

MENACE OF DRUGS.

The number of people in this country who are becoming addicted to the different phases of what is known as the drug habit is so numerous as to excite alarm.

As our manners improve, have our children as good manners as our fathers or grandfathers had? We do not mean by good manners what the newer term social etiquette implies.

They pay the waiter for the privilege of being served at all, after paying the head waiter to get a table if the restaurant is full.

If, as reported, the sultan of Turkey sent a bag of millet seed to the king of Bulgaria to show his numerical strength, and the king of Bulgaria sent back a bag of pepper seeds to show the style of opposition, the incident typifies the struggle between quantity and quality which has had but one result since the world began.

The little Irish cow has proved a prize winner at the National Dairy Show in Chicago. Lord Decies exhibited a herd of ten, which was awarded several first prizes, and three seconds.

An English woman left \$500 in her will to another woman for smiling pleasantly at her as they left church. Such a bequest does more for the sunshine habit than any amount of mere talk.

The society leader who proposes that dog shall be eaten as a relief from the high cost of meat, should begin as an example. We do not know of any law prohibiting the consumption of Boston bull steak or pooodle chops by the gilded circles.

Cholera killing 10,000 out of 21,000 cases reported in one province in India in a month is described as not being as severe as usual. What would they call severe, anyway?

An inventive Frenchman has discovered that a telephone message transmitted through impure wine is indistinct. Probably it makes no difference whether the wine is in the receiver or the transmitter.

A soldier who deserted two months ago to get married has surrendered to the authorities and asked to be allowed to return to his army post. Some men never will give anything a fair trial.

SACRED LAKE GIVES UP TREASURE



THE HOUSE IN THE LAKE NEAR WHERE THE EXCAVATIONS WERE MADE

LAKE GUATAVITA, AS IT WAS



In a room on one of the upper floors of a New York hotel a man stood with a cigar box in his hand and gazed proudly at the articles that it contained. They were not cigars—not anything that one might expect to find in a cigar box; they were queer little rings and toys of thin beaten gold, rough green stones, dulled circles of golden-brown amber.

"El Dorado," he said softly, "El Dorado, after centuries. The gifts of the golden man. The treasure of the sacred lake."

Out of the Indian legends of centuries ago, the wonder-tales of the Spaniards in the New World, the man with the cigar box explained, had come these strange bits of gold and precious stones. Modern enterprise is discovering the lost treasure of a South American superstition. The sacred lake of El Dorado, the water of Guatavita into which Andean tribes threw their riches to appease their gods, has been drained; here are some of its treasures.

Hartley Knowles, the man with the cigar box, is an English engineer who has made the excavations and has now brought some of the things to America. He says himself that they are all exceedingly valuable as antiques, and, intrinsically, as gold and gems.

The story that lured a modern Englishman to South America, and is interesting American collectors in South American discoveries, is the same story that four and a half centuries ago called the Spanish adventurers to conquest in the unknown western world. It is the story of El Dorado. It is a tale that most of us have heard long ago, and long ago forgotten. It is the legend of the holy lake.

From the original story of the sacred lakes of the Chibcha tribes in the northern part of South America innumerable myths have been built. The early tales themselves are well-nigh shrouded in mystery and somewhat obscured by legend. Yet the story of El Dorado has its historical foundation, and the tale of the sacred lake of Guatavita, or Guatavita, is accredited by historians to-day. Much of the wonder-tale of El Dorado as the Spaniards and their followers built it on the first substratum is probably untrue. But the story of the lake, as far as historians have been able to ascertain, is a bit of real history—the tale of a people and their sacrifices, the record of wealth thrown away in a religious ceremonial as an offering to the gods, the true story of an ancient superstition.

According to the legends told by travelers and the facts set down by historians, the Andean tribes of the Chibcha venerated the mountain lakes of their province, and into them they threw their jewels. Great feasts and great fastings, the accessions of rulers, the celebration of a pilgrimage, the prayer for the tribe's good fortune—these were all accompanied by gifts of the gods; the gifts were thrown into the lake. Of these mountain lakes Guatavita was the largest and most important; here most of the feasts were held, the offerings made to the gods. And here excavators and engineers have gone from England with the latest dredges and engines and set up modern apparatus to drain the lake.

The lake is drained now as nearly dry as the excavators dare to make it. Quantities of pottery, gold and precious stones have been taken out. The excavations are still going on, and it is believed that the discoveries have only begun. Various attempts have been made, in the last four centuries, to find the treasure of Chibcha piety; this latest effort is proving successful.

"I should say that the gold and gems already taken from the lake bottom amount to about \$20,000," said Mr. Knowles. "How much there is left I shouldn't dare to say. But I think that we are just reaching the most interesting part of our work and our discovery."

