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# DESERET EVENING NEWS

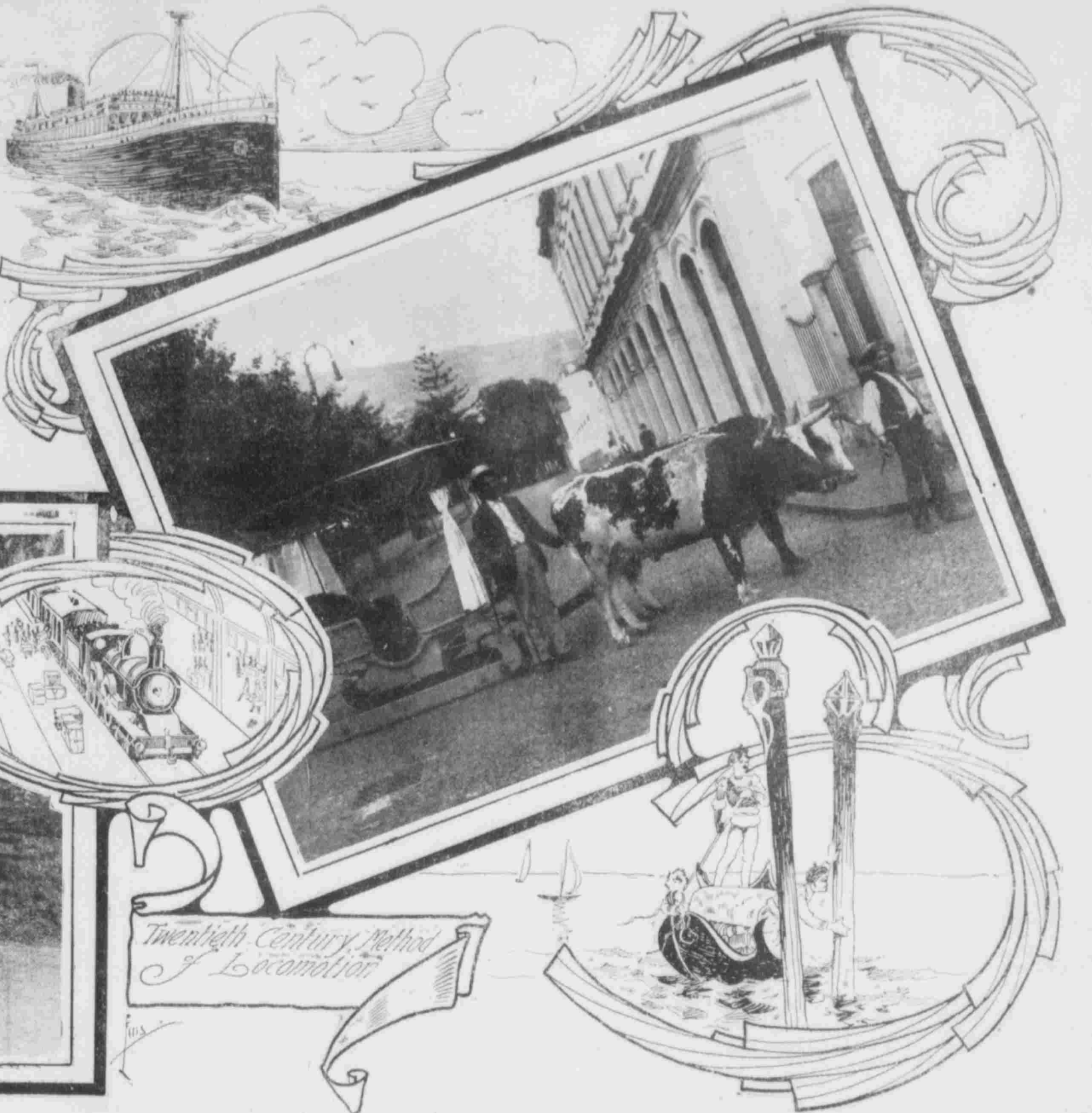
