

ON THE MAGDALENA RIVER.

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

Interesting Features of Country and People of Colombia—Everybody Smokes and Drinks, from Babe to Grandame—A Nation of Shopkeepers—Market Day Scenes—Oxen as Beasts of Burden—Insurrection Makes Traveling Dangerous—Rich and Fertile Country—Little Wonder Nephites Became Rich and Proud.

THE foreigner this people and their country present many features both new and curious. There are three classes of people, citizens of these republics. Those of foreign birth, such as the Spanish; those of mixed foreign and Indian, this class forms the great bulk of the population, and, third, the pure Indian, who, also, are quite numerous. The racial blood mixture is mostly of the Spanish or Negro, though for the last few years the Turks have been coming to Colombia, and now number six thousand. But whoever comes, he brings his customs and adopts those of the people among whom he lives.

Everybody rises early here. Seldom are people in bed after daylight, and many times they sit around the lamp or candle and wait for the light of day. They take coffee and a small piece of bread, or some fruit plantains, in the morning, breakfast at eleven and dinner at six. Rice forms the principal article of food. In fact, corn, beans and rice gradually give way to rice south of Mexico, until along the isthmus in the Chiriqui country, tortillas are a luxury and rice the main diet. The people are not heavy eaters. An average American will eat as much as ten men here. Among the poorer people, tables are seldom used, the meal being eaten on the floor. It is seldom, too, that the members of a family sit together. A plate of food is given to each who sits down wherever he happens to be, and consumes it, calling for more if he wishes. Another plate is given another member, and so on until all are served. Though most of the people are devoted Catholics, no blessing is asked on the food, and there is seldom or never any family worship.

EVERYBODY SMOKES.

All are smokers from the smallest child large enough to draw at a cigar, to the oldest grandparent. Tobacco is cheap and of very fine flavor. In some parts of Guatemala a hundred cigars sold for a dollar, silver, and here the same number goes for \$3 paper money, which makes them worth in gold just over a half cent. "They are very dear now," said a cigar woman, when I questioned her as to the price, "for tobacco is hard to get because of the war." Formerly we could sell them for a dollar a hundred. It looks strange to see an old grandmother, so feeble she can hardly walk, and her little grandchild, so young she can hardly walk, going down the street hand in hand, both smoking cigars. It is strange, too, to hear a little daughter say to her mother, "Mamma, please give me a light," at which the mother takes the lighted cigar from her mouth and gives it to the child, who lights one for herself and returns her mother's. Often one sees a whole family sitting in the cool of the evening at the door of their house all smoking, and all seemingly enjoying life. Just as they all smoke, so do all drink intoxicants, usually aguardiente, or sugar cane rum. Stills are everywhere, and the cane fields are grown as much for the rum as for the sugar they will produce. And yet it is seldom one sees a drunkard here. Some get to the point of being talkative but not belligerent. But even when intoxicated they are not quarrelsome. They are better natured than ever.

The priests as well as other church officers smoke and drink with the rest, and thus as the pattern is set by the ecclesiastical head there is no disgrace attached to the practice. It is no disgrace to go into a saloon, to be a saloon keeper, for the best of men and women are patrons.

NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS.

This is emphatically a shop-keeping

SING SAGE.

Here is the woman who is suing Russell Sage for \$75,000. The case has not yet gone to court. The woman's name is Isabelle D'Almeida, and she claims the sum of \$75,000. Her antecedents are shrouded in much mystery. She is a moderate nose, and many well known society leaders here and abroad have known Russell Sage in the past. The ill-treatment of which she accuses Russell Sage is alleged to have occurred eighteen years ago. The woman denies all the allegations.

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people, and the chief articles for sale in every shop are aguardiente, tobacco and candles, the last for worship in the churches. Nine-tenths of the houses in this town are stores or shops. In the poorer parts a few shelves and a counter are placed at the door entrance, on which the goods are exposed for sale. A child, or the mother attends to the selling, and when no customers are in their time is employed in making cigars. Besides the three staples mentioned above, a few yards of calico, a few small biscuits or loaves of bread, some sugar, a few bars of soap and some plantains will constitute the stock in trade. Many shops are more pretentious and have goods to the amount of several hundred dollars. These usually include salt, potatoes, flour, beans and other articles of food. There are also stores stocked with thousands of dollars of imported as well as home made goods.

