

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR.

IN THE CITY OF PANAMA

Travels of the Brigham Young Academy South American Exploring Expedition.

Description of City—Disease-Breeding Swamps—Interview American Consul—Information Respecting Insurgents Given U. S. Naval Officers—Visit Battleship Iowa—Exciting Experience to Avoid Quarantine.

FROM Panama my last letter would not live in such a pig pen," greatly to the chagrin and discomfort of the donors.

DISEASE BREEDING SWAMPS.

Back of the city north are the swamps, so low that they are affected by the rising and falling of the tide, and herein lies the secret of Panama's unhealthfulness. On the higher ground in the interior, on the back bone as it were, the isthmus is as healthy as any other country, and there are many beautiful homes, some owned by Americans along the line of the railroad. Mr. B. Burns Deacon, an American who has lived here for the last twenty years or more, says that there is no more healthy place

REJOINED BY COMPANIONS.

In Panama we found three of our companions awaiting us, Bros. Walter

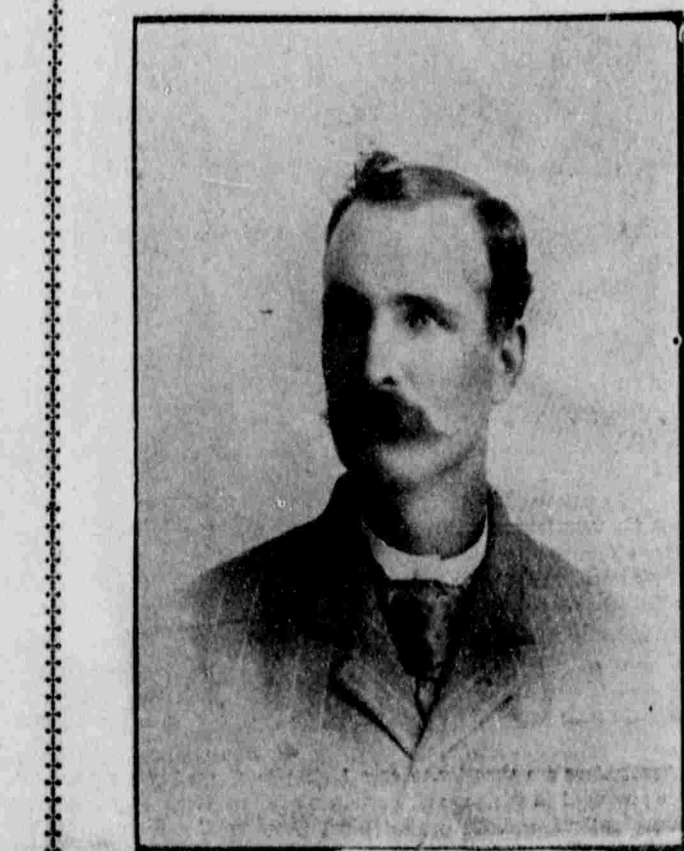
worse, for the shot penetrates a steel plate sixteen inches thick, and one well directed shot is sufficient to sink a ship or demolish a fort.

The next is a battery of 3-inch guns. These are monsters, and very wicked shooters. It takes two men to lift one of their shot, and of course these, too, are handled by machinery. The ball penetrates a seven-inch steel plate. The tip is so arranged that when it strikes a steel covering is broken and a lubricating fluid is set at liberty, which really greases the ball and enables it to go further. We have heard of greased lightning, here are greased bullets.

Then there are six 4-inch guns; ten that throw a six-pound shot; four that throw a shot weighing one pound, and four Colt's automatic, six m.m. Besides these all the men are armed with rifles, and the officers have pistols.

Now let us look at the vessel. She is 264 feet long, 72 feet wide, and displaces 11,320 tons of water. That is, the gross weight of the ship is 11,320 tons. Her sides out of water are of heavy steel plates, under water they are of steel but not so heavy. Her deck is of steel, and the tower from which the captain directs the ship when in action is of steel a foot thick.

Going down below we visited the magazines, and saw the machinery that



BISHOP ORRIN P. MILLER.

L. Tolton, Heber Magleby, and Chester Van Buren. The first two we had left in San Marcos, all four of us having started from San Jose de Costa Rica for the overland trip, but the slight sickness of Mr. Magleby prevented his coming, and Mr. Tolton remained to nurse him.

EXCITING EXPERIENCE.

