

# The ENCHANTED MESA



WALPI—ONE OF THE ROCK-PENCHED TOWNS OF ARIZONA.

It was in the sixteenth century that the Spaniards first invaded what is now the states of Arizona and New Mexico. Fabulous tales of the wealth and treasure of great cities in the unknown North found eager listeners among the adventurous Spaniards in the central valley of Mexico. Report followed report, each more lurid than the last, until the victory of New Spain inflamed by the tales of Pizarro's brilliant conquest of Peru, organized a great expedition and sent it out to discover and bring back the treasure they so fondly hoped to find there. The great Coronado was chosen commander-in-chief, and on Easter morning of the year 1540 began the most remarkable journey of discovery in America. For months they traveled over the deserts, mountains, and plains, meeting with all the vicissitudes and dangers of an unknown country, until at last they reached the "land of standing rocks," the home of the cliff-dwelling Indians in the present states of Arizona and New Mexico.

Here they found not only wild and warlike Indians but a gentler race of aborigines much further advanced in culture than any other Indians they had met since leaving central Mexico. They were an agricultural people, dwelling in many-storied stone or mud houses, and their descendants to this day live, in many instances, on the same sites and in a few cases in the identical buildings that their ancestors occupied when the Spaniards first saw them over three and a half centuries ago.

The old buildings, called pueblos by the Spaniards, are the oldest continuously-inhabited structures on the American continent, and their inhabitants are more nearly in their original condition than any other American Indians today.

As an example of the canyons one may be mentioned, known to the Indians as *Isere*, the walls of which rise above from the sands of its riverbed over 1,000 feet, and where erosion has sculptured the most stupendous natural monuments in stratified sandstone in the world. Alternating with the canyons are mesas, flat-topped mountains, many of which are crowned with living Indian towns, such as the pueblos of the Hopi Indians in Arizona and the superbly situated Acocoma in New Mexico, while others reveal the broken-down walls of ancient cities of the Stone Age people.

Among the living Indian tribes that call this wondrous land home are the Hopi and Navajo, the most interesting of all the remaining Indian tribes in the United States. The Hopi people are town-builders and live on the top of the cliffs in the midst of a great desert, sustaining themselves by agriculture and small bands of sheep. Eight little rock-built villages are the homes of this tribe; they number 2,000 souls, and they have probably lived in their fortress-like cities for 1,000 years. They have no chiefs in the strict sense of the word but are governed by men who have shown by their lives and characters that they are good leaders. They are a splendid and fearless people who represent today but a remnant of the once-powerful Indian nation, a phase of humanity rapidly passing away before the aggressive march of Western civilization.

The Hopi Indians are experts in the art of basketry and pottery, as well as in the weaving of cotton. Their religious life is marked by elaborate ceremonials, of which the best known is the snake dance. They look upon rattlesnakes as messengers to the gods, and in the snake dance formally charge them with requests and prayers. The ceremony begins in an underground chamber, known as an *estufa*, and ends when the dancers



MEASURING THE TOWERING WALLS OF THE RUINED CITY.

emerge carrying the serpents in their mouths.

The Navajos are a progressive tribe of Indians of Athapascan linguistic stock. The name of Spanish derivation, is said to signify "the people with large fields." In features the Navajos resemble the Pueblos rather than the Northern tribes with which they are affiliated in language. They are hardy, proud and independent, but shun no form of industry which offers remuneration, and show much agricultural skill. They thrive without subsidy from the government, which provides them school houses. The general culture of the Navajos is similar to that of the Pueblos, but there are some striking differences, particularly as to dwellings. Instead of the peculiar storied structure of the Pueblo, the Navajo house, or "hogan," is a conical construction of poles stood on end and covered with earth, with a low, projecting entrance porch at one side and a smoke hole at the apex.

The Navajos are highly religious, with many divinities, and a vast lore of myths, legends, songs and prayers. They have also hundreds of musical compositions and a series of complex ceremonial dances known only to the medicine men. Socially the Navajos are characterized by a well-developed clan system, with descent in the female line. Many of their women are possessors in their own right of large agricultural and personal wealth. In government they are controlled by the older influential men who meet in informal council for the transaction of tribal business.

The tribe is best known for its blankets, ponchos, rugs, belts, garters and saddle girths, which are woven by hand from the wool of their flocks, and which no power loom has been able to imitate. They have also acquired from the Spaniards the art of working silver and turn out many creditable ornaments.

