

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, are good days to advertise in the want columns of the "News." Other good days are Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

# DESERET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1903. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE here below, and all he wants the Want Columns of the Deseret News can supply.

PART TWO.

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.

## UTAH MAN ON THE WONDERS OF MONTEZUMALAND



Photographed for the Deseret News by G. B. Waite.

PRIMITIVE MODE OF CULTIVATING THE SOIL.

### SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

**TROPICAL MEXICO** is said to be one of the richest sections of the earth, and one cannot conceive of soil more deep and fertile or vegetation more luxuriant than is found in the states of Vera Cruz and Tabasco, or in the lowlands of Oaxaca.

It is a region full of interest to the business man as well as to the traveler, because of its boundless resources and the excellent opportunities it presents for investment. Railways are being extended and development follows in their wake. Eastern capitalists have invested in vast tracts, while men of modest means are banding together and cultivating large plantations as stockholders unite to work a mine. But the element of uncertainty which always attends a mining venture is not a feature of agriculture. With the requisite soil and climate what one man has done another may do, and what one man has produced another may be made to produce.

### TROPICAL VEGETATION.

There is something fascinating in the endless range and variety of tropical vegetation, and it seems that every sort of tree is found in the tierra caliente of Mexico. Those valuable for timber and those famous for fruit; plants of every description; palms, innumerable, ferns, flowers, vines, and grasses high as a man's head, cover the hills and valleys with a wealth of bloom and verdure.

Leaving Mexico City for Tabasco we passed between two snowy peaks into the gardens of Orizaba and through the coffee groves of Cordoba down to the palms that shade the beach at Vera Cruz. Here we took a Spanish steamer, Frontera, the port of Tabasco. The less said of this voyage the better. All who take it would like to forget it as soon as possible. Foul-smelling, ill-kept and overloaded, the ship, though safe and strong, never reaches port too soon for its passengers.

### SOME BEAUTIFUL SPOTS.

Frontera, 20 hours from Vera Cruz, is a beautiful port with green lawns, laurel shaded streets and tiled roofed houses. Here we were initiated into the mysteries of the favorite Tabasco beverage, water drunk from the green coconut. It is certainly delicious. From Frontera we went by steamer up the Usamintia and Grilajva rivers to San Juan Bautista, the capital of the state. It is no doubt the prettiest city in the republic, not even excepting Orizaba. Here we formed the acquaintance of Tabasco and some of her most distinguished citizens. It is a place of opulence, four-fifths of the people being well-to-do, and a multi-millionaire is pointed out for every thousand of the 15,000 inhabitants. Being the center of trade as well as the capital of a rich agricultural state San Juan has long ranked as one of the most prosperous cities in the republic.

### TABASCO'S LOW DEATH RATE.

Moreover, Tabasco, in spite of its latitude, and proximity to the coast, is said to have the lowest death rate of any section of tropical America. Its healthfulness is attested, not only by statistics, but by the number of very old people who have lived there all their lives. The temperature, while hot as a rule, rarely sends the mercury over the 92 mark. It so happened, owing to a recent "norther," that we suffered from the cold almost every night we spent in the state.

### RICH SUGAR DISTRICT.

From San Juan we took a steamer on the Mescalapa river to Cardenas near the head of the Rio Seco, or Dry River, which is the highest and most productive section of the state. Here we were entertained by the "Jefe Politico," or head man of the canton, a very pleasant gentleman, who furnished us with guides and horses for such tours of investigation as we cared to make to surrounding plantations. We visited several sugar factories, including one owned and operated by the Sastre Bros., which have turned sugar cane into several millions of dollars. They were educated in the states, speak excellent English, and live like princes.

They raise an average of 50 tons of cane to the acre at a cost of about one silver dollar per ton, manufacture it into sugar at the rate of 180 pounds to the ton at an expense of 1 1/2 cents, silver, per pound. They sold this season's run while we were there, for 12 cents a pound. With 400 acres in cane it can be seen that they are making money.

### CULTIVATED RUBBER TREES.

On another plantation belonging to a member of the family we found 10,000 cultivated rubber trees five and six years old as large as trees in the Tuxtepec rubber belt 11 or 12 years old. The owner has no immediate intention of tapping this grove, but has invested

in it for the benefit of his heirs as man invest in life insurance policies in the states. It will mean an income of \$2 to \$6 per tree later on—an enormous yield for 50 acres of ground with 200 trees to the acre.

