

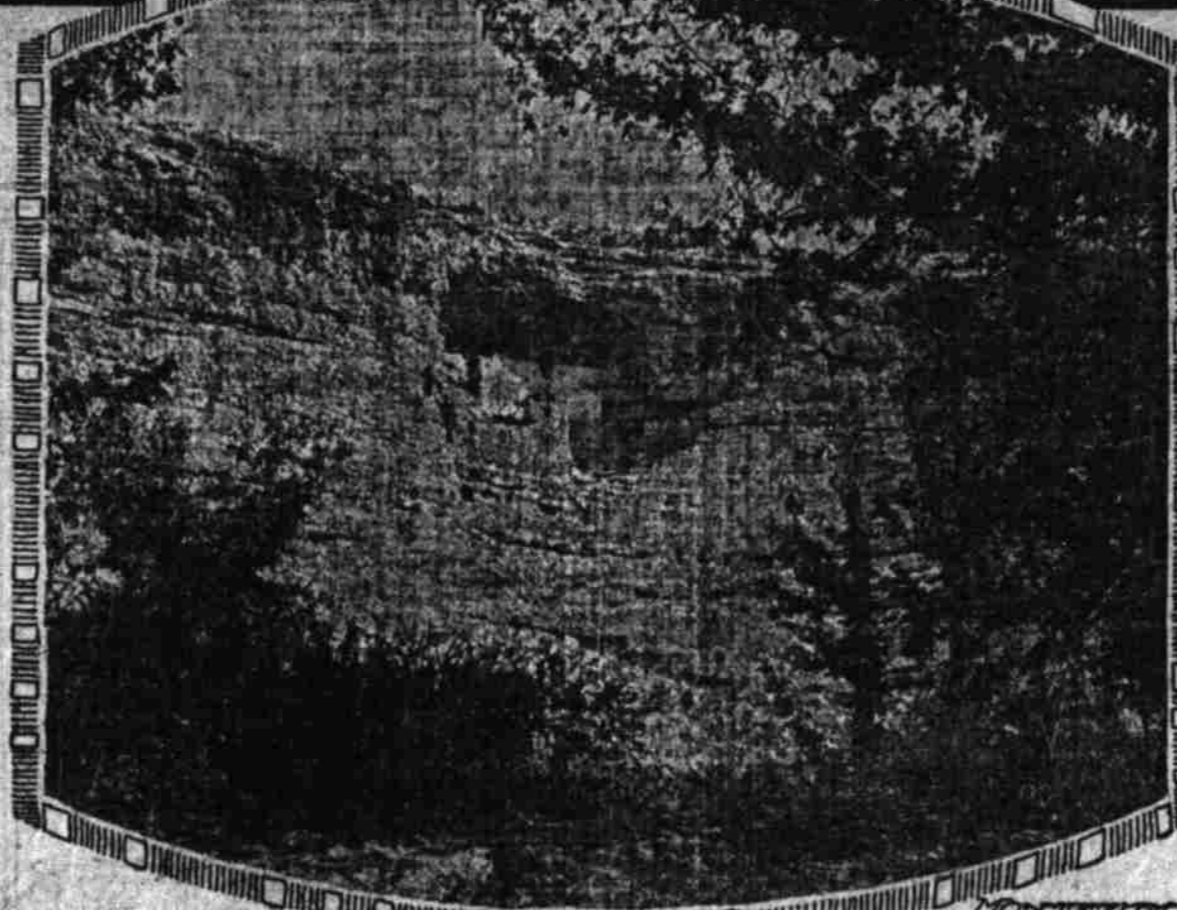
# Times of Lost Races

A. Y. HANBLETON

By CHARLES F. HOLDER



CLIFF DWELLING WALNUT CANYON



PICTURE WRITING ON DOCKS BY VALDE VALLEY

MONTENUMA CASTLE AND CLIFF

By Charles F. Holder.

HERE is an Arabian tale in which the young prince, traveling over a seemingly endless desert, sights a beautiful city, whose minarets, spires and glittering domes form a splendid feature in the forbidding desert landscape. In size, beauty and elaboration of architecture it suggests a large and vigorous population, but as the traveler approaches and enters the gates, he finds no one to challenge or even escort him. The once busy mart is deserted; streets that bear the trace of grinding wheels, steps that are worn down by countless feet, know them no more; the city is deserted, a place of absolute stillness.

