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GRAPHY

THE WORKS OF
CHAS. F. LUMMIS



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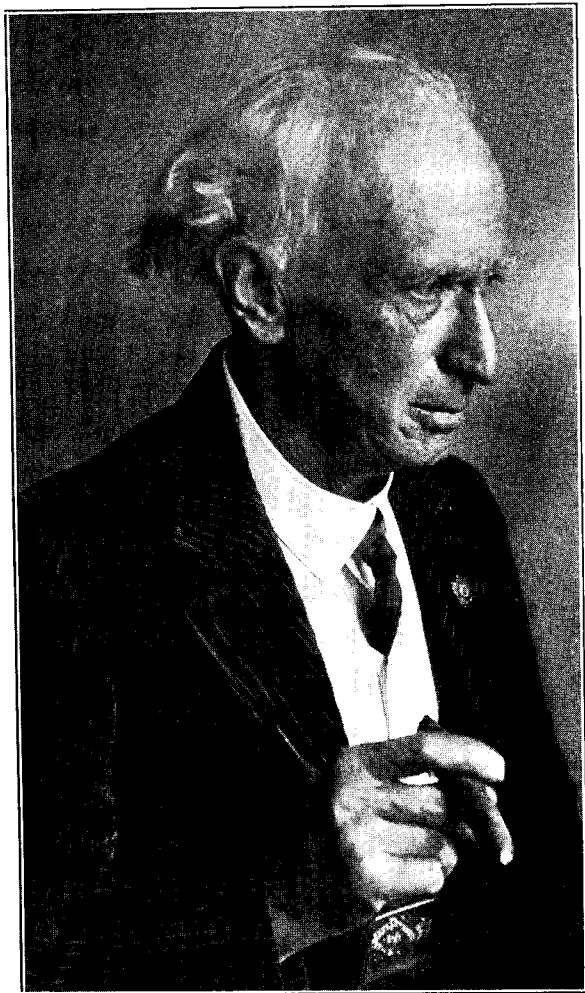
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THE LUMMIS FOUNDATION

200 EAST AVENUE 43

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1928



C. E. LORD, SANTA FE, 1927

CHAS. F. LUMMIS AT 68

"LIVED THE LIVES OF MANY MEN"

Like enough, Dr. Lummis couldn't have written a Best Seller. Certainly, he never tried. In youth, he made the 100 yards in ten seconds flat; but his game was thirty-mile runs (which they now call Marathons) and scaling difficult peaks. His books inherit something of this—they are long-distance runners.

Aside from the few great old Names, not many American authors can boast even one book of travel that survives twenty-five years. Lummis has six such books, averaging in 1927 over thirty-three years of age, that are still alive, still selling—standards, classics, unshaken and forgotten.

Over forty years ago, in his wide adventuring, he stumbled upon a vast and practically unknown Empire within our own national domain; a mysterious land of consummate Human Interest and Historic Importance and Centuried Romance, all then undreamed-of by Americans; a land into which Nature had crowded her most sensational scenery, the very Apocalypse of her Earth-building; a land still vital with the Elder Humanities, still peopled with Aristocracies ancient as Egypt and the patriarchal life of Abraham.

He made this land his own—by making himself part of it; by living, working, suffering in it. It is not simply for his brilliant writing, not because he uses language like a rifle, every word to the mark, that his works go on beloved and indispensable from generation to generation. The "West-from-a-Car-Window" sort is brilliant, also—but as un-

lasting as it earns. Lummis remains, because of his profound sympathy and understanding, gained by a life of tireless study of his field; living with its peoples and talking with them in their own tongues, sharing their hardships, fighting their battles, critically searching the Spanish Archives which throw the documentary light of almost four centuries on these First Americans and their Wonder Land; learning not by map or guide-book, but by thousands of miles on foot, and tens of thousands on horseback, the remotest recesses of that vast region to which he first gave the name of "The Southwest"—and to which, more than any other writer, he has awakened the attention of the world. Today, transportation companies spend millions annually to make it easy for the traveler to see the "Strange Corners of Our Country" which Lummis explored in hardness and danger, and made known to us, so long ago. And to this day he understands the soul of it all as no one else does.

