

MARGARET DELAND WRITES SURROUNDED BY FLOWERS

She Makes Her Characters, "Dr Lavendar" and "Miss Martha," Living Persons to Her Readers as They Move About in "Old Chester."

BY MARY HARROD NORTHEAD.

MARGARET DELAND entered the literary world through a gate-way of flowers, her first published volume being entitled "The Old Garden and Other Verses." Her pathway has been strewn with blossoms ever since, as is shown by the Jonquil sales which are held each year. Through all the winter flowers overflow the rooms of her home, the wide-lower windows being filled with pots of white narcissus and baby snowdrops, bearing a profusion of delicate white blossoms against the soft green of the leaves.

But in the background of it all are her pets. The three bob-tailed sheep dogs receive as much attention and occupy the same place in Mrs. Deland's heart as the big boxes of geraniums, orchids and dainty vines in the conservatory. The oldest of these dogs has three distinct names. When clean he is known as Ruffles; when fighting as Ruffian; when covered with dust and mud as Roughcut. However, at all times he will answer to the name of Rough. The first dog of this species was given to Mrs. Deland by her brother in Pennsylvania and was known as Bobby. At his death he was replaced by Rough, who was purchased from the kennels of Mrs. Richard Harding Davis.

Now he has two playfellows, Gibbie and Bella, although the latter also answers to the name of Ruffie. It is evident that the author writes from experience in her charming book of essays called the "Common Clay," where she speaks a true word on "Loving My Dog."

Of the three pets Rough is the favorite, following his mistress everywhere, even perching in a chair at the side of her table and peering down at her work, as if giving it his approval.

To those acquainted with the life history of this gifted woman the atmosphere that surrounds her home is not easy to understand. There is a quaint commingling of New England conservatism with an almost southern dreamy elegance which is the gift of childhood days spent with her parents.

Her childhood was a happy one and its training influenced her entire life. Her foster parents were earnest thinkers and firm disciplinarians. While a mere child she listened understandingly to doctrinal arguments, thinking deeply upon subjects almost too grave for such a young mind. Some of the arguments doubtless found their way into "John Ward Preacher," one of her earliest books, the writing of which raised such a commotion in the family that she was brought to accept a sum of money and forego its printing. This it narrowly escaped. Its sale ran up into the tens of thousands, and the opposition, though still as strong, did not show itself so plainly.

Her first writing that was printed was accidentally discovered by a friend. This was a poem which so



captivated the reader that she urged Mrs. Deland to print it. Its acceptance meant that she wrote many more, all of which were gathered into her first volume, "The Common Clay," published by the Cooper Institute in Boston. Doubtless their mutual affection led to the portrayal of love embodied in her characters. The reason that these writings are so successful was because they are in a large measure true to the reader. There is also a wealth of imaginative power. It is hard to believe "Old Chester," "Dr. Lavendar," "Miss Martha" are in a measure purely imaginary personages.

The first writings were filled with enthusiasm and an early love for truth and purity have melted the sharper tones, but the enthusiasm has not died out and her books have not lost their charm. There is, to be sure, a broadened view, a deeper charity, and that is all. The "Awakening of Helena Ritchie" was carefully revised to suit the ear, each separate word, cutting, changing over each sentence that they might be an active living part of a perfect whole. Six months was spent in revising a story, and she spent critical taste, and although she spent three years in its revision she asked for still another, but her publishers, anxious to print it, refused to grant the request.

In every home she has occupied there is a distinct atmosphere, charming yet elusive. It lies not alone in the flowers with their snowy blossoms nor in the architectural perfection of arrangements, but in the home as a whole, for so skillfully has each detail been fitted into place that they make a composite whole.

Every summer the authoress spends at Kennebunkport, Me., to refresh tired nerves after a long winter spent in Boston.

SLAUGHTER OF ARMENIANS BY TURKS TOLD BY EYEWITNESS

Dr. Mabel Elliott Declares That in One Church 2500 Persons Were Killed, Only 22 Surviving Attack—Pillage Called Barbaric.

NEW YORK, June 5.—The Turkish nationalist forces in the district of Marash, Syria, last January deliberately and continuously fired on the American college and near east relief hospital and orphanage there, according to Dr. Mabel Elliott of Benton Harbor, Mich., who was in charge of the hospital during the three weeks' attack.

Dr. Elliott, who has now returned to this country, with Mrs. Helen Power of North Hero, Vt., Miss Helen Schultz of Reading, Pa., and Miss Minnie Dougherty of Boston, Mass., told an eye-witness story of the attack, directed against the Armenian population.

Firing Never Ceases.

