In spite of its isolated position in the heart of the desert, surrounded by unfriendly tribes and far away from civilization, the little commonwealth of the Hopi cliff-dwellers has of late years become fairly accessible to the traveler, who may well feel repaid for a journey across the desert by the interest to be found in the strange habitations, primitive customs, and barbaric art of this remnant of a prehistoric race. Two days on horseback, or three in a wagon, northward from any one of several Arizona stations on the transcontinental line of the Santa Fe Railway, carries one through a land of long desert slopes and sage-covered valleys; past volcanic peaks and cinder cones, bad lands and alkali wastes, mesas covered with juniper, pinons and cedars, and finally into the real desert—the Painted Desert, that mysterious land, full of color and enchantment, which is the heritage of the gentle Hopitah.

From the top of the last divide that marks the boundary of the Hopi country, one sees on the horizon line the high mesas that project into the desert like the bows of great battleships. These mesas end very abruptly, giving a most precipitous look to the high cliffs on the top of which are located the seven Hopi pueblos. You strain your eyes to see the towns on the crest of these great cliffs, but so like are they in color and outline to the living rock, that it is impossible to distinguish them until you come within a couple of miles, when you suddenly realize that the mesas are crowned with human habitations. As you climb one of the precipitous trails leading to the villages, you wonder what overpowering motive could have forced these people to build their homes in such inaccessible places, but a closer look at their architecture reveals the fact that it was fear of man that must originally have caused them to build their fortress-like cities at the top of the cliffs. In fact, the very trail by which you climb could, in the days when bows and arrows and stone axes were the only weapons, have been easily held by one man against an army. From necessity the ancestors of the Hopi lived on the mesa tops in the immemorial past, and the same necessity for centuries compelled their descendants
A PRECIPITOUS TRAIL LEADING UP A MESA TO A HOPI VILLAGE.

From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.
HOPI TOWNS IN COLOR AND OUTLINE ARE SO LIKE THE CRESTS OF THE MESAS THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DISTINGUISH THEM A FEW MILES AWAY.
PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

to follow their example. Now that all danger of invasion is past, the Hopi of the present day still live there by choice, and this in spite of the fact that all the water used in the villages, except such as is caught during rains in the basin-like depressions in the rocky surface of the mesa top, is laboriously brought up the steep trails in large pottery water bottles slung over the backs of the women. Not only water, but supplies of all kinds, harvested crops, provisions, fuel, etc., have to be brought up these steep trails, and often from a distance of many miles. Since the rediscovery of Hopi Land by the white man about twenty years ago, the government has attempted, by offers of building material, to induce the people to settle nearer to the springs and their farming lands, but the conservative people cling as tenaciously to the home sites selected by their ancestors as they do to the ancient architecture and the customs and traditions of their forefathers.

I SAY “rediscovery by the white man,” for it was nearly four hundred years ago that the Hopi pueblos first became known to the white race. The contact between them and the outside world was but brief, for, although discovered by one of Coronado’s expeditions, they soon settled back into their original peaceful seclusion. The story of how the pueblos were first found is the same as that of the discovery of many other ancient cities on the Pacific Coast. The sixteenth century was prolific in exploration and discoveries in the new world. The Spaniards had taken Mexico and were casting about for new worlds to conquer, when their adventurous spirit was fired afresh by fabulous tales of treasure to be found in great cities to the north. Report followed report, each more vivid than the last, until the viceroy of New Spain, inflamed by tales of Pizarro’s bloody conquest of Peru, organized a great expedition and sent it out to find and conquer the Indian cities of the North, and to bring back the rich treasure which would surely be found there.