He is still beloved by the First Americans, still welcome to the secret Councils of the Wise Old Men, and the games of the young. Still they call him "Kha-táy-deh" (Withered Branch), because when he first went to live with them, forty years ago, his left arm was paralyzed, and stayed so for three and a half years (see "My Friend Will"), but the Elders call him "Brother" and "Son." In 1902, with the explicit backing of President Roosevelt, he founded the Sequoia League. "To Make Better Indians by Treating Them Better." This League not only saved the 300 Warner's Ranch Indians from being turned adrift on the desert; it fed, clothed, and gave seed to the starving Indians of Campo till the Indian

Bureau was shamed into relieving them; it secured the appointment of a competent special agent for all California Indians, and later, a Congressional appropriation of \$100,000, with which fair areas of good land were added to several of the desert "reservations" to which most of the Mission Indians had been crowded. It accomplished other reforms; and in all, Roosevelt backed it up as he had promised—"to the last gun."

Himself, for over thirty years (in "The Nation," under Garrison, "The Dial" under Browne, and elsewhere), a reviewer bravely generous to honest work, but merciless towards sham and inaccuracy, he acquired a long Waiting List of wounded scientists and authors with whetted knives waiting to find a joint in his armor. They are still waiting. His estimates, his conclusions, have sometimes been attacked, but never quite upset; and in this third of a century no serious statement by him has ever been disproved. The most sensational "suicide" in American Science, was when a Princeton Professor set out to "explode" the Indian legend of "the Enchanted Mesa" which Lummis had given the world as based on historic truth. The tragedy-comedy is vividly sketched in "Mesa Cañon and Pueblo"; at the time it was staged, it went around the world, and added to the gaiety of many nations of many tongues.

Logically, his activities of exploration and documentary study reached from the Southwest onward to Spanish America in general. Mexico, Central and South America, and California carried the same appeal of Romance-with-Science—and he was alert to all. For many years he has been recognized the world over for an authority, as well as a fascinating

writer. In his hands, "Popular Science" ceases to be a contradiction. He would rather be Right than Brilliant—and never fails to be both. He is always readable, and always dependable—which is why he *lasts*. The King of Spain knighted him, and the Royal Academy of Spain elected him to membership, years ago, for his historical research. But what is far more important, tens of thousands of his countrymen are coming out now every year to look into the wonder-stories he first told them of their own land, and are finding that he told them true. More than thirty-five years ago, he was first to sound the call, "See America First." Then, it was literally, "a voice crying in the Wilderness." Today, it is a fairly popular gospel.

Poet, scholar, athlete, explorer, with a rigorous classical education from childhood (his father started him on Latin at seven, Greek at eight, Hebrew at nine, and kept him at them for ten years), a long newspaper training and already a sympathetic insight into the native peoples of New Mexico, forty years ago, Lummis became the chosen disciple, companion, and "Younger Brother" of Bandelier, greatest of our documentary historians, and foundation of all subsequent study of the Southwest; and went through Bandelier's Spartan training in the exactitudes of scientific research in languages, ethnology, archaeology, and the Spanish Archives.

After nearly four years of this association, in which Bandelier and he had trudged together thousands of miles of New Mexico and Arizona afoot, and studied ruins, and Pueblos, and tribes, and documents, and had made known to the world—both popular and scientific—many of the now famous features of the

Southwest—Bandelier picked him as his sole companion for the expedition to Peru and Bolivia, which they organized in New York, in 1892. And the Pupil said to the Master:

"I shall never again have such a compliment, for I shall never again face so relentless a judge. But—may I say? What you need—what the Science of Man needs—is now, not so much more Students, but an Audience! Science has dehumanized its deep scholarship with pedantry and fearsome Greek words, and closeted mystery, till mere humans are afraid of it. That is why the Dean of American scientific bodies, the Archaeological Institute of America, felt very virtuous when it paid you \$60 a month for a few years for giving it the most important books it ever published, or ever will. What we need first is not more scientific societies run by Latin professors, nor even more devoted souls toiling and starving to investigate—what we need is Public Opinion! With your leave, I am going to make it my part of this, to say to the World:

"'Lookee! don't be scared! All these Greek words are harmless! All these Ologies are only the Story of Man—the story of you and me, when we were babies, brats, youths, adults—and carried back five or ten thousand years. And it's fun!"