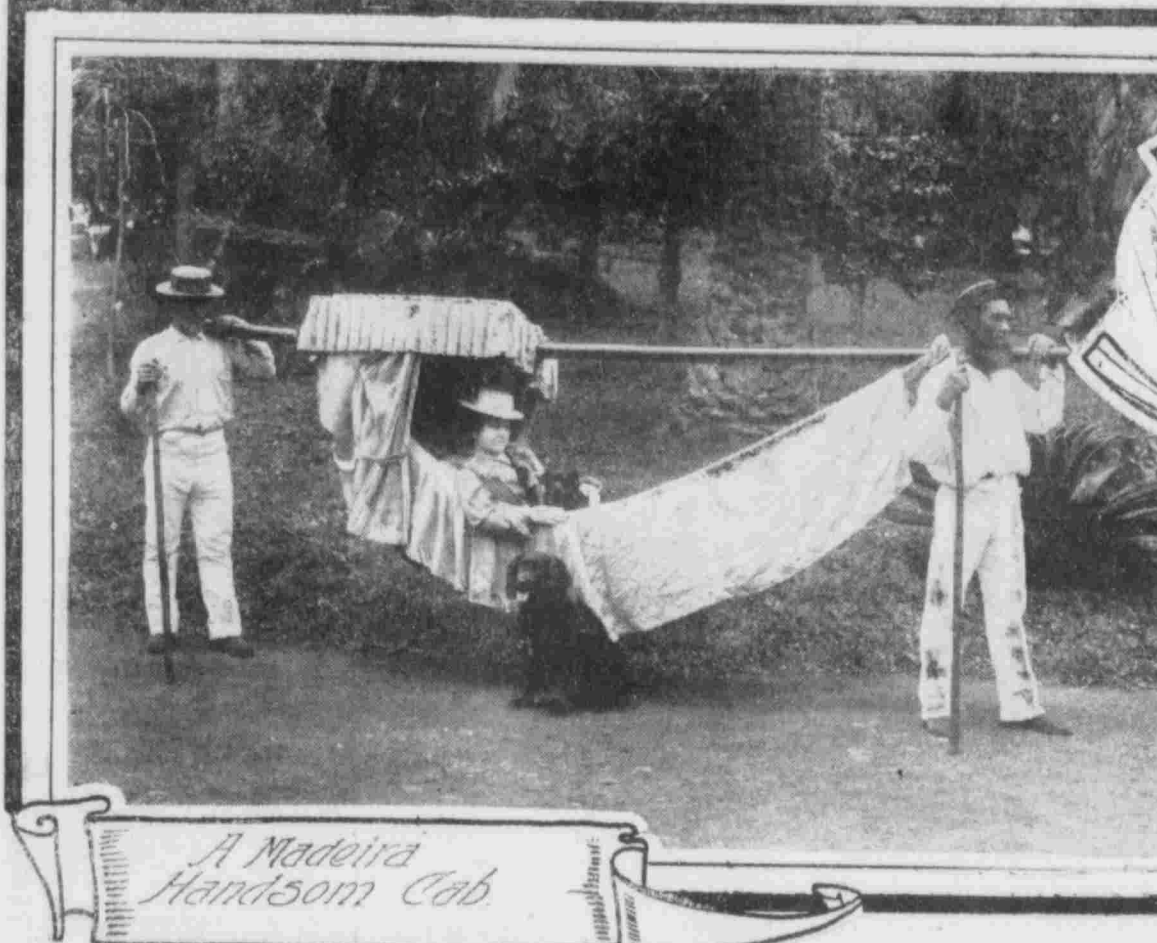
Is Your Advertisement in This Issue?—The Big Illustrated Weekly, Read by Everybody.

