

# NEW MEXICO'S ANCIENT HARVEST FESTIVAL

By Edwin L. Sabin



The historic Pueblo de Taos in New Mexico. This shows one of the two great five-story community houses. The Pueblo is practically the same in appearance today as it was when found by Coronado on his exploring expedition northward from Mexico in the sixteenth century. The peculiar customs and rites of the Indians are much the same now as then.

The Pueblo Indians hold spectacular ceremonies as weird and interesting as any mystic celebration you might see in remote parts of British India or in China



Indian dance at Pueblo de Taos given during the festival of San Geronimo, held on September 30, each year.

The great tribal dances of the northern Indians have almost vanished from plains and bad lands, and those which remain have become perverted under the demands of white civilization. But in the wide Southwest of New Mexico and Arizona, still exist an independent people, the agricultural Pueblos; occupying their ancient community houses, tilling their ancient fields and tenaciously observing their ancient customs.

The route from Colorado to old Santa Fe traverses the most fertile and picturesque section of this storied Pueblo country, where the work of the living and of the dead are alike prominent, and supplies easy access to that one greatest of these Indian communities in all the Southwest—the Pueblo of San Geronimo de Taos.

Northernmost of the Pueblos it is by map 55 miles northeast of Santa Fe, and by wagon and auto road only 25 miles east from the railroad station at Taos Junction, where automobile stages meet the trains. The Pueblo was visited as far back as 1540, by the Spanish explorer Hernando de Alvarado, of Coronado's army. It was a Spanish mission, given a priest, and christened San Geronimo (Saint Jerome), as early as 1617, and since those dates has changed little.

Here, annually, on September 30, the 500 inhabitants of the two masonry terraced clay community houses, which rise tier on tier to the height of five stories, celebrate the most important of their tribal feasts and dances—the festival of San Geronimo Day; dedicated, ostensibly, to their patron saint, but really a thanksgiving to the sun-god for the harvest.

This festival, so old that the patriarchs of the Pueblo know not its beginnings, each year attracts spectators from all over the United States, and is attended as well by other Pueblos, by Apaches and Navajos. Accommodations for the Americans are found in the adjacent town of San Fernandez de Taos, two and a half miles by a good road, where the Mexican population of the surrounding country add their festive merry-makings to those of the Taosians.

Beyond the observance of these ordinary solemnities, which develop upon an intricate into private grounds (for the Pueblo owns its lands), guests are unrestricted; and therefore, rarely is such opportunity given to witness a truly Indian celebration. Spectators should arrive on the morning of the 29th. If possible, thus they will be enabled to see the daily life of the Pueblo and in the evening will witness the ceremonies by which the feast itself is ushered in.

These are the raising of the 50-foot offering pole in the Pueblo plaza; the joyfully attended mass in the little chapel and the mystic sun dance in the twilight, by trained dancers waving yellow aspen boughs and chanting the sun dance song.

At night sacred rites, to which none but initiates are admitted, are performed in the underground estufas or council chambers; and in the town of San Fernandez is held a grand bull or bull to which all strangers are invited by the Mexican hosts.

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everybody, of every complexion, flocks early to the Pueblo, and before the sun is well above the beautiful Taos range of mountains the grounds are alive with a strangely mixed throng, and with festa booths where are displayed for sale melons, pino nuts, blankets and scarfs of native manufacture, Pueblo pottery and Apache baskets.

To the tip of the tall pole are hung, by a nimble Taosian, the harvest offerings of melons, bread and a slain sheep. Another mass is celebrated in the little chapel, and the statue of Saint Jerome is borne out, under a canopy, and respectfully installed in a bower of aspen boughs, to preside over the day's doings, as it were.

A foot race by selected runners, symbolically painted, from either casa grande or "great house," is followed by a dance, again, to celebrate the victory, and from the roofs of the triumphant, casa grande women shower the dancers with bread in token of the sun's bounty.

