

THE APPEAL KEEPS IN FRONT BECAUSE:

- 1-It aims to publish all the news possible. 2-It does so impartially, wasting no word. 3-Its correspondents are able and energetic.

THE APPEAL.

THE APPEAL STEADILY GAINS BECAUSE:

- 4-It is the organ of ALL Afro-Americans. 5-It is not controlled by any ring or clique. 6-It asks no support but the people's.

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SACRED LAKE GIVES UP TREASURE



LAKE GUATAVITA AS IT WAS



HOUSE IN THE LAKE NEAR GUATAVITA WHERE EXCAVATIONS WERE MADE

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. The man took them out of the box and held them in his hand.

"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. One of the Americans to whom Mr. Knowles has shown his treasures adds that the excavation of the sacred lake of the Andes brings with it a possibility that the excavator has apparently not thought of in discoveries as to the lives of prehistoric peoples and in civilization of prehistoric times.

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.

Upon 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 substructure is probably untrue. But the story of the lake, so 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 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 plety; 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 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, Siecha, Teusaca, 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 Zipsa 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 1836:

"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 their wealth 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 Kier 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 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 dry as I want it; if it is completely drained 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 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."

ALL ARE HAPPY HERE

City of Munich Is Loved by People for Itself Alone.

Even Americans Feel at Home and Are Not Stared at as Though They Were Curiosities—Noted Academy Here.

Munich.—In olden days when the people of Munich were starving an angel, disguised as a little child and dressed in the yellow and black garb of a monk, came down from heaven to help the people. Even to this day this little child, the Munchener Kinder, has been the symbol of the Munich people, and instills into them the true essence of peace and happiness. But it casts a magic hand over every stranger that enters its gates.

Munich has the faculty of spoiling all other places in the world for those who have once lived there. It is not beautiful like Vienna, nor gay like Paris, nor picturesque like Rothenberg, but it is just Munich, and is loved for itself alone.

The cold unsentimental northern Germans style Munich the "City of Beer and Art," but what does the stiff Berliner know about happiness, or a cold Hanoverian know about contentment, or a freezing Hamburger know about sentiment? Munich has been called the city of happiness.

Here you can live and be yourself and no one makes a comment. If you are a rank pessimist the Munchener will not try to reform you, or if you are a gay optimist the Munchener will not stare at you; even Americans are not picked out as curiosities in Munich.

Perhaps the wide streets and spacious buildings of Munich have something to do with the freedom of thought of its people. There is no cramped-up feeling here, that is so characteristic of most cities. Ludwigstrasse is one of the most imposing streets in the world. It runs from the village of Schwabing, a broad straight street, and lined with beautiful massive buildings, down into the center of town, and is terminated by a building that is a copy of the Loggia at France. In a way it is more beautiful than the original, for it is raised from the ground and looks more imposing. Every Sunday morning the city band plays here and the people gather along Ludwigstrasse to listen to the music.

Such happiness these people get from simple pleasures every afternoon. The same band plays in the Hofgarten and the park is packed with people who stop their work to feed their souls. Some parade back and



Old Rathaus in Munich.

forth, while others sit at the tables along the sides and sip ices and coffee.

But beneath all this apparent idleness and pleasure loving, Munich is a very busy place. It is the very heart of young artistic Germany, and the great revolutions that have taken place in newspaper and journalistic art have come direct from here, the home of the Jugend, the Simplicissimus and other weekly papers. These magazines have introduced impressionism to our English and American papers, but even still a Munchener artist can tell a story in one line, for which an Englishman must use ten.

The Munich academy is the second best in the world and has seen forth such men as William Chase, Franz Duveneck and Martin Seisser. If you ask a Munchener who was the most important man in the world, the answer is either the prince regent, and Franze Von Stuck or Franze Stuck and the prince regent.

