

BY CHARLES N. CREWSDON.

OVERNIGHT IN A TEPEE.

PHOTOS BY LEE MOOREHOUSE

A MAN doesn't have to lie; truth is odd enough if he gets it from the right spot.

From a car window the first of July last as I was riding through the Umatilla reservation in Eastern Oregon, I saw an Indian village. Learning that the red-skins had gathered there to hold a mid-summer pow-wow and to celebrate the 4th of July whenever it would suit their pleasure, I made up my mind to turn back and visit them.

Little did I know that I would stay with the Indians many days, when with Major Lee Moorhouse, an old timer, I drove within the circle of wigwams. But just as soon as I set foot on their sod I felt a strange desire to be an Indian. Perhaps this was because I was charmed by what I saw—a hundred tepees pitched in a ring on a level toward, on one side, hills covered with clover and ripening grain rolling away, green cottonwoods and willows on the other marking the course of the rippling Umatilla; above, big, white clouds floating upon the dark blue sky. Ponies grazed. From tepee to tepee braves with feathers in their hats and squaws decked in gaudy trappings went to and fro with noiseless, moccasined tread.

"Do you think, Major," said I, "that the Indians will let me stay all night with them?"

"Why, yes. Let's go find the medicine man—Whirlwind."

The major knew every Indian on the reservation, having lived among them for forty years. There were three tribes of them, the Umatilla, the Cayuses and the Wallulas, numbering over 1,000. While hunting for Whirlwind we went into a dozen tepees. You do not knock and wait for the servant to come to the door when you visit an Indian; you just lift the flap of his tepee and walk in, day or night, without saying a word.

We saw White Bull, Josephine, Sompkin, Tow-a-toe, the young Cayuse chief, Princess Eat-no-Meat, Fish-Pish or Kitten, Spokane Jim and Chief No-Shirt. We found the women always busy, cooking or else smoking buckskin or making moccasins and baskets. The men were smearing their faces with dry red and yellow paints, putting eagle feathers in their war bonnets or painting their tomahawks getting ready for the coming pow-wow. At last lifting the flap of a tepee covered with red-striped, bed-ticking we found Whirlwind. The medicine man said I was welcome to sleep in his tepee and to break his bread; so late on the following day—the 3d of July—I came to stay all night. I was the only white man in a camp of a thousand Indians.

I had come to be an Indian for at least one day, to eat what the Indians ate, to sleep where the Indians slept. My white friends warned me against moccasins and Indian cooking. I felt sure that I could manage the fleas, but for safety's sake I took along a box of sandwiches. Not to eat them, however, unless forced to do so was my will.

I went into Whirlwind's tepee and found him lying down. Indian men do this most of the time. But the squaws when not sleeping are always at work. Whirlwind's squaw, a wrinkled old woman, was peeling potatoes. His son's squaw, Ka-mish-ne or Light-on-the-Hill, a young woman about 20, was combing her brave's hair. His name was Grizzly Bear.

"Ho," said I, for this is the way you greet an Indian.

"Ho," said Whirlwind, "you keep your word—you come."

The squaw said something in Indian and Whirlwind answered them. Then he said to me, "What do you call this man?" I say, "She called me a she!" from big city, Chicago. She make him big newspaper."

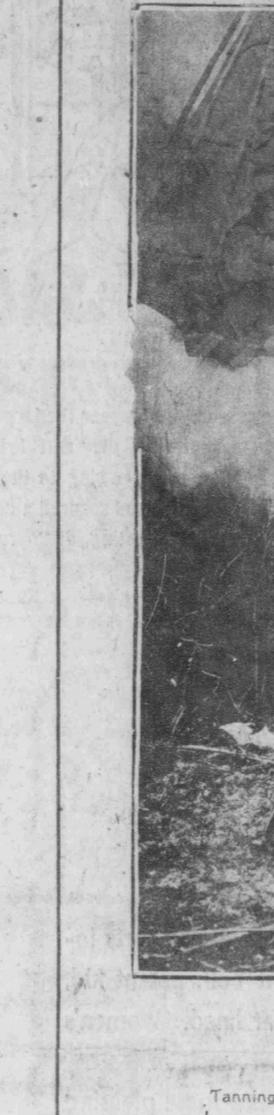
This made known to my hosts I made myself at home at once. I put a blanket spread upon the ground. Pretty soon, being hungry, I asked Whirlwind how long before he would have supper—and he said, "Wait a minute."

