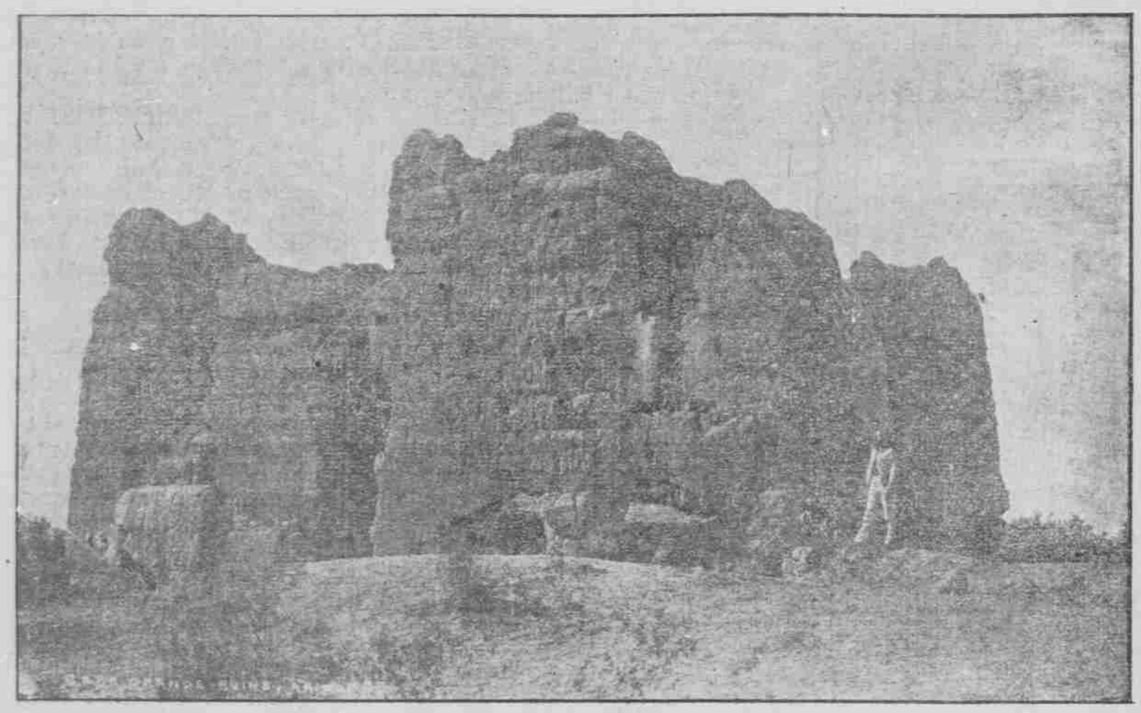
Arizona's and America's Ancient Civilization Proved In Prehistoric Ruins at Casas Grandes



The Famous Casa Grande Ruin (Spanish, meaning Great House) Land Mark of the Aztec Empire; the Chihilticale, (Red House).

Came to the American Continent and Established Themselves.

By W. E. Barnes, Tucson, Ariz.

"World wrongly called the new! This clime was old
When first the Spaniards came in search of gold.
Age after age its shadowy wings had spread,
And man was born, and gathered to the dead:
Cities arose, ruled, dwindled to decay,
Empires were formed, then darkly swept away;
Race followed race, like cloud-shades o'er the field,
The stranger still to strangers doomed to yield."

ARIZONA, (Arizonac—concealed or hidden water), once was a segment of a great and powerful empire. Southern Arizona was inhabited from prehistoric times, and presents a wonderful field for arcnaeological research. In its valleys goodly cities with temples and palaces, built by a numerous and civilized people flourished ages before the fleet of the far sighted Genoese spread its white wings upon the tempestuous bosom of the Atlantic.

The human race had its birth on the high table lands of Central Asia, south and east of the Caspian sea. The first emigrations were made by the Tauranian ("Tauranian—outside, or barbarous") nations which scattered widely, the first settled governments developed in fertile river valleys, where cultivation of the soil arrested desultory habits and often formed the nucleus of an empire. Change of place, intercourse, conflict and conquest were the chief early educators. Man at first had no institutions. He existed in the simplest and most spontaneous way, finding shelter in caves and clefts of the rocks and beneath the primeval forests, groping his way, guided by strong instinct divinely implanted in his soul, that instinct which ever impels men and nations to a consummation of their destiny.

