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FIFTY-SECOND YEAR.

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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

INCIDENTS OF CENTRAL AMERICAN TRAVEL.

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Special Correspondence, Palenque, State of Chiapas, Mex-March 16th, 1901,-After a few hours' rest in our camp the other side of Chilon, and a breakfast the best the country afforded, beans and tortillas, we started again, and in half an hour came to the town. It is one of those picturesque little villages so often seen in Chiapas. The vailey is somewhat wider than others, the river not so large, but the mountains are eautiful in their coat of evergreen trees, ferns and vines, where there are no trees in the valley the ground is covered with a thick green grass. Chilon is the county seat, and has nearly a thousand inhabitants, but has no postoffice. We were forced, therefore, to bring our letters to the next town, Yajalon, distance, four hours' walk. The roads were good as compared with he roads were good passed. We contin-hose we had just passed. We contin-d up a valley, or wide canyon, ued up a valley, or wide canyon, crossed a low divide and went down ancrossed a low divide and went down an-other a couple of leagues. We were all amazed at the height of the west mountain, which towered up ten thou-sand feet, and on the sides of which rested some threatening clouds. Yaja-lon was startled at our visit. White ten on foot! And almost the whole and the foot! And almost the whole men an foot! And almost the whole town turned out to see us, while we stopped at the federal building to post our mail. We found the postmaster a yery intelligent Mexican, and obtained from him much useful information about the roads and the country. An-other mountain to ascend, another fif-tees hundred or two thousand feet to hundred or two thousand feet to teen hundred of two thousand feet to go up, stared us in the face, but we started at once, for Citaia was our des-tination. The climb was not so bad as the descent, for on this side we met with much mud and many boggy places in the road. It was slip and slide or the mule, and slip and slide for the men, until when at dusk we reached the river we were mud to our knees. surprise there was no bridge across the stream. It was nearly o our waists, but we had to wade, here was no alternative. We found at this village that only the school mas-ter and his housekeeper could speak Spanish. The master was sick in bed and the old woman was in a very bad "There is no feed for le," "There is no tortillas in your mule." "There is no tortillas in town." We had only one plate of beans. These were some of the sharp answers given to our inquiries. We provided a little feed, and the old lady relented sufficiently to let us have the beans and six tortillas. As to our sleeping quarters, there was the jail, next door, or the porch. We chose the latter, and passed a miserable night, because of the fleas and other insects. At break of day we were off again, and the cool morning air did more than our night's sleep to refresh us.

ENTER TROPICAL JUNGLE. We have spoken much of the beauties of the country. The mountain sides covered with all kinds of green trees and plants; the flowers and the ferns, but today, at four hours' walk after we eft Citala we entered our first tropical jungle. The trees were immense and entirely covered the roadway. The ferns were all sizes from the little leaf next to the ground to the large tree-fern twenty feet high. The flowers were plentiful and rare, many of them fern twenty giving a sweet odor, but the forest was made a jungle by the almost endless growth of vines. From every tree, from even the tallest, hung vines that a horse could hardly break. Our road was cut through, and in places paved, so we had no trouble, at least none until after we left Tumbala, which we reached at noon. This town is on the op of the mountain. It contains an Id church, in ruins, and a few Indian uts, together with three Mexican ouses but little better than huts. On the right a piece from the village the mountain overlooks a deep valley, and falls abruptly nearly two thousand feet. his valley was hidden by a thick fog as we passed and we appeared to look into space below. We had come to the end of the world. But not quite so, for leaving Tumbala we took an old road long since abandoned and in s overgrown, and often obstructed by fallen logs, that was too earthly, too al to be in any other than this world. This is the road traveled by Stevens and Catherwood fifty years ago, but at hat time it was the main thoroughfare to Guatemala. But we were anxous to go by the shortest cut, and the road was a day longer. we have occasion to gain from Tumbala to Should again Palenque we could go around, and still the canoe. My companions on the no one regrets the road we took. The shore called to the man to push the

forests, or I should say forest, for there was but one break in the continuity of the trees and that was caused by a riv-

