

MUSEUM'S OLD RESTAURANT

Ancient Mexican Temple of Mitla Reproduced.

NOVEL PLACE FOR A DINNER

Great Pains Taken to Make the Likeness Exact—Ruins Now Protected by the Mexican Government.

NEW YORK, March 5.—In the basement of the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-sixth street West, is a very interesting restaurant recently finished called the Mitla restaurant, which would be evidence if any were needed of the extreme care in detail taken by the officials of the establishment.

In appearance the restaurant is a very good representation of an ancient Mexican temple. Stepping from the elevator you look about in a square room whose walls convey the idea of extreme massiveness and are in fact several feet thick. The lintels and sides of the entrance which leads from this foyer to the patio or dining room proper and from the dining room to a third room are oblong slabs, the plac-

ing of which has required extreme nicety of construction. In the original temple of Mitla a step some nine and a half inches from the ground lowered the head line and conveyed to the explorers a definite impression of the lesser height of the ancient Mexicans. For what use this step was intended could not be discovered and in this facsimile of the building it has been omitted, giving the space required by the modern American physique.

The entire coloring of the place is a cool gray, the plaster composition retaining its original tint and for relief are ornamentations of frets of terra cotta placed in a geometrical design which in the original building had undoubtedly some religious significance. Whether the peculiar coloring was selected by a primitive taste or expressed a symbolic meaning is also undetermined. The famous Roman key seems to be duplicated in this fretwork and everywhere one is haunted by peculiarities of resemblance between the architecture of the ancient Mexicans and that of the Egyptians, there being an entire absence of curves or suggestion of circular figures.

The ventilating of the place is done by air currents conveyed around the top and sides and the open air effect of the ancient temple given by an arrangement of bamboo poles over which are trailing vines. In the entrance hall and the annex to the patio two strange windows of stained glass

with antique figures give light, but are apologized for by the constructors of the place as being slightly out of keeping with the era. The figures are emblematic of the Mexico of a later date than the Mitla temple. They were put in because it was absolutely necessary to make some concession to modern needs in the way of light and air.

The furnishings of the place, necessarily conforming to the present-day needs, are free from any startling anachronisms. While chairs are unknown at the epoch represented, the museum chairs made of heavy tropical wood duplicate the angular architecture of the temple stools and the center table, a single enormous slab of wood, is supported by rough pedestals of shorn tree trunks. This table slab is of Sequoia gigantea redwood, made from a single tree and is part of the excess of the Philippine exhibit of woods sent by the museum authorities to the Seattle exposition, the most complete exhibit ever gathered, it is said, for such a purpose. The chairs are also manufactured from this tree. The table slab is about ten inches thick and weighs approximately 200 pounds and the chairs are of corresponding weight.

There is no intention expressed by the head caterer, Robert Moulder, who was at one time connected with the Department of Instruction of the museum to supply curiosity seekers with duplicates of Mexican menus. Their taste for the curious must be satisfied by the eye alone, but the power of environment has weakened this original viewpoint and he finally admits, driven to the nearest Mexican corner, that he has a regular order with maker of tamales to furnish him that carnal whenever required and chill con carne, frioles, mole de chicken may be had if the order is placed long enough ahead to give him time for the necessary preparation.

The mole of chicken as prepared in the kitchen of the establishment is certainly a chef d'oeuvre. It consists of the breast and wings of chicken, practically all white meat, which are boiled in a special pot, jointed and cut and then cooked anew, the final touch being given by a marvelous sauce made of hot chilis. The ingredients are one of the secrets of the place. Simple and severely plain as the Mitla restaurant is to the casual glance, it really represents the work of several months, preceded by that of years, when data were gathered in Mexico, photographs taken and preliminaries perfected by the staff of museum workers under the direction and part of the time under the personal supervision of Prof. Marshall H. Saville of Columbia university and curator of Mexican and Central American archaeology for the museum.

Every one of the several thousand bits of plaster in the mosaic of the restaurant was manufactured in the department of preparation situated in the museum, and one of the helpers says that while the architecture is generally spoken of as "Aztec" in design it is really of a period previous to the Aztec influence, previous even to that of the Monteumans, and that the most interesting data came to them from old manuscripts written by the Jesuits. In these writings the Mitla Temple is spoken of as being in existence when Monteuma reigned. To its great age and the mystery of its inscriptions, the use of the original doorways, including the steps, secret chambers and underground corridors was put in added the fact of its wonderful preservation, utterly unexplainable by any climatic reasons, for ruins of later date have crumbled and worn away.