Emigrants From Asia.

America was settled by emigrants from Asia, arriving by the way of the Behring strait, and at a later period followed by others landing upon the west coast in vessels direct from the orient.

The early inhabitants of North and Central America were divided into two linguistic groups, Nahuatlan and Athapascan. To the first named group belonged the Maya, Toltec and the Aztec, who were a superior race, developing a high state of civilization.

A great writer has truly said: "Civilization is an unfolding, and develops from its own germ. It is not a superficial acquisition, but an inward growth even if nourished by extraneous food." The Athapascan peoples did not possess the "germ" of civilization, and remained stationary. And we find their descendants today, what few remain, utterly deficient in those characteristics which mark the virile, progressive races, and they appear incapable of any very great intellectual development, such as was maintained by Aztec people in general.

A General Error.

The assumption that the Casas Grandes were built by the ancestors of the indian tribes found occupying the country at the time of the arrival of the Spanish missionaries in the 16th century will not bear examination. Everything beyond their comprehension was the work of their ancestors, and while vaguely claiming kinship to the builders of the Casas Grandes, they also claimed close relationship to the mountains, and to the invisible forces of nature. Tradition among some of the tribes ascribed all the old remains, including the unexplored mounds of the region, to Montezuma. In Chihuahua, the mounds are called "Montezumas," and even the Zuni called ancient ruins of that section "Montezumas' temples." The utter absurdity of the Pima legends is best illustrated by a paragraph from the report of Lieut. Michler in charge of the United States boundary survey at Casa Grande in 1854. He says:

"The Pimas consider themselves descendants of the Aztecs, and claim Montezuma to have been of their tribe, and that one day Montezuma left them on horse back on his pilgrimage to found a new country, overlooking the fact that the horse was introduced by the Spaniards."

The True Story.

From the evidence at hand, the true story of the Casas Grandes reads as follows:

About the middle of the eighth century, A. D., a considerable group of Nahuas migrating from the north entered the Gila valley in southern Arizona at a point near what is now the Casa Grande station on the Southern Pacific railway, they were doubtless attracted by the fertile soil, and the ample supply of water near at hand. These early immigrants founded what was afterwards called the city or country of Chicomoztec, they brought with them to the Gila valley a polity, a religion, a knowledge of the mechanic arts, gometry and astronomy. The city flourished, other towns were planted, and their sway extended over a considerable territory. In the course of time the pressure of the barbarous hordes from the north became oppressive. As a result of climatic changes, the water supply greatly diminished, the crops became uncertain, explorers sent south made glowing reports of that wonderful country. Their sacred oracles pointed in that direction. The Toltecs had been greatly weakened by war and disease. Some cities had been abandoned. The evacuation of the city and country of Chicomoztec was decided upon.

Answer Given Cortez.

When Hernando Cortez who overthrew the Aztec empire and obliterated its civilization, first beheld the splendor of the Aztec court and the civilization of the people of Anahuac, he turned to Mariana, his beautiful indian woman, and vehemently demanded: "I would know whence these people came."

The emperor, to whom the inquiry had been interpreted, replied:

"Our ancient records contain the story of the wanderings of our people, from Aztlan, the darkness of the north, the place of the sun's annual death, to the valley of Anahuac, where we are to fulfill our destiny."

Old Nahua pictograph maps, ascribed to the 11th and 12th centuries, A. D., point unerringly to the Casa Grande region, which some of the native writers have confused with Hue-Hue—Tlapallan.

Surviving fragments of two old Aztec codices, indicate that the emperor Ahuizotl, during whose reign the great Teocalli was consecrated in Mexico City in 1486, regarded the "Chichilticale" (Casa Grande) as a land mark of his empire.

Traditions Are Preserved.

The ancient American races, preserved the traditions of distinct migrations in their hieroglyphics and pictographs.

According to these traditions it was from the north that the Nahuas came. This is the version of all Spanish historians; also that the Casa Grande region was the site of an ancient Aztec city. This is supported by the Abbe Domenich, who declared that the Casa Grande was the work of a numerous and civilized people, also by the famous writers, Gabriel a'Ayala, Guignes, Quatrelagas, Hany, and the well known American historian, Prescott.