"Bimeby," said he, "this night we eat him fish."

Soon the medicine man went out and brought back a big salmon nearly a yard long. All along the Columbia river and the streams that flow into it the plentiful salmon has always been the chief food of the Indians. Light-on-the-Hill scaled the fish and slipped him on the back. Then, it being warm and fair, she built a fire behind the tepee, stuck sticks in the ground around the blaze and hung on them a couple of strips of salmon. It looked so good to me that I forgot my sandwiches. Ka-mish-ne next kneaded some dough and put it in a pan to bake before the open fire.

When supper was spread in the tepee on a red-checked linen cloth—as clean as you have a right to expect when you are eating in a tepee—the medicine man and his family. They all folded their hands

Gambling.



Tanning Buckskin.

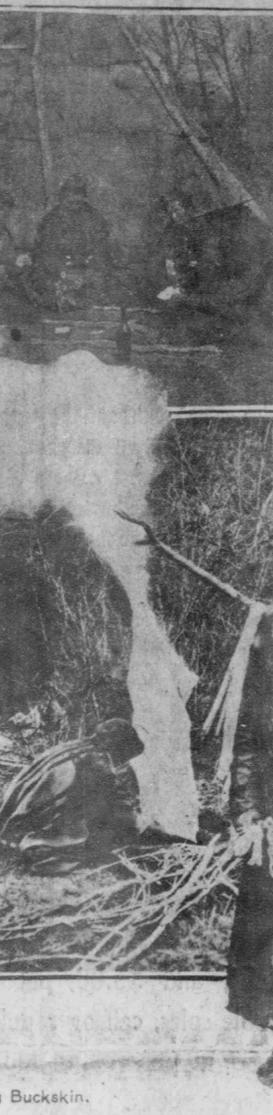
and Whirlwind in the Indian tongue asked a blessing.

"I always speak with my Great Father by eat," said the Indian.

After a time he said: "We have had a feast—of a kind of both the size of a peccan and tasting like a sweet potato, beans, potatoes, canned tomatoes, bread, both Indian and baker's coffee, sugar, salt, pepper and vinegar. We used plates, knives, forks and spoons. The mark of the white man was there. Could I have eaten with the tribe of my host a hundred years before my supper would have been just salmon and sweet."

After supper while Light-on-the-Hill washed the dishes Whirlwind, who had gone to his blanket, opened his dress-suit case (every Indian has one of these nowadays or else a trunk) and taking out a new red shirt put it on. Although the weather was warm and fair, he moved his arms. Grizzly Bear meantime took scissors and clipped a fringe on a pair of new Indian breeches. Kamish-ne, the dishes washed, sewed beads on a moccasin. The old squaw slept. Whirlwind, Jr., the fifth member of the family, strained and wiped by. It seemed a thing of fancy. "I call him Black

Whirlwind at His Tepee Door.



Leo.

Hoss," said Whirlwind. We talked little. The chief's squaw telling us that No-Shirt had gone out to look for his horses. Whirlwind and I went to Sompkin's tepee. I sat down in the only chair in the village, and for an hour, without saying one word myself, I watched the two women who sat Indian fashion on their feet. They made many signs in talking. As we left Whirlwind told me that they had been parlaying about having "big grub" the following day. Then we went again to No-Shirt's tepee and the old chief, who had come back soon, sent us to the wigwam of Two-Slaps. After a brief talk this fat old Indian, who had gone to bed, got up and dressed himself, that is, he put on his big black hat and his moccasins. He, the se-no-we-ka or spokesman for the tribe, walked slowly around the circle of tepees, calling out a lantern, and soon six gaily-dressed braves, answering the call, came within the tepee. Seated around the big drum they

A War Dancer.



A War Dancer.

begin to pound it, and Whirlwind, who led the band, chanted again his: "I-o, I-o-o, I-o, I-o-o, I-o-o." The others joined in. Soon the tepee was crowded with young bucks and squaws, who, squatting, filled the entire wigwam except a bare space in the middle about eight feet by ten. It was some time before the spirit moved anyone; but after a while one young warrior wearing over his garments of red and green, shell tinklers, feathers, beads and sleighbells, fastened onto bands of ribbon, jumped up and out a few jingling capers. From that time on the fever spread, until the white tepee became one mass of Indians bobbing up and down to the tom-tom music of the antelope dance.

