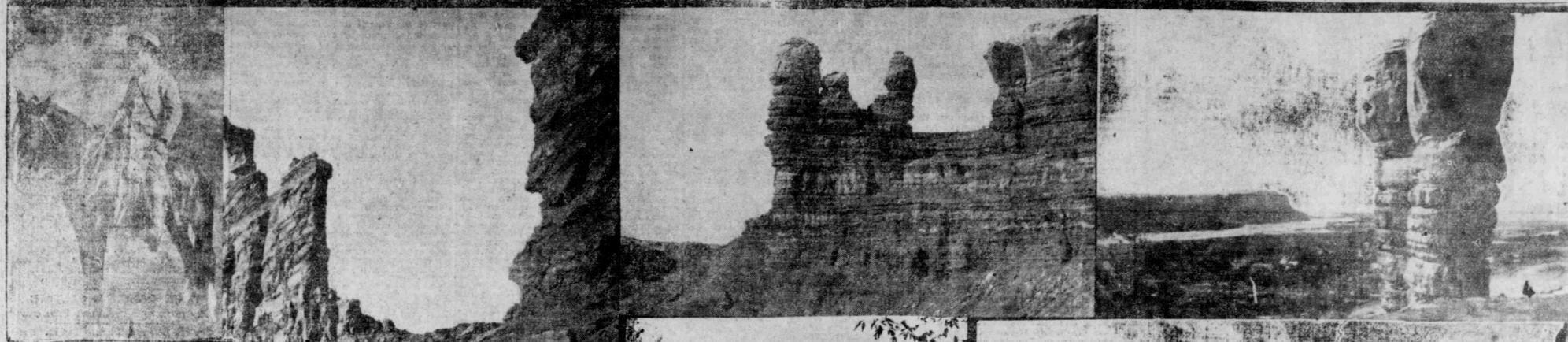


DESCRIBES FAMOUS REGION OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS



BY BYRON CUMMINGS.

Have you ever spread your blanket on the soft, shifting sand of one of the many lofty mesas of southern Utah and gazed into the star-decked canopy of the sky? Have you tried to penetrate those vast realms and caught, perhaps, a glimpse, in perspective, of the infinity of the universe? No atmosphere was ever clearer, no sky ever revealed more of its secrets and more of the glory and beauty of its design than this. The inspiration of the vision above you and the peaceful stillness with which you are surrounded make you feel at peace with all mankind and invite you to slumber—slumber deep, refreshing and invigorating.

At the break of day the parting scream of a coyote or the cooing of the turtle doves brings you back to earth again. As you rise, filling your lungs with the purest air that crosses the earth, a new and yet little less striking scene lies before you—a morning salutation, as it were. About you and to the south and the west as far as the eye can penetrate stretches a vista of mesas seamed and scarred with a labyrinth of canyons and gorges that twist and turn and wind across the expanse like so many huge serpents attended by a multitude of lesser devotees of the same kind. Far away the San Juan river, flanked by its bold bluffs and crags, hurries its shifting waters to the southwest to drop them into the grand gorge of the Colorado. Still farther to the south, across the San Juan, the eye rests upon the lofty summit of old Navajo mountain, and the huge piles of rocks of varied and fantastic shapes that tower hundreds of feet above the plain and look like mighty sentinels in the dim haze of that distant atmosphere. Behind and to the east rise the ridges of the Elk mountains, whose snows and springs feed White canyon and its tributaries. This canyon, with its numerous branches, seems to stretch out over the earth like some mighty octopus extending its tentacles and drawing everything within its ever-thirsty "maw."

One tries to count the ages that must have elapsed while the mighty seas and surging rivers were tearing down the mountains and spreading them out in these vast strata of sandstone; and then is amazed at the titanic forces that have pushed these thousands of feet of formation upward until it has opened in great seams and cracks that zigzag about you and through which the raging streams of former times and the infrequent floods of the present run away in quest of the ocean, ever wearing jutting points and retreating recesses into rounded and graceful curves that give you a new vision of beauty at every turn.

As one gazes out over these vast stretches of mesa, covered with cedar and pinon or sagebrush and greasewood, and peers into the depths of these canyons inhabited now only by the coyote, the owl and jackrabbit, he wonders for what purpose this part of the world was created. It now seems almost a barren waste, merely furnishing range for cattle a portion of the year. He feels himself in a part of the world that has never felt the subduing influence of man. Nature seems here to revel in all the primitive ruggedness of her strength. But as he wanders over the high tablelands among the sturdy old cedars and pinons he often finds a tree that shows the buffeting of many a storm growing within the ruin of what seems like a piece of the stone wall our grandfathers used to build in old New England.

