

NEW DISCOVERIES IN AMERICA'S BURIED CITY.

EXPLORERS UNEARTH HUGE BUILDING IN CASA GRANDE, ARIZONA BUT RACE OF PEOPLE WHO BUILT IT IS STILL A MYSTERY.

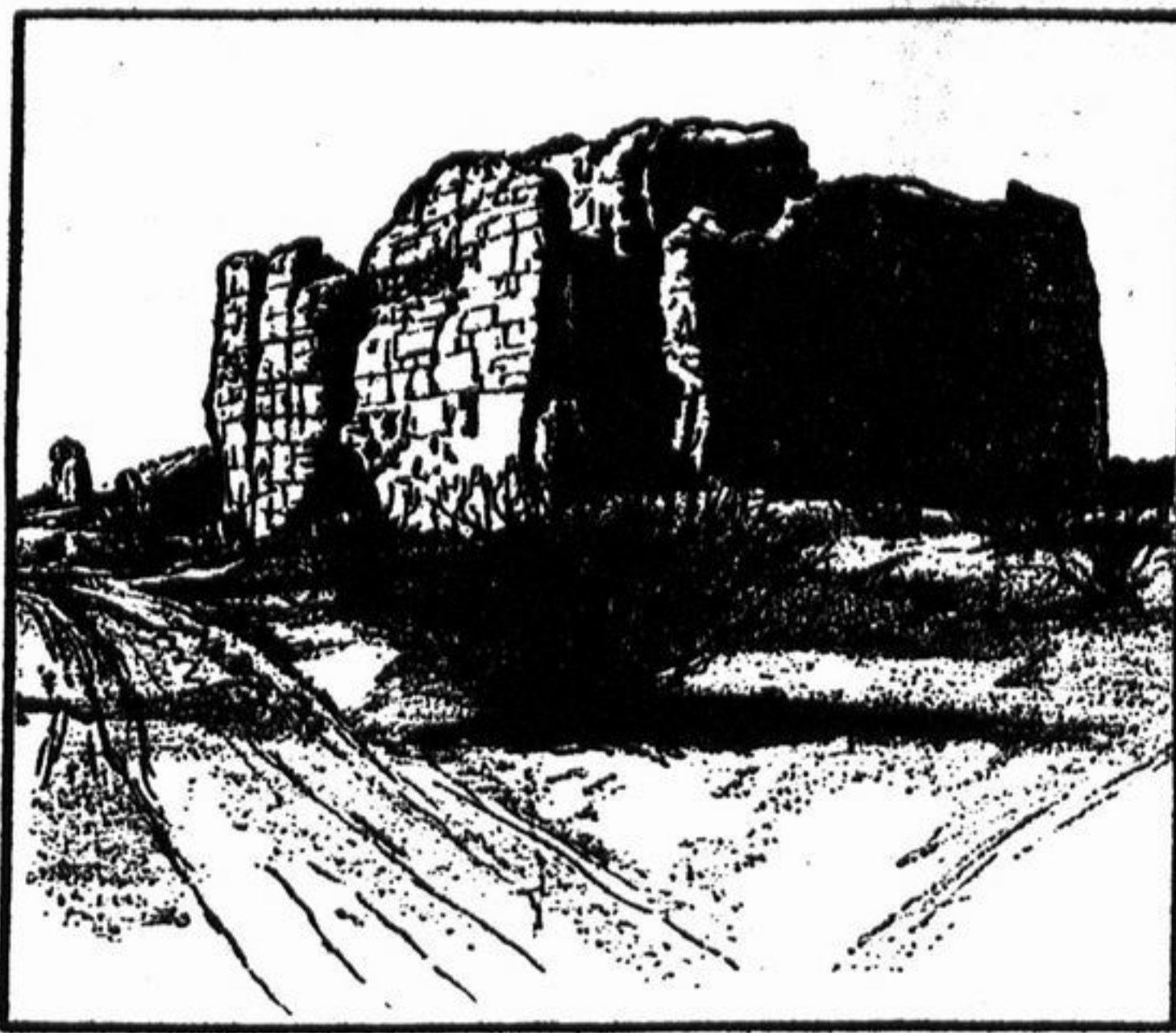
SCIENTISTS of the Smithsonian Institution are excavating, restoring and placing on exhibition down on the desert plains of Arizona the bones of a prehistoric people who lived there, are grouping those bones into villages and cities, and going still further and showing the lives of an empire of people who lived in these valleys centuries ago and irrigated them as they will again be irrigated when the government of to-day has completed their restoration. An American Pompeii is destined to result from these restorations.