Nothing so appeals to the human mind, nothing is so mysterious as a situation of this kind. I once found a vessel at sea, deserted. Large ships have been seen, with all sails set, drifting aimlessly, without captain or crew. On the channel islands of southern California I have found scores of towns and village sites that showed that years ago they supported large and vigorous populations, yet today not a person lives who by legend or hearsay can tell the story of these people, that appeared to have buried their belongings—weapons, implements, vessels, mortars and musical instruments—by the ton in the black earth and to have been swept out of existence.

In the center of the island of Santa Catalina, on one of the ridges that sweeps down from Mount Orizaba, I once came upon a lofty rock jutting from the earth. On the lower side was a forest of cactus. Breaking through this I found it growing on a heap of Abalone shells, which could only have been brought from the sea, nearly two miles distant, by human hands. On the rock was a blazed mark in red mineral paint, and scattered about were implements of stone, pieces of mortars and pestles, while beneath the rock was the home of a cave-dweller, now partly filled with debris, and for centuries, possibly, the shelter or refuge of the wild goat. Delving in the floor of this

cave, which originally was large enough to afford protection and shelter to a family of several persons, I found a number of curious implements, and deep in the debris a skull was found that might have passed as that of the man of Monteno, so completely absent was the bulging forehead, so pronounced the ridges over the eyes. Near the cave, but on another side of the rock, was a smaller place which had been the kitchen, the rock still showing evidences of smoke.

These are interesting, but how much more so are the evidences of lost races in Arizona and New Mexico. In the channel islands communities have disappeared, but in this vast region, in what to the eastern eye is comparatively a desert, races have passed on, leaving only their homes and strange handiwork to tell the story.

That a comparatively high civilization existed in this region ages ago is beyond question. We find stupendous ruins, artistic workmanship, houses built with a skill that suggests marked individuality, and engineering projects that stamp the people as a race far above the ordinary savages. These unknown Americans were skilled engineers, and their ditches, their irrigating canals, which still stand filled in with sand and gravel are evidences of a remarkable race.

In wandering over New Mexico and Arizona the discerning traveler will find nearly everywhere the remains of this lost people. It will be a crumbling ruin, an ancient burial place, an adobe wall, a mass of broken pottery or a lofty pyramid in situ, just as it stood when the unknown owner was driven away. The standing homes of these cliff dwelling people have been looted for years by a vandal public, but how the government has stepped in and they are to be protected for all time and will constitute a government reserve.

In visiting these arid regions of the territories one is impressed with the belief that these ancient were a peaceful people that were surrounded by menacing tribes, and to escape their

ravages they had made homes in the almost inaccessible cliffs as a refuge, imitating the swallow in its syriatic nest. So perfect is the resemblance of the cliff house to the cliff itself, so high up is it perched, that without doubt, many have been passed by dis-

cerning people and have entirely escaped observation, which was the object of the builders.

Driven from the lowlands after repeated attack, they went into the canons, climbed their sides and adopted the weathered-out portions as their

homes, or excoavated others, as the case might be. These built up or inclosed with the disintegrated portions of the cliff and so made their homes often hundreds of feet above the bed of the canon, in positions that commanded miles of country.

NEAR VIEW OF MONTENUMA CASTLE

ing formed of thin blocks of sandstone set in a mortar, rising to a height of 13 feet. The rooms were small and dark, being about 13 feet square. As the crevice and house were 50 feet up the perpendicular side of the cliff's face and there was no path nor steps, it is assumed that ladders were used by the inhabitants, who could pull them up after them, thus being absolutely safe from marauders.

Interesting dwellings of these lost peoples are found on the Rio Grande, the Rio Gila, San Francisco, Rio Blanco, Rio Bonto and other streams or stream beds in New Mexico, and in the ancient provinces of Huasteca and Tanoos, which included the Zandia and Paezer mountains, are many others, those of Lasoro Los Tanques, Gura and San Marcos begin of particular interest, telling the story of a lost people. Some years ago an ancient ruin was discovered above the Tuhua town of Tesuque buried three feet below the river bank. The find was made by accident. It had been completely covered, but a freshet washed away a vast deposit of earth, disclosing the remains of the ancient city, the houses of which were about 30 feet in height. The discoverers entered the rooms, found charcoal in the old fireplace and secured many pieces of pottery.

One of the finest of these old dwellings is to be seen in the Canon de Chaco, known as Pueblo Bonito. The enclosure is about 200 feet in length, the wall being formed of plates of sandstone and two feet in thickness. The south front is three storied, and the inner side descends in a series of terraces.

