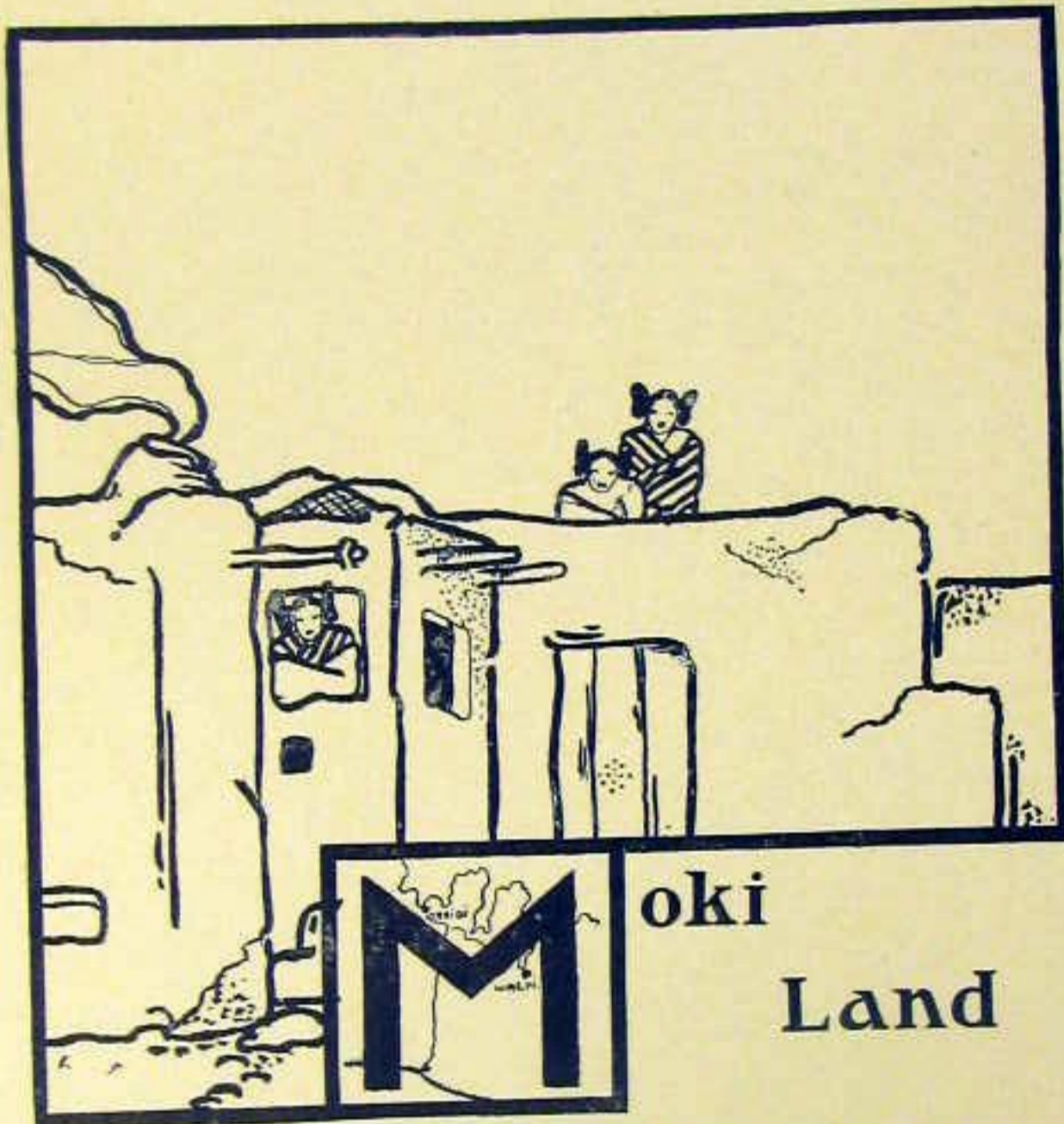


APPROACH TO WALPI FROM THE EAST
(PHOTOGRAPH BY SUMNER W. MATTESON, DENVER)

MOKI LAND



MOKI LAND in Arizona is the home of the strangest of our fellow-countrymen. Moki Land is unique; it is a changeless corner in our land of perpetual change. The Mokis are a pueblo people, differing from other tribes of the southwest in language, customs, and religion. They dwell in seven villages, each set like an acropolis upon a barren rock, high above the barren, boundless sands of the Arizona desert.

How long they have lived there in the sunshine, no man knows. The Spaniards found them there in 1541, living and

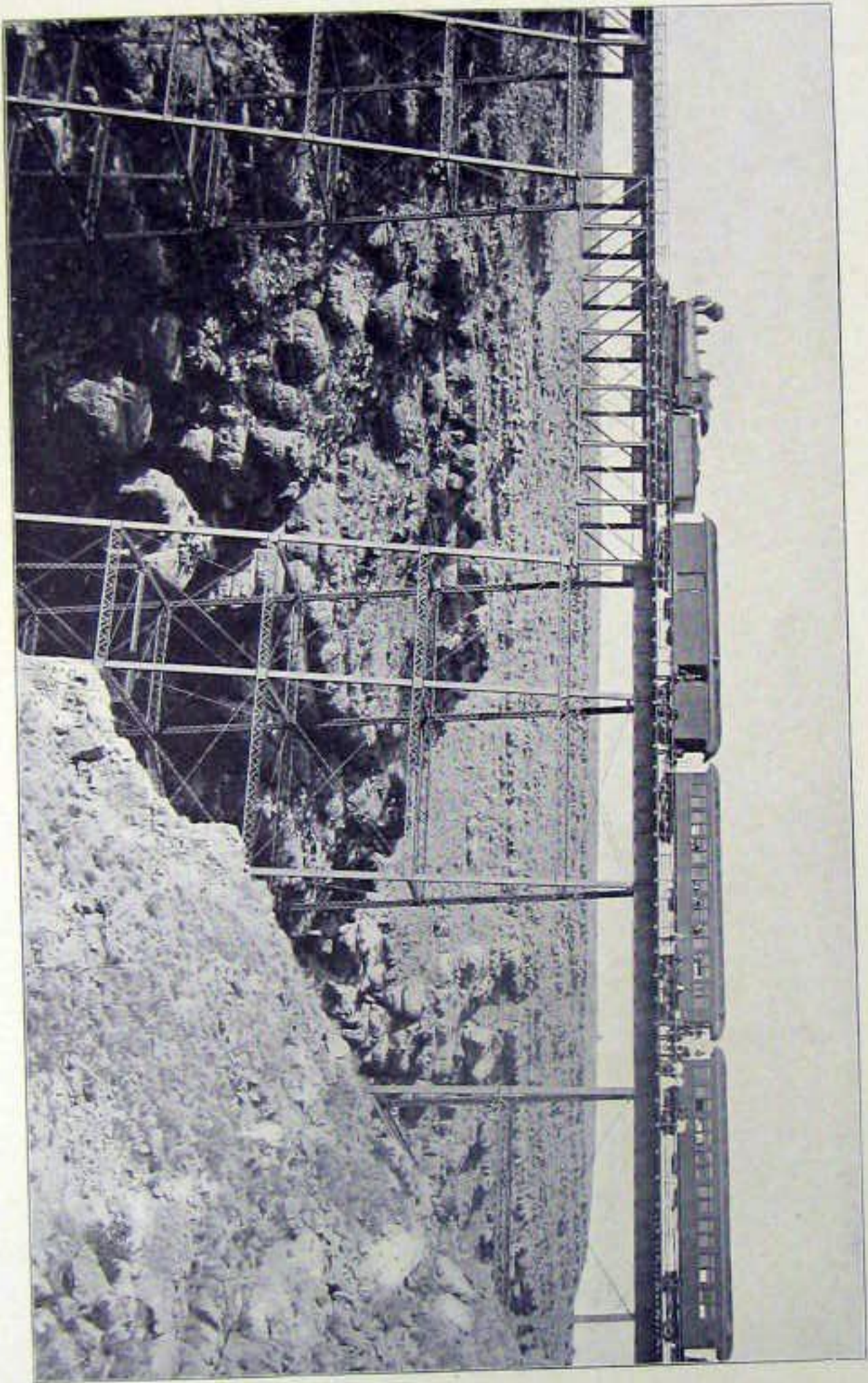
praying and performing their religious ceremonies, just as they had lived and prayed and worshiped for uncounted centuries. The conquistadors, seeking only gold and treasure, passed them by, leaving them secure in their unconscious poverty and in their utter isolation. To-day we find them as they were—their pagan civilization still intact. Tomorrow we may look for it in vain, for the white man presses closer every year. If we would see these people still dominated by their immemorial traditions, we must not delay. Moki Land offers us a fascinating picture of primitive America—a picture that will soon fade in the growing light of our civilization. Let us draw aside the protecting curtain of distance and look upon this unique picture before it is too late.

The desert trail that leads to Moki Land touches civilization at a point called Cañon Diablo, about half-way across the territory of Arizona, on the main line of the Santa Fé. This station is not far from Flagstaff, the starting-point for the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. But at Cañon Diablo station we see no town, nor a cañon, nor even a devil to enliven the melancholy desert wastes. The town has not been built, the cañon although not far away is invisible, and the devil prefers to stay in his old home where it is

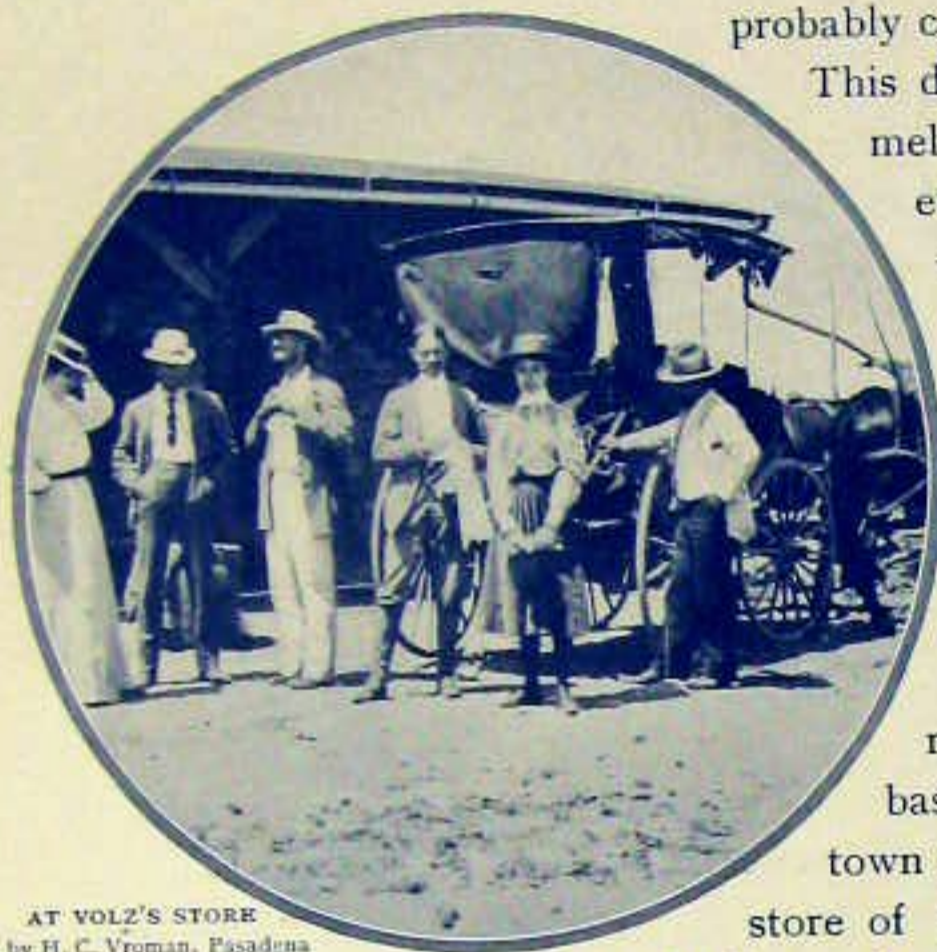


CANON DIABLO STATION
ARIZONA

Photograph by H. C. Yeaman, Pasadena



CANON DIABLO



AT VOLZ'S STORE

Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

probably cooler and more cheerful. This desert is made especially melancholy by the scattering evidences of civilization, — freight-cars, signal-posts, telegraph-poles, and signboards. It is not a sandy desert. It is of rock so firm that poles cannot be planted but must be held erect by pyramids of broken rock piled up around their bases. The only house in town besides the station is the store of Volz, the Indian trader,

where we disconsolately discuss the assured discomforts of the trip while awaiting the departure of our caravan. Volz, the trader, has volunteered to be our guide, and has contracted to provide vehicles and horses to transport us to the Moki Reservation about seventy miles away; to feed us on the



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

EN ROUTE TO MOKI LAND

best canned goods that ever come to Arizona; to see that we do not lack water more than twelve hours at a stretch; to show us the Snake Dance, give a Navajo Tournament in our

honor, and bring us safely back to the railway, all within the incredibly short space of eleven days.

The prospect is alluring; the caravan is ready; let us set out across the almost trackless desert. Our guide has promised much, but the one thing that he failed to mention we find the most inspiring thing of all; the sense of freedom, the exhilaration of this boundless region. It has been said that it is impossible to despair on horseback. This is more than ever true in Arizona, where the air, the light, the clear, sharp distances, and the level, limitless desert form an environment that uplifts the senses and makes for perfect happiness. Let those who choose to do so follow in the lazy wagons, carryalls, and buggies; as for us, we are content only so long as the smooth uncounted miles are flying beneath our horses' willing feet.

The desert is a boundless bridle path, level and to all appearances secure; yet there are pitfalls ranging in size from the burrows of prairie-dogs to the long cracks made by earthquakes.

The first incident of the desert journey is the



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

AN EARTHQUAKE CRACK

fording of the Little Colorado, a shallow, muddy stream as commonplace as a mere ditch; yet this same river only fifty miles farther on has cut for itself a cañon of tremendous depth. When it meets the greater Colorado at the eastern end of



CROSSING THE LITTLE COLORADO

the Grand Cañon, the walls that rise from the bed of the lesser river meet the walls of the Grand Cañon, as equals in height and sheerness. The lesser and the greater Colorado meet in one of the most impressive amphitheatres in the world, but so remote and difficult of access is the place, that only a daring few have looked upon the scene toward which these swift and silent waters are now gliding.

At noon we halt for luncheon; but luncheon is too elegant a term, even lunch smacks too much of civilization; the proper word in Arizona for



A SHADY NOOK

lunch is "grub." Almost everything one eats comes in a tin can or tin box; beans, milk, and meat, sardines, preserves, and jams,—all are imported in hermetically sealed tins. Thus canned goods form a most important item in the commerce of the territory, where they are known by the comprehensive name "air-tights." We breakfast, dine, and sup on air-tights, and before every meal all hands are set to work with old knives and scissors, for the rare can-opener is usually missing; and by the time that the air-tights have ceased to deserve the title, the workers have in the effort of opening them already developed appetites ravenous to such a degree that no time is wasted in vain longings for fresh fare. A heap of empty tins marks every halting-place of every caravan; while near the site of every camp are left mountains of gaping cans. As the Professor from Berlin remarked one day after lunch, in his staid, scientific tone, "It is my conviction that in a future age the geologists will be confronted by a novel problem; for Arizona will be found covered with a stratum of tin as extensive as the borders of the territory."