The restorations were begun at the old Casa Grande ruins, which have been a show place since white men first went to the Southwest. Of the hundreds of ruins that are scattered throughout the region, these were the best preserved. In the story of a vanishing race they had probably been the stronghold of some stubborn chief, whose people had held out for hundreds of years after their fellows had perished.

Great walls stood gaunt upon the barren plains when scientists first visited this section. They still stand, but little worn by the passing of two centuries, and form the basis of the thorough investigation that is now going on. The principal buildings in any given village occur in groups. In each of these groups there is one great central building which evidently must have been the seat of government and the residence of the ruler. Near it are the places of worship where the people evidently met to perform their ceremonies to their deities. There were immediately adjacent other houses of considerable size that were unquestionably the houses of members of the ruler's family or of other prominent personages of state. There was an adjacent open space evidently used as a playground and possibly as a parade ground for the drilling of soldiers. Certain it is that the open spaces also had something to do with the ceremonies of the people, for they were always toward the rising sun from the houses of worship, and these people paid homage to the sun.

Then, finally, around this group ran a great wall that shut it in, gave it protection from intruding rivals in time of war and privacy from the rabble in times of peace. Within this wall was all that pertained to the affairs of the ruling families. Outside of it were built the homes of the common people, some of them sufficiently large to leave a mark on the plain.

The Casa Grande ruin attracted first attention when restoration was considered, because it was the best preserved of all the ruins. It stood on a mound, as do all the important ruins. The presence of these mounds as the site of ruins is partly due to the fact that high places are chosen on



RUINS OF THE "CASA GRANDE," IN ARIZONA.

which to erect the great houses, but chiefly to the fact that deserted buildings catch the drifting sands of the desert and great, falling walls of adobe add material bulk to the mound. Then there was the practice of building one house on the ruins of its fallen predecessor, and so each generation of ruins added height to the mound that now remains.

The Casa Grande itself was a four-story building composed of terraces. It is not positively known that the first story was ever occupied, for it appears that the walls for it were built up and then filled with earth and thus used as a foundation for the stories above. The first story or foundation was of the same height as the surrounding heavy wall. Each story above it was smaller than the one below, giving the whole the appearance of a terraced pyramid.

The manner of getting from one story, or terrace, to the one above was by means of ladders on the outside. The first terrace ran around each story and formed a promenade, or lookout, as lounging place, as the occasion required. The ground plan of this main building shows five spacious rooms. It was probably a building of twenty rooms in its prime, which is no small structure for any civilization of the date in which it was erected.

All of the buildings of the different groups are similar in construction and in material used. All are built of the earth of the surrounding country, and are not dissimilar to the adobe houses that the Mexicans of the same region are building to-day. They were roofed with dirt supported by rafters covered with layers of the arrow weed from the river bottoms that are to-day used in the building of the shacks of the Pimas, who live in the vicinity. While the Casa Grande ruin is in itself of the greatest interest of them all because it is the best preserved, it is in no way a remnant of a greater civilization than hundreds of others in the Gila and Salt River valleys.

AT THE COUNTRY CLUB.

London Admiration for a Phase of Life with No Parallel in England.