Cocoa or chocolate, is one of the principal products of this section. Coffee does not do well in Tabasco, as it possesses a better flavor when raised in the mountains. Tobacco is grown extensively in the vicinity of Cardenas and Huimanguillo, and is said to be the best flavored tobacco produced in Mexico.

### A PECULIAR FORMATION.

The Rio Seco is a peculiar formation. The land along its banks for five miles back is higher than any of the surrounding country. In the bed of the river, which is from 50 yards to a half mile in width, are occasional lagoons and many small plantations. Tradition has it that the volume of water now running past San Juan to the Gulf at the river Mescalapa, once flowed over the bed of the Seco, but the Indians, to prevent Spanish buccaniers from ascending to sack the inland towns, made a sort of barrier of poles and spikes across the channel. In time debris gathered and formed a dam. A freshet found an outlet through a drainage ditch cut near the town and created a new stream, called the Mescalapa, now navigable for light draft steamers.

### JOURNEYED OVERLAND.

Rather than wait two weeks at Frontera for the return of our vessel from El Progreso, Yucatan, we decided to make the journey overland. In vain the Americans tried to dissuade us, and Mexicans made excuses without avail. We secured saddle horses, a pack mule and a guide, convinced that where people had lived and carried on commerce for a thousand years there ought to be a trail. We struck out for the savannas, or prairies, and in two days and nights reached the Indian town of Zonapa, the head of canoe navigation on the river of the same name. At this point a rain drove us to the principal house of the town, a bamboo gallery for the drying of tobacco, in one end of which lived the family, including three grown daughters, a son-in-law and children of various ages and sizes.

### MILLIONS OF MOSQUITOES.

We drove the pigs out into the rain and swung a lantern. Night came and with it millions of mosquitoes. The pigs returned and scratched their backs against our hammocks rocking us to sleep. It rained all day and we ate nothing but fried plantains and coffee. On the second morning we took to the river. Our canoe was about 16 feet long by two feet wide, cut out of a log of mahogany. It contained five Americans, five natives, 200 pounds of baggage and 200 pounds of green coconuts, which we had the natives cut open every now and then for refreshment.

For a day and a night we sat or lay in the bottom of that canoe, drinking "agua de coco" and fighting mosquitoes. Monkeys among the trees along the river kept up such an infernal chattering that we couldn't go to sleep. Past miles and miles of bamboo which fringed the river, with royal palms waving their feathery plumes in the back ground, parrots flying overhead in pairs, and occasionally alligators slipping into the water with a splash, we glided along the Zonapa for 24 hours and reached the Gulf at Tonala.

Here we found the sea-balling in a high wind and no boats venturing out. So we secured horses and struck out along the beach for Coatzacoalcas, a terminus of the Tehuantepec railway. The surf beat about our horses' legs but it was a fine road, and we enjoyed the ride, shooting at great sea birds or occasional sharks which ventured too far landward in search of smaller fish. Crossing the mouth of the Coatzacoalcas river on a hollow pole of a canoe we reached the railway station, tired, tanned and bearded like pirates.

### IN A DILEMMA.

Next morning we boarded the train for Santa Lucrécia, where the Tehuantepec road is intersected by the Mason line, shining parallels of iron and steel before us all the way to Salt Lake. At Sta. Lucrécia we learned that, while the track had been completed, it had not been formally accepted by the Mexican authorities any further than Juanita, to which point and no further ran the daily train from Cordoba. A new difficulty confronted us. We could not secure horses at Sta. Lucrécia, and a handcar was not to be had for love or money. Perseverance won out. It happened that the watch inspector of both lines was likewise desirous of reaching the midnight train at Juanita. Making a deal with the Mexican section gang we had then lift a handcar from the Isthmus line to the other road a little after dark, and in a few minutes were flying across the country at a better rate of speed than tropical passenger trains have yet attained. At one point we encountered a work train but the inspector of time pieces was equal to the occasion. With a tone of authority he called the crew together, move their train till we could put our

A Region that Abounds with Limitless Resources and which Offers Splendid Opportunities for Investments—Something More of the Country in which Salt Lake Men Will Engage in the Production of Rubber, the Raising of Cattle and the Business of Mining—Mexican Bull Fights and How They are Falling into Official Disfavor—The Deseret News Correspondent Witnesses and Describes One.