Mr. Piggins, who had charge of the construction of the Mitla restaurant, comes covered with plaster from the use of a sheath down is being fitted by the life-size plaster cast of a zebra, and leading the way by a section of globe on which are placed some hundred or so tiny sheep



TAMALES AND ENCHILADAS FOR MEXICAN GUESTS.



NATURE STUDENTS.

of varying breeds, showing the effect of migration, etc., continues the description of the work commenced by one of his aids.

"When Prof. Saville made a survey of the Mitla ruins he found one court which contained more than 500,000 pieces of stone that had been cut and ground, of course, without the use of any steel instruments, which were absolutely unknown at that time. These pieces were put together so accurately that they could without breaking or crumbling sustain the weight put upon them. They did not use cement in these days, that being also a later product for architectural use, and altogether the old Mitla Temple, the most important of the Mexican exhibits, having a facade in one place of nearly 300 feet, is the wonder and admiration of every archaeologist and every architect who has seen it or its photographed representation.

"The restaurant, duplicating it in part, has been built absolutely to scale, using the measurements taken by Prof. Saville and the photographs as guides. This has been made easy by the perfection of the ancient architecture, where the relation of one piece to another was accurately maintained throughout. The stones that went over the top of the door to the patio in the original temple were twelve and one-half feet long, two and a half feet thick and four feet wide, while six to seven feet was the height of most of the original doorways, including the steps.

"There was a Hall of Pillars, which we have not yet duplicated, but may in time be continuing the space already allotted for the purpose. Several of the pillars in this hall are fifteen to eighteen feet high and there was a long covered court, entrance to which was obtained only by a circuitous route, which must have been employed for some religious ceremonial, concerning which there is absolutely no

proof. This room he has left in the most perfect condition and it too is preserved by the government from future desecrations. There was also an underground cave discovered and evidences of other subterranean rooms.

"The remains of the Mitla temple are near Oribas, a region particularly fertile in ruins, showing a thickly populated province in former times. Mitla was rarely visited by explorers until a few years ago, but since the completion of the Mexican Southern railroad the ruins are visited by hundreds of tourists from the United States every year.

Prof. Saville says that the journey is a comparatively easy one and best made during the dry season from December to April, the traveler leaving the city of Puebla in the early morning, changing from the cold region to the tropics voyaging the major part of the day through some of the grandest railroad scenery in the world, the final part of the tour being a thirty-mile carriage ride to Mitla, situated in a delightfully temperate zone.

"The Jesuit father who wrote of Mitla was Motolinia, who said that Father Martin de Valencia passed through Mitla some time about the year 1537, and gives a brief account of a temple containing a hall of columns and also asserts as one who knows whereof he speaks that the edifice is more worthy of being seen than any other of 'New Spain.' The very first mention of Mitla, preceding the Jesuit account, places its conquest in the year 'two rabbits'—which is Mexican for 1484.

"The Spaniards occupied it after the conquest," says Mr. Piggins, again unearthing a bit of plaster, this time with a Spanish inscription, "and the now famous palace of the Columns" was then used either for a dwelling or as a public edifice, and a Spanish window built of bricks still exists in the southern part of the front wall of the structure. Several of the doorways have been partly walled up and remains of the brick walls may still be seen. One of the most important of the edifices, which contained mural paintings of the utmost value, has been partly demolished and a church and curate's house now occupy the site. A number of other rooms exist, but

their beautiful stone work is disfigured by whitewash.

"Excavations for the American Museum of Natural History were made in the vicinity of the famous temple within a radius of ten miles from east to west and about three miles from north to south. In the valley in which the Mitla mounds are located are many mounds in which excavations were made, revealing the foundations of buildings now entirely destroyed; buildings partially destroyed, in which the rooms were cleaned out, and tombs, both of which were of stone with the 'mosaic' pattern seen in the rooms of the temple duplicated in the museum restaurant. Two burial places were discovered, but for their complete exploration more time was required than was at the disposal of the expedition. In the tombs and burial places more than thirty skeletons were taken out. The doorways of the burial chambers faced the west, but there was no regularity in the manner of interring the dead.

"Some of the chambers of the Mitla temple ruins were unquestionably designed for tombs of the ancient priests, and they all have the mosaic decoration duplicated by the department of preparation for the Mitla restaurant. No structures of like character are known in any other part of Mexico or Central America. They are by far the most elaborate and important burial chambers yet discovered in the new world, both in size and in beauty of stone work. Unfortunately none has been opened by archaeologists and we know of nothing of what they formerly contained. Their form lends an added interest to these chambers and analogies might easily be drawn to the crosses of the old world.

