

EVERGLADES IS REGION OF MYSTERY

Even With Ancient Popular
Misconceptions Corrected,
the Truth Only Leaves a
New Set of Puzzles—
Dredges at Work.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

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Miami, Fla., Jan. 11.—The oldest map of the western world shows nothing of the continent of North America except the southern portion of the peninsula of Florida, then believed to be a great island. The state of Florida was settled by Europeans long before any other state of the Union. It is strange that southern Florida, known longer than any other section of the country, should today contain the largest tract of unexplored territory in the United States—the Everglades.

A region of mystery, it has tempted many explorers to plunge into its vast expanse, but none of them has mapped its paths, catalogued its wealth or solved its secrets. Men have crossed it from east to west and from north to south, yet those very men would not again venture an attempt to follow their own paths. It was only 17 years ago that an expedition crossing the Everglades from the west to the east, exploded the theory, long entertained by geologists and gravely set down in geographical texts, that in the center of the Everglades there was a high plateau or a large body of open water. Five years later another expedition made a cursory examination of the strange and largely unknown flora and fauna of this terra incognita. And yet, practically everything that is now known about the Everglades was set down in the narrative of Escalante de Fontenada, a Spanish sailor who was wrecked on the Florida coast some three centuries ago, and who lived for 30 years among the Indians.

Just Like an Iowa Prairie.
Until a year ago, when the extension of the Florida East Coast railroad was opened for passenger traffic to Knight's Key, it was impossible to see the Everglades without an explorer's outfit and the risks attendant upon the venture of penetrating into unknown lands. Now the railroad traverses 12 miles of the southeast corner of this "region of mystery," and one may see it from the windows of a Pullman car.

Not one man in a thousand will see the Everglades for the first time without an exclamation of surprise. The name suggests to the minds of most persons a hazy idea of a tangled tropical swamp, a jungle concealing alligators and poisonous reptiles, a breeding place for insect pests, an immense stagnant pool with a miasmatic and death-dealing breath.

Expecting such a picture, what a surprise it is to come suddenly upon a great open space, for all the world just like an Iowa prairie, and to be told: "This is the Everglades." The Everglades is not

land, it is not water. It is not swamp, and it is not prairie. It is just the Everglades.

Vast Lake; Many Islands.

To the eye, from the vantage of the rear end of a Pullman, the region has the appearance of a western plain with an unusual liberal sprinkling of clumps of trees. The grass is golden brown in the sunlight, suggesting a ripening wheat field. Further to the north the grass is of a different variety—the terrible saw grass, which grows to be 10 feet high. As a matter of fact, the Everglades is a vast fresh-water lake, studded with a million islands varying in size from a yard in diameter to several hundred acres in area. The region is 130 miles long from north to south and 70 miles wide from east to west.

It is an immense limestone basin, very shallow, and of amazing regularity of conformation. It is entirely surrounded by a narrow rim of limestone, situated three to twelve miles from the ocean on the east, and from the Gulf of Mexico on the west. The rim is 12 feet above mean low tide in the Bay of Biscayne on the east and a little less above the level of the Gulf of Mexico. It is cut through by narrow waterways by the rivers which drain the Everglades.

This great rim is the wall of the Everglades basin. The basin is shallow, varying from one to six feet in depth, and in rare instances, is as deep as ten feet. The floor of the basin is of solid limestone, which gives out a hard, ringing sound when struck by oar or boat-pole. This floor is covered over with a mat of decayed vegetable matter from four to eight feet of water, grows the saw grass.

Water Everywhere.

But there is water everywhere. There are paths through the saw grass, but there is no particular reason why they should be there. Sometimes there is a swift current moving through the grass-free channel, sometimes the current traverses the channel laterally. These paths, or "leads," as they are termed, are very deceptive. They often lead to an impassable barrier of saw grass, and in the latter case the man in the canoe for many weary and fruitless miles which must be retraced.

The Terrible Saw Grass.

Saw grass is a terrible thing. Its stems are as strong as bamboo, and after having tempted the man in the canoe for many weary and fruitless miles, it is a very ugly one, and requires an alarmingly long time to heal. This grass is the terror of the Everglades, and more to be dreaded than the actual snakes or the imaginary poisonous insects with which the region is infected.

The unsolved mystery of the Everglades is its water. No one knows where it all comes from, and no one knows where it all goes, and no one can give a reason for the peculiar way it behaves, while it is here. The rainfall is heavy—an average of 10 inches a month in the rainy season. Rain rapidly affects the level of the Everglades water. There has been a two year drought in Florida and in that time the state's rainfall dropped a total of six feet below the normal. The Everglades water fell to low level and stayed there. When the rains came again, a few months ago, it was only a little time until there was a flood level in the Everglades.

