

## SPOUTERS ARE RARE.

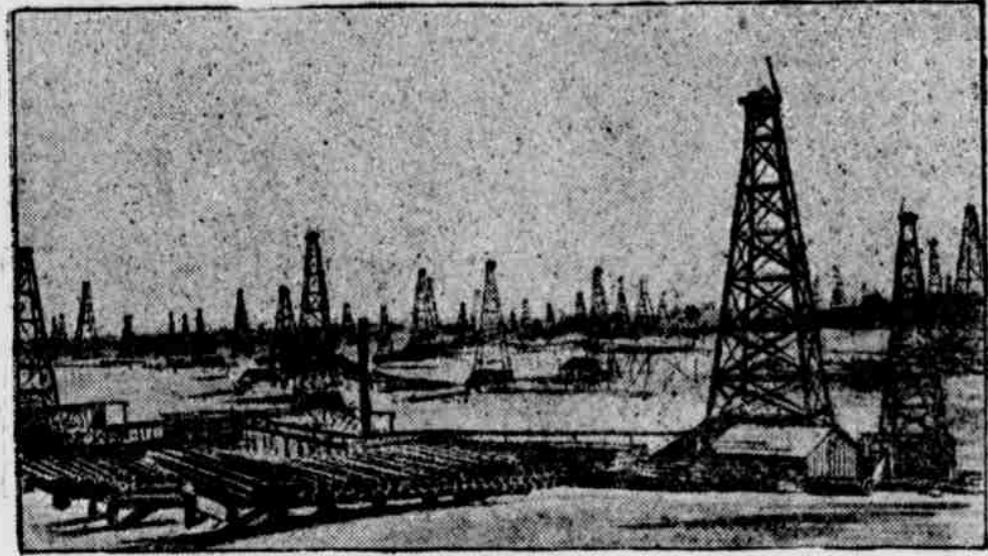
But Suckers Are Plentiful in the Texas Oil Country.

How Gullible Fortune Seekers Are Robbed by Greedy Adventurers—The Rice Fields of the Gulf Coast.

[Special Beaumont (Tex.) Letter.]  
**A** NEWLY discovered oil field, like a mining camp, attracts three classes of people: The capitalist, the business man and the adventurer, or shark, who comes without any particular object in view, but relying upon his natural shrewdness to take advantage of the many who are seeking opportunities for investments. Seized with the idea that a fortune awaits whoever may come, many leave good positions for an uncertainty. They may have no capital, but they have a vague idea that all they have to do is to come where there is plenty of money and things are "lively." It is this class that furnishes the dark side to a prosperous new oil field or mining camp. Nor does the capitalist always fare well. He is game for the shark and the adventurer. Even the most experienced are sometimes defrauded by them. There are oil experts as well as mining experts, and there is also a way of "salting" an oil well, or rather a well where there is supposed to be oil. Oil may be mixed with the water in the drill, and on

and unless one be an experienced driller he is likely to pass the oil stratum and not know it, as was the case with the first gusher, which has made Beaumont famous, and caused it to develop into the greatest oil field in the world. It is a curious fact that some of the drillers when nearing the distance at which oil may be encountered, usually 1,000 feet, hasten work, or progress slowly, as the case may be, so as to strike the oil-bearing sand on Friday. They superstitiously think that Friday will bring them luck in drilling for oil, but will not begin drilling a well on Friday.

Drilling for oil is more hazardous than sinking shafts for gold or silver. The formation of the earth indicates the possible existence of these metals, and to the miner there are indications that they exist. But, with the oil driller, there are no indications on the surface of what exists beneath, and he must be guided, only by his theories of the formation of the country, and he reasons from those theories that oil should exist there. Accordingly he drills a well, and after he has gone 100 feet, the indications are no more assuring than on the surface. He is in the dark until he strikes oil, or abandons the well as a "duster." He may have just missed the oil stream by a few feet. The man whom luck seems to follow persistently sinks a well near by and strikes it rich. In mining, ore of an inferior grade is usually found as the shaft progresses, and some of it at least is "pay ore."



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BEAUMONT OIL FIELD.

these "indications" a "duster" may be sold to the wise capitalist for a "spouter." A story is told of a shark who recently "salted" his "duster" with cotton seed oil. The capitalist knew nothing about the various kinds of oil, neither did his expert, whose knowledge was limited to a few weeks' work in the fields. The buyer has since been studying up on the difference between cotton seed oil and crude petroleum. The shark drills a well merely to sell, and resorts to tricks similar to those of the mining fakir. One of his tricks is to withdraw the drill, cap the well and maintain a mysterious silence, but throw out a hint in certain directions that oil has been encountered. Sometimes he sells his "duster" on these false pretenses. There are also experts who profess to be able to tell where oil exists by surface indications, and also to tell how deep it lies under the surface.