"I think that most of what we have taken out up to date is from the sides of the lake. We have not yet dug down to the bottom, and we don't know just how much more we have to dig

before we reach it. But, according to the stories, the bottom of the lake is where the richest treasures are."

We have most of us heard in our childhood that the Spaniards of the sixteenth century dreamed of "El Dorado," the land of gold, and that they sought for it in strange and savage and ever hopeful ways among strange and savage peoples. We have read how the lust of gold seized the adventurers of Spain, and they pressed into the wilderness and found and conquered more and more land without ever finding the land of gold. But, as a matter of fact, the Spanish explorers did find El Dorado. Only El Dorado was not the land of gold; it was the golden man. And the treasure of the golden man's gift was not a treasure that could be found on the land; it lay at the bottom of a lake, and the Spaniards could not drain it. The story of the real El Dorado is the story of the religious festivals of the Chibchas.

The tribes of the Chibchas, according to recent historians, occupied the plateau region of the northeastern province of Colombia, and were among the richest, the most magnificent, and the most enlightened of South American tribes. In their wealth, their barbaric splendor, and their handicrafts, they ranked with the Aztecs of Mexico and the Incas of Peru. Their land was rich in emeralds. Gold they procured in great quantities from their immediate neighbors. Rich textiles and dyed cotton stuffs, as well as the feathers of beautiful birds, added to the wealth and their magnificence. Amber they obtained from their neighbors, and apparently from the other side of the world they procured in some unknown manner some quantity of jade.

Savage, uncontrolled in their indulgence of the arts of pleasure that they had cultivated even more eagerly than the arts of war, they were yet a thoroughly religious people. Their hierarchy of gods and goddesses had passed beyond the simple worship of the forces of nature and included definite deities with definite powers—deities to be propitiated. Occasionally they offered up human beings to their gods; often they sacrificed talking parrots to avert calamity. But for the most part they gave their possessions to their deities, and worshipped with barbaric wealth of sacrifice, at the sacred lakes.

There were five of these lakes in the district that we now know as Colombia—Guatavita, Guasca, Silecha, Teusaquia, and Ubaque; of the five, Guatavita was by far the most important, Ubaque being its nearest rival. The people made pilgrimages to all the lakes, but to Guatavita most of all, and with the richest gifts. And it was at the lake of Guatavita that the great ceremony of the Chibcha tribes took place—the installation of the chief. Guatavita was the most important center of the Chibchas, the religious "capital" of the tribe.

The chief who came to his kingdom with sacrifices to the holy water of the plateau was an absolute monarch, whose power rested largely on the assumption that he was semi-divine. No subject dared look his leader in the face, but in the royal presence turned aside or assumed a stooping attitude. No messenger might approach the chief without bearing a gift, not to win the royal favor, but merely to do homage to the royal state. Over every detail of his subjects' lives he ruled, and if a man of Guatavita wished to alter the style of his dress he must ask his leader's permission and receive the new garment from the royal hand. In his "South American Archaeology" T. Athol Joyce of the British Museum describes the state of the Zipas of Bogota: "His garments were of the finest cotton, his throne was of gold studded with emeralds, and he traveled in a litter hung with golden plates. His head-dress was of gold, and a golden crescent ornamented his brow; nose and ear ornaments were of the same material, and also the breastplate he wore upon his chest."

For five years or more before a Chibcha chief became his people's ruler he must remain in seclusion, preparatory to the great ceremony of the lake. At the end of his rigorous period of probation—for it was also a period of stern self-denial—the chief's nose and ears were pierced for the ornaments of his rank, and he made golden offerings to the gods. Professor Joyce, who in his book describes the ceremonies of the sacred lake as historically attested facts, quotes from the history of the conquest and discovery of New Granada, by Juan Rodriguez Fresle, written in 1636:

"Not only was the ceremonial of Guatavita particularly elaborate, but it gave rise to the stories of El Dorado which so fired the imagination of the early conquerors and gave such an impetus to the exploration of the interior. According to Fresle, the population of the neighborhood repaired to the sacred lake of Guatavita clad in their finest ornaments of gold and feathers. Innumerable sacrificial fires were kindled on the banks, and the lake was encircled with a cloud of incense. The ruler-elect was divested of his garments, anointed with an adhesive earth, and powdered with gold dust. Attended by his four principal sub-chiefs he embarked upon a reed raft ornamented with gold dust and furnished with four braziers for incense; at his feet was piled a mound of gold and emeralds, and amid the shouts of the multitude and the sound of whistles and other instruments he proceeded to the middle of the lake. There he plunged into the waters and washed off the offerings of gold dust, and the gold and emeralds were thrown in at the same time, the four chiefs making offerings on their own account. The raft then returned and the proceedings terminated with the revelry and chicha drinking so dear to the heart of the Colombians."