er, was grand beyond description. Here were giant trees, hanging with giant vines; here wis a thick underbrush, which rendered it impossible to see which rendered it impossible to see either to the right or the left for a distance of more than a few feet, and as the path was winding we were some-times shut in entirely. The mountain side was steep, and in places the trail wore so deep that we were under the necessity of unpacking our mule, and carrying her pack down. At sundown we reached a stream and seeing some Indians a short way off, from whom we could buy corn and tertillas we deter-mined to camp for the night, and make

could buy corn and torillias we deter-mined to camp for the night, and make San Pedro the next morning. Our climb next morning was as severe as our descent. Our little mule was true grit, or we never could have suc-ceeded, and yet once or fwice she re-fused to go until we had cut a new path for her through the brush. Sud-denly on the very top of the mountain we came to a few Indian huts, and so suddenly did we appear that the in-habitants were startled. Two men were clearning a pig by scorching the hair habitants were startled. Two men were clearning a pig by scorching the hair off over a slow fire. We applied for a drink of water, which they brought us so quickly that we could not help but feel they were happy to find that a drink was all we wanted. Then began our descent. This mountain was the steepest, though not the roughest, we have descended, and several times I had envice compensions that our little steepest, though hot the pouglest, we have descended, and several times I had grave apprehensions that our little mule would turn a somersault. Twice she run her hind leg under a root just as she was descending a steep jump. The first time she managed to get it out, but not so the second, for a large rock wedged it in. We all expected to see her break her leg. As quickly as possible, however, Brother Henry and I ran to the rescue and while Brother Klenke held her quiet, we lifted on her leg. Thus she was freed, and we saved the pain and trouble of carrying our packs, Tired and worn we reached San Pedro about 10 o'clock. Some declared they had had all the tropical forests they wanted and longed for the dry level wanted and longed for the dry level roads of the West. But a hearty welcome from the school master, the only Mexican in the village, and a good din-

ner did much to restore us. A MOST BEAUTIFUL VALLEY.

San Pedro is simply a collection of Indian huts in one of the most beautiful and the largest valleys we have seen. The velley is three miles wide and I do not know how long, with a beautiful river running down the middie. Some of the bottom is covered with thick, green grass, while trees, among them the mahogany, grow in the forest in other places. The village own a tract three leagues (about seven and a half three leagues (about seven and a hair miles) square, and farms about one hundred acres. In the lower part of the valley are large coffee plantations just now, so we learned, coming into bear-

> EAT ROAST MONKEY. two-hours' rest we started

Brigham Young Academy Scientific Expedition Gets Some Sudden and Unexpected Experiences- A Meal of Roasted Monkey Meat That Was Not Relished-The Famous Ruins of Palenque.

The members of the Brigham Young Academy exploring expedition have encountered many novel experiences while passing through the land of Mexico. But perhaps the one that will be remembered as long as any other, at least by one of their numbers, is a meal that they had last month, which consisted of roasted monkey. Those who did not know what they were eating thought that it was a very dainty food. But one of the doughty band saw a hand in the fire, and it looked like the little charred hand of one of the children that was burned to death at Thatcher, Arizona, while the party was at that place. He then on investigation found out that he had been eating a monkey. And the more he thought about it the sicker he grew, until it took him several days to recover. It is said that even now he turns blue under the eyes when roast monkey is mentioned in his hearing. Another very notable feature in the travels of the expedition was the visit to the ruins of Palenque in Chiapos, Mexico. These ruins have been rendered famous by Stephens, the celebrated American explorer and archeologist. No one as yet has stated with any pretension of certainty just how old the ruins are, but it is a demonstrated fact that they have existed for centuries. Their age is far from being the only feature connected with them that awakens ut asual interest. In them are to be seen some rare exhibitions of the sculptor's art. Graceful and exquisitely carved statues adorn the ancient walls, and ornamentations of the rarest designs have defied the ravages of centuries. It is a strange thing that in this day of archeological enthusiasts, not a single, feeble effort is being made to preserve this splendid monument of America's primeval grandeur and greatness. There are a number of tablets beneath those hoary walls, covered with hieroglyphics that might tell volumes if they were preserved until a time when some eminent scholar could decipher them. The ruins were first known in 1750, having been found by a party of Spanlards. In 1786 an exploring party visited them, but nothing came of the expedition. The one who aroused most interest in them was Mr. Stephens, but it is to be deplored that a sufficient amount of interest has not been awakened, that would result in an undertaking to preserve this wonderful handiwork of the ancient Americans.

