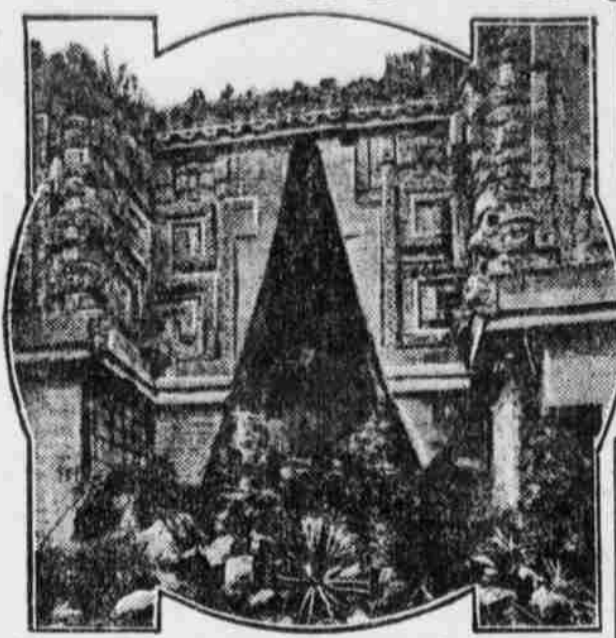
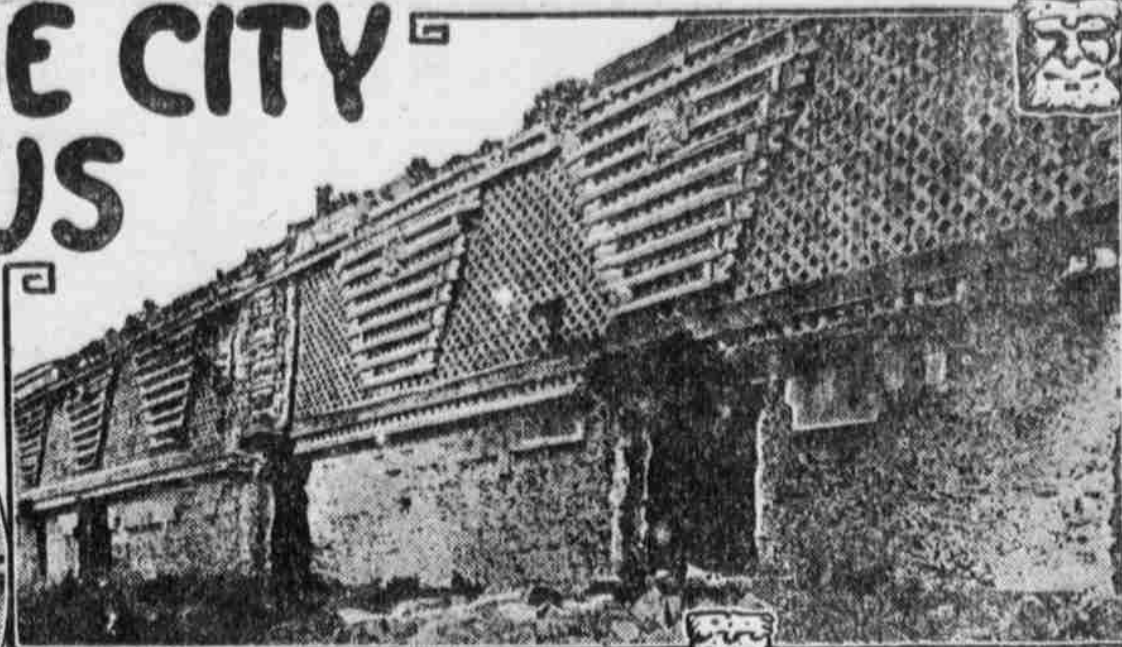