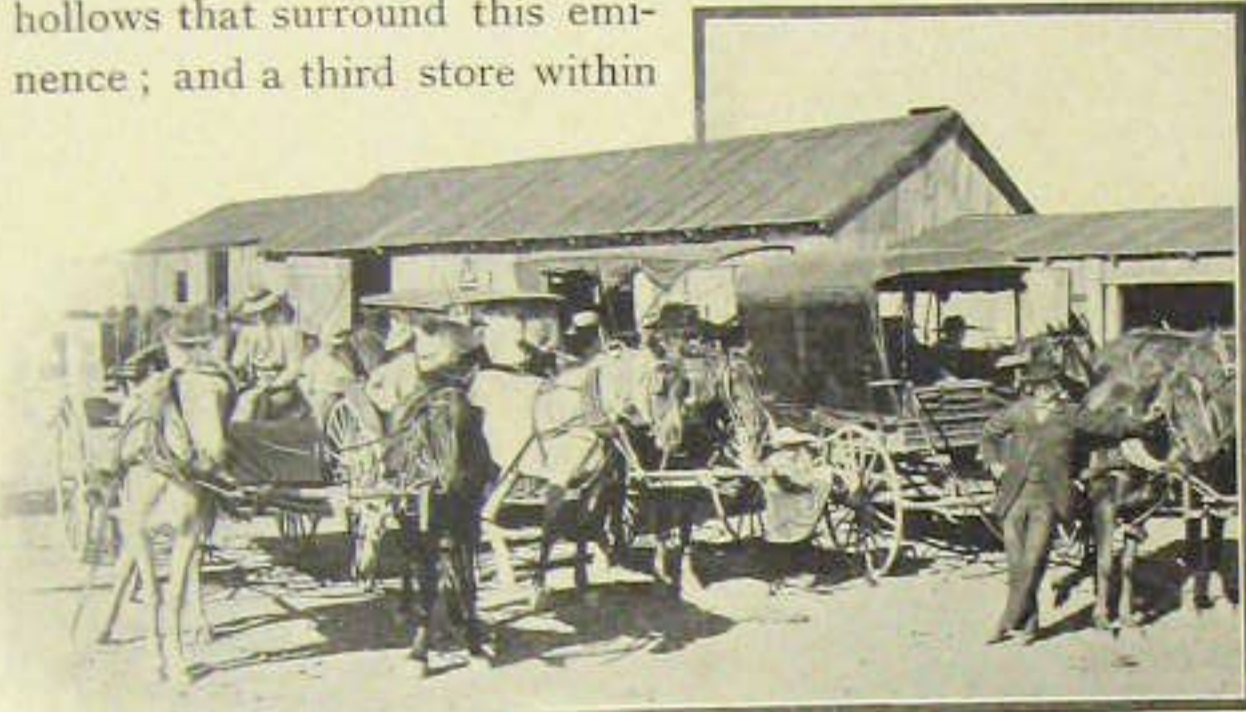
We spend the night at a second store belonging to our trader-guide about thirty miles from the railway. Mr. Volz



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

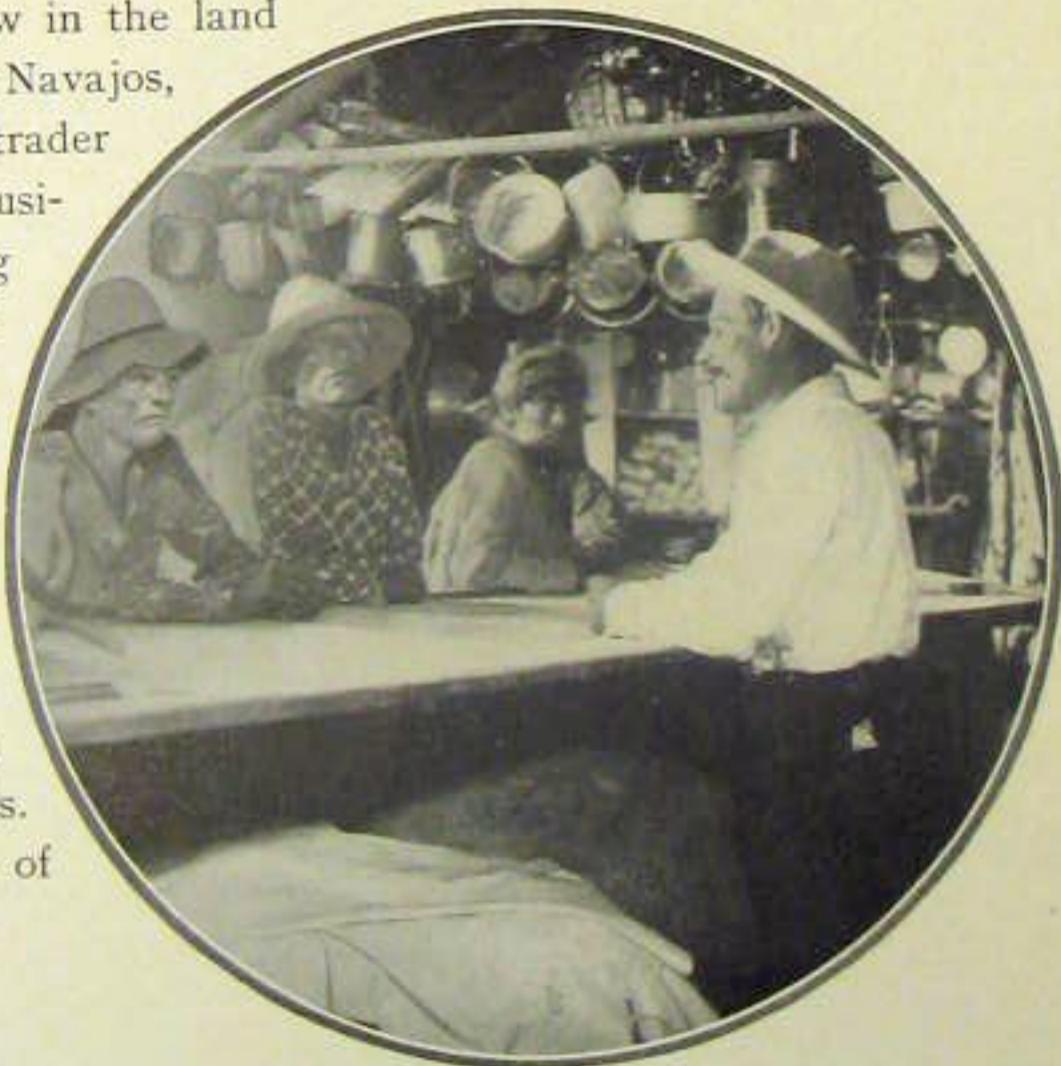
DISCUSSING "ARIZONA AIR-TIGHTS"

controls three of these establishments, one at the Cañon Diablo station; another at a place called by courtesy "The Lakes," because when it rains, water stands in the broad hollows that surround this eminence; and a third store within



THE STORE AT THE LAKES

a few miles of Oraibi, the largest of the Moki villages, which is to be our headquarters when we reach the reservation. We are now in the land roamed over by the Navajos, with whom the trader does a thriving business; for his long shed is both a stable and a shop stocked with the things in which the red man delights—tobacco, matches, pots, pans, hardware, and army blankets. We never weary of



NAVAJO CUSTOMERS



AN EARLY START

watching the transactions. A big brave enters and calls for one pound of soda-crackers. These are weighed out, he wraps them in his blanket, then takes off his belt, and from it pays out—not coins, but—seven cartridges, .44 caliber; and these the clerk sweeps into the cash-drawer without a sign of surprise. Then the same Indian orders another pound of crackers, and pays for them in the same manner as before. He wanted two pounds all the time. But he knows that seven cartridges will buy one pound, and he does not care to venture into deep commercial complications. After business hours the store becomes our dormitory; four men sleep on the counter, two under it, the rest on the floor. We each have new Navajo blankets to use for our bedding;



A DESERT DERELICT

the ladies of our party sleep in a storeroom with a hundred brilliant blankets piled under and around them.

At sunrise the caravan is once more under way, the wagons crawling northward at a tiresome pace, the horsemen galloping ahead, glorying in the splendor of the morning—a morning wider than the world and higher than the sky. We cannot understand how age and misery can afflict humanity



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

BLUES AND MESAS IN THE ARIZONA DESERT

in an atmosphere like this ; we almost feel as if the poor, old Navajo grandmother who comes begging to the store were only feigning decrepitude and poverty. We look for her to toss away her brown rags and gray wig, and to stand forth



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson BURRO SPRING

in the sunshine radiant in youth and beauty, like the fairy queens seen in pantomimes. We are so light-hearted, filled with the joy of living, that we cannot forgive this old hag for reminding us that in this world there are many blind souls who see no beauty in the

earth and sky, who are incapable of happiness. Yet we give her money, for we feel that we owe somebody something be-

cause we are *not* miserable ; for is there not much truth in that dictum of the cynic who defined "charity" as the "unconscious expression of subconscious fear" ? You may smile at this definition if you will, but there is some-



ORAIIBI MESA FROM VOLZ'S CAMP

thing fearfully incisive about it — "the unconscious expression of subconscious fear." But away with the old witch who has haunted us ! It is as easy to lose a gloomy thought

in Arizona as it is to breathe life-giving air; and while our horses gallop on across these endless stretches of sage and sand, the eye gallops around the huge ring of the horizon, which now and then is broken by a butte or a mesa, a wall of sandstone red as brick, regular as a factory façade, wide as a township, high as the Alhambra of a race of giants. Now and then we skirt ephemeral lakes, born of a sudden deluge. On our return journey we came at nightfall to the shores of a lake five miles wide, which lay directly across the trail that we had traversed in dusty dryness only eight days before. We made a détour of fifteen miles to get around that lake, and had we not sent back at night to warn a following party,



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

OUR MIDDAY "MESA"



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

SOLID COMFORT

they in attempting to keep to the old trail would have floundered all night in the shallow sea which had dropped from the clouds in a single day.

Late in the afternoon of our second day in the desert, we came to Volz's third establishment, the business center of the Moki Reservation. First we shake off the dust of our long



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

"WE OURSELVES" AT VOLZ'S STORE

two days' ride, then at a table on an improvised veranda we attack a few dozen tins of air-tights and drink a pail or two of coffee. The amount of coffee that one can consume in Arizona is incredible; it is poured out in bowls, served piping hot, black and without milk. We average two bowls at every meal and sleep like tops. Some of us sleep in tents, others in one of the shanties. We lie in blankets on the



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

THE SHOPPING CENTER

bare ground, cases of canned provisions and bales of goods piled high all around us. There are ants in the sand, and we know that rattlesnakes abound, but we are reassured by the knowledge that for four days the Mokis from Oraibi have been scouring the desert collecting rattlers for the Snake Dance ceremony which we have come to witness.

The ladies of our party have more luxurious accommodations. They use as berths the counters and shelves in the adjoining store; but this arrangement has its disadvantages,

for they are early routed out because the Indians go shopping shortly after sunrise, and gather in impatient groups on finding that the shutters of this popular emporium have not been taken down at the usual hour for beginning the business of the day. This counter is the shopping center of all Moki Land. The idea seems preposterous, yet Trader Volz handles every month ten thousand dollars' worth of goods.

One of the first arrivals at our camp is a young Moki, who wears a gorgeous shirt of multi-colored calico, a shock of jet-black hair, and a splendid set of teeth framed by a smile of wide dimensions. He is an old friend of the trader, and is frequently employed as a guide to lead the way along the indistinct old trails that lead across the corn-fields to the distant mesas and then wind up the steep, rough slopes to villages set upon the rocky summits. Corn is the staple product of the Moki farmer. The corn-fields of the Mokis are to them the most important thing on earth, the object of their thoughts and prayers. They tell us that this year the crop is sure to be a record-breaker, and they point with great pride to their wide and prosperous fields. The aspect of a

thriving Moki corn-field would hardly please a



THE ONLY "SHIRT-WAIST MAN"
IN MOKI LAND



OUR GUIDE

Kansas farmer, but to the Moki it is full of promise. He sees in it the assurance that his village garner will be well filled, that plenty will reign during the winter on the mesa-tops, and he thanks the spirits of the clouds and of the springs for sending a sufficient supply of water to make possible so splendid a result. And his faith in the all-powerful beings that rule the clouds and

control the rivers and the springs is deepened, and he is more than ever convinced of the efficacy of the Moki invocations, all of which are intended to propitiate the gods and



A THRIVING CORN-FIELD



A MOKI FARMER

spirits and thus insure abundant water from both earth and sky. The Mokis, when they came to this region at some undated day in the dim past, brought with them corn and beans, squashes, melons, and cotton. We see the squash- and melon- vines crawling about the corn-fields like long green

snakes with yellow eyes. Then later, within historic times, wheat, apricots, and peaches were added to their meager list. There are so-called peach-orchards which produce enough small peaches to supply the tribe with its favorite luxury, and leave a little over to be sold to Navajos, or traded for goods at Volz's store. But the farmer's life is one of great



CORN, MELONS, AND SQUASHES

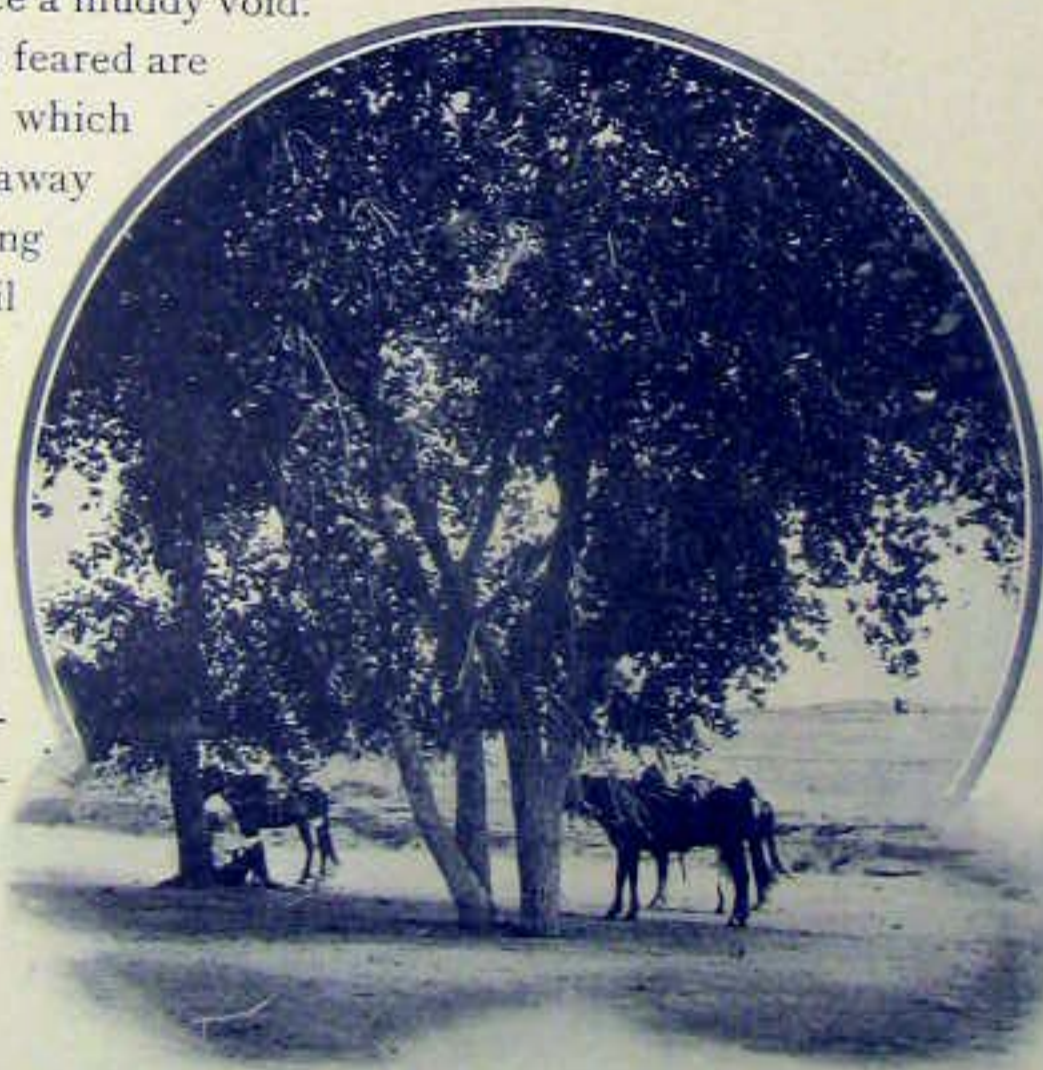


Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

A "PEACH ORCHARD"

uncertainties. The rains, in spite of priestly incantations, sometimes come before they are wanted, or after the need of them has passed, or they come in storm and fury, flood the "washes" and wipe out of existence a corn-field or an orchard, leaving in its place a muddy void.

Even more to be feared are the wind-storms which literally blow away the farms, carrying the surface soil across the desert and depositing it where no cultivation had been possible hitherto. Thus, farming becomes literally a pursuit — the farmer pursuing his shifting



COTTONWOODS

farm from place to place. Imagine the complications that ensue when one farm is deposited immediately on top of another by the mischievous winds!

Leaving the fields behind us we gallop on for miles across the desert, a barren, yellow, world-wide avenue from which the distant mesas rise like heaps of giant paving-stones. Here and there a leafy cottonwood affords a grateful shelter from the fierce rays of an August sun. A few drought-defying plants appear, peeping timidly from the sands, but we know that dormant seeds are everywhere, needing but the moist kiss of the infrequent storm to wake them into life.

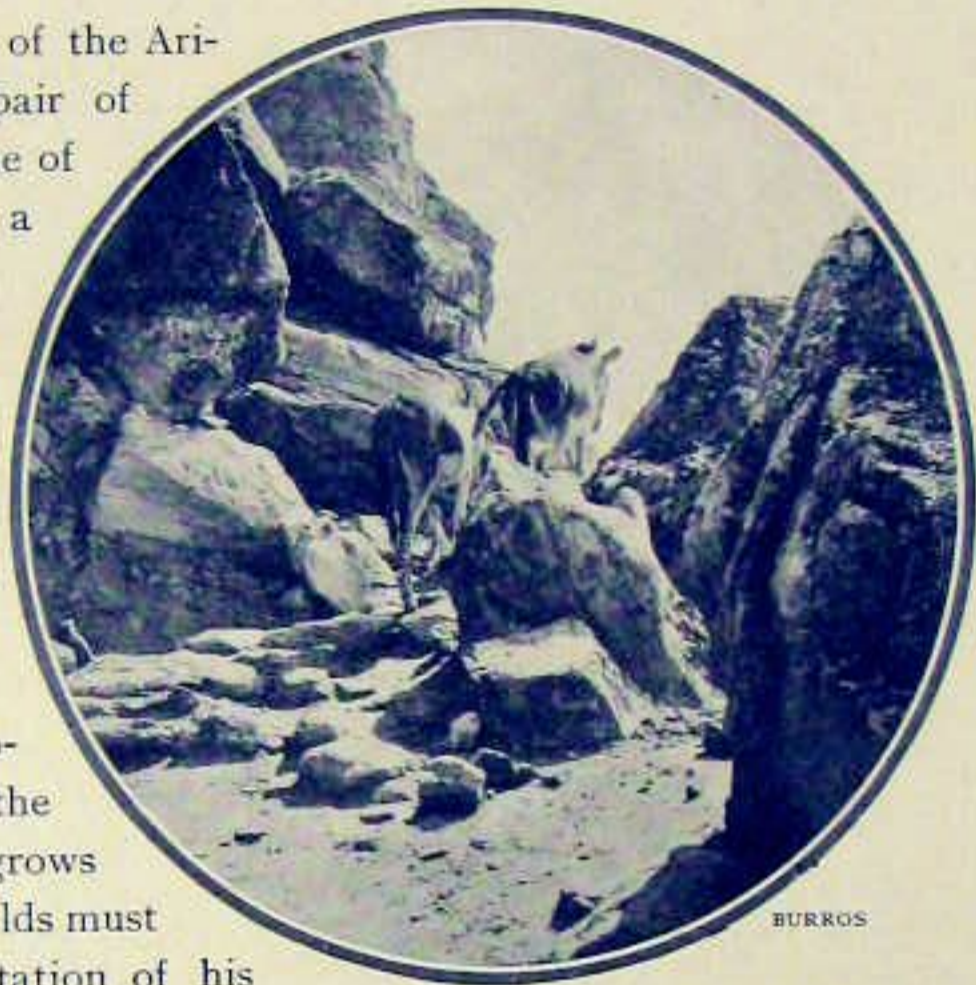
When the storm-king has swept in furious dark majesty across the places that were waste, green things, lie thick in his wake as if a rain of emeralds had fallen. Dry desert beds are sometimes quickly filled with seas of sunflowers.