The last to resist was a fat boy named Pope Leo and his schoolboy chums. Leo had gone to the Kate Drexel Catholic school on the reservation and had doubtless been warned against the sin of savage dancing. But at last he popped up and yelled and his chums followed him. And how they danced! Their nerves no longer pent up! Whirlwind's age kept him back a long time, but at last his wild nature broke forth and he sprang as lively as the young braves. He capered near me and said: "You no dance! I took this for a mild rebuke and joined in. One by one the Indians dropped until only Whirlwind

Whirlwind at His Tepee Door.



A War Dancer.

and myself remained. Then he quit, leaving me alone. I did not wish to take a bluff, so I gave them the best buck and wing I could until I had called their hand.

It was after midnight before the party broke up. I spread my blanket and lay down to sleep. But no sleep yet. One young buck took a small snare drum which was in Whirlwind's tepee and beating on this led a serenading band, which marched around the ring of wigwams—doing the Cle-waw-ya-sha or love dance. Coming to a particular tepee a young brave would stop the procession and sing a love song. If the song worked the charm a dusky maid would come out and join the singer; thus plighting troth; and then the lovers might march on again. During the small hours I went to sleep to the drum taps and song of the Cle-waw-ya-sha.

Next morning at 6 the voice of Two-slaps, the se-no-we-ka, woke me. Some one had lost a bride and he was calling out that the one who might find it should bring it back. "A-sha-mum plox-sum ap-no-to-ek." Dust from the dancer's feet and the lint from my blanket had coated my wrinkled serge trousers in which, Indian fashion, I had slept. But to clean them Whirlwind gave me his hair brush. To wash my face I went to the river. On the way the red breasts of a hundred robins

bobbed along before me, doves cooed from the limbs of dead trees. I trod upon yellow dandelions and the Indian pink, and brushed against the alder blossoms, the yarrow and the wild rose. Before I reached the river I had smeared my hands and face with the red juice of blackberries. When I bent over to dip my hand into the cool swift stream, a large trout darted from under the log on which I knelt. This became a child of nature it was only the stalling trout that could tempt me back to the tepee.

As I sat again with the Indian family at breakfast how judicious were my reflections broken by a white man that poked his head into our tepee and called out: "Hay, 10 cents a bundle."

"Footy scarce has his flippe," said Whirlwind. "Lots of him before white man come. Bunch grass grow high."

I wondered if I was a welcome guest—if the redman was not secretly wishing in his heart that he with his people could again be left alone with the braves, the birds, the fish and the game which in this region a century before had lived for the Indians alone. I dined with him when the old Medicine Man said: "Long time ago Umatilla tribe lots of men; now she small people."

"But this was the morning of the Fourth of July and Whirlwind, the warrior for the tribes, had to be off to town to get 'big grub.' Meantime I went to see many Indians whom I now knew. The news of my buck and wing having spread through the village, I found that I was a welcome guest in every wigwam. These Indians having lived along the Columbia—the main route of the pioneers of our great northwest—were perhaps the most interesting in America. They told me many thrilling tales of war and hazard. I was glad it rained that day and that the pow-wow was put off until the following Monday, for I wished to hear more of their stories."

The Indian celebrates pretty much as the white man does; he parades, he feasts, he dances, he gambles. He has learned from the white man to play cards. Many a game of seven-up did I see in the village. "Where did you learn to play cards?" I asked one young buck.

"At school," he answered.

They gamble most, however, at a game of their own. They take four bones, two of them having buckskin strings tied on them. These they shuffle about and hide in their hands. The point of the game is to guess which hand holds the bone with the string. At this simple game I saw a long row of Indians, men and women, sit for hours. To win the game one has to guess right for fifteen times. On the result an Indian would bet a saddle or a horse, or sometimes as much as time. They are born gamblers.

The feast is not unlike the white man's barbecue. The dance, like that I saw in the tepee, consists in jumping up and down, first on one foot and then on the other, shaking bells or rattles and giving an occasional whoop. And in their horse races the jockey for the start just as do the riders at our tracks. The rider is mounted bareback. The distance is usually two miles and return. An Indian will bet his fortune on a race. It is the parade which is unique. Let me tell you of the one I saw.