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me to reach it in safety. That night (Tuesday, March 12) we camped with some Indian travelers in the mountains, the last range we had to pass, and in some respects the grandest range of them all. There we saw great fire flies, spoken of by Ste-vens as producing sufficient light to enable one to read the print of a news-paper on the darkest night; we heard also the bark and growl of the monkey in the forest, and in the night we were annoyed by something in the trees casting twigs down at us. Some of these twigs fell close to us. Perhaps the offender was a monkey taking reenge for our having eaten his broth-

er in San Pedro. The next afternoon, worn, weary and hungry, we reached the San Leandro ranch, of which Mr. Morton, an American, is superintendent, and there re-ceived a hearty welcome and a good supper, and our little mule, a faithful and efficient brute, that had fasted since we left San Pedro, was well supplied with palm leaves and corn. What a joy it is to a weary traveler to meet a fellow-countryman! and what a greater joy to find in him hospitality and a warm welcome. Such we found in Mr. Morton, and we have reasons to believe that he was pleased to see us, compares though we were for after strangers though we were, for after

cance out, which he did, thus enabling | sap when grown in the shade. sap when grown in the shade. The only are how standing. They are dec-trees will be planted about fifteen feet apart, and will not be tapped until four or five years old. Already Mr. Morton has at least two thousand acres ready figures, and we saw others still in diffor the seed, and by the force of men he is working and the way the men work we judge he will have six thous-and when planting time comes.

During the day we met also Dr. Gll-more, physician to the company, and his amiable and interesting wife, who, but for her pluck and nerve would be too frail to be off in these woods so far from home.

Friday it rained. In fact, it had rained all night and the streams were swollen. We started out, however, and after an eight hours' walk through mud and wet, and in the rain almost all day, we reached Palenque. Today we came to the ruins and have taken possession for the time being of one of the long corridors. All is well with us,

Palenque, State of Chiapas, Mexico, March 17th, 1901 .- We made our. selves at home at the ruins, taking possession of the second inner corridor of the main building for ourselves, and the principal court, where grass was growing luxuriantly for our mule. The government inspector, who, of course, must be present to see that i sitors do

proved to be a very companionable young man, and showed us over all the

grounds with which he was familiar

No sooner were we settled, and a fire made, than we were startled by a deep

The jonly are now standing. They are decferent rooms, but many are partially destroyed and some entirely gone.

. Passing through the main entrance we enter another corridor, which opens into a court or patto. The pillars here are also ornamented with figures. are also ornamented with figures. Crossing the patio we ascend a flight of eight stone steps and reach another corridor. Passing through another opening we enter a second corridor. which opens to a second court not so wide as the first, but as long. On the opposite side of this court are rooms still in a good state of preservation, though just above the opening or door-way of one is growing a tree two feet through, the roots of which are doing great damage to the walls. These ooms have no outside opening.

The south half of the building. pecially the upper story, is badly in ruins, though three windows are well preserved. As we entered the first, leading by a door from the main court. a great flopping of wings was heard over head, as if a thousand birds had suddenly taken flight. The hall was dingy, and we could not see exactly what were flying, but learned shortly they were bats. In this hall or corri-dor is a stone set in the wall, about carry away anything of value

the ruins, expected to find gold some-

where buried. The courts or patios are about nine feet below the floor of the upper story Around the sides where there are no steps are large stones leaning at an angle of eighty degrees on which i bas relief are carved huge figures of men and women. The work is very ar-tistic. On the steps also we found hieroglyphics, and figures of different kinds. The floors of the patlos could not be seen on account of dirt and rubbish, but no doubt they were of cemen Near the center of the building is Near the center of the building is a tower about forty feet high with an outer and an inner wall, the inner wall containing steps leading to the top. During Mr. Stephens' visit the steps ended abruptly against a ceiling and one could not get on top. Now an open-ing is made. The whole of the tower is in a very good state of preservation, yet trees and grass are growing on the top.