They had some exciting experience in getting to Panama. When they reached the seaport Limon they found it quarantined because of yellow fever, or what was supposed to be yellow fever. The steamer would not take passengers. In vain they tried to get a consul's permit, and in vain they tried to get the officials to let them pass on the ground that they were not residents of Limon. They found, however, by going up the coast about thirty miles to Bocas del Toro, they could embark, but how to get up the coast was not an easy question. By land, was impossible, and by sea just as impossible, if seen by officers. They tried it, however, and engaged a negro to take them in a canoe, all to start just after dark that evening. But just as they were getting in the boat an officer came that way and wanted to know where they were going. The negro immediately replied that they were not going anywhere, having just come in from a short row. The boys went up town and came to the beach again an hour later, embarked, and were soon at sea.

The ocean was not quiet. A rain storm came up, and as there was no protection possible, they got very wet. Seasickness came on also in a few moments which added greatly to their discomfort. They could not sleep, they could not even lie down, but were forced to sit in that cramped position to the end of their voyage. They were out all night, all the next day and part of the next night, landing in safety, however, at their destination, about ten o'clock.

CITY OF PANAMA.

Panama is a city of from 15,000 to 20,000 inhabitants, made up principally of Chinese, negroes, native Colombians and white people, and a mixture of all bloods. The Chinese are the laundermen and shop keepers, the negroes do general work and drive hacks, while the natives are engaged in all business, some of them having very respectable mercantile establishments. The white people, those not connected with other governments, are the bankers, and the wholesalers. Here is the seat of government for the state or department of Panama, which comprises all of that part of the isthmus from the Costa Rican line to the connection with South America.

The streets, which are narrow, are paved with cobble and flat hard stone, and are usually clean. The sidewalks are inconsiderable, as they are in all Central American cities. Some of the houses are large and well built, and are cosmopolitan in architecture. In fact Panama is the most cosmopolitan town we have seen since we left home.

One great drawback is the poor harbor. The water is quiet enough, but not deep enough near land. Ships must load and unload at a place called La Boca, or "The Mouth," being the mouth of the canal.

To the west of the town is a hill, 200 feet high, on the side of which is a spring of living water. Here are built the hospitals, a most beautiful and beautiful site. On the other side of this hill on a site usually beautiful was built by the officers of the canal a country cottage in every way as beautiful as labor and means in this land could make it. This was presented to the great canal chief, De Lesseps, but was refused by him with the remark, "I

in the world than here. The cause of the great mortality among foreigners during the "canal times" was the excesses in which they indulged. Wine and nightly carousals kill in most any country, they kill quickly here. But with care in diet, with regularity in habits of living, one can enjoy health and happiness here as elsewhere.

INTERVIEW AMERICAN CONSUL.

The next day after our arrival and securing of a good location for camp, we called on our American consul, Mr. Gulger, and found him a very pleasant gentleman. He had traveled all over Utah in the adjustment of claims against the government for Indian trouble, and was well acquainted with many of our citizens. His opinion of the people of Utah, so he said, was greatly modified for the better as a result of his labors there. "I went with prejudice against the 'Mormons,' but left without prejudice."

INFORMATION RESPECTING INSURGENTS.

While we were talking Captain Perry and other officers of the battleship Iowa, now anchored in the harbor for the protection of American interests during the revolution, came in, and hearing that I had been among the insurgents, requested an interview. "You may be able to give some information of great use to the United States government," he said, after the formalities of introduction. I assured him that I would be pleased to do so if possible. In an hour by his apt questions he had the whole situation. The points most interesting were these: The insurgents are organized with generals, colonels, captains, etc. They have guns and are drilling daily. Their discipline is good. There are at least three thousand of them in the mountains, one-third of whom are well armed with Remington rifles, both the old and the improved. They do not fear the improved rifle with steel balls with which the government troops are armed, for they say, "No matter, they don't kill." They have plenty to eat. They expect aid from several sources, especially from Nicaragua, Ecuador and Venezuela. They are now contemplating an attack on Panama, and in Chorrera are drilling for that purpose. They hold the country from Aguadulce to Arrayan, within eight miles of Panama. They are intelligent and determined men.

VISIT BATTLESHIP IOWA.

At the close of our talk, the captain kindly invited us to pay the Iowa a visit, and the following Monday was set as the time. "We are coming, and the ship is dirty," remarked the captain, "but you can enjoy the sensation of being under the old flag again."

At the appointed time we were on the ship was three miles from land, and in a short time we were cutting the waves at the rate of ten miles an hour. The great ship loomed up grandly as we approached, her guns protruding, and causing a chill to creep over one as he thought what might happen if he should go off. Presently we were along side, then up the ladder and on deck, where we met the captain and some of the officers. After introduction we were placed in charge of Officer William L. Fry, a young man of not more than twenty-two, who was instructed to show us the whole of the ship.