Carefully preserved in the city of Mexico is an old original map, drawn from astronomical observations at Mexico in the year 1804, by the immortal Prussian naturalist, Alexander, Baron von Humboldt, author of the "Kosmos," in the northern part of the Intendencia de Sonora. At Casa Grande in the handwriting of the gifted author is the following notation: "Ruins of Casa Grandes, second abode of the Azteques (Aztecs), whence they passed by Tarahumara to Huecolhuacan, Cullacan." Baron von Humboldt, one of the ablest scholars of modern times, came to Mexico under the auspices of the famous Spanish minister d'Uriquizo, and was armed with the most powerful recommendations. The archives of the nation were placed at his disposal.

It Should Be Restored.

The Casa Grande region is a focal point of archaeological interest. The state, nation and the world demands its exploration, and where possible, restoration of its ancient buildings. It can be made the mecca of the tourist and student interested in the history of the human race. The people of Arizona should take pride in snatching from the maw of time a monument so ancient, so replete with human interest as the Casa Grande ruin.

The exploration of the region was ably begun some years ago under the direction of J. Walter Fewkes, connected with the Smithsonian institution. An adequate appropriation should be made by congress to complete the work. Senators Smith and Ashurst, and congressman Hayden are pledged to cooperate in obtaining the necessary appropriation.

In connection with the work of complete exploration of the Casa Grande region, a lectureship, or school of archaeology should be established at the University of Arizona at Tucson that the students attending the university and the world at large might receive the full benefit of such important work.

:-: An Old-Fashioned Mother :-:

Her Letters to Her New-Fashioned Daug ter---No. 4

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING LETTERS.

Laura Crawley, reared in the quiet environment of a small hotel, run by her mother at Holbrooke, Va., has settled in New York for the purpose of making a career for herself in grand opera. Her mother, remaining at home with her tippling husband and restive young son, writes her daughter to tell of the bitter disappointment of Jim Burke, a former suitor, that Laura has gone away. Laura's letters develop the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Hurley, a New York couple who have taken her under their wing, have no desire to "be together every minute," and that it is not thought very wicked in New York for a young girl to go out with a married man, as she has just done with Mr. Hurley. She suggests that as her expenses are piling up it might be well for her mother to send her an extra $20 at the end of the month.

Holbrooke, Va., Sept. 20.

MY Dear Laura:

Yes, I will be able to squeeze out an extra $20 for you at the end of the month. Mrs. Farrelly, who took the red farm house over near the school several months ago, has figured out how, without proper plumbing in the house, she has to carry about a ton of water a day. The water for the kitchen has to be lifted from the well, carried to the kitchen, poured into a kettle, and out of the kettle into the dishpan, andfrom the dishpan out of doors. Cooking, bathing, scrubbing and washing, she figures, brings the amount of water she carries up to a ton a day. She has obtained estimates and finds she could put in a system of waterworks for about $250. The pump would be $25, gasoline engine $40, tank $20, bathtub $20, other fixtures, pipes, valves and instalation bringing the total cost to $250.

You wonder what this has to do with you? Well, nothing, perhaps. The only point about it is that Mrs. Farrelly, unfortunately, has not got the $250, and must continue to carry the ton of water a day, to keep herself and her children alive. And yet she is a very cheerful woman. She almost annoys me by the way she continually thanks God for her blessings. An extra $20 every month for a year would be almost the amount of money that would relieve Mrs. Farrelly from carrying the ton of water a day. I will send you the check just before the end of the month, as you request.

Aren't boys strange creatures, Laura? Here is our Phil, just past 17, and now he thinks that he, too, should be "making my way in the world." "There's no chance for a fellow to do big things in a big way," he said to me last night. "What can a fellow do here? I don't want to be a hotel keeper. I don't want to drift into spending all my time at Sherley's bar, like Dad." There seems to be no way of arguing with him. He says you showed the right kind of "spunk" in kicking the dust of Holbrooke off your heels.

