

by a boy not over six years old, his body stained and decorated, a wreath of cottonwood leaves on his head, belt and anklets of cottonwood leaves, breast and legs bare, carrying a vessel of liquid which he sprinkles by means of an eagle feather, ahead of the men as they march about the plaza. The remaining Antelope priests, bare-footed, their bodies grotesquely striped with white, faces blackened and chins painted white, white cotton trunks about the loins, necklaces of silver, shells and turquoise, bracelets about the arms above the elbows, carrying a small rattle in the right hand, march four times around the plaza to the left. The last one in line, a youngster like the leader, carries a blade-shaped piece of wood, to which a string is tied. As they pass the four points of the compass, he produces a sound simulating a storm, whirling the wood through the air. In front of the kisi of cottonwood boughs lies a plank about four feet long and one foot wide, the sipapu plank, with a hole in the middle, communicating with the under world. As the priests cross the plank, they stamp violently upon it with the right foot to inform the spirits that the ceremony is in progress. After making the circuit four times, the Antelope men line up, six on each side of the cottonwood kisi, facing southward, where they await the entry of the snake men, keeping up a continual shaking of the rattles meanwhile.

Here come the Snake men! With long, rapid strides they enter, and woe to the camera or onlooker chancing to be in their way, as they make a circuit about twice as large as that made by the Antelope priests. Their bodies painted a brownish hue, faces blackened and striped with white, brown kilts with a broad black zigzag pattern in the center and green and yellow borders, a row of bangles dependant from the kilt, reddish brown feathers in their hair, fox hides hanging down their backs, they present an appearance solemn and dramatic as they proceed four times about the plaza, stamping on the sipapu plank each time they pass. Then they line up, twenty-eight in number, in front of the kisi, facing the Antelope priests. All is quiet for a moment, then the rattles begin, accompanied by a low humming chant. The eagle feather snake whips make a peculiar swishing accompaniment as the lines sway from side to side. The first verse of the chant is: "The lines facing each other, and of swaying

from side to side, now step backward and forward as the chant grows louder. This alternation is repeated several times.

Suddenly the Snake men break ranks. Two priests place their arms about each other and dance in a circle in front of the kisi, a third priest following. The entire Snake line of twenty-eight men thus breaks up in groups. The "carrier" suddenly drops on his knees in front of the kisi, and fumbling about draws one or more snakes from the bag. At former dances, a priest in the kisi handed out the snakes. This year the "carrier" brings out the snake and places it crosswise in his mouth. The priest, whose arm is about the "carrier's" shoulder, engrosses the attention of the snake, by means of his snake whip, and the trio, followed by other trios, dance about the plaza, to the accompaniment of the rattle and chant of the Antelope men, who do not break line during this part of the dance. Four times around the plaza, then the "carrier" leans over and drops the snake to the ground. The third man, the "gatherer," now picks up the snake. Sometimes, in the case of the venomous reptile, considerable time is consumed persuading the snake to uncoil. The "gatherer," with an agility which is marvelous, picks up the snake and adds it to the others which he has in his hand. When the "gatherers'" hands are full, they pass a few of the snakes to the Antelope men, who are lined up. The little Antelope priest at the head of the line, held a snake larger than he was himself. After the bag is emptied, and all the snakes have participated in the ceremony, an old priest advances to the west of the plaza and makes a large circle with corn meal, outlining the points of the compass by cross lines. At a given signal, the snakes are thrown into the circle and corn meal is thrown on them by the Snake priestesses, maidens with hair in whorls on the sides of their heads, and gaily attired for the occasion. A sudden scramble, and the snakes are gathered in handfuls by the priests, who run down the mesa and carry them far out in the trails below, where they are left to carry the prayers of the people to the gods. The Antelope priests march around the plaza, stamping the plank as before, and pass out to their kiva, and the ceremony is over.

When the Snake men return, they go to their kiva and divest themselves of their trappings, re-

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