

WHERE ONCE MEN LIVED IN HOLES

A BIT OF OUR COUNTRY BACK BEFORE HISTORY.

A Visit to the Ancient Cliff Dwellers Ruins of the Puye.

(By M. J. Brown.)

Facing the blazing sun I sat in the front door of a Cliff Dweller's ancient home for an hour, and I doubt if I ever moved.

It was the fourth story of homes on the wonderful Puye Cliffs in the Santa Clara canyon. I sat in the doorway, my legs hanging down, and looked across the canyon and just wondered, imagined and thought.

After a while the perspiration trickled down from under my hat and I came back to Taft's time—jumped from hundreds of years ago to A. D. 1912, and realized it was hot.

I crawled back into the little home of a forgotten day and filled my pipe. The scratch of the match in the tufa walls was a false note, and when I tried to whistle, I just couldn't. I tossed a stone down the cliff and timed it with my watch, to get the distance and when it struck the sound seemed almost a sacrifice in this city of silence and mystery.

Out there under the blazing sun of today, in that desert country, where coyotes go mad for water, and the big, black vultures hunt for food, are the most wonderful and mysterious ruins of this continent—ruins of a people of which there is no history, no monument of a civilization that was extinct before the white man ever saw America.

And when one looks at the ruins of these unknown people, the old witchery and mystery of the far dim ages get into his blood—they fascinate. You look at these hundreds of hives that were once the homes of human beings, and it seems as if the great white walls must speak and tell whose the people were, whence they came and whither they went.

But the walls and homes are silent. There are a few signs over the doors and there are some rock pictures, but they speak in an unknown tongue that none can translate.

Let me give you a little illustration of what these cliffs are like, and of how many people once lived there.

The cliffs are for all the world like the bluff of this city, only higher, and their face is white and there is not a twig, a vine, a creeper or blade of grass growing anywhere. They rise straight up, as one bluff does opposite the depot.

On this one cliff I am speaking of, perhaps three-fourths of a mile long, ten thousand human beings once found their homes, and in a radius of perhaps a square mile one hundred thousand human beings once lived and compare. On this one bluff there as our bluff does opposite the depot, the population of Oregon City, lived and on the other bluffs in the vicinity, half the population of Portland.

The homes are simply dug out of the solid rock, and one above another from three to five stories. Probably in the day these men dug these homes the rock was soft, else the work could never have been accomplished, for remember they were not drilled nor blasted out, but were dug out with small pieces of black, volcanic glass—glass that these people went fifty miles to get in the Jamez mountains.

So they dug their homes in rows along the face of the rock, one row above another, and there is hardly a foot of space that has not been used.

Once these homes, many of them, had verandas or shades to protect the residents from the blazing western sun. The holes above the doors show where the poles were once held in place.

How did these people get up to the upper stories? You tell. There are no signs of public elevators or revolving stairways, but it is said, surmised, that each home put up its ladder, climbed up it, reached it to the next, and so on up.

You must remember these people did not have an eight hour day, there were no morning cars to catch, no milk bottles to put out and no fires to dread. They could take their time.

Twice I have visited these ruins and as soon as the Courier subscribers get educated to paying in advance, I am going back again.

All day long I went from one home to another, crawled into them, searched them.

They are all alike or nearly so. There is an opening about two feet wide and three feet high. A few have larger doors. Over the door is usually a little opening, whether a smoke hole or window. I do not know. There is not a fireplace, a chimney or anything that served for a stove, and this indicates the people were primitive.

Fires were built on the floors of the homes, and the smoke is yet plainly visible on the roofs and side walls of the dwellings.

Nearly all the caves have one main room, eight or ten feet across, round and arched roofs. And many have smaller rooms adjoining, back into the rock mountain, and any number of them have little niches from the size to hold a baby down to the size of a hand. I suppose these were the handy places.

Nearly every home is plastered, and on some I took my knife blade and cut through seven distinct layers of plaster. It is put on as smooth as a plastered wall. Where they got the cement, and they used great quantities of it, no one can tell.

In one place, where a wall of stone was laid, there as plain as if moulded yesterday, is the full impression of a human hand in the cement. I laid my hand in the mold and it fitted like a glove. I wondered if these men were about my size in this olden day, or whether perhaps this was the imprint of the hand of a mischievous school girl, who made the impression when pa wasn't looking.