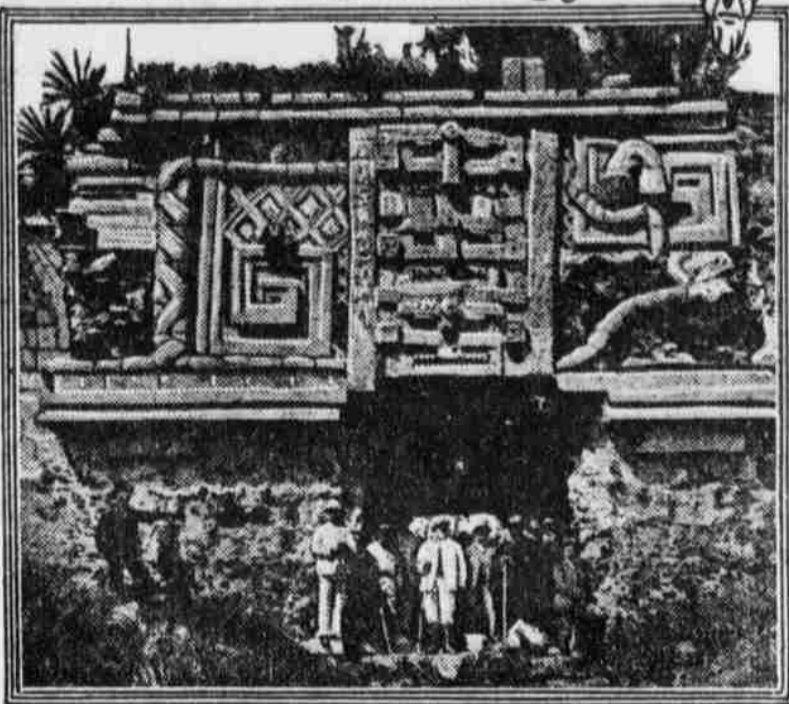
# UXMAL, THE CITY OF THE XIUS



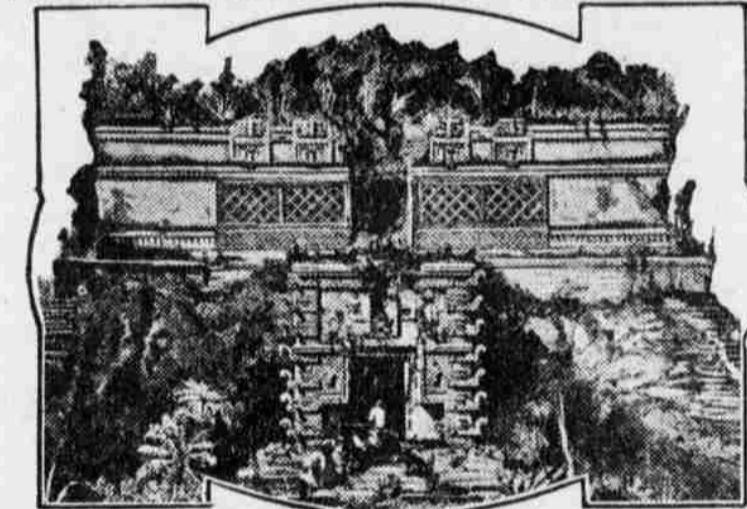
WEST FACADE OF GOVERNOR'S PALACE



FACADE OF THE NUNNERY



PORTION OF FACADE OF THE NUNNERY, WEST SIDE



GATEWAY OF THE HOUSE OF THE DWARF

side, all stand on low platforms or terraces reached by broad stairways extending across their fronts. The rooms of this group, of which there are entered for the most part by doorways opening into the terraces which surround the court. A few, however, in the South house, open exteriorly with reference to the group. This same side of the quadrangle is further differentiated from the other three, by the presence of an arcade passing through the middle, which leads from the court to the outside. This passage-way doubtless was the main entrance to the group in ancient times, and establishes the direction from which it was approached. The four houses of the Monjas quadrangle differ very greatly in their character, and probably in their function as well, from the House of the Dwarf near by. The buildings of the former stand upon low platforms and have many rooms. The latter, on the other hand, surmounts a lofty pyramid and only has three rooms. The first because of the greater number and accessibility of its chambers is better fitted for use as a dwelling place for a body of priests than the second. The second, because of its commanding elevation, and fewer chambers, is better adapted for use as a place of worship than the first. The close connection between the two types so different and yet so complementary strongly indicates that the priests, who officiated in the service of the god to whom the House of the Dwarf was consecrated, lived in the rooms of the Monjas quadrangle. The two groups, the lofty pyramid temple and the low multicolored monastery together form a well-balanced combination.

THE second city in point of size and importance in ancient Yucatan was Uxmal, the capital of the Xiu or Tutul Xiu family, who ruled there almost down to the time of the Spanish conquest. This city is located in the midst of a low range of hills, which crosses the state of Yucatan from east to west, and is about 100 miles from Chichen Itza. The derivation of the name Uxmal or Oxmal, as some of the early historians wrote it, is rather obscure. "Ox" is the Maya word for three, and "Mal" in the same language means to pass; "to pass thrice," therefore, would seem to be the meaning of the word, though why the Tutul Xiu should have applied this name to their capital is unknown.

