

HERE IS RELIC OF AMERICA IN ANCIENT DAYS

Indians of New Mexico Molded Civilization Before Christ.

MOST PICTURESQUE CITY

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

RITO DE LOS FRIOJES, N. M., Aug. 30.—Long before Columbus crossed the Atlantic, and probably before Christ was born, there was a city in this barren canyon.

It was a city well worthy of the name, with many stone houses, churches and forts, arts and industries, and farm lands to feed its population, of whom there were perhaps two thousand.

The age of this city is a matter for speculation.

It is known only that it was a ruin when the Spaniards came in the sixteenth century.

There are many other things about it that puzzle archaeologists.

But its size and how it looked are apparent to every beholder.

For half of it was built of masonry, some of which still stands, and the other half was excavated in the face of the tuft cliffs.

These tufts made by digging are almost unchanged. The soot of ancient fires is still black on their roofs, and on their floors lie the stone mortars and pestles with which grain was ground, the stone tools with which the rooms were made, bits of pottery, arrow heads and many other remnants of the life that was.

For a long time writers romanced about the men who made these cliff dwellings.

Because the doors were low, so that a man could enter only on hands and knees, it was assumed that they were a pigmy race.

But Bandelier, Loomis and other able investigators discredited this charming fairy tale.

They showed that in all essentials, as shown by its remains, this civilization of the cliff dwellers was like the civilization of the Pueblo Indians of today.

The most striking fact is the antecedence of the modern Pueblos lived in this one city in an age when they were a more thriving race than they have been in historical times, and when they needed such refuge in order to escape the Apaches and other nomad Indians.

STRIKING CITY SITE.

Never was a city built in a more picturesque and inaccessible location.

Here the Rio Grande plays a way a thousand feet deep through a barren land of lava, iron hard and iron hot, frugally timbered with gnarled and hardy pinon and juniper.

Down to the river come other streams—little clear streams from the pointed peaks to the north—through gorges as deep and sheer as that of the Rio Grande itself.

But these tributary canyons are not cut through lava.

They are for the most part are of tufts, a volcanic deposit as soft and workable as chalk and yet solid as marble.

The Rito is one of these branch canyons.

It is perhaps 700 feet deep, and its walls are so abrupt that its floor can be reached only by a few steep and difficult trails.

From a picture it then as a vast crack in the face of the earth with walls steep and sheer, sculptured into all sorts of forms by wind and rain, and tinted in every shade of brown, from the palest buff to the richest of old mellow gold.

The walls are barren and sterile, but at the bottom of the canyon there are temple-like groves of pine and thick shade of willow and box elder along the stream, and open, level land where corn will grow.

And the level mesas above are well timbered with pine and juniper and enough rich grass.

Wild turkey and blacktail deer are still abundant there, as they must have been in the days of the cliff dwellers.

There are bear in the canyons, and mountain lions and coyotes are abundant.

PLACE'S CHARM

It is hard to imagine the charm which such a spot would have for a tribe of primitive men, sedentary by habit, who longed for a place where they would be secure from plundering hands of nomad Indians.

They could raise corn in the canyons and on the mesas, game was abundant, the winters were mild, and the tuft cliffs made the building of homes an easy matter.

No doubt in the cliff walls were made first with rude stone picks. The doors were made small so that a single found boulder would close one against a marauder.

Windows and chimney holes were dug, and shelves and cubbies for the storing of food were made.

Then, as the tribe grew strong and numerous, they made larger holes in the cliffs and built two and three-story stone houses out in front of it.

They built a great circular communal house on the floor of the canyon.

All of its walls may still be traced, and some of them are yet several feet high.

And finally the shamans of the tribe climbed to a great cave in the cliff, nearly 200 feet above the stream, and there they built one of their circular places of worship, called a khiva, half way between the silver water and the blue sky that looked over the rim-rock.

Never was a pagan temple more fitly set.

It is the beauty of this place that the country is just as it has always been, and that so much of the ancient city remains.

You have only to see its walls standing, to populate it with brown men and women, like the Pueblos of today, save that they were probably more nearly naked, to hear the thunder of the drum from the ceremonial cave, the deep chanting of the men as they come home from the fields, the voices of laughing women trooping in long lines from the streets with tinajas full of water on their heads, and you have a picture of the city that was.

It was a civilization in the making.

These people were potters of great ability, making a glazed pottery, of which you may find abundant pits, and which the modern Indians can not equal; they were inventors of cotton, probably gotten in India; they have pictures on the rocks and painted them on the roofs of caves; they had an organized government and a religion with permanent temples.