"The large blocks used in the building of the Mitla temple, Prof. Saville believes, were transported long distances by means of ropes and rollers, the stones were dressed at the quarries and the 'mosaic' designs carved after they were placed in the structure, the designs being traced out before the cutting began. Stone chisels might have been used, and probably this tool was used by the ancient workmen; work which has been duplicated here in a few weeks probably took years to complete originally."



THE SQUARE THING AT THE MITLA RESTAURANT.

THE MAN IN LOWER TEN The Great Mystery Story TO TELL by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART Author of 'The Circular Staircase'

CHAPTER III.—Continued. The disappointment was the greater for my few moments of hope. I sat up in a white fury and put on the clothes that had been left me. Then, still raging, I sat on the edge of the berth and put on the obnoxious tan shoes. The porter, called to his duties, made little excursions back to me, to offer assistance and to chuckle at my discomfiture. He stood by, outwardly decorous, but with little irritating grins of amusement around his mouth, when I finally emerged with the red tie in my hand.

"But the owner of those clothes didn't become them any more than you do," he said, as he piled the ubiquitous white broom.

"When I get the owner of these clothes," I retorted grimly, "he will need a shroud. Where's the conductor?"

The conductor was coming, he assured me; also that there was no bag answering the description of mine in the car. I slammed my way to the dressing room, washed, choked my fifteen and a half neck into a fifteen collar, and was back again in less than five minutes. The car, as well as its occupants, was gradually taking on a daylight appearance. I hobbled in, for one of the shoes was abominably tight, and found myself facing a young woman in blue with an unforgettable face. "Three women already," McKnight says. "That's going some, even if you don't count the Gilmore nurse." She stood, half turned toward me, one hand idly drooping, the other steady in and was looking at the flying landscape as she gazed out.

"I had met her somewhere, under different circumstances, more cheerful ones, I thought, for the girl's dejection now was evident. Beside her, sitting down, a small dark woman, considerably older, was talking in rapid undertone. The girl nodded indifferently now and then, she fanned, although I was not sure that my appearance brought a startled look into the young woman's face. I sat down and, hands thrust deep into the other man's pockets, stared ruefully at the other man's shoes.

The stage was set. In a moment the curtains were being up on the first act of the play. And for a while we would all say a little speeches and sing our little songs, and I, the villain, would hold center stage while the gallery hissed.

aw the bluish pallor that spread over his face and neck. As he retreated a step the interior of lower ten lay open to the day. The man in it was on his back, the early morning sun striking full on his upturned face. But the light did not disturb him. A small stain of red dyed the front of his night clothes and trailed across the sheet; his half-open eyes were fixed, without seeing, on the shining wood above.

I grasped the porter's shaking shoulders and stared down at where the train imparted to the body a grim suggestion of motion. "Good lord," I gasped. "The man's been murdered!"

CHAPTER IV. Afterward, when I tried to recall our discovery of the body in lower ten, I found that my most vivid impression was not that made by the revelation of the opened curtain. I had an instantaneous picture of a slender, blue-gowned girl who seemed to sense my words rather than hear them, of two small hands that clutched desperately at the seat beside me. The girl in the aisle stood, bent toward us, perplexity and alarm fighting in her face.

With twitching hands the porter attempted to draw the curtains together. Then in a paralysis of shock, he collapsed on the edge of my berth and sat there swaying. In my excitement I shook him. "For heaven's sake, keep your nerve, man," I said brusquely. "You'll have every woman in the car in hysterics. And if you do, you'll wish you could change places with the man in there." He rolled his eyes.

"At that moment a thin man with prominent nose and a spare, grayish, goatee creaked up the aisle and paused beside me. "Porter sick?" he inquired, taking in with a professional eye the porter's horror-struck face, my own excitement and the

slightly gaping curtains of lower ten. He reached for the darky's pulse and pulled out an old-fashioned gold watch.

"Hm! Only fifty! What's the matter? Had a shock?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes," I answered for the porter. "We've both had one. If you are a doctor, I wish you would look at the man in the berth across, lower ten. I'm afraid it's too late, but I'm not experienced in such matters."

Together we opened the curtains, and the doctor, bending down, gave a comprehensive glance that took in the rolling head, the relaxed jaw, the ugly stain on the sheet. The examination needed only a moment. Death was written in the clear white of the nostrils, the convulsed lips, the smoothing away of the sinister lines of the face before. With its new dignity the light was not unhandsome; the gray hair was still plentiful, the features strong and well cut.