But to-day the only sign of life encountered is in the form of a pair of youthful aborigines, sitting upon the hurricane-



TWO GENTLEMEN OF WAPEI

decks of two "ships of the Arizona desert,"—a pair of desert donkeys. One of the donkeys wears a most dejected mien, because, as we observe, he bears the mark of shame. His fine long ear is clipped in token that his reputation is not good. For every ass who surreptitiously eats any of the precious corn that grows in the scant Moki fields must suffer partial amputation of his



BURROS

auricular. The law demands with absolute literalness an ear for an ear: an ear of the ass for an ear of the corn. The soul of the second donkey must be as white as the snowy hide of his companion, for he rejoices in a pair of perfect ears, the rarest of possessions for a Moki quadruped. But as we follow others up the mesa-trail, we suspect that perhaps he is one of those wise beings who keep that all-important Eleventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out." He is either saint or hypocrite, for every other donkey in the land betrays himself, when, like the leader of this team, he outlines an ear against the sky.

Meantime our guide rides on ahead. Presently he draws rein, and pointing to the summit of the mesa exclaims, "There, Walpi." Yes, but where is the town of Walpi? We know it stands upon this sandstone mesa—but we are not yet able to distinguish it. The steep slope terminates in what appears to be a mass of titanic blocks of stone

resembling a natural citadel. Perhaps the town lies on the other side. But no, the guide insists that we are very near; and when a moment later our horses stumble round another angle of the trail, the cyclopean citadel resolves itself into a Moki village. What seemed gigantic cubes of stone are small pueblo dwellings. Walpi, which from below was indistinguishable, reveals itself as a place of human habitation only to those who scale the cliffs. A caravan of wanderers lost in the desert, dying of thirst, might skirt the bases of these Moki mesas and gaze squarely up at these high-perched dwellings without divining that just overhead men who would give aid and succor lived in populous towns where plenty of food and water and many comforts could be found.



A PUEBLO CITADEL



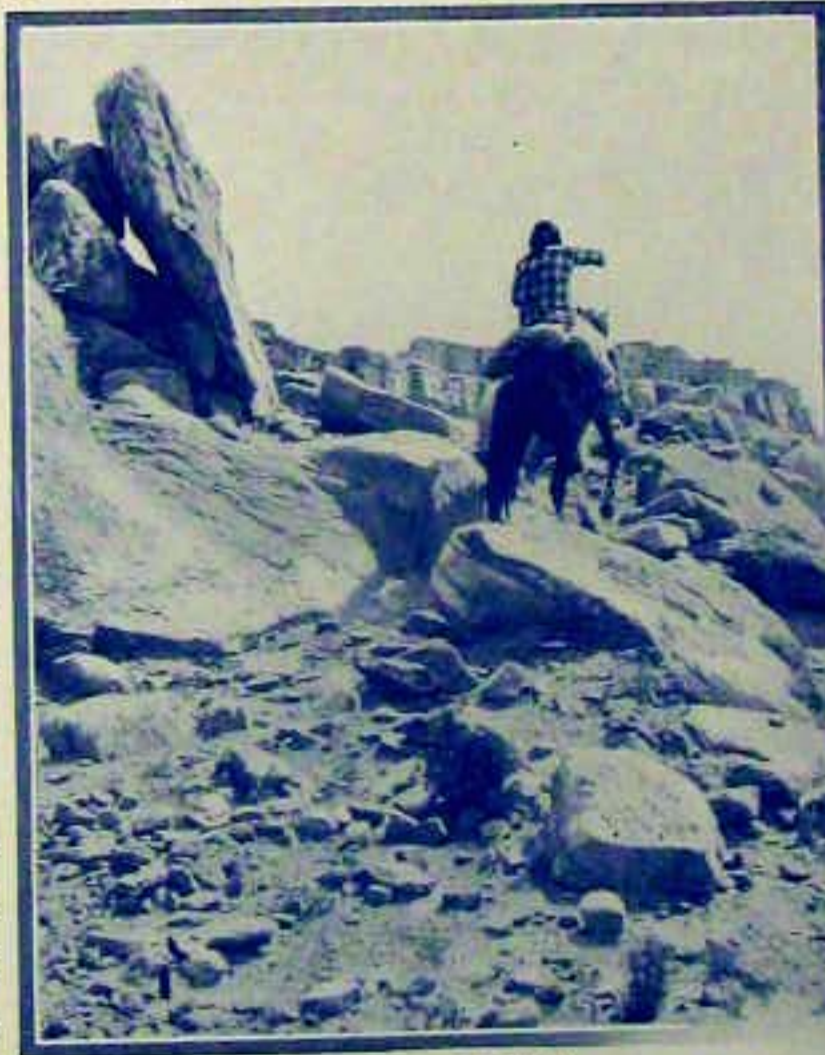
Photograph by H. C. Young, Pasadena

THE EAST MESA

And this town of Walpi on the east mesa, like the six other Moki towns, is the abode of full-fledged citizens of the United States, men who possess the right to vote, but who have never deigned to exercise their franchise; nor in truth have they been urged to do so. They were made citizens by the treaty with Mexico, when this territory became a part of the United States after the war of 1845.

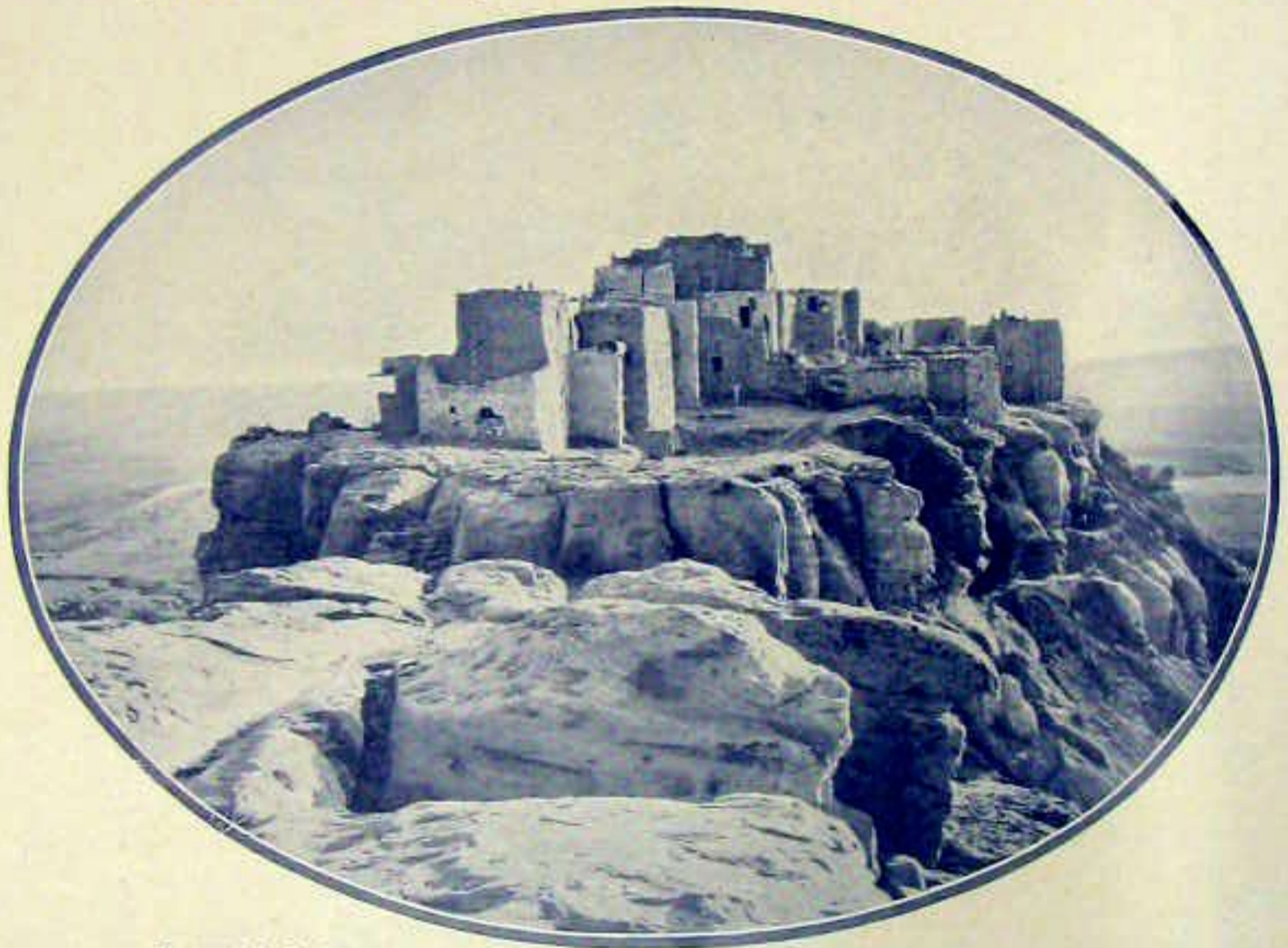
The Mokis are good citizens. It has been said, I know, that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. In fact, the name "Moki," which we now erroneously apply to this little nation, means literally "dead people," and was originally a term of derision given by the warlike Apaches and Navajos to these peaceful farmers and home-builders. Ask one of the boys whom we find playing in the Plaza of Walpi what he is, and he will say that he belongs to the "Hopi," or "good people," for Hopi is the original name by which these Pueblo-builders call themselves, although the term "Moki," once an insult, has almost lost its derisive meaning and is not seriously resented.

This plaza, now deserted except for a few idle boys, becomes every second year the theater of the



ON THE WALPI TRAIL

famous Snake Dance ceremony. The sacred Dance Rock rises on the left; the entrance to one of the sacred chambers, where the secret ceremonies are performed, is at our feet. But to-day the town appears deserted. Another



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.

WALPI—AN ARIZONA ACROPOLIS

village will this year celebrate the Snake Dance. Walpi is as quiet as Oberammergau during the off-years between the presentations of the Passion Play. We shall see it under a different aspect when we return to witness the Snake Dance of 1899, to which we are invited by the great man of the village, Kopele, the chief priest of the Snake Fraternity, the leader of the dance in preceding presentations.

Kopele did not live to greet us when we returned to his pueblo one year later. In him the Hopi lost one whom they called a "*pas lolomá taka*," an "excellent man," whose

heart was good and whose speech was straight. Among the whites he was liked and respected as a gentle, courageous, and, as he looked at things, a deeply religious man.

After exploring his village, driving timid children into houses and up to roof-terraces, we set out for the middle mesa. On the descending trail we meet what at first sight appears to be an animated cottonwood. Our horses shy as the big leafy mass comes staggering up the slope, but as it passes we see that the tree-trunk is made of two brown Hopi legs, and from the moving bower comes this Hopi

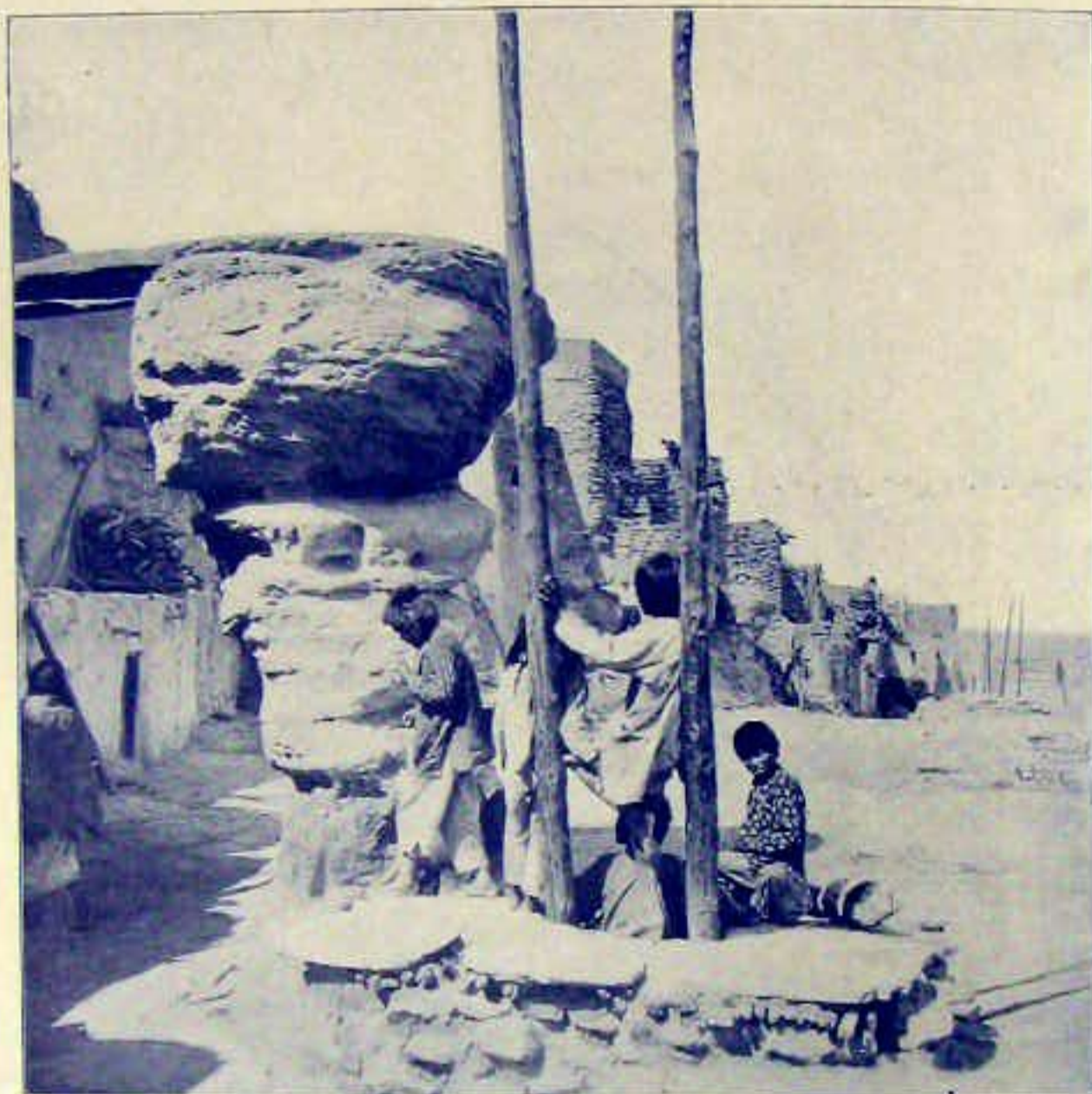


Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

WALPI FROM BELOW
SHOWING A MELON-VINE ANCHORED WITH A STONE AND A PEACH-TREE STANDING ON TIP-TOE

greeting: "*Um ha kamii.*" The man is bringing leafy boughs for use in one of the approaching ceremonies.