One by one the bucks and squaws left their tepees and, taking their poles with them, went among the trees along the river until the village was deserted, save by a few whites who had come to view the wild pageant. At 3 o'clock I heard a pistol shot, and soon a war-whoop resounded. Then in single file the warriors, painted and dressed in the gaudy garb of the war-path, rode around the circle of tepees; the squaws, wearing all their beads and bright, sportive vestments, followed them. As the brilliant cavalcade drew near to the tepee of Chief No-Shirt, he, and his squaw, Thunder, who was mounted on a spotted pony, joined and led the procession. Those who followed held places due to rank. A prominent figure was Hoodoo, a young man (Hair), the centurion chief of the Palouses. His face was painted yellow and streaked with red. He was the happiest Indian of them all. Far to the rear rode the dozen dancers who were to cut sides under the arbor in the middle of the camp. They had daubed their bodies, naked save for the clout, strings of beads and jingling tinklers with pigments of many hues. Three times the barbaric train galloped around. Then forming in line at the far end of the field they dashed forward, whooping and yelling, and in a wild hurrah ended the parade.

Copyright, 1904, by Charles N. Crewsdon.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR A SOCIAL EXHIBIT

THE GENIAL IDIOT

By John Kendrick Bangs

"SEE," said the Idiot after a short discussion with the Poet on the subject of the St. Louis exposition, "that they are talking of having a social exhibit out there. That's a bully good idea, it seems to me, only they've got to be mighty careful who they put at the head of such a department if they intend to do the thing in the right way."

"Oh, I don't know," said the Poet. "I don't strike me as such a difficult proposition. They can give us medicine showing how people live in congested sections of our great cities; they can by means of colored charts indicate in an illuminating fashion such statistical facts as the public need to know, and—"

"Oh, tut, tut," said the Idiot, scornfully. "Who in thunder wants a social exhibit made of paper mache and cellulose? I wouldn't give a tuppence for a social exhibit of that kind. It would possess no more human interest than a food show where the only relief from the general gory aspect of affairs is a series of barber pole arrangements showing how much starch remains in your system after you have eaten a pint of pickled oysters and cream. These statistical models are a deadly bore and as far as the charts are concerned, except to students, what good are they? You might just as well claim that you have spent an enjoyable summer in Europe because you've sat in your ball bedroom in New York gazing at a map of France, Germany and Italy, and pretend to have taken in a comprehensive idea of society by looking at a chart showing what proportion of negro babies there are in the world to the number of stockholders in the Steel trust. No man ever got off the Bowers into the four hundred by reading Social Register, and if that's the kind of a social exhibit they're going to have it sooner they decide to give it up the

better. It won't be any more satisfactory than the apple show at the Pan-American. I hooked one of the loveliest pippins you ever saw from one of the corners there while the guard wasn't looking, and when I came to bite into it I found it was made of wax. Took me a whole week to get the taste of paint out of my mouth."

"What kind of a social exhibit would you have, then?" demanded Mr. Brief.

"Why, the real thing, of course," said the Idiot. "What else? What's the use of having an exhibition at all if you don't have the real thing? Your machinery is all real; your silks, satins, bicycles and breakfast foods are real; your food exhibit as a rule contains the real stuff. It is only occasionally that you strike a wax apple—why should your social exhibit be otherwise than genuine?"

"But how? That's the question. If you are going in to convince others, that your suggestions have value, you've got to throw out something more substantial than a glittering generality. How thin," said Mr. Brief. "Too many glittering generalities are having the water squeezed out of them these days to inspire confidence in new ones."

"Certainly," replied the Idiot. "You are right, as usual, and I am glad to say I am prepared to lay down the planks and specifications of my scheme. To put the thing briefly, I should turn the exhibit into a midway—the exact midway, as it were—similar in its get up to the famous pleasure of the Chicago exposition, and not very different from the general scheme of Lunar park at Coney Island. But instead of having Hagenbeck's wild animal show, or booths in which the what-is-it and living skeleton, Mr. Brief with the iron jaw are exhibited, a curious public, as so much a head, I'd put up side shows reflecting the many varied phases of social life in America. Do you suppose any man or woman of ordinary sense would pay a dime for the

voyage to the moon if for the same amount she could take a trip to the four hundred? As Cicero said to Ptolemy, 'Not on your life!'

