

World Traveler

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF TRAVEL

DECEMBER, 1918

VOLUME X

NUMBER 3

Out of the Trenches for Christmas

TWO long years have passed since the good ship Oscar II, with the flag of peace nailed to the mast, sailed for the theatre of war, with the avowed mission of getting the boys out of the trenches by Christmas of 1916. But its faith in Teutonkind was misplaced, its hope for the dawning of a millennial day was premature, and the misguided charity which it extended to a brutal and arrogant nation was rejected with scorn. It was not thus that the German beast was to be tamed, for the old message of "Peace upon earth, good will to men" had long been forgotten by the worshippers at the shrine of Frightfulness and Terrorism. Another sort of ship must set sail, and many of them, before the light of justice could penetrate the darkness of Prussian outlawry. They who turned a deaf ear to the cooing of the dove, paled and trembled in fright upon hearing the song of the sawed-off shotgun. "Force to the utmost, force without stint or limit" was the only language they could understand. Their boasted "Friedensturm" dashed madly and vainly upon the rocks of the united command under Foch, and when their blackened souls at last realized that the good old German Gott had forsaken them, they screamed for mercy from those to whom they had shown nothing but savagery.

But the boys are out of the trenches now, and are gaily marching toward that chain of forts which guarded Germany's cherished possessions. "Die Wacht am Rhein" will henceforth be sung in the lingo of the Yanks, and the watch will not be kept by those who have befouled their most precious heritage, who have exalted hate and murder and rapine under the name of Kultur, and for generations have been apt pupils in intrigue, hypocrisy, treachery and licentiousness. The whole world could not be wrong and Ger-

many alone right, and when the fateful day came, not "Der Tag" of which the Kaiser's cohorts dreamed but the day right triumphed over might, the immense empire, which was founded upon the sands of deceit and trickery, collapsed like a house of cards.

It is always easier to destroy than to rebuild. Our big reconstructive problems are before us. Never can the world be just the same after the scars of the frightful conflict which involved twenty-seven nations, and nearly a billion people. The twenty-three nations of the Allies, fighting side by side, some of them for more than four years, have been drawn closer together by the bonds of mutual suffering for a righteous cause. Petty differences have been wiped out, and national lines are not now so sharply drawn. A reorganized world must ensue, wherein the rights of all, even the smallest of the nations, must be protected, and the way left open for the fair adjustment of any differences that may arise in the future. All of these things are very clearly outlined in the fourteen points enunciated by the President.

Although these suggested fourteen principles were promulgated by the President last January as being the sole aims and ideals of the United States and the Allies in the present conflict, no dissent was heard either at home or abroad for eight months. They were accepted in principle by all parties concerned, and finally by Germany herself. The belated criticisms which have arisen, may be said to be due to two causes. First, when a political campaign began to agitate the electorate on this side, prominent politicians of the trouble-making variety suddenly discovered that it would never do to let Wilson dictate the terms of peace. Second, there was no disposition among any of the Allies to quarrel with our terms, when a complete and just peace seemed so much of a dream and so

very far away. They, nor the partisans at home, thought it possible to achieve so smashing and complete a victory in so short a time. Hence the spoilsmen were silent, seeing no prospect of spoils to divide. And now that we have reached the goal of peace with victory for which we have striven, we must carry out the promise we have made to a distracted world, not to seize for ourselves any territory, or to permit any other to do so.

It is rather significant that only two of the fourteen points have been seriously questioned. At home some of the chief obstructionists toward the war programme are now trying to disrupt the proposition of a league of nations suggested in the final clause. They were pacifists before and during the war; now that there is a prospect of universal peace, they would have us withdraw our support from a league which would enforce that very thing. Now they would arm to the teeth and defy the world, and like the ex-Kaiser deal with our solemnly expressed obligations as "scraps of paper." This may or may not be a form of Prussian propaganda, but it has all its earmarks. The other protest came from the Allies, no doubt influenced by England, against what they know will be our attitude on the second paragraph pledging the "freedom of the seas" to all nations alike. This freedom must and shall not be British, or German, or even American, if we would avoid future conflict. The principle for which the United States has always stood must be written into the new International law, and that is that the private property of neutrals afloat must be respected, if not contraband of war. Militarism must go, that of the sea equally with that of the land, or we shall never have a just and lasting peace, conforming with the splendid ideals of world unity so nobly upheld by the President of our country.