Farther on we meet a successful rabbit-hunter, who has bagged his game after the Hopi fashion, killing it by a clever

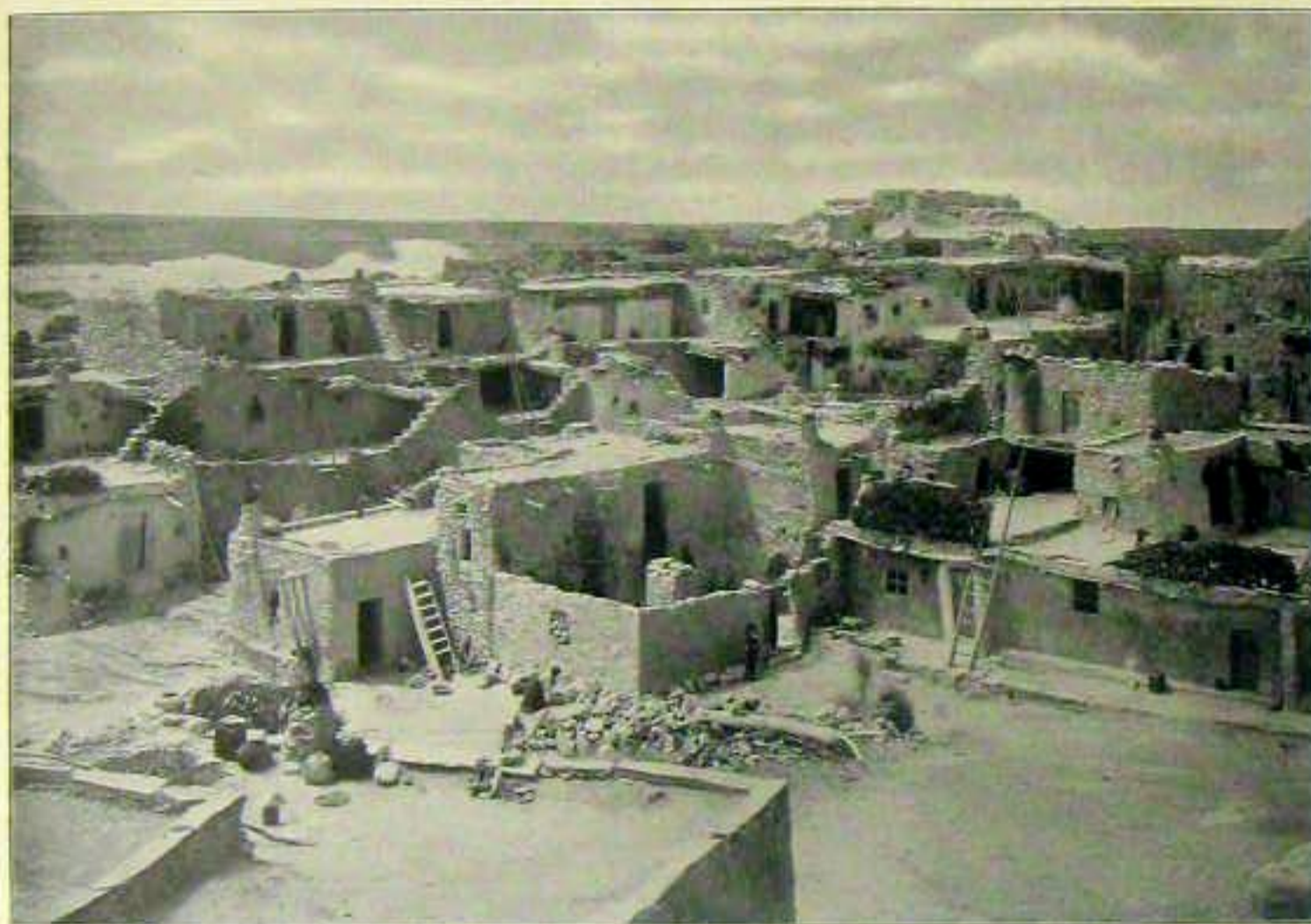


THE WALPI "DANCE ROCK"

throw of a sort of boomerang, in the use of which these people, owing to constant practice, are most skilful.

A dash across the desert brings us to the base of the middle mesa, around which we toil over rough ground, seeking a trail by which we may ascend. Secure, indeed, were the sites selected by the "good people" for their villages when they fled from the roving Apaches, the Bedouins of the desert, and set their houses on the rocky slopes. Then, in the sixteenth century, strange white men clad in armor came from the distant south. They were the Spanish conquistadors, sent by Coronado to seek the Seven Cities of Cibola, thought to be rich in treasure. They found these pueblo

towns upon the mesas. They tried to enter; Moki priests protested and with sacred meal drew a line across the path. The Spaniards then bombarded with blunderbuss and bowgun, killing several Mokis. Next day the frightened mesa folk brought down gifts, welcomed the masterful strangers, and consented to build a church. The conquerors passed on, leaving a few priests to rule the Hopi villages. The people did not object to Christianity until the priests declared that all the gods of the Hopi were evil gods. This blasphemy roused the peaceful people, and they threw the "long



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

HOPI ARCHITECTURE

gowns," as they called the friars, over the edge of the mesa, destroyed the church, moved their villages to securer heights upon the mesa tops, and when another Spanish expedition came, they attempted to defy the power of the white man.



KOPELE OF WALPI
 Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

In time these people became nominal subjects of the crown of Spain, then citizens of the Republic of Mexico, and finally citizens of the United States. But meantime they have continued to live their own lives in their own peculiar way, to worship strange gods and spirits, and to perform various rites, the meaning of which is now almost forgotten. When pressed for explanation, they reply, "We make our altars, sing our songs, and say our prayers in this way because our old people did

so ; and surely they knew how to make rain fall and corn grow."

Doubtless the Moki girls looked down upon the Spaniards with the same air of timid daring they exhibit to-day as we approach the village. If we are to credit the Spanish chroniclers, the Moki maiden then wore her hair in the same fantastic form, and clad herself in the quaint, picturesque garments of which those of to-day are perfect counterparts.

Only the decrepit old men are found at home by day ; the active male population is in the distant fields guarding the corn, the melons, and the beans, leaving the village in possession of the aged, the women, and the children. At our first approach the children fled like a lot of prairie-dogs, popping into the underground rooms, or *kivas*, dashing through low doorways into cube-like dwellings, or running up



"BOOMERANGED" RABBITS
 Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

the ladders to the housetops. There they are free to wander all over town, leaving to us the empty streets and deserted plazas. A pueblo village is practically one structure. The streets and alleyways are roofed with rooms; the entrance to one house is often found upon the roof of the dwelling of a neighbor. There are ladders and stone stairways everywhere, and these are used more generally than the streets and squares below. This village is called Mishongnovi. In the distance looms a higher village which is called Shipaulovi, "the Place of the Peaches." A third village on this mesa bears the name of Shungopavi.

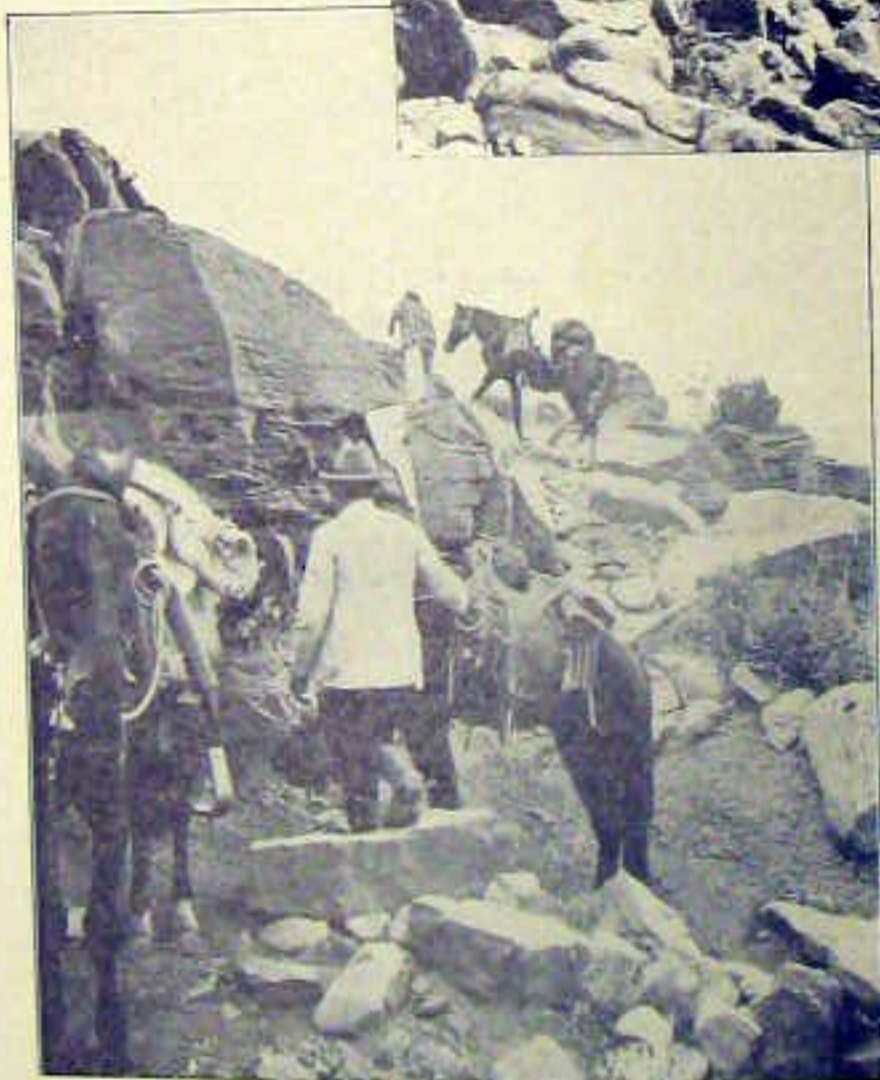
The people of each village are divided into many clans, and each clan is regarded as a family. Its members may not



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

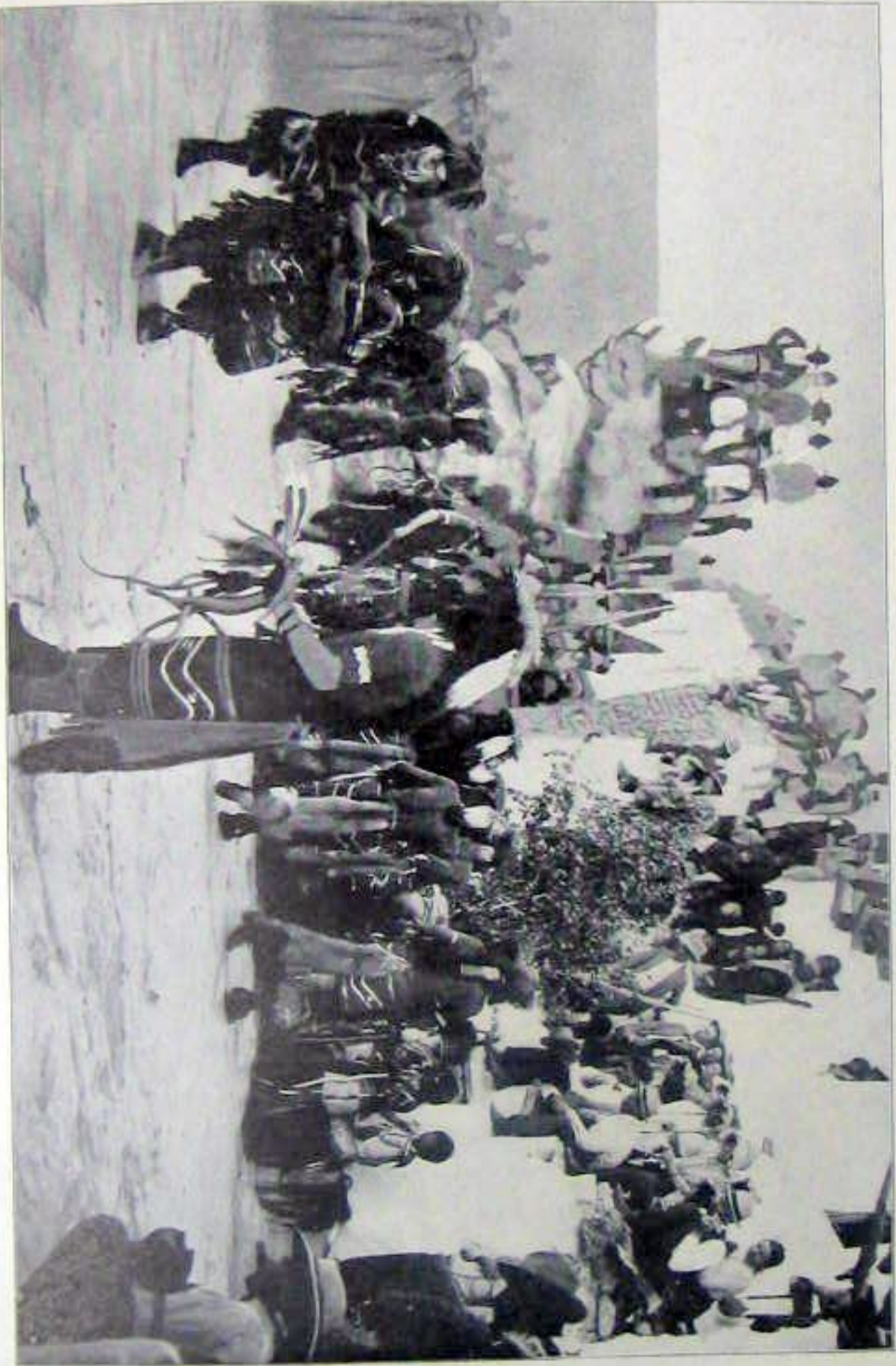
ROCK PICTURE OF A RABBIT HUNT

intermarry; they must wed the sons and daughters of some other clan. There are seven villages in all. The natives number about twenty-five hundred, of whom eight hundred live in Oraibi, which is the largest of the villages. Evidently the population is



NATURE'S ARCHITECTURE increasing, for as soon as we produce big bags of colored candies and begin a distribution, young Hopi hopefuls begin to spring up like desert weeds under the influence of a sudden deluge. A few minutes of this bombardment of bonbons, and all

A TRYING TRAIL



Photograph by H. C. Veinman, Pasadena

THE SNAKE DANCE AT WAIPU

timidity is banished. We are accepted as "good people," and the entire village is ours to explore, to ransack, and to photograph. First the young girls who ran away like startled deer at sight of the strange visitors, gather in hesitating groups and do their best to "look pleasant."



APPROACH TO THE MIDDLE MESA

We notice that the dress of the girls and old women is identical: a heavy blanket-like robe, the black body separated from the dark blue border by stripes of brilliant green. Around the waist is worn a woven sash. All these things are of domestic manufacture; in fact, the men do all the dress-making,—the husband always weaving the wedding garment for the bride,—but weaving it so well that it will last the wife

a lifetime, and then possibly serve a daughter until marriage. The shawls of brilliant calico, however, are purchased from the trader. The most striking feature in the make-up of the



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

HOPÍ FLATS

Hopi girl is her coiffure, unique among the world's hair-dressing schemes. Fantastic as it appears when built up with the black hair of the brown brunettes, its queerness is intensified when it is formed of the snowy tresses of the pale Albino maidens. There is something uncanny about the three or four pale-faced, white-haired, and pink-eyed creatures who haunt these towns like Hopi ghosts, doubly conspicuous in this black-haired, dark-eyed population. The younger girls and also many of the men wear their hair cut

in the fashion of the medieval Florentines,—a heavy bang on the brow, and a curtain of black tresses covering the ears and neck. The jewelry worn by the Hopi folk is marvelous; silver beads and pendants purchased from the Navajos, strings of shells with bits of common turquoise interspersed, earrings of silver inlaid with turquoise, and silver rings and bracelets chiseled with strange Navajo designs. But all the brilliant trappings of the Hopi *débutante* cannot distract our attention from her crowning glory. We never cease to



HOPI HOPEFULS



marvel at the abundance and the jet-black splendor of her hair. We ask if, like the Japanese, these girls are forced when sleeping to rest the neck on wooden pillows to prevent a disarrangement of the

NAVAJO
CHILDREN
PLAYING
HORSE



elaborate coiffure ; but we are told that it is combed out every night and freshly built up every morning, with the assistance of a mother or a friend. We wonder if this fashion will ever reach the cities of the States. Here is a hint for women who are seeking something new.



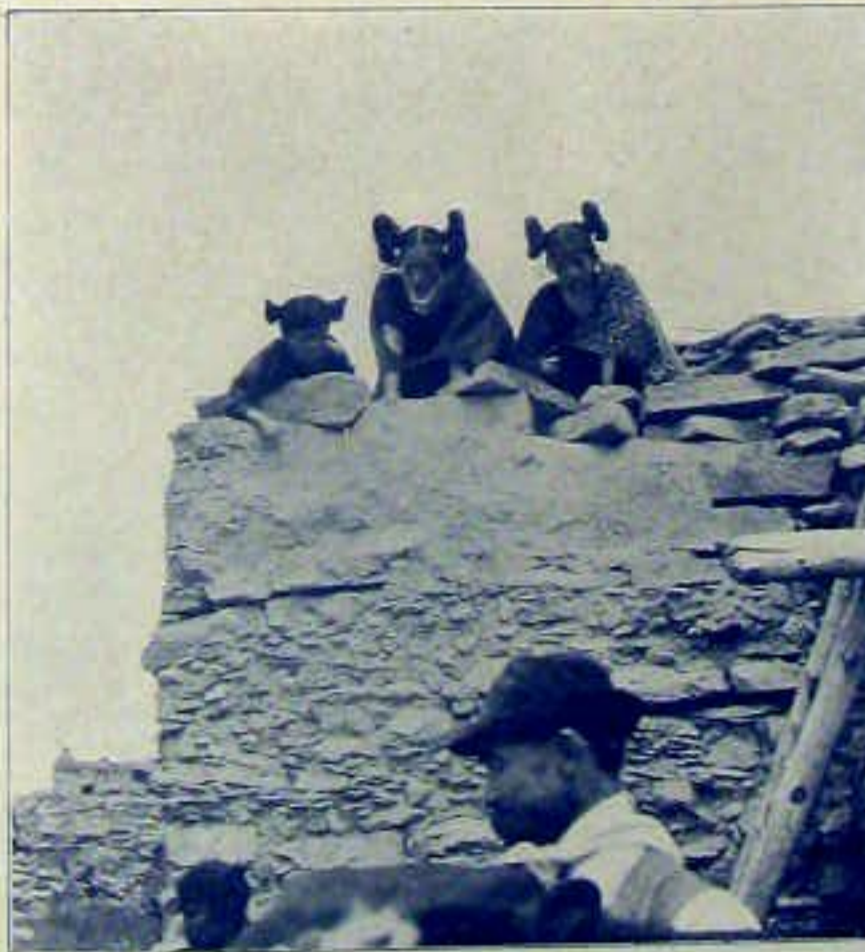
Photographs by Sumner W. Matteson
KIDS



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena
CANDY HAS COME

hair done up in proper Hopi style. An educated Hopi named Luke is with them who, nevertheless, being a member of the Snake Fraternity, will later appear in the barbaric attire of a Hopi priest, and chant the meaningless songs of the ancients, and carry rattlesnakes

Unfortunately I cannot tell you how the trick is done, but possibly the two American ladies at one of the missions on the reservation can enlighten you. I know they are in possession of the secret, for we found them one day togged out in full Hopi ceremonial costume, with their



THE PASSING STRANGER

between his teeth. Tradition rules this people. The Hopi will admit that the things we try to teach him are "good medicine," but he remains a Snake Man still, and follows faithfully the teaching of his tribe. After marriage the women uncoil those flaring ears of hair and let two tresses dangle; the young girls wear the hair done up, older women let it hang, just the reverse to our familiar custom.

