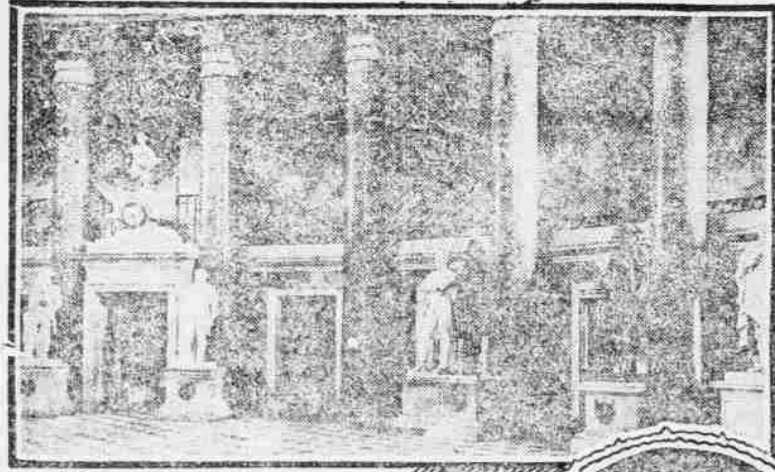


HAUNTED WASHINGTON



The Old House of Representatives—Now Statuary Hall

The National Capital Has Some Real Spooks, At Least So the Tales Run—White House and Capitol Both Honored.

Copyright, 1919, The International Syndicate. There has never been in this country a dwelling so authentically haunted as the old Octagon House, which still stands at the corner of Seventeenth street and New York avenue, in the city of Washington.

This was the mansion, considered rather magnificent in its day, which was occupied by President Madison and his wife, Dolley, as a temporary residence after the White House was burned by the British, in 1814. Indeed, as it turned out, the fair Dolley was obliged to hold her court there up to the end of her husband's term.

Built by a man of wealth, one Col. Taylor, it is very curiously planned, its shape being that of an octagon, while in the middle is a circular hall into which all the rooms open. In the rear is a large garden, shadowed by trees, with a brick building which formerly served as quarters for slaves.

During the latter part of the last century the house fell into wretched disrepair, for the reason that nobody could be persuaded to occupy it, on account of the ghosts alleged to haunt it. There were strange and alarming noises, voices and even shrieks heard in the night. Ghostly faces were seen at the windows, by people passing by, and lights moving from window to window, though the dwelling was empty of human occupants, as ascertained time and again by hold policemen who ventured in to make search for supposed intruders.

According to the stories told by tenants who lived there for brief periods, until frightened away, the spectral phenomena seemed to have a special connection with the stairs winding around the circular hall. Thence appeared to come the mysterious noises in dead of night; and there

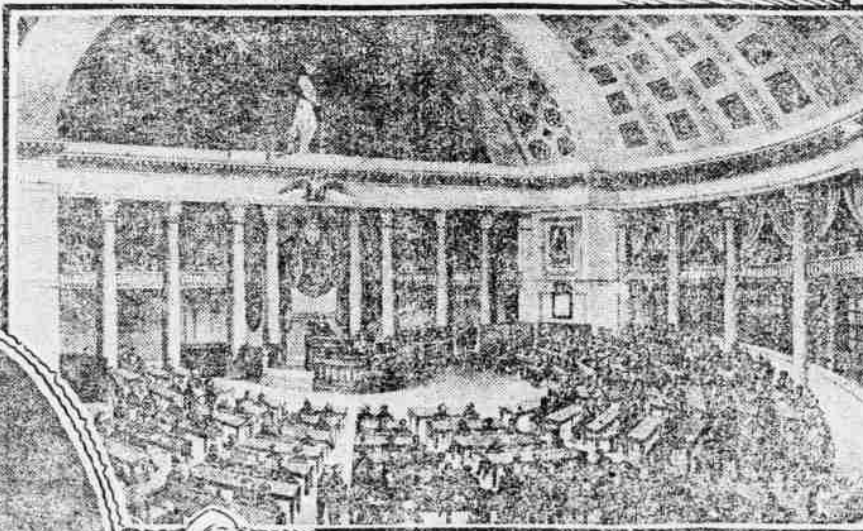


Abigail Adams, whose Ghost is Said to Haunt the White House

was particular mention of a cat. It was a very remarkable cat, inasmuch as nobody ever saw it, yet it had a way of reposing itself on the stairs, so that people tripped over it. Under such circumstances it would squall, but remained invisible.