And so it came to pass that a splendid caravan of adventurers, led by armed cavaliers, and with one thousand Indian allies bringing up the rear, began the most remarkable journey of exploration ever taken in America. The commander-in-chief was Francisco Vasquez Coronado, and on Easter morning of the year 1540 the little army marched away with all the pomp and circumstance that attended the under-
PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

taking of such an enterprise. For months the adventurers traveled over deserts, mountains, and plains, meeting with every vicissitude and hardship to be encountered in an unknown country, until at last they reached the region now known as Arizona and New Mexico. Here, so the story goes, they found not only wild and warlike Indians, but a gentle race of aborigines, much farther advanced in the arts of civilization than any other they had seen since leaving Central Mexico. These people, although composed of many different tribes speaking distinct languages, were practically one in development and had reached a high degree of culture, compared with the nomadic, warlike tribes surrounding them. They formed a nation of agricultural people, dwelling in stone and adobe houses on the very sites occupied by their descendants to this day. In some instances, the identical buildings that were standing when Coronado’s expedition first visited Hopi Land are occupied to-day. Coronado had hoped to discover the Seven Cities of Cibola, as the cupidity of the Spaniards had been excited to a frenzy by the mythical tales of rich treasure to be found there, but after conquering the finest of these cities, he found himself possessed of nothing more than a mud-built pueblo of New Mexican Zuni Indians. At this pueblo, Coronado heard of other towns toward the northwest, and dispatched one of his lieutenants with Indian guides to find them if possible. In this way the Seven Cities of Tusayan, in the northern part of the present Territory of Arizona, were first made known to the white race. These seven cities are now known as the seven pueblos of the Hopi Indians. After the Coronado expedition came the priests who followed always in the trail of the Spanish Conquistadores, endeavoring to graft the Christian religion upon each pagan cult they found. But the Hopi would have none of it. They disposed of Christianity by the simple but effective method of throwing the priests over the cliffs then and there, and for three hundred years they remained free from the yoke of foreign invasion.

From that time until about twenty years ago very few whites ever entered the country of the pueblos or came in contact with the Hopi Indians, partly for the reason that they were far from the beaten trail of travel from Old Mexico, but especially on account of their natural isolation. Surrounded on all sides by a great waterless desert and by warlike tribes of Indians, they escaped both the Spanish and Mexican influence, and not until they were taken in hand by the
PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

United States Government did the missionaries again begin to labor among them. This, so far as we know it, is the story of the Hopi as told by the white man of long ago, and so it happens that we have here in the heart of the youngest and most progressive of modern countries a primitive race of men who have escaped the blight of civilization, and who are to us a perfect exposition of the way the prehistoric American lived and died, ages before the paleface came to bring destruction.

In the seven villages which to-day constitute the little Hopi commonwealth live about two thousand home-loving, law-abiding Indians who have managed somehow to maintain an absolute independence for all these centuries. They are a people without jails, hospitals, asylums, or policemen, and crime is almost an unknown thing among them. They are entirely self-supporting and have never asked from the United States Government anything but to be left alone. The first mesa top contains three villages, Walpi, Shichumnovi, and Hano. Of these Walpi is by far the most picturesque as well as the most primitive. Situated on the extreme end of the mesa, where the long rock tongue gradually tapers to a point, its site is so narrow that nearly the whole top of the cliff is covered with buildings,—some, in fact, actually overhang the precipitous walls. Hopi villages are all built on the defensive plan. The house clusters are generally two stories in height, although at Walpi and Oraibi four are more often seen. The building material is stone laid in mortar and mud, and the fronts of the buildings have a general tendency to face eastward. In former times the back walls had neither doors nor windows, and the only entrance to the lower story was from above by means of ladders thrust through holes in the roof. Ladders or steps cut into the partition walls afforded access to the upper stories.

This necessity for being constantly on the defensive arose from the fact that the daily life of the Hopi was fraught with danger. In the old days they were the constant prey of the ferocious nomadic tribes around them, and unrelaxing vigilance was necessary to prevent extermination. In the present day this danger is past, but the Hopi still must struggle with natural forces that seem at times enough to overwhelm them. Their little farms have to be watched with the great-
est care from the time that the corn kernels are planted in the damp sand of a dry stream bed until the tender plant sees the light of day. Then windbreaks must be erected to protect the growing corn from the ever shifting desert sand, which would bury it in a night; and shades must be built to keep the fierce sun from burning it up. Then come rabbits and other animal pests to devour all the little crop, and crows, black birds, and locusts drop from the sky to rob the poor Hopi of his food supply; Lastly come the poaching horses, burros, and bands of sheep, to say nothing of thieving Navajos, and, as if this were not enough, at any time great floods may come down the natural water channels where the Hopi plant their corn, to destroy in a few minutes the labor of many months, or the burning sun of a rainless season may shrivel the growing crops.

