

# The Randolph Bulletin.

A RANDOLPH COUNTY PAPER FOR RANDOLPH COUNTY PEOPLE.

VOL. 6. NO. 25.

ASHEBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1910.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

## In The Age of The Cave Men.

Second Letter of the Puye Cliff Dwellers and their Forgotten Past.--  
A Great, Human Beehive.

(By M. J. Brown, Editor Little Valley, N. Y., Hub.)

With this letter I will conclude the cliff dweller description, and then to other places, and some of the places, people and things to come I think you will find equally interesting.

About in the center of this long cliff is a stone stairway, with a kiva before we go up.

The best description of it would be one of our cess pools—a well perhaps ten feet across and twenty feet deep. The roof has long since washed away and the hole partially filled up, but the Smithsonian people have excavated it and placed therein a ladder. We descended, and there found the only fire place, or rather the ruins of one that is to be found in the whole cliff city. The floor is cement and in front of the fire place are two rows of holes in the floor, six on a side, and the walls are full of niches, each seeming to conform with similar places on the opposite side. This kiva is supposed to have been the secret room where the religious and ceremonial rites of these strange people were performed, and a room where but few of the cliff dwellers' feet ever trod. But most wonderful of all is the stairway that leads to the top of the cliffs. Here one gets some idea of the ages these people lived here and of the multitude which used this path, for human feet have worn the solid rock to a depth of twelve inches, and when you consider that this outside rock is not of the soft composition of the caves, than you have some conception of the age and the density of population. In one place across this path a stone has fallen and rather than to remove it these little men of the cliffs walked over it, and on its surface the trail was but half as deep. I took a limb and raised one side of it and underneath was the old foot-worn path.

And on each side of the path at the steep and difficult places are hand holes, where these people helped to pull themselves up, little niches worn smooth by the human hand, as the solid rock was cut deep by bare or moccasined feet.

It is estimated by the Smithsonian people than 10,000 people lived on the face of this one cliff and that the population of the adjoining cliff and on the messas was fully 100,000 people.

We climbed the cliff, putting our patent leathers in the deep worn foot-path and our gloved hands in the hand-holds, and gained the top. And what a sight!

There in the bright sunshine lay the ruins of a great communal dwelling, one building that once sheltered 1200 people a human beehive of the days before history. Ages ago this house fell into ruins, but it has been carefully excavated and cleared away, and the first story and its walls now stand as they did when built.

The great building reminds one of our modern stock yards—an enclosure cut up into small pens or rooms—each room about 5x10 feet, and each communicating with the other by a door about three feet high by eighteen inches wide—just one great beehive with no outside entrances. And over one of these doors a piece of cedar wood was placed at the time of the building, as a frame to

support the dobie blocks, and that support still stands through all these ages, crumbling with dry rot, but surely wood yet. I broke off a piece of this door frame that some little man placed there long before Columbus found this country, and I treasure it with my other souvenirs.

From the quantity of the ruins it is pretty thoroughly established that this building was at least three stories high, one great enclosure around a court, and with one main entrance, or street which is clearly defined. In the center, or court, are many handsome stone relics, grinding stone, skinning stones, pieces of pottery and many whose use one can only guess at, but plainly fashioned for some purpose.

And just behind this ruin is a burial ground, where during the past summer, the Smithsonian people excavated 250 skeletons, and all kinds of trinkets and pottery buried with them. The graveyard is but partially excavated and hundreds of other skeletons yet sleep there.

The excavators did not do a very thorough job. Some of the skeletons they dug up are not complete—nor ever will be. I have a part of a rib and some finger and hand bones. The custodian was not looking and I was.

From one of the caves in the cliff Mr. Hoag showed me some leg bones he had hidden, the bones both above and below the knee, and by comparison they were fully a third shorter than my 1910 bones. There are many proofs that these dwellers of the cliffs were much shorter in stature than the Americans of today.

Further along the messas the ruins of what seems to have been a great reservoir, but it might have been a fort. Its circular walls are plainly to be seen, with an opening leading to it from the rising ground above. This opening might have been a ditch to bring in water in time of floods, or a roadway to bring in the people in time of danger. If a reservoir, it is what I would call a work of loose engineering for should it break or overflow there would be a Niagara over the cliff homes below, and tree shower baths for the dwellers.

There must have been great climatic changes in this thirsty land since these thousands of people lived here. Today there is not an ounce of water to be found anywhere—just a great burned up, heaved up, dried up waste. Such a great population must have had water and such a population could not have subsisted entirely on game, for certainly rainfall could not have supplied them with sufficient water, nor these mountains with enough game.