"If we can give back to that perennial Story the Humanness that belongs to it, a million Americans will understand where one understands now; and where you have now one supporter you will have fifty; and while your epoch-making research now is buried in sacrosanct reports for a few Bostonians, it will become part of the consciousness of America."

Bandelier looked searchingly at the young crusader, rose, and embraced him: "A fool

for vision!" he said. "You are right, Boy! Ten thousand wiser men never saw it! An Audience is what Science needs—and what Science will have, when it can show that it is not a bore but a friend, not a penance but a delight. You have the conscience and training of Science, and the gift of the Magic Lantern. Go, call your Audience! But never forget Truth! Truth is the first and last thing in life—and it is never Truth, until it is as exact as you can make it!"

And that has been Lummis' plighted troth for nearly forty years—to tell "the Story of Man" (his own phrase to cover and translate all the 'ologies of the laboratory) so clear and human that everyday humans feel its Romance and its thrill—the reflection of their own childhood projected and enriched in the half-mysterious childhood of the Race; yet with an almost fanatic devotion to scientific accuracy. In other words (also his), to "Humanize Science as it applies to the study of Man, without denaturing Science in the process."

On top of the academic foundation, the journalistic horizon, the hard knocks and gentler contacts of three frontiers, the schooling of Bandelier, and of cowboys, and Presidents, and Mexicans, and Indians, and Spaniards, of Bad Men, and high-souled frontiersmen, of scholars, scouts, college presidents, painters, poets, authors, musicians, horse-thieves, bandits, and bishops, broadened and deepened his sentiment, his philosophy, and his horse-sense, along with his two-fistedness. Except for his crusade in California, beginning in 1894, nothing but crumbling mounds would be left, today, of the Franciscan Missions of San Diego, Pala, San Juan Capistrano, and San Fernando. The Landmarks

Club, which he founded, has saved these noble monuments of Architecture and of Faith for generations to come—and he supervised the reconstruction; more than an acre of roofs, and half a mile of walls.

It was his personal fight, backed by his friendship with President Roosevelt from Harvard days onward, that took the Warner's Ranch Indians (evicted from the immemorial home by the U. S. Supreme Court, and left by the Indian Bureau homeless), and put them upon the fertile Pala valley—said to be the only case in American history where Indians were given a better home than they were driven from. Here they have one hundred times as much land as they lost, and eight times as much water for irrigation, thanks to Roosevelt's summary support of his Warner's Ranch Indian Commission, of which Lummis was chairman.

Drafted unwillingly to be City Librarian, in 1905, he gave the Los Angeles Public Library its first organization, put it for the first time in competent quarters, and in six stormy years of petticoat politics made it beyond peradventure or further dubiety, "A Man's job"!

For fifteen years, beginning in 1894, Lummis edited and published in Los Angeles a little magazine, "The Land of Sunshine" (later "Out West"), whose bound volumes are held in most of the leading libraries of the world for reference. It was a magazine, not a layer-cake or hash of reading-matter and ads—and *could* be bound for reference, as very few monthlies are bound today. It found and developed young writers and artists, of whom many are now widely known. It also secured a regular staff of the best-known

writers and artists in and of the West—like David Starr Jordan, Theodore H. Hittell, Edwin Markham, Wm. Keith, Joaquin Miller, Ina Colbrith, F. W. Hodge, Dr. Washington Matthews, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Ed Borein, Maynard Dixon, and many more.