One of the most important features of American social life is the country club. It has at present no parallel in England, but there is no city in the United States of any importance which has not its country club within easy reach, a writer in the London Daily Mail says. It was with a view to presenting the case for the country club as a suggestion for English town life, now that the increasing speed and convenience of transit seem to render the idea so eminently feasible, that I made inquiries concerning the constitution and life of certain typical country clubs. I give you here the result of my investigations:

A country club, then, provides for the entire social life of its members, much as a perfectly equipped country house will do in England. The town dweller visits it in the evening or for a holiday, his family accompanying him. All kinds of sport are available according to his whim; he may have his room in one of the club buildings, his house on the club estate, his horses, his yacht; men and women mingle as they will, and if they will, but each have their own amusements. There are golf links, a swimming pool, croquet and tennis lawns, shooting and fishing preserves. The country club may be with a car ride of the city, like the Glen Echo Club of St. Louis, or it may be a solitary island far from any town, like the Jekyll Island Club in Georgia. It gives its members a completely successful life of recreation for just as long and as often as they like; it caters to all tastes and gains thereby a pleasant catholicity which the club of a single purpose cannot have. It retains the intercourse of family life, which the club of one sex destroys.

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

One of the militant "Man is a Wart" lady penitents writes that wives are just as much entitled to night keys as husbands. They are, are they? But if that contention were to stick, how long would it be before they'd have to choose between night keys and husbands? Respectfully submitted to marital mathematicians.

Usually the woman who makes a fuss and glares around at the man with the cigar in a vaudeville theater where men are permitted to smoke is the one who splashes herself with some kind of toilet water dope that exudes an effluvia like the aftermath of a Congolese barbecue.

Always the woman of whom wives say, "Why, I'd trust her with my husband anywhere," has a face on her like that of an Andromeda's weasel and the conformation of a deep-sea drum fish. Women who put private detectives on their husbands' trail always find out loads and loads of startling things, because it's in the nature of fellows who'd be private detectives to need the money.

Once you know a woman who plumed herself upon the exquisiteness of her sensibilities, and who went so far even as to call the trees "our brothers and sisters of the forest." But the last time we saw her was at a bull fight in Chihuahua, Mexico, and her eyes were glistening with delight over the torador's cheap and nasty feats of tawdry "bravery."

Yes, "Clartida, bath slippers are a necessary article of wear. But why permit your husband to see you wearing 'em? Is it that you don't know by this time what flannel brutes husbands are? And, if you really desire to retain your husband's affections, throw away your flannel hose jacket. All human husbands hate flannel hose jackets." Write us again some time.

It isn't funny to inquire when your wife threatens to go home to maw, "Is that a threat or a promise?" Be nice. Offer to help her to pack. They appreciate these little helpfulnesses.

Ever notice how, when you're endeavoring to make a perfectly proper and harmless hit with your wife's woman dinner guests she just will show 'em that picture of you taken at the age of five, with those miserable little Gothic point-lace things—er—well, with those highly starched things showing so glaringly and offensively white and taking up all the lower room of the picture?

Few Honest Art Dealers in Europe. I was talking about this the other evening with M. Henri Rochefort, the most brilliant authority in Paris on art matters.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that the chances to-day of an American millionaire in the European art market are shockingly bad. The demand for fine pictures is enormous; it has far surpassed the supply, and is steadily increasing. Every one who can afford it wants his private gallery; even people of modest fortune have an old masterpiece or so, as they have an automobile. Consequently the prices of pictures have risen, risen, risen, until the temptation to fraud has become irresistible. There is no longer such a thing as an honest art dealer, or, if some exceptional dealer happens to be honest, he is sure to be incompetent."

"And the art experts?" I asked. "Worse than the dealers," he declared. "Why should they know anything about art? They are stable boys to-day, art experts to-morrow. One of the most successful art experts in Paris was a bill-poster a few years ago. Any one may be an art expert who chooses to put up a sign. There are no qualifications, no diplomas. A man simply calls himself an art expert and that settles it. And these are the fellows who rich Americans deal with. Quel malheur!—Success Magazine.

What Cashed It. "How in the world did she ever come to marry him?" "Before he proposed he told all over town that he was going to marry the most beautiful girl in the world."—Cleveland Leader.