The babies of Moki Land lead a happy life.

Water is so precious here that none is wasted in those unnecessary and annoying scrubbings. The tub has no terrors for the urchins of these towns. They bathe only in the clear dry air, wash their faces in sunshine, comb their hair with the sharp wind from the desert, and are as healthy as the children of the poor in any land. They are wonderfully self-reliant. The town is an intricate apartment-house with steep stairways and tall crude ladders as the only means of communication between floor and floor. But babies

that can barely creep on level ground develop at a very early age a daring familiarity with the ups and downs of life.

Bronze babies are found everywhere. Some one has called them "Fried Cupids," and as in other lands these cupids rule the house.



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

HOW THE HOPI MAIDEN'S HAIR IS DRESSED



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

THE HAIR-DRESSING CONTINUED



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena
THE HAIR-DRESSING CONTINUED

The Hopi home is not at all unhomelike. The houses are well built of stone, with neatly plastered walls, thick sun-defying roofs of mud, and many doors and windows which admit fresh air and sunshine. Cooking is done in fireplaces not unlike our own, and the smoke is carried off through chimneys most ingeniously contrived. To make a Moki chimney, take a lot of dilapidated water-jars, knock out the bottoms, plaster up the cracks, and pile them jar on jar until the chimney is of sufficient height, and then build the house around the chimney. The English idea of the "chimney-pot" is not a new one to the Indian. Interiors are usually very clean and tidy, the walls and floors are frequently plastered with clay; a ledge runs around each room, affording sitting space for many guests; long poles are hung with brilliant blankets made by the neighboring Navajos, and high shelves are loaded with quaint pottery. In a corner are the inclined stones where women sit to grind the corn, and overhead is the well-constructed roof of beams and thatch, supporting a layer of sun-baked mud. A peep into another



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena
THE HAIR-DRESSING COMPLETED

to make a Moki chimney, take a lot of di-



MOKI LAND COIFFURES



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson
 WON'T WEAR EVEN BEADS

room reveals a brave array of melons and of decorated bowls heaped high with white corn-meal. Saddles, bridles, and a sombrero, tell that the master owns a pony, while a decaying grip-sack tells of a journey made once upon a time. Above our heads is a feather dangling from a string. This is the soul of the house; no dwelling is without it.

The Moki house is always the property of the wife; she has the right to order her

lord and master out of doors if he does not behave himself, but this she rarely does.

The Hopi are indeed "good people"; they do not gamble, and, strange to say, they do not drink. They scarcely know the taste of fire-water, and the conscientious trader is determined that they shall not know the red man's curse. The men are usually industrious, spending much time in the fields, planting, building dikes, digging ditches. Weaving is about their only indoor occupation. All house-



"AND THE MOTHER AND THE CHILD WERE THERE"

hold duties are performed by the women, and the Moki woman's hardest task is to carry water from the spring some five hundred feet below, near the rocky foundation of the mesa. These springs yield the water sparingly drop by drop, and in the dryer season the part of Rebecca at the well is one to try the patience even of the unhurried Moki



WASHED IN SUNSHINE ONLY



A HOPI INTERIOR



A HOPI HOME



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

TOKENS OF PROSPERITY

matron. Her lightest task is chewing the yeast for fermenting the batter to make the Moki's favorite dish—corn-pudding.



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

AT THE DAILY GRIND

We declined all invitations to dine out, though we did taste the Moki bread, called "*piki*," which looks like lavender tissue-paper; it is made from purple corn, ground and mixed with water, and cooked into crisp sheets on hot, flat stones. We find in nearly every house a number of the curious dolls called "*kalcinas*." These figures represent certain mythic



CORN-MEAL AND MELONS

deities of the Hopi pantheon. They are given to the children as an object-lesson in their intricate religion, to teach the little ones to know their gods by sight. At certain seasons festivals in honor of these gods are held, and full-grown men dressed to resemble these strange beings appear upon the streets wearing fantastic masks.



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson
HOPI HYDRAULICS

Moki Land also boasts of many other ceremonies that are unique and beautiful and thrilling, but little is said of these because of the sensational import of the Snake Dance.

We learned of many interesting, unfamiliar things from a missionary at Oraibi, a German gentleman representing the Russian Mennonite Society. During the five years of his stay his mission-house was made a veritable museum of curious Hopi paraphernalia. Each year he added to it some priceless bowl, or talisman, or mask, some sacred wand, or a quaint kachina doll, until this wonderful collection could not be left any longer in



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson
WATER JUGS AWAITING A SUPPLY OF WATER SUFFICIENT TO FILL THEM



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

BAKING PIKI BREAD

the far-away Arizona desert, never seen save by the infrequent tourist. Thanks to the generosity of a young millionaire, these invaluable illustrations of the Hopi rites and social customs have been transferred to the Field Columbian Museum, in Chicago, where to-day the student may find an epitome of Hopi life. In addition to the Mennonite and several other missions there is a government school at the foot of every mesa. School does not keep in summer, but we camped in a school-house during our visit to the middle mesa, and ate the two poor teachers out of house and home. They told us that the opening exercises during school-terms



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE

consisted in a detailed scrubbing of every member of the infant class with government soap and precious water from the springs. The Hopi look upon this wasteful ceremony as proof that white people are insane. It is to them far more ridiculous than their invocations to the gods for rain can ever seem to us. We did not have an opportunity to study the results of government instruction. The bathing habit does not become fixed, and I doubt if the a, b, c, or even the



THE REV. MR. VOTH'S COLLECTION AT THE MISSION



MOKI SPOONING
LOVER BUSY KNITTING
HIS INAMORATA HOLDING HIS FOOT

Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

multiplication-table takes deeper root. How can they, when the teachers sent to train the infant Indians are not obliged to learn the language of the people? What progress is possible with the barrier of language between pupil and preceptor?

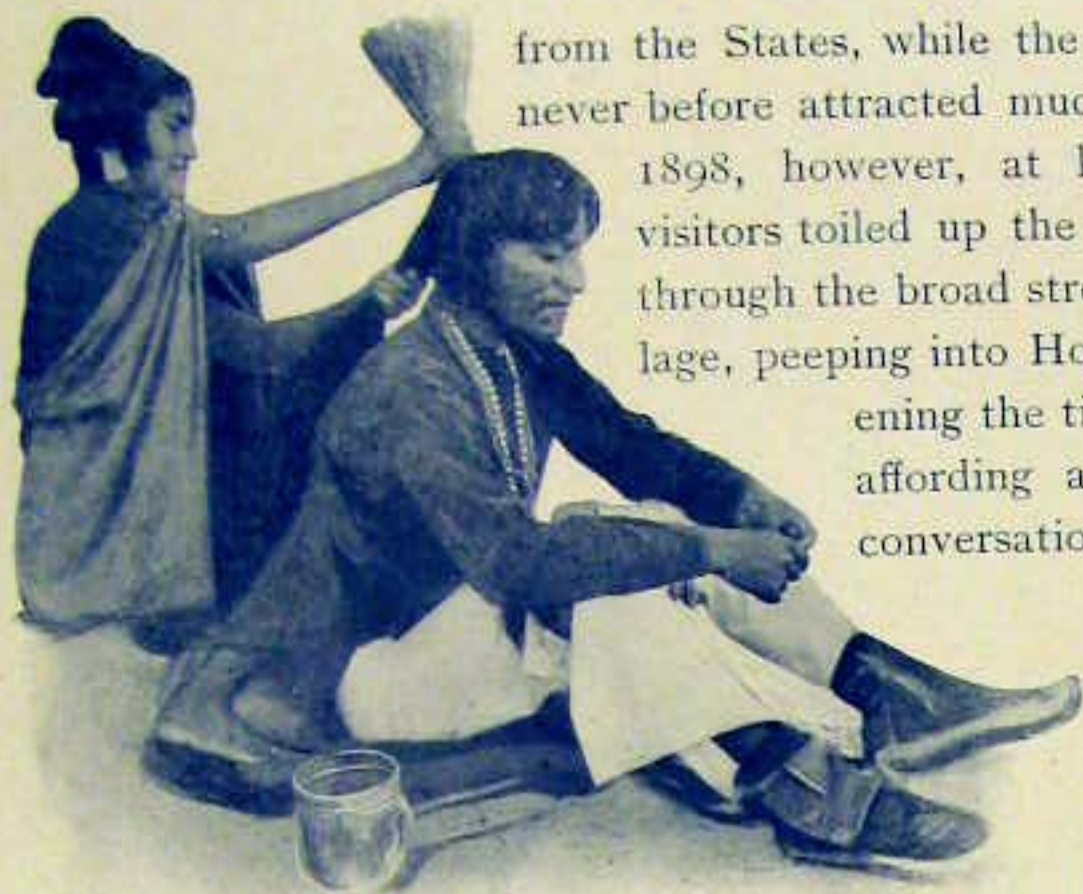
The Snake Dance of 1898 was performed in August at Oraibi. Though Oraibi is the largest town of Moki Land, it is at the same time

the one least in touch with the white man's civilization. Walpi has long been accustomed to the visits of strangers



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

A. GOVERNMENT SCHOOL



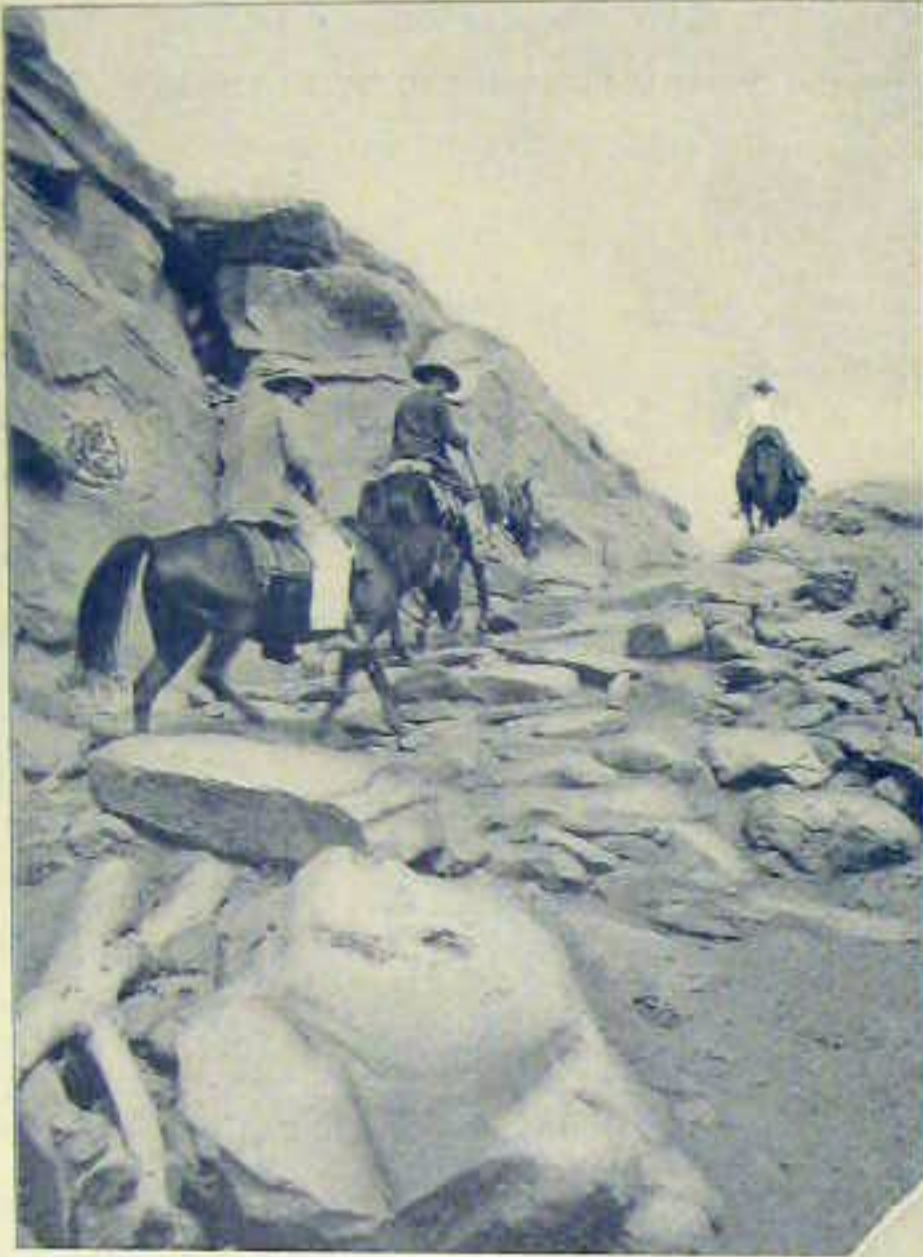
Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson
BRUSHING BROTHER'S HAIR

from the States, while the Oraibi dance has never before attracted much attention. In 1898, however, at least forty white visitors toiled up the trail and roamed through the broad streets of the big village, peeping into Hopi houses, frightening the timid children, and affording a new subject of conversation for the elders, who rarely see a white stranger. Subjects of conversation, by the way, are few in Moki Land; but

never-failing topics are the lack of water, the condition of the springs, and the possibility of a copious downpour in response to the invocations of the priests. The one thought uppermost in Hopi minds is how to bring the rains down from the passing clouds upon the thirsty fields and into their empty reservoirs and cisterns. The whole complicated symbolism of their religion illustrates this never absent aspiration. The ceremonies we are soon to witness, however vague their meaning may appear, are all performed by a believing people to the end that springs may flow abundantly, that copious rains may fall, and that bounteous crops of corn and beans and melons may grow up out of the desert sands.



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson
QUEEN-CHOW-A



RIDING TO ORAIBI

their respective kivas, chanting old songs, the meanings of which were long ago forgotten. Should we venture into those dark refuges and look upon forbidden things, we should, according to the Hopi belief, swell up and burst instantly. But in spite of this awful danger, many of these secret rites, so long and tedious, have been very carefully studied by American ethnologists, some of whom have been made members of the societies, and admitted to

For nine days the village has been wrapped in mystery. Meetings of immemorial societies have been held in the chambers underground, called "*kivas*," the entrances to which are accented by projecting ladderpoles. The Antelope and Snake societies sit in solemn conclave in



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

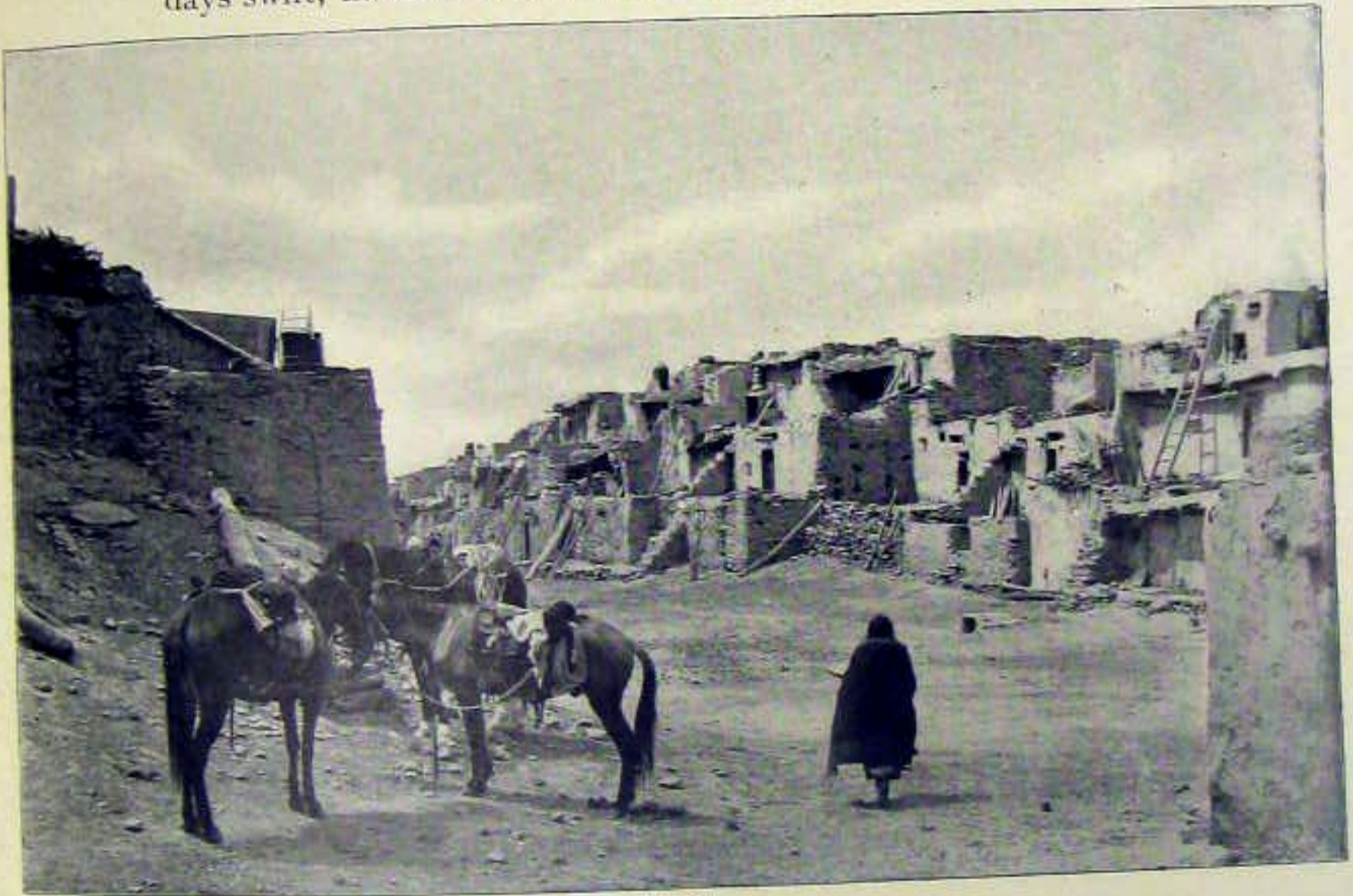
DRAWING WATER FROM A CISTERN

Photograph by Sumner W. Manson



THE WASHING OF THE SNAKES

the most solemn and utterly unspeakable séances. But the minute details recorded by the scientists do not interest the casual visitor, intent on the broad picturesqueness of the public ceremony. While these invisible doings are in progress underground, other strange things are happening in the wide desert round about. Each day for seven days swift, naked runners are sent out to carry *bahos*, or



ORAIIBI

prayer-offerings, to distant shrines. The first messenger speeds on foot around the mesa, describing a circuit of twenty-five miles; but each succeeding day the circle shrinks, until on the last day the runner closely skirts the town itself, depositing his tokens in the nearby shrines. The wider circuit is made that the rain-clouds hiding far away may see and be attracted, and then may be lead nearer and nearer as the runner shortens his course, until they can hear



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

CONSECRATING "BAHOS" IN THE ANTELOPE KIVA

the prayers of the people in the villages. Hopi men and boys are famous for their fleetness. One who was employed



Flash-light photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

SNAKE PRIESTS SLEEPING ON THE KIVA ROOF



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

SNAKE MEN

by Volz to bring him news of the priestly proclamation fixing the exact date of the dance, ran to the railway at Cañon Diablo and back again to his village, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, in twenty-five hours; all this in loose ankle-deep



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

RETURNING FROM THE FIRST DAY'S HUNT



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

A SHRINE WITH OFFERINGS OF FEATHERS AND BAHOS

sand. It may be said for comparison that the same journey, including only such stops as were necessary for sleep and food, cost us four days of horseback travel.