It served Science by publishing expert translations of many Spanish documents indispensable to our history, but before inaccessible. President Roosevelt said publicly: "I always read it, no matter how busy; for I am tremendously in sympathy with so many of the things for which it works."

For a few years Lummis carried the double burden of city librarian and of editor; but, finally, had to give up the magazine, ~~which he had published for many years~~

Back in 1878, in the White Mountains in New Hampshire, Lummis set up some of his boyish poems and printed them in a tiny 12-page booklet, 2½x3 inches, on real birch-bark—gathered, cut to size, split to filmy thinness, printed and stitched, all by the young author. It promptly brought him recognition and the lifelong friendship of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Julia C. R. Dorr, Edna Dean Proctor, Chas. Dudley Warner, John Boyle O'Reilly, Brander Matthews, Andrew Lang, H. C. Bunner, Edith M. Thomas, and others of the Elect. In three years, he sold over fourteen thousand copies—and that put him through Harvard. The British Museum gave it a little glass case to itself. The strenuous later years have seldom yielded the poetic ease; but his occasional verses have found place of honor in high-class magazines, and in many anthologies; and he has under collection a book of verse reflecting

different angles of his long and many-sided life—from Puritan lad in New England, classical scholar, newspaper man, author, explorer, bronco-buster, archaeologist, historian, philosopher, editor, critic, museum builder, and still—Boy.

In 1886, he was three months in the last Apache campaign, under General Crook, and later, General Miles. Here began his lifelong friendship with Leonard Wood—then contract assistant post-surgeon; later, Chief of Staff, U. S. A., then Governor-General of Cuba, and then of the Philippines. Lummis was called back to help reorganize the Los Angeles Times, of which he was city editor. "Why didn't you come when I sent for you?" said Gen. Lawton a year later. "They told me—Al Sieber himself told me—you were the best trailer short of the Apaches. I wanted to make you Chief of Scouts—and when you wouldn't come, I gave it to Leonard Wood."

"I would have liked it," said Lummis, "but you got a better man. Mebbe I couldn't have caught Geronimo—Wood sure did."

His chapter on "The Apache Warrior" (in "The Land of Poco Tiempo") has been quoted by military critics for a third of a century; and his late (and only ballad) "Man-Who-Yawns," a biting epic of Geronimo, is another vivid picture of the passing of the Last Frontier.

When the Archaeological Institute of America was unable to establish a society in the Far West, and in 1903 asked him to found one in Los Angeles, Lummis said: "You folks back East had grandfathers. We hadn't. We have to build our own towns, sewers, car-lines, libraries, museums, jails, schools. We wish well to your classical studies

in Greece and Palestine, but we're draught oxen, not milch cows. You have twenty societies paying you \$10 per member per year, and 1,200 members. You have been going twenty-five years. You haven't a museum—nor even a museum case. You have 'added to human knowledge'—but nobody knows it! Now, if Los Angeles could serve Science and the World with intelligent benefit to its own people—we would astonish you." "Precisely what we want," said Francis W. Kelsey (then Gen. Secretary, later President, of the Institute), "we want to Americanize the A. I. A."

Four years later the Southwest Society, founded by Lummis on that agreement, had 360 annual members as against 194 for the twenty-nine-year-old parent Boston Society; 181 for the twenty-four-year-old New York Society; 139, Washington; 132, St. Louis; and so on. 360 out of a total of 1,936 in twenty-one societies, or nearly four times the average membership of societies averaging nearly six times its age. Every one of these 360 members was secured by his personal correspondence.

The Southwest Society A. I. A. at once acquired archaeological collections of unique importance, and at once put them to work—on public view in rented quarters—at once began lectures, expeditions, and excavations. It emphatically did help "Americanize" the venerable Institute. Lummis was one of the incorporators of the Institute by act of Congress; was one of the founders of the School of American Archaeology (later of American Research), in Santa Fe, and is still a member of the managing committee.