First came the big guns, four 12-inch, which throw projectiles weighing three hundred pounds, and require two hundred and fifty pounds of powder at a charge. They are monsters. From the magazines below machinery brings the ball and powder up, machinery loads the guns, and by machinery the guns are handled. When they are fired the whole ship trembles, but the enemy even though ten miles away, tremble



APOSTLE HYRUM M. SMITH.

supplies the great guns with ammunition. The engine room interested us, for it showed the perfection of machinery. With three small levers the engineer does all the work. He starts or stops the monster; he makes her go back or forward. Her rudders are worked in one of three ways—by hand, by steam, or by electricity.

From the engine room we passed into a room containing some very interesting apparatus. It was no less than a torpedo tube, and two torpedoes. When properly worked this little engine of destruction is as wicked as any. The torpedo is thrown from the tube by powder, but once striking the water it is carried along by its own machinery at a depth under the surface previously arranged, so that it is safe from shot or shell from the enemy, and when it strikes, destruction follows.

After completing our tour of the ship, we were taken into the captain's cabin, where lunch was served, and we sampled some of Uncle Sam's delicacies. The man upon whom rests the responsibility of this great warship, a ship which represents as she stands today about five million dollars; and, in fact, upon whom rests the responsibility of the military situation in Colombia so far as the United States is concerned, is Captain Thomas Perry of New York.

OUR BUSIEST MEN.

