty millions, and much of that in useless material, could be accounted for. Of course, the actual work done could be easily estimated, but if Uncle Sam pays only for that which is of actual worth in the con-struction of the canal he will not pay out much. Some work has been done, however, all along the route, but most.

cancers;

Police Chief Devery.

Justice Jerome



Edward M. Shepard. at New York polls. Seth Low.

No municipal contest for the past ten years has aroused the wide national interest that is being manifested toward the colossal political struggle that is now raging in New York City. All over the country it is realized that the defeat of Tammany Hall, the Democratic local organization, may have an important effect on New York state and national politics. In addition to this fact this campaign is extraordinary on account of the number of men of widespread national reputation who figure as principals in the existing contest. First there is Seth Low, who resigns his honored position as President of Columbia University, to head the anti-Tammany forces as candidate for mayor. Justice Jerome, candidate for district attorney on the anti-Tammany ticket, is well known for his perronally conducted sensational raids on New York gambling houses. The removal or retention of William S. Devery as actual chief of police, is an important issue of the campaign. Edward M. Shepard, Tammany's candidate for mayor, is a prominent lawyer and until recently an enemy to Richard Croker. The later is, perhaps, the most important figure in the campaign, as upon the issue of the battle his fate as leader undoubtedly hangs. Thomas C. Platt, the head of the Republican state organization is, of course, one of the most powerful of the allies forming the Fusion party op-posed to Tammany Hall.

orid demands a thing, it is usually

done. The choice will lie between Nicaragua and Panama, with chances in favor Panama, because of what has already been spent and what has been accom-plished. Yet at Panama is not the shortest cut from ocean to ocean. East of us a few miles the isthmus narrows to less than twenty miles, and the isthmus of Darien is narrower than that of Panama. But recent surveys show that at neither of these places is a canal possible, end so the Panama route must be chosen. Possibly the next session of Congress will settle the question as between the Nicaragua and the Panama routes. TROUBLES OF THE EXPEDITION. Panama, because of what has already

TROUBLES OF THE EXPEDITION. Our stay on the isthmus has been lengthened a week beyond the time first outlined, but there was much to do and many questions to decide, and the dot decide, and matters could not be rushed. The greatest question with us was our route from here to the main land of South America. A choice between two lie before us, by land or by water. First, the land route was beset with many difficulties. Not alone the rainy season, with corresponding swoller rivers, extensive swamps, and much mud and mire, but worst of all we were under the necessity of crossing an In-dian reservation, and the Indians are unwilling to permit any foreigner to sleep on their land. Foreigners doing business with them go by vessel, and when night comes are required to go aboard their ships until the next morn.

LOYAL TRIBE OF INDIANS.

These Indians have decided that they These Indians have decided that they would not allow foreign blood to mix with theirs. Their women are there-fore guarded carefully. A few years ago the Colombian government required them to-make a concession to a certain company to cut valuable woods on their reservation, but it was with the most solemn promise that the workmen would not go into the viluages. Matters went on all right for a few months, but one day the contract was Matters went on all right for a few months, but one day the contract was broken by a half dozen negroes going into a village and accosting some of the women. Immediately the Indians were in arms. Ten of the wood chop-vers were killed and the rest driven it win the shore. A war ensued between th * Indians and the government, but aft if a few battles peace was declared, but the woodchopers never came back. but the woodchoppers never came back. No.5 long ago the American govern-No.: long ago the American govern-ment desired to learn concerning the possibly routes of a canal east of here and dispatched an engineering party to mak' surveys. But to the surprise of the party the Indians would not per-mit them to land. The gunbeat Machias now anel ored in Colon harbor was called to as vist, and the captain was un-der the new sesity of showing lis guns called to as use, and the captain was in-der the net easily of showing its guns and threaten ing to lay waste their vil-lages. Even then the Indians would not consent, but offered no resistance when the men Janded. These facts I learned from the officers of the gunboat. A few days age I found one of these Indians on the docks. He and his sons had just come from San Blas with a local load of coconcuts. Luckily he could talk a little Er gaish. I questioned him carefully in rectard to his people and his country. Of the latter he him caterials in revealed to the latter he would say but little. His people feat the incoming of the foreigner, and as they have a very fertile land they guard it carefully. I was led to understand that in times of trangul ty and under certain equilations I might possibly obcertain regulations I might possibly ob-tain permission to pass through the land, but that at present it would be

inno, but that at present 1, would be impossible or very dangeroux. I sent my card to the chief, with the word that in a few years, I or some of my friends, would visit him on a m. selon of

So acting on the advice of the offl-cers of the Machias we have chosen to take boat from here to Cartagona, thence up the Magdalena river to Purtto Berrio, where we will form a camp. A cance will be purchased for the sec-tion in zoology, and under the direction of Mr. Van Buren the collection of birds and beasts for the museum will con-tinue. The rest of us will continue our explorations and when through in explorations, and when through in Zarahemia, go up to the land of Nephi. Our faithful mules are sold. The (Continued on page hineteen.)

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Richard Croker.

A typical scene Thomas C. Platt.