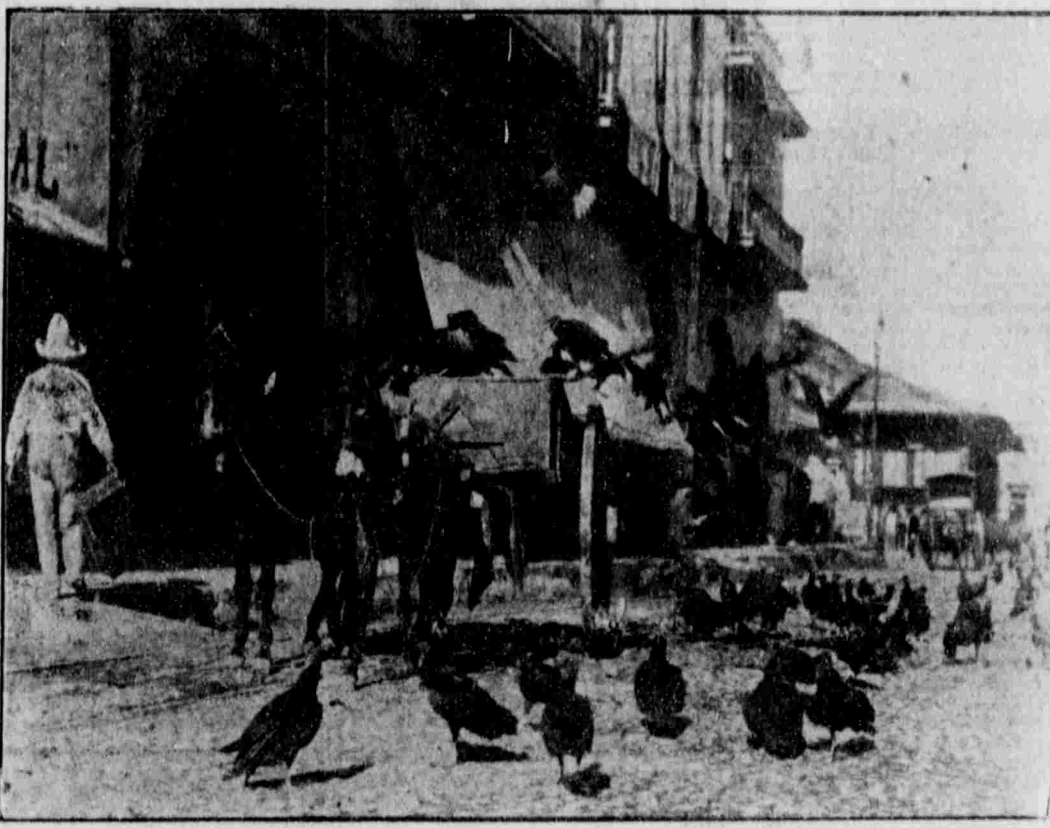
the Papaloapan river to visit some of the rubber and sugar plantations in that vicinity. On the hacienda of Don Joaquin Jimenez we saw a grove of 4,000 rubber trees, of different ages. One that was planted 15 years ago measured 81 inches in circumference, four feet from the ground, and last year yielded 12 pounds of commercial rubber. Best of it stood a five-year old tree 11 inches in circumference. From 225 trees tapped last year the old don obtained 500 pounds of crude rubber which he sold on the place at the extremely low price of 80 cents per pound.

At another plantation I measured 45 trees 11 years old and they averaged 4 1/2 feet in circumference. They had just been tapped the fourth time and had shown decided increase in the yield at each tapping. From Tuxtepec we went horseback to Oquian in the night. This is an Indian city of about 10,000 people—one of the most interesting places in all Mexico. Here the men



Photographed for the Deseret News by G. B. Waite.

PALM AND RUBBER LAND IN TABASCO.



FLOCK OF TURKEY BUZZARDS, THE "HEALTH BOARD" OF MEXICO.

Few cities in the Republic of Mexico have any other than the "open sewer" system which is no system at all. All the refuse and filth of the inhabitants is left on the surface of the ground. The stench is something awful to the nose of the stranger who wonders how it is possible for human beings to live in the malarious atmosphere. He marvels that they are not swept away by the plague. And there is little doubt that they would be if it were not for the great hordes of turkey buzzards that pounce down upon everything in the shape of filth and devour it. Millions of these winged scavengers hover over the larger and dirtier cities. The scene here depicted is in the streets of Vera Cruz, where a flock of buzzards is on the lookout for anything and everything devourable. These birds are about the size of the domestic turkey and are looked upon with superstitious reverence. There is a heavy fine for the killing of them.

handcar back on the track and in twenty minutes we were off again in the moonlight. Had he been general manager of the road our Yankee watch-setter could not have secured any better results.