The artificial mound is built of stone and dirt. The walls of the buildings are of stone and lime mortar and are very solid. The roof is of the same material as the wall, being made in the form of a V instead of an oval and capped with a large flat stone. oval ar The floors are of a kind of cement. The walls are plastered and whitewashed and then painted in different colors Everything suggests solidity and mas-siveness. No pains no art, no means apparently were spared, neither in the construction nor the decorating of this great structure. And as it has stood for certuries, it will no doubt stand for centuries to come, and the people of a thousand years hence may see part at least of what we see least of what we see.

THE HALL OF HISTORY.

To the southwest of the main building distant about a hundred yards is another building on a higher artifici-hill. We called it the "Hall of History artificial for in it are four large tablets covered with hieroglyphics. These no doubt con tain history, and perhaps the history of the people that built the ruins. This building is of the same general struc-ture as the others. The same walls, the same roofs, and the pillars decorated in the same way, though much of the in the same way, indigit much of the stucco work is gone. It contains a cor-ridor, and three rooms, on each side of the entrance to the middle room are tablets of helrogiyphics, in size about 12 feet by 14 feet, and made by fitting the stones very accurately. The third rablet is in the wall of the middle room tablet is in the wall of the middle room. The figures are carved in relief, and are yet mostly in good condition though moss is growing over some. A short moss is growing over some. A short distance from this, on another hill or pyramid of the same structure as the first is another building, called the "Temple of the Sun." It consists of an outer corridor and three rooms, the middle one containing a shrine, with three tablets, highly ornamented with figures and heiroglyphics. The whole is in a cond state of preservation. Facis in a good state of preservation. Fac-ing it and almost due east from it, a distance of about 200 yards, is an-other temple about the same size, but standing somewhat higher. It is called the "Temple of the Cross," but just why our guide could not explain. On the

I took time with Brother Magleby to follow what I thought to have been a wall. Cutting our way through the brush was not so difficult and we easily brush was not so difficult and we easily followed the long line of piled up rocks. In some places the wall is intact a few feet up but for the most part it is fallen. By the larger piles of rocks we judged that towns had been placed at intervals apart, perhaps guard houses. Reaching the creek in our surprise we came to a stone bridge still in a good state of preservation, about forty feet state of preservation, about forty feet wide by fifty feet long. Whether this was a bridge for the wall or whether for a road we could not tell. But on the for a road we could not tell. But on the other bank the wall began again and continued for about a block when it suddenly ended on the ditch bank, as though a flood of water had carried it away. On the point of the mountain not far from this we found terraces walled up ten feet, but we did not have time to investigate them. They may be the terraces of an extensive garden, or

more likely they are the terraces of the road that crosses the creek on the stone oridge and here winds up the mountain side

We learned from Mr. John Morto with whom we had such a pleasant rest last Friday, that ou the site of the mountain opposite his plantation, paris of the walls which once supported a wide road had been discovered, and he was of the opinion that with some like wide road had been discovered, and he was of the opinion that with some little trouble this road could be followed from the ruins of Palenque to the ruins of another city. It would be interest-ing if one had the time and means, lo follow these roads and see to what points they lead. Possibly one, the one we startled on the set of the set we started on, leads to ruins at Acosi-rigo, distance about five days travel, and perhaps little towns or smaller ruins would be discovered along the way. The other going west may lead to even more important discoveries. I have heard that on this road, distance a number of miles from Palenque, have recently been found some ruins of im-portance, but I did not have time to

ONCE A GREAT CITY.

make personal investigation.

The soil around Palenque is rich and productive, and capable both for amount and quality of supporting popuation numbering hundreds of thousands. This ruined city must have been a great city. We see only the Temples, and perhaps the kings or judges' resi-dences. The other houses, thousands of them, built of wood have long since perished. The existence of the ruins at Pal-