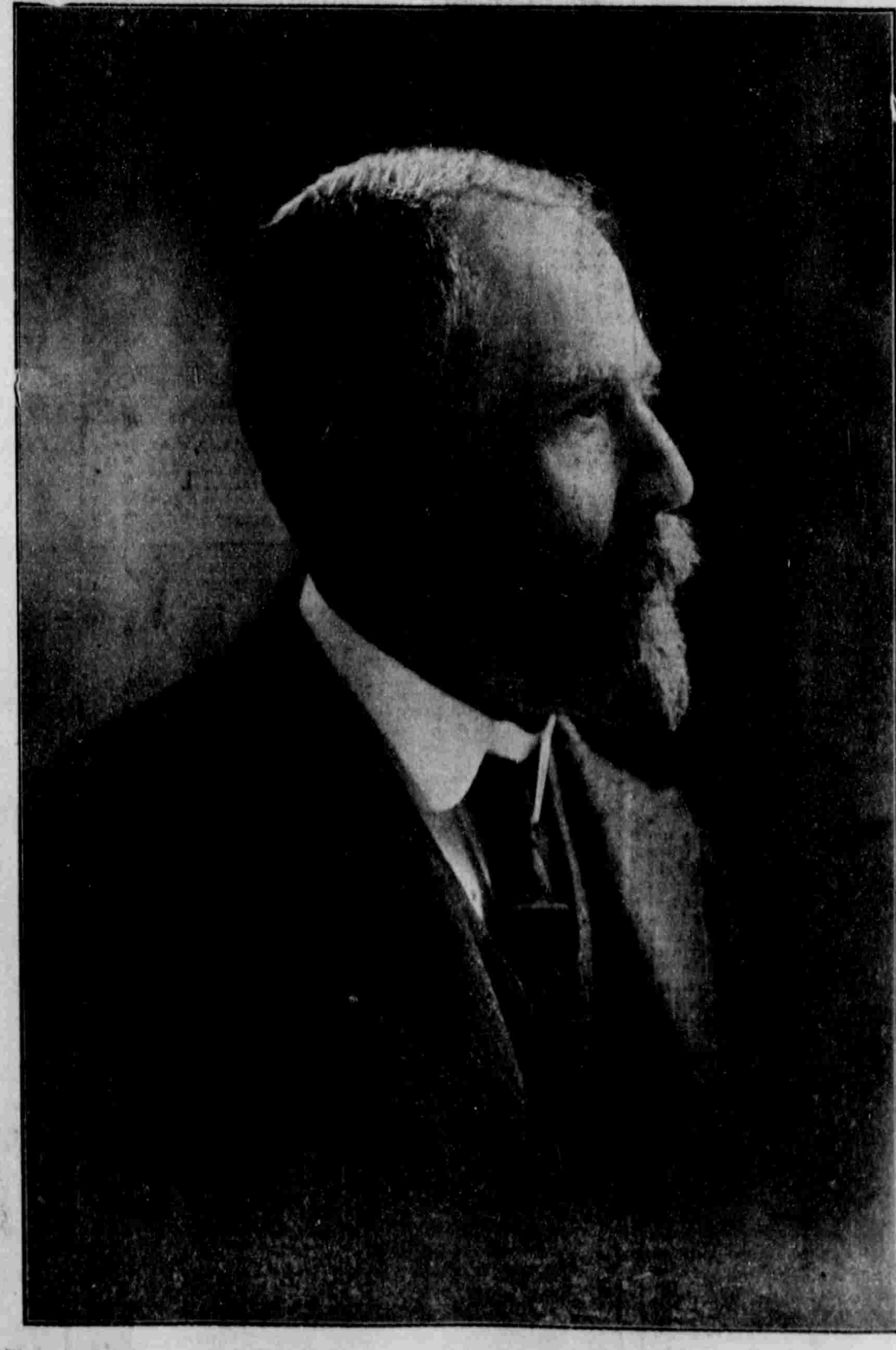


Photo by Johnson.

LOUIS A. COHN.

Friends and associates of Louis A. Cohn, manager of Cohn Bros. Dry Goods company, will readily recognize him in the above striking half-tone. Mr. Cohn, while a native of Germany, has spent by far the greater portion of his life in Utah. He was born in 1841, and leaving his fatherland while yet a lad, he energetically made his way to the west and pushed on to California, driving his own team across the continent to the then golden west, where he engaged in mining and other pursuits.

In 1865 he came to Salt Lake City and embarked in the dry goods business on the spot now occupied by the office of the Pleasant Valley Coal company, just north of the Deseret National bank. This business he has continued with his brother, Alexander, almost without interruption since that time. The firm which they now comprise is the outgrowth of their previous efforts in that direction. In 1870 he was elected grand master in the Masonic order, being at that time the youngest man in the world holding a similar position. In 1890, and again in 1896 he was appointed to the City Council and later became police and fire commissioner. Since then he has strictly eschewed politics. Several years ago he built a handsome home on Brigham street which he still occupies. Prior to that he lived for a considerable period in the beautiful residence, now the home of ex-Mayor John Clark at the corner of First and C streets, which he also erected.

New York, aged about sixty years, though he looks no more than fifty-five, and who has for forty years been connected with the navy. He has been only about fifteen months on the Iowa, she having been commanded by Captain Clark in the Santiago fight. Captain Perry is well educated, naturally gifted with an abundance of common sense, and appears to know the business he follows from first to last.

At 1 o'clock the launch was ready to take us ashore, we bade good-bye to our new found friends, and in a few moments were speeding towards Panama.

All voted that we had had a great day.

BENI CLUFF, JR.
Panama, Sept. 18, 1901.

MR. WU'S LITTLE WAY.

Among the Chinese it is only polite to show an interest in the personal affairs of your acquaintances, but there are people who think that Minister Wu Ting Fang carried Chinese politeness almost to the limit by his line of questions in Syracuse.

"I used to think that Li Hung Chang easily took the cake or chop suey or whatever the Chinese prize is for asking embarrassing questions," said a prominent politician yesterday. "But Mr. Wu's thirst for information has put the Chinese victory's performance way back in the mild curiosity class."

"How old are you, madame?"
"Don't corsets hurt?"
"Have you any children?"
"Are you married?"
"Why not?"

To think that simple little questions like those should have given Li Hung Chang a reputation in this country as a first class asker! In comparison with such perfunctory and colorless interrogations note the strength and nicety of Mr. Wu's questions:

"Are you a Platt man?" he asked of J. P. Alda, Republican leader of the assembly? Then you are his slave, aren't you?"

"Note the artistic way in which the first question leads up to the second. Observe the conclusions in the second drawn from information received in answer to the first. Talk about silver-tongued orators! That man was born with a silver interrogation point in his mouth."

"And notice the tactful way in which he sought to draw information from Mayor McGuire, of Syracuse:

"Have you succeeded in stealing enough money yet to buy a house? No? Only enough to rent one? Well, I wish you better luck next time."

"What other man could have put such questions to the dauntless mayor of Syracuse? If it's the polite thing to ask questions in China, and if Li Hung Chang's efforts are fair samples of what the ordinary Celestial gentleman is capable of, Wu Ting-fang must be the high-dry of social butterflies in his own country. What an addition he would be to a newspaper that could get him to conduct a questions and answers department without answers. Think of the thousands of communications that would daily pour in addressed to Wu Ask Mee, New York Sun.

On Top of Gebel-Tarek.

Carriage Drives Around Gibraltar—Off for Fez.

Special Correspondence.