One of the ghost tales connected with the Octagon House had to do with a slave who was said to have been whipped to death in the attic, or tortured to death in the cellar. It was said that his groans and appeals for mercy could be heard on occasions, in the night. But the main story was more definitely circumstantial.

The Cat Tale
During the earlier half of the nineteenth century (so the story went), the house was occupied by an elderly gentleman, who had a very pretty daughter. He wished her to marry a middle-aged friend of his own, a man of means; but she refused, declaring her intention to become the wife of a young lawyer with whom she was in love. Bitter quarrels followed, and on an occasion when the dispute was re-



What the West Chamber Saw at Midnight in Statuary Hall—A Spectral House of Representatives of 1848



newed, with violent language and threats on the father's part, she left the room and started upstairs.

He pursued her, continuing the quarrel, and something that she said so angered him that he struck or pushed her, causing her to step on a wet cat which was at her skirts, so that she fell down the stairs and broke her neck.

The White House Tenants
Where ghosts are concerned, the most effective means of exorcism seems to be substantial repairs. Thus in former days the attic of the White House was said to be haunted by the phantom of President William Henry Harrison, who died in the Executive Mansion. It was then a lumber room, used for the storage of discarded pieces of furniture, trunks and miscellaneous junk consisting largely of gifts contributed by patriotic but misguided citizens. All of this stuff was

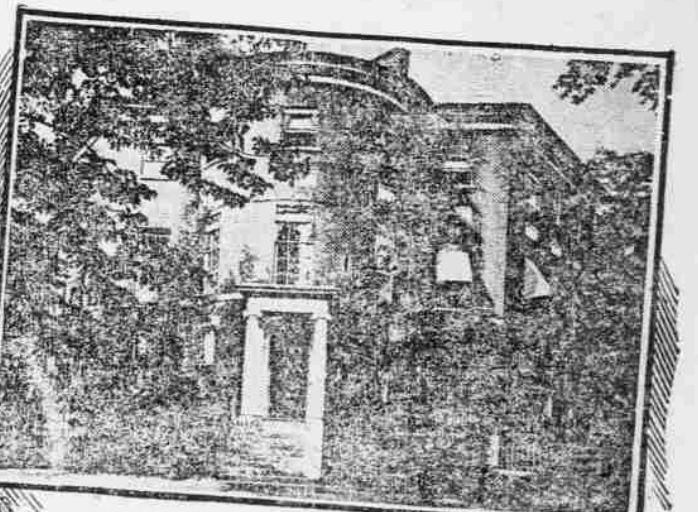


A Famous Washington "Medium" and her Company of "Treated Spooks"

thrown out when the house was rebuilt in the reign of the Roosevelt, the space being converted into servants' quarters, and the specter has ceased to prow.

Van Ness Mansion
A few hundred yards to the southwest of the White House there stood only a few years ago the historic Van Ness mansion, formerly the home of Marcha, daughter of old Davy Burns, whose farm covered a large part of the land on which the City of Washington is now built.

Statuary Hall
The most famous of all haunted places in Washington, however, is the old chamber of the House of Representatives at the Capitol. It is familiar enough to visiting strangers, being known in these days as Statuary Hall, because of the effigies of bygone states-