At noon open house is kept, and to the generous tables anyone is welcomed, whether or not he is expected to leave a coin as his expression of thanks for hospitality. Extensive shopping is indulged in, from booth to booth, and the grounds have the aspect of an Oriental bazaar, until shortly upon mid-afternoon appears the crowning feature of the day—the historic delight-makers.

Of lineage and clan older than any records extant in this romantic Southwest, these clowns, seven in number and grotesquely adorned, perform their licensed antics, until finally, at sunset, they swarm up the smooth pole and as their reward detach the melons.

Quality, Not Quantity. The widespread use of the automobile is, without doubt, largely responsible for the increasing number of fishermen on brooks easily accessible.

From almost any city, an angler or a group of anglers can in an hour or two hours' time run out to some sequestered stream and, if they are skilled in the art of fishing, return home at night with a respectable showing of trout. While big catches are often made on near-at-home streams, the angler should not anticipate them. If he is thus recompensed for a day's effort, he will be far happier than if he starts in the morning with big expectations and returns at night with a slightly filled creel.

The true angler for brook trout should not measure his day's sport solely by the number of trout he catches. Quantity to him is only a part of the game, and not the most interesting part.—Outing.

After a Stormy Session. "Rafferty," said Mr. Dolan, "have you studied parliamentary law?" "I have. Parliamentary law has got to be rewritten so as to prevent one gentleman from throwing a brickbat when another raises a point of order."

Literal Description. "Monday is a fine day for motor-ing." "Why Monday especially?" "Because then the Sunday speed-ers pay up."

Beware Inquisitive Men. The man who is inquisitive into the secrets of your affairs, with which he has no concern, should be an object of your caution. Men no more desire another's secrets to conceal them than they would another's purse for the pleasure only of carrying it.—Fielding.

Too Good. "I hear you're thinking of buying a new car." "Yes. My chauffeur complains that the old one doesn't get out of repair often enough."—Minneapolis Journal.

## COMBINED DAIRY AND HORSE BARN

Structure Furnishes Comfortable Stabling Room for 24 Cows and Seven Horses.

ALSO SAVES MUCH LABOR

Farmers Now Thoroughly Understand the Value of Sanitary Conditions and Ventilation, Such as is Supplied in a Building of This Type.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1327 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The good farmer of today is like an expert checker player in that he continually carries in his head a definite plan which will guide him through several "moves" to come. He must

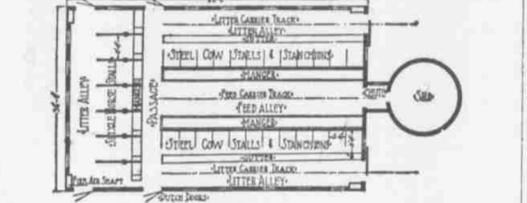
tion dairy and horse barn such as is shown in the illustrations. This particular structure is 36 feet in width by 60 feet in length and furnishes stabling for 24 cows and seven horses. It is designed according to the latest practice in farm-building architecture. The width is based upon the proper size of stalls for the cows, together with a correct allowance for feed and litter alleys. Since the horse stalls are placed crossways of the barn they do not enter into the determination of width. Eight feet of clear head-room is allowed over the cow stalls, and nine feet over the horse stalls. These values are based upon what is considered correct from a standpoint of ventilation.

The whole foundation is of concrete with footings and piers reaching down to solid ground, below frost level, and firmly embedded to prevent settling. When the mow above the stables is filled to the peak, a great weight is added to the building and this necessitates the construction of a good underpinning which will keep the building square and plumb and will prevent cracks in the concrete work. The entire floor is made of concrete, with gutters and mangers formed in it for the cow stalls. The proper slope is given all standing floors, and the feed alley floor is raised slightly above these.

The equipment of the barn is such as will eliminate all possible manual work in doing the chores. Silage is taken in a feed carrier down the feed



Combination Dairy and Horse Barn—Size, 36 by 60 Feet, Suitable for 24 Cows and 7 Horses.