They love the kindly old prince, but their awe of Stuck is marvelous. His work is considered final in art, and his appreciation is shown not only sentimentally, but substantially as well, for he was presented with a beautiful home by the government and a nice pension besides. He is a tall, dark, handsome man. His wife is an American, and although very fond of his wife, he does not like to see too much American independence cropping out in his children. His little girl is a true little German fraulein, while his boy takes all his traits from his mother's ancestors, and is said to be no favorite with his father. Stuck is one of the teachers of the academy, but the best life class here is headed by an American from Milwaukee, Carl Marr. The Zugel animal class is one of the famous art classes of the world.

Babe Weighed 18 Pounds. Wilkesbarre, Pa.—The daughter of Mrs. Eugene A. Morrow furnished two surprises when she was born. The child weighed 18 pounds and was equipped with one lower tooth.

NOTED LAVA CAVE IN HAWAII

Tunnel Made by Overflow of Molten Rock Discharged by Mount Mauna Kea.

Hilo, Hawaii.—A short distance from the town of Hilo, the capital of Hawaii, which is the largest island of the Hawaiian archipelago, is a wonderful lava tunnel, called by the natives the Cave of Kaumanu. Through this tunnel, which has an average width of 20 feet, flowed the stream of molten rock discharged from Mt. Mauna Kea, which, hard by, rears itself to a height of 13,000 feet. It is likely that the torrent originated high up the mountain, and, as the surface of the lava grew cold, the molten stream sped on beneath, to emerge lower down as a fiery geyser, spreading ruin on all sides.

To reach Kaumanu the traveler leaves the town by the main road,



Entrance to Cave of Kaumanu From the Sea.

says the London Field. Three miles out beds of lava begin to be encountered on every hand. It is 30 years since the flow ceased, and vegetation is now beginning to cover the area of destruction. The route follows the edge of the lava beds for a distance of about 20 minutes' walk, and then turns across the scattered array of hummocks to where, a hundred yards further on, is the entrance to the cave or tunnel. The view from this point is extensive and varied. There is the blue expanse of the Pacific, perhaps dotted with vessels making for the harbor, or Japanese "power" sampans returning from a night's fishing. The smoke to the right ascends from Kilauea's mighty crater, and the scene is completed leftwards by the snow-capped summit of Mauna Kea. But the special object of the trip is to see what lies below. The storekeeper who lives near will supply rough-and-ready torches for five cents each, and no farther outfit is really required for the trip under ground, though there are some dainty mortals who bring a suit of overalls. The torches are joints of bamboo filled with oil, in which is a primitive wick, and they prove most effective. The opening to the tunnel is shrouded by a thicket of scrub. A wooden ladder leads down to the floor a distance of perhaps 25 feet. Rows of diminutive stalactites hang from the roof, glittering in their youth, for they are hardly more than 20 years old and in the formative stage. The sides of the passage are smooth and sometimes damp, but the floor is scored and rough.

A distance of three miles can be covered with the help of the torch, but care is needed where the tree roots thrust themselves through the roof of the tunnel. The presence of these pendant roots indicates that the surface of the lava bed is only a few feet above, and judicious blasting would usefully provide another entrance near the beautiful Rainbow Falls. In places crawling has to be resorted to, but a few strokes of a pickax would doubtless remove the necessity for even stooping.

OFFICER KEEPS SELF WARM

Policeman Covers Standing Place in Order to Avoid Cold in Winter.

St. Louis.—Patrolman R. O. Ely, a member of the traffic squad on East St. Louis, is taking no chances on getting cold feet in winter. On the spot where he has to stand in order to direct passing vehicles, there is an iron manhole. The iron plate made an ideal place from which to signal in summer, but with the cold weather the sheet of iron became cold, so did the patrolman's feet. So he has made at his own expense a rubber and fiber jacket, and has obtained permission to cover the manhole with the non-conductor of cold.

CATHOLIC WOMEN TO BUILD

They Plan to Erect a Church Near University at Washington—To Be Finished in a Year.