A Close-up of a Community House. Note the Hive-shaped Bake-ovens in the Foreground. Only the Eloquence of our Hired Guide and Interpreter Made it Possible to Obtain this Picture

Dwellers of the White Rock

Something About the Enchanted Table Land of our Wonderful Southwest and its Peoples

By CHARLES D'EMERAY

OUR wonderful Southwest may be likened to the new book that has just come from the printers, many of its pages are still uncut and unread. To read its mystic pages one must forego the pleasures of the trans-continental fliers, and experience the glaring sands of New Mexico and Arizona. Barely fifteen miles from the steel glistening rails of the twentieth century, as our standard of measurement goes, yet remote from them as the antipodes, are a people whose history probably antedates the fondest conjectures of our archeologists. To see for the first time the wonderful cliffs of Acoma, rising in many strange formations from the level of the surrounding plains, overtopped with a canopy of the rarest blue, brings to mind many of the impossible tales of imaginative fiction, intensified and thrilling, almost beyond the comprehension of modern minds.

Aco is the Indian name for white rock, and their name for the Pueblo, Acoma means the "people of the white rock." Acoma, as it is now



An Acoma Maid Proclaims her State by her Coiffure. Upon Marriage she Arranges it in Long Rolls

generally called, is a monument of erosion, that has taken thousands of centuries to complete. The top of the Mesa is three hundred and sixty feet high and some seventy acres in extent. From a distance it has the appearance of a gigantic altar of rock, and upon it seven thousand feet above sea level live the descendants of the most ancient dwellers in America.

Within three miles of this sky city is the Mesa Encantada (The Enchanted Mesa), a monolithic splendor, five hundred feet in height and perhaps a thousand in diameter. This was the original location of their city, and the legends about it are full of mystery and romance, vividly colored by centuries of repetition. When the Enchanted Mesa was the home of these people, it had a single very difficult trail by which its summit could be reached, making it an impregnable fortress. According to legend, a terrific earthquake shook the whole world, and razed the only trail, while all the men folks were hunting, and the women working in the fields of the valley below.



in the ceiling, just large enough for a person to crawl through, is the main entrance. A visitor would literally have to "drop in on his host" in Acoma Land. This same system is also used at Taos, the home of America's first apartment house. Instead of three stories, however, these houses have five great pyramids of adobe brick, each structure housing a community.

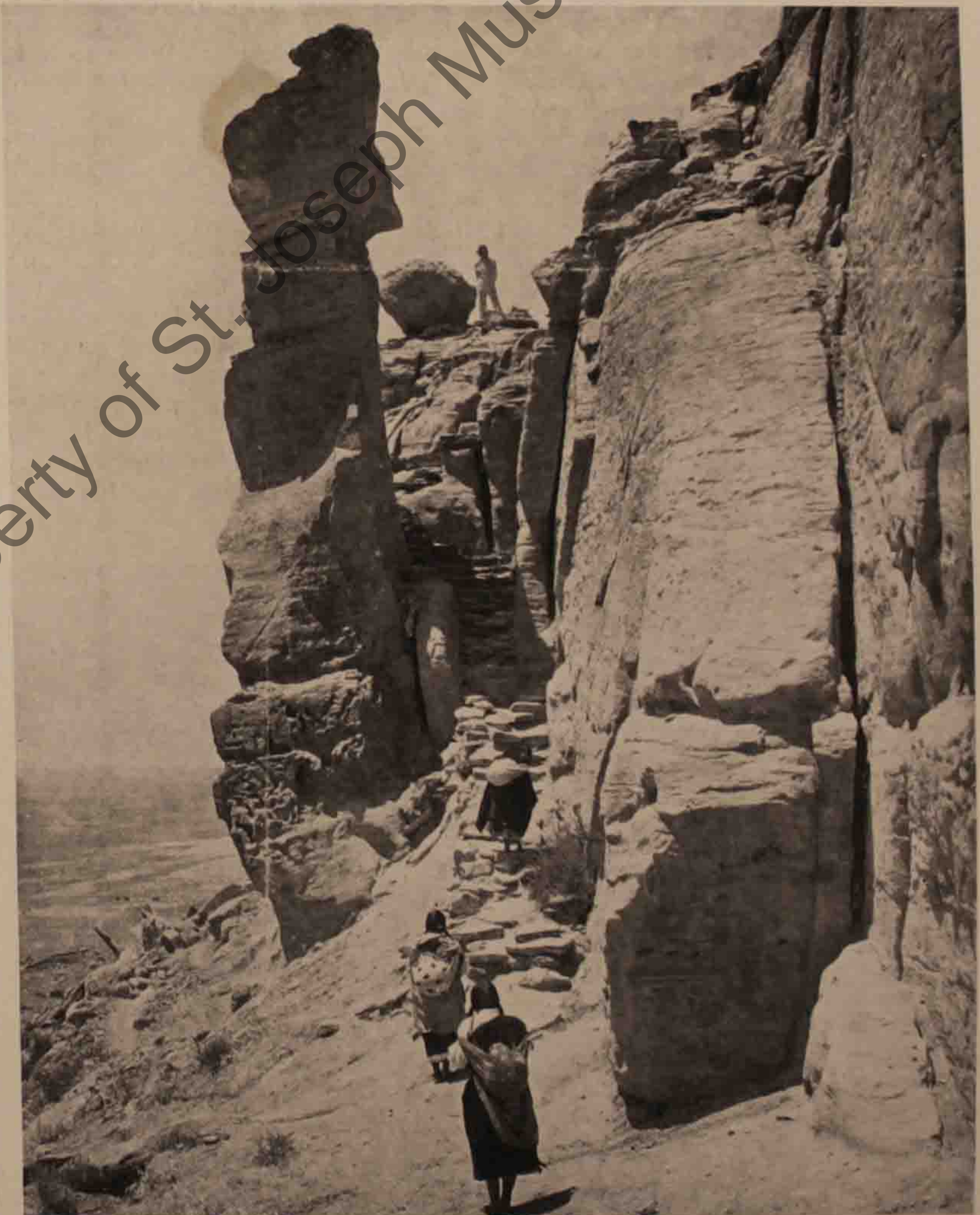
Striking as their homes may seem to us, their conventions and costumes are even more so. Everything that we look upon bespeaks antiquity, yet woman suffrage, an achievement still in its infancy among her modern sisters, has flourished here for centuries, and to an extent that would make Mrs. Pankhurst envious. The Acoma woman is the master of her house; she owns it and everything within it. When she marries, the bridegroom takes her name, and the children likewise. She is the boss. If her

