## PART TWO. DESERET EVENING NEWS. 9 TO 16. TRUTH AND LIBERTY FIFTY-THIRD YEAR SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1903. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. NUMBER 49

The Ups And Downs of a Newsboy's Life In Salt Lake.

REAT him with due respect, for help support the slim excheequer at tion, with overflowing irrigation ditches in a cheerful voice he yells out his innediate vicinity give him a heafthy wildcats in preference. who knows, those ragged clothes may perchance cover the frame of an embyronic president of the United States, The Salt Lake newsboy has just the same chance that the rest of the urchins who out the length and breadth of id cry, "Extrey; all about de ore" have of rising in this world. te is always hope for the towseled The mere youngster. it that Thomas Edison in his

to deeds that spell success. A BOY WHO ROSE.

used to sell papers should spur

ate Salt Lake newsboys have not d as a class any triking or uccesses in the business world. due invetigation but one case the expectant Paul Pry. But as not a typical news boy. He rim and well set. He used to his hair and, tell it not in public he invariably wore a clean col-Then, too, he always went to without the assistance of the officer. He was shunned by his ates as a social pariah. As the of this policy the young man rustling for himself with the od that he will continue to wear oliars for the term of his natural He is on the road to success and ishment on Second South is already too small to accom-

## THE SAME OLD BOY.

the growing business that he

ilit up since he left the streets

ent into business "on his own."

the Salt Lake newsboy lacks of the characteristics of his ype who dodges traffic, street car tors and the policemen of Chi-New York and other leading eastties, at the same time he bears ear marks of the species. Early he learns to hustle, and in most sad to relate, to swear with ng originality and fluency. He alrently delights to get down alley and pass around the deadly tte butt.

of course applies to the newsas a class. There are exceptions ry rule. There are some boys who ong and earnestly in order to Neore increases and Nutles concerces according to accord according to according to according to according to according to a concerce according to according to a concerce according to according to a concerce according to a conc

Sunday school. These, however, are few and far between.

GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Possibly the best place to observe the newsboy ere he scatters to ply his trade on the street is in the yard adjacent to the counting room of the Deseret News just prior to the first edition coming wet from the press. In a few weeks the scene of action will be transferred to the alleyway that runs under the Deseret News annex, now rapidly nearing completion. Here are gathered all types. As an aggregation they are decidedly in advance of the street waifs that congregate on newspaper row in the large cities of the east. Some of them may wear shoes that were originally designed for adults, but a canvas of the little army reveals the loving hand of a mother. Darned stockings, patched knickerbockers and even woolen mitis proclaim that contrary to the accepted idea regarding the newsboy the wearer has a home and loving par-

### THE NEW RECRUIT.

ents.

In each chubby hand is tightly grasped the merchant's capital-a few nickles at th most. Those who want to do their own trading early fall in line up the steps walting to hear the sound of the big press revolving that proclaims that the first edition "is out." During the process of falling into line there are generally half a dozen impromptu fights and much waste of torrid language. The members of the syndicate see that their representative is duly installed in line with the requisite cold cash. After an interval the other members scatter and post themselves on likely corners down the street

and awalt the advent of the runner who distributes copies to each member as he runs panting past.

heard from the yard and when it reaches the emphatic pitch generally a Deseret News employe emerges and distributes impartial chastisement. "We ain't doin' nuffin." whimper the indignant persecutors, "we's only 'nitiatin' a new kid.' The new kid, the subject of the intia.

this point plantively enters a demurrer to the plea and requests the return

> yell, "Paper's out," arises and the rush for the door becomes absolutely painful. The next instant the patter of many feet and the cry, "Descret News, drat edition, all about the horrible suicide," goes echoing down the street. HIS FIRST TRIALS. The new "kid" has many trials and

tribulations ere he reaches the acme of the newsboys' ideal. In fear and trembling he usually waits until the horde of competitors go racing down the street. Then he approaches the awesome circulator and with his nose on a line with the counter thrusts forth a chubby little fist in the center of which reposes a nickle. He is given two papers and the next instant he emerges from the gates a full fledged merchant. The timid, half-crying little bundle of humanity goes slowly down the street, or else stands plaintively staring at the passersby, the noisy cars and the traffic generally, He

is very much beforged and seems to be

laboring under the impression that he

HE MUST HUSTLE.