The first story is seven feet high, the second nine and the upper six. In the outer row are 10 rooms, each about 30 feet long and 8 feet in width; some dark, and evidently storerooms. All in all, this extraordinary home has about 100 rooms. There were no stairs, ladders being used, as in the Mohi cities of today.

The territories of New Mexico and Arizona are literal treasure-houses, strange dwellings and homes in all stages of ruin being found over a large area, telling the interesting story of a lost people who, though they may have been the ancestors of the present natives of these territories, left no permanent record of their fate.

# BIG DEVIL FISH AN OCEAN GYMNAST

By CHARLES F. HOLDER

ANTHONY SHUFELT, a sailor recently returned from a trip up the Gulf of California from La Paz, told me that he had seen a school of some of the Californian anglers.

"I came from Callao on a brig," he said, "got left at Mazatlan and finally shipped with a party of anglers at La Paz. Down there they are like a lot of miners. When they hear of a new field they all make a rush to locate and our skipper was on such a trip. We struck plenty of pearl shells and it was while hunting for them that I had the time of my life. We were anchored on a shoal about half a mile off shore one day, when I saw what I took to be a black whale fin as it swept along; then it disappeared and came up pure white, then black again, and I saw that it was something swimming in a circle.

"The skipper—as wild-eyed a Dago as ever I saw—observed that it was an umbrella fish and would drown us all. But I made up my mind that I would try it, so we tossed the harpoon into the boat and started after it. Then we were four or five rays whirling around a small school of fish and evidently feeding on them.

"They looked like whales. One was certainly 10 feet long and quite a few were 12 feet long. Their long, pointed wing-like fins moved up and down, and behind came a big whip-like tail.

"It was an easy matter to get up on them, and we got the line clear and coiled and the end fastened to a small white bag that could be tossed over, if necessary. All being ready, the men sent the boat ahead, and as we were four or five rays whirling around a small school of fish and evidently feeding on them.

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LOWER SURFACE OF DEVIL FISH



A MANTA RAY, DEVIL FISH



TYPE OF BOAT USED FOR CATCHING



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couldn't gain a foot, and it only drove the devil fish to make a greater exertion. It just put on all the more speed and hauled the bow down so deep that if there had been any kind of sea we'd have filled; but we kept well stern and the men hauled while I hung to the line and kept it in the crotch of the bow.

Right ahead of us was a kind of neck of land that reached out into the sea; we saw that the fish would have to make a big turn to the right, and we made up our minds that we'd get up to it or break something; so when the water began to shallow and the fish turned we laid on and gave a heave. We never started, that fish an inch, but we did run the boat up on it by sheer force of pulling. Three or four times I thought we were over, but we kept on pulling, and after another mile we gave a shout and took a turn hauled alongside.

"I don't believe I ever had buck fever, but when I stood over that big black bird-like beast pumping its wings and going like a racehorse, it just about scared the life out of me, and I'm not afraid to say so. It didn't look like anything on top of the earth, or under it, for that matter, and I never felt quite so shaky before, as if the thing had jumped as it did at first or made a sudden turn we would have been food for sharks, and no mistake; but I kept my nerve in some way and up

with the lance and jammed it into it. The next thing I knew I was in the bottom of the boat on my back.

The fish rose into the air like a bird, and the bow of the boat went under with it, nearly rolling us all into the sea.

By luck the men held on, and we settled down to a short heat, during which I reached the lance and gave the fish several slabs that finished it. It takes but a few minutes to kill it, but that fish, towed up about 12 miles, mostly at a high rate of speed, as fast as I care to go in an open boat. When we finished we were off a sandspit, and we hauled the fish in out of reach of sharks and waited until the schooner came up, then we towed the devil fish a mile to her, hauling it up with block and tackle. The fish was about 18 feet across and had at the head two arm-like fins that it could throw out and scoop food into its mouth that was big enough to swallow a man.

No wonder the Dago pearl divers call it the manta, or cloak fish, as it looks like a dark cloud passing over you, and the diver could well imagine that it was going to suffocate him.

The devil fish is a singular creature in many ways. It often swims as a tumbler, pigeon flies, rolling over and over in somersaults, a really graceful movement, but most peculiar in a fish

and a fish of this shape. In performing this gymnastic series of feats the big ray is generally moving in a circle, which makes the movement more graceful and interesting.