PART TWO

SATURDAY MARCH 27 1909 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

FIFTY-EIGHTH YEAR

## Journal of a Salt Lake Pilgrimage



**SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.**  
**F**UNCHAL, Madeira, Feb. 28.—Six thousand miles from Salt Lake—our Pilgrim Band indulges in something of a gasp as it tries to realize the fact! Gazing around us upon the new and strange scenery, people, costumes, climate and what not which salute our eyes, we rub them in wonderment and marvel whether we are not upon another planet, instead of merely another hemisphere. Does such a place as Salt Lake really exist? Is there an Eagle Gate, a county building, a legislature, a federal bunch, a prohibition contest, or are they merely creatures of the fancy?

Very far away indeed, they seem, on this peaceful, drowsy, sunlit day, as we sit on the deck of the giant ocean liner, the Cedric, and gaze upon the beauties of this Portuguese city, stretching back from the coast up to the hills. She is located 700 miles from the parent mainland, in the path of the steamers plying from America to the Mediterranean ports, but lying, as dreamily back in the seventeenth century, as the most isolated of Portugal towns. Here our steamer is pausing for a few hours' rest, after a steady battle of six days with high seas, contrary winds that often amounted to gales, and a more or less exhausted lot of passengers. Most welcome is the change. The waters are smooth for the first time since we left New York harbor; people who have never been out of their cabin since the day we started, are gathered on deck, and the little launches are plying back and forth between the Cedric and the shore, for the steamer is too big to be brought close in, and all the communications with the town have to be carried on by boats. All the decks are in possession of dealers in fruits, beads, lace, hand made shawls, wickerware and bric-a-brac of a thousand sorts. The passengers who do not go ashore, amuse themselves all day with the antics of a swarm of half naked youngsters who paddle about in small boats, and shout up to the decks, "Throw down 10 cents, see me dive!" The dimes, six pence or shilling pieces go over in showers all day long, and the way the brown skinned youngsters dive after them, and emerge in triumph with them, is something astonishing to behold. Once in a while, some diver, more venturesome than his fellows, clambers up the sides of the vessel and says he will dive from the top deck, 60 feet or more, for "hap a dollah." The money given him, he launches out into the air without a moment's hesitation, head downward, strikes the water at a graceful angle and is up among the yelling brethren again in a trice.

**QUAINT OLD FUNCHAL.**  
A few hours' passed in sauntering through the town of Funchal are full of the most curious sort of interest. At the water's brink you are met by the ox sleds which do the carrying business of the place, as they did hundreds of years ago. They hold four people, are drawn by two young steers with one boy to lead them, and another to whip them up. The roads are all paved with cobble stones worn to a glass smoothness, and the sleds glide over them in a way not at all uncomfortable to experience. If you have the time to spare, you can ride to one of the mountain hotels—all are now crowded with European tourists—and come back "per toboggan," another sled which is conveyed by two men who trot alongside to see that it does not run away with you, as it might easily do were it not held in leash.

**SEMI-TROPICAL FOLIAGE.**  
The scenery is of the most delightful sort: tropical and semi-tropical. On the highest peaks, there are as much snow visible as there is on the Wasatch range in March or April, but 1,000 or 1,500 feet below, the palms, ferns and

trees of wonderful foliage, almost bewildering the eye. The flowers and fruits just now are offered in profusion. Strawberries, tomatoes and cauliflower come up the sides of the steamer, crate after crate, and the variety and quality of the wines turned out here, in the capital of Madeira, are of course world famed. On shore, the inhabitants roll about and view the sight seeing passenger from the big boat, with as much curiosity as they are viewed in return. Portugal keeps 1,300 soldiers in garrison here; why it is hard to conceive, and they roll about in uniform, coolly, slowly, good natured looking fellows, first coming to the greater type, industriously puffing the cigarette with which every male inhabitant seems to have been born. There is also a tremendous proportion of police, in uniforms of a different sort, who also lounge about and chat with the soldiers. A church 400 years old, we are told, opens, and a long procession of Catholic priests file out and winds up the hill. Country people, clad in flaring colors, with baskets on their heads, traverse the sidewalks. Every store and building has its loungers, but there is no sleeping, no noise, no disorder—a deep, sleepy, peace seems to have settled over everything and everybody, and what the soldiers or policemen find

to do with themselves remains as great a mystery as ever, as we wind our way back to the wharf and step on board the tug which takes us back to the waiting vessel.

**OUT TO SEA AGAIN.**  
At 6:30 p. m. everyone is on board again, the Cedric turns her head about, the great engines again begin to thrash, and the next stretch of ocean travel is entered upon, a northeast shoot towards the straits of Gibraltar, consulting the chart, which at 12 noon each day is hung up at the head of the stair case and immediately surrounded by the eager passengers, we learn that we have not done so badly. In spite of the savage weather, each 24 hours run, since leaving New York, up to the time of reaching Madeira, is thus recorded:

Date.	Miles.
February 21.....	349
February 22.....	372
February 23.....	276
February 24.....	359
February 25.....	337
February 26.....	240
February 27.....	325
February 28.....	251

A side note records the estimate of the captain as to the kind of weather

encountered, from which we see that "rough seas," "high seas," "moderate seas," "heavy winds" and "stiff gales" are the terms most frequently employed.