"You fall into the common error of supposing that people who speak of society mean the upper ten," said Mr. Brief. "Society in the larger sense comprises the man who stands before the coffee wagon in the philanthropic, just as much as it includes Mr. Tommy Dare of Newport, or Mrs. Stuyvesant Van Binks of New York. In the large Chuck Conners of the Bowery is of society just as much as Mr. Carnegie or Mr. John D. Rockefeller. Isidor Jaglusky, who works in a sweat shop on the East side, and St. Hopkins, who runs a farm in Ohio, and Bill Sykes, the motorman, belong to the social order no less than James Henry Jones, the millionaire yachtsman, or Mrs. Reggie de Swelliduga, who holds the eastern matrimonial record against all comers, having recently come into her sixteenth divorce. Even we, Mr. Idiot, known as by our names are to the editor of the Social Record, the party of society, using the term in its proper sense."

"I don't believe there's a man in this country who is worthy of the title who wouldn't be a better man for seeing intimately the miserable lives these so-called favorites of fortune are leading," ejaculated the Doctor. "What instruction could we get from a contemplation of the Four Hundred exhibit?"

"I don't believe there's a man in this country who is worthy of the title who wouldn't be a better man for seeing intimately the miserable lives these so-called favorites of fortune are leading," ejaculated the Doctor. "What instruction could we get from a contemplation of the Four Hundred exhibit?"

"I don't believe there's a man in this country who is worthy of the title who wouldn't be a better man for seeing intimately the miserable lives these so-called favorites of fortune are leading," ejaculated the Doctor. "What instruction could we get from a contemplation of the Four Hundred exhibit?"

"I don't believe there's a man in this country who is worthy of the title who wouldn't be a better man for seeing intimately the miserable lives these so-called favorites of fortune are leading," ejaculated the Doctor. "What instruction could we get from a contemplation of the Four Hundred exhibit?"

"I don't believe there's a man in this country who is worthy of the title who wouldn't be a better man for seeing intimately the miserable lives these so-called favorites of fortune are leading," ejaculated the Doctor. "What instruction could we get from a contemplation of the Four Hundred exhibit?"

keeper, could not hope to enter the inner circle, and I haven't liked the notion that I am not as good as somebody else, who is really no better than I, but I have always been comforted by the thought that my troubles were really small when compared to theirs. I don't have so much of anything that I have ceased to enjoy everything."

"Hurrah!" shouted the Idiot. "There speaks your true woman, Mrs. Pedagog, in spite of the trials of her life, to which I have contributed much, is still not blasé. She is as thirsty for the pleasures as she was at 18. She is as hungry for sentiment as she was at 20. At 33 she regards the world as a pretty good place, after all, and is glad she is alive."

"At when?" demanded Mrs. Pedagog.

"Thirty," replied the Idiot. "Young man," said the old lady, as severely as she could, "I am 60, and you know it."

"What of that, Mrs. Pedagog," said the Idiot, sweetly. "I called you 30 knowing you to be 60, because you have often told me your age. But what is 60 years of age but 20 double distilled?"

"What the dickens has all this got to do with the Social Exhibit at St. Louis?" asked the Bibliomaniac, impatiently. "We all of us know Mrs. Pedagog's virtues as well as you do, but—"

"All this has to do with the Social Exhibit at St. Louis to the extent that it is fair to assume that there are thousands of others who look at the thing in the same way, one who is willing to look upon that part of the Social Exhibit which involves the Four Hundred in a proper spirit," said the Idiot.

"I have repeatedly thought of that," put in Mrs. Pedagog. "If I were, I know that I, as a boarding house

don't have Tommy Dare's understudy, Don't have Tommy Dare himself. Don't ask some clever actress to impersonate Mrs. Van Boodle of Newport; get that interesting lady herself and your exposition will be a corking big success."

"And do you think these people would go?" demanded Mr. Brief.

"Why not?" said the Idiot. "As far as I can observe they are constantly making a holy show of themselves for no reason at all. With a humanitarian object in view why should they decline?"

Copyright, 1904, by John Kendrick Bangs.