Concerning the foundation of Uxmal, the following tradition is related by Diego de Landa, the second bishop of Yucatan, who wrote in the first generation after the conquest, and who claims to have gathered his information from natives well versed in the former history of their country: After the discovery and occupation of Chichen Itza, which seems to have been the first place of any importance to be settled in Yucatan, cities sprang up everywhere, and there followed an era of great prosperity. How long these different cities lived at peace with one another we are not told, but in time dissensions arose, and quarrels became so frequent that the different lords of the country found it necessary to take some concerted action in order to suppress violence and to restore order and peace. It was then decided to build a joint capital, where all those in authority should reside, and from which each one agreed to administer the affairs of his own particular domain. Without loss of time these plans were carried out. A joint capital was built in a new and unoccupied region, and was called "Mayapan," meaning "the standard of the Mayas." Thither all the lords assembled and as the final step in the formation of the new confederacy, an overlord, one Cocom, was elected and duly installed in the new capital as the supreme ruler. These events laid the foundation for an era of prosperity, which endured for many years. Later, after an interval not specified by Landa in his history, there entered the country from the south an alien people under the leadership of their chief, Tutul Xiu. The newcomers, previous to their arrival, had wandered for 40 years in the wilderness without water other than that which had fallen from the skies. This coincidence of a "40-years" wandering in the wilderness" is sufficiently striking to arouse the suspicion that the worthy bishop, in this part of his narrative, has been at some pains to force a pious coincidence with a similar episode in the Old Testament. Immediately after their arrival the wanderers began building in the mountains not 30 miles distant from the capital a new home for themselves, which they called Uxmal. Far from being angered, however, by this appropriation of his territory so near at hand, Cocom, the ruler of the Mayapan, welcomed Tutul Xiu and his people, and entered into an alliance with them. Landa thus describes the event:

"The people of Mayapan formed a great friendship with the Tutul Xiu, rejoicing to see that they cultivated the land like themselves. In this manner the Tutul Xiu became subject to the laws of Mayapan, and allied themselves with the older inhabitants of the country, and their lord was highly esteemed by all."