It is easy to get orders over a telephone; but you can't collect over a telephone.

WOMAN'S LOVE OF THE COSTLY DRESS IS CEASED BY PROFESSOR THOMAS.

PROF. W. I. THOMAS of the University of Chicago is the author of an article entitled "The Psychology of Woman's Dress" in which he analyzes and discusses motives underlying the feminine portion of humanity's love of dress and decoration. After illustrations of the passion of humanity, both male and female, for adornment, Prof. Thomas comes to the discussion of the reasons why men and women clothe themselves. "Clothing," he says, "is distinguished from ornament and dress, 'had a particular development in cold climates.' Then he proceeds to the effects of clothing.

"The clothing of women," he says, "when it was developed to the point of covering her whole person, took on an interest of its own, but it had the disadvantage of obscuring the figure. This difficulty has been met by fashioning the clothing on lines which indicate and even emphasize the outline of the body." After dwelling in detail on this point he says that "the ingenuity of man has found a place on woman's dress for every object worn by savage man, and for those for which no other place was found he has devised the hat."

Pointing out that "as society advances there is a tendency in man to give up ornament and in woman to take on more of it," the professor finds that "woman, limited in her interests by the proprietary tastes of men," finds "her occupation is to charm." "Fashions are made by dictators, and women do not wear what they want, but what the manufacturers and tradespeople want them to wear. The people who supply them also control them." He proceeds to show how one desire for finery gratified becomes the cause of further luxuries. "The baffling array of silver at the twenty-course dinner and the costly box at the opera are equally a part of woman's dress," is one of his illustrations. And he asserts: "This situation is the despair of man, but it is society."

After alleging that "the most romantic periods in history are those characterized by tight lacing and purpious fainting," Prof. Thomas continues: "The role of 'half-angel and half-bird' is a pretty one, if you look at it in that way; but it denatures woman, makes her a thing instead of a person. It leaves society short-handed and the struggle for life harder and uglier than it would be if woman operated in it as the substantial and superior creature which nature made her. We have a machine-made civilization, which has introduced class inequalities, hatred and suffering unknown in savagery or barbarism. We are wealthy, but not humanized. Man is pursuing business on the same pitiless principles that he formerly pursued game." And his conclusion is: "There is no use trying to talk fashions down. The change will come gradually, as women become more intelligent and independent and of themselves experience the explosive power of a new affection."



The Diagnosis of Tuberculosis.

To the casual observer it may seem strange that physicians often find it difficult to determine whether a patient is or is not suffering from consumption. The cough, the emaciation, the hectic fever and the night sweats seem to be sufficiently characteristic of the disease to render its recognition easy, even to the non-medical person. And so, indeed, it is ordinarily in these advanced stages, but it is very different at the beginning. Every one knows "at the earlier treatment is begun."

Likely it is to be successful. It is extremely important, therefore, to be able to detect the very beginnings of consumption while yet the person is apparently in almost perfect health—and here lies the difficulty.

If there is no cough, no hectic flush, no undue perspiration at night, and no examination of the expectorated matters does not show the presence of the tubercle-bacilli, the only departure from health being perhaps a tendency to fever after exercise, some loss of flesh and a rather rapid pulse, the experienced physician may suspect a beginning of tuberculosis, but he would be rash to assert it as a fact.

Within a year or so several new methods of detecting the disease in its incipient stage have been devised, and one of at least of them promises to be of great practical utility. These methods all consist in the use of tuberculin, but they differ in the mode of application of this substance. It has been known for years that the injection of tuberculin will be followed, if the subject is tuberculous, by symptoms of "reaction," that is, by fever, headache, pains in the bones, and other signs of malaise. But this method has never found favor among physicians generally, because of the belief that it is dangerous. It was very dangerous as formerly used; large doses were injected, and the reaction that followed was at times very severe, and in certain cases it was known to have rekindled the disease in persons in whom it had become quiescent, and who were practically cured. It was also feared by some that the disease might be caused in one of weak resisting powers by inoculation with the tuberculin. These dangers do not, however, exist, now that the substance is used in very small doses, and in a form containing, as it does, only the glycerin extract of the tubercle-bacilli, and never the bacilli themselves. Nevertheless, other more simple methods have now been devised, and are used in preference to the injections of former days. These methods will be described in a future article.—Youth's Companion.