Some of These Houses Are Built on the Very Brink of the Abyss and Have Been Occupied for Hundreds of Years, Their Ancient Customs Still Prevail, the Most Weird of Which is the Snake Dance

Only a few children and old women were left on top, to die from starvation; for they could not be rescued. On stormy nights, the wailings and moanings of these unfortunate people can still be heard. They are, no doubt, due to the strange rock formations against which the winds are blowing, but the Indians believe them to be the spirits of the departed.

For many years it has been a question of debate by archeologists as to whether the top ever had been inhabited, but the question was solved when a Professor from the Smithsonian University made the perilous ascent, and found many broken pieces of ancient pottery on its summit. To be acquainted with the legends of these people, and then view the strange structures that are their homes, to see the people themselves, to breathe their atmosphere, seems to place one in an unknown world, an existence in a re-incarnation.

The houses are three-storied affairs of sunbaked clay; from the front they look like three giant steps. A few of them have been modernized by having doors cut into them at the ground level, but most of them still use the ancient method of entrance, a ladder that leads to the top of each step, where an opening



Stairs Leading to the Acoma Indian Stronghold on the Top of the Plateau

husband should find his saddle outside of the door of the domicile after being out on a spree, it would mean to him an absolute divorce. The women, however, do practically all of the work; the men look after the children and their pride.

The costumes of the maidens are very picturesque, usually quite vivid in color, and enhanced by silver ornaments inlaid with turquoise. Some of the latter are quite valuable, being obtained from mines in the vicinity. The most striking feature of their comely faces is the method of arranging the hair. When a girl reaches marriageable age, between twelve and fourteen years, she arranges her hair in two large whorls, one on either side of her head. These whorls represent the squash blossom, the Acoma emblem of maidenhood.

After marriage it is arranged in two pendent rolls, the symbol of the ripened squash, which is their emblem of fruitfulness. Whether or not this symbolism has anything to do with their married life, can best be judged from the numerous brown faces that look upon us with wonderment in their eyes from every nook and corner. These customs have prevailed for ages, and so have many of their daily tasks. The man of the stone age probably drilled his spearhead in the same primitive way that we find the Acoman drilling his turquoise, by means of a bow drill, and so with the work of the women.

The housewife makes her peculiar bread by heating a polished flat stone over the hot embers of a fire. The stone is from two to three inches

thick and eighteen inches in diameter. When it is very hot she spreads upon it a thin film of batter, mixed to the consistency of a fluid paste. The heat of the stone bakes it almost instantly, so that in about ten seconds the edges curl upward and the whole is deftly removed in a roll having all of the appearance of tissue paper. Strange and primitive as this may seem, let us consider for a moment the chef of the twentieth century restaurant making his flap-

jacks. Instead of the heated rock he uses the polished steel plate with its gas burners or electric coils beneath, he pours on his batter, and in a few moments we have the pancake. Centuries of time lay between the heated stone and the electric plate but the principle has not changed.

And thus Acoma gives us a glimpse of America's earliest inhabitants in their present-day surroundings.



Acoma Women Are the Original Suffragettes of America. When She Marries, the Husband Takes Her Name. At All Times Boss of the Household, She Owns Everything, and When so Inclined, Gets rid of Her Mate by Placing his Saddle outside the Door, whereupon he Cannot Enter