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not be content with knowing what is to be done today, but he must know what follows tomorrow and the next day and the next. Farming is every day becoming less and less an "easy-go-lucky" life, suitable for the man who is too lazy to do anything else, and it is becoming a systematic business requiring careful planning and alert attention to details.

The modern farmer has already recognized the fact that he cannot work without the tools of his trade, and he has set about finding the best way to do the man yinches of farm life with the minimum expenditure of manual effort. The result is expressed in the many farm implements and devices which have during recent years been placed upon the market. Time which may be saved by the use of machinery is time which may be devoted to more careful planning and the establishment of more perfect organization in the system of management which governs the farm work.

Not only is the creative genius of the farmer directed toward the invention and improvement of machines to help him in his daily work, but he is called upon to work out the proper design and arrangement of farm buildings which will keep pace with the modern methods of farming and the latest practice in ventilation and sanitation. It is true that every farmer cannot be an inventor, but it is the farmer in general whose needs are responsible for the effort which is made to produce these improvements, and his suggestions are very often the embodiment of the ideas which make them possible.

All progressive farmers who realize that this call is being made upon their ability to produce the improvements necessary for the advance of modern methods in farming, even though they cannot offer anything themselves, are affected by the spirit of the thing. They are alert to see that which is beneficial and they are enthusiastic in their adoption of the new ideas which they consider steps in advance.

Even the farmer who owns only small tracts of land are finding ways for the latest types of harvesting machinery, gasoline power for pumps and other devices requiring moderate amounts of power, gas and other lighting systems, hot and cold water in their houses, and all sorts of modern barn equipment. They are replacing their older buildings for new ones of the more modern type and they are paying more attention to sanitary conditions and ventilation in their livestock-housing quarters.

At this time of the year many farmers are looking forward to the winter months and are building new barns which will provide them with the best possible means of housing their cows and horses in quarters equipped in such a way that healthful conditions may be maintained without excessive labor. Those who have found the wisdom of feeding ensilage have usually had their new silo constructed and sited on the site of the proposed barn. The favored structure is a combina-

# HAPPENINGS in the BIG CITIES

## Buying \$100,000 Worth of Herring in Whispers

NEW YORK.—The New York herring exchange hasn't any fixed home. One week it may meet on pier 50, North river, and the next week it may foregather under a shed at the foot of West Twenty-fourth street. It all depends upon the herring. Wherever the shipment is landed, there is the exchange. The exchange always follows the herring.

The herring exchange makes the quotations for herring in the same way that the stock exchange fixes the quotations for railroad shares and industrial.

The herring exchange and a barrel of herring are opened at the same time, and immediately following this double opening, the exchange members roll up one sleeve, thrust a hand into the open barrel, bring forth a herring and closing the teeth on the dorsal fin pull it off. Then they bite into the fleshy part of the back, and with much smacking of lips gauge its flavor.

When a member has tried the flavor of the fish and noted its size and plumpness he makes a whispered bid very close to the ear of the importers' agent, and the importers' agent makes a whispered reply very close to the ear of the member and a quotation is established.

At a recent session 8,000 packages of Scotch herring were on the pier—roughly about \$100,000 worth. This importation was of what are known in the trade as samples, or soft-cured herring. One package of each lot was opened and sampled.

## Policemen of Minneapolis Provided With Parasols

MINNEAPOLIS.—Here in Minneapolis the sun has been shining hot, hotter, hottest, during the last days—not to speak of other places where it has been hot. And, because of those hot days, the streets of the Mill City, the buildings do not throw so much shade on the street crossings as is graciously provided in other cities. Policemen who must stand at their posts, at these wide, prairie-like crossings, have been compelled, during the hot spell, to stand embroiled in the sun, and take their turn no matter what the thermometer.

But the women of Minneapolis are noted for their attention to the public weal. They may not have the vote, but judging from parades and other public demonstrations, eleven-tenths of them want to vote. Still, they do not wait for the vote in order to serve their city. They also serve while they stand and wait for the vote.