Are You Afraid to Take Chances? Many a man fails because he does not dare to take risks, to take the initiative.

When do you expect to do anything distinctive in life? When do you expect to get out of the ranks of mediocrity? The men who do original things are fearless. There is a lot of dare in their make-up, a great deal of boldness. They are not afraid to take chances, to shoulder responsibility, to endure inconvenience and privation.

There never was a time when the quality of courage was so absolutely indispensable in the business world as it is to-day. It does not matter how many success qualities you possess, young man, if you lack courage you will never get anywhere. Not even honesty or perseverance will take its place. There is no substitute for courage.

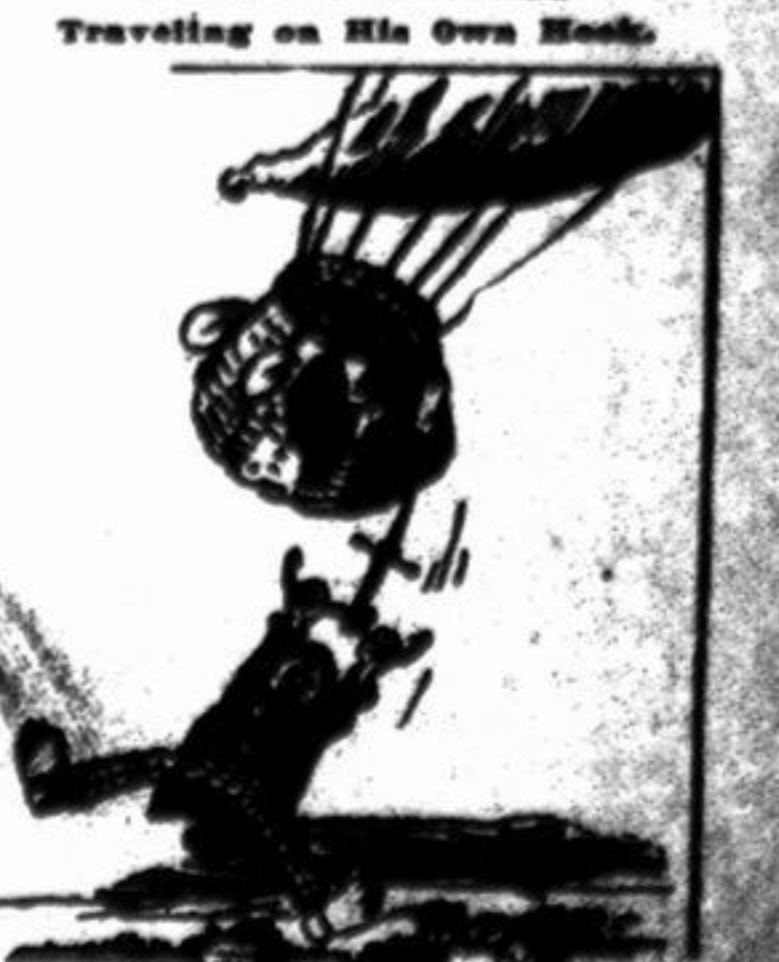
It does not matter how well educated you may be, or how good a training you may have had for your vocation; if you are a coward, if you lack that courage which dares to risk all on your judgment, you will never get above mediocrity.

The man who stands at the top of his profession is the man who has the most courage.

He is the man who has the most courage.

He is the man who has the most courage.

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Would Walk the World Round.

Prof. Julius Kikendorfer, said to be a member of many European scientific and geological societies, who has been in America a year investigating certain physical phenomena manifested by the walls, left recently for Europe.

He says he will lay for King Victor Emmanuel of Italy plans for the extinction of Vesuvius by means of a gigantic tunnel bored below the level from the Mediterranean to the crater.