And there is nothing to indicate any great calamity or extermination. All is in order and what ever the process of extermination was, it must have been slow. In the ruins of southern Colorado, I am told that a calamity befel the people and that the skeletons lie unburied and the general confusion everywhere denoted a sudden end, but on the Puye ruins there is absolutely no indication of where these thousands of people went, or how they went.

It is my guess that far back

in the past ages a great river flowed at the bottom of these cliffs, that rainfall was plenty, that the inhabitants were farmers and that what appears to have been a fort or reservoir on top of the cliffs was a storehouse for the community's grain.

Where did these strange people go, and why did they go? You guess, for your guess is as good as any history or theory I can find.

Lummis says they did not appear but that their descendants are the Pueblo Indians.

Hewett says this cannot be so, for there is too great a difference in the heads of the cliff dwellers' skeletons and the present Indians to allow any connection or relationship.

The Pueblos have no traditions legends or anything regarding these cliff people.

Old mountaineers will tell you that a plague exterminated them; others that volcanic fumes stifled them at one stifle, and so on, but as before stated, there is absolutely nothing to bear out any change but that of a slow order of extermination.

Over the doors of many of the homes on the cliffs face are rock pictures—whose meanings I would give much to read—and of some I am sure there are meanings. The sun symbol is prominent, and they were no doubt sun worshippers, while there are many crude drawings representing men, beasts and birds. One carving particularly interested me, as representing a heart.

Over one door was a sun symbol, and then at a later time a sort of a circle had been cut over it. Whether the sun symbol indicated the resident was originally the presiding elder for the district, and that the circle indicated that later on he had been appointed a notary public, I am not sure. It's a land of guess work, these weird old cliffs, and mine is as good as any history.

Where the great quantities of cement came from that plastered almost every room of these hundreds, is another for the puzzle department to go to. Nothing has ever been found here of the sticky nature, yet these aborigines must have had a Portland source from somewhere, for it was used in abundance.

In but one room of the hundreds, and on but one of the rock pictures is there any color. But in one we found the interior painted red, faded through the many generations, but plainly red, and the picture of some unintelligible man or animal over this door had been first carved and then painted. Another one to guess on.

I never left a place with more regret than these cave homes of the Puye. I had seen them and explored them to my heart's content, but I wanted to know more of them, wanted some little brown man to rise up from his ancient grave and give me the password to all this age and mystery. But never a bone rattled.

But there was a fitting close. Just as we were about to leave and I was taking a last look at this white cliff and its human holes; a gaunt raven, perched on the highest cliff and uttered his discordant croaks, and it seemed almost a half fulfillment of my wish, and a fitting farewell to this city of mystery and death.

And as I stood watching this black bird of prey, afar off from the Rio Grande came the faint echo of an engine's whistle, and it seemed like a false note to this music of the past, and the raven's croaks seemed as if written for the scene—as harmony for the time and place.

## Preacher Departs Secretly.

Asheville, Dec. 19—Rev. D. J. Miller, pastor of Bethel Methodist church, a small church in the cotton mill section of this city, left his home Friday and nothing has since been heard of him. Before leaving home, he dressed himself in two suits of underwear, and two pairs of trousers, showing that he was preparing for a journey and did not take along a suitcase, although he did take his college diploma and credentials as a minister. The cause of his desertion of his wife and his charge is supposed to be lack of funds—the church being a small one, the congregation is said to not have paid up very well.

His premeditated departure seems to lead to the belief that he was not mentally deranged, and it is supposed that he has gone to the west. He borrowed a small sum of money from one of the members of his congregation before he departed.

## HELP THE EDITOR TO GET NEWS.

The county editor, who has innumerable little details of office work to look after, frequently overlooks important news items, a fact which constitutes an unpardonable sin in the eyes of some patrons who think that news gathering is the only work the editor has to do. Along this line the Lincoln News thoughtfully adds:

"The newspaper man is blamed for a whole lot of things he can't help, such as using partiality in mentioning visitors, giving news about some folks and leaving others out, etc. He simply prints all the news he can find. Some people inform him about such things and others do not. An editor should not be expected to know the names and residences of all your uncles, aunts and cousins, even if he should see them get off the train. Tell us about it. It's news that makes the newspaper, and every man, woman and child can be associate editors if they only will. Never apologize when you give this bit of information to an editor, for if there lives one so dead that he has lost his appreciation of such favors he is dead, indeed, to every virtue that imparts value to a paper.—Lenoir Topic.

## Working for a New County.

High Point citizens are working zealously for a new county to be chopped off of several adjoining counties, with High Point as the county seat. It is figured out that the new county would make 231 square miles of territory, about 25,000 population and \$6,000,000 assessed property valuation according to the figures of the promoters of the enterprise. Ransom county has been talked of as the name of the new county, but this being claimed for a proposed new county with Wendell, Wake county as the seat, the question of the name is left open. Or course, there will be zealous opposition as there always is in such cases. There are a number of pauper counties in the state at present. As The Republican sees it no new ones should be established unless the new ones and those from whom they are taken are able to pass the pauper requirement.—Union Republican.