Judging from its size and magnificence the Xiu capital must have played a very important role in the history of Yucatan before the Spanish conquest. Indeed, Landa says as much. After a time, we are told, the supreme power held by the Cocom family seems to have turned their heads. They became successively more and more oppressive, each striving to outdo his predecessors in acts of tyranny and violence. However, there came a day at last when the other chiefs of the confederacy could no longer endure this despotic rule, and a conspiracy was hatched to overthrow the oppressor. With one accord, the conspirators turned to the then lord of Uxmal, a descendant of the original Tutul Xiu, who had founded the city, as the natural leader in this movement for liberty, in spite of the fact that he was of foreign descent. He is described as having been a true friend of the public weal, as his ancestors before him, all of whom had held resolutely aloof from the tyrannies of the Cocom family. On an appointed day the conspirators, led by the lord of Uxmal, met at Mayapan, and entering the palace of Cocom slew him and all his progeny, save one son only, who happened to be absent from the city at the time on a mission to a distant province. After this sanguinary reprisal, which avenged at one blow the oppressions of many years, the property of the dead ruler was seized and divided among his murderers, and the capital was destroyed. Whereupon each chief departed into his own country once more and the confederacy was dissolved. After the destruction of Mayapan, the Tutul Xiu abandoned Uxmal and founded a new capital some 20 miles distant which they called "Maui," meaning in Maya "it is passed," emphasizing by this name that the old order was over. These events occurred about the middle of the fifteenth century.

or some 70 years before the Spanish first landed in Yucatan, but even after the conquest, the Xius in their new home continued to exercise considerable authority over the natives, and their friendly attitude toward the Spanish greatly facilitated the final pacification of the country.

The ruins of Uxmal are best reached today by stage from the little town of Muna, the nearest railroad station. A ten-mile drive from the latter place brings one to the hacienda of Uxmal, from which the ruins are about a mile and a half distant. The first view of the ancient city is to be had from the top of a hill just behind the plantation house. Across the plain a dozen or more imposing structures of white limestone may be seen rising above the dense vegetation which here enshrouds the countryside. Beyond, in the distance, a ragged chain of low mountains cuts across the horizon, each succeeding ridge a deeper blue. But one does not dwell long on the beauties of nature at Uxmal; the habitations of a bygone race claim the attention. Descending the hill again, one takes the road which leads through the bush. The distant temples and palaces sink below the tree tops and for aught that one sees of them they might as well be on the other side of the world. After a half hour's walk, during which the ruins never once reappear, the road suddenly makes a sharp turn to the right, and just in front of one, apparently blocking the way, there rises a lofty pyramid, the highest structure in the city.

The splendid temple surmounting this, grotesquely called the House of the Dwarf or Magician, probably was the chief sanctuary of Uxmal. The pyramid on which it stands is over 80 feet high and covers nearly an acre of ground. The summit is reached by a steep stairway on its east and apparently back side. The temple however, faces in the opposite direction, or toward the Monja's quadrangle, an adjacent group of structures, with which, as we presently shall see, it was closely connected. Clear down into Spanish times, long after Uxmal had been abandoned by her native rulers, this temple was held in particular veneration by the Indians. About a century after the conquest, Father Cogolludo, provincial of Yucatan, visited Uxmal and climbed to the summit of this pyramid. He found there, he says, in one of the apartments offerings of cacao and the remains of copal, burned but a short time before. This he thought indicated that some superstition or idolatry had been committed here recently by the Indians of the locality. And again, slightly later in 1673, a petition addressed to the king of Spain says:

"That the Indians in those places (Uxmal) are worshipping the devil in the ancient buildings which are there, having in them their idols, to which they burn copal and perform other detestable sacrifices."

Long after the conquest, no doubt, the natives continued to practice in secret their ancient rites and ceremonies, particularly at those places which formerly had been sacred or holy to them. It was to some such survivals of the ancient ceremonial and ritual that the above citations probably refer.

