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THE ABORIGINEAL DANDY

For Picturesque Costumes the Indian
Swell Puts the Pale Face Beau
Brummel to Shame

There is no dandy like the aboriginal dandy, and the North American Indian dandy is the cream of the lot; his dandyism results in so many divers picturesque costumes that even "Bath House" John, Chicago's famous sartorial authority, cannot, with propriety, be mentioned in the same breath, for the Indian dandy's whim runs all the way from the immaculate get-up of the pale face swell to a few daubs of brilliant paint on a naked body, a style that even the audacious Chicago alderman has not even thought of essaying.

The Easterner in San Francisco is not infrequently surprised at beholding on the streets a pure-blood North American Indian, tastefully dressed in a silk plug hat, a fashionably cut suit, patent leather shoes and suede gloves, and carrying a gold-headed cane. But let the stranger express his astonishment to a San Franciscan, and the latter will reply:

"Oh, that's only White Horse Charley in from the Pitue reservation in Nevada to contract for Indian laborers during the hop-picking season. He spends about four months of the year here, and he's one of the swellest dressers in town. On the reservation he's just as well in feathers and beaded buckskin and fringed trousers. He believes in that old saying about doing in Rome as the Romans do."

But the Indians who really "cut a dash" in dress in San Francisco are the Digger ranchers from up the State. Of course, if you intimate to them that they were Diggers they'd likely go on the war path in the white man's way, and land on your anatomy, but that's the truth. Their fathers went about in blankets and feathers only twenty years ago, but their sons have been schooled enough to dress in white man's ways, and some of them do it better than the average white man. Plug hats are as much part of their wardrobes as feathers were of those of their fathers, and the dainty ways they swing their canes and take care of the creases in their faultlessly cut trousers cut up the foppery of Beau Brummel.

The Crow Indians are particularly fond of looking well. A Crow dandy thinks he is about as swell as anyone possibly can be when his hair is long enough to braid on both sides of his head, down over his ears, each braid drooping down on each side of his breast. The black hair, according to his artistic taste, forms a fine background for the big, heavy brass rings dangling from his ears. Here and there on his face he adds a glow to his natural complexion with a dab of mud paint, or sometimes he has a row of dots tattooed on his cheek or forehead, as though somebody had stuck a fork into him.

But it's the Moki Indian who goes in for personal



The Yaqui Dandy Strives to Make
His Garments Chime in With
the Landscape

dian dandies, let him go to Mexico. Where a New York Fifth avenue swell would go in for bell crown plug hats, lavender gloves, high collars and yellow gaiters, the aboriginal dandy of Mexico goes in for warm colors and soft, flowing garments.

When the Yaqui Indian goes to town he chimes in with the landscape. His style of plug hat is soft and broad brimmed, and the top is a cone instead of a cylinder. Outside goes a leather band adjusted by a silver buckle to suit the size of its wearer's head. From under this headgear flow his blue-black locks, sometimes braided, sometimes loose. About his shoulders he wears what is called a serape, and usually its coloring warms up the scenery so that you can feel it for miles around. Underneath this he wears a velvet jacket with solid silver buttons. His trousers are of the same material, open at the sides and laced with silver strings, and his moccasins are works of Indian art in beadwork. From the pommel of his silver-garnished saddle his riata droops in graceful bights over his leg, and it seems a shame that so fine a piece of rawhide rope should ever be used to lasso dirty steers. The truth is, it never is used. He has another riata at home for use.

But this is only half of the Yaqui's holiday equipment. His airs, his graces, his poses, his gestures equal his clothes in every respect. The way he swings off that big cone hat when he meets a woman, no matter whether she is white or brown, or even black; no matter whether she is beautiful or ugly, high born or low; no matter whether he knows her or not—I say, the way he sweeps the atmosphere with that big hat would have put Lord Chesterfield himself to shame. There is nothing vulgar about it, for he means every bit of that bow.

Then the way he offers you his silver cigarette case makes you feel that you are being honored, and you smoke, even if it makes you sick. I remember meeting one of these Indian swells in Guadalajara once. A week later I called on him in his home in the mountains, where he had a cattle ranch. I wasn't expected, so he wasn't in. They told me I would find him down in the pastures rounding in yearlings.

It took me ten minutes after I found him to persuade myself that it was the same gallant caballero I had met in town. He was tearing around the fields on a small, wiry, rough-and-tumble looking bronco. His hair was flying about his head, and he wore a dirty, mud-stained buckskin suit that hadn't been washed nor mended for years. Altogether, he looked the toughest of the tough.

But when he recognized me he put on the same

A BEAU BRUMMEL OF THE MOKIS
A SNAKE PRIEST



THEY SET THE STYLES FOR
THE UTE FOUR HUNDRED



"ME DRESSED LIKE WHITE DUDE"



THE MOJAVE IDEA OF IDEAL
ORNAMENTATION

ornaments, and it takes a long stretch of imagination for a white man to see the Moki's point of view. When a Moki medicine man dresses up for a State ceremony he looks more like a feather duster than a human being. His head is covered with frayed turkey feathers as thickly as he can fasten

them to his hair. From his waist up he is dressed in nothing except paint and sunshine, and that costume sometimes holds good for his whole body.

The Moki's idea of dressing up is not to please himself, but those who are to gaze upon him. A Moki priest once honored me with a special visit,

and he was broad minded enough to suppose that his style wasn't mine. So he made up his mind that he would dress up according to my ideas of dandyism. Considering that he didn't have any fashion plates to consult, he did pretty well. He came in all the glory of a gorgeous red sweater,

a derby hat and a pair of soldier's trousers, the front of which he wore in back. It was a sizzling hot day, and his face was streaming with perspiration, but he willingly underwent the torture he was suffering for the sake of style.

But if anyone really wants to see picturesque In-

courtly airs as before, and from his language I gathered he meant to deed over to me all his property on the spot. When we went to the house he wasn't ten minutes rigging himself up in—the latest style. I was going to say, but that dress was in fashion when Juarez fought for Mexican Independence.

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