It is this relentless domination of an austere environment that forms the keynote of the whole religious and social life of the Hopi, for the Indian is much more helpless in the presence of Nature than the civilized man. Where we may frequently offer successful resistance to natural forces, the primitive man has no recourse but to yield to circumstances that are due to his surroundings. The sincerity of their faith and their absolute belief in the Nature God is most interesting and wonderful to see. Every act of their life, be it great or little, is attended with prayer, and all important things, such as the planting of the seed, and the maturing of the crops, give occasion for elaborate and beautiful religious ceremonies. These ceremonies, with many praise-offerings and incantations to propitiate the gods, accompany every personal event, as well as those controlled by Nature. For instance, there are ceremonial observances at birth, marriage, and death, and also at the dedication of each new home.

The building of the Hopi house is most interesting, and is carried out according to certain prescribed rules, from the selection of the site to the feast that opens the house as a dwelling. After the site of the house has been determined and its dimensions roughly marked on the ground by placing stones where the corners are to be, the next step is the gathering of the building material. In this the communal idea of the Hopi with regard to work is strongly in evidence, as the prospective builder calls to his assistance all the friends who belong to his own clan. These helpers receive no compensation except their
THE HOPI PUEBLO OF ORAIBI IS FOUR STORIES HIGH.

From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.
IN THE PUEBLO THERE IS NO PREARRANGED PLAN OF CONSTRUCTION, THE VILLAGE GROWS, ONE ROOM AT A TIME.
THE HOPI CHILDREN ARE STRONG AND ALERT, WITH HAPPY LITTLE HEARTS AND AMICABLE WAYS.

From a Photograph by Frederick Mitten.
THERE ARE SIX GENERATIONS FROM GRANDMOTHER TO BABY, YET THE OLD WOMAN IS STILL A STRONG, USEFUL MEMBER OF HOPI SOCIETY.
food, and, as is the case with all communal labor, the work is carried to its completion with a good will and spirit that has no parallel in civilization.

And the accumulation of building material is not an easy matter, notwithstanding that the Hopi town is built of stone quarried from the top and side of the mesa upon which it stands. This is a stratified sandstone which is easy to quarry, but the timbers for the roof must be brought from a great distance. Tradition says that before the period when the history of the Hopi became known to us, it was necessary to transport these great beams by human muscle alone, and to lift them sometimes for six hundred feet up the precipitous trails. The main beams of the roof are usually of pine or cottonwood, but all trees indigenous to the country are used in house construction.

So far as I have been able to observe, there is no prearranged plan for an entire house cluster of several stories, nor is there any consideration shown for future additions or contiguous dwellings. One room at a time is built, and additions are made as more room is required. Therefore the single room may be considered as the unit of the pueblo, and this is found to be true of the greater number of prehistoric ruins found in this region, as well as of the living villages, which are formed upon exactly the same architectural model.

After the gathering of the building material has been accomplished, the builder goes to the chief of the pueblo, who gives him four small eagle feathers to which are tied short cotton strings. These feathers are sprinkled with sacred meal, and are placed one at each of the four corners of the house, where they are covered with the corner stones. The Hopi call these feathers *Nakwa Kwoci*, meaning a breath prayer, and the ceremony is addressed to *Masauwu*, the sun.