The slaughter of men, women and children was horrible, she said, and the pillage of houses barbaric. In one Armenian church 2500 persons were killed—only 22 surviving the attack on it—she said.

Of a fleeing colony of 5000 Armenians, mostly women and children driven from the besieged city, Dr. Elliott said only 2300 reached their objective, Islahie, but 75 miles away.

"The whole three weeks of the siege the firing from housetops and windows never ceased," she said. "The Turks fired many buildings all over the town, and from our windows we could see columns of smoke rising first from one part of the city and then another, every hour of the day and night."

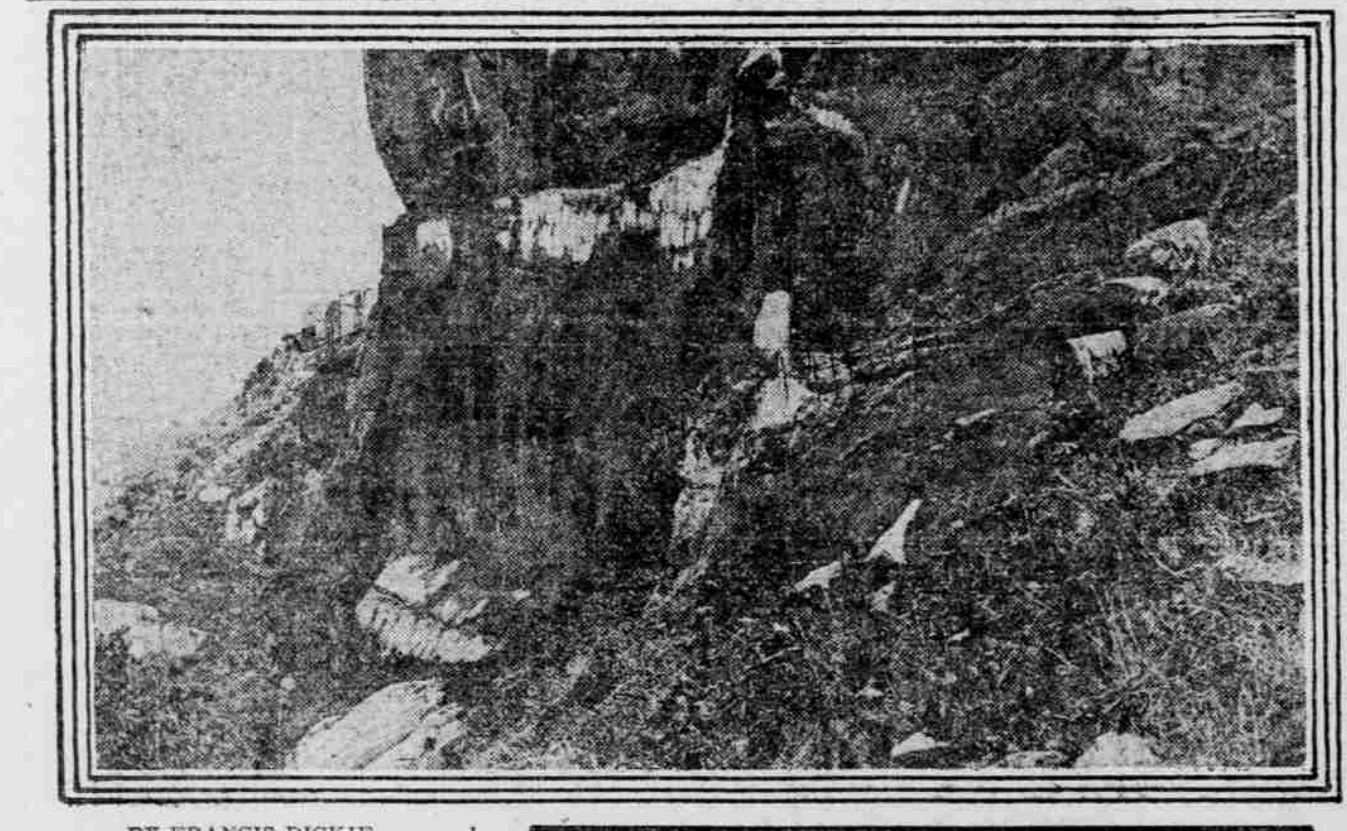
"The largest Armenian church at first sheltered some 2500 Armenians of the better class, shop keepers, business men and merchants and their families. They had arms, and they put up a good fight. But the Turks finally fired the church and forced them out. Only 22 of them escaped with their lives."

French in Dug.