is about to be arrested for trespass on East Temple street. After a while he feebly plucks up courage to raise his papers in his hand hesitatingly toward a passerby who, if he bends to listen, may catch the whispered words, "fust edition, polp'r." Inside of 10 minutes the merchant to his intense surprise finas that his original capital has doubled. He goes back and doubles his stakes and this time with four papers in his hand he grows bolder. However he finds that his wares are, with added confidence, harder to get rid of. Did he but know the secret those appealing

# INITIATING HIM.

mute appeal, would have continued on his way unthinking. Anon the wail of youth in distress is

There is not much originality about him, and in fact were there some eastof his purloined capital. Then the glad ern newsboys imported to Salt Laks the youngster would have to get a "bigger hustle" on him,

#### PATHOS AND TRAGEDY.

Once in a decade there is a boy, however, who realizes the true commercial value of pathos and juvenile tragedy fittingly presented to the public gaze. The patrons of the theaters a couple of years ago were well acquainted with

that pathetic little figure who used to stand near the Deseret National bank with severl soiled papers under his arm. Shivering with the cold and sobbing as though his little heart would break. There he stood, with one eye bewever, always on the lookout for a polleeman. The young man with his tender-hearted best girl on his arm was his favorite mark, and for a time proved a veritable gold mine.

#### HE WAS STUCK.

"What's the matter sonny?" would not particularly care for opera, but cheerfully query a young man whose give him one of Leslie Carter's "plays" preast was full with the milk of hu- and he will even forget to share his man kindness superinduced by the bag of peanuts with his companion. presence of his amorita at his side.

"I'm stuck, sir," then would wail the young reprobate, "I can't sell me papers and father will knock me block off when I git home."

There might have been some truth in the mournful assertion of the tot. but a close examination of the papers he carried under his arm would have disclosed the fact that they were of the date of a week back.

"Well, never mind, son," and ten cents, sometimes a quarter, would change hands.

eyes and pathetic tear-stained face Then the performance would be rewere the surest means of drawing the peated instanter as soon as the couple tardy nickle from the pocket of the had passed on, way farer who, unless arrested by the

#### ANOTHER ACTOR.

There is another youngster, but he came at a tender age from dear old Lunnon, where such tricks are taught. From this time on the beginner must His trump card is to go into a saloon, hustle. Having received instruction in lean up against the wall along about the art of approaching several hun 11 o'clock at night and howl as though tion he only remembers his lesson and class-he can cry real tears until those

quarter or borrow a mackintosh. IS NOT BAD AT HEART,

A CONFEDERATE. Sometimes this youngster would work the saloons alone, but when business waxed dull he would enlist the services of a big brother who would come in and drag him out, at the same time in terrible language informing him what dire punishment awaited him "when fadder gits 'is bloomin' 'ands on yer."

It is asserted that this tot has cleaned up a couple of dollars a night at this game. What he did with the fruits of his labor is not forthcoming, maybe he had a family to support, for many of the Salt Lake newsboys assist in keeping the pot boiling at home. One thing is sure, he kept out a quarter with which to go to the theater.

PATRONS OF THE DRAMA.

The newsboys are among the steadlest of the patrons of the drama at the two Salt Lake theaters. To go up into 'Niggor Heaven" and see the newsboy enjoying himself is an object lesson to any student of humanity. He does

AS A CRITIC.

He is a critic, too, and don't you forget it. If a play does not please his Imperial fancy, he will soon voice his displeasure.

It was at the Grand some time ago. There was a regular "thriller" on the bill and the gallery was packed.

Amid breathless silence the burglar, with mask, dark lantern, jimmy and all complet, stealthily entered the window and after a preliminary look around started to work on the safe.

When the excitement was at fever heat suddenly the tension was broken by a childish voice from the gallery:

"Aw; rats, you're a bum burglar, Why don't you pull down de winder shade? De people outside could see yer a workin'!"