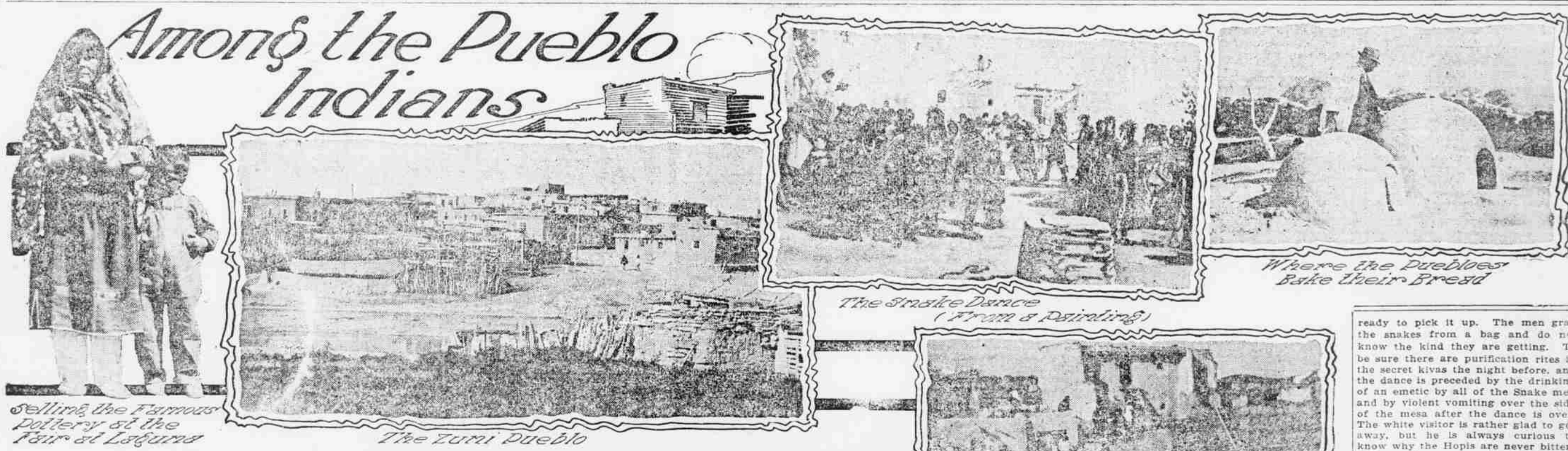


The Haunted Octagon House

relative crew, presumably including Mr. Adams and many other personages familiarly known in history, but long dead. All, to a man, turned and looked at him as he came in—a mysterious and ghostly light illuminating the scene—but not one of them said a word.

Perhaps the watchman had been drinking. But other members of the force on guard at the Capitol, when asked to speak about such matters, shake their heads and admit that they could tell of strange happenings if they were not afraid of dismissal.

The Senate Has Two Ghosts
The Senate wing of the Capitol has two well-authenticated ghosts. One of them is that of an old white-haired negro named Osborne, who during his life time was employed to scrub the floors of the corridors, his work being done at night. He haunts the basement, where the sound of his brush and pail, with "slosh" of spectral water, is heard from dark corners, his phantom still pursuing apparently his old-time occupation. So thoroughly established is belief in this ghost that colored work people have commonly refused to undertake duty in the basement before daylight.



Among the Pueblo Indians

First and Largest Apartment House Builders—The Famous Snake Dance—Agricultural Fairs Popular.

With great Southwest is a never-ending fund of interesting and instructive details which must have characterized them in the olden days. Undoubtedly the Indians of the Southwest were the first apartment house builders, for as far back as the sixteenth century they lived in five-story adobe houses, many of which were large enough to give apartments to the entire tribe—each family having from one to five rooms.

Agricultural Fairs
For centuries they have made pottery and baskets, each tribe having its own special style of pottery and weaves of basketry. The men are great sheep raisers and are agricultural in general going out from the Pueblos in the early morning and returning at night. The women usually make the pottery and baskets besides keeping-house and preparing food for the men. The Indian agents encourage all kinds of work and there is great rivalry among the tribes. For the past three or four years they have held agricultural fairs at the various Pueblos where cattle, vegetables and needle work, besides pottery and baskets, are on exhibition and prizes are awarded. They are generally held at a time of the year during which a feast day occurs. This gives the Indians an opportunity to do some of their special dances and is always sure to draw large crowds. The Indians come for many miles in the old prairie schooner wagon and camp along the way spending sometimes two weeks in coming and going. Last year one was held at Laguna during the feast of St. Joseph and the dances given on the plaza were unique and kept up during the entire afternoon

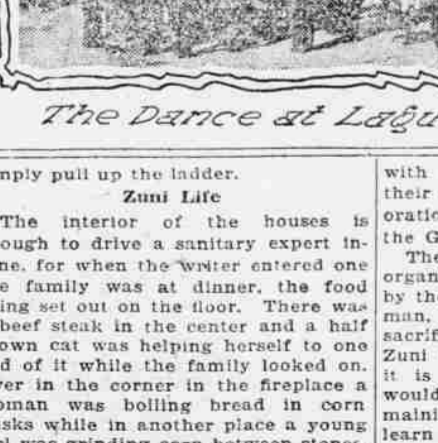
of two days. An altar was set up in honor of St. Joseph and decorated with greens. Certain men and women of the tribe dressed in costumes, danced up and down in front of the altar to the music of a tom tom, each of the dances expressing thanks for a full harvest. Over in a little house nearby were the displays of sewing, pottery and basketry with the Indian agents as judges. Over at Taos St. Geronimo Day is always celebrated on September 30th with dances, races and games. Crowds of both Indians and whites come from far and near and the day is like a picnic.