The Monjas quadrangle, mentioned above as being adjacent to the House of the Dwarf, is, in fact, separated from it only by a small court. The four low, massive buildings, of which it is composed, are built around the sides of a square, and, with the exception of the house on the south

side, all stand on low platforms or terraces reached by broad stairways extending across their fronts. The rooms of this group, of which there are entered for the most part by doorways opening into the terraces which surround the court. A few, however, in the South house, open exteriorly with reference to the group. This same side of the quadrangle is further differentiated from the other three, by the presence of an arcade passing through the middle, which leads from the court to the outside. This passage-way doubtless was the main entrance to the group in ancient times, and establishes the direction from which it was approached. The four houses of the Monjas quadrangle differ very greatly in their character, and probably in their function as well, from the House of the Dwarf near by. The buildings of the former stand upon low platforms and have many rooms. The latter, on the other hand, surmounts a lofty pyramid and only has three rooms. The first because of the greater number and accessibility of its chambers is better fitted for use as a dwelling place for a body of priests than the second. The second, because of its commanding elevation, and fewer chambers, is better adapted for use as a place of worship than the first. The close connection between the two types so different and yet so complementary strongly indicates that the priests, who officiated in the service of the god to whom the House of the Dwarf was consecrated, lived in the rooms of the Monjas quadrangle. The two groups, the lofty pyramid temple and the low multicolored monastery together form a well-balanced combination.

Passing out through the arcade of the South house and leaving the Monjas quadrangle behind, one descends by three terraces, partly artificial and partly natural, to the level of the plain. A few paces to the south may be seen two large parallel walls, 70 feet apart, each 128 feet wide, 30 feet thick, and about 20 feet high. These two constructions are the sides of the Uxmal ball court—the ends being open. In the center of each at ends directly opposite there had been fastened originally a great stone ring four feet in diameter. Both of these, however, are now broken, and lie in fragments at the bases of their respective walls.

Beyond the ball court there is a high terrace or platform, covering over three acres of ground, and rising 23 feet above the plain. This supports a second and smaller terrace, 18 feet high from which rises the so-called governor's palace—the most magnificent example of ancient American architecture extant today.

Behind the governor's palace, and on the tower of its two terraces, is the so-called House of the Turtles.

Another very important building at Uxmal is the House of the Pigeons, so named because of the fancied resemblance of its roof crest to a dove. The structures described above are by no means all that remains of this ancient city. Truth is that the jungle on every side for some little distance hides the wrecks of once imposing buildings, their presence now only to be detected by clumps of vegetation rising slightly higher than the general level of the plain. These buildings and their substructures have been literally torn asunder by trees which have driven their roots into them and pried apart the masonry. Creepers, vines, and bushes have so overgrown their sides that they look like wooded hillocks. Only on close examination does their real character appear, and it remains for the imagination to reconstruct their former glory. But all this ancient life, this great city once teeming with its teeming thousands, is gone. Palaces and temples glisten in the sunlight, with never the tread of sandaled foot echoing through their empty courts nor chant of white-robed priests sacrificing to offended gods. Perchance a bird may flutter through some ruined doorway, chirping for its mate, or buzzard circling high soar above prospective prey. Save these all else is silent, dead, the ancient pomp and glory forever departed, and gods and men alike forgotten in the onward sweep of time.

### REALLY PLEASED, THEN.

"Mrs. Gadders is a woman who always wears an artificial smile."  
"Not always, I'm sure."  
"What makes you think so?"  
"I've seen her smile quite naturally when her sarcasm made some other woman wilt."

### Gandor.

"Mrs. Nettles prides herself on being very candid."  
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "she can always be depended on to speak the truth, if it will hurt somebody's feelings."

### Quite True.

"I'd like to know what chance a pedestrian has in a city?"  
"Oh, he's reasonably safe in the art galleries. You never see any automobiles there."

# STORIES from the BIG CITIES



## Philadelphia Man Keeps 10,000 Tropical Fish

PHILADELPHIA.—One of the most remarkable of this city's many remarkable men is a carpenter, who has cultivated a scientific hobby of collecting tropical fish, and he now has about 10,000 of them, contained in aquaria on his roof and in a large glass house in his back yard. The man's name is William L. Paullin, and, in addition to seven fine children, he has this wonderful and unsurpassed collection of both goldfish and tropical ones.