MARKET DAY.

Monday is the great market day in Honda. In Mexico and other republics south Sunday is the principal day. The usual amount of trade goes on here on Sunday, but the great market day is Monday. On this day people from the country for miles around bring in their goods and wares and exhibit them for sale. Since the war began, however, the day has lost its importance to a certain extent, as the dangers of travel increase, but last Monday there was a good representation. The leading article for sale was cigars, of which thousands were brought from the tobacco country above. Next was cheese or what they called cheese, which came from the grass country of La Mesa. Plantains, chocolate beans, prints, candies, and bread were also represented. A number of drinking stands did a good business, but the tobacco sales exceeded all others.

There were crowds of people, mostly women, all anxious to make their purchases as soon and as cheaply as possible, but there was no noise above the tone of common conversation. The vendors patiently waited for the customers to come, knowing that if they did not sell today they would have goods to offer tomorrow. In fact they seldom spoke of the virtues of their wares, but answered questions when asked. The first few hours were spent by the customers in looking around and making themselves acquainted with the goods exhibited, after which the purchasing began. The vendor always waited until she expected to get, and the customer offering less than she expected to pay. But all was done good naturedly.

OXEN AS BEASTS OF BURDEN.

It would look a little strange in our country to see a family moving with the mother, two or three of the smaller children and most of the household effects packed on a big ox, but such a sight is not strange here, for oxen are among the chief beasts of burden, and trains of them are often seen coming in with coffee from the Canca country. Yesterday one could count a hundred and fifty of them lying in the shade of the trees on the square, and in the shade of the houses near by. Large piles of sacks of coffee, a hundred and twenty-five pounds in a sack, were along the sidewalk by the warehouses, and the faithful animals were resting from the toils of their long journey from Antioquia.

The oxen is not forgotten either as a pack animal, or as a beast of burden. Loaded with coffee, hides, or other products of the country come into Honda every week, Honda being the center for exportation by way of the river.

INSURRECTION MAKES TRAVELING DANGEROUS.

How long we shall remain in this town I do not know, but for a few days at least we shall await the arrival of the generalissimo, the leader, who controls the Tolima country. He is expected to attack the town every night now. The government has strengthened its forces, but it is expected that Marie will easily subdue them. Several times in the past he has taken the town, capturing arms and ammunition. It is not his policy to hold the place, but just now he desires arms and ammunition. If we obtain passports and guides from him, we feel certain that we can continue our labors up river with comparative safety. It would be worse than folly to attempt the trip without them.

Men here, among them some Americans of long residence, urge us not to go along our contemplated route, but to go to Bogota, and thence to Melra and Popayan. We have good reasons, however, for desiring to continue up the river, for without doubt, between Honda and Neiva was the great capital and many of the principal cities of the Nephite nation. Here was the stage on which some of the leading characters acted their parts. It is a beautiful country, and is said to be the richest in Colombia. The mountains to the west abound in gold mines, and the sands of every river are rich with the precious metal. Many of these mines were worked with great profit before the war began, but for lack of laborers, and because the region is unsafe, are now closed.

RICH AND FERTILE COUNTRY.

The natives wash much of the dust from the river during the dry season, which they sell to traders at a low price. In fact, the products of gold along with other products such as hides, had grown to be a good business before the war. It is carried on now to some extent, but at great risk.

The valley from the foot hills to the river is most fertile. Stock, sugar cane, corn, coffee and tobacco being the chief products. Fruits, such as oranges, limes, pineapple, plantains and bananas grow everywhere, but nowhere better than on the banks of the Magdalena in the Tolima valley.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the Nephites were a wealthy people, when both gold and the products of the soil were so easily obtained. Perhaps if they had settled in a less favored country, a country, for instance, in which they would consume during the winter all they could produce in the summer, instead of raising a better crop than the summer crop, they would have been less proud and haughty, and would be today in possession of the lands given them as an inheritance.