"A communication trench was dug from French headquarters to the hos-

STRONGEST, STRANGEST AND LEAST KNOWN FORTRESS DECLARED TO BE LION'S ROCK

Odd Structure Towers Some 500 Feet in the Center of a Lonely Jungle-Covered Plain in Ceylon, Where Only Tigers and Wild Elephants Roam—Historic Past Generally Unknown to World.



BY FRANCIS DICKIE.

THE world's best known fortress is the Rock of Gibraltar; but the strangest and strongest and least known is far away in the heart of Ceylon. It is known as the Lion's Rock, and also as Sigiriya. Rearing some 500 odd feet in the center of a lonely jungle-covered plain where only tigers and wild elephants roam, it is unknown to the world at large, and its historic past untold. Its shape is like a domed pillar. The sides are nearly perpendicular and in all but one place the top actually overhangs the walls. Standing in the heart of a flat plain it is a natural wonder, and remarkably suited to form a fortress impregnable.

In the fifth century Ceylon was the home of a great nation, made up of people from India who came some 1100 years before. In the fifth century a prince named Kasapa killed his father and assumed the throne, and would have killed his elder and only brother Moggallana had not Moggallana escaped in time to the court of an Indian king. The capital of the kingdom, which was noted for its magnificence, was at Anuradhapura. Kasapa was much afraid his brother would return with an army from India and revenge himself and take the throne which was rightfully his, now that his father had been murdered. So Kasapa bethought himself of a wonderful rock fortress of Sigiriya, a couple of days' march distant. But the rock was so sheer that, while its top would make the strongest fortress in the world, there was no way to scale it. Still, Kasapa was determined. So he called the most

so steep that steps of stone were cut for the last part of the ascent. At the foot of these steps another set of gates were hung.

The causeway once completed, building material was carried to the top. Here a unique city sprang up, peopled by courtiers, priests and scholars who surrounded the court of the king. Kasapa's palace was on the highest point of the western summit. An extremely ingenious plan made it possible for this queer city always to have a supply of water, for from all the roofs drain pipes ran into a great reservoir. Several years' supply of food was always kept on hand. So popular did it become that houses were actually built on great timbers overlooking the surrounding face. If a person absent-mindedly stepped out of his back door he dropped 500 feet.

On the top of this impregnable fortress Kasapa and his court lived for 20 years.

Fortress of No Avail.

Now took place the strangest part of Kasapa's strange history. For 20 years he had lived in an impregnable fortress; had come there chiefly to be ready and protected against his revengeful brother's coming. On the rock's top was water and food to last a siege of years, and half a dozen men could hold back 1,000,000. Yet instead of staying upon the rock top, Kasapa, believing his troops were strong enough to win the battle, marched down on to the plain below the rock and gave battle. It was a memorable encounter. But Moggallana had good fortune on his side. Kasapa's fighting elephants, several score in number, took fright at something and stamped, breaking up the whole army line. According to the legend, the animals' fright was caused by the appearance of two supernatural strangers of great size mounted on white horses who suddenly appeared from nowhere and with flaming swords began fighting the elephants. What the cause of the elephants' panic we can never know. But realizing his defeat, Kasapa, rather than be taken prisoner, fell on his sword. So Moggallana took the kingdom that was rightfully his. The great rock fortress was deserted. The kingdom a few years later began to wane.

Speeding Blamed on Stork.

KANSAS CITY.—"The wife of an old boyhood friend of mine just had given birth to a child, and I was hurrying to offer my congratulations and assistance." W. R. Clay, 706 Olive street, told Judge Edward J. Fleming in the south side court, in answer to a charge of speeding. "That's one of the best excuses I ever heard," the court said. "Discharged." Clay was arrested Saturday afternoon, near Twenty-fifth street and McGee street, traffic way by Ha Miller and Harry Bucher, motorcycle patrolmen. They said Clay was driving 35 miles an hour.

Australia Ships Potatoes.

HONOLULU, T. H. The recent importation of 4000 bags of Australian potatoes by a Honolulu firm and their sale at a figure considerably below the price of California potatoes furnished Hawaii with a short respite from the attacks of the high cost of living. Further shipments are expected.

MAMMOTH CAVE PROPOSED TO BE ACQUIRED BY GOVERNMENT AND MADE NATIONAL PARK

Surface Assets Include About 1800 Acres, Mostly of Virgin Soil—Explorations of Interior Already Cover 152 Miles—Property Now Held by Five Elderly Women on a Life Estate.

BY JAMES M. ROSS.

REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT T. THOMAS of the third Kentucky district, has introduced in congress a bill appropriating \$1,000,000 for the purchase by the national government of Mammoth cave, Kentucky. The plan is to turn the cave into a national park.