### IMMENSE RUBBER TREES.

Next morning we left the train at

wear boards and scrapes, and the women a sort of handwork, highly colored delectable shirts without sleeves or other visible means of support. Passing El Ideal, one of the finest cane and coffee plantations in the canton, we dropped down the Tonto river by night, reaching the train at Los Chancos, which carried us to Cordoba in time for

the "Nocturne" to Mexico city.

### BULL FIGHT ON EASTER.

Arriving at the capital on Easter Sunday, one of the chief "fiesta dias" of the year, we were enabled to witness a great many novel sports and ceremonies, including the burning of Judas and a first-class bull fight. Fanaticism

is rampant among the peons at every anniversary of the resurrection, but the rage of the zealots is centered upon poor Judas, who is exorcised, dragged in the streets and burned in effigy.

The great cathedral and all the scores of city churches were filled with devout and humble worshippers at noon time. Bells rang dolefully, then joyously, organs groaned a solemn strain and the chant of priests could be heard no and then in the special ritual of the day.

Three hours later came the bull fight. The churches were empty, and the populace was at the Plaza del Toros. If the bulls were still ringing they could not be heard for the shrill cries of the peons on the sunny side of the arena. Thousands too poor to gain admission, hung about the outer gates, their hearts in the coliseum. Bull fighting will be popular with the masses in Spanish speaking countries as long as it is tolerated. But with the better classes it is falling into disfavor. Most of the ladies who attend these days are tourists or members of foreign colonies in the city. The sport receives no official sanction any more. It exists by sufferance rather than by encouragement in Mexico. This is due to the president and his wife and their influence in the republic. Upon the slightest provocation a plea is put under the ban of government disapproval, and the place the amusement has been abandoned. Some states have enacted laws to prevent it. It is a matter of only a few years until bull-fighting in Mexico will be a thing of the past.

### THE FIGHT DESCRIBED.

The Easter gathering was large and enthusiastic, the bulls ferocious and the torreadors fair to medium. Squads of soldiers were stationed at the doors. Files of policemen were distributed at regular intervals over the audience. The arena was a gaudy and grimy place with white suits and canvas buckets took their places beside barrels of water 50 feet apart around the circle. The judge entered his box of observation, the band struck up a Spanish quickstep and the time for slaughter had arrived.

Opposite the box of the referee a gate swung open. In marched the torreadors and a tending staff in a gaudy and imposing procession. Three matadors of local reputation, bedecked with lace and braid and bangles of gold or silver, wearing feathered caps and brilliant scarves, were in the lead. Next came a dozen capadores and banderillos, with knee breeches, short coats and capes; gleaming in the sunlight; and after them the mounted picadors astride their caparisoned caballeros, wearing leather suits and wide rimmed hats, and carrying spears. The attendants in white trousers and red shirts, with two three mule teams brought up the rear. After saluting the judge, each drew from the ring except the picadors and capadores.

### RELICS OF BARBARISM.

A bugle sounded and another gate flew open. There was a moment of suspense when a big red bull emerged from the gloom, a white ribbon floating from his shoulder, where it had been placed with a barb as he passed under the arch. By these ribbons the crowd learns from what particular hacienda the bull has been obtained. Trotting to the center of the arena, the brute lifted his head and shook his horns. For an instant no one moved. The picadors sat their horses like statues of Don Quixote. The capadores were sizing up their quarry, and the mounted banderillos were waiting for a signal. The bull charged upon its possessor nimbly leaping the inner wall. Turning, the bull espied another and chased him clear across the ring. A banderillo was springing his net of blindfolded horse to intercept the bull. He succeeded and it took four men to pull him from under a dead horse, while capadores were distracting the bull's attention. Another picador urged his dilapidated steed towards the infuriated bovine. There was a collision, a tearing sound, and the horse galloped away, his horse's entrails trailing on the ground. An attendant sliced them off and the poor animal was lashed to his fate again. This time the bull lifted horse and rider and tossed them over backwards. The picador's head struck the earth with a resounding slap, the horse, gored to the heart, trembled a little and was still, while attendants carried the unconscious man from the ring.

Another bugle sounded and the remaining horses were ridden out while the banderillos, each with a pair of plumed javelins, called banderillos, danced and gesticulated in turn before the bull, provoking a charge. Just as the beast lowered his head to lift the tormentor on his horns, the man stepped nimbly aside and planted a pair of banderillos in the animal's shoulders. Three or four decapitations of this sort are usually bestowed upon each bull. At least three on Sunday missed their respective quotas. They fought like cows and no torreador will tackle a cow for the reason that she fights with her eyes open. Usually a bull charges with lowered head and a man has to stoop aside at the right moment to be in safety.