Washington.—Catholic women of the United States have banded together for the erection of a church at the Catholic university. The movement was undertaken when the necessity for a church building at the university was discovered and the women devotees refused to permit men to contribute to the fund. They will furnish the money, and also have a voice in the style of building to be erected. The structure will conform with the architecture in vogue at the university and it is expected that the building will be completed within a year.

PERILS OF CLIMBING

Woman Gives Account of Narrow Escape From Death.

Guide Falls in a Crevasse While Soaking Peak in the Himalayas—Taken Unconscious and Dies Soon From Injuries.

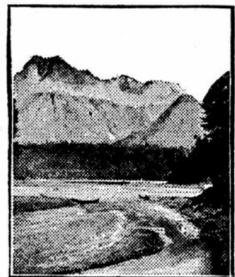
Paris.—Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman, the mountain climber, writing from Skardu in the Himalayas, sends the first detailed account of the accident which gave rise to the report that she had been killed by an avalanche. She says:

"We were crossing Bilapho pass at about an 18,000 foot height when I and an Italian porter who had accompanied me on four Himalayan expeditions, left the caravan in order that Dr. Workman might photograph us in a picturesque standpoint. After we had been photographed the porter who was carrying the rope, strode ahead. I was about three paces behind when suddenly without a word or a cry he disappeared, carrying the rope which was the only means of extrication.

"I stood appalled on the brink of a blue hole in the ice and called to the others, who hurried to the spot. The head guide was an hour in advance. Having only one extra rope remaining the guide called down the crevasse and a faint reply showed that Chenoz, the porter, who was far below, was still alive. Six started after the head guide, who was back in an hour and a half, when Chenoz was extricated from an eighty foot depth.

"He was still conscious, but there was no pulse and he was nearly frozen. He was carried to camp and everything possible was done for him, but he died the same night from shock. He had not been expecting to meet a crevasse, and the accident was due entirely to his want of care. My own escape was simply miraculous.

"The letter describes the work of the expedition on the Siachen or Rose glacier, which is the largest and longest in Asia. During the nine days in July Dr. and Mrs. Workman and three Italian guides made the first ascents of four important snow passes at two sources of this glacier, the heights varying from 19,500 to 21,000 feet, which constitutes a record for glacial exploration. On two of these ascents Mrs. Workman established a relation of the northeast Karakoram water parting with Kashgar and two others and discovered two passes to the large and unknown Kondus glacier. An important climb was also made to the great Silver Thorne plateau, more than 21,



Distant View of Giant Peak of Himalayas.

000 feet east of the main peak of this group. From the northeast Siachen pass, a pass to Kashgar was found and a new group of high peaks discovered beyond the east Siachen boundary on the Kashgar side. The highest of these is 25,000 feet high.

The sixth ascent was of a high peak northeast of Bilapho pass, which was crossed in reaching the Siachen. This was made on July 11. The last 800 feet of this peak was at an angle of 50 degrees and each step was cut on an surface of black ice. An extensive view of the summit enabled the explorer to map out much future work.

For six weeks all the camps were above 17,000 feet and the cold was often intense. Grant Peterkin, a London surveyor, was enabled, owing to favorable weather, to map the entire Rose glacier. Mrs. Workman's expedition of 1911 and 1912 makes the most thoroughly explored of any of the Himalayan glaciers. The expedition after traversing one of the new passes connecting the Siachen glacier with the Honduras will make the first descent of the Kondus glacier to Karmene and Baltistan.

GRANGE ASKS GOOD ROADS

National Body Meeting at Spokane Favors Federal Aid for Movement.

Spokane, Wash.—Discussion of the report of Oliver Wilson, national master, before the forty-sixth annual convocation of the national grange, developed the fact that the grange virtually is unanimous in advocating federal aid for public road improvement. The legislative committee will be instructed to urge congress to pass a bill appropriating road funds to be administered under a national board acting in conjunction with similar commissions from the state.

Quart of Whisky Is Fatal. New York.—Edward Kane, a driver, drank a quart of whisky winning a bet, smiled, walked home and then died. John Mann, who held the other end of the wager, has been arrested.