On closer examination, however, you easily trace its outline and find it to have been a rectangular enclosure. In some places these walls stand exposed six, eight and ten feet in height; and the ends of the wooden timbers that supported the floor of the second story are still plainly visible. He walks out on some jutting crag or climbs some eminence to get a better view, and finds that some industrious brother of a long-forgotten age has been there before him. Thick walls of stone and clay or huge rocks fitted together without clay have rendered the place well-nigh impregnable. Within these walls or clustered on the lower shelves of this same cliff are found the ruins of numerous homes that mark this as once a center of life, and activity.

Again you thread your way down the rich bottom of one of the many canyons or washes and you continually stumble upon the ruins of what were once the homes of many men and women. You wonder how these people passed in and out of these narrow gorges, and run your eyes along the almost perpendicular cliffs in search of trails; and, to your astonishment, you see clustered in the depths of the large caves that are frequently found, washed out of the soft sandstone formation, or perched along some shelf where the surging waters of the days of Noah washed out the soft shale and clay leaving the sandstone below as a floor and the stratum above projecting as a fine defense against the storm, the granaries, homes and ceremonial chambers of a people who certainly surmounted difficulties that would stagger a modern engineer. In the debris everywhere you see fragments of broken pottery of great variety and of excellent workmanship.

Scattered over eastern, southeastern and southwestern Utah are found abundant evidences of the occupation of this region by this ancient folk; but nowhere do the ruins give evidence of as populous an occupation as the canyons and mesas of San Juan county. Here a large population made the hills and valleys glow with life and vigor. They builded, loved, laughed, wept, toiled and passed on. Whether they came from Asia across the Behring sea, or from Europe, Asia or Africa across the Atlantic, you and I may never be able to decide and agree; and when they have gone and what were the causes that led to the practical extermination of such a numerous population are questions that worthy challenge our interest and best thought. But where they dwelt, and what the habits of their life were are an open book which all may read and understand who will stop and examine its pages with a little care.

From the time of the organization of the Utah Archaeological society it has felt that this work should give its chief attention to accomplishing the careful location of the ruins of the ancient people commonly called "cliff dwellers" and the collection of material and data that would so illustrate their life that students of ethnology and archaeology would be able to study the life of primitive man in our own region here, where he dwelt, and not be forced to go to Chicago, New York and London to find out about the beginnings of human culture as it developed in this southwestern section of our country.

To this end the secretary of the society made a short expedition into Carbon county last summer, tracing the northern boundary of this early culture and occupation. This season there was a desire to undertake a more extensive piece of work and aid in carrying out the plans of the director of American archaeology of the Archaeological Institute, Professor Edgar L. Hewett, to make a complete exploration of what is called the San Juan drainage. The Utah society undertakes to do this with the portion of the region that lies within our state, and the Colorado society covers its field, and the Southwest society that portion lying within Arizona and New Mexico.

Through the kindness of Colonel E. A. Wall, president of the society, who backed the expedition financially, the society was able to carry out its plans and undertake the work under the direction of Professor Edgar L. Hewett, who is not only the director of American archaeology of the Institute, but also connected with the Smithsonian Institute and with the bureau of ethnology at Washington, and considered an authority on American archaeology. The expedition had two main objects in view: the exploration and mapping of that portion of the San Juan and the making of a survey and a careful exploration of the region around the natural bridges located in White canyon, in the Colorado drainage, fifty miles northwest of Bluff.

All of the canyons leading into the San Juan river from the north were explored and mapped and ruins located, and we planned to visit the region on the river, but the waters of the San Juan were so high this season that we were unable to get any one to take us across until Professor Hewett was so pressed for time that we could not accomplish what we desired by going now, so concluded to leave that piece of work for a future trip.

White canyon and the wonders of the great natural bridges were explored thoroughly, and wonders in the natural bridges proved to be! Great massive arches of sandstone, spanning hundreds of feet and surrounded by wild and rugged cliffs that have been worn into all sorts of fantastic shapes by the surging of wind and flood, present a series of pictures that the canvas can describe far better than the printed page, and even then the rich coloring is lost and one must see the originals to fully appreciate their grandeur and beauty.

Utah does not fully appreciate what she has within her borders or she would be heralding them abroad to the world and building a macadamized road to them. John C. Brown and Fred Scranton made a careful survey of the bridges and the territory in their immediate

vicinity. Neil Judd and Joseph Driggs have prepared careful topographical maps, and Professor Hewett has explored and located the numerous cliff buildings and villages about them, and we expect that when our report to the department of the interior has been fully considered the government will make this section into a national monument, and these great natural wonders, together with their surroundings of cliff ruins, will be preserved for the delight and instruction of all the people. An expenditure of a few hundred (three or four, it is estimated) will put the trail in such shape that wagons can be driven to these bridges; and we hope the wealthy people of Bluff will show their public spirit by making a beginning in this direction and rendering these natural wonders more accessible than they now are.