RENE CLUFF, JR.

Honda, Colombia, on the River Magdalena, Nov. 12, 1901.

Coming of Prince Henry.

Great Torchlight Parade in Honor of the Royal Visitor—Brilliant Spectacular Demonstration Planned by the German Societies—Forty Thousand Marchers Will Pass Him in Review.



LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE DISTINGUISHED GERMAN.

Salt Lakeers, particularly those who were born in the country of the Kaiser, in common with citizens of the Republic everywhere, are much interested in the coming visit of Prince Henry, though it is not probable that any of them will go East to attend the big reception that is being arranged in his honor. Primarily the visit of the prince is for the purpose of superintending the launching of the American built pleasure boat of the emperor which is to have its yet unchosen name conferred upon it by Miss Alice Roosevelt, the accomplished daughter of President Roosevelt.

Forty thousand torches will flash a welcome to Prince Henry from the Germans of New York city and vicinity. Thousands more Germans with "hocks" and hurrahs will join in the greeting. It has been decided at a meeting of delegates representing about fifty different German societies, at Terrace Garden, to make the greeting of the New York Germans to the Prince a torchlight procession on the night of Feb. 25, to be reviewed by him from a stand in front of Arion hall, Fifty-ninth street and Park avenue. The procession will start soon after 6 o'clock, so as to allow it time to pass the Prince before 9, at which time he will be due at a banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria. It is estimated that between 25,000 and 50,000 will be in line.

WHERE PRINCE HENRY WILL SLEEP ABOARD.



Here is a first halftone of the stateroom aboard the Kron Prinz Wilhelm, which Prince Henry will occupy during his voyage to these shores. The chamber is fitted up in the most luxurious style, with every modern convenience and all the trappings of a palace bed chamber.

OLD STORY REVIVED.

The John Hays Hammonds and Their "Pardon Baby."

The appearance in the distance of that dear, domestic old bird with a long beak and longer legs, whom tradition intrusts with the future of families, and shows that he is making a bee-line to the house of John Hays Hammond in Riverside Drive. Most everybody will recall that Mr. Hammond is the plucky American who was Cecil Rhodes' engineer in Africa, and who came near

losing his head in the days of the famous Jameson raid. Mr. Hammond married a pretty Southern girl, Miss Natalie Harris of Vicksburg, named for her uncle, General Nathaniel Harris, a distinguished officer in the Confederate army. At the time of their marriage Mr. Hammond was just graduated from Yale, and but fairly started on his professional career.

He and his bride went West, and for several years accompanied him on his mining expeditions. Then came the very lucrative deal with the Hammonds were rich in everything. One of the babies, the third little son, who is getting to be a strapping boy, has been called the "pardon baby."

This is the story: At the height of the Jameson trouble, Mr. Hammond was imprisoned, and there were for a time very grave fears for his safety. Influence of the strongest kind was brought to bear upon President Kruger, but he remained like adamant, until Mrs. Hammond, taking matters into her own hands, went one day to see the venerable Dutchman to intercede for her husband. Kruger did listen to her, and a few days later she and her husband and children sailed away for England. Two months later the little son was born, and a grateful announcement was sent to the president of the Dutch Republic and his wife—New York Mail and Express.

Mr. Watterson's Appeal For Newspaper Men's Home.

He Addresses an Editorial to Mr. Carnegie to Aid Project in Behalf of Indigent "Soldiers of the Day and Night"—Divert Some Millions from Books to Men—In Eloquent Phrase the Louisville Editor Pleads for Generosity Toward the Workers of the Press—Whole Life Is "One Long Epic, One Great Heroic Struggle With Destiny."

A movement has been started by Mr. Henry Watterson, aided by Col. Alexander S. McClure and others, of Philadelphia, for the establishment of a home for indigent newspaper men. The first pronouncement in the campaign, written by Mr. Watterson, is published in the Louisville Courier-Journal and the New York Herald. It is as follows:

"Puck has a cartoon which Mr. Andrew Carnegie should seriously consider, and, by way of helping him along to a consideration on tangible lines, the Courier-Journal ventures to supplement the pencil of its hebdomadal coworker in the search for truth with a written word or two of still further suggestion.