GIBRALTAR, Sept. 7.—Soon as your feet touch the narrow strip of beach on the western edge of this tremendous rock, where nestles the port, an impulse to mount the topmost peak is born within you and, like Banquo's ghost, will not "down" till gratified. It takes a veteran mountain climber at least two hours to scale that sharp incline, including the dignified delay required in the issuing of a permit by the military secretary, whose office is in Gunner's lane. It is the literal truth, as often stated, that you cannot turn around in Gibraltar without asking military permission, and the most inoffensive visitor is made to feel, during every minute of his stay, that he is regarded with suspicion and his presence tolerated only so long as he walks the straightest kind of an English chalk line.

The pass secured, and up and up you go through the steep and narrow streets of the town that are often more

nent owes its name. That point now holds one of the far-famed "Gibraltar Twins"—a hundred-ton cannon, which shoots a ball, weighing two thousand pounds, a distance of eight miles. So big is that missile of destruction that the puny strength of man cannot lift it, and machinery propelled by steam hoists it to the cannon's mouth.

Among innumerable near-by points of interest Gibraltar, on its high bluff near the entrance to the Atlantic, the bright little city of Algebras, on the other side of Gibraltar bay; a score of pink and white villages on the Spanish mainland; and Costa, the terrible prison-land near the African coast, where so many Cuban patriots and other of Spain's disobedient subjects died miserably in captivity. Over to the east, where the Rock falls straight down fourteen hundred feet, you see a line of foam and drift-wood upon a scanty tread of beach beneath gray precipices which no foot of man or beast has ever scaled. It is Catalan, the long fishing village in Europe, it is not in the whole world. A thousand years or more ago, some Genoese fishermen were wrecked there and managed to climb upon the narrow shelf of rock at the base of the stupendous cliff, and clinging



PRESIDENT HYRUM GOFF.

flights of stone stairs; past tile-roofed cottages and gardens gorgeous with tropical color; every gateway and arbor covered with purple masses of lilies and flowers and walls hidden under scarlet-blossomed creepers; helms of cacti and aloes, clumps of acacias and feathery palms, rose-trees with trunks thick as a man's arm; mignonette, heliotrope and fragrant perfume of the air, and the level acres or two, away up on the treeless hillside exposed to the full blaze of the tropic sun, was formerly a burning waste of bare rock and red sand, until some fastidious British governor bethought himself to turn it into a garden. Soil was brought from afar and laid deep upon the rocks, flowers and trees were planted, and today it is an Eden of beauty and shadowy coolness. At the entrance is a drill-ground, where the regimental band plays afternoons and evenings, as the Alameda has become the fashionable promenade of Gibraltar, the rendezvous of whatever beauty and style the place possesses, at all times swarming with the brilliant uniforms of British officers, and a medley of curious costumes from every corner of the earth. Family carriages, filled with plump, rosy-cheeked matrons and angular daughters, move sedately along the shaded drives, and young Englishmen, in cycling, cricket and football togs, on polo ponies or wearing the pink coat of the hunter, proclaim that in the line of sports, as in everything else, the spirit of the step-mother country prevails in ancient Gibraltar.

Leaving the Alameda, you hear strains of martial music rising, clear and sweet, above the rumble of wheels and the murmur of voices. Away up yonder, over the heads of the people, a glittering mass of burnished steel appears to be sliding down the steep path. Nearer and nearer it comes, and presently a long line of white-coated, jark-kilted, bare-kneed Highlanders glides proudly by to the wall of battlements and the roll of drums.

Again climbing the steep face of the hill, you come to the four enormous reservoirs, capable of holding five million gallons of water, which have been cut into the side of Gebel-Tarek. Each tank is made mosquito-proof by means of gauze wire, thus preventing that pest, so prevalent here in hot weather, from introducing any germs of disease. In the event of siege, this great water-supply would prove invaluable, and in times of peace benefits the troops and the poor alike.

At last you reach the highest point and stand beside El Hacho, the signal tower, from which it is said the Bay of Biscay can be discerned through a powerful glass. It requires an equally powerful imagination to make that discovery, but two continents and three kingdoms are within the limits of vision. To the southward, Africa appears but as a step across a shimmering pool, and dimly through clouds of sand you see the white walls of Fez and the desert wastes in which the capital of Morocco is built. On the east stretches the vast and tranquil Mediterranean, its two thousand mile reach dotted with storied islands and the abysms of the world hastening to the accident and the orient. The spot upon which you stand was one of the mystical pillars of the world, the other pillar towering just across the strait, away down below, almost at your feet, is Europa Point, the very spot where, according to classical history, the divine bull rested from his flight with Europa, to whom the continent

(Continued on page 16.)