But while the circling messengers are propitiating the spirits of the shrines, other men set out to seek other mes-



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

SNAKE HUNTERS LEAVING THE KIVA ON THE FIRST DAY'S HUNT, TO THE NORTH



Photograph by Sumner W. Mason
"ANTELOPE MAID" AND "SNAKE YOUTH" IN ANTELOPE RIVA AT FOUR A. M.
ON THE NINTH DAY OF THE SNAKE CEREMONY



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

THE SNAKE HUNT TO THE WEST

sengers more pleasing to the greater spirits who control the hydraulics of the sky. These messengers are snakes; the



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

THE SNAKE HUNT TO THE EAST

rattlesnake is called "chief" because it is most efficacious in bringing rain. For four days snakes are hunted far and wide, first to the north, then to the west, south, and east. The men are armed with sticks and hoes, and carry little bags in which they gently place their wriggling captives.



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson
PRIESTS SMOKING AND PRAYING
AROUND THE SACRED FIRE THE
NIGHT PREVIOUS TO THE PUBLIC
HANDLING OF THE SNAKES



RED-ROBED WATCHERS

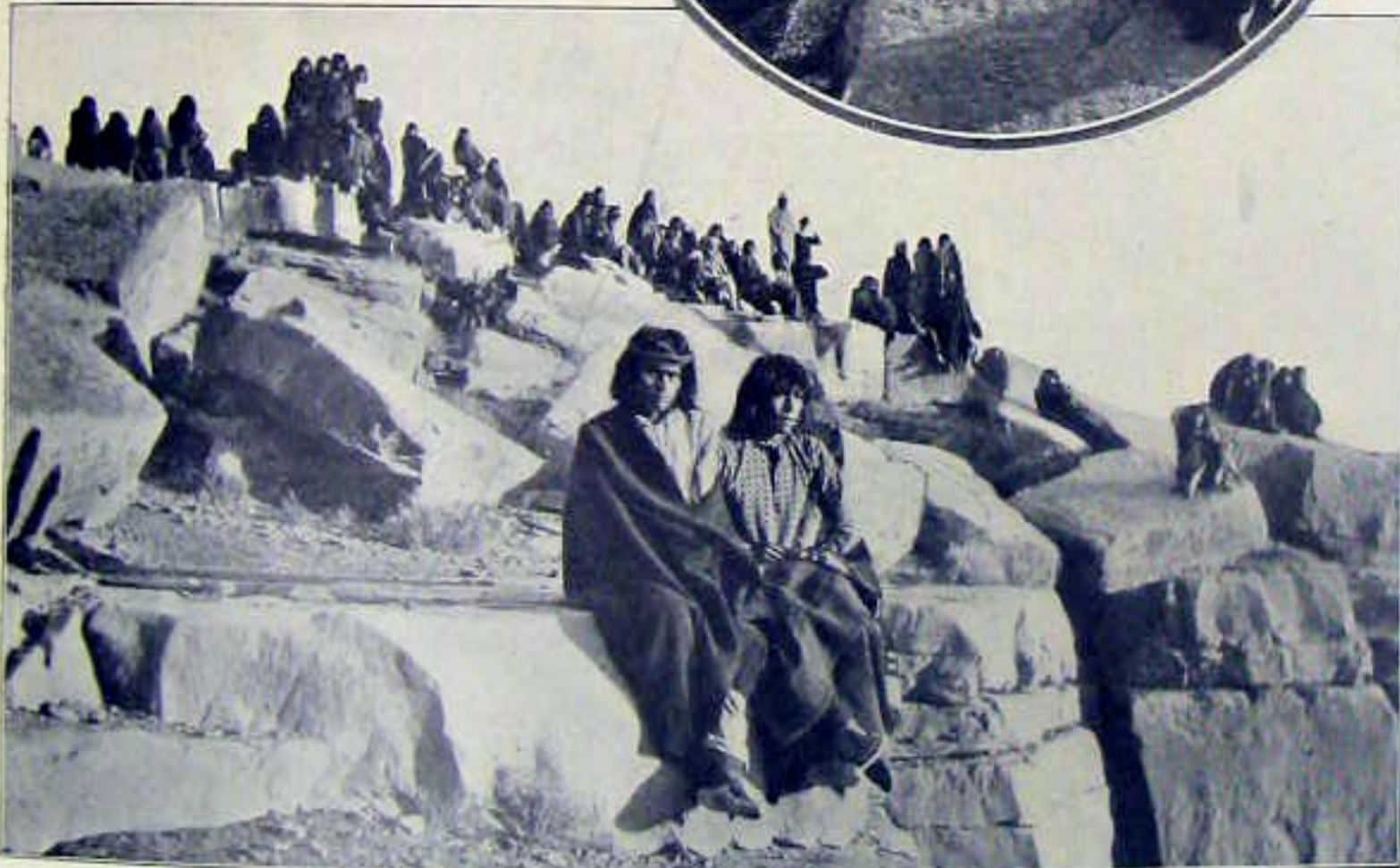
The reptile-gatherers are never followed. It would be injurious to follow, and is an omen of evil-fortune even to meet them in the desert. During their

long forays, the fields are deserted. The lay population remains in town, at home.

On the eighth day after the commencement of the ceremonies a sort of public rehearsal of the dance is held; but in place of snakes the priests use the melon-vines and corn-stalks.



SUNRISE
SPECTATORS



ON THE ROCKY "GRAND STAND"

This is called the Antelope Dance, because the Antelope Fraternity directs it. Then on the morning of the great ninth day the village is astir long before the sun has peeped above the desert rim. The populace robed in brilliant blankets stand like aboriginal cardinals on the mesa roofs



WATCHING THE RACERS

the desert a light that looks like pinkish dust. And then, following the eager glance of this assembled multitude, we presently distinguish a dozen figures in the distance running toward us. The "sunrise race" is on, the young men are contending for the honor of being the first to bring a sacred token from the fields. The token is a gourd filled with water. It is snatched from hand to hand as the runners overtake one another. On they come, fleet

and peer eagerly toward the corn-fields, whence strange cries come now and then. All eyes are riveted on something in the lower distance, something that is moving, for these intently gazing faces slowly turn from left to right. At last the round sun rises and casts over



ADMONISHING THE WINNER HOW TO DEPOSIT HIS PRIZE AS A BLESSING TO HIS FIELD AND CROPS



A PRIEST REWARDS THE WINNER

as antelopes in spite of the retarding sands, then up the broken surface of the trail as if it were a level track, then through the admiring crowds gathered above, and finally to the door of the Antelope Kiva where the victor is rewarded by a priest who recites before him some mysterious words of praise or



THE "CORN-LADS" CLIMBING TO ORAHII

compliment, and bestows upon him the gourd which the victor buries in his own field to ensure its future fertility.

Meantime we have discovered hiding amid the rocks a numerous company of younger boys fantastically arrayed, or rather unarrayed. Some, it is true, wear scanty rags, but most of them wear nothing but a coat of paint applied to face and arms and body. They carry long green stalks of



THE RUSH OF THE "CORN LADS"

corn and little bells which begin to jingle joyfully when, a moment later, these lurking corn-lads suddenly pop from the recesses in the cliff and go clambering skyward, waving their green banners. Arriving on the level mesa-top they form in companies and charge toward the village where, massed



SNAKE PRIESTS ENTERING THEIR KIVA



THE PLAZA OF THE SNAKE DANCE AT WALPI.

upon a mound, the women and girls of Oraibi are eagerly awaiting their approach. As soon as the advancing boys are near enough for the girls to see the whites of their laughing eyes, a counter charge is made; a phalanx of femininity sweeps down upon the army of corn-bearing lads and there ensues



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

CLOUD, CORN, LIGHTNING, AND RAIN SYMBOLS

a scrimmage, which recalls a cane-rush. The object of the girls is to wrest the cornstalks from the hands of the troop of boys and then to take them from one another.

A few hours later the Snake Priests, who have been chanting weird songs in the kiva of the Antelope Society, file out from that mysterious council-cave, crossing the plaza, and disappear through the trap-door of their own kiva, where the



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

AFTER THE WASHING

snakes are now in close confinement. Few white men have ever been permitted to witness the secret rites performed in these dark kivas. To-day the most impressive of them all is celebrated—the ceremony of the washing of the snakes. After these priests have entered let us in imagination follow them into the dark recesses of that forbidden den.

The privileged observer, to whom we are indebted for the unique pictures of the kiva ceremonies, reports that after the



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

SNAKE YOUTHS TOYING WITH RATTLEERS

priests, with many impressive ceremonial details and much weird chanting, had dipped the snakes one by one into a bowl of charm-liquid, they threw them across the kiva and brushed them about in the colored sands which had been used in making a symbolic sand-mosaic upon the altar. Then the reptiles were put into a large bag in which they are carried to the public ceremony. The weird horror of the



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

DRYING THE SOUSED SNAKES IN THE SUN

scene, impossible to convey in words, is suggested by the pictures which successfully reveal several of the dramatic episodes of this frightful pagan rite.

Above ground in the plaza stands what is called the "*kisi*," a tent-like structure of cottonwood boughs faced with corn-stalks. It has been set up by the priests on the eighth day. In this a man will be concealed with the capture of snakes,

and from the kisi he will hand them to the dancers one by one at the required moment. The plaza is still practically empty and remains thus until the sun has almost reached the western edge of Moki Land. Then in the fading light spectators soon gather; photographers, cinematographers, and chronomatographers unlimber their

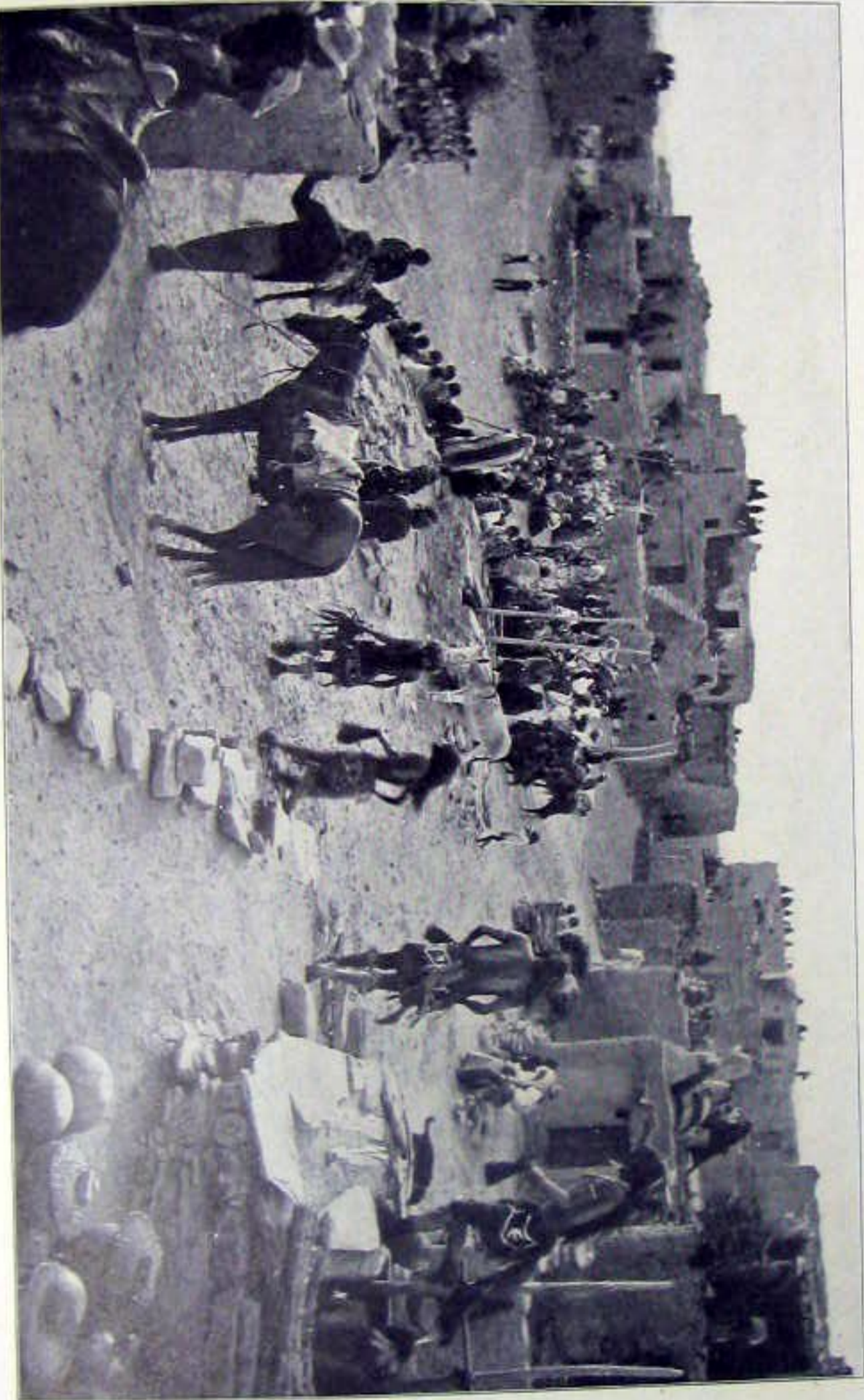


Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena
BUILDING THE KISI



THE PHOTOGRAPHIC BATTERY

heavy batteries, while kodakers and snap-shooters maneuver for a favorable position. But the sun, already low, will set before its time; for in the west is rising a dense black bank of cloud, as if to foil these impious intruders, and at the same time assure the priests of



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

ENTRY OF THE GRAIBI SNAKE PRIESTS

the Hopi that the rain-clouds have heard the prayers and are marshaling their forces to give a thunderous answer to the final and supreme invocation which the priests are soon to make. Longer and longer grow the shadows, but before they merge into the shades of twilight, there comes an expectant murmur from the crowd, and a moment later the pagan priesthoods are all in their places and are ready to begin their solemn and dramatic invocations.



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

THE ANTELOPE PRIESTS

First, nine members of the Antelope Society rise one by one from out of the earth, and march with rapid measured strides four times around the plaza. Then, standing in a line with backs turned to the kisi, they await the advent of their brothers of the Snake Fraternity. The pause gives us an opportunity to study their elaborate make-up. A picture

tells more in an instant than words could tell in half a day. Embroidered cotton sashes are the most salient features of their uniform. Long fox-skins hang behind them from the waist, necklaces and bracelets are seen on necks and arms, and in their hands they carry little rattles. Upon bare arms and legs are zigzag marks of pasty clay, symbols of lightning; tied near the knees are rattles made of tortoise shells



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

THE SNAKE PRIESTS

to imitate the sound of thunder, while lines are drawn like mustaches from ear to ear, and the ears are hid by flowing tresses. They wear their hair like this "because the rain-clouds wear their tresses so." The chief priest stands nearest to us; at his feet we see a thick feathery wand called a "*típoni*," the badge of his sacred office. The second priest in line is the asperger, who sprinkles the charm-



THE TWO PRIESTHOODS BEGINNING THE CHANTS

liquid from a bowl with a bunch of eagle-feathers. He is distinguished by the crown of leaves upon his venerable head. Then come six other priests and one little novice, admitted this year for the first time to participation in the dance. Meantime the Snake Men have appeared, marched round four times, and taken their position.