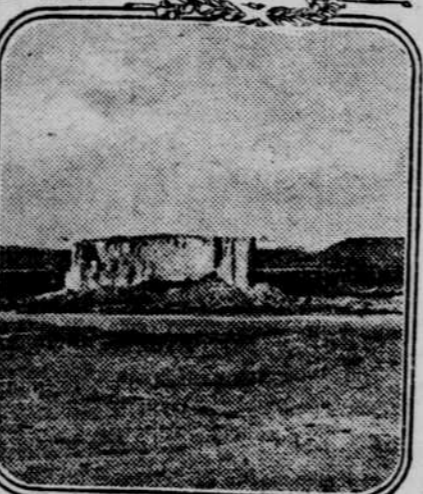
The Navajos first appear in history under the present name in 1629, and Christian missionaries worked among them in the middle of the eighteenth century. They were decidedly warlike at the time, fighting constantly with the Pueblos on the one hand and with the white settlers of New Mexico on the other. In 1849 a United States expedition entered their country and forced a treaty of peace. This treaty having been frequently broken, Col. Kit Carson was sent against them in 1862 and took the greater part of

story in the Star the other day told of the trial, in which the plaintiff protested against his neighbor's maintaining an alleged nuisance near the former's home.

Expert testimony was called in the case to prove that the fly is a menace to health as well as a destroyer of comfort. Several specialists said that flies breed readily in piled up manure and generally remain within a few yards of their breeding place. How flies are an especial menace to small children in summer by carrying the



ROUGHED MOUNTAIN TRAIL, LEADING TO WALPI.



THE ENCHANTED MESA.

the tribe captive to Fort Sumner, where they were kept until 1867 when they were allowed to return to their original country. In 1868 a treaty was made with them whereby, in return for the cession of their land to the government, they were established on their present reservation. The Navajos are remarkable in being the only Indian tribe which has increased in numbers. In 1869 there were less than 9,000. According to the United States census for 1910 there were 22,455 members comprised in nearly fifty clans.

## MAY CROSS THE ATLANTIC

Dutch Aviator Seems to Have the Right Idea in Project He Has in Mind.

Between Brazil and Guinea the Atlantic ocean is only about 1,800 miles wide. From Newfoundland to Ireland, the narrowest breadth north of the equator, is nearly twice as far. From New York to the nearest point of France is nearly three times as far. Hitherto most schemes of aerial flight across the Atlantic have contemplated some northern route. That suggested by the authorities of the San Francisco exposition is by way of Labrador, Greenland and Iceland. It has remained for the Dutch aviator, Van der Born, to make the first preparation to cross the ocean from continent to continent without stop, and he proposes to take the southern route, where the Atlantic is narrowest.

Van der Born is now supervising the construction of a new type of hydro-aeroplane. When it is complete he will go to the port of Konakry, in French Guinea, whence he promises to fly to Pernambuco, Brazil.

The scheme is more plausible than any of the other discussed trans-oceanic flights. It is natural and sensible that the first crossing should be attempted at the narrowest place, even though the flight must be longer than any one of the stages of the Greenland route. There is, of course, the danger of tropical air currents, but these are not much more to be feared than the storms of sub-Arctic regions which are suggested for the northern route.

No one who has observed the progress of aviation doubts that before long the Atlantic will be crossed by some venturesome flyer. There is no reason to maintain an attitude of scepticism toward the aviators of our own day, who have done so much in so brief a time, and who may do as much more within the next few years.

germs of infantile enteritis and endanger the health of all by spreading typhoid germs was related.

The judge spoke of the annoyance caused the plaintiff by having to put up screens to keep out the flies. In England flies are not so generally troublesome as here, and when they do exist in swarms the nuisance is all the more noticeable.

A count of the annual rings of a California redwood tree indicated that it began its career in 550 A. D.

## BACK TO MERIVALE

By FRANK FILSON.

I suppose it is human nature to be interested in the misfortunes of our fellow-beings, and that excuses the interest that everybody in Merivale took in Jenny Walsh. It was not animated by any spirit of unkindness—but we all wanted to see how Jenny would take it.

Frank Stockleigh and his bride were coming back to Merivale. Jenny had been pretty once. That was ten years before. She wasn't much to look at now, though some thought that she had charm. But charm doesn't last much beyond thirty-five. At least, I'll qualify that by relating what our mayor, Doc Williams, said. After thirty-five, he said, a woman must have matronly charm, because the girlish charm has grown stale. That bore out his reputation as the village wiseacre. And Jenny was still slim and girlish, but she was growing into a middle-aged woman.

Yet it didn't seem so long since Frank had been madly in love with her. She was a light-hearted girl in those days. She had known Frank since they were children—but she rejected him. Nobody exactly knew why, some thought she was in love with n'er-do-well Jim Furber. Anyway, Frank Stockleigh went West, and now he was returning, the owner of the Montana copper mine and a millionaire several times over. He had bought Squire Gray's house, and announced that he and his wife were coming back to make Merivale their home.

He and his wife! He had married a Montana girl, and that was one of the things we wanted to know how Jenny would take. It does need courage for a maiden lady of thirty-



Stood Up and Tried to Speak.

five, in not very flourishing circumstances, to look her rejected lover in the face when he comes home with a wife and several millions of dollars as well.