The next step is the location of the door, which is marked by the placing of food on either side of where it is to be. Also, particles of food, mixed with salt, are sprinkled along the lines upon which the walls are to stand. Then the building itself is begun. Among the pueblo people, the man is generally the mason and the woman the plasterer, but from my own observation I have found that the women often do the entire work of house construction, the material only being brought by the men, who sometimes assist in the heavy work of lifting
the long beams for the roof. While the men are preparing the stones, the women bring water from the springs at the foot of the mesa, also clay and earth, and mix a mud plaster which is used very sparingly between the layers of stones. The walls thus made are irregular in thickness, varying from eight to eighteen inches, and are carried to a height of about seven or eight feet.

After the walls are raised to their full height, the rafters are carefully laid over them, about two feet apart, and above these are placed smaller poles running at right angles and about a foot apart. Across these again are laid willows or reeds as closely as they can be placed, and then comes a layer of reeds or grass, over which mud plaster is spread. When this is dry, it is covered with earth and thoroughly stamped down. All of this work is done by the women also the plastering of the inside walls and the making of the plaster floors.

When the house is completed thus far, the owner prepares four more eagle feathers, and ties them to a little stick of willow, the end of which is inserted in one of the central roof beams. No Hopi home is complete without this, as it is the soul of the house and the sign of its dedication. These feathers are renewed every year at the feast of Soyalyina, celebrated in December, when the sun begins to return northward. There is also an offering made to Masauwu in the form of particles of food placed in the rafters of the house, with prayers for good luck and prosperity to the new habitation.

These ceremonies completed, the interior of the house is plastered by the women, who spread on the plaster smoothly with their hands. The surface thus given is exceedingly interesting, as the hand strokes show all over the walls and the corners have no sharp angles, only soft irregular curves where the plaster has been stroked down and patted with the fingers. After the plastering a coat of white clayey gypsum is applied, making the room look very bright, clean and sunny. Unlike most Indian habitations, the interior of a Hopi house is always clean and fresh-looking. It is generally bare of furniture, although during the last few years, tables, chairs, and iron cook stoves have been introduced by the Government, and have been accepted by some of the more progressive. These modern improvements, however, are much frowned upon by the conservative Hopi, and are by no means an advantage from the viewpoint of one who enjoys the artistic effect of their primitive customs.
PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

In one corner of the room is built a fireplace and chimney, and the top of the latter is usually extended by piling bottomless jars one upon the other. These chimneys draw very well and their odd construction adds much to the quaint archaic character of the house. The roof is finished flat and is a foot lower than the top of the walls, so that the earth covering is in no danger of being washed or blown away. Drains are inserted in the copings to carry off storm water and so prevent leakage from the roof.

After the house is completely finished and dedicated, the owner gives a feast to all the members of his clan who helped him in the building, and each one of these in turn brings some small gift to help along the housekeeping of the new home.

HOPLAND comes very close to being a woman-governed country, for the status of woman in this little republic has as much freedom and dignity as it possessed ages ago in other tribes governed as communes. Hopi society is based upon the gens; that is, upon the tie of blood relationship. It is a society of equals where help is extended and received in the true communal spirit. How long this will last now that the touch of civilization threatens to fall upon them, can easily be guessed. Among the Hopi the women are excellent specimens of primitive humanity. The young women are well-formed and strong, and of irreproachable character. They own the houses as well as build them, and all family property belongs to the woman, who is acknowledged as the head of the household. Inheriance, therefore, is always through the mother, and descent is reckoned through the female line. In spite of the liberty and importance enjoyed by the Hopi women, their reserve and modesty is surprising. They are as quiet and shy as if their lives had been passed in the utmost seclusion and subjection to the dominance of man. Their whole lives are devoted to the care of their children, and the matrimonial customs of the Hopi are of a grade, which, if generally understood, might make civilized law-makers and writers of civilized customs stop and think. It is marriage from the view-point of the woman, not of the man. It is a striking example of the principal effect of woman rule, and it must be admitted that it is dominated by the highest order of purity as well as of common sense.