The doctor straightened himself and turned to me. "Dead for some time," he said, running a professional finger over the station. "These are dry and unmoistened, you see, and rigor mortis is well established. A friend of yours?"

"I don't know him at all," I replied. "Never saw him but once before."

"Then you don't know if he is traveling alone?"

"No, he was not—that is, I don't know anything about him," I corrected myself. "I was my first blunder; the doctor glanced up at me quickly and then turned his attention again to the body. Like a flash there had come to me the vision of the woman with the bronze hair and the tregle face, whom I had surprised in the vestibule between the cars, somewhere in the small hours of the morning. I had acted on my first impulse—the masculine one of shielding a woman.

The doctor had fastened the end of the striped pajamas and exposed the dead man's chest. On the left side was a small punctured wound of insignificant size.

"Very neatly done," the doctor said with appreciation. "Couldn't have done it better myself. Right through the intercostal space; no time even to grudge."

until he gets sick, or an emergency like this arises, and then turns meekly to the man who knows the ins and outs of his mortal tenement, takes his pills or his patronage, ties to him like a rudderless ship in a gale.

"Suicide, is it, doctor?" I asked. He stood erect, after drawing the bed clothing over the face, and, taking off his glasses, he wiped them slowly.

"No, it is not suicide," he announced decisively. "It is murder."

Of course, I had expected that, but the word itself brought a shiver. I was just a bit dizzy. Curious faces through the car were turned toward us and I could hear the porter behind me breathing audibly. A stout woman in negligee came down the aisle and querulously confronted the porter. She wore a pink dressing jacket and carried portions of her clothing.

"Porter," she began, in the voice of the lady who had "dangled," "is there a rule of this railroad that will allow a woman to occupy the dressing room for one hour and curl her hair with an alcohol lamp while respectable people haven't a place where they can hook their—"

She stopped suddenly and stared into lower ten. Her shining pink cheeks grew paler, her jaw fell. I remember trying to think of something to say, and of saying nothing at all. Then—she had buried her eyes on the nondescript garments that hung from her arm and tottered back to the way she had come. Slowly a little knot of men gathered around us, silent for the

most part. The doctor was making a search of the berth when the conductor allowed his way through, followed by the inquisitive man, who had evidently summoned him. I had lost sight, for a time, of the girl in the berth.

"Do it yourself," the conductor queried, after a businesslike glance at the body. "No, he didn't," the doctor asserted. "There's no weapon here, and the window is closed. He couldn't have thrown it out, and he didn't swallow it. What on earth are you looking for, man?"

Some one was on the floor at our feet, face down, peering under the berth. Now he got up without apology, revealing the man who had summoned the doctor. He was dusky, alert, cheerful, and he dragged up with him the dead man's suit case. The sight of it brought back to me at once my own predicament.

"I don't know whether there's any connection or not, conductor," I said, "but I am a victim, too, in less degree; I've been robbed of everything I possess, except a red and yellow bath robe. I happened to be wearing the bath robe, which was probably the reason the thief overlooked it."

"There was a fresh murmur in the crowd. Somebody laughed nervously. The conductor was irritated.

"I can't bother with that now," he answered. "The railroad company is responsible for transportation, not for clothes, jewelry and morals. If people want to be stabbed and robbed in the company's cars, it's their affair. Why didn't you sleep in your clothes? I do."



I took an angry step forward. Then somebody touched my arm, and I unclenched my fist. I could understand the conductor's position, and beside, in the law, I had been guilty myself of contributory negligence.

"I'm not trying to make you responsible," I protested, as zealously as I could, "and I believe the clothes the thief left are as good as my own. They are certainly newer. But my valises contained valuable papers, and it is to your interest as well as mine to find the man who stole it."

"Why, of course," the doctor said shrilly. "Find the man who slipped out with this gentleman's clothes, and you've probably got the murderer."

"I went to bed in lower nine," I said, my mind full again of my lost papers. "I walked in number seven. I was up to be tight propped around, as I was unable to sleep, and I must have gone back to the wrong berth. Anyhow, until the porter awakened me this morning I knew nothing of my mistake. In the interval the thief—murderer, too, perhaps—must have come back, discovered my terror, and taken advantage of it to further his escape."

The inquisitive man looked at me from between narrowed eyelids, farret-like. "Did any one on the train suspect you of having valuable papers?" he inquired. The crowd was listening intently.

"No one," I answered promptly and positively.