He is the man who has the most courage.

THE WOMEN OF JAPAN.

Essentially Home-Lovers, with Little Time for Society.

In observing the woman in Japanese society it must be borne in mind that what appears on the surface is mostly the reverse of actual conditions. Writes J. Russell Kennedy, a correct estimate of the social relationship of man and woman in Japan cannot be formed without a careful study of home life, which to an alien is very hard to understand, or even to see.

Reports sent abroad by foreign observers have mostly been founded on what could be seen and judged according to our standards. For instance, when a husband and wife are seen walking on the streets the latter is almost always the parcel bearer and the husband goes free-handed, generally a few steps ahead of his wife, as if she were his servant. Again, in going into a house or room, it is the husband who enters first and the wife follows him.



TYPICAL JAP WOMAN.

The seat of honor is always occupied by the gentleman. The Westerner is apt to infer, therefore, that women in Japan are not duly respected, and are under the iron hand of man. Nothing could be further from the truth.

There are exceptions, of course, but the Japanese woman is so educated that the less she can show of her influence over her husband the better for that influence and for her own standing. The model type of woman is she who exerts her influence by "the mute eloquence of duties well performed." Women there are who would be just as outspoken and demonstrative of their influence over men as their kindfolk of the West, but such in Japan belong only to the lower classes. The higher the station of life the more humble and modest will be the demeanor of the woman. The manish woman receives just as much contempt as the effeminate man. The subdued appearance the Japanese wife generally presents to an outsider is no reflection of the treatment she is receiving at the hand of her husband. On the contrary, the more womanly a wife appears, the greater the amount of influence she exerts over her husband and also of respect she commands from him.

In most cases the woman is the soul of the household. She is held responsible for the health and education of the children, not only before they are old enough to attend the school, but even afterward. But the living moral power and sentiment are principally the fruit of the mother's daily effort.

The housewife in Japan, say with two or three children, has very little time for society. In fact, society life, as it is understood in Europe and America, has no existence in real Japan. The sense of responsibility the wife feels for the welfare of her hus-

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

BY ROBERT BURNS

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace,
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erborne with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hour,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
And children in too great to allow
Of personal pleasure to the exclusion
Of duty. The wife so inclined is sure
to become a subject of remark by her neighbors.

SISTER, JOHNSON'S DEFENDER.

The Early Home Life of the New World's Champion.

The mother of Champion Jack Johnson has been a resident of Galveston for forty years and is the mother of nine children, three of whom are boys. Her husband, who was an honest and respected negro, died a year ago. Mrs. Johnson heard the news of her son's victory the other night about midnight and she said it was not a surprise, for Jack had cabied her the day before that within another day he would be the world's champion and she knew that he was certain of victory, according to a New York dispatch from Galveston.

The old lady is a very intelligent darky and is highly respected. She says she is responsible for Jack being a fighter, although she had intended that he use his power only to defend his rights. She said Jack was a tall, slim boy until he was about 16 years old, when he began to take on flesh and develop his muscles. Up to the time he was 14 years of age he was a coward and wouldn't fight.

"He was eternally getting into trouble with his playmates," his mother said, "and he always got the worst of it. His sister was his chum and she had to defend him and do all his fighting. I had no time to be bothering settling the children's fights and I told Jack if he got licked again I would give him another whipping, because he was getting old enough to defend himself. Sure enough he got whipped by a smaller boy and I gave him a licking when he came home.

"But I never had reason to whip him again. He developed confidence and muscle and he was soon the champion of the east end and there were some tough boys in that neighborhood. He always said he would reach the top of the boxers' prize list.

"I am not so proud of his being a prizefighter, but I am proud that he stands at the head of his profession. He was no better nor worse than the average boy, but he is a good son and



ROBERT BURNS

The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing West
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with mistier care,
Than the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

He provides well for me and for his sisters and brothers.

Johnson bought property in Galveston and California since entering upon his career and sends money home regularly.