Mammoth cave seems to have been discovered in 1799, being one of two salt-peter caves found by surveyors. One of these caverns was called Dixon; the other Mammoth cave. In 1812 it was disposed of to Hyman Gratz, a Philadelphia merchant. The heirs of Hyman Gratz sold the property in 1837 to Franklin Gorin of Kentucky. It is now owned by trustees named under the will of Dr. John Croghan. If the government should purchase the property, provision is made that about 250 acres shall be added to the cave property.

Tradition says a man named Houchins was guided into the great cave in 1809 by a wounded bear which he was chasing. Houchins and the bear long ago disappeared from the scene, but "Houchins Narrows" in the cave and many Houchins in the neighborhood still perpetuate his name and fame. There is also a tale, substantiated by men still living, that the late Senator Joseph R. Underwood, who began the practice of law here in 1818, and was one of the three executors of Dr. Croghan's will—by the way, he was Oscar Underwood's grandfather—in an abstract of the title of the Mammoth cave property, found that cave designated in a 1797 survey as a corner of a certain tract of land, but other lawyers engaged in litigation over the cave possessions and the county clerks in custody of such documents have been unable to discover the paper.

Negro Great Explorer.

A negro slave and famous guide, Stephen Bishop, whose memory is perpetuated in a marble slab marking his grave on a ledge overlooking the mouth of the cave, is credited with being the greatest explorer of those dark, deep and hitherto unseen halls, pits and domes. Stephen was evidently blessed or afflicted with what might be described as an incurable case of cavernitis.

In 1811 a man named McLean bought from somebody the cave and 200 acres of land for \$40. He sold it to a man named Gatewood, who in turn sold it to Gratz and Wilkins of Philadelphia, who put in, just 100 years ago, the vault and pipes, still well preserved, which furnished salt-peter for the powder "Old Hickory" used on the British at New Orleans. James Moore, a Philadelphia merchant, took it over in 1816, but got tangled up with the Burr-Wilkinson conspiracy and had to give it up. In 1837 Frank Gorin of Glasgow became the owner, and two years later a wealthy Louisville physician, Dr. John Croghan, first became impressed by an account of the Kentucky wonder while traveling in Europe and, hastening home, bought the cave from Gorin for \$10,900, added some 1500 acres to the grounds and personally

conducted the subterranean show until his death ten years later. From him the present owners inherited Mammoth cave in 1849.

Fur Trader Not Attracted.

Dr. John Croghan—pronounced Crawn—was a cultured, wealthy and eccentric bachelor member of a family notable for its prowess in trade and war. Three of them were gallant officers in the revolutionary war, but even before that, one of them, Colonel George, appears in the very dawn of Kentucky history as discoverer of the salt of Louisville, in 1765. He didn't stop because he didn't observe anything worth stopping for. He was Indian agent for the British government and a fur trader en route from Pittsburg to Kaskaskia, thence to Vincennes and Detroit. But he probably saw something at the salt worth returning for, as one of the prominent figures in the early municipal affairs of Louisville was a Major William Croghan, presumably a son of Colonel George. That brings us back to Mammoth cave.

Major William Croghan became founder, lord and master of Locust Grove, built on that baronial estate, five miles northeast of Louisville and a short distance from the present country club. He married a sister of General George Rogers Clark. "The Hannibal of the west," and reared there four children. John was the first born, and it would appear from his subpoenaed last will and testament that under the then law of primogeniture he came into ownership of all the family estate.

Realizing that death was at hand and that there were no heirs to his body, on January 10, 1849, Dr. John Croghan drew his will. A singular coincidence is the fact that the testator's brother George, "the hero of Sandusky," to whom and his children so much of the property was devised, had died without the testator's knowledge in New Orleans on Jackson's day, two days before this testament was written. The will in part follows:

Will Disposes of Cave.

"In the name of God, amen.

"I, John Croghan, of the county of Jefferson, being weak in body, of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make and ordain this as and for my last will. I give and devise to Joseph R. Underwood, George C. Gwathney and William F. Bullock my tract of land in the county of Madison called the Mammoth cave, and also the Salt Cave tract of land and all other lands near thereto, to be held by them or such of them as may accept this trust for the following uses and purposes, viz: To rent out the said lands and buildings, except the cave, from time to time for terms of five years until all my nephews and nieces hereinafter named shall die. To appoint from time to time a fit and competent agent whose duty it shall be to hire all necessary guides and servants, and to provide such things as may be proper for the exhibition of the cave to visitors he is to keep a good book in which the names of visitors

Lion's Rock in Ceylon, the World's Strongest Fortress