During the coming winter two reports will be published on the results of this summer's work, one on the natural bridges made to the department of the interior, the other to the institute, which will appear as one of the papers of the School of American Archaeology. Anyone interested may secure these papers when they appear by applying to the secretary of the Utah society, Byron Cummings, University of Utah, Salt Lake City.



The members of the Archaeological society feel that we must stop the looting of these ancient ruins for commercial purposes; that we must preserve a knowledge of these ancient people and develop a Utah archaeological and historical museum, and to this end invites the co-operation of all citizens who are interested in the development of our state and the effective organization of her educational and cultural forces.

MATCH GAVE BEST FRIEND TO RILEY

Hoosier Poet and Dr. Smith Called "Two Happiest Larks on Hoosier Soil."

James Whitcomb Riley's fame as the "Hoosier Poet" was just budding when the people of Delphi were for the first time delighted with one of his quaint entertainments, says the New York Herald. It was probably an hour after the curtain had gone down on the last reading that two men met on the quiet street in front of the opera house and one asked the other for a match. The man solicited rapidly searched his pockets and then bluntly said: "Have some up in the office—right up this stairway—come on."

And in this way James Whitcomb Riley got a match and became acquainted with Dr. Wycliffe Smith. The strongest ties of friendship sprang up between the two on this first meeting. Riley was the guest of Dr. Smith that night, and the next day he busied himself cancelling dates to permit of a two weeks' visit with his new friend.

"Happiest Hoosier Larks."

The friendship ripened into one of the Damon and Pythias sort, and Riley became a frequent visitor at the Smith home, remaining several days at each visit. The bachelor chums became locally noted as "two of the happiest larks on Hoosier soil."

A summer in the poet's life was incomplete without his customary "time" with Dr. Smith. Many are the unpublished verses Riley composed to be read only by his chum and other immediate friends.

Not all of Riley's local poems were lost. "Herr Wiser" and "Doc Siphers," subjects of Riley's verses, were well known Delphi characters, and "On the Banks of Deer Creek," one of the Hoosier poet's most popular productions, was written on those same charmingly beautiful banks near Delphi.

One can imagine the two kindred spirits on a lazy afternoon in a secluded spot on the creek's banks as he reads:

On the banks o' Deer Creek—there's the place fer me!
Worner slidin' past ye jes as clair as the kin be—
See yer shadder in it, and the shadder o' the sky,
And the shadder o' the buzzard as he goes a-lazin' by;
Shadder o' the pizen vines and shadder o' the trees,
And I put' nigh said the shadder o' the sunshine and the breeze!
Well, I never seen the ocean ner I never seen the sea—
On the banks o' Deer Creek's grand enough fer me!

On the banks of Deer Creek—allus my delight
Jes to be around there—take it day or night
Watch the snipes and kildees foolin' half the day—
Er these little worfer bugs skootin' out night!
And dewfall, and bullfrogs, and lightning bugs at night—
And smell o' muskrat through the dark clean from the old by-o!

Er take a tromp, some Sundry, say, 'way up to 'Johnson's Hole,'
And find where he's had a fire, and hid his fishin' pole;
Have yer "dog leg" with ye, and yer pipe and "cut-and-dry"—
Pocketful o' corn bread and slug er two o' rye
Soak yer hide in sunshine and waller in the shade—
Like the Good Book tells us—"where there's none to make afraid,"
Well, I never seen the ocean ner I never seen the sea—
On the banks o' Deer Creek's grand enough fer me!

Makes a Ride Memorable.

It was on a day in May that the poet and the physician once galloped,
"From Delphi to Camden—from Camden back again!"

This memorable ride has been given a lasting place in Indiana literature by Riley. How the poet enjoyed the ride is familiar to all Hoosiers, but the verses are worth repeating:

From Delphi to Camden—little Hoosier towns,
But here were classic meadows, blooming daisies and dawns,
And here were grassy pastures, dewy as the leas
Trampled over by the trains of royal pageantries!

And here the winding highway lolloped through the shade
Of the hazel-covert, where, in ambuscade,
Loomed the larch and linden, and the greenwood tree,
Under which bold Robin Hood loud halloped to me!

Here the stir and riot of the busy day
Dwindled to the quiet of the breath of May;
Gurgling brooks, and ridges lily-marg'd and spanned
By the rustic bridges found in wonder-land!