Exactly how large a manta, or devil-fish, grows is not known; but one was reported some years ago at Escondido that was estimated to weigh nearly two tons, and 8 or 10 miles were employed to haul it out of the water. The fish was so broad that over 30 people stood on its back to have their photographs taken, and three good-sized children sat in its mouth, which was propped open for the purpose. In the Bahamas a devil-fish was caught several years ago that was hauled up the beach by 10 horses and estimated to weigh several tons. Hardly a harbor in the vicinity but can produce tales of the big fish that has towed vessels a long distance. It seems a great mystery and it is often considered a "fish story," but easily explained, as the fish in swimming runs into the chain and instinctively throws its two arms about it and pushes ahead. This lifts the anchor from the ground, which sometimes fouls in the ray's mouth, and the latter rushes ahead, craved with fear, towing the boat or vessel. A three-masted schooner has been towed out of a harbor in this way, to the surprise of the crew, who laid it to some supernatural agency.

THE Arabic figures were not invented by the Arabs. They were introduced into Europe from Arabia in the twelfth century, but the system in its complete form originated in India. The blind worm is neither blind nor a worm. It is a small European lizard having a slender, limbless body and small eyes, which are quick and brilliant.

Bridegroom has nothing to do with the groom. It is from the old English word guma, or man. Hence bridegroom, the bride's man. Fire, air, earth and water were falsely regarded by the ancients as the constituents of which all things are composed, and were consequently called elements, but they are not elements at all. German silver has no silver in its composition, nor was the metallic mixture invented by a German. It is a white alloy composed of copper, zinc and nickel, and has been in use in China time out of mind.

Greyhound has no connection with the color gray. While the derivation of the first part of the word is uncertain, it is possibly from gray or grey, the badger which was hunted by the hound. Gothic architecture is not the architecture of the Goths, but the ecclesiastical style employed in England and France before

the renaissance. The term was applied by the Italians as one of reproach. Irish law is a fish that is little known in Ireland. Rice paper is not always made from rice. There is one kind that is produced of rice from China, Japan and elsewhere, but the term is more commonly applied to a decoliate white film which is not rice paper at all but is prepared in China from the pitch of a shrub.

Salt has long been wholly excluded from the class of bodies denominated salts. Table salt is chloride of sodium. Healing wax is not wax, nor does it contain a single particle of wax. It is made of shellac and resin melted with turpentine. The titmouse is no mouse, but a bird. Turkish baths are not of Turkish origin. Whalebone is in no sense bone, but an elastic, horny substance attached to the upper jaw of the whale. Wormwood has nothing to do with worm or wood. While the formation of the word is uncertain, it is apparently from the Anglo-Saxon werm, preserver of mind, from the supposed belief in its medicinal virtues.

Oldest English Alehouse. The oldest licensed village alehouse in England is claimed to be the George Inn, in North street, Phillips. The li-

TOWING THE BOAT

cense dates from 1507. Each story of the picturesque old structure overhangs the one beneath. The front is broken by bay window and porch and a flight of stone steps leading to a doorway in the wall. At the back are more quaint doors and windows and a turret built against the wall. The interesting story of a lost people who, though they may have been the ancestors of the present natives of these territories, left no permanent record of their fate.

Piping Fresh Air to Cities. The piping of fresh air to cities is no longer a dream of scientists. It has been practically tried, in an experimental way, in the crowded Whitechapel district of London, under the supervision of Dr. T. G. Lyon, one of London's most eminent scientists. The air is sucked into pipes by powerful suction pumps from some high elevation where the sanitary conditions are perfect and forced into large storage tanks similar to gas tanks. When stored in these tanks under pressure, the pure air is distributed in pipes leading into different houses.

The air can be distributed through pipes upward of 50 to 100 miles in length without losing any of its purity. By opening a switch the customer gets his daily supply of fresh air in his rooms, while the foul air is allowed to escape through withdrawal ducts.

When once installed in a city, the supply of pure mountain air can be distributed at little cost, and the scientists estimate that in the congested quarters of London 60 per cent of the ordinary sickness could be moderated if not entirely eliminated.

Trained Fish. A Philadelphia dealer in pet stock has an aquarium of trained goldfish. These fish, when the man holds a small wand of redwood an inch above the surface of the water, leap over the wand in graceful dives. A little silver bell swings above the tank and a silver cord descends into the water. The fish when hungry take the cord in the mouth and ring the bell. They will feed from the man's hand. If he holds a morsel of food just out of the water they will leap up and snatch the food from his fingers. It took nearly a year to train them.