It was the newsboy criticism needless to say, but a very pointed one all the same.

If you are in the gallery do not interfere with the unwritten rights of locked up in a cage containing some

But the average newsboy is not bad at heart even if some of his companions are at this writing in the reform school at Ogden. 'There are black sheep in the banking business just as much as there are in the ranks of the paper peddlers.

People who canont realize the mental attitude of lawyers toward one another when, after storming fiercely across a courtroom in support of opposing interests and being its sarcastic as the law allows, they go arm in arm to dinner at a club, would be altogether bewildered if they attempted to understand the spirit that makes newsboys such close comrades.

### IT IS THEIR BUSINESS.

The sale of newspapers is their business, and it is a trade where speed of foot, strength of lung and mental and physical activity generally are necessary to success. During the early morning and late afternoon hours. when competition is most fierce, they are compelled to shove and crowd over one another, to thrust their papers in front of those of their competitiors and to strive every moment to reach a given place a second sooner than others. Of course, all this means disappointments, a little bitterness and some envy.

### THE NEWSBOYS' UNION.

That the newsboys are clannish goes without saying. They look with suspicion upon any newcomer into their ranks and for a time they did not take kindly to the four women who for some years past have pre-empted four of the best corners on East Temple street. Recently they formed a union for mutual protection into which they admitted the four women and now the protocol has been signed. This union, which has allied itself with the federated trades. has all the regular officers who are greatly in evidence especially at the Thanksgiving dinner and subsequent free bath and gallery seats at the Theater. The officers consist of Thomas Claypool, commonly known in the fraternity as "Bridget," president; Carl Larsen, better known as "Carlle," vice dred people to whom he has not been his heart was breaking. This boy is the newsboy, however. If you do you president; Joseph Thomas, "Secretary through the formality of an introduc. an artist of the Mrs. Leslie Carter might subsequently wish that you were Joe," secretary; Len Galleizza, alias "Gilley," treasurer.

From this little band of newsboys may arise some day a statesman, who knews? There are several professors in the institutions of learning in Utah today who in early youth used to sell copies of the Descret News on the streets in the days before Salt Lake became as metropolitan as she is today. At this time the boy who steps out of the craft that he has followed almost since babyhood may not be more than 16 or 17 years old when he finds himself facing the world in a new venture, but, despite his youth, no one may say that he is not well equipped for the more serious struggles of life or that he has not within himself the attributes, the thrift, the honesty that go to make the type of good citizen.

### STRUGGLE AGAINST ODDS.

There is no whetstone for sharpening the wits like a struggle against poverty, save the one that often goes hand in hand with this same contest-the life of a newsboy on the streets. Human nature becomes an open book to him. He can read people clearly and has close contact with the seamy as well as the smooth side of the dally lives of his patrons. He has already had to overcome many temptations and been compelled to exercise selfdenial during nearly every day of his boyhood.

THEIR CODE OF HONOR.

Of course, we are rather apt to be taken aback if we are asked to look at the typical street urchin, who peddles newspapers as having any large share of self-respect, but a moment's reflection will show even to the least observant that he can with justice lay claims to this. No matter how close to starvation he may be, how near to perishing from the cold or how much in danger of going without a place to rest his head, with but few exceptions, he never by any chance takes advantage of the generosity of the people he sees on the streets to beg from them. There is no poorer element seen on our downtown streets than the newsboy and certainly none that lives so much from hand to mouth, but, notwithstanding, how many of the people who read this have ever been approached by a newsboy and asked for alms?