## Lorimer Not Guilty of Bribery Charges.

Washington, Dec. 17—The senate committee on privileges and elections held a meeting today for the purpose of considering what report to make to the senate on the charges against Senator Lorimer, of Illinois. The subcommittee, which conducted the investigation completely and unanimously cleared the Illinois senator.

Great secrecy is maintained today but it is generally understood that Lorimer is cleared also by the full committee of any participation in the bribery scandals.

It is understood to be held that there is no proof that he was guilty of bribery and no showing that enough members of the legislature were bribed to change the result, and, therefore, that he should not be expelled from the senate.

The report of the full committee, exonerating Senator Lorimer will not be presented to the senate until next Tuesday.

Members of the committee objected to sending the report of the full committee to the senate today, because some of them wished to read all the evidence contained in the report of the sub-committee.

## A GREAT PROBLEM SOLVED.

No more cold storage eggs. New laid eggs for breakfast every morning. This is the happy prospect for every American family whether in town or country.

A Connecticut man, taking advantage of the natural credulity of the humble, trusting hen, beguiles it into laying every morning by letting it gaze fondly upon a few flowers in a greenhouse. A small greenhouse, a small hen and a few nests for the hen and the musical cackle of the hen is heard from the first days of dull November until ground hog days are over. No longer a glut of eggs in spring and a famine in winter; the problem of eggs in winter is solved for all time to come.

Think of it! a few daffodils and hyacinths judiciously placed and the hen innocently thinks it is a balmy day in April instead of a zero day in January. The plan presents a well nigh perfect combination of the useful and beautiful. Its esthetic value also is to be commended. The plebeian barn yard fowl equally with the aristocratic Orpingtons, Wyandottes, Rocks and Reds will respond to its refining influence.

Then, too, it is a plan that everyone can adopt. To be sure a greenhouse is not always possible, but it is the flowers and not the warmth, we understand, that work the charm. If natural flowers are not available doubtless a few artificial ones placed with studied negligence, or a flower piece or two upon the wall opposite the nests will answer the purpose. Come to think of it to what better use can the large colored plates in seed catalogues be put? If anything can make hens lay in winter they can. In fact, having in mind the gigantic size of the flowers portrayed on the plates any hen looking earnestly upon them would naturally lay eggs twice the usual size.

Some people say something and others have something to say. There is a great difference between the two.

## Asheboro Graded school

The fall term of Asheboro Graded school will close Wednesday Dec. 21. Work will resume Wednesday morning Jan. 4. If there are those who would enter the spring term of school they are urged to do so the first day of school as the time for enrolling new students will be limited. If there are school subjects who have become so since the opening of school in September they may enter during the first three days. It would however be better for them to stay out till the next term. No first year pupil would be promoted on a half year's work.

By order of the school board those students who are numbered in the Asheboro district but outside of the town limits will be permitted to continue in school on condition that they pay half of the following tuition rates:

First, second, and third grades \$1.00 per month; fourth and fifth grades \$1.50 per month. sixth and seventh grades \$2.00 per month; eighth, ninth and tenth grades \$3.00 per month.

Those enjoying the privilege of half rates will not be granted reduction for absences.

We trust no parents will stop their children at this the middle of the school year and thus force them to go over the same work next fall.

Let them end up the full year's work which they have so well begun.

O. V. Woosley, Supt.

## HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF

By a singular coincidence the very time the English parliament is passing through one of the most fateful elections in its history, China, politically one of the most backward of nations, has been promised a representative government.

Because of its antiquity and its influence the British institution is known as the "Mother of Parliaments," and to a greater or less extent it has served as the model for every legislative body now existing. It has an unbroken history of over 600 years and it is a suggestive commentary upon the slow yet sure development of human liberty and popular government that after all these centuries it is now engaged in a contest which will probably result in a radical change in the relation between the lords and commons and in a more ready response to the popular will.

Other nations as they have adopted popular rule have profited by the varied experiences of the British parliament and no doubt China will do the same. In all likelihood its new constitution will embrace leading features of both the American and British systems.

## NOTICE TO POLICYHOLDERS.

The regular annual meeting of the Randolph county branch of the Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance association of North Carolina will be held in the Lexington Grocery Co. building in Asheboro N. C. on Monday Jan. 2nd 1911 at 12 o'clock m. for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may lawfully come before the meeting.

S. S. Cox, President.  
U. S. Hayes, Sec.