"Puck's cartoon depicts the world famous philanthropist seated at a table—presumably in the new home he has but just completed—inspecting plans for various public libraries which lie before him. To his left, upon the background of a open fireplace and above the rising flames, appears the vision of a model library, a niche, as it were, from the facade of the congressional library.

"Upon the wall behind him, and over a last relief of the cloudiness of Henry, may be seen a heroic picture of the Good Samaritan. And away off to his right, standing upon the threshold of an open door, through which the sun shines, an old man and an old woman—weak and wan and wretched—ill-clad—may, but thinly enveloped by unmanly un-unwomany rags—the old wife, clinging to a crutch—await in tragic mute appeal. Puck is tugging at the billionaire's sleeve to divert his attention from the maps to the mortals, and is saying, as Mr. Carnegie seems to listen, not in vain: 'Books are already so cheap and libraries so abundant that even the poorest man has all the literature he wants. Now, why not provide respectable homes for the people who are too old to work and who were never able to save anything from their scanty wages—and so keep them from beggary, starvation or suicide?' May Mr. Carnegie see and heed the admonition; but, whether he does or not, God bless the boy that turned the corner and drew the picture. By a delightful coincidence, it is Keppeler the younger.

A SPEECH TO MR. CARNEGIE.

"That which Mr. Keppeler does in the general, the Courier-Journal would do in the particular, because in these matters there must be organization and purpose, some special interest and objective point; and both of these the Courier-Journal has to submit to Mr. Carnegie.

"It was the intention of certain newspaper men, who meditated an individual descent upon the good laird of Skibo Castle, to put the case orally and in the way of personal suasion; you may be sure, at least, two old and sincere friends, who esteem him for his own sake and are beyond the reach of his patronage, or even of the suspicion of self-seeking. In view of the impossibility of changing the mode of attack, instead of swooping down upon Mr. Carnegie in some quiet place where we might find him and command him to throw up his hands, we call his attention to Puck's cartoon and we make this speech to him:

"Dear Mr. Carnegie, in spite of your riches there are those who love you and admire you and respect you. There are those who understand you and believe in you when you say that you have the feeling not to die a rich man—not to go into the presence of the Master and when asked to give an account of your stewardship to be able to point only to your hoards of millions and to say, 'There, sweet Lord!'

"But, when Midas has made this known to the public, he becomes straightaway the object of every covetous man and every hungry game in Christendom. This would not be so bad. Men of sense and experience are not easily deceived by fakes and fakirs. It is the honest bunco men—the meretricious—the genuine confidence men—that one must needs be wary of; the hopeless institution; the helpless ne'er do wells; the half-witted man of genius; the visionary, impractical committee; for money is relative, have its limitations, and even charity, if it would be effectual, becomes business—sometimes very hard and fast, unsentimental business.

"They who are now talking to you, Mr. Carnegie, ought not to be classified in your mind with any of such. They represent a class indeed. But not a class of mendicants. If you are surprised by the reading of these lines, be assured that those in whose interest they are delivered will be yet more surprised, for they are a sturdy, devil-may-care set, proud as Lucifer, and may perchance at first blush be disposed to resent them.

"SOLDIERS OF DAY AND NIGHT."

"We speak in the name of those soldiers of the day and night, whose life from the cradle to the grave is one long struggle—hard, heroic struggle—with destiny; that destiny, whose mainspring is glory; that destiny, which began in the love of letters and adventure, is to end only in victory or the poorhouse; that destiny, which, for all its offshoots of one sort or another—of drink too often—of the perils of the town in every shape—has vouchsafed some of them a glimpse of the nobility of truth for truth's sake, along with a little fleeting taste of fame—for many of them the sublime, all satisfying emotion of duty bravely done, for all of them the travail of the subaltern—that destiny, which, unlike the service of the army and the navy, carries little promotion and no pension—in a word, the working boys on the force, the silent singers of the press, who, beginning at fifteen, to be no longer efficient at fifty unless along the route they have secured some safe retreat or quiet corner, where they may work out their dependency while before the final summons that equalizes us all comes to take them hence.