Who can doubt that they would have evolved a true civilization had not an older and stronger one come along and kick out their pretty playthings all to pieces?

Tourists are numerous.

The cliff dwellings are populous again these summer days with the many tourists who come from Santa Fe to see them and with archaeologists, who explore the excavations and even insist on rebuilding some of the fallen walls to show how they used to be.

One can not help feeling this invasion is something of a desecration.

A strangely incongruous creature here is the little wandering young woman who carries her little little camera at everything and who is entirely, like everything else, "perfectly lovely."

Waiting, too, is the strayed stock

PAYS FOR HIS SUIT, BUT HE'S 58 YEARS LATE

When the national encampment of the G. A. R. opens in Indianapolis Sept. 19, W. C. Davis of Lancaster, Ky., father of W. C. Davis, Jr., of 1205 College avenue, will be here to look for a man whom he knows is honest beyond all doubt.

The reason he knows this man is honest is this: In 1862 the elder Mr. Davis was a tailor in Stanford, Ky.

J. C. Dorchester, a resident of Stanford, and telegraph operator, came in.

His measure was taken and the suit delivered.

Upon delivery of the suit Mr. Dorchester asked that payment of the same be deferred until the next pay day, as he was short of funds.

Mr. Davis agreed, but before pay day came a detachment of Gen. Bragg's army came into Stanford and Dorchester, a young man, in order to avoid capture or service with the confederate army, left town in the dark of night.

He was a city well worthy of the name, with many stone houses, churches and forts, arts and industries, and farm lands to feed its population, of whom there were perhaps two thousand.

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Principals in Murder

"I had forgotten all about it for years until it came suddenly into my mind recently and I have been writing to different people in Stanford to learn the name and location of the firm which did the tailoring there."

"J. C. DORCHESTER."

"P. S.—I am a poor man but try to be fair."

Mr. Dorchester naturally presumed that the tailor from whom he purchased the suit was dead, as fifty-eight years had elapsed since it was purchased.

Mr. Davis in a letter to his son in Indianapolis states that he remembers distinctly the name of the tailor from which the suit was made.

He replied to the letter, and about ten days ago received a check for the amount of the suit.

The elder Mr. Davis is still a tailor in Indianapolis and will come to Indiana to meet Mr. Davis.

He anticipates meeting Mr. Davis if the latter is able to attend the camp meeting.

"Will you please let me know if you know anything of the matter, or for what amount the bill was?"

HAYS SAYS COX'S CHARGES FALSE AND LIBELOUS

(Continued From Page One.)

man who climbs perspiring to the ceremonial cave and flings to the echoing walls his oft-repeated challenge. "Say, ain't this grand?"

All of the buildings, which is an national monument and is supposed to be against the law to carry anything away, but all of the visitors carry as much as they can in the way of broken pottery and chipped obsidian.

Join Boyd, the proprietor of El Rito ranch, and the host of all who come here is doing his best to preserve the typical appearance of the place.

Mr. Cox's charges are false and libelous, and always are, made any higher than the amount either necessary or anticipated.

"The fact is the quotes meant little."

"Furthermore, whatever may have been said as quotes by over-zealous solicitors in their enthusiasm in different localities, the fact remains that a certain amount was believed necessary and the budget above referred to was indicated thereto."

"Otherwise, the record will be filled with rumors and vague charges which might be unjust to candidates and parties."

"I think the witnesses should all be brought here and their sworn testimony taken."

Then Senator Kenyon introduced various newspaper clippings with extracts from Gov. Cox's West Virginia speeches of Aug. 15.

Hays was called immediately following the reading of the extracts of the Ohio governor's West Virginia speeches.

"I am sure that you will be able to testify to the accuracy of the records."

"How long have you been chairman of the republican national committee?" Senator Kenyon asked.

"Since Feb. 19, 1918."

"Have you had general charge of the republican campaign since that time?" Senator Kenyon continued.

"I have not, but I have been a material witness to the national committee part of the campaign," Hays replied.

WHITE AND MARSH AT INVESTIGATION.

George White, chairman of the democratic national committee, and Wilbur Marsh, its treasurer, arrived today to attend the investigation which Senator Kenyon, chairman of the republican committee, had just completed.

"The literary tour of Gov. Cox in general

has been suggested by the democratic national committee and Wilbur Marsh, its treasurer, its treasurer, arrived today to attend the investigation which Senator Kenyon