THE SNAKE CEREMONY AT ORAIBI IN 1898

The wooden board lying on the ground just in front of the Antelope Men, covers a shallow hole called "*sipapu*," the entrance to the underworld. Every time a priest passes the sipapu he stamps upon it to give assurance to dead



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

WITH EARNEST PAGAN PIETY

ancestors that the clan is faithfully performing this immemorial rite appointed by the fathers in the forgotten past. And now comes the first movement of the dance itself,—but the word "dance" conveys a wrong impression. This is a symbolic ceremony, not a dance. The two fraternities begin a low peculiar chant, swaying their bodies, waving their feather wands, pointing them at the ground. The humming chant is almost wordless; it represents the sighing of the winds, the rushing of the storm-clouds, while the accompanying rattles play an obligato as of thunder. There is in it all a mystery and dignity which cannot be described. The movements may at first appear too grotesque, but they are grimly so; the Hopi mystics are never without that dignity peculiar

to the children of the desert. The costume of the Snake brothers differs from that of the Antelopes. The kilt is of brown leather with designs of white. Upon the breasts are blotches instead of stripes of clay. Each man carries in one hand a little bag containing sacred corn-meal, in the other a wand of wood with eagle-feather tips. Before attempting to pick up a rattlesnake the priest throws a pinch of meal toward the setting sun, then another upon the coiling snake.

A snake must coil before it can spring and strike; the secret of safety lies in the skill with which the priest induces



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

THE PRELIMINARY CHANT — ORAIBI

the rattler to uncoil. He tickles it deftly with the eagle-feather wand, and the snake, knowing by instinct that the stroke of an eagle's wing always precedes the grip of the eagle's fatal claw, quickly uncoils and squirms away in search of hole or refuge. Once straightened out he may be picked



GRIPPING THE REPTILES WITH TEETH AND FINGERS

up with impunity. As the dance proceeds, you will see some of the priests take snakes of various kinds from the kisi, then, holding the neck between the teeth and the body in the hands, dance slowly round and round, followed by other priests

whose duty is to aid the carrier in case of need, and to gather up

Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

the wriggling snakes and prevent their escape, after they have been dropped upon the ground. Invariably the gatherer first throws a pinch of meal toward the sun and then one upon the snake, strokes it with a feathery wand, and then with a gesture swift as light he seizes it and adds it to the wriggling cluster clutched in his left hand. Meantime the



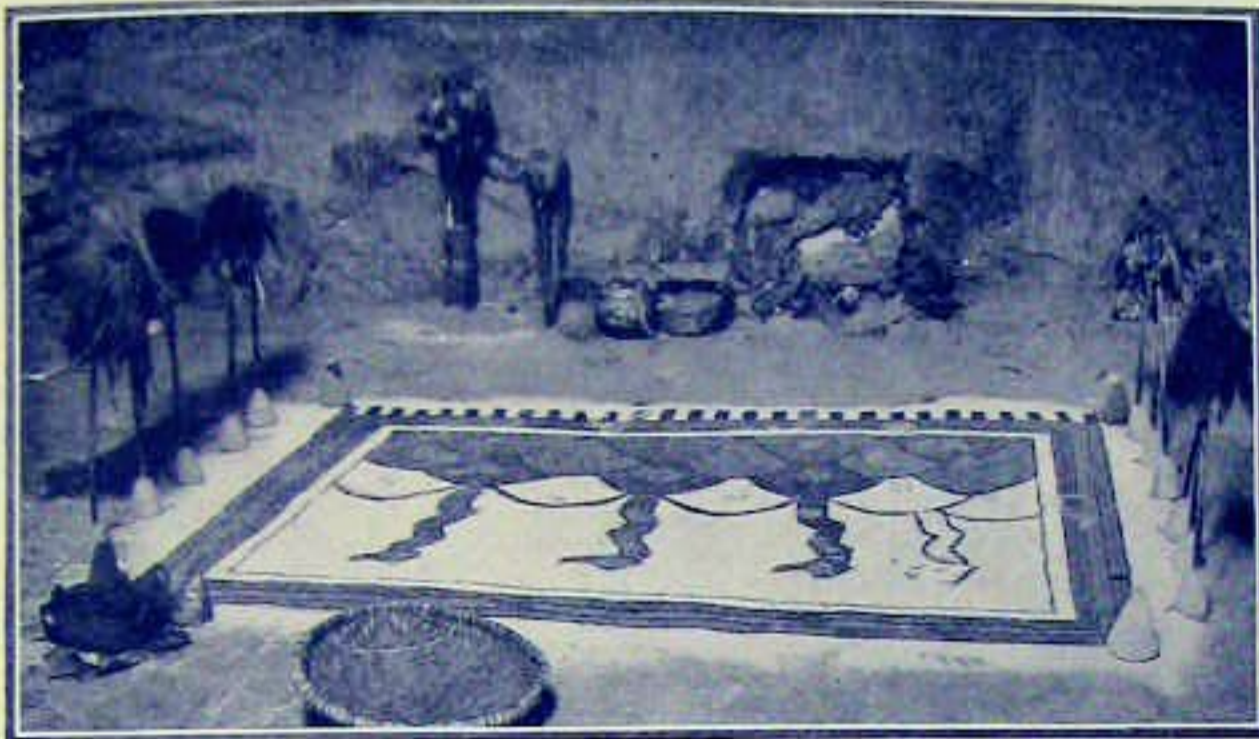
BARBARIC BRAVERY

Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena



Photograph by Sumner W. Materson

GATHERERS



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

ANTELOPE SAND-PAINTING

other priests are chanting and swaying their dark bodies to and fro. One by one, the snakes, about sixty in number, many of them venomous rattlers, are carried round the plaza, dropped on the ground, and gathered in by watchful following priests.

One of the latter, angered because white visitors have approached too near the kisi, vents his spite upon a lady spectator, an artist, who stands near the circling priests, resting a canvas-covered stretcher on the ground as a sort of barrier to ward off the crawling snakes which now and then



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

ALTAR IN THE ANTELOPE KIVA DURING THE DANCE



INVOKING THE
LIGHTNING

Photograph by
Sumner W. Matteson

glide toward the timorous onlookers. The gatherer resents her fortified attitude, and each time that he picks up a snake, he swings it nearer and nearer to her face in an attempt to frighten her into retreat. But he tries this once too often, for a final bold attempt to twine the reptile round her neck is met by a counter-attack. The artist lifts her stout stretcher, swings it valiantly above her head as a protection, and brings it down *smack* on the head of the astonished Snake Man!

Meantime, women with baskets of cornmeal assemble near at hand. A priest draws with the sacred meal a circle on the ground. Into this circle all the snakes are hurled, forming a coiling pyramid of horror. For an instant the dancers pause, and then on a signal all rush forward, plunging their arms into the writhing heap, and seize as many reptiles as the hand will hold. The little boy-priest emerges from the scramble with four snakes longer than himself. And then away dash the frenzied bearers with their garlands of intertangled serpents, down the steep trails toward the desert



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

SHOOTING THE "LIGHTNING FRAME"



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

THE FLUTE FRATERNITY AT A SPRING



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

MAKING THUNDER

which has grown dark and somber, for the sun has set. Far and wide the priests have scattered, lost in the dimness of



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

A FEAST FOR THE FASTERS

the world below. When half an hour later they return, their hands are empty, the snakes, messengers sure of a hearing with the spirits of the underworld, have been set at liberty and are now bearing the petitions of the people to the rulers of the rains.

The Snake Men strip and bathe at the spring below, enter their kiva, deposit their ceremonial trappings, and finally in simple scant attire they gather on the roof of the kiva and drink huge bowls of nauseous emetic, enduring with stoical



Photograph by H. C. Vreman, Pasadena

PURIFICATION!

unconcern the inevitable, immediate result. This "ceremony of purification" ended, a feast begins, and the succeeding days are spent in revelry. No accidents have marked the celebration, apparently so perilous. No dancers have been bitten by the snakes.

At past performances, however, trustworthy witnesses have seen the rattlesnakes draw blood from Moki arms, but never has a death resulted from the bite. Scientific observers have captured rattlers after their release by the priests;

and on examination the fangs were found intact, the poison-sacs well filled with deadly venom. We do not know why the holy men of Moki Land do not fear the rattlesnake nor how they render its dreaded fangs innocuous. We hear vague rumors of a magical concoction, a broth brewed from the juice of beetles—an antidote more efficacious than the familiar "bug juice" employed by the white man in similar



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

A FLUTE CEREMONY AT A SPRING

emergencies. But of this we have no certain knowledge. The secret of immunity remains a Hopi secret, jealously guarded by the successive generations of the brotherhoods.

The Snake Dance closes with a glorious sunset built up by the dark clouds which have assembled to witness all those strange rites which every year are celebrated in their honor. And it is an incontrovertible fact that Hopi prayers are usually far more efficacious in bringing rains than are the

prayers of the average country clergymen. It may be that the cunning priests know from experience when the rains may be expected, and time their ceremonies accordingly. Still, that is no slight achievement, for the date of the Snake Dance is announced nineteen days in advance.

The line of the desert horizon seen from the Hopi villages is broken by a series of buttes and mesas sharply outlined against the sky. The Hopi priests regard that circle of shapes as the zodiac in their annual calculations. When



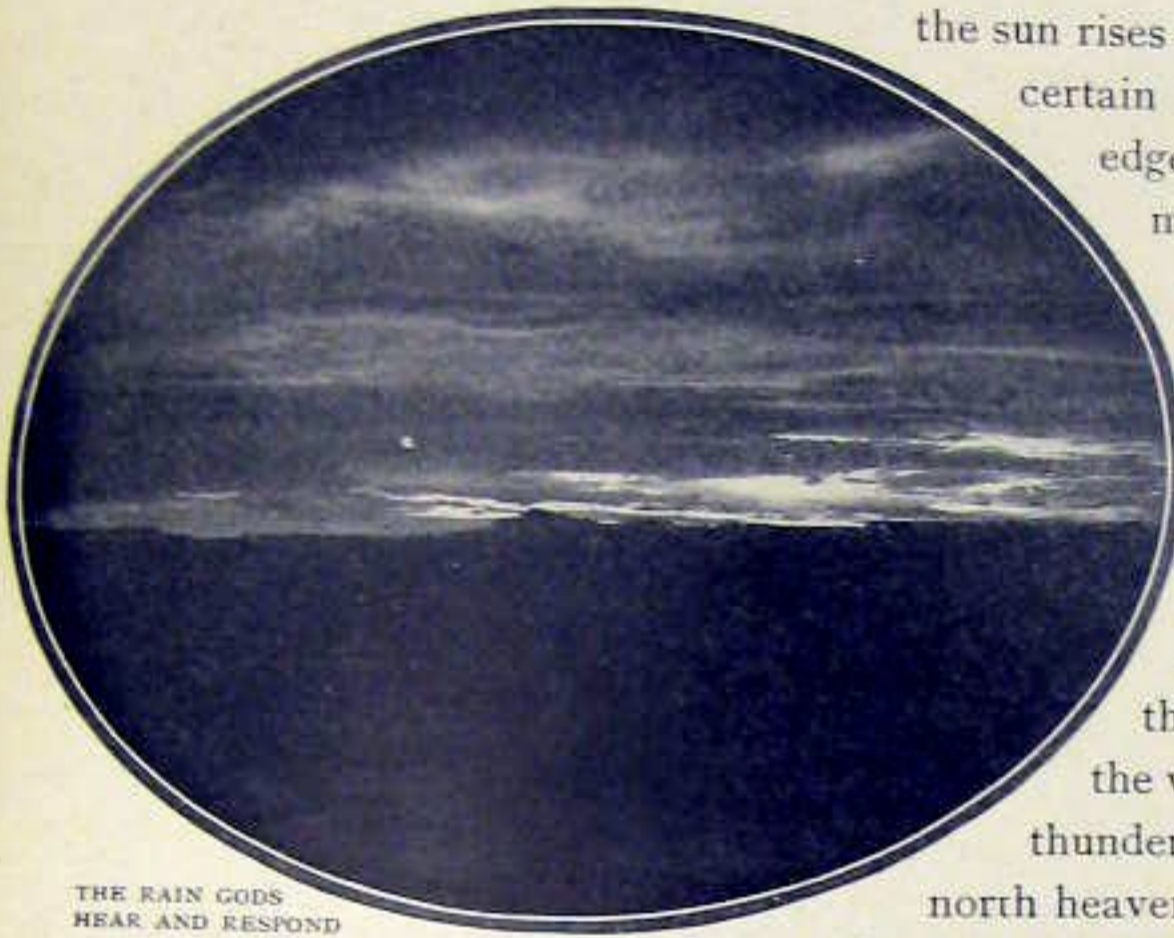
Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson, Sept. 15, 1901

THE ORAIBI FLUTE ALTAR

EVERYTHING INDICATES COMING RAIN — DUCKS COMING OUT — SWALLOWS FLYING HOME — LIGHTNINGS — BLOSSOMING EARTH — LINES OF FALLING RAIN

LALLACONTE CEREMONY AT WALPI, SEPT. 5, 1901





THE RAIN GODS
HEAR AND RESPOND

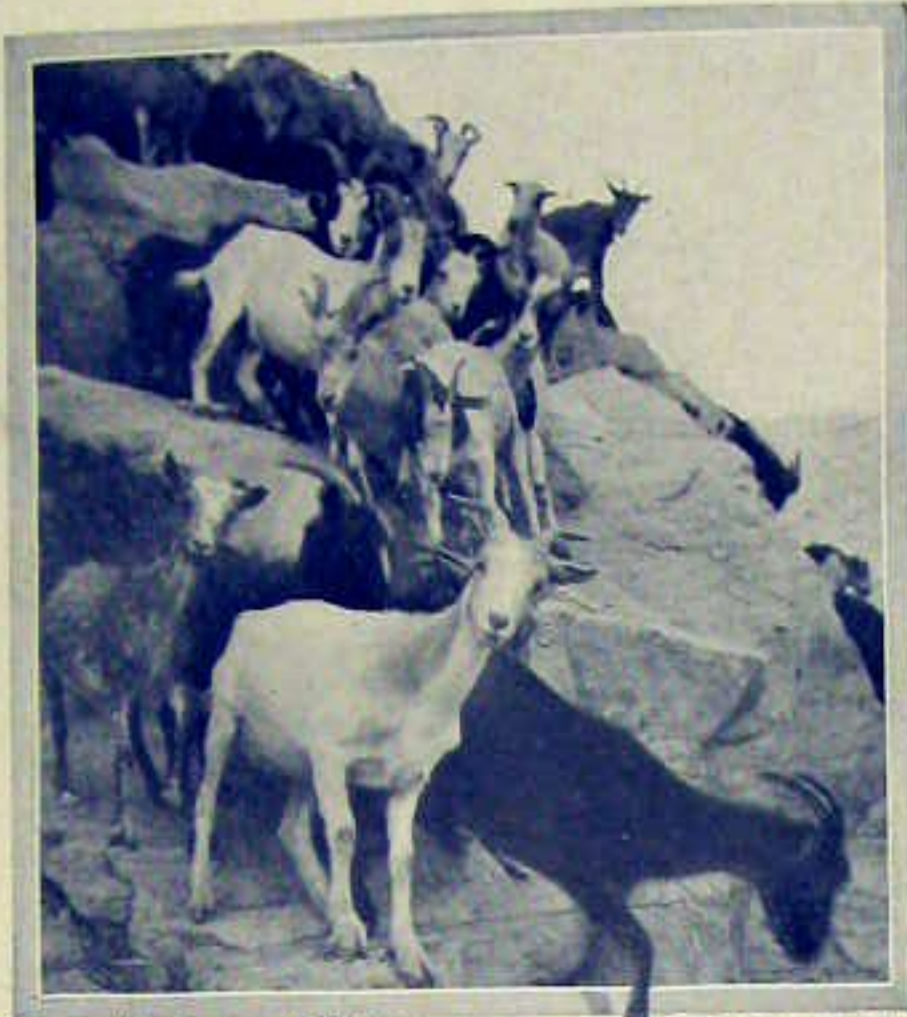
the sun rises or sets behind a certain butte or at the edge of a certain mesa, then the observance of a certain rite is imperative. The day following the invocation held at Oraibi in 1898 there burst over the villages a terrific thunder-storm. In the

north heavens were as black as night, fierce lightnings flashed, and the rain descended, as if entire lakes had been snatched up



A WORLD-WIDE PASTURE

by the grateful Rain Gods, wrapped in black vapors, and dispatched to Moki Land in answer to the prayers of the Good People. Yet the downpour fell only upon the Moki mesas



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson

MOKI GOATS

and upon the Moki fields. We were then several miles away, en route to the railway; no rain fell where we stood, halting in silent wonder at the spectacle, for while the north sky was hidden by that black curtain of the storm, the south sky, toward which we were retreating, was artistically draped with lace-like clouds upon a background of pale blue.

Red mesas, a day's journey distant, seemed in the clear sharp atmosphere within a few miles of our path. Here and there we came upon a flock of sheep or goats belonging to the Navajos, for "Lo, the poor Indian" is not poor in Arizona. The Navajo nation is immensely rich in cattle, sheep, and horses. The tribe possesses one million six hundred thousand sheep, sixty thousand head of cattle, three hundred thousand goats, and so many horses that no equine census exists.