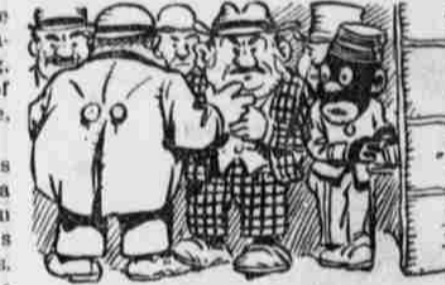
Let no reader have visions of huge sturgeon or Florida sharks or giant-finned animals of any kind. Many of these thousands are only a quarter of an inch long, some only a sixteenth, and never will be any larger, whereas the "tallest" fish of the whole place is only about six inches long. The most valuable are two "Pterophyllum scalars" that came from Brazil. Taken together they would weigh about five ounces, but you would have to pay \$150 for them, as they are exceptionally rare and beautiful. Mr. Paullin is the only man in America who has ever raised young ones from this kind of fish.

Brought together in Mr. Paullin's little home near the "Neck" are fishes such as these from all over the world. India, Siam, China, Africa, Mexico and all parts of South America have contributed to his museum. Every now and then one of Mr. Paullin's sturdy boys runs over to the swamps by "Neck" and captures millions of little Daphnia or water lice, and the fish in the aquaria have a splendid feast upon them.

"Fish are cruel animals however," said Mr. Paullin; "they eat their own young. Yet the most interesting I have is the 'mouth-breeder' or 'Paratiliapia multicolor' that protects its young in its mouth. The female carries the eggs in her mouth for ten days, then the fish are born and after they swim about in the daytime, she opens her mouth at nightfall, and her little ones swim into it to be kept safely there for the night, like chicks under their mother's wings."

## Seven Corpulent Men Stuck in Gotham Elevator

NEW YORK.—Seven corpulent theatrical men, one of whom was Bob Harris, brother-in-law of Lew Fields, almost too weak to talk, tottered into a Broadway cafe and whispered: "Beer, hogheads of it." They were the chorus in a new tragedy, "Up or Down, or Who Stole the Oxygen?" the first rehearsal of which in the elevator of the Broadway Theater building, had just ended under the direction of the elevator operator, William White, who was not named for his color.



The act began when the chorus found itself stuck at 5:30 o'clock a foot beneath the first floor ceiling in a 3 by 5 by 7 space and with walls one and a half feet thick on all sides. The seven improvised a few lines until Lew Fields drove up in a limousine to take his brother-in-law to dinner. Fields sent for a patrolman, who sent to the West Thirtieth street station for another, who sent for several more. Altogether they summoned firemen.

The lines of the chorus became more forceful as policemen, firemen, and others tried to start the elevator from the roof, the basement, and by psychic suggestion. Then they grew muffled and hysterical as skirts were pulled over heads by the sweltering occupants.

At eight o'clock Lew Fields had a happy thought and sent to the elevator company for an expert. Twenty minutes later the seven had been pried from the car and the search for cooling brew began.

## Finds New Way of Paying Peanut-Pushing Bet

EAST ORANGE, N. J.—George W. Magee, an ice dealer of East Orange, N. J., could not believe that Jim Savage could be outpointed in his fight at Madison Square garden with Charlie Weinert. Jack O'Neil, who has a cafe in East Orange, was as firmly of the opinion that Weinert could not lose. So Magee and O'Neil made a wager.



Weinert got the decision, and Magee fulfilled the loser's share of the bet. Its terms were that he should push a peanut from St. Mark's triangle, West Orange, along Main street to J. F. Cronen's cafe, one and three-fourths miles to the eastward. O'Neil fulfilled the winner's privilege of seeing to it that everybody who ever had

heard of Magee should be apprised of what was at hand. Generous estimates put the crowd at 10,000.