"Mr. Carnegie, it is for nobody to challenge or to question your motives. It is for nobody to tell you what to do with your own money—with money which the world will attest, which even this poor free trader now addressing you will attest—you made honestly by the application of your God-given genius, not unaccompanied by the vigor of a manly arm and the sweat of untiring toil. But for dear old Scotland's sake, if not for the sake of these poor col-

leagues—I say mind that, you being a member of the Pittsburg Press club in good standing, they are colleagues—for dear old Robert Burns' sake, for he too was one of the guild—hear a bit of plain truth from one who was born and bred amid the luxury of books; who grew up in a good private and a great public library, who possesses the love of books and has pursued the inside and the outside of books all his life, and that truth is this:—You set too much store by books. They are like tobacco and wine, and all other good things—good only in moderation, and very dangerous to many people. Never a truer line than Pope's 'Drink deep, or touch not the Perian spring.'

"To what, Mr. Carnegie, a man of the artistic temperament, yet with an abnormal business development—an idealist—who, with the love of music and letters singing day dreams to his soul, has had years of his time making millions—who, when he might have been painting pictures, or composing sonnets and sonatas, has had to pile up riches—to you, the things that come to the poor devil of a hand—the exquisite melody, the charming conceit, the humor and the pathos of romance and poetry, may seem to be fostered by that which was not accessible to the enterprising hobnobbing and the aspiring Scotch laddie—when he began his wondrous career. Alas, they do not come with reading and writing! They come by nature; and they bring with them troops of ailments, aches and pains. It is much better to have money. It is much safer to be rich.

"But there are those to whom even riches are denied; who struggle along from the cradle to the grave, to die poor, as you mean to die yourself, having committed no crime, nor wasted any substance, and of these the newspaper workers can show the greatest numerical aggregate; bright boys, who have wasted only their lives; noble fellows, who have had no time to make money; educated men, self-educated men—men of grit and nerve—men of brain and heart—men of lost opportunities—to go on and on, never getting them in the face, and never a hand stretched out from the counting room, never a bucket of charity coal to keep them warm. The woods, as the saying is, are full of them. From Maine to Texas, from Fifth Avenue to Nob's Hill, you shall see them; and, if there be such a thing as man's humanity to man, they ought to come in for a little of their share of it."

"MEN DESERVE ATTENTION. "Then, Mr. Carnegie, I appeal to you to divert some of those millions from books to men. Already a plot of ground has been purchased with early reach of New York and Philadelphia and some progress made toward the raising of it to establish a home for disabled and superannuated newspaper men. There ought to be one of them for every geographical subdivision of the Union.

"You, Mr. Carnegie, can make this possible. And you owe something to the press, to you not? On the whole, it has treated you to less of its hurly-burly, sometimes its cynicism and lack of discretion, and reverence, than its wont to deal out to those public characters who are aggressively famous and offensively prosperous. In spite of your riches the boys' really like you. They respect and admire you. "But if you would be their patron saint, the journalistic St. Nicholas, sending good deeds down to the ages, do this thing, for like the players, they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time. 'After your death you will be better to have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live,' though that is not to say that you may not have both their good report while you live and a good epitaph when you are dead, because, for all their heedlessness, they are a grateful and an appreciative body of men, who know perfectly the difference between a good deed and a bad one, when the wind blows southerly."

"God bless you, Andrew Carnegie; but that God may bless you the more whilst you are here to enjoy the blessing and to see the abstract and brief chronicles of the time, it, do this thing, make it the signal, the signal of your own housewarming; don't send us a check; come yourself; this is no child work; and, having given us the bread for God's sake, put some butter on it for Christ's sake!"

TO VISIT U. S.



Another royal visitor is shortly to honor America with a visit. It is Prince Hector, count of Turin, and rumor has it that he expects to take an American bride home with him when he returns. The count is fourth in line of succession to the throne of Italy. He is very good looking, exceedingly wealthy, and an athlete of no mean pretensions. He will arrive here early in February and will go first to Philadelphia.