enque was first known in the year 1750, when a party of Spanlards is said to have found them. It was not until 1786 that any exploration was made, and even then not much notice was taken, In 1805 the Spanish government ordered another expedition, but while the work was good, the results were not great. Mr. Stephens, so far as the United States is concerned, aroused as much interest as any. Until this day, however, nothing has been done to preserve or restore them or any part of them. They are fast going to decay. The roots of trees in many places have pushed themselves through the walls, on the roof and water now coming through is doing its work of destruction. And set they are well worth preserving. Some scholars in -the future time may decipher the hieroglyphics, and then reveal to the world the whole history not only of the city but of the people who built it. In the meantime means ought to be taken to preserve at least the tablets on which these hier-oglyphics are carved. Much of the stucco bass-relief is already gone, true works of art, and the carved figures will surely follow in time. As to the age of these ruins, no one has as yet ventured a positive guess, yet most of those who have studied them place them in the remote past. It s pretty well known that at the time of the conquest by Cortes, they were not known even by the Indians fiving around them. Perhaps not until the hieroglyphics are translated will their age be known, But the ruins are grand. They are well worth a trip even the kind of a trip we have made. Any one who vis-its them will feel just as we felt as we sat around our camp fire in the corri-dor last night, "Not for twice the trouble and expense would we willingly miss the opportunity." This evening we came to the town, two and a half leagues, and the boys have been trying since to purchase some tortillas and posol, corn dough, for our eturn trip, as we must be nearly three days on the road before reaching a ranch. But food cannot be obtained in the village. There is to be a fiesta in a neighboring town next Thursday and the mountains as far as we can see both ways are endless forests. In these are everybody is preparing to go. After a house to house canvas we have sucperhaps hidden other cities, not so large as Palenque, but still once the home of ceeded in getting about half enough. BENJ, CLUFF, JR.

again, feeling well but for one incident -we had had part of a roasted monkey for dinner. Some of the boys ate it not knowing what it was and declared it was good. I had seen the little hand clinched tight by the fire that cooked it, and it looked so human, so much like the hand of a baby that I could not even taste the meat. Brother Klenke tasted it, and afterwards saw the hand. The sight immediately recalled the terrible fire at Thatcher in which five little children met their death, and the clenched fingers looked so much like the fingers on the little burned hands of the children, that he soon turned sick and threw up his dinner, meat and all. It was several days before he ful-

all. It was several days before he fully recovered A league from the town brought us to the river, a beautiful stream three hundred yards wide, and running quite Unluckily the canoe was on a current. the other side, and our boatman from the village could not swim. Presently a man appeared on the other side, and we thought our trials were over, replied to our call that he a not know how to paddle canoe or to swim either. Here did were and night was fast coming we on There was nothing to do but to swim, and I was not willing to have any of the boys risk the attempt. Fool ishly I put on my bath suit, and while in the middle of the stream, the pants slipped down, entangling my feet. Twice I pulled them up and as often they slipped down again, but luckily I succeeded in tearing them asunder so that I easily freed myself, and while they floated down the stream I made as much headway as possible towards

supper he pressed us to remain over next day and take a rest. We co We could hardly afford the time, but still,Brother Kienke was not yet well from the ef-fects of the monkey, the mule was tired, and I desired to learn what I could about the planting and growing of rubber, so we accepted our kind host's invitation and rested a day.

A RUBBER PLANTATION.

A rubber plantation is some-thing new in the world. At present the supply principally comes from the virgin forests of Brazil. But three from companies of Americans are organized to plant rubber under the names of the Rio Michol Rubber company, the Chi-apas Rubber Plantation and Investcompany, and the Palenque Rubber Plantation company. These twenty-four thousand acres of the best land in Mexico, or indeed in Central America, which they hope soon to have into an immense field of rubber trees. And why not make a fortune raising rubber? The crude article brings a dollar a pound in the market, and a tree four or five years old yields from two pounds to four pounds per year. The taking of the sap, and its conversion into rubber are very simple and inexpensive. Of course the expensive part of the farm comes first. The clearing and planting and tending the trees for the first four years cost money. Mr Morton, who is working for the second ond company named above, is just now clearing the land. He has a couple of thousand trees already out, but they are experimental. He intends to plant the seed direct and use the nursery only

black fellows in the branches of a tree. The largest, the one making the noise, was selected first. A shot quieted him, but did not bring him down. Another shot killed one of the others, but in falling it buried its nails so deeply in the bark that it hung on the branch. and no amount of shooting could drop Another shot and the large one with a groan, all too human. He weighed about fifty pounds and measured from nose to tip of tail about five feet. But I digress. The main building

stands on an artificial mound about forty feet high. It was two stories high, or as some put it, had an underground story. I think, however, properly speaking, there were two stories. for we noticed on the south side win-dows in the second story that showed are experimental. He intends to plant the seed direct and use the nursery only for replanting where necessary. The ing the roof of the first corridor. Harger trees are left standing on the theory that the rubber tree yields more

feet long and three wide, of elliptical form and containing some beautiful sculpture work.