Four years after founding the Southwest Society, he incorporated the Southwest Mu-

seum, with Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, late head of the army of the United States, as first president. He had enlisted a devoted little band of foremost men of Los Angeles, had selected a twenty-acre acropolis for a site, and had got it paid for; had secured a bequest of \$50,000 which soon became available for the first building; had devised and supervised the architecture, and personally superintended the construction and installation. Having built his own unique and monumental house in seven-teen years of labor with his own hands, he knew how to build against the centuries. A temblor, big enough to floor every other large building in Los Angeles, might crack the Southwest Museum but could not unhorse it from its lordly hill.

There are many helix staircases in Spanish-America, and far more in Europe; but in all, the stair fills the tower—as Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece in St. Paul's, London, with eighty-five steps. The Southwest Museum could not afford a 125-foot tower "just for looks." So Lummis invented a helix or Caracol with a central shaft for the stair, with rooms forty feet square around its nine-foot well, and as much exhibit space, wall and floor, as in all the rest of the great building, and a lift of 160 steps, with a sixty-mile-radius view from the top. A bronze tablet, dedicated in later years, says:

TO
CHARLES FLETCHER LUMMIS
IN HONOR OF HIS WORK
AS FOUNDER OF
THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM
THE TRUSTEES DEDICATE THIS TOWER
NAMING IT
THE LUMMIS CARACOL TOWER

And when the Dream was a Fact—it was relatively easy to enlist men of vision and wealth to carry on.

Having founded and completed the Southwest Museum, and set it in the ways of Science, Lummis further dowered this his “youngest child” by deeding to it his own home, El Alisal (“Place of Sycamores”), with two and a half acres of land, and the fourteen-room stone castle he built with seventeen years of his own labor as mason, carpenter, and handyman; reserving life tenancy for himself and his children. With this he deeded also his library and collections of Spanish Americana, gathered in more than forty years of research and exploration. The whole gift amounts to between \$175,000 and \$200,000.

The Guatemala jungle fever, contracted in explorations at Quirigua, in 1911, left him totally blind for a year and a half. In that time he carpentered much, lectured much, wrote more, conducted two scientific explorations and excavations in New Mexico, made some hundreds of tripod 5x8 glass negatives (many of great beauty), with his twelve-year-old son as eyes and guide, and “Learned a Lot.”

The Spanish folksongs of New Mexico captivated Lummis as he walked across the Southwest in 1884, and in California he stepped straight into the Spanish heart—and the princely old haciendas gave him a great store of songs. Back to New Mexico, paralyzed, in 1888, and for three and a half years following, he went deep into this study—even camping for months with the Mexican shepherds at 8,000 wintry feet above the sea to learn their songs and their hearts. In these forty years he has made perhaps the most extraordi-

nary collection of folksongs extant—over 550 Spanish and 450 Indian (in thirty-seven different languages), all recorded for him on the phonograph, besides a great number in his own memory. Arthur Farwell has transcribed hundreds of the Spanish Songs and harmonized some scores; and in 1923, Lummis privately printed the First Book of “Spanish Songs of Old California,” which went into its seventh thousand in three years, and will always be a classic. Other “Books,” each of fourteen songs, will issue, if he lasts to carry out the work.

No one is infallible; but not many are qualified to challenge the verdict of Edgar L. Hewett, today the most dynamic force in American Archaeology, founder of the School of American Research, and founder and director of the Museum of New Mexico (in Santa Fé), and of the San Diego (Cal.) Museum:

“Not every book that is called ‘epoch-making’ can live up to that reputation; but the writings of Chas. F. Lummis won that distinction more than a quarter of a century ago—and have held it . . . In literary description of the Southwest, Lummis took the lead, and has never been overtaken. It is safe to say that he never will be . . . There are parts of the world in which no one would travel without a copy of Herodotus or Pausanias, and it will be so until the end of time. Likewise, it will be said of the traveler in the Southwest: he will not be equipped, be it centuries from now, without a copy of this latest book by Lummis (Mesa, Cañon, and Pueblo), as well as some of the earlier ones.”