A NAVAJO BAMBINO

At Volz's Emporium No. 2, at The Lakes, we find a multitude of Navajos assembled. The trader is about to give his annual "treat" to his customers. He has announced a two-day tournament, offered prizes for contests and races,



A NAVAJO ROUND-UP AT THE LAKES.

and invited the entire blue-book list of Navajo Land, agreeing to feed the braves, their wives, and children, for two days. When we arrive, the guests are already gathered. They come from far and near; some families have ridden a hundred and fifty miles to attend the grandest social function of the year. The men bring rifles and lariats, the women blankets and papooses. We make a rough count of the visitors. There are about four hundred of them, a Navajo "four hundred" representing the best blood



EARLY ARRIVALS

and the greatest wealth of an old, heroic, wealthy tribe. These people are far more hardy than the Mokis, more admirable in many ways, but far less civilized. The trader arranges with the chiefs the details of the ceremonies and the contests. First there will be a grand march, led by Mr. Volz, the host, and the old Chief, whom all the guests treat with much respect. Then a pony race with Navajo boys as jockeys, then a foot-race contested by both Mokis and Navajos, and one American college man. The latter has the advantage at the start, but when the runners cross a stretch of loose sand, he falls behind. The barefoot Indians skim over the soft places. A Moki wins. The colors of Cornell do not get even a place, the white man being the fourth to cross the line.



THE ROOSTER-PLUCKING CONTEST



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

"RATTLESNAKE JACK"

Then comes the *Gallo* race or rooster - plucking contest, one of the most exciting sports of the big southwest.

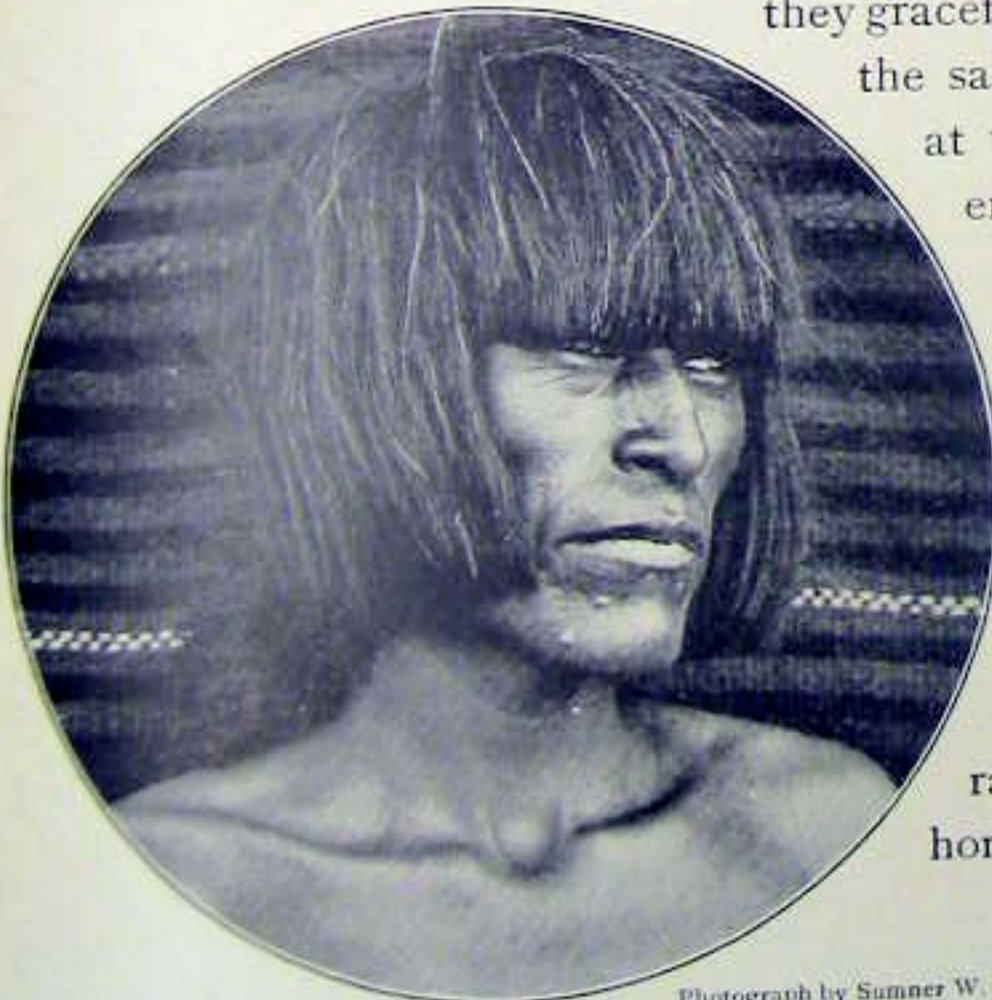
A live rooster is buried in the sand, with its protruding head left protruding like a curious animated plant.

Many savage cavaliers assemble in the distance and one by one they ride furiously

toward us. Then, as they near the red comb of the gallo, they gracefully swing earthward from the saddle, making a swift grab at the protruding neck in an endeavor to jerk the rooster from the sand and thus secure the prize. The feat is difficult, and of the forty or fifty riders only a few even touch the wriggling bait. Innumerable grabs are made, sandy clouds are raised, horses stumble, the horsemen almost lose their



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson
A NAVAJO SILVERSMITH



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson
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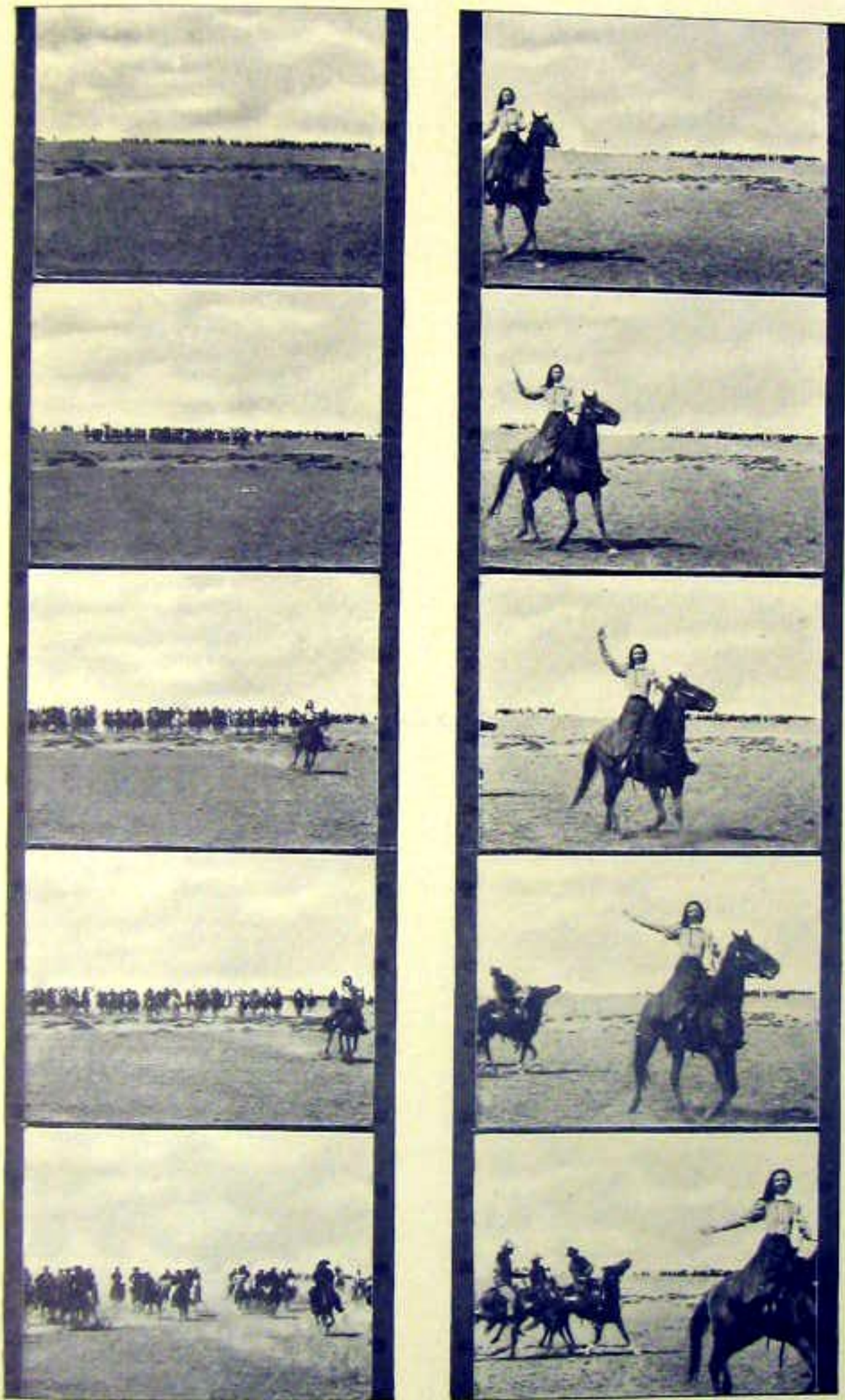
balance, and still the cock remains untouched. But at last the screaming bird is gripped by some skilful hand and deftly disinterred. Then away dashes the successful brave, followed by a squadron of desperate red men, each one intent on securing a wing or leg of that unhappy fowl. Ten minutes later the prize has been torn into a hundred shreds and every bloody-handed Navajo possesses some gory souvenir of the struggle.



Photograph by H. C. Vroman, Pasadena

A NAVAJO HOGAN

Among the spectators not one is more enthusiastic than "Rattlesnake Jack," the bravest and most daring member of our caravan. "Jack" was a girl from Denver. We called her "Jack" because she liked the name, and used the prefix, "Rattlesnake," because she carried in her pocket a beautiful collection of rattles which she had calmly cut with a penknife from protesting rattlers' tails. There is many a



RATTLESNAKE JACK PURSUED BY A BAND OF NAVAJOS

dumb snake wandering unhappily in the great desert, thanks to the campaign waged by Rattlesnake Jack.

Jack is the heroine of one of the most thrilling motion-pictures made in Arizona. She is determined to experience the sensations of one pursued by a band of Indians. She challenges the braves to catch her, mounts the chief's horse, and dashes away, followed by a mob of mounted savages.



"AMONG THOSE PRESENT"

They fail to overtake her, and after the race, obediently follow her, ranging themselves before the camera as she rides forward and salutes the spectators.

The Navajos are lost in admiration for the daughter of the pale-face, and her exploits will long be talked of in the crude desert dwellings or "hogans" of the tribe. The tournament of '98 will be memorable among them because of her; but that of '99 will be more memorable,

because in that year the Indians beheld a miracle. The same white men come again, one year later, bringing strange instruments and a big white sheet, which they stretch on the outer wall of Volz's store. Then, after night has fallen, half a thousand red men, crouching in the sand, behold upon that white surface huge pictures in which men seem to live and



THE GUESTS OF TRADER VOLZ

move. They view the moving multitudes in the streets of far-off cities; they *see* the railway trains that they have merely heard about; they see themselves performing deeds which they know were performed twelve months before. But what astounds them most is the appearance in life upon that screen of tribesmen who have died during the intervening



DAUGHTERS OF THE DESERT

year, or others whom they know are far away. As each familiar figure passes, the dumb-founded spectators start to utter cries of consternation, then clap their hands over their mouths and try to smother the incipient yells, so that the ghosts shall not become frightened and disappear. Strange to relate, no curiosity at all

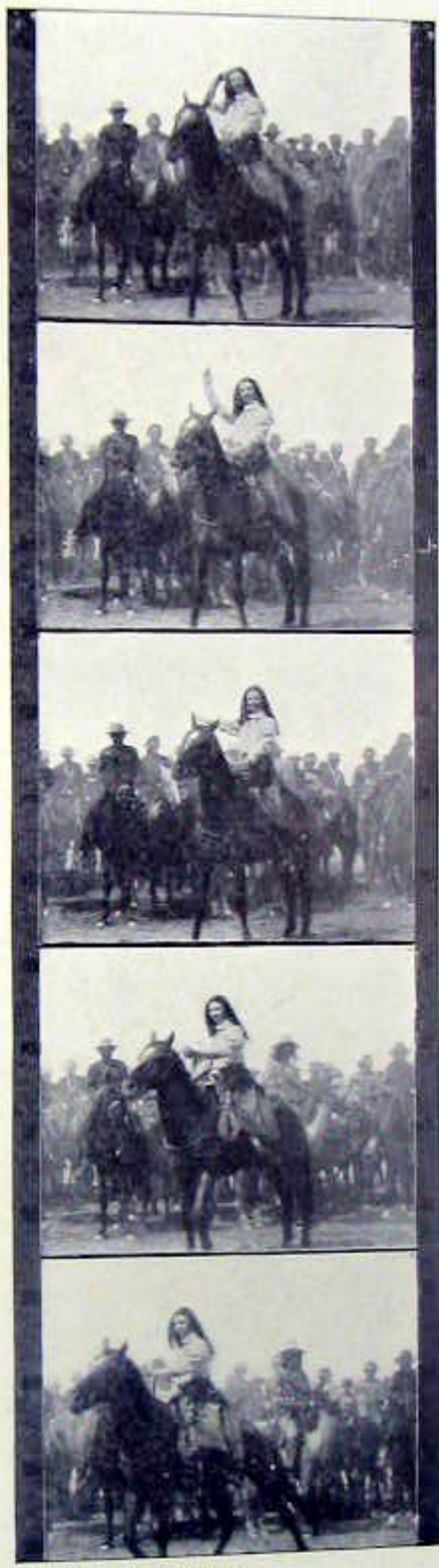
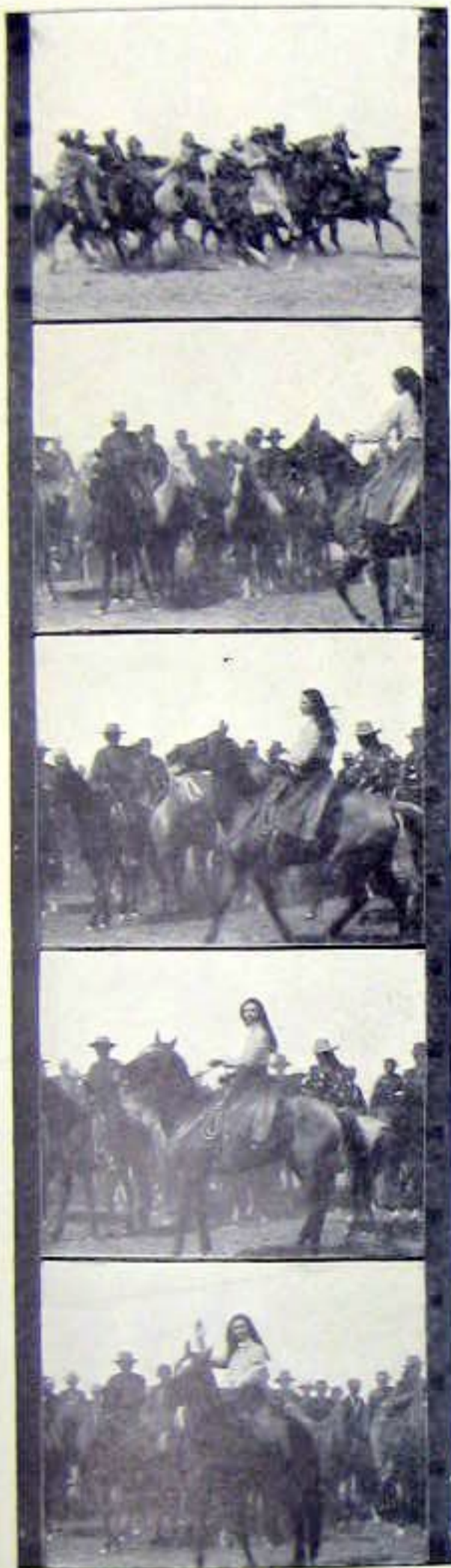


AT THE RACES

is excited by the projecting instrument, but the canvas screen is minutely examined by the nonplused Navajos who finger it and rub their cheeks against it, as if to detect some sign of life or of sorcery in the white fabric.

After the tournament is ended, feasting begins; then, late at night, shadowy forms assemble near the store and perform weird dances. A hundred Navajos in a circle, elbow to elbow, move slowly round and round, with a stamping step, chanting strange songs. We, too, take places in the ring and become almost hypnotized by the rhythm and the movement and the ruddy glare of the fire around which we are circling. All night the dancers sing and circle; when we are roused just before sunrise, to prepare for departure, wild monotonous chanting still comes to us from distant





RATTLESNAKE JACK AFTER THE RACE

"hogans," where at least a remnant of the tireless braves are persisting in their somber all-night revel.

We ride away while the desert is still hid in the purple shadows, for we have nearly thirty miles to cover in the next four hours, else we shall miss the eastbound express. We are not eager to return to civilization; the charm of the



BACK TOWARD THE WORLD OF CITIES

desert is still upon us; we have not yet drunk deep enough of its life-giving air; we have not yet satisfied our eyes with looking at the wide horizon. The Painted Desert, stretching away toward the Grand Cañon, spreads out a tempting feast of space and color. The Painted Desert is the most alluring desert in the world; a gorgeous expanse of tinted sands and rocks and ledges painted by Nature when the earth was young.

But there is no water there, and we dare not venture westward toward that realm of beauty, thirst, and death.

Therefore we set our faces toward the south, toward the railway and the world of cities ; and as we ride, the magic colors fade away from earth and sky, save for a faint tinge of yellow that lingers overhead, a last reflection of the sandy world which we are leaving with regret.

The fascination of the desert, the charm of the *flat places* of the earth cannot be explained. It must be felt. If you would know one of the most wholesome joys of life, go buy a saddle and a bridle, a bronco, and a blanket, and forgetting all the petty things of life ride away into this Sahara of our glorious southwest, and there find the true meaning of such words as space — exhilaration — freedom !