**WIRELESS IN OPERATION.**  
Daily life aboard one of these modern floating palaces is full of interest to those from points so far inland as the Rocky mountains, and we never grow weary of inspecting, inquiring, absorbing. The great overshadowing novelty to us is the wireless system of telegraphy, with which the Cedric is thoroughly equipped. We have not been out of sight of New York an hour before people aboard begin to receive "Marconigrams" from friends they have just left behind. It seems weird and uncanny to have these messages come down, as it were, from the clouds, strike the three wires which are stretched between the masts over the vessel, set the instruments in the operator's room on one end of the upper deck to ticking and flushing, and come forth in words and sentences. We see others at the counter writing out their messages of reply, and it strikes us that we, too, would like to try it. On the wall is hung a list of steamers in coming to and outgoing from New York, with which the Cedric is "in touch" by wireless. It appears that the operators on all these vessels maintain a constant sort of gossiping hundreds of miles apart. We ask what the charge will be to wire a friend on board the Cedric, which we know is expected in New York at 7 that evening and consequently must be somewhere on the waves, 150 or 200 miles distant. The clerk consults a printed schedule and says "sixpence a word." We ask if delivery is guaranteed. "Certainly," is the reply. We ask for a form, and are handed a blank, very similar to a Western Union or Postal, except that the company's name at the top is the "Marconi International Marine Communication Co., Ltd.," address our message to Allan Spencer, a returning missionary, pay for it, and see the paper whisked up a tube to the operating room, where it is clicked off and committed to the ether.

## YOUNG JAPAN

FRANK G. CARPENTER WRITES A LETTER FOR THE CHILDREN OF AMERICA ABOUT THE CHILDREN OF JAPAN.

**SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.**  
**K**YOTO, Japan.—I have been asked to write a letter for the children of America about the children of Japan. I want the boys and girls who take this newspaper to send themselves upon the magic carpet of fairyland, which will take one around the world in the twinkling of an eye. All you have to do is to shut your eyes and wish you were there, and when you open them, to your wish has come true. Our magic carpet has carried us across the Pacific and has dropped us down in the heart of Japan. We are in the big city of Kyoto, in the central part of the country. There are mountains in sight everywhere, and behind us is a beautiful lake which fills the river running through the city. The houses are so many that they cover as much space as Philadelphia, which has three times as many people. Their walls are such that they can be slid back during the daytime, and we can see all that goes on within. Most of the streets are lined with stores filled with all kinds of curious goods, and the streets, stores and houses are swarming with children. Here they are, working, helping their parents, there they are playing, and further on is a crowd going to school. What jolly youngsters they are! We hear their laughter sounding out on the air, and as they see us some half-dressed, in Japanese fashion, and yell out, "O-hi-o," their word for good day. Others, who are older, cry out Japanese syllables which, our interpreter says, mean:

"You funny-headed foreigners; you have eyes like a cat!"

**OUR JAPANESE BROTHERS.**  
We find that we are as great curiosities to the Japanese children as they are to us. Their skins are yellow, and their eyes are a trifle slant, and so fastened at the corners that they do not come as wide open as ours are. They think that their eyes are the more beautiful, and that cream-colored skins are quite as fine as white ones. Outside of this, Japanese boys and girls are just like Americans. Their little black eyes can see as far as ours can; and if you scratch their yellow skins they will bleed in the same way. You had better be careful not to do so, how-

ever, they are as proud as you, and they will fight at the drop of a hat. They are not as tall as we children

of the same age, but they are fully as strong. Get one of the little fellows to double up his arm, and put your

hand on his biceps. Every muscle stands up like a bunch of hair, and every nerve is hard with the athletic which every schoolboy has to take daily. As to his fighting, you have heard how the Japanese whipped the Russians, who are almost twice as heavy as they are and three times as many in number, and how about 15 years ago, they conquered the Chinese, who have ten times as many people in the great nation over the way.