(Also, see “Who’s Who in America.”)

HIS BOOKS:

May be had from the publishers, or (autographed) from

THE LUMMIS FOUNDATION
200 East Ave. 43
Los Angeles, California

Mesa, Cañon, and Pueblo

\$ 5.00

The Wonderland of the Southwest. 600 pages, 100 illustrations from photos. ~~\$4.50~~. (Century Co.) Includes *all* of "Strange Corners of Our Country," for thirty-three years a classic, with the equivalent of two more volumes of wholly new matter.

See verdict, above, of Edgar L. Hewett.

"Epoch-marking and Epoch-making."—*Wm. H. Holmes, Dean of American Archaeologists.*

"There is no printed description of that region as a whole which rivals this new book by Mr. Lummis. No other writer has so thoroughly mastered the subject."—*Review of Reviews.*

"A literary style that glorifies facts, as it were, and whatever he writes makes delightful reading."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"Altogether, a most valuable, informative book, by the greatest living authority on the Southwest."—*Los Angeles Saturday Night.*

"Fascinating as fiction, informative, complete, and easily read, this volume treats of as interesting a region as this world possesses."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"It is safe to guarantee that one can learn more about the Southwest in this one book, and learn it more entertainingly, than in twenty others."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"While this volume deals with one of the most romantic and picturesque regions of the North American continent, it is not one whit more interesting or picturesque than the man—Charles F. Lummis—whose unflagging energy and boundless knowledge of the region, its people, history and landmarks have made the book possible."—*Los Angeles Times.*

"When I first went to the Southwest, twenty years ago, I got a copy of Charles F. Lummis' 'Some Strange Corners of Our Country' and carried it in my saddle-bags, and read it by camp-fires in some of the places it describes, and wore it out with much use and imperiled the tattered fragments with much lending . . . He knows that country, its topography, its history, its people, its romance, and can tell about them romantically but without romancing."—*W. E. Garrison in Christian Century.*

"A splendid omnibus book—a travel book, a story book, a book of pleading on behalf of the Indian, a book of glorification of nature's caprices, which we call 'scenery.' Lummis has a personality that equips him uniquely to perform this task. He can write."—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Of the incorporated volume, "Strange Corners," Thos. Wentworth Higginson wrote:

"The most unique and perhaps the most interesting and delightful book yet written on American history."

"Details such as can be given only after careful research are faithfully and accurately portrayed. The volume is brimful of interesting things by which all may profit."—*American Anthropologist.*

The Land of Poco Tiempo

(New Mexico). Copiously Illustrated. \$3.00. (Scribner's)

"One of the great classics of American travel." First published 1893; and thirty-four years later, selling better than ever.

"Those who read his 'Land of Poco Tiempo,' 'Tramp Across the Continent,' 'Strange Corners of Our Country' (now superseded by 'Mesa, Cañon, and Pueblo'), and a dozen other works that came from his brain, have found everything else on the Southwest a bit disappointing. No other writer ever gave himself up to it as he did. There was his whole life for many years; and to it he has returned, from time to time, to find it the same inexhaustible source as in the old days."—*Edgar L. Hewett.*

"A charming volume, and of varied interest. It appeals to the lover of folklore . . . and suddenly

our nerves are thrilling, as perhaps they have not done since the first perusal of the best of Cooper's novels."—*The Academy, London.*

"Carried a camera and such a power of descriptive language as is only known to the highest American culture . . . and brought back pictures which are certainly worth preserving."—*The Spectator, London.*

"Uniformly and surpassingly brilliant."—*Boston Traveler.*

"Lummis has done for New Mexico what Lafcadio Hearn did for the West Indies and Japan . . . in a prose that is like a picture by Turner."—*Perival Pollard.*

"Unhesitatingly recommend it as the best of its class which has appeared."—*Public Opinion.*