From Delphi to Camden—from Camden back again!
And how the night was on us, and the lightning and the rain;
And still the way was wondrous with the flash of hill and plain—
The stars like printed asterisks—the moon a murky stain!

And I thought of tragic idyl, and of flight and hot pursuit,
And the jingle of the bridle and cuirass, and spur on boot,
As our horses' hoofs struck whither from the flinty bowlders set
In fresh-ways of writhing reed and drowning violet.

And we passed beleaguered castles, with their battlements a-frown;
Where a tree fell in the forest was a turretted town;
While my master and commander—the brave knight I galloped with

1—Professor Edgar L. Hewett, Director of Archaeological Institute. 2—Fortress Wall, White Canyon, Utah. 3—Locomotive Rock. 4—Twin Towers in Foreground, 273 Feet High. 5—Caroline Bridge. 6—Cliff Dwellers' Granaries.

On this reckless road to ruin or to fame was—Dr. Smith!

When Bill Nye Retired.

After Riley became associated with Bill Nye the poet and the humorist were invited to Delphi to rest a week or two as the guests of Dr. Smith. Riley, in accepting the invitation, reminded the doctor that it was real kind of him to provide a legitimate excuse for two weary entertainers who were seeking in vain to throw the public in their trail for a night or two. They needed rest. However, when the distinguished visitors arrived at Delphi they were surprised to find that their thoughtful friend had billed them for a "show" at the "opry house" that very evening.

The "biling" was original with Dr. Smith. The town was literally covered with bills of every description, from medicine and clothing advertisements to twelve-sheet circus posters, and to each of them was attached a small yellow date line announcing that the "great and only Nye and Riley" would appear at the opera house in a one-night stand.

The "show" was given to a packed house, and the spirit of the evening made the entertainment undoubtedly the best Riley and Nye ever gave. Incidentally, Smith "sneaked away" with the door receipts, and a dozen or more of Delphi's poorer families were well supplied with coal, wood and flour that winter.

It was not at all strange that the Hoosier poet should take such a fancy to an unknown bachelor physician in a country town. Volumes could be written of Dr. Wycliffe Smith's character, but let it suffice to say he was as noble and as generous a man as ever lived. This is none too strong.

Dr. Smith was a great man without the limelight. Glowing empty words tell less of the man than does a narration of some of his deeds, trivial though they may seem, yet real indices of character.

A poor laborer who owed Dr. Smith for professional services was asked by the doctor to whitewash the latter's office one day, and when the work was accomplished Dr. Smith asked:

"What's the charge?"
"Oh, just let it go on my bill," said the laborer.

"All right," he answered, and after consulting his books he handed the man a receipt for \$2.

Carl Derr was a young lad of 7 or 8 years, who was playing on the Wabash railroad tracks one day, when a train cut off both his legs. Dr. Smith was called as the company's surgeon. When he arrived the plucky lad, without showing the least sign of pain, pulled the doctor's coat sleeve and quietly asked:
"You can't put 'em on again, kin you, Doc?"
Smith looked at the boy in amazement and then remarked:
"That will get you something, I like a real sport."
At the doctor's own expense the boy was taken to Chicago hospital, where he received special attention. He was provided with artificial limbs and Dr. Smith placed a thousand dollars in the

bank for the lad's education. This was done without a brass band.

UNFAIR.

(July Bohemian.)
Miss Smith—I see that the legislature has passed a law prohibiting the women from wearing stubbed birds or feathers on their hats.
Aunt Maria—It ain't fair. I've heard of how the men in the cities wear swallowtail coats, and they never say a word against it.

NOT ON THE FREE LIST.

(Philadelphia Record.)
"I gave you a dime, and you went immediately into a saloon," remarked the benevolent old gentleman. "Don't you know it is very wasteful to spend your money for liquor?"
"I've often thought of that, sir," replied the weary wayfarer, "but I've never yet found a place where I could get it for nothing."

TO BE EXACT.

(Catholic Standard and Times.)
"What's that sign you're making there?" asked the grocer.
"Fresh Eggs," replied the new clerk.
"H'm! Make it read 'Fresh-laid Eggs' while you're about it."
"What for? Everybody knows the eggs were fresh when they were laid."
"Just so, and that's all it's safe for us to say about them."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

(Harper's Weekly.)
"You can't get in here on a half ticket," exclaimed the doorkeeper at the circus.
"I thought I could," apologized the small town citizen. "I have a bad eye, and I only expected to see half of the show."
"Then you'll have to get two tickets," said the doorkeeper. "If you only have one good eye it'll take you twice as long to see the show."

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