THE IMPRESSIONS ARE WRONG

cause they simplify the matter for him, enabling him to swing his careless and often wrong mental attitudes around into alignment with the spiritual attitude indicated in the Bible, helping him to "fight the good fight," so that he can finally say, with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, Oh my soul—Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." C. H. S. KING.

FLIPPANT ALLUSION TO SCIENTISTS CORRECTED.

Portland Writer Shows Difference Between Truth and Nonsense

Portland, Ore. Nov. 16. Editor Courier:—

"Mental attitude is a great thing," declares the writer of a somewhat facetious creed, that appeared November 8th in the Courier. He has the enthusiasm of a recent convert for his theory, and goes so far as to conclude that if Oregonians will only couple this "mental attitude" with physical culture they may develop a fine physique and live a hundred years.

Your readers, perhaps, enjoyed it as a joke and then dismissed it as a joke, or possibly retained a lingering impression that "there might be something in it," if this is all the letter did it was harmless.

But there's a chance it lodged in the readers' minds a number of false impressions, and so I ask you for space to correct them. First, the writer of the letter vaguely associated the practice of Christian Scientists with his theory about "mental attitude" then he associated Christian Science with an entirely different system of thinking, which, he says, "was practiced by the Egyptians and other races," who "projected their astral bodies into Space where they now roam."

The teachings of Christian Science are diametrically opposed to theosophy, or any other theory about "astral bodies" and their "projection into space," as any one can clearly discern by consulting the Christian Science text book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mrs. Eddy.

As for the mental attitude of Christian Scientists, the writer is entirely right in his observation that they are a happy and contented class of people. But they would not be if they were so extravagant as to "say that to be sick is the greatest sin in the world"—as the writer affirms they do. "Science and Health," teaches (page 411, line 20), that "the procuring cause and foundation of all sickness is fear, ignorance, or sin." It will be seen that Christian Science associates sin and disease only in the same degree that they are associated in the Bible (cf. John 5:14). The writer is also mistaken in stating that with the Christian Scientists there is "no effort about it"—that is, making "troubles vanish" and reaching "a state of perfection."

To state the case more accurately, the typical Christian Scientist is merely engaged in the exercise of practical, genuine piety. He has indignantly accepted the injunction of the Master—"Be ye therefore perfect"—as addressed directly to himself, and courageously commits himself to its realization though often with fear and trembling; and he enjoys the teachings of Christian Science be-

OUR COUNTRY'S GREAT "PEACE"

JOHN STARK'S WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

Points on Which he and President Taft Disagree.

Sunday afternoon, Nov. 10, a man was seen turning the corner of Eighth and Main streets walking in a quiet way northward. He was carrying a package suspended from his shoulder, and when he nearly reached Ninth he was overtaken by a young man and presently turned back only to face a well fed "garden of the law" who evidently walked him to the jail. An eye witness, having seen similar proceedings, concluded the stranger in our gait was being "detained" because he was apparently a working man—which, it seems, is a crime in the unwritten law of good society—a workingman out of a job, for he had a roll of blankets, or if it is unlawful to be possessed of a roll of blankets, or if it is unlawful to walk the streets carrying a roll of blankets, or in short—what was the offence of this man if it was other than poverty?

"At peace." Now don't jump to conclusion for you are liable to make the same mistake the author of the quoted words makes when he says, "At peace within and without, free from calamities afflicting other peoples, rich in harvests so abundantly that the overflow of our prosperity."

Some of our farmers are a little backward with their late potatoes and with this bad weather it is difficult to dig them as many are still in the fields. Farmers are hoping for a spell of nice weather.

James O'connor from Logan, is staying with Fred Steiner at Beaver Creek and after a short stay he will go to White Salmon, Wash., to work for a flume Co. of that place.

Some of the Beaver Creek farmers were out looking at the Clackamas Southern Railroad and it is progressing swiftly. A large force of men are at work on the cut by Lamer's and Co. sawmill.

S. P. Lonigan has bought a new 4 horse gasoline engine and a little Diamond chopper. He is do-

BEAVER CREEK.

Beaver Creek was a little behind with their correspondence but hopes to do better in the near future.

This little town is getting along fine and dandy as usual but as there is not much doing the writer has not much to write about.