Fed by Subterranean Streams.

Everglades water is hard, being strictly mineral with lime, and therefore cannot be rain water. Rain water does not even predominate in northern Florida there are many subter-

anean streams which are often tapped for artesian wells. It is the accepted theory that these underground rivers have their outlets in the Everglades creating the enormous springs which are known to exist in that region. Yet for all these theories, it is difficult to account for the currents. Every explorer of the Everglades from Escalante to the present day has agreed that the water seems to have a general motion in one direction, a great mass movement comparable only to the tides at sea. This great movement is broken at frequent intervals by swift cross currents, which apparently begin nowhere and end nowhere. They are comparable only to the great sea waves which are caused by ocean currents. Some of the Everglades currents are undoubtedly caused by an outflow from the Gulf of Mexico through a hole in the limestone floor. These probably connect with a subterranean passage which later discharges its water far out to sea.

No Stagnation Anywhere.

The water itself is a mystery. It is wonderfully clear, it is pure as crystal, it is palatable, and the taste is not at all stale, it stands long enough to become stagnant. Perhaps the greatest wonder of the wonderful Everglades is the fact that the water is constantly moving and there are no good breeding places.

The Everglades, rock bottomed, grass covered, fresh watered, healthy, is a very different place from the great swamp of the imagination of so many people. It is bounded on the west by the Big Cypress swamp, on the south by the impassable and dangerous Big Man grove swamp, on the north by Lake Okechobee and on the east by the narrow strip of pine land that separates its rim from the Atlantic ocean.

Everglades to Be Drained.

It is all above the level of the sea. The engineers say it can be drained. If this is done, some millions of acres of wonderfully rich agricultural lands will be opened up. Just how to drain it is a question which is an issue in Florida state politics. Three hundred years ago a Spanish governor began to cut drainage canals through it, but his work was stopped by the war of 1835-42. The United States army officers were assigned to come upon a drainage project. The United States senate considered the question of draining the Everglades in 1849. The work is now in charge of the state of Florida and has been actually commenced. The opinion of those who believe an adequate survey should precede the work of canalization.

Escalante named this region "Laguna de San Salvador." The name of Calos Indians called it "Lake Mayaimi," a name which still persists in the Miami river. The Seminoles named the region "Pay-hay-okee," which literally means "grass water." The English came and called the place "River Glades." The Indians, the negroes and the Spanish speaking whites caught up the English name and corrupted it to "Everglades."

Mysterious Orange Grove.

"Everglades" may have no definite meaning in English, but it is the name for this place of mystery and beauty. It still has mystery, for somewhere within its depths, the Indians declare, still exists the wonderful orange grove which the Calos chiefs used to own. The customs records show that in the month of March in the year 1698, more than 200 years ago, the trade of the Everglades Indians with Havana amounted to \$17,000. This orange grove was the great asset of the Calos Indians and people in Florida still half believe in its existence.

But the Everglades yields grudgingly its secrets. It gives no clew to its mystery, except to confound something to the vagabond Seminoles, the Indian can cross the Everglades from west to east in four days, while a white man must take a month. The Indian, with the wild in defending stubbornly its seclusion. However, the surveyor and the steam dredge are laying siege to this strange estate. The barrier already broken down a part of its mystery has passed the mystery will be gone and the saw grass wastes will have given way to the truck garden and the fruit farm. That is for the drainage engineers.

\$1000 SAVED ON WORK.
SAYS STATE PRINTER

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
Salmon, Or., Jan. 11.—State Printer Dunaway estimates that he has saved the state of Oregon more than \$1000 a month on its printing bill in the last two years. He has done this he says by economizing in space, press work, paper and postage. Though the railroad commission has heaped work upon the printer that was never done before, and though other departments are steadily increasing their printing, Mr. Dunaway says his deficit this year will be smaller than it was two years ago.

Matter that was formerly spread over a 400 page volume has in many instances been reduced one third by using smaller type and setting it solid. Mr. Dunaway says when he asked for the abolition of the inspection of his methods since he has taken the office.

CHANDLER INSANITY
CASE IS UP AGAIN

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
Charlottesville, Va., Jan. 11.—Hearing was resumed today in the sanity proceeding instituted by John Chandler, or "Chandler," as he has called himself in recent years. Chandler is the former husband of Annie Rives, the author, and a brother of former Lieutenant Governor Lewis Stuyvesant Chandler of New York. Chandler brought the case in an effort to establish his sanity and recover his fortune, which he alleges was confiscated by the New York courts. The hearing was suspended briefly last October, after some sensational testimony by Chandler.