Until Magee appeared at the triangle at eight o'clock no one knew how he meant to do the pushing. The first and heartiest laugh was with him therefore when he brought to view a painter's ladder truck, between the uprights of which had been drawn a wire, from which depended a Japanese lantern. To the top of this lantern had been affixed a tiny pole and from its peak dangled the peanut.

It took Magee half an hour to push his peanut-laden truck over the prescribed course.

There were loud and vehement expressions of disappointment from the throng of onlookers, for they were all there to see Magee crawling nearly two miles on hands and knees. O'Neil also protested earnestly at first that the loser was evading the terms of the wager. But soon he showed himself a good sport, admitted Magee had outwitted him and good-naturedly accompanied the peanut pusher over the prescribed route.

## Kansas City Prisoners "Dog Walk" for the Judge

KANSAS CITY.—"Jes' a ha'mless little social party, Judge, yo' honah. 'Bout a dozen couple was walkin' d' dwag. Wa'n't no crap shootin' a-tall. When de laws come they finds a happy dance and no peace disturbance."

George Byson, a negro, was explaining about the arrest of 25 negroes at 2308 East Nineteenth street about 1:30 o'clock in the morning. Justice Casimir J. Welch in the South side court listened attentively. "I can't decide whether dog walking is disturbing the peace or not. Let's see you dog walk."

Byson and Minnie Sawyer, to the mingled humming and clapping of hands and stamping of feet, "dog walked" in the courtroom.

"Oh, lawdy lawd. Look at dat step! How I do love dat dance." A chorus of voices sounded approval of the exhibition of Minnie and George. Loud applause greeted the completion of it. Justice Welch did not join in.

"That may have been disturbance of the peace, all right. That looks like a 'houcha-me-kouch' to me. Minnie and George, you are discharged, but quit that dog walk. The rest of you are fined \$5 each."

### POINTED PARAGRAPHS

True wit is always incidental—and often accidental. Married people make up a quarrel because they have to. Not all women who are proud of their figures are good calculators. And the beauty of a get-rich-quick scheme is also skin deep. Occasionally a man is stricken dumb with astonishment, but nothing like that ever happens to his better but more valuable half. Things usually look blue to a man

## LET HIS OPPORTUNITY GO

Now New York Lawyer is Regretting His Lack of Foresight That Cost Fortune.

"I suppose every man who has lived very long among the men who do things looks back with some degree of regret upon not exactly what he has lost, but what he might have had if his foresight had been as good as his hindsight," said a New York lawyer. "I am one of these, and it didn't happen a great while ago, either."

"An inventive friend of mine who had given me his legal business to attend to came around one day with a new thing in doing something or other to rubber and told me if I cared to go in half with him I could do so by putting up a certain amount of money. The amount was small enough, but I hadn't any to spare and less to lose, and told him I was satisfied with the legal part of my connection, and didn't care to risk any of my hard-earned savings. He wasn't broke by a whole lot, and told me he wasn't offering the chance to anybody else, and I'd better take it, but I wouldn't be persuaded. He gave me a gentle laugh of scorn and went his way."

"Not long after he went abroad with his invention and was gone three or four months, letting me hear from him occasionally, and saying all was going well. Next I had a cablegram telling me when he was sailing, and to meet him the following week Tuesday at a certain dock. I was there when the ship came in, and he was feeling so good that he fairly yelled at me as he came down the gangway. And he had reason to yell and I had reason to kick myself, for he had sold his process or invention for \$735,000 in cash and \$2,250,000 in the stock of the new corporation. You see I would have been a millionaire that very minute if my foresight had been worth anything and I had taken his offer when I had the chance. Of course it meant some luck to me, for the fees grew, and I got \$20,000 or more out of it, but \$20,000 doesn't make a millionaire, does it?"

## Big Field of Sweet Peas

The largest single field of sweet peas in the world is to be found in southern California, near Redondo, London Tit-Bits states. It comprises 350 acres, in which are grown sweet peas of nearly every known variety and color. It constitutes a truly interesting sight, and the fragrance from the flowers loads the air so heavily as to be almost unbearable. Another single field of carnations, 20 acres in area, located near by, yearly affords a similar marvelous sight.