BEAUTIFUL SCULPTURE WORK.

growl and bark-like sound in the woods near by "Mono" said the inspector. "Are they good to eat?" asked one of the boys. "Very good when roasted." re-The figures are in bas-relief. One is that of a man sitting cross-legged on a seat ornamented with two heads of Around his neck is a chain tigers. plied the gentleman, and we all looked at Mr. Klenke, who has not yet fully recovered from the effects of the roasted monkey he ate at San Pedro. But it was the work of only a few moornament, suspending a face, a girdle is about his loins, and a rich hat on his head. To the right of the head are three hieroglyphics. The other figure is that of a woman in a kneeling posture, and in the act of offering to the man some richly ornamented ments to get out the guns and following the noise, a half hour brought the hunters, Heber Magleby and Asa. Kienke, within reach of three large to the man some richly that. Above object, perhaps a crown or hat. Above are also three hieroglyphics. man is clothed apparently in very rich apparel. At the extreme end of this corridor is

At the extreme end of this corridor is a flight of steps leading to the rooms and corridors below. In these rooms are stone tables, our guide called them beds, consisting of a flat stone about four feet by seven feet, placed on four stones as legs about eighteen inches high, making the whole about two feet high We counted four of two feet high. We counted four of these. One is placed so as to bar the entrance to one of the rooms. In the walls are cavities in shape like a T, the lines being about fourteen inches long and six inches wide. A thin rock closed them in the middle of the wall otherwise they would form an opening or window. This thin dividing rock is broken through in many instances, said to be the work of the Spanlards in their

north and facing the south, is the third temple larger and more highly decor-ated than the others. The outer corri-dor has fallen, but the heavy roof and walls of the three rooms still stand as solidly as ever. The hills or pyramids on which these temples and buildings stand, are not uniform in size or height, but appear to be in uniform structure. Whether there are chambers inside these hills or not, no one knows, as no one has taken the trouble to make the necessary excavation. The only dig-ging that has been done was done by the Spaniards in search of buried trea sure. Opposite this larger temple on the south is another, so our guide informed us but it is in ruins, and we did not take the time to we did not take the time to see it. No doubt other buildings are near by, but of inferior importance. These ruins are situated on the side of a mountain which from the valley rises perhaps three thousand feet. A stream of water flows through the grounds, oming evidently from a spring, for like the Port Neuf in Idaho, it deposits calcareous substance that often dams the waters. On both sides of the stream at intervals are walls, as if originally the waters were kept in their channel by rock work. From the top of the tower and from some of the buildings one can look over the level lands below stretching for a hundred miles to the gulf beyond. These are mostly covered with a thick growth of timber, yet some prominent grass spots appear. All through the ruins and over the side of

gurmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

HARDING DAVIS' HOW!

His Three Rules of Writing That Make Things Real.

what he writes. Why? I put the question to Richard Hard-

ing Davis while walking through a din-By side street in New York before Christmas, and the answer came in the form of a question.

"See that bartender?" pointing across the way where a low-browed man, with close-cropped hair and protruding jaw, was perched on a top ladder festooning the doorway of a saloon with evergreens and holly.

"Yes," I replied. "Well, what does that suggest to

The incident to me appeared common-lace. But what Mr. Davis saw in it was that this man, who a few hours before had probably beaten in a drunken patron's face and sent him home bruised and bleeding to his miserable family, should now be engaged in so cheerful and gladsome a work. This was the first thought that occurred to him. The motive of the second him. The motives of the bartender in-terested him. Had he been assigned as a reporter to write a story about that incident he would not have told the height of the ladder or the color of the house. We know now what he would

"That's your secret, then?" I asked. You see things?"

"Well, I try to," he replied. "I never walk one city block that I do not see walk one city block that I do not see twenty things to interest me. I culti-vated the habit when I began reporting, and to this day if I see a man turn in a car to look out the window, I uncon-sciously turn with him. He may have observed something that escaped me." This ability of Davis to "see things" is no little helped by an almost perfect

The people of two continents read | eyesight. General Miles pronounced it better than any man's in the United States array. Personally, I have known Davis to decipher with the naked eye a sign from the deck of a German steamer quarantined at Aden when others could barely make it out with field glasses

From the very outset of his newspacareer the city editor recognized that this reporter had ever an original method of handling a story. Some hu-man note he struck, some dust-covered gem he revealed that arrested the thought of bank president and plumber as they stumbled through the mass of daily print and remained in the mem-ory of each long after the paper had

been reground to pulp. I have in mind a story in the Evening Sun that serves to illustrate this.