"As a picture, the book is a masterpiece."—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

"Has no rival in knowledge of that country . . . and his descriptive writing is a real delight."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Very interesting and graphic."—*London (Eng.) Times.*

"Picturesque, poetic, glowing in local color, and truth in every touch."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The Spanish Pioneers *New edition*

Illustrated. \$2.00. (McClurg) \$2

First published in 1893, this "Finger-post to Truth about the discovery, exploration, and colonization of early America," has gone through edition after edition for more than a third of a century—while the Spanish translation by Cuyás is a household word wherever Spanish is spoken. Flat in the face as it slaps the old Tradition of Hate—slavishly followed by arm-chair historians from the text of religious, political, and race-antagonisms dating back of the Armada—ludicrous as it reveals the Romantic School of our history (of which Prescott was the most brilliant, and the only noble, exponent; and he was born too soon to know what Science has since proved in History and Ethnology), this vivid book, alive with love of heroism and of fair-play, has had extraordinary influence in breaking the mists of blind race-prejudice. It is based on

deep research, and Bandelier vouched for its full accuracy; and revolutionary as it seemed at first, not one of its historical positions has been successfully attacked in these thirty-five years. It is alone in its field.

Now, improving the chance of still another edition, Lummis broadens the scope of this little classic by a new chapter—of equal unexpectedness and equal scientific force—which brings the actual meaning of "Spain in America" much closer to the average American mind than it ever was before, and in terms that even Main Street can understand. The Old Missions of California are noble monuments of Art, Heroism, Faith. They influence modern architecture in the West more than all the Schools of Architecture put together. They attract more visitors to California than any other asset of the Golden State. Yes, we know that. "But," says Lummis, "if the Franciscan Missionaries hadn't homesteaded California for Spain in 1769, *who'd be here now?* Not you and I! Nor California! This would be New Albion, or South British Columbia; and Uncle Sam would be bounded by it on the West (from about Missouri), as now by Canada on the North, and Mexico on the south. No West, no Continental span, nor share in the Pacific—vast theatre of the world's future. Likewise no Alaska—nor no Hawaii. Senator Benton wouldn't quite have sent his son-in-law, the Pathfinder Frémont, to take the Coast away from England! Poor, little old Mexico was 'easy.' So the Old Missions of California are as vitally the corner-stone of the Nation's Western half, as Plymouth Rock of the Eastern."

With this contribution to the understanding of the foundations of American History "in the broad," Lummis tells the romantic story of the Old Missions; and particularly draws the heroic picture of the Great Apostle and Founder of California, Junípero Serra. Expert photographs of the Missions and summaries of their astonishing achievement, round out this chapter to a compact text-book on the grey piles which more deeply interest more people than any other one thing in the American West. This fittingly crowns a book whose gallant and brilliant crusade for historic truth, fair play, and international understanding, have made it a vital force through more than a third of a century.

"At times quite as brilliant as Parkman."—*Boston Traveller*.

"Singularly luminous and just . . . a swift, picturesque, fascinating volume which must radically alter long-current views of early American history."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

"Should find its way into every household . . . is like a new and thrilling novel. True but fascinating tales, more exciting than any romance."—*The Critic*.

"Perhaps no man of recent years has done more for the sacred cause of historical truth . . . Deserves a place in every library in the land."—*Bristol News*.

"Of real moment to students and richly entertaining to the cursory reader . . . In every respect worth reading and preserving."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"Too valuable to be mentioned briefly . . . With the spirit and method of Bandelier (who vouches for its accuracy) . . . which has made Prescott of little account for serious consideration."—*Boston Globe*.

"Has told most eloquently the gallant story . . . Manhood is found of the finest quality in the person and works of Mr. Lummis."—*Boston Pilot*.