### THE LAST ACT.

After the banderillos were placed the matador stepped to the front, doffed

his cap and asked permission to kill the bull. At a nod from the referee he took his sword and a bright red flag and went directly to where the maddened animal was, evidently wondering what to do next. The blood color attracted his attention at once and he charged to find it flapped in his eyes and the real object of his wrath standing to one side. Time after time this performance was repeated. Then the matador took the flag in his left hand, poised the blade, sighted along its edge for an instant and awaited the inevitable rush. There was a quick movement, a gleam of steel, a spurt of blood as the bull tumbled on his feet, and the matador was bowing to the audience, which was howling and filling the air with hats, handkerchiefs and cigars.

The band struck up another tune, and two or three mule teams, covered with bells and flags, trotted into the ring and dragged out the dead animal.

### RESULT OF THE PRAY.

The death of six bulls, 15 horses and one man completed the entertainment. This man was caught by one of the open-eyed bulls that made it uncomfortable for the whole troupe. In rushing a capador, instead of passing by when the man stepped aside, as any well bred bull should do, this one like-wisely turned and had the torreador in the air in less time than it takes to tell it. Three times he tossed the Mexican, and tore him badly in the groin and abdomen. But it never marred the sport one particle—only rendered it more exciting to the mob on the bleachers.

### HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

It is hard to understand what there is in bull fighting which appeals to a people as good-natured and religious as the masses of Mexican people are. The early Spanish conquerors delighted in scenes of carnage and suffering, and the Spaniard of today revels in gory bull fights. But the native Mexican is not cruel or bloodthirsty. Spanish undoubtedly brought many things to the new world besides smallpox and yellow fever.

It is a sad commentary upon the civilization of Europe and Mexico declined steadily in population, prosperity and happiness from the time Cortez burned his ships. For three centuries the cancer of enlightened greed gnawed at the vitals of the land, consumed its independence, destroyed the ambitions of its people.

### SAFE ADVANCEMENT.

Enterprise and development have regained in the last quarter of a century, much of the growth that was lost, but the country is not yet as advanced in the manufacture of goods, aside from foreign investments as it was when the free booters of Ferdinand first set foot on the sands of Vera Cruz. Mexico had twice as many people then as she has today and the natives were better fed, better clothed and better housed than they were during all the years of Spanish rule.

### RICH IN AGRICULTURE.

Mexico is one of the richest agricultural countries, on earth. It will produce an abundance of anything in season or out of season. But it stands in need of cultivation. It lacks appreciation. It wants some of that still, that energy, that judgment which felled the forests, drained the swamps and tilled the fields of the middle west. It needs farmers who rise in the morning, stay awake all day and harvest their crops when ripe. It demands enterprise bold enough to discard the ox-cart and the wooden plow, to till the soil with something better than a sharp stick. And the labor is here. It is willing and capable, but it must be understood and directed for it to bring the best results.

The peons of the tropics have been maligned. They are not lazy. They work hard and under difficulties which would discourage the average American laborer. True, their wants are few that nature in her bounty does not supply, but for all that they will yield much more hours, carry heavier loads, row steeper, and travel farther on foot than any other race of men. They are childlike in disposition—and Americans who do not understand peon character frequently spoil them. But, treated well, fed properly and handled according to his nature and training, the Mexican peon is capable of reclaiming all the waste places of his country under intelligent supervision.

### NOBLE WARRIOR.

### NORWAY MAPLE FOR SHADE.

It is a sad sight to see in many towns the use of the cottonwood popular for shade, when a better tree could be had. The poplar is useful but for a short time. It grows fast, is beautiful as a small tree, but in a few years is too large, too rank growing, drops its leaves too early, and is a nuisance generally. Its place is as a temporary tree, to give shade while better ones are growing. Among the better ones the Norway maple occupies a high position. It is one of the best of maples. The silver maple grows faster, in time getting too large for shading a house. In a field, or where lots of room can be given, it is still very good. But near a house or where a spreading tree of not too tall a growth is required, plant the Norway maple.



Petto in the custody of detectives.

New York's latest murder case reads like the book of a melodrama because the deadly Mafia is directly concerned in it. It is expected that the trial of Tommaso Petto for the murder of Benedetto will reveal sensational details of the workings of the deadly secret society. Meanwhile the fear of the Mafia's vengeance is so widespread that the authorities have had difficulty in getting together a jury.