None of these experts have, however, taken advantage of their insight and sunk a well on their own



ATTRACTED BY THE BOOM.

account. Their theories of the extent of the field and the depth of the pool, or lake, are as varied as those regarding the cause of the existence of oil, which is no nearer solution than it was ages ago. Some of the local theorists hold that there are several strata of oil bearing sands in the Beaumont field, just as in the Russian fields, but as the wells here have not gone beyond the first stratum, or oil flow, their theories are mere guesses. Only when these wells have become exhausted, and sunk deeper, can the theory be settled.

There is luck in drilling wells, as in mining. The driller of the first well here had gone 126 feet beyond the oil stratum, and an accident to the drill is the cause of the discovery of oil which made his fortune. He withdrew the drill and discovered indications of oil. In explanation it may be stated that in drilling the thick earthen formation and water often prevent the oil from coming to the surface,

and thus the miner is encouraged by good indications, and frequently by the finding of good ore that partly recompenses his great losses. But the oil driller has no encouragement, and finds nothing until he reaches a "gusher," if at all. Thus many fortunes are lost, and only a few are made. Of the 15 gushers in the Beaumont oil field the reading public hears a great deal, but nothing is said of the 100 dusters. They will be heard of only when they strike oil. Nor does one hear of the miner who sinks his fortune in the earth. But the bonanza king is heard of, and thousands rush to the mining camp or oil field under the impression that it is "so easy" to make a fortune. The oil or mining fever is as delusive as a mirage.

Rice culture is another industry that contains a large element of chance, but not so much as mining or drilling oil wells, nor is there as much chance to swindle the planter. However, his plantation may be "salted," and is, frequently. This proves detrimental to his crop. The flat, marshy lands of the gulf coast are specially adapted to rice culture, and being so near the gulf is the cause of danger to the growing crops. Rice must have water, and plenty of it, and the trouble is that the brackish or salt waters of the gulf back up into the fresh water streams from which the rice plantations are irrigated. This prevents the rice from ripening, or kills it. Within the past few years about 10,000 farmers have come to this section of country, mainly from Illinois and Missouri, and are engaged in rice culture and truck farming. Their experience has accomplished wonders in the development of the prairie lands of this section. They have put in large pumping plants, run hundreds of miles of irrigating canals, and introduced the latest and most improved harvesting machinery. This immigration has added millions of dollars of taxable property to the states of Louisiana and Texas, and, in consequence, there are many villages and thrifty towns scattered over the country where a few years ago cattle ranged and the land was considered almost worthless. When the salt water runs into the bayous, the planter must dig wells from which to irrigate his rice fields, and as this is almost a yearly occurrence it will be seen that rice culture is attended with more chances for failure than perhaps any other crop. The rice farmer cannot replant, for the water is too high, and long remains so. Lands in the rice belt that sold for 15 and 25 cents an acre ten years ago, when the Illinois and Missouri farmers began coming, are now selling at \$20 and \$25 an acre.

J. M. SCANLAND.

### Reason for Failure.

Nebb—How does it come Snappem, the photographer, failed in his profession?

Nobb—Because his pictures looked like the subjects.—Ohio State Journal.

## SCIENCE OF EATING.

It Is Being Studied by the Department of Agriculture.

Selection of Foods with Reference to Human Requirements—Slow Cooking Is the Best of All Cooking.

[Special Washington Letter.]  
**T**EMPERANCE lectures are being prepared in the department of agriculture; lectures which teach temperance in all things, such as eating, drinking, tilling, planting, hoeing, mowing, reaping. Every branch and division of the great department of agriculture is working on common sense practical lines. In one of the divisions to-day it was ascertained that the people of this country do not know how to choose the foods they eat or how to cook them afterward. This burden of ignorance falls most heavily upon the wage-workers who, taking an average among them, use one-half of their money to buy food, this estimate not including the cost of cooking. The poor man wastes in purchasing provender; his wife wastes in preparing it for the table. When an intelligent person buys a coat he has a pretty fair idea as to whether it fits him and how it will wear. But when he invests in meat and potatoes he has little information as to how much nutriment they contain or whether it is of a kind suited to his bodily requirements.

These men of science say that when a man buys coal or wood for the winter he knows exactly how many tons or cords he will need; but that the average man has no idea of the amount or kind of fuel he needs for his body—for food is fuel to keep the human physical machinery going.