Eleven years ago a local sporting club brought him out and the first professional he defeated was Tom Scanlon, who came from Hot Springs to fight him in 1898. Though Johnson was a Galvestonian the spectators were with the white man.

Horse Vocations.

Uncle Sam, generous in giving vacations to his two-legged servants, is hereafter to allow thirty days' leave to the Post Office Department horses in Washington, according to the Post of that city. The animals are to be sent, a few at a time, to a fine, rich pasture in Maryland.

"Every employe of the government," says the chief clerk in the Postoffice Department, "receives thirty days' annual vacation and thirty days' sick-leave, if necessary. I see no reason why the horses we use in the business of the department ought not to receive a rest, or a vacation, and hereafter I am going to send each of the horses away for a thirty days' period of rest. We can spare many of them in the summer, which is the time they will appreciate a rest from the hot asphalt and welcome the green grass of the country and the shade of the trees."

Getting Into Practice.

It is often pleasant to theorize than to perform. A young law student, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer, was making a study of certain processes of his future profession. He showed an inclination to sit in the house and speculate idly, instead of doing some of the domestic tasks which stood waiting.

"Deduction is an interesting process," declared the youth to his father. "For example, there is a heap of ashes in the yard. That is evidence that the family has recently had fire."

"Well, John," interposed his father, "suppose you pursue your studies a little farther by going out and sifting that evidence."

NEVER USED A TELEPHONE.

A London Judge's Somewhat Singular Claim to Fame.

The cable tells that a certain London judge boasts that he never has used a telephone. We forbear to give his name, because it is incomprehensible that such a stupid blockhead occupies even a subordinate place upon the London bench, the Brooklyn Eagle says. It is farthings to sovereigns that this Southwark judge eats with his knife and never has used a napkin at his meals. Indeed, in some of the high-priced London restaurants Englishmen are not served with napkins unless they especially order them. Then they are notified that they will be charged "tuppence extra" for the luxury! Most Americans are supplied with serviettes without inquiry, but the napkin is always charged in the bill.

Why should one marvel at the dull stupidity of a Southwark judge when there is not a telephone used in the Bank of England? Indeed, the number of telephones used in New York is almost double that installed in "dear old London, don't cher know." The fey anglo-manics still permitted to live among us ought to affect the same sort of primitive customs. They ought only to shoot on St. Stephen's day and to install the Hockley games of Hungerford. And, in view of the constant disorders that are occupying so much space in the newspapers to the detriment of real news from all parts of the world, some one among them ought to revive the Dunmow Fitch, a pretty thought under which a fitch of bacon was bestowed upon each married couple that had contrived to live together for a year and a day after the wedding without a quarrel. Some broad-minded philanthropist who is shocked by the growing frequency of divorce should transplant this pretty custom to our land.

We already have the "guys" on Thanksgiving day. The "mummers," a diversion for aged mendicants, will doubtless appear upon our thoroughfares before many years. It is so delightful to imitate the customs of "that dear old England." They are "a droll people," those English! That's what the French say, and they understand their neighbors across the channel much better than we do.

Athletes in Public Schools.

The public schools are supported by the public. They exist for the purpose of giving free education to all boys and girls, and to fit them for the duties of citizenship. In pursuance of this end the stimulation of physical development is valuable as an accessory, but this must never be allowed to be regarded as the prime object of public school education. In private schools each institution may fairly decide the question of the importance of athletics as it chooses. Parents who do not approve of athletics have the privilege of sending their children to schools where athletics are not exacted—and there are some such. The question of athletics in the public schools, however, is quite a different matter. It appears to be the desire of the public, who support the schools and for whom they are conducted, that athletics shall have a place. But that place must be secondary to the main purpose of popular education.

A Prospective Shelter.

A well-known Senator was asked why some politicians were always making such a howl about the preservation of our forests. "Oh," he replied, "they probably never know just when they may have to take to the woods."—From Success Magazine.

There are lots of labor-saving devices, but there will never be enough to make the loafer popular.