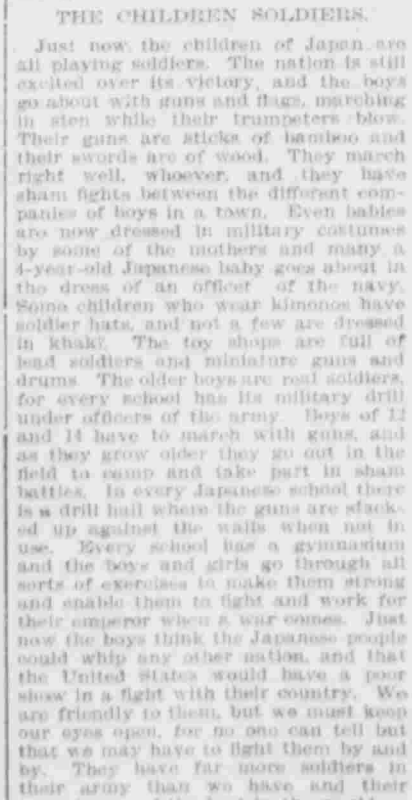
THE "INO HAURICO," OR PUPPY-CAT, IS THE TEDDY-BEAR OF JAPANESE CHILDREN.

Just now the children of Japan are all playing soldiers. The nation is still exulting over its victory, and the boys go about with guns and flags, marching in step while their trumpeters blow. Their guns are sticks of bamboo and their swords are of wood. They march right well, whoever they have sham fights between the different companies of boys in a town. Even babies are now dressed in military costumes by some of the mothers and many a 4-year-old Japanese baby goes about in the dress of an officer of the navy. Some children who wear kimonos have soldier hats, and not a few are dressed in khaki. The toy shops are full of lead soldiers and miniature guns and drums. The older boys are real soldiers, for every school has its military drill under officers of the army. Boys of 12 and 14 have to march with guns, and as they grow older they go out in the field to train and take part in sham battles. In every Japanese school there is a drill hall where the guns are stacked up against the walls when not in use. Every school has a gymnasium and the boys and girls go through all sorts of exercises to make them strong and enable them to fight and work for their emperor when a war comes. Just now the boys think the Japanese people could whip any other nation, and that the United States would have a poor show in a fight with their country. We are friendly to them, but we must keep our eyes open, for no one can tell but that we may have to fight them by and by. They have far more soldiers in their army than we have and their navy is one of the best in the world.



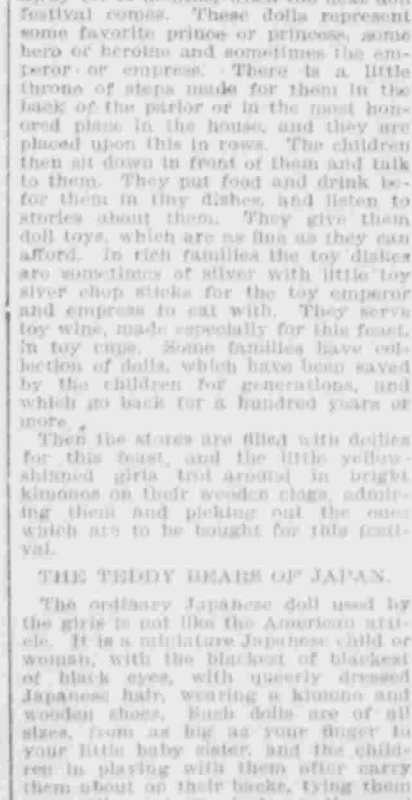
THE "INO HAURICO," OR PUPPY-CAT, IS THE TEDDY-BEAR OF JAPANESE CHILDREN.

The ordinary Japanese doll used by the girls is not like the American article. It is a miniature Japanese child or woman, with the head of blackest black eyes, with queerly dressed Japanese hair, wearing a kimono and wooden shoes. Each doll is of all sizes, from as big as your finger to your little baby sister, and the children are playing with them over every corner of their backs, tying them on with strings, just as the real Japanese babies are tied. In the stores there are all sorts of doll furniture, and one can get a full housekeeping outfit for a very few cents.



THE "INO HAURICO," OR PUPPY-CAT, IS THE TEDDY-BEAR OF JAPANESE CHILDREN.

Among the queerest playthings in the way of pets are what might be called "wireless" cats. They are all dated "Marconi station at New York City" for the first four days, then the date changes to "Marconi Station, Children Island," and after we leave the Madeira, the service ends altogether. We are told that it will be resumed at Gibraltar.