The chief with his gold-dust coat was in reality "El Dorado," the golden man of Spanish legend and Indian history.

Splendid as were the ceremonies attending the consecration of the tribal chief at Guatavita, or Guatavita, as Professor Joyce calls it, the national pilgrimages and feasts were still more important. These pilgrimages were made periodically to all the chief lakes of the country. The northern Chibcha honored Guatavita almost exclusively, while the southern tribes paid their religious homage at Ubaque, south of Bogota.

While the chiefs and nobles were throwing their gold and jewels into the sacred waters, the common people were burying theirs by the side of the lake or in secret places not far removed from the holy waters. Many curious bits of pottery have been recovered from the neighborhood of the lake of Guatavita.

When Mr. Knowles came to America a short time ago he brought with him many of the treasures that he had taken from the sacred lake. Most of the pieces are small. Whatever may be their value as ancient pieces of handicraft, the emeralds are undoubtedly the richest "finds" in intrinsic worth.

M. de la Kler of the Royal Institute of Paris is quoted as estimating the probable value of the articles in the lake at several million English pounds. But such estimates are, of course, guesses. The bottom of the lake has not yet been reached, and is still in a semi-liquid muddy state. It is believed that the articles taken out to date were thrown or buried in the sides of the lake and have been, in the ages since, carried toward the center by the pressure of the mud. The number of pottery vessels found seems to substantiate this view.

The work done by Mr. Knowles' company—which is incorporated in London under the name of "Contractors, Limited"—is but the final link in a long chain of explorations that stretches from the times of the Spaniards down to the present day.

In 1562 Antonio de Sepulveda of Santa Fe de Bogota lowered the waters of the lake to fifteen feet, or thereabout, and it is said to have taken great quantities of gold and an emerald of rare beauty. Sepulveda had made his attempt by digging a trench, and before the work could be finished the sides of the trench caved in, and the waters began to rise again. During the three centuries that followed several attempts to drain the lake, always by means of trenches cut from above, were made and failed.

In 1897 a small company of native engineers was formed and three years later sold out its rights to Hartley Knowles and his company. "I had read about the legends of the golden man," said Mr. Knowles, who stands sponsor for the foregoing history of the attempts to drain the lake, "and, being an engineer, I thought I should like to have a try. I have been working at it for twelve years. The lake is drained as dry as I want it; if it is completely drained the mud at the bottom may solidify, and we do not want that. What we are after now is to dig down to what was the bottom of the lake 450 years ago. The present bottom is, of course, a sediment of years. The lake is cup-shaped. It is about 10,000 feet above sea level in the Colombian Andes. It took four years to drain the lake. Now we are excavating."

"The government of Colombia has been most kind in letting us make the excavations and take out the things. Of course the interest that attaches to the treasure is for antiquarians, museums and collectors."

IDEAS FOR HOME BUILDERS BY WM. A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 378 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

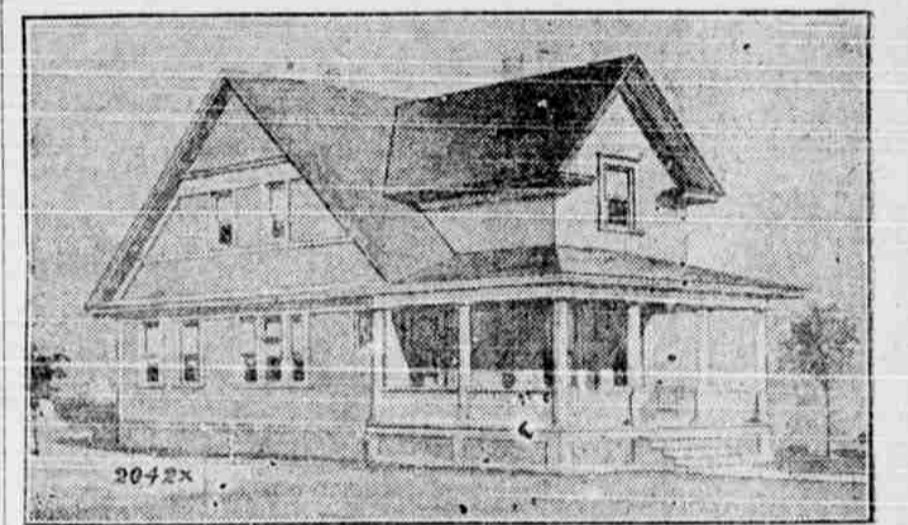
A five-room cottage, with roof space for about three rooms more on the floor above, is shown in the accompanying house design. I find there is in some neighborhoods a strong prejudice against cottages, caused usually by the dilapidated appearance of small, hopeless-looking houses that are out of courtesy called "cottages."