I asked him whether he had ever paid much attention to Joe Biddle, who runs the little jewelry shop near the Homestead. I know that neither you nor Phil ever thought much of Joe. He never seems to have any time for dancing or sports. But I guess he had a pretty good time working. He doesn't seem to sell much jewelry, but he does a lot of repairing for the guests at the Homestead who are here for the summer; serves the city newspapers in most of the colony, rents the latest fiction books at five cents apiece, and has the agency for a $400 automobile on the side. He told me, confidentially, that he was cleaning up $300 net each month during the summer and $200 a month the rest of the year. I told all this to Phil, but he merely said that Joe Biddle "makes me sick." I haven't any more news. I don't intend to say anything about your trip to the theater with Mr. Hurley. I simply express the hope that you are happy in your new environment. Best love from your affectionate

Mother.

New York, Oct. 1.

Mater Darling: What a fine, cheerful, encouraging letter that last one was. Gee, it almost made me feel like going to Coney Island every morning and lifting a ton of water out of the sea. The difference between Mrs. Farrelly and Annette Kellerman is that one lifts the water and the other dives into it; Mrs. Farrelly can't get $250 by working all year and Annette gets at least that much for diving into water a few times a day. Don't think I'm hard hearted, but, oh dear, this subtle way of making me feel small and frivolous and useless does so get on my nerves.

If you wanted me to be a fine, noble and sacrificing woman who would carry t ton of water every day, why on earth did you send me to a college where I learned to love beautiful things and comfort, and where I came to regard these things as my inalienable right? Why did you try to make me a daintier little girl than all the others in the town? The way to have made me useful and self-supporting was not to send me to college. They don't teach you how to carry a ton of water in our best colleges, you know.

I really believe, sometimes, mater dear, thatyou would prefer me to be a callous-handed creature working over a tub. If it is any consolation to you, I will tell you that you are my only visible means of support. Without the money that you are sending me, I could not continue taking my singing lessons and could not pursue my desire some day to sing in opera.

But I could go to work, couldn't I? And what would I do? For what am I fitted? I haven't been trained for anything but to sing. I know you do not even approve wholly of my desire for a position as a grand opera singer. Much lses would you approve of the one thing in which I could earn a decent living—in musical comedy. And yet that is exactly what I think I ought to do.

It is not easy for me to take money that I do not earn, even from my mother. I know you give it freely enough, but after all, mater dear, you do feel that it is your money and that I ought to account for every cent. I often wonder whether it is the right of any human being to criticize another. Haven't we all the right to make our own lives? Those who wish to give to others should give without question. Either they should give and immediately cut themselves off from all control of the gift, and without claiming ownership over the person to whom they do give, or else they should not give at all. If you stopped sending me money, I would still live. I would make my own life—perhaps a better life than I am now living.

Carrying a ton of water is honorable employment, but I contend that it would not be less honorable for Mrs. Farrelly to earn bread for her children by singing on the stage if her looks and her voice warranted her in the undertaking. If a stage has been well swept and scrubbed, and is free from germs, I do not see how it can contaminate any good woman. Good night, mater dear. I don't feel there is anything else to say. I don't mean to be unappreciative of all you have done for me, ever since I was a child, but I am a woman now—an entity—and each of us must be the master of his own soul. With love from—Laura.

Holbrook, Va., Sept. 4.

MY DEAR LAURA—I suppose the mistake I make in not trying more conscientiously to put myself in your place. If I had not been forced to work when I was a girl, if I had not been born into it, I probably would have had no taste for it. I think most of us are born to be pleasure lovers. But once you get the knack of making money or of saving it, you want to keep on. I suppose it is part of the law of compensation that makes half of the world producers and the other half consumers. Rich men make millions, and the Lord ordains that they shall have sons to keep the millions in circulation.

As you know, I am a great believer in the law of compensation. I even believe that the high cost of living, which we bemoan so constantly, may be a blessing in disguise. Profits from farming were so small that the sons of farmers rushed to the city to engage in business. The high cost of living means that farm products are going up. After the prices of farm products reach a certain point there may be a rush of the unemployed to the country. Incidentally, in line with this thought I might add that the foolish sons of rich men are really of more service in distributing large fortunes than a heavily graded inheritance tax would be.

You should not misunderstand me, Laura, dear. Mothers make the mistake of criticising too much and commending too little. You are a fine, loyal, good hearted and altogether lovable young woman, my daughter. You are very beautiful. You have heard that too often from others to make the praise of your mother sound soothing. All that I have ever feared, my child, was that you knew your good points so well that you might want to cash them in without real effort. You have a really good voice, for instance, and already you tell me that you feel that you could begin to earn money without delay in musical comedy.