A Tramp Across the Continent

\$2.00. (Scribner's)

"His book has such heart in it, such simplicity and strength, it is as good to read as any story of adventure may be."—*The Saturday Review, London, Eng.*

"A really fascinating account of his pedestrian trip of 3,507 miles . . . There is not an uninteresting page in the book . . . full of humor no less than observation . . . and proof of a courage, resourcefulness, buoyancy, and endurance, the like of which is seldom encountered."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"Reads like a romance . . . pulsing with life, and bright with color."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Told with remarkable vigor, freshness, and virility. It is a story worth telling—of what is perhaps the longest tramp ever undertaken for pure pleasure."—*Boston Transcript*.

"A typical American, full of pluck, energy, and resources, whose modest story possesses all the fascination of romance."—*The Home Journal*.

"A book always to be held in grateful remembrance."—*The Book Buyer*.

Pueblo Indian Folk-Stories

("The Man Who Married the Moon," and thirty-two others.) \$2.00. (Century Co.)

"We have had a number of interesting collections of Indian Tales, but this is easily the most entertaining . . . Deserves to be classed with the best of its kind yet produced in our country."—*W. P. Garrison, in The Nation*.

"We can insist on the great pleasure some of these stories must give the reader; and one, 'The Mother Moon,' is as poetic and beautiful as anything we have ever read, in or out of folklore."—*N. Y. Times*.

"Not since Kipling's Jungle Book have the young people had such a treat as is in store for them in this book . . . The charm of narrative and vividness of description which attach to all his work."—*San Francisco Call*.

"Not only of interest to the mythologist, but of much value to the student of history."—*Journal of American Folklore*.

"Knows far more than any other white man of the life and thoughts of the Pueblo Indians . . . one is irresistibly reminded of . . . Uncle Remus . . . and The Jungle Book also."—*The Outlook*.

"The whole book is delightful, a storehouse of information about the Pueblo folk, as well as of the most interesting stories in the world."—*Springfield Republican*.

"It is a thoroughly delightful thing to find native fairy-tales, as beautiful as the many-tinted wild flowers or the stars of the sky in loveliness, home-grown and right at hand."—*The Literary World*.

"Humor, imagination, and genuine poetry of sentiment . . . yet full of instruction. It is safe to say that nothing in the literature of folklore since Uncle Remus has elements of permanent interest so decisively as these delightfully fresh and original Pueblo stories."—*Boston Beacon*.

A New Mexico David

And other stories of the Southwest. Illustrated. \$2.00. (Scribner's)

"I know of no writer so worthy the title (several times most inappropriately applied to others) of 'the American Kipling,' as is Charles F. Lummis."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Stories with all the simple grandeur of epics."—*Chicago Graph*.

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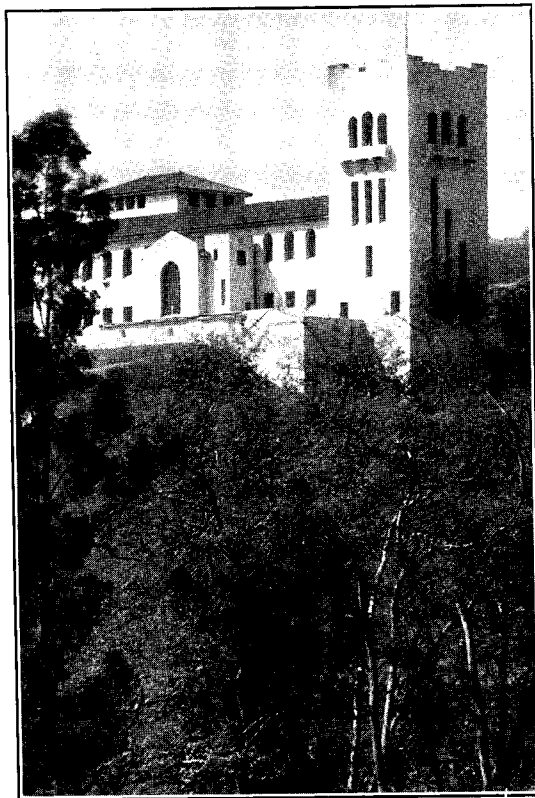
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