State Meetings of Farmers.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
Jackson, Miss., Jan. 11.—The strength and influence of the Farmers' Educational Cooperation union in Mississippi was evidenced by the large attendance when the annual convention of the state division met at the capitol today. Much business is to be transacted and there are three days of the session. Present indications point to the reelection of President G. W. Russell.

Lafayette, Ind., Jan. 11.—The fourth annual state corn show held under the auspices of the Indiana Corn Growers' association opened today at Purdue university, and will continue until the remainder of the week. The exhibition in the number and variety of its exhibits is the best of its kind yet held in this state.

Cement Users Meet.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 11.—With a large and representative attendance the fifth annual convention of the National Association of Cement Users began in this city today. With headquarters at Hollenden hotel. In conjunction with the gathering, a large and elaborate exhibition of cement products and appliances has been installed in the Central armory, showing the wide and varied uses of cement.

Oklahoma Sheriffs Organize.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
Oklahoma City, Okla., Jan. 11.—Chiefs of police, sheriffs and other officers of the law met here today to perfect organization of the Sheriffs' Association of Oklahoma.

Wyoming Wool Growers.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
Rawlins, Wyo., Jan. 11.—The Wyoming Wool Growers' association met in fifth annual convention here today and will continue its sessions over tomorrow.

The Butte Boys Consolidated Mining Co. Have a Bonanza

G. W. Bever, manager of the Butte Boys company, returned from Goldfield yesterday, and is more enthusiastic than ever. He says they have got a wonderful mine. At Lida the vein is over four feet wide in a tunnel that shows ore that runs from \$142.00 to \$1492.00, and in a crosscut from the main shaft there is a ledge that will average better than \$300 per ton. We are taking out ore every day, and banking up to haul as soon as spring opens up, but that is not half there is to be told. We have succeeded in adding to our Florence lease, adjoining our present lease, a block of ground that is bounded on the north by the Daisy and Engineers lease, on the east by our present lease, on the south by the world famous Little Florence, and on the west by the Red King. This piece of ground is a jewel and should be appreciated by every stockholder in our company. The ledge on the Daisy that is producing wonderful ore will run direct into this ground. The Engineers lease produced \$140,000 in just four months. Why not us do the same thing? Following is a report and advise from a very prominent mining engineer who knows every foot of our ground. Read every word of it and then come to our annual meeting tonight at 8 p. m. Hall 201, Alisky building, corner Third and Morrison.

ENGINEER'S REPORT

San Francisco, Cal., January 8, 1909.
To the Board of Directors and Stockholders, Butte Boys Consolidated Mining Co., Portland, Oregon.
Gentlemen—As you are about to hold your annual meeting, I desire to impress the fact upon all parties concerned that the outlook for your company from a mining standpoint is exceedingly bright. With very little additional work on your Florence leasehold you will encounter bonanza ore, which will result in dividends, repaying the individual stockholders their original investment many times over. Your leasehold on the Centennial mine at Lida is now in high-grade ore, which will pay you all handsomely. Your Butte Boys group is a mine without question or caveat. As an engineer of over 30 years' experience and world-wide standing in mining, I unhesitatingly affirm that your holdings are all in every particular and all that is required at this time is a little additional money to pay the present pay-roll, when your company will be on a dividend-paying basis. To obtain this much desired result it is only necessary for each stockholder to subscribe for an additional small amount of stock, which amount will only be a trifle to each individual to invest, but will be of magnitude to your corporation, enabling your directors to meet the obligations of your company and prosecuting the work with vigor. I urge you all to do this and I in return offer you my services as mine manager and directing engineer and will accept my pay for services to be rendered in stock of your company. If you accept my services, I guarantee to put you on a dividend paying basis. The mere fact that I will accept stock in payment of my professional services is conclusive evidence of my great faith in your proposition. In conclusion, let me again urge upon you all to stand shoulder to shoulder and back your project as above outlined and you will all profit handsomely thereby. Respectfully submitted,

H. E. PETERSON, Engineer of Mines.

Don't forget the meeting tonight—hall 201 Alisky building. We are still selling stock at 4c to raise the necessary amount required to put us on Easy Street.

Butte Boys Consolidated Mining Co.

339 Chamber of Commerce Phone M 5514

MURDERER HAS HIGH LINEAGE

Dr. Amesbury, Who Killed
Wife, Descendant of Sir
Walter Raleigh.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
Boston, Mass., Jan. 11.—Dr. Walter Raleigh Amesbury, a Hyde Park physician who traces his descent in a direct line from Sir Walter Raleigh, was arraigned for trial today on a charge of having shot his wife dead as the family seated themselves at a Christmas dinner. Upon the testimony of the two sons of the accused man, who after their mother's death, as she sat down to dinner—a dinner which had been arranged for a family reunion following a separation of the family—the government depends largely to support the charge against the doctor.