Your teacher tells you that you have beautiful eyes and you jump to the conclusion at once that you would make a hit on the stage.

Believe me, Laura, dear, even a career in musical comedy involves real work. You hear only of the after theater suppers and the froth of the game, but there is beneath that the hard work, the constant study and rehearsal, the complaints of the directors, and the competition of other favored actresses. What I am trying to impress on you, my dear, is that anything that is worth having must be paid for in sacrifices—the bigger the prize the bigger the sacrifices. Your daddy's minimum in drinking, by the way, is any other man's maximum, but he and Phil send their undying love. Never be afraid to write me frankly, Laura, because beneath my scolding you will always find a mother's sympathetic heart. Affectionately,

Mater.

The Reply.

New York, Sept. 7.

MOTHER dear:

I really felt that a wall between us had been demolished when I read your letter of this morning. You wrote it several days ago, but I had not received it because I was with the Hurleys at the place they have taken for the summer at Allenhurst. They have a motor and live wonderfully. They entertain some of the Best people in New York and I really feel that I was very lucky in falling in with them. Mr. Hurley knows a great many of the theatrical managers of New York and he says that if I want to do so he can get me a small part in one of the newest and best musical comedies at any time. I sang for them and their guests the other night and they raved about my voice. There was a theatrical manager there and he said he would engage me on the spot, but Mr. Hurley said: "No, you don't. This little lady is my discovery, and when she goes on the stage it will be with one of the best companies." The manager took it good naturedly and jested about Mr. Hurley's air of proprietorship.

You mentioned sometime ago that if there were any coolness between Mr and Mrs. Hurley it was due to the former's neglect. I am sure that it is not so. Mrs. Hurley is very exacting. Mr. Hurley likes to mingle his theatrical friends with her society friends and she treats them with coldness. I think a wife should be more understanding and tolerant, don't you? I feel sure they have little in common. Mrs. Hurley is not at all jealous of her husband, but perhaps she would be if she really loved him. I know how you feel about divorces, but really in a case like this I should think they would be better off living apart.

At the opportunity to go into musical comedy, mater, dear, don't you really think I would be better off if I followed that course? I would not then feel like such a parasite, accepting money from you every month without doing anything for it. I always feel that when you lecture me you are referring to your right to dominate me—the right being obtained by reason of the fact that you support me. If you would just be chummy with me, dear, I would feel better about it. I know I seem woefully wrong in my expression of the modern ideas of life, but then, mater, dear, you must know that age alone does not spell wisdom. If that were true, every tottering man of 90 would be a Solomon, and every youth of 20 a fool. Wisdom has nothing to do with years. It is based on our varying powers of observation.

My observation teaches me that what seems wrong to you may be the right course for me—the course that will give me intellectual freedom and liberty and independence. If I am not to go on the stage, I will need more money each month, mater, dear, but under no circumstances will I be willing to accept it unless it is given to me as my right—not as a gift with a string attached to it, but as a salary for being the target at which all sorts of advice is shot. In either event, mother, dear, you know I love you. Best wishes to everybody from Laura.

The next instalment of An Old Fashioned Mother's Letters to her New Fashioned Daughter will be published in next Sunday's Herald.

The Well Dressed Girl -:- By Fannie Ward

Two Wonderful Gowns and Hats

An Offering in Lace.

A Charming Design.

By Fannie Ward.

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ARE you an individual or an example of a certain type? In all probability you have always prided yourself on being different from other people. And yet! And yet you clothe yourself so that to the casual observer you look exactly like every other woman who passes by for casual observation.

The world is in a hurry.

People are likely to glance at you and to form a snap judgment based on what the eye beholds in that momentary glimpse.

Your appearance breaks the ice of acquaintanceship for you.

If you want to be an unnoted member of a uniformed chorus, accept calmly the clothes that are offered to you as "So Smart! Why, every one is wearing them!"

But if you want to give your personality a chance for a fair hearing, dress so that the eye of the beholder will observe that you are an individual. Then the mind will give you a fair chance and you will be "one of the principals," not a mere member of the chorus!

Today I am showing you two frocks and two hats of my own designing. My idea of a smartly dressed woman is not a dressmaker's manikin.

The Difference.

It is rather the woman who shows in every individual line of her garments that she has studied Dame Fashion's demands and has made a few demands of her own.