Fred Bohlander is busy at his trade as carpenter and was over to Mulino recently building a large boiler shed for the Mulino Lumbering Co. and now he has a job of building a barn for Mr. Burch in Elyville.

J. S. Jones is busy ploughing and seeding as his hired man has left him. His man has rented the Robt. Jones farm, better known as the old O'connor farm, for one year.

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LITTLE STORIES OF BIG OREGON

CLIPPED AND CONDENSED ITEMS OFF STATE NEWS.

Stories of Interest Told in a Few Lines.

A passenger train on the Corvallis & Eastern went through a bridge one mile west of Chitwood, the smoking car going through into the river. No one was seriously injured.

Claiming that the recent local option election held at Sutherlin and Glendale, Douglas county, were not conducted in accordance with the state election laws, District Attorney Brown was asked verdict of the voters.

Plans have been set foot for making the 1913 Rose Festival in Portland the biggest thing in the history of the city. It is expected to spend more money on the coming festival than ever before and to provide lavish entertainment for the thousands of visitors.

A Made-in-Oregon dinner held by the Oregon Manufacturers Association in Portland this week, called the attention to the importance of home industries and boosted state made products. The value of such a movement is apparent but the necessary remains of sufficiently impressing it upon Oregon people.

Col. E. Hofer, the well known Salem editor, retiring from the management of the Capital Journal some time since, has launched the Oregon Manufacturer, a trade paper at Portland. He will have associated with him his sons. The first issue appeared last week and it was his principal object the development of the state along lines directed toward the utilization of its many resources.

It seems like a long time before the full returns from this election were in, but when it was understood that some precincts are 150 miles from the county seats and that the returns have to be sent to the county seats on horseback, with occasional delay by landslides, the wonder is that we found out what had been done and who had been elected as soon as we did.

Land and dairy shows have the center of the stage this week in Portland and many visitors are in attendance. Prize dairy stock and dairy products may be seen at North Portland and the varied wealth of Pacific Northwest soil is collected at East Morrison and East First streets where splendid fruits, vegetables, grains, grasses, etc. are displayed. Both shows are well attended and the exhibits are of a very high class.

Prohibitionists are happy over their showing in the recent elections, if Oregon cities voting dry against six voting wet. The following voted dry: Albany, Eugene, Hood River, Lostine, Roseburg, Cottage Grove, Silverton, Enterprise, Willows, Tigard and Lebanon. Ninety-four Grants Pass citizens hung the balance of votes on the "wet" banner and the saloonkeepers will now start up businesses there again. Woodburn went wet by 32, Glendale by 19, Oakland by 15, Sutherlin by 36 and a 20 majority of Springfield citizens decided they would keep the saloons in their city a while longer.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes out that he is scolar partner in the firm of J. C. Cheney, doing business in the City of Tuleo, County and State of Oregon, and that he has paid the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every WAIVER OF NOTICE that cannot be cured by the use of FRANK J. CHENEY.

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Advertisement for Mitchell Line farm implements. Text includes: 'Farmers Look Up Your FALL Requirements in Farm Tools NOW', 'If you need a new Plow or Harrow, Feed Cutter, Wagon, Buggy--- ANYTHING in Implements or Vehicles, you will find it in the Mitchell Line', 'The Best for The West', 'See Us! at Right Prices', 'W. J. WILSON & CO. Oregon City Ore.', 'BIG FREE IMPLEMENT CATALOGUE SENT YOU UPON REQUEST'. Includes illustrations of a plow, a harrow, a feed cutter, a wagon, and a buggy.

Advertisement for Castoria. Text includes: 'CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought'. Includes a signature 'Chas. H. Fletcher'.

Advertisement for Perfection Oil Heater. Text includes: 'PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER', 'Efficient. Will heat a good sized room even in the coldest weather.', 'Economical. Burns nine hours on one gallon of oil.', 'Ornamental. Nickel trimmings; plain steel or enameled turquoise-blue drums.', 'Portable. Easily carried from room to room; weighs only eleven pounds; handle doesn't get hot.', 'Doesn't Smoke', 'Doesn't Leak', 'Easily Cleaned and Re-wicked', 'Inexpensive', 'Lasts for years', 'At Dealers Everywhere', 'STANDARD OIL COMPANY (California) San Francisco'. Includes an illustration of the oil heater.