It is of interest and value to know that the average human being, leading a moderately active life, requires 59 ounces of food per diem. He consumes 37 ounces of water and absorbs in breathing 30 ounces of oxygen from the air. His total bodily income, therefore, is about eight pounds daily. What he needs for his support each day is four and one-fifth ounces of flesh-forming albumen; two ounces of fat—enough to make a fair-sized candle—17½ ounces of sugar and starch; four-fifths of an ounce of mineral matters, such as common salt, potassium, etc.; two quarts of water, and 150 gallons of oxygen. So much water is contained in solid foods that we may be said to eat as much water as we drink. In order to supply the substances above mentioned a man should eat daily 29 ounces of bread, eight ounces of beefsteak, 30 ounces of potatoes and one ounce of butter, with one quart of water or the equivalent. A human being is composed mostly of water. The body of a man weighing 154 pounds contains 96 pounds or 46 quarts of water. To complete his make-up must be added 13 pounds of albumen, ten pounds of gelatine, 23 pounds of fat, 8½ pounds of phosphate of lime, one pound of carbonate of lime, three ounces of sugar and starch, seven ounces of fluoride of calcium, six ounces of phosphate of magnesia, a trifle of chloride of potassium and a little ordinary table salt.

The students of food do not expect all men and women to know all



NEW ENGLAND CLAM BAKE.

of these facts by their own experience, but they expect ultimately to be able to teach people the science and art of eating so that life may be greatly prolonged. They have gone so far as to invent and construct an apparatus for measuring the physical income and outgo of human beings.

It is a metal box, inside of which a man is placed. He stays there for several days, during which he is fed on carefully weighed quantities of certain foods. A current of air is drawn through the box by a machine pump. Not only is all the waste from the man's body analyzed and weighed, but the air is subjected to analysis before it goes in and after it comes out of the box. By the latter analysis it is discovered just what elements and how much of them have been given off from the

lungs of the man in breathing. Everything that goes into the body of the subject being known, as well as the outgo, it is easily ascertained what has been used to build up the tissues, to make blood, etc. The man in the box, which has glass windows, may spend his time in idleness or he may be occupied actively for several hours of the day. In this way comparisons are obtained as to food consumed and results accomplished under varying conditions.

What they learn about the man in the box they will apply to other men. So it will not be necessary for all of us to spend even a small part of our time in boxes. By these practical experiments they dispose of many queer popular notions about food. It is generally imagined and frequently said that an egg contains as much nutriment as a pound of lean beefsteak. As a matter of fact, it has 40 per cent. less of nutriment, pound for pound. Beef sirloin is only 75 per cent. as nutritious as



THE GOSPEL OF MATRIMONY.

beans and peas. Chicken and turkey are ahead of beans and peas in this respect, being the most nutritious food known. Shad and mackerel are as nutritious as sirloin steak. Lean beef is nearly three-fourths water. Prof. Atwater has invented a new contrivance for measuring the energy produced by various foods. The food selected for trial—a definite quantity of it—is burned in a vessel surrounded by water. A thermometer of extraordinary delicacy registers the rise in the temperature of the water, the quantity of which is known. Then an equal amount of the same food is burned in the human body. Of course, all food digested undergoes a process of chemical combustion.

Sir Henry Thompson, a celebrated English physician, is quoted as having said: "More mischief in the form of disease and shortened life is caused by bad habits of preparing and eating food than by bad habits in the use of alcohol." Although people might regard that as an extreme statement—in fact, an exaggeration—the men of science say that it is only an ascertained truth which ought to be widely disseminated. The same authority asserts that fully one-half of the prevalent dyspepsia is due to semi-starvation, because the victims cannot digest badly prepared food. He believes that any shrewd saloon keeper might obtain considerable profit by selling properly made strong beef soup from the heads, palates and well-cleaned hoofs of beef cattle, or lentil broth from lentils. It would cost him less than his whisky and beer cost, and if put on tap alongside of either would sell freely in place of the liquor, because more than half of the craving for stimulants is due to want of well cooked food. The great secret of good cooking is slow cooking. The New England clam bake furnishes an example. It represents a method adopted by the Indians for centuries before Columbus landed, when tribes from the interior visited the coast for periodical festivals. The whites have simply imitated the process.

Temperance in eating is taught by the department, it being held that people eat too much; eat for the pleasure of eating, rather than for renewing physical energies. Too much coal and wood are used in cooking. The kitchen range will be abolished when science prevails on all of the people. Cooking must be done with oil or with gas. The department has a list of dietaries, showing how people can live on from 14 to 28 cents each per day. If one spends 28 cents per day, that will include all luxuries. Just think how cheap banquets will become when science takes charge of the kitchen, and when science goes to market with a basket on its arm and a little bit of a pocketbook in its hand.