Reject, accept, modify and combine. But if you are a disciple of the art of making living, breathing human beings attractive pictures, pray do not wear a costume that you will see duplicated in various grades and prices from Tallahassee to Seattle.

Behold, then, two of my gowns. They are doubly "mine," because they are of my designing as well as of my wearing.

Is not the black one a pet? And if the little home dressmaker does not want to be so extravagant as to purchase black chantilly lace, fine net or point d'esprit will make her a very dainty frock. The upper bodice is kimono to the elbow. There fitted cuffs of the lace are added. A cross piece of the lace comes between girdle and kimono. This slopes high at the middle of the front and back and narrows away at the underarm seam.

The girdle is of draped black satin or charmeuse. Vary its width (as I suggested in my previous article) according to your height and slenderness. The skirt has a little round train and drapes up in front, leaving a slit for freedom to walk. A lamp shade tunic of the lace drapes over the skirt and cascades in fulness at the hips and back. If not too strongly accentuated, these tunics are very kind to full figures, for they cover the line of the slightly bulging hips. But for the woman who has passed the point of plumpness and is unquestionably "fat," they must be strictly taboo.

Adding to Height.

The upflaring hat of lace and the high mass of aigrettes at the back add height. But make quite sure whether your face becomes topheavy and over long by the line of trimming at the back. Trimming at the front or side may be arranged equally well to give height.

The walking stick, the high massed roses at the high side of the girdle, the graduated necklace all add notes of individuality.

The little lace frock has a fitted velvet girdle lengthening over one hip. This somewhat modifies various sloping lines in the lower edge of your girdle. Your eye will tell you which is most flattering to the lines of your figure.

This dress illustrates a number of points I think you will do well to consider. The skirt narrowed at the hem and with a peg top fulness at the hip is fashion's edict. See how I have modified and softened this by the shaped girdle and soft pleated frill.

The neck is the universally becoming V in the surplice line. Over the surplice under blouse is a little "blouson" of the black net. The inner frill forms a medici frill at the neck—and a very becoming background this black frill makes. See how white and clear your own skin will look—if only you find the right background!

The Sleeve.

The long, slightly full sleeve, narrowing into a fitted cuff that extends halfway to the elbow, makes the arm appear long and slender, and gives the hand a very graceful appearance.

The black velvet hat has a soft swathing of maline. At either side of the back are clusters of roses from which upstanding aigrettes arise. Of course, aigrettes are not permitted here. Loops of ribbon, quills, "fantasies" of ostrich or even soft loops of maline will take their place. If the narrow line of trimming massed at the back is not good for your face, try this separated trimming.

The idea of my whole chat today is—find what suits you in the catalog of fashion; don't just suit yourself to the fashion. Express your own personality in every way. And let the world feel you are going to do this because of the individual expression of the clothes you wear.

DEATH OF VEMBERY CAUSES MUCH SORROW

Man who Went Into Central Asia With Fanatical Pilgrims to Learn Their Beliefs, Was Notable Educator.

Berlin, Germany, Oct. 11.——German scholars are grieved at the recent death of Prof. Arminius Vembery, the renowned traveler and Oriental scholar, who died at Budapest, at the age of 81, was born of Jewish parents at Duna-Szerdahely, in Hungary, in 1832. He described the fact of his Hebrew birth as "problematic good fortune." His father died soon after the young Arminius was born and as the family was very poor, he was obliged to leave home and seek his own livelihood at the age of 10. The story of how Vembery, physically afflicted, for he was lame, fought for existence against hunger, persecution, and gradually mounted the ladder of fame, becoming doctor of the Budapest university and of the Dublin Trinity college, professor of Oriental languages at Pesth, and honorable and corresponding member of various philological and geographical societies, furnishes one of the most remarkable pages in the history of the Jewish race.

His greatest achievement was his memorable journey in Central Asia with a company of fanatical pilgrims. Had his disguise been penetrated he would have met with no mercy from his companions. He faced the possibility of death at the hands of torturers throughout his eastern wanderings, and he always carried with him pills of some sure poisonous drug with which he could end his existence if he ever saw that escape from possible enemies was impossible.

ADDS BY PHONE.

The ordinary cost of a Want Ad in The El Paso Herald is 25 cents. It reaches an average of about 70,000 readers each issue.