At 8 o'clock on a spring morning the blotter at police headquarters recorded a triffing fire on the East Side. News being dull, Davis was sent to cover it. He found a rickety tenement house in which fire had little more than singed the top floor. The crowd had left, a few ashes were smouldering and the insurance adjusters were examining the place. "Nothing here," said the policeman or

watch. "Only \$500 damage and a bum lodger asphyxlated. He's in that room."

The reporters peeped, saw the black-ened face and rigid form a man un-named and forgotten-and wrote a par-agraph. The Evening Sun reporter, in mouching about, saw an alarm clock by the dead man's side with the hand pointing to 7 o'clock. "What time did you break in here?"

he asked. Let me see, yawned the blue coat, "Seven o'clock it was. I remember be-

cause that alarm was going off just as I got inside."

began his account, touching and vivid, simply with: "The man died at 6:30. The alarm went off at 7. It was just half an hour too late." "In the first place," Mr. Davis says, "I use similes that the man at home can understand; second, I tell the thing as it impressed me when I first saw it; thirdly, I always tell the thing that most interests me." It is a geat temptation of writers of

travel to show off, to tell how many countries they have visited. Mr. Davis avoids this. He does not say the Pyramids are higher than the Mosque of St. Sophia, but that they are "100 feet higher than, Madison Square tower." He was writing for a New York public then, and could not feel sure that a majority of his readers had seen St. Sophia. The latter he describes as "about as big as the auditorium of the Fifth avenue In another place he says, "Brindisi looks like Long Island City when you come into it from the rear.' That puts a man at home in Brindisi

and he is prepared to learn more about As to the third rule, Mr. Davis says it formed in his mind one night at a prize fight. It was the first one he had ever attended, and while deeply fascinated with the tiger-like movements of the pugilists, he pugilists, he painful kiss of the five-ounce glove, and the spray of red blood what interested him more was the con-

what interested him more was the con-duct of the mayor. This city official sat near the ring, and everybody watched him; took their cue from him. The man's collar had lost its moorings behind, and in consequence all dignity. With each successive round it behaved With each successive round it behaved more erratically, now moving up, now down, his bonor clutching madly at times to hold it in place, so that the collar fairly reflected the fight. Instead of describing the various uppercuts and straight jabs, therefore, Davis merely described the struggle 'twixt the mayor and his collar.

"That's my story," said Davis, and he | the only one I read was the one on Chicago, and I asked myself why? 'You don't know anything about South America or India.' I said, 'and, obviously, those are the places you should read about.' I could only get interested, nowever, in the Chicago story. Gauging the average American by myself. cluded that he would rather read about something he knows, something near ne, and if China is not home, bring it there.

"If you tell a Londoner that in a cer-"If you tell a Londoner that is a cer-tain part of Africa the natives bow backwards he is not half so much in-terested as when you tell him that peo-ple ride on Rotten Row at 9 a. m., in-stead of 4 p. m. The devil they do' he says, and repeats the information to all his friends. When Mr. Kipling said that the British public was more interested in the fate of the Tommy who steps forward to pull a comrade back into the square than in the woes and trials of a commissary general, he spoke from certain knowledge.

"Mr. Davis added that this third rule, in his opinion, is the best in newspaper work. It is, however, more or less ar-bitrary, for it presupposes that every writer can see and depict the human interest that so generally appeals to readers. But that requires an abrupt break-ing away from journalistic formula and precedent, and there are not many writers who could cable a long story to the London Times about a big battle in the London Times about a big outtie in Greece telling only how a small boy be-haved. Mr. Davis did, and his paper pronounced it the best story it had printed of that war. Not a word was printed of that war. Not a word was said about the flank movements, charges or captures; nothing about the effect of artillery or infantry. But all England was interested just as much as the American correspondent in the country lad who acted as a host to the army that occupied his native hills; who ran to bring up shells as though at a spring circus; who suavely led the generals about like a gentleman show-ing people over his landed estate.