The parish priest in New York who is preaching matrimony and urging his young people to marry might help along his gospel by adding science to it, as applied by the department of agriculture. The young wives will hear no more about "the pies that mother used to make;" and, with wages saved by science, we will hear no more of the conundrum: "Is marriage a failure?" SMITH D. FRY.

A vanilla bean kept in the sugar box imparts a delicious flavor to the sugar.

## A FAWN'S SWIMMING LESSON.

Patience and Watchfulness of the Mother During the Interesting Performance.

Mr. W. H. Boardman, the author of "Lovers of the Woods," is a hunter who has learned that there is more pleasure to be had in letting animals live than in killing them. His residence of many summers in the Adirondacks has shown him a higher enjoyment to be had among his wary, but unoffending, neighbors, be they deer, bear or trout, than he ever dreamed of in his bloodthirsty, game-killing days. The following quotation from the book echoes the author's sympathy:

"John and I concluded to fish the river below again," said Hardy, "and to walk some distance down the bank before we struck in, so as to get to the pools below. The fish were not biting well, but it was very beautiful, and we got a few before lunch time. John carried my camera, and I have got—I hope I have got—some good pictures. While we were within half a mile of Cross' pond, though it had no fish in it, I, of course, wanted to see it. We went there, and I made the worst break that I have ever made since I went away from my rod on the edge of the burnt ground. I left my camera at the river, instead of taking it with me. We walked part way around the pond and sat down, and pretty soon a doe came in opposite, perhaps 40 rods. She came without a sound, slowly, not like a cat, not like anything else but a deer; just slipped in, a quiet, smooth glide, and drank and nibbled. Of course, she looked around, and studied the whole pond, but she seemed most anxious about the direction she had come from. She kept looking back.

"Course I knew she had a fawn back in the woods soon as I saw her act in that way," said John, "and then I thought about Mr. Hardy's camera, for she'd come to stay, and would work round nearer us. And I'd left the dinged thing at the river, though I might have known we stood to see deer any time of day at Cross' pond. If I had to do it ag'in, I wouldn't 'a' done it."

"Yes, John said that she was probably worrying about a fawn back in the woods, and directly the fawn came scampering in. It stood stiff-legged and stared at its mother with its head turned comically, so that one of the big ears was partly over the other one. Then it twined down the beach, kicked up its dainty hind legs, took a few high leaps and stopped stiff-legged again. It bucked like a broncho, going straight up into the air and lighting squarely with all four feet close together. It was a continuous performance, a little, but not much like a lamb's gambols, for it was graceful. The mother waded breast deep in the water for grass roots and lily pads, but watching the fawn and seeming to coax it. Several times it put its toes into the water and quickly sprang back. Directly the doe went into deeper water, and swam slowly toward us, often stopping for a tender lily pad and to look back earnestly at the little one.

"Suddenly, with a rush, the fawn sprang into the water, tore in and made it fly, and in doing so fell upon its knees and wet its pretty little nose. It was plainly frightened at what it had done, but its mother was ahead, so it kept going. It churned and pounded the water with its fore feet, and soon got too high in front and was frightened. It bleated, calling for its mother, and when she swam alongside, the little rascal immediately climbed on her back and ducked her. When she came out from under she cautiously kept a short distance away, working toward us, but with her head over her shoulders watching the fawn. About the middle of the pond the fawn got in trouble again; got too high in front, and apparently had another panic. The doe swam near him, and he threw his fore feet on her back a second time, but she was wary, and kept her head above water. Then, for the first time, she made a sound—not a bleat, but a cooing sound, such as pigeons make, and it seemed to soothe the excited little fellow. He swam more steadily, but not at all smoothly, for he appeared to get his legs tangled and lose his stroke. Sometimes his neck was high out of water, and sometimes his nose was buried, but he finally came ashore, just 21 feet from where I was sitting on a balsam log. I paced it after he left, but they did not go for several minutes. The fawn trembled so it could scarcely stand, while the mother licked it and kept making the cooing, crooning sound. It was a very tired, meek-looking fawn that slowly followed its mother into the woods. I have the picture in my mind. It was not over-exposed or under-developed, and it will never fade, but I can't show it to anyone else. I feel as John does about leaving the camera: 'If I had it to do over again I wouldn't 'a' done it.'"

### Athletic Clergyman Needed.

An illustration of the growing demand for athletic clergymen was recently given by a country curate, who received notice to quit because he was not a good cricket player. Though unexceptional in other respects, his vicar declared that "what this parish really needs is a good, fast bowler, with a break from the off."—London Telegraph.