Especially when people thought she had been in love with Jim Furber, who was serving a ten years' sentence in the penitentiary for stealing fifty thousand dollars from the bank that had employed him. Nobody knew for certain that Jenny had cared for Jim—but anyway, there he was, shut up behind prison walls for a goodish part of his working life.

Would Jenny go to the train? We were frankly curious. We wanted to be there when Jenny met Frank. There was to be a town welcome, and a spread for the homecomer and his wife in Doc Williams' house.

Yes, Jenny was going to the station. The whole of Merivale's inhabitants had gone trooping down, and all the offices were closed. You see, it isn't often a millionaire comes to Merivale to settle down. And we had never had a millionaire before who went out of the village a penniless youth.

Jenny and Frank—that was the absorbing problem. When we heard she was going, nothing could have restrained us.

It seemed endless, that waiting, but at last the train steamed in. Frank and his wife were in the front carriage. He jumped down like a boy, and swung a pretty, buxom lady to her feet, and stood staring at the crowd. Then he gave a whoop and stretched out his hand to the mayor.

"My, but I'm glad to see you!" he yelled. "Don't tell me you're not Pete Williams—red-headed Pete who used to go fishing with me? Address of welcome? What, Mayor Pete? Mayor? And Doctor Williams! Catch me, somebody!"

Then he presented Doc to his wife, and soon we were all thronging round the couple and giving them the best welcome in Merivale. And Jenny? Jenny was blushing like a schoolgirl. And, before anybody knew what was happening, Jenny had kissed Frank, and Frank had kissed her; and Jenny had kissed Mrs. Frank, and Mrs. Frank had kissed her too.

We were all so excited about this that nobody noticed the thin, tired-looking man with the closely cropped hair who had got out of the same coach, and now stood behind Frank Stockleigh, his eyes roaming restlessly about until they lit on Jenny's. But suddenly Jenny sprang forward, and in a moment the thin man had her in his arms, and she was crying upon his shoulder, and then they began kissing each other right in front of the crowd.

There was a sort of universal gasp of stupefaction. Frank Stockleigh cleared his throat—and then he wasn't looking at the crowd any more, but only at Jenny Walsh and the thin man, who was still hugging her.

He spun round, and Jenny too, and she was looking at us with a kind of gentle defiance in her eyes; and they were holding each other's hands.

"Why, I thought you were—I thought you were—" stammered Doc Williams, and that was as far as he could get. He couldn't exactly tell him he thought he was in prison; and yet the surprise of Jim's reappearance, and his appearance in Frank's company, made the mayor forget himself.

"Yes, I was," answered Jim, looking at him with the blinking gaze of a man who hasn't been in the free air as much as he should have been. "I was in the penitentiary eight years. But—"

And he broke off in a sort of choking sob, and Jenny linked her arm through his. And then, for once Mayor Williams did the right thing.

"Jim, you and Mr. and Mrs. Stockleigh are going to be my guests at dinner," he said. "So come along all of you—straight up to the house. And you, of course, Miss Jenny," he continued.

But it was not until the dinner was over that the mystery was explained, and it was Frank Stockleigh who cleared it up.

"Friends," he began, and there was something in his tone which checked the air of jollity. "I am bringing back to you not only my wife"—here he bowed toward her—"but also your fellow-citizen, Mr. Furber. You probably know the sad circumstances connected with his disappearance. Let me say that after eight years' imprisonment his innocence has been proved by the confession of a dying man. By his own desire, Mr. Furber has preferred to remain under a stigma rather than drag the name of the dead man's relatives into publicity. You cannot give him back those eight years, but you can take him into your hearts—"

In a moment every man there, and every woman, too, was crowding around Jim, shaking his hand, and I think in that moment the memory of those eight years fell from his mind and he became a normal man again.

He stood up and tried to speak. After several attempts he found his voice.

"Thanks to Frank Stockleigh," he said. "It was he, gentlemen, who discovered what had happened to me and traveled East and spent thousands of dollars proving my innocence. And I ask you to drink to—drink to Frank and his bride and—and my wife, whom you know as Miss Walsh. You see," he added, choking more and more, "we were—married—when I—I—was in—prison—eight years ago."

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## Industrial Casualties.

From a chart which was exhibited by a leading insurance company of America at an international exposition of safety and sanitation, it would follow that there are 25,000 fatal industrial accidents a year in the United States, and about 300,000 injuries. This inspires a writer on the new industrialism to say: "The mere possibility of being able to state in statistics the approximate number of our industrial casualties is a step in advance, for as late as 1909 it was impossible to estimate with any accuracy at all what was the toll we paid in crushed limbs and snuffed out lives. Now, at least, we know how vast is the problem to be solved, how much needless suffering we inflict and how much we lose in dollars and cents because we have hitherto failed to realize the necessity of guarding men as well as machines."