Besides these immense fields of sweet peas and carnations there are many smaller areas in California devoted, respectively, to the growing for market of chrysanthemums, violets, daisies, asters, dahlias, all kinds of lilies, roses and so forth. They are cultivated in much the same way as vegetables, requiring on an average about the same care. Many of the flowers are sold through the flower shops of the cities, but the chief income to the growers comes from the sale of seeds. The annual shipments of flower seeds from California amount to many tons.

## Novel Fruit Barrels

A partitioned barrel has been invented by a fruit man in British Columbia, patents for which have been applied for in Canada and this country. It is similar to any ordinary barrel, according to a commerce report, but it is divided into two equal parts by partitions which are adjusted so that the barrel may be sawed in two without injuring the contents, practically making two half barrels. The advantages claimed for the new barrel are that it can be made of cheap sawed lumber, shipped in the "knock down" state and assembled easily at the packing house; also that the fruit can be shipped without wrapping because of the firmness imparted by the central partition. The fruit shipped in it is said to arrive in perfect condition.

## Digs Up Ancient Homes

Prof. Nels O. Nelson of the American Museum of Natural History, excavating the ruins of the Taos, near Santa Fe, New Mexico, this summer has cleared out 470 rooms and one kiva in six pueblos ranging in age from the time of the cliff dwellers to late Spanish dates.

In San Marcos, Pueblo, he has outlined 43 separate stone buildings with a total of 3,000 ground floor rooms. Sixteen skeletons have been taken out whole and 45 more reentered, while Professor Nelson has recovered and classified thousands of implements, pieces of pottery, bones of various animals, and perfectly preserved corn, beans, squash and pumpkins.

## Difference in Bacilli

It was stated in a paper read before the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis that human tubercle bacilli possibly vary in virulence in different patients. Ten bacilli have been found sufficient to infect a guinea pig in some instances, and in others 100 have been found necessary. Immunity in animals may be obtained by the injection of increasing numbers of tubercle bacilli, beginning with one or two and cautiously increasing the number from a culture, the minimum fatal dose of which is about 100, or by the injection of, say, 100 or 200 bacilli of a virulent culture to cause a local lesion which can be cut out, preliminary precautions having been taken to prevent the spread of infection.

## Shall Women Propose?

Of course women should propose. It is women who change their entire lives by matrimony, it is women who take on colossal responsibility by matrimony. The women should surely be allowed to choose the man for whom she feels herself able to work and give. Men propose; men have had it in their own hands up to now, and if they have married the wrong woman they have only themselves to blame for it.—Women of the World.

### COMMENTS

Even the fellow with a family tree may prefer to branch out for himself. Women are naturally generous. Where one woman will keep a secret, ninety-nine will give it away. The telephone girl isn't always a belle. A bell always rings as it is tolled. Some people are so unfortunate that they couldn't even tumble into luck without hurting themselves.

### Flattery is the salt we sprinkle on the tail of vanity.

Of two evils we are apt to choose the one we enjoy most.

### Daily Thought.

As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep to men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies.—Henry Ward Beecher.

### SAGE THOUGHTS

The man who eats with his knife creates comment in some localities; the man who eats with his fork creates comment in others. Crude oil has advanced in price, but only a few will benefit by the increase. The trouble is that most of us are pumping "piffle." The Missourians say no lop-eared hound will catch a wolf. Apparently, the lop-eared hound is smarter than he looks.

### Pointed Paragraphs

True wit is always incidental—and often accidental. Married people make up a quarrel because they have to. Not all women who are proud of their figures are good calculators. And the beauty of a get-rich-quick scheme is also skin deep. Occasionally a man is stricken dumb with astonishment, but nothing like that ever happens to his better but more valuable half. Things usually look blue to a man