The education of the children is very carefully considered. The
PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

Hopi have no written literature, but an almost boundless store of oral traditions, which are handed down unimpaired to each generation in turn and which form the guiding principle of their religious belief and of their whole life. Every clan, and there are a number of family clans making up the various Hopi towns, has its own kiva or underground ceremonial chamber, entered by a ladder through a square opening in the roof, which is but a foot or two above the general level of the ground. Here the education of the boys is carried on, beginning at the age of seven or eight years. They are instructed day by day in the literature, history, and myths of the tribes, the priests being the teachers. Without writing and without books the Hopi have an extensive literature, and that the utmost accuracy is observed in its oral transmission from generation to generation is revealed by certain comparisons with the records made by the Spanish explorers in the sixteenth century.

IT IS an interesting thing to visit a Hopi home, for they are a friendly and hospitable people, and until they feel that they have reason to distrust a white man, their attitude toward him when he presents himself as a guest at their door is actuated by the most cordial spirit of hospitality. I well remember a visit I once made, many years ago, to the home of the Governor of the pueblo of Walpi, in order to secure his permission to make photographs within the limits of his jurisdiction. His home was on the third floor of the great irregular pyramid which forms this pueblo, and I had to climb up rude ladders and ascend many steps cut in the partition walls before I reached it. My approach had been announced by numbers of children playing around the street, who, with shrill cries of "Bahana, Bahana" (white man), brought many of the Hopi to their doorways to look upon me with good natured curiosity. When I reached the door of the Governor's home, two women bending over their mealng stones looked up at me with smiles of welcome, while on the floor three naked brown babies were playing with a kitten, which they abandoned to stare at me mutely with preposterously black eyes, as if they had been hypnotized and were bent on hypnotizing me in turn. The women were cordial and laughed freely. One of them went for the Governor while the other handed me a drink of water in a bowl of their interesting native pottery. When the Governor came from an inner room,
From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen.

The Hopi women are well formed, strong and intelligent, and much of the government is in their hands.
THE HOPI MEN ARE THE SPINNERS AND WEAVERS OF THE NATION.
PUEBLOS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

I found him to be a man of about sixty, of medium height, but magnificently built. As a race, the Hopi are models of form, the pure air, simple food, and constant exercise giving them perfect physical development. The Governor was dressed in the typical modern Hopi costume of white cotton trousers, slit up at the sides, and a loose shirt drawn in at the waist by a splendid belt of silver disks. His long hair was held in place by a narrow band of red wool, and brown, silver-buttoned leggings and moccasins completed his costume.

I told him I wished to secure a room to live in, to arrange for Hopi servants, and to make pictures. He answered courteously that I was welcome to stay in the pueblo and might remain as long as I choose; that he would find me a house and arrange for his people to bring me wood and water, and for a woman to do my cooking, but I must not take photographs, that he could not allow. This was a great disappointment, as work among the Indians was then comparatively new to me, and I had much difficulty in overcoming his prejudice. Just at this time dinner was announced and I was invited to partake of it. It was my first Hopi meal and I shall never forget it, for it was a liberal education in many things, including the evolution of cookery. We were eight all together. The three grandchildren, the two women I had seen, the Governor and the grandmother. The menu consisted of mutton stew, sweet corn on the cob, piki bread and corn pudding. The mutton had been cooked in an iron kettle over an open fire on the roof outside. It was mutton stew without the vegetables, but it was properly salted. The Hopi use salt and native peppers, but no other condiments. We sat on the floor and had no knives or forks. Doing as my Indian friends did, I seized in my turn a chunk of mutton from the kettle and proceeded to eat it. How I was to get my share of the stew, however, I could not conceive, as licking one’s fingers is a slow process and inadequately nourishing. On the floor table, however, was a pile of what looked like dark blue lead pencils. The Governor took one, stuck it into the kettle and peacefully sucked until he was satisfied. It was simply sucking—not lemonade—but mutton stew, through a straw. Then he carefully proceeded to eat the straw. Sucking the stew through it had softened and flavored it for eating. I mastered the game at the first trial, and from that time was a devoted adherent to piki bread, as well as to many other dishes and customs of my good friends the Hopi.

(To be continued)