ary is dark, damp and gloomy beyond degree. The only remarkable thing about it is a really elegant pulpit, in-laid with tortoiseshell, and pure silver; but rendered tawdry by the usual crude images in wax and wood, tinsel and pa-per flowers. per flowers. Not far from this point is the plaza de las Armas, 100 meters long and traversed from east to west by the San Augustin river. At each end of this park is a bridge, over which runs a busy street; and extending north and south, on either side of the river, are narrow avenues, always crowded with pedestrians. On the northern bank is a pretty garden of irregular shape be-cause following the bends of the river; and on the opposite bank, beyond anper flowers. and on the opposite bank, beyond an-other flowery space, stands the fine old church and former monastery of San Augustin. Besides its religious history, which dates back nearly three centuries, which dates back nearly three centuries, the church is memorable for having withstood a siege of three days' dura-tion, in the revolution of 1861. Though the building was ruined in three places, and the besieged were without food and water, they held out herocially until help came and the day was gained. Scarcely second to this in historic in-terest is the plaza de las Martires or place of martyrs, so-called because within it have been axecuted so many of Colombia's patriots and statesmen. of Colombia's patriots and statesmen, shot by the Spaniards during the long struggle for independence. It has also been the scene of several autos de fe, in those earlier days when Romish inquistions had power to burn alive those who dared incur their displeasure. In the center of the plaza a lofty obelisk has been reared to the memory of los martires. Then there is the plaza de Capuchina, surrounded on three sides by the swell-est private residences and flanked on the other side by the ancient Capuchin church and the College of Mercy. Straight through the middle of the plaza runs a river, shaded on both sides by tall, ugly eucalyptus, said to be the first ever planted by the monks, whose favorite promenade was along this stream at the sunset hour. FANNIE B. WARD,

# LIFE IN COLOMBIA'S CAPITAL.

### Quesada's City of the Holy Faith.

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1 Correspondence. ta, Colombia, Nov. 30 .- In this tain capital, half a mile higher the very top of Mount Blanc, has no direct communication the outer world by rail or steam, s surprised to find many of the cts of twentieth century civiliza-There are telegraphs and teles, streetcars, electric lights, pland carriages, up-to-date agriculmplements and other machinery. siched between conditions that of the days of Abraham, Isaac arob. None of the cars, coaches, uses and machines were manured here, but were imported here the United States, England, or any, brought by steamer up the dena river as far as Honda, and taken to pieces, repacked in small and carried over the mounon the backs of mules or men. for example, a carriage. One will carry a wheel; another the a third the couplingpole, or tree, and so on with all the parts vehicle, except the screws and which are packed in small boxes ted by cargo mules, together the cushion and curtains. One will sometimes be a month in cara wagon-wheel from Honda to ta, his method being to tug it from 50 to 100 paces, and then I

to sit down for a long rest, making barely two miles a day. When all the clamembered vehicle finally arrives at its destination, the pieces are collected and put together by some smithy, who may have learned his art from an Itinerant American or English mechanic, One scarcely knows which ought to be the greatest marvel, the failure to man-ufacture all these things in a country where wood and fron and coal are so abundant, or the obstacles that are ov-ercome in their successful transporta-

tion from foreign countries. Notwithstanding the enormous cost of constructing streetcar lines in this isolated city-each rail being the load of several men during half a dozen days of difficult mountain climbing-the streetcars have proved a very profitable investment-to the company of New York capitalists who built them. There are few carriages in Bogota not only be-cause the stony strets would soon wreck the strongest vehicle, but on ac-count of the great expense of bringhing them here. Therefore every one pat-ronizes the street-cars, and the tariff for a ride, whether it be for five miles or a block, is a Colombian real, a sil-ver coln which equals in value about 10 cents American money. The cars are drawn by horses and mules, and the drivers carry tin horns, which they are continually tooting with might and wreck the strongest vehicle, but on ac continually tooting with might and main, to ntoify people in their houses of the train's approach. As in other parts of Spapish-American countries.



CROWDS ON WHAPF OF LA GUAYRA.

Intensely human and picturesque is this interesting snapshot taken by our special photographer at Venezuela and here reproduced for the first time. Crowds of typical Venezuelans, hungry and out of work since the blockade, swarm the wharves of Venezuela and look with scewis of hatred at the grim figures of the allies' blockading vessels whose guns point threateningly ashore.

a long string, the drivers making the welkin ring with their horns. When-ever a car stops to take on or let out a passenger, the whole train is halted; and when arrived at the other end of the line all wait forgether as before and when arrived at the other end of the line, all wait together, as before. Fancy such a plan being adopted in any northern city!