One of these very capable Minneapolis women, Mrs. Horace Lowry, noticed the policemen standing in the sun of the prairie crossings. Straightway, being a woman and being accustomed to the feminine resources whereby life is made happier in such weather as this, Mrs. Lowry remembered parasols.

A parasol for the policemen! Precisely so! But it's a long way through the Tipperary routine of a meeting of the council and the devising of specifications and the advertising for bids and the manufacturing process. By that time it would be January and there would be no need of parasols. So this benefactress of the guardian race provided parasols herself. To each policeman his parasol.

## Many Gotham Nicks in Row Over Nickered Nick

NEW YORK.—If Nicholas Xenodocusus had refrained from giving a nicked peanut roaster to his nephew, Nicholas Arhagasesus, St. Nicholas avenue would not have resounded with one of the loudest cases ever heard there. Fortunately for Arhagasesus he was able to prove, through the interpreter, Nicholas Demolavocostus, that the nicked-plated peanut roaster given him by his uncle had no nick in it, while that lost by Nicholas Zacharakes had one.

Nicholas Zacharakes one night lost a nicked-plated peanut roaster with a nick in it. Zacharakes, after wringing his hands and the cat's neck, decided to have a day of relaxation far from the scene of his loss. He stopped for a moment at the peanut stand of Nicholas Cocores.

While the contemporary peanut merchants were exchanging a few foreign words Zacharakes gave a scream, pointed to the official peanut roaster of the Cocores store and declared that it was his.

Cocores declared he had bought the peanut roaster from Nicholas Bastolocus.

Bastolocus proved that he had bought the roaster from Nicholas Kashenesis, who in turn swore that he had bought it from Nicholas Arhagasesus.

Arhagasesus told them frankly about the generosity of his uncle, Nicholas Xenodocusus, but the other Nicholas laughed a trifle hoarsely. Arhagasesus proved that his uncle did give him a nicked peanut roaster with no nick in it and was straightway discharged.

His uncle appeared to corroborate him in the nick of time.

## Only Toy of the Eugenic Baby of Denver Is a Cow

DENVER.—A child is being reared in Denver under eugenic ideas. These rules have been evolved by those in charge: Never use "baby talk."

Give him no toys. Don't teach him to believe in Santa Claus. Give him a cow to play with. Diet him on cereal, with milk and a tiny bit of sugar and cow's milk. Teach him perfect table manners. Frederick Fish, eighteen months old, Denver's eugenic baby, received a newspaper interviewer. Baby Fish wore becoming plump rompers.

If the interviewer had said to Frederick "Is on a good boy?" Frederick He has never heard "baby talk." His mother doesn't permit it.

"We use the same words in speaking to Frederick as we would in conversing with educated grown-ups," Mrs. Fish said.

Mr. and Mrs. Fish are both eugenicists and euthenists. A eugenicist emphasizes the inheritance; a euthenist the environment. Frederick's environment is carefully studied for him in advance, Mrs. Fish being a leader of the Denver eugenicists.

The eugenicist principle hasn't anything particularly to do with the fact that a cow is Frederick's chief playmate. It happens the cow is Frederick's staff of life and has contributed the milk that has given Frederick rosie cheeks, a "lovely" disposition, fat legs and bright blue eyes.

The cow will gently rub its head against the baby's face. When it is lying down, lazily chewing a cud, Frederick rolls over it and otherwise enjoys himself at the cow's expense. Cherry, the cow, is intensely jealous of the little fellow, manifesting displeasure when anyone pets the child in its presence or attempts to join in the play.

## POSTSCRIPTS

To save time in unloading bulk cargoes from vessels there has been invented a gasoline propelled motor scoop that can be driven about their decks and holds.

A Wisconsin inventor has patented skis with pivoted footpieces that send a wearer along over snow or ice as he presses his toes down against the runners.

The Roadstown (N. J.) Baptist church is 226 years old. Custom in China discourages the photographing of women.