The sons have never visited their father during the year he has spent in jail awaiting trial. The doctor accepts his predicament philosophically and feels that he comes naturally by a fate filled with vicissitudes. Like his illustrious ancestor, of whom he speaks freely, he has had wealth and has lost

it and his adventures in many lands have been varied. Many of the events of his career have come about through chance. One of his aunts married Dr. Richard Hughes, a famous English homeopathist, who came to America to lecture at Boston university. Through his uncle's counsel Dr. Amesbury came to Boston to study. His first wife, who was the daughter of General Inglis, a royal engineer, had died in 1883. From Cincinnati had come a talented young musician, Anna Vattier Edwards, who after being graduated from a conservatory in Cincinnati, came to Boston to further cultivate her voice at the New England Conservatory of Music. The young student, already a veteran of British army campaigns, and the sweet voiced young woman from the west, after a brief courtship were married.

In these latter years, when Dr. Amesbury's resources became less bountiful than they had been, Mrs. Amesbury relied upon her musical training as a means of independent livelihood. For a time she was soloist at

Grace church, the most fashionable church in Providence. Then she became professor of vocal culture at Roanoke college, in Virginia.

It is contended by the prosecution that Dr. Amesbury's sons were anxious that their home might be reestablished and that they and their grandmother had induced Mrs. Amesbury to return from Virginia for Christmas and had induced the father to come from Readville, where he had established an office. It is insisted that the family had just been seated when the parents resumed the difficulties which had estranged them. The sons assert that Dr. Amesbury drew a revolver and fired two shots into the breast of the beautiful singer, who ran screaming from the suite and fell dead in a neighbor's parlor. The two sons immediately leaped upon the father and battled with him for 10 minutes before help came. The physician's practice became lessened, and the prosecution maintains that he was jealous of his wife's accomplishments.

Allienists who have examined Dr.

Amesbury have reported that he is sane, and therefore if convicted he cannot escape punishment. If he should be found guilty of murder in the first degree this law process will remove the direct heir of a large estate in Devonshire, England, which is the native birth of the famous Sir Walter Raleigh.

Dr. Amesbury is the next claimant to an estate now held by Edward Raleigh of Dartmouth, England. This estate was acquired in 1850 by the Amesburys and the Raleighs during service in India, and has been increased by investment. It passes to the oldest son of a generation. Upon the death of the present holder this estate would logically pass to the doctor who now faces trial, as he is the oldest son of the nine children of Surgeon General Joseph Walter Raleigh Amesbury. The authenticity of the doctor's genealogy and claims have been carefully examined in England, and an extended chart of the descendants of Sir Walter Raleigh is now in possession of Dr. Amesbury's counsel.

Every Day

You find you're in need of something for the morrow.

The servant girl may have left, and of course you know what it means to attempt to inquire around for another.

Perhaps there are so many deaths in the family of your office boy that you feel you'll have to attend his funeral without having made arrangements beforehand for his successor.

Maybe the stenographer quits Saturday night.

It might be you are thinking of trading your horse toward an automobile.

Perhaps you have a lot of old furniture to sell.

No matter what your troubles are, no matter what you want to do, Want Ads will relieve the situation.

A glance at the classified columns of the newspaper will impress you with the fact that others have already found Want Ads a source of convenience and satisfaction, for they have proven to themselves that

THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
THE LEADING NEWSPAPER
Want Ads
BRING RESULTS



Anty Drudge Causes a Panic in Washboilers.

Anty Drudge—"Well, well, well! So my work is beginning to show even in the store windows. When I see washboilers offered at half price, I feel just as though the women were thanking me for releasing them from the slavery of the old-fashioned washday, with its back-breaking rubbing—its ruinous boiling—and its sickening smell. For Fels-Naptha changes washday to play-day."

Modern progress hasn't forgotten the woman at the tub.

Fels-Naptha proves that.

Time was when medicine wasn't considered good unless it was strong enough or tasted bad enough half to choke the patient.

Some folks who don't know about that new way of washing think that wash-day must be a day of seething suds, scalding water, perspiration and general misery.

But Fels-Naptha is converting these people who have been tied to the not-good-enough method.

You see there is a way to wash clothes summer or winter in cool or lukewarm water, a way that saves your strength, your time and your temper, and preserves the garments from the ruinous, fibre-destroying boiler.

That way is the Fels-Naptha way.

Look for the red and green wrapper.