The doctor was investigating the murdered man's effects. The pockets of his trousers contained the usual miscellany of keys and small change, while in his hip pocket was found a small pearl-handled revolver of the type women usually keep around. A gold watch with a Masonic chain had slid down between the mattress and the window, while a showy diamond stud was still fastened in the bosom of his shirt. Taken as a whole, the personal belongings were those of a man of some means, but without any particular degree of breeding. The doctor heaped terms of derision on the opposite seat.

"Either robbery was not the motive," he reflected, "or the thief overlooked these things in his hurry."

The latter hypothesis seemed the more tenable, when, after a thorough search, we found no pocketbook and less than a dollar in small change.

The suit case gave no clue. It contained one empty leather covered flask and a pint bottle, also empty, a change of linen and some collars with the laundry mark, S. H. In the leather bag on the handle was a card with the name Simon Harrington, Pittsburg.

The conductor sat down on my unmade berth, across, and made an entry of the name and address. Then, on an old envelope, he wrote a few words and gave it to the porter, who disappeared.

"I guess that's all I can do," he said. "I've had enough trouble this trip to last for a year. They don't need a conductor on these trains any more; what they ought to have is a sheriff and a posse."

The porter from the next car came in and whispered to him. The conductor rose unhappily.

"Next car's caught the disease," he grumbled. "Doctor, a woman back there has got mumps or bubonic plague, or something. Will you come back?"

"Lady about the middle of the car," he said. "In back, sir, with queer looking hair—sort of copper color, I think, sir."

CHAPTER V. THE WOMAN IN THE NEXT CAR.

With the departure of the conductor and the doctor, the group around lower ten broke up, to reform in smaller knots

through the car. The porter remained on guard. With something of relief I sank into a seat. I wanted to think, to try to remember the details of the previous night. But my inquisitive acquaintance had other intentions. He came up and sat down beside me. Like the conductor, he had taken notes of the dead man's belongings, his name, address, clothing and all general circumstances of the crime. Now with his little note book open before him, he prepared to enjoy the minor sensation of the robbery.

"And now for the second victim," he began cheerfully. "What is your name and address, please?"

"I eyed him with suspicion. 'I have lost everything but my name and address,' he remarked. 'What do you want them for? Publication?'"

"Oh, no; dear no," he said, shocked at my misapprehension. "Merely for my own enlightenment. I like to gather data of this kind and draw my own conclusions. Most interesting and engrossing. Once or twice I have foisted the results of my inquiries upon—but entirely for my own amusement."

I nodded tolerantly. Most of us have hobbies; I knew a man once who carried his handkerchief up his sleeve and had a manila folder of colored prints cut out of Godey's Lady Book.

"I use that inductive method originated by Poe and followed since with such success by Conan Doyle. Have you ever read Gaboriau? Ah, you have missed a treat, indeed. And now, to get down to business, what is the name of our escaped thief and probable murderer?"

"How can I know?" I demanded impatiently. "He didn't write it in blood anywhere, did he?"

"The little man looked hurt and disappointed. "Do you mean to say," he asked, "that the pockets of those clothes are entirely empty?"

The pockets! In the excitement I had forgotten entirely the seal-like grip which the porter now sat at my feet, and I had not investigated the pockets at all. With the inquisitive man's pencil taking note of everything that I found, I emptied them on the opposite seat.

Upper left hand waistcoat, two lead pencils and a fountain pen; lower right waistcoat, match box and a small stamp book; right hand pocket, pair of gray suede gloves, new, size seven and a half; left hand pocket, gentleman's cigarette case studded with pearls, half box of Egyptian cigarettes. The trousers' pockets contained a gold penknife, a small amount of money in bills and change, and a handkerchief with the initial "S" on it.

Further search through the coat discovered a card case with cards bearing the name Henry Pincney Sullivan, and a leather flask with gold mountings, filled with what seemed to be very fair whiskey, and monogrammed H. P. S.

"His name is evidently Henry Pincney Sullivan," said the cheerful follower of Poe, as he wrote it down. "Address as yet unknown. Blond, probably. Have you noticed that it is almost always the blond men who affect a very light gray, with a touch of red in the beard? Pardon, I assure you, I kept a record once of the summer attire of men, and 90 per cent followed my rule. Dark men like you affect navy blue, or brown."

In spite of myself I was amused at the man's shrewdness. "Yes; the suit he took was dark—a man's shrewdness."

"I said, 'He rubbed his hands and smiled at me delightedly.'"

"Then you wore black shoes, not tan," he said, with a glance at the aggressive yellow ones I wore.

"(To Be Continued.)"