Zuni Dances
In some of the other tribes, such as the Zunis, there are rain dances during which the dancers are supposed to pray for a cessation of the drought. The dancers come on the plaza groaning as if in great pain, and are almost naked with their bodies painted purple or blue. They wear brilliantly colored silk trousers and moccasins in which matrix turquoise are embedded. Their neck and arms are covered with beads while over their faces are hideous masks. One is known as the Mud Head and his mask is most uncanny resembling the head of a deformed wolf. He walks at the side of the dancers and beats a rattle. Another man beats continuously on a curious shaped drum while the leader of the procession carries a tiny basket of sacred meal and sprinkles bits of it on each of the plazas. At the first sign of rain the dancing ceases. In the evening the people of the Pueblo gather all kinds of food together and the dancers throw it to the Indians who gather on the housetops. Like the whites they are always present when something is to be given away and the entire Pueblo

turns out. A large number of melon-rolls and corn boiled in the husk is thrown to the people, who rather than the plaza. Zuni is by far the most interesting of all the Pueblos as these Indians have so many fragments and each one has a special dance. It would take an entire book to describe these dances which are interesting in many ways, but especially to the student in Indian history. The great Pueblo is surrounded by a fence made of sticks held together with hardened mud or adobe, but there are a number of entrances and the visitor is free to enter.

The Zuni pueblo is 40 miles from Gallup and the trip can be made in an auto, and the visitor may spend the night with one of the white traders who lives just outside the reservation. There is a church on the plaza, but it seems to be deserted for although there are missionaries nearby and a fine Indian school only four miles away one soon decides that the Zunis are confirmed pagans except when it is to their interests to appear Christians. The streets are filled with disreputable looking stray dogs who bark and snap at one with their needle-like teeth and give the visitor a decidedly uncomfortable time. This is not only true of Zuni but of all pueblos of the Southwest, and no reservation is complete without its stray razor backed hogs, scrawny chickens, bob-eared donkeys and cross dogs. A stiff club is useful where the stray dogs are concerned and they will run away yelping at the sight of it.

The Snake Dance (From a Painting)



The Dance at Laguna

simply pull up the ladder. The interior of the houses is enough to drive a sanitary expert insane, for when the water entered one of the family was at dinner, the food being set out on the floor. There was a beef steak in the center and a half grown cat was helping herself to one end of it while the family looked on. Over in the corner in the fireplace a woman was boiling bread in corn husks while in another place a young girl was grinding corn between stones. Outside the door a woman was winnowing meal and offering pottery for sale. The Zunis make excellent pottery but as few visitors come to the pueblo they are compelled to sell it to the traders. They also make beads with a peculiar drill using coral, sea shells and matrix turquoise. The instrument is a curious wooden affair with a sharp nail at one end and is whirled in the hand like a drill. Certain of the Zunis are excellent silversmiths and make much of the silver jewelry, which finds its way to the tourists at the big hotels along the Santa Fe.

One of the curious things noticed are many eagles confined in odd looking painted cottonwood cages, passing a miserable existence awaiting the time when they shall be sacrificed

Where the Pueblos Bake Their Bread

ready to pick it up. The men grab the snakes from a bag and do not know the kind they are getting. To be sure there are purification rites in the secret kivas the night before, and the dance is preceded by the drinking of an emetic by all of the Snake men and by violent vomiting over the side of the mesa after the dance is over. The white visitor is rather glad to get away, but he is always curious to know why the Hopis are never bitten. So far as known there has never been a man to suffer, consequently it is supposed that they have an antidote, for there is positively no attempt to exorcise the fangs or in any way to render the reptiles harmless.

The United States Government some time ago refused to allow a moving picture of this dance to be shown, but this seems to have whetted the appetite of the average traveler to view the ceremony and the crowds became larger, so it may be that this order will be rescinded this year.

The Hopis are splendid basket makers and Nampeyo, the most famous maker of pottery, is of the Hopi tribe. Her pottery is by far the best burned and the most dainty in decoration and naturally brings the best prices. The Hopis also do excellent weaving, but their blankets do not compare with those of the Navajo, who are classed as a tribe of non-pueblo people. There are a number of pueblo tribes scattered through the Southwest, and each and every one is worth a visit. The only difficulty is that they live many miles from the railroad and one must travel over highways that could hardly be called roads, according to the Eastern standard as to what constitutes a road. In almost any month of the year one may find ceremonies given in honor of the patron saint of the pueblo, and therefore glossed over with christianity, but about as unchristian as it is possible to make them. However, many of them may be looked upon as dramatic weird pageants with gorgeous coloring. These Pueblo people are unlike any others in the world and their manners and customs should interest the people of our land for it must be remembered that these old tribes of the Southwest are "the original Americans."