described the struggle 'twikt the mayor and his collar. "This conviction to write what inter-ests me," said Mr. Davis, "was strengthened on a visit to Mexico, where I was stranded in an out-of-the-way village and chanced to pick up a Harper's Magazine. The three impor-tant articles were one by Weeks on In-dia, one by Child on South America, and one by Julian Ralph on Chicago, Well,

ever the nature of his work, he picks out the essential and leaves the other. That comes pretty near to being the art of writing. But romance gives one, in this instance, a clearer idea of the author's personality.

Stevenson's wonderful short story, "A Lodging for the Night," inspired Davis, the young reporter, and his fel-lows in the office of the Philadelphia Press with an enthusiasm that took the form of a letter of admiration to the brave sick man far away in the South Seas. Here is Stevenson's reply, which has never before been published:

Dear Sir: Why, thank you very much for your frank, agreeable and natural letter. It is certainly very pleasant that all you young fellows should enjoy my work, and get some good out of it; and it was very kind in you to write and tell me so. The tale of the suicide is exceptionally droll; and your letter, you may be sure, will If you are to escape, unpreserved. hurt, out of your present business, you must be very careful, and you must find in your heart much constancy. The swiftly done work of the journalist, and the cheap finish and ready-made methods to which it leads, you must try to counteract in private by writing with the most considerate slowness and on the most considerate stowness to when the most ambitious models. And when I say "writing"--Oh, believe me, it is re-mining that I have chiefly in mind. If you will do this. I hope to hear of you some day.

Richard Harding Davis is now 37 years old and in the height of his vigor. Beyond occasional attacks of sciatica he enjoys robust health. He takes as much interest in the journalistic world as when he first entered as a "cub" re-porter. His mind is like a spring that has never been flattened down, but re-ceives impressions with the rapidity and distinction of a blograph. The pe-culiar power of concentration which

appeared in his books. Every day you can find just as good litera-ture in the New York Sun as may be found in any magazine." Whatletter. He is engaged now in writing a novel, the scene of which is laid in Cennor fixed rate of words in a day. He shortens or lengthens the hours, like one does stirrup straps, to sult himself. tral America, and which he hopes will prove to be his best product .-- Ainslee's Sometimes he puts three hours on a Magazine

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The crucial hour of the day as re- | good for the average man. gards its effect upon the man of the family is commonly thought to be associated with breakfast. Then a cheerful bearing and a joyful demeanor on makes any decided move. Don't, above the part of the feminine part of the family are thought to be most effective in putting the man of the house into the right sort of humor for the days, says the San Francisco Chronicle There are other views, however, on this subject, and one of them came from a woman whose experiences in her married life have been of a kind to encourage any wife.

She disagrees with the accepted view as to the potency of good humor in the morning. Her scheme is very different. "The most important moment of the

day to a man's peace of mind," she said. "is the ten minutes that follow his return from the work of the day. At that time one word may change his whole state of feeling.

"He comes home usually tired. Work or the vexations of business during the day have frequently brought nervousness at which a very little thing may cullar power of concentration which was cultivated in a newspaper office is more intense than ever. It enables him to "get into" a subject, immerse him-self completely whether in the smoking room of a steamship or secluded in the little cottage at Marion, Mass, where

"The most important thing for the tactful woman to do is to wait until she sees some sign of his temper before she all things, tell him that the plumber has just sent in a terrible bill merely for making that little alteration, or say that stupid Mrs. Jones has been at the house all afternoon talking about the new house her husband has bought and showing off her sables as if she was the only woman in San Francisco that had them,

"Generally, it is best to avoid such beginnings, although a woman's tact must always be called in to help her out, if one of the children has just been taken down with measles, or the cook as been drunk all day and had to be ent away.

"Don't talk too much in the beginning on any subject. Conversation ta-ken torrentially at the outset is likely to upset anybody who is a little tired after a day's work and wants quiet beore adjusting his mind to the quiet enjoyment of home.

"The woman who follows this advice is going to find her evenings pleasanter than if she jumps at the beginning into the heart of things, especially disagree-able things. A little tact during the first quarter of an hour after the re-