The fact is, however, that some of the happiest homes are enjoyed by families living in cottage houses—homes that attract attention beyond the family and its immediate relatives, and that might serve as models for many of the well-to-do.

It is difficult to be really happy under a heavy mortgage, and I find that most large houses are encumbered for a large share of the purchase price. I would never discourage a man from securing a home because he could not pay spot cash for it; but I would strongly recommend him to select something smaller—a neat little affair like this, perhaps—that he could pay for without a great deal of unnecessary worry. The good wife can tuck the babies away in a small room that is heated by a drum from the kitchen stove, and they will sleep just as sweetly, and wake up and be just as happy next morning, as they would in an expensive nursery presided over by a white-capped graduate from some fashionable clinic.

The trunked bed is a real expense is only a fraction of what the well-affair usually costs, and the real happiness is mostly on the humble side; at any rate, divorce cases seldom or never emanate from pretty, well-kept cottage homes. Young folks often are ambitious, which is all right so long as their ambition takes the right direction. Ambition, however, differs with individuals. One woman wants her children well educated, that they may become useful citizens; while another wants to shine forth in all the latest fancies.

Many rural communities the elder is still called "the witches' tree," though no longer deliberately planted near homes and barns for the express purpose of keeping away the witches. The idea that the elder should not be allowed to grow near a well, for fear the water will be spoiled, is not exact. Anclently other than ignorant



and superstitious persons regarded the elder as unlucky and Evelyn wrote: "I do by no means condemn the scent of K, which is very noxious to the air." Cattle rarely touch the elder, and the mole appears to be driven away by the scent. Teamsters frequently place branches on their horses' heads to keep away the flies. Nothing seems to grow well in the immediate proximity of elder trees, and when they have been removed and the roots carefully grubbed it is some years before the ground becomes particularly sweet and good for other plants.

The wood of the elder is particularly good for skewers and the berries, besides affording a splendid bird food, make a wine most highly esteemed in our grandmothers' day and still occasionally to be found in country homes.—Harper's Weekly.

Bacchanals. The ancient custom in New Amsterdam known as the Bacchanals appears to have been a variety of the general carol festival of Shrove Tuesday. The matter came up for the decision of Peter Stuyvesant on oral complaint (February 25, 1654) of the burgomasters and most of the sehepsens of the town that without their consent the director-general had issued "an interdiction and forbidden some farm servants to pluck the goose at the Bacchanal on the eve of Ash Wednesday." It had never been the custom in this country during their time and is considered entirely frivolous, needless and disreputable by subjects and neighbors to celebrate such heathenish and Polish festivals and to introduce such bad custom into this country even though, as the burgomasters and sehepsens pretend, it may be tolerated in some places of our Fatherland or be winked at" (Documents xiv, 249). The order was communicated by Claes van Eiland, but the farm servants plucked the goose defiantly, two or three vined their superiors and were clipped into jail.

Power From Ocean Tides. Herr Emil Pein, who, it is announced, has mastered the problem of utilizing tidal action, is an engineer of Hamburg and has devoted fifteen years to experiment. The works are to be at Husum on the coast of Schleswig and it is estimated that the electricity to be generated will supply nearly the whole of Schleswig-Holstein north of the Kiel canal. The Pein system, it is said, will permit the generation of power continuously, the variation of the tidal force at different hours being compensated for by the use of accumulators.

Playing Heathen. An exchange says: "A new game called 'Christianity' is being played in certain parts of the city. The girls get on one side and are the Christians. The boys get on the other side and are the heathens. Then the heathens embrace Christianity." So far as our knowledge runs, the game has not yet been introduced into Clarendon society circles. However, we are willing to vouch for the welcome it receives among the heathens, whenever it does come.—Dimwit Platsman

DANGER IN TOO MUCH REST

Lack of Muscular Exercise, Caused by Lying in Bed, May Result in Death.

Lack of muscular exercise is the first result of lying in bed. As a result the appetite is weakened, the digestive action slows down and the muscles of the stomach and abdomen cease to act upon the intestinal mass. When the body is in a recumbent position the heart works with the least expenditure of efforts and the least fatigue, and the circulation and the functional activity are decreased.

But unless the subject is exceptionally vigorous all the benefits are counterbalanced by dangers. In bed, the subject is shut away from fresh air and sunlight. The result of that deprivation is a condition similar to anemia. But the supreme menace to

the weak or the aged confined to bed is the clogging of the pulmonary circulation, an action which frequently results in passive congestion of both sides of the lungs. For this reason the simple fracture of a bone may be the cause of death, because when the patient lies in bed there is no movement of the muscles to act as an incentive to deep breathing.—Harper's Weekly.

A girl with a sour disposition is nearly always in a pickle.