THE "INO HAURICO," OR PUPPY-CAT, IS THE TEDDY-BEAR OF JAPANESE CHILDREN.

**DEVELOPING SEA LEGS.**  
To those well enough to be about, the moments are never allowed to lag, exercise seems the controlling passion, and we walk, walk, walk, "getting our sea legs," from one end of the deck to the other 50 times a day. The boat is 700 feet in length, longer than a Salt Lake block. So these walks are no trifling achievements. They are necessary to get up an appetite for the incessant meals of the day. A trumpet blast announces breakfast at 8, lunch at 12, dinner at 5, but between these hours there is breath one time and tea at another, passed by the stewards. A string band plays at lunch and dinner time, and one hour each afternoon and evening. In the library there is no end of books in the "lounge," another capacious room, the card tables are always thronged, most of the ladies put on full regalia for the evening meal; many gentlemen do likewise, and it would be difficult to imagine a more sparkling and brilliant scene than that presented by the Cedric's immense dining room while dinner, the fashionable meal, is going on. There the motion of the vessel is the very lightest, unless the weather outside is extreme; the music, the laughter, the clatter of knives, forks and dishes, make up a merry babel of sounds, and a banish every thought of the sea outside.

**DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.**  
Of course to this, as to all other pictures, there is another side. In the recesses of the cabins, many melancholy stories could be told. There are some who have never left their beds since the smooth waters of New York harbor vanished. The chairs about the several decks contain forms which lie rigid in the air all day—never able to conquer the demon sea sickness. At some meals, the dining room is so sparsely occupied that we wonder what the company does with all the untouched plates and silver left over. The Pilgrims have had their share of woe, and despite the novelty of the tour, there are many "off" days encountered. This dialogue is a sample: First Pilgrim—(Weakly, from upper berth) Wife, are you awake? A faint groan from Second Pilgrim in the berth below is the only response.

First Pilgrim—Did I disturb you during the night? Another groan, a trifle hollower.

First Pilgrim (solemnly)—My dear, I have resurrected tastes and smells I thought buried with boyhood days. Pilgrimette (from side berth, faintly)—Papa, do people ever die from sea sickness?

First Pilgrim—I'm afraid not, my dear.

**MEMORIES OF NEW YORK.**  
Looking back over our journal, we note a record of five beautiful days in New York, the first of which they will have to remind us for the present, except with this remark, that in company with such congenial sight-seers as the Spencers and Eastons we drank to the full the delights of the performance by Maude Adams, Sallie Fisher, and Ada Dwyer, three Salt Lake girls playing within a few blocks of each other on Broadway. With Sallie, her mother, and the Spencers, we sat around a dinner table, too, at the Waldorf and exchanged a thousand hilarious reminiscences of the old Salt Lake opera days, when the "Minnie of Normandy," with Spencer as Gussard, Sallie as Gertrude, Lonnie Savaze as Serpentine, Dyer as Godard as the Marquis, and Dwyer as the Tamer, make up an ideal cast, and gave Sallie her real start in her profession. Another delightful afternoon was passed calling on Ada Dwyer and Eleanor Robson, where we also found the latter's mother, Madge Carr Cook, from her London sketch in "Mrs. Wiggs," as Ada was fresh from here in Australia. Miss Robson is at present in the full tide of success in "The Dawn of a Tenorship," in which she does the best of her fine talents, and in it "our Ada" has a share of character work, all too short, when she too, shines as her ever does; Mrs. Adams remains the big money in the part of a woman of 50, but she and her company were a delight though we all give it as our opinion that the play will never have the long life enjoyed by "Peter Pan" and "The Little Minister."

The big, vivid, dramatic memory we carry away from New York, and the one that will remain with its loveliness "The Battle," in which Lennox, of Swengill memory, plays the leading part. It is a story of present day problems by Cleveland Moffett, and in power, interest and moral, it keeps far ahead of either "The Lion and the Mouse" or "The Mac of the Hour," and agrees with Ada Dwyer and John Dwyer that it's the play of the decade, as we all hope Mr. Lennox will give Salt Lake and the west an opportunity to see it.

H. G. W.

(Continued on page fifteen.)