In this Acadia nobody is ever in a hurry-unless it be our geneal minister, Mr. Hart (formerly editor of the Wheel-ing Intelligencer), "Senor Corozon." as he is affectionately called here)--Coro-zon being the Spanish word for heart. the streetcars are never run singly, but always in groups: that is, instead of sending out cars five minutes apart, they wait, altogether, half an hour or more at the station and then all sally forth at once, six or eight of them, in



Descret News here publishes an authentic snapshot taken during the blockade showing the German cruiser as she appears today stationed off La Guayra with the fleet blockading the Venezuelan ports.

long-winded adjeus which are the fashion among these excessively polite Castilances; or the longer wait when a female passenger gets off, after first embracing all her acquaintances who may chance to be in the car and ex-changing with them the customary kisses, first on the right cheek, then on the left.

In our wanderings about Bogota, on foot and en ferro carril, we find that the ancient lapital has more than the the ancient lightat has more than the usual quota of plazas and public squares, each playing some important part in the life of the city. The prin-cipal plaza, named in honor of the patriot Stimon Bollvar, whose statue stands in the middle-occupies the ex-act center of the town and is surround-ed by the motion addition of church and ed by the main edifices of church and state. The historic space has borne various names in course of the last three centuries, and is now most commonly known as the "Plaza de la Constitution." It has the "Plaza de la Constitution. It has been the scene of many tragedies and stirring events. A long line of patri-ots, who happened to be on the wrong side of politics, have met death here at the hands of a firing squad, their faces turned toward the rising sun. Most of the wars that have rent the old temp form for the time of the conquest old town, from the time of the conquest down to the latest revolution, each marking an epoch in colonial history, or in that of New Grenada, or Colom-bia, have begun and ended here. On this spot Quesada unfurled, for the first time, the blood-red banner of Spain above the symbol of the cross. During more than 200 years of vice-regal rule, it witnessed the cruel workings of sla-very, of the inquisition, the stake and the scaffold. Here Bolivar unrolled the old town, from the time of the conquest very, of the inquisition, the stake and the scaffold. Here Bolivar unrolled the flag of freedom; and then followed the troublious times of the New Grenadian government, out of which, through the sacrifice of many lives, was at length evolved a more definite form of Repub-licanism. The collossal statue of the liberator is worthy of more than pass-ing mention. It is a magnificent work in bronze, executed by the celebrated sculptor, Tenerami. The figure is at-tired in the alleged military costume. (which nobody but statues ever wear) its trailing robe—something like that which disfigures the marble caricature of poor Lincoln in the capitol at Washington), looking like a cross between a Roman toga and a bed sheet, aderned with elaborate embroidery. But the face is glorious with high purpose and devotion to country. The head is un-covered, the right hand holds a rapier, and on the breast is a beautiful medal-

lion of George Washington, the Father of Republics.

The government "palacio" which oc-cupies one side of this square, is by no eans so imposing as its name implies. Its whitewashed walls could hardly be distinguished from those of adjacent private residences, were it not for the Colombian colors floating from its roof and a couple of uniformed sentinels pacing before its entrance.

On another side of the Plaza Bolivar is the greatl cathedral, a wonderfu structure as to size, but not much to boast of in the line of architectural symmetry. It was begun shortly after

the Episcopal See of Bogata was found-ed, (in 1553, I believe); but its original builders did not understand their bus-iness very well, and the whole pile tum-bled down, killing scores of people in its fall on the very day it was to have its fall, on the very day it was to have been dedicated, but forrunately before the crowds had arrived. Thirty years later the work was recommenced, under the work was recommenced, un-der the direction of a clever Capuchin monk. He died before his designs had been outle carriet

been quite carried out; and many alter-ations and additions made at different times by as many different architects have given the building a singularly mongrel look. Inside, the old sanctu-

HOW SHELLED CABELLO LOOKS.



The "News" here publishes a half- tone snapshot showing how the Venezuelan seaport, Porto Cabello, actually appears today after having been shelled by the guns of the allies.