## Vegetarian Dogs.

There is a Brussels terrier who loves asparagus, dislikes strawberries, and is always very angry if he does not have two or three spoonfuls of black coffee after lunch. He is fond of endives, French beans, and carrots.

Another puppy is exceedingly fond of bananas, but the record-breaker is a bulldog, whose diet includes apples, oranges, bananas, grapes and tomatoes.

## Rhythm of Work.

Rhythmic noises or motions in particular have decided effects on the efficiency of the worker. Unconsciously he will speed up or slow down so that his own motions will in some way synchronize with the rhythmic pulsating. If you do not believe it, try stropping your razor some morning and chew gum at the same time. If you concentrate on your wrist movement you will find after a moment or two that your jaw will work in synchronism. And if through the function of the will you make the two motions independently of each other, within a greater or less time something will slip and you will either slash your stop or do something in your mouth that will draw blood.—The Engineering Magazine.

## Quail Are the Farmer's Aid.

The chinch bug costs the farmers of the United States at least \$100,000,000 a year. Various means for fighting these bugs have been devised, but their most successful enemies are the birds of the air. If the chinch bug is to be practically eradicated we must depend upon the efforts of the quail, as his home is in the brooding grounds of the chinch bug. Nowadays things that are done have a certain degree of the idea of permanency about them, hence the first steps in the permanent destruction of the chinch bug is a more complete protection of the quail that assists also in lowering the losses caused by the cotton weevil, the grasshopper, and the potato bug.—Farm and Fireside.

## Proof.

"But how do you know," asked her friend, "that he cares more for you than he did for his first wife?"

"He gives me nearly twice as big an allowance as he gave her."

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**Woman of Mystery Dead.**  
The famous "white lady," who never missed a day of the Dreyfus trials, has just died at Hyeres, France, aged sixty. About a month ago she arrived at Bormes and complained to the mayor that people were endeavoring to abduct her with the view of ultimately securing her property. As there was no evidence of any such plot the mayor merely advised her to make a will, and sent a notary to her lodging, but when he reached it he found that the lady had departed with Doctor Pettit for Hyeres. She took the Villa Mathilde, where she has just died. Her real name was Mme. Jouffroy d'Abbas. The procurer of Toulon immediately had seals affixed, and ordered a careful inventory of the objects in her traveling bag, which she always carried and which is supposed to contain about \$50,000 in money and at least \$150,000 in jewels. This, however, remains to be proved.

**Amateur Workmanship.**  
"He's a self-made man."  
"I know. He surely made a mistake in not consulting an expert."

Once in a while a woman looks as good to others as she does to herself.

**Granted.**  
A sweet-faced old lady walked up Fifth avenue hanging on to the arm of her husband, who was a little bit hard of hearing. A girl brushed past them rudely, bumping into the old lady.  
"She didn't even say 'Excuse me,'" she said indignantly to her husband.  
"What, my dear?" he inquired mildly.  
The old lady repeated her statement in a louder tone. Still the old gentleman did not understand.  
"Excuse me," she shrieked above the rush and roar of the automobiles.  
"Certainly, my dear," he answered graciously. "But what did you do?"

**Tending That Way.**  
"Where will these low waists and tight skirts end?"  
"I give it up. I'm afraid we'll see mermaids on the street before long, my boy."—Kansas City Journal.

**Such a Difference.**  
"You say Funniman, the comedian, is very entertaining on and off?"  
"No. I said off and on."

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## FLIES DECLARED A NUISANCE

English Judge, Ruling Officially, Ordered the Cleaning Up of a Breeding Place.

Death sentence was passed on the fly by an English judge in a recent case at Upper Halliford, Sunbury. The sentence came in the form of an injunction against the keeping of a stack of manure, which was a breeding place for the pest, and assessing the cost against the defendant. A

## Wise Decision.

The decision of the supreme court of the commonwealth that a wife living apart from her husband is not entitled to benefit under the terms of the workmen's compensation act may seem a hardship to those affected by it, but it is wise and entirely for the best interests of society. The effect of this dictum must surely be to encourage the maintaining of the home—that is to say, the place where man and wife dwell together whether it be a house or an apartment or

## The Suitable Ones.

"Why don't they take horses for travel in the Arctic regions?"  
"They can't."  
"Why not? I should think old eskates would be the very thing."

## Listen Part of the Time.

Some girls really seem so fond of hearing themselves talk that they are never willing to give anybody else a chance. If a friend is saying something, as likely as not they start before he has half finished, and tell their story while he is telling his. This, of course, is a great piece of ill-manners, and those folks who are all the time committing it are not likely to be favorites. One of the things which help to make people popular is to be a good listener.