



The Camp on the

Turning to the other turtles he said, "Ready," and all dived into the water making a big splash, leaving the boy standing on the bank alone.

Although disappointed he resolved to go back to the hill again and try further for the next time he would be sure to succeed. The way back seemed much farther and much more tiresome than when he went to the hills.



mp on the Little Big Horn

Reaching his place again he raised his cry and presently saw a large cliff upon a mountain side. At the bottom was a small flat surrounded by a thicket. In the rocks there seemed to be a small opening leading to a cave. As he noticed the different things a grizzly bear, a huge savage monster, raised his head above the bushes and beckoned him to come. As he went he chanted to the Good Spirits his thanks for

THE TEEPEE BOOK

sending him to this family. If this great cross devil in fur should adopt him and give him Medicine, who would have the courage to stand against him? He would return to the village at once and have a personal encounter with the one whom, by this time, he hated most.

He reached the spot and, after climbing to it, entered the bushes, raising a hopeful cry. Hearing it the old bear said to his family: "Come, the one whom we are going to adopt is coming. Prepare to welcome him."

But as soon as the cubs saw him they were frightened and cried:

"He is the enemy of Morning Star. How can we adopt him and still be friends?"

Then the mother spoke:

"No, we cannot take him."

"Begone," growled the old bear, glaring savagely at him, and all disappeared into the cave where he was afraid to follow.

More disappointed than before, he turned his eyes homeward, feeling that he had lost a great Medicine. The thoughts of a Medicine Shield with the picture of a great bear's head on it had to be abandoned. Downcast and discouraged he again went to the hill, thinking that he had been born unlucky and that the Medicine of Little Light was still working against him. He would try twice more and if unsuccessful would give it up.

Soon after taking his position on the hill he saw, far off

THE TEEPEE BOOK

on a high ridge, a band of sheep peacefully grazing. The old ram was standing on a high rock looking over the valley, and when he saw the boy he called to him and said: "Come."

He was doomed to disappointment again, for as he approached the sheep they looked up and, seeing him, ran over the hill saying as they went:

"He is the enemy of Morning Star. We can never adopt him and be safe."

He stopped and sat down. This was the third time, and as the Indians believe that everything comes in fours, like the seasons, moons, directions, and so on, he thought the next time would surely be final. If not successful then, he would go with the next war party and be killed. Without a Medicine life was sure to be a failure.

Thus he reasoned as he took his place for the last time. After a long wait he saw a most beautiful scene. Out over the mountains was a deep canyon, and he seemed to be standing on the very edge of a precipice. Up the canyon, in the far distance, he could see large columns of rock rearing huge forms high above the foliage. Deep down in the canyon a river rushed madly over its rocky trail. To him it looked like a strip of sky far down below him.

A thunder storm was passing over the mountains. The weirdness of the flashes drew his attention. It passed over the tall rocks and instantly abated. A strange misgiving crept over him, and before he ceased to wonder a tiny speck left the heavens and flew to the nearest column, alighting

THE TEEPEE BOOK

upon the top. Quickly it rose again and disappeared. As he watched something seemed to take him nearer. On the top he saw a huge pile of sticks. A small object came wobbling to the edge of the nest and beckoned him to come. He shouted joyfully and sprang to his feet, but found himself alone on the hill.

With a feeling of unmistakable triumph he gathered his few belongings together and started. Although the distance was greater and harder, he at last came to the hills overlooking the canyon. There in the clear mountain air lay the panorama, more beautiful than it had seemed. Up the valley he saw the tall columns standing near the river. Above the distant hills floated the thunder clouds, and the faint, faraway rumble came to him above the noise of the river in the valley below. Enchanted with the scenery he stood for some time, then carefully descended to the river, and leaving his belongings, went noiselessly through the woods. Carefully he crept on until almost to the column. Then he went directly to it. Leaning against it he raised his cry.

For a while all was quiet, then voices of small birds reached his ears and from what was said he knew they were talking about him. For the first time he realized that it might be the Thunder Bird's nest, and he listened. The little one walked to the edge of the nest and saw the lonely boy standing by the rocks calling to be adopted. He asked his sister to come and see the stranger they were to help. Slowly she made her way to the edge, but when she saw him she grew afraid and said:

THE TEEPEE BOOK

"That is the enemy of Morning Star, and if we adopt him we will be killed."

"No," said the other. "I am as strong as Morning Star and can keep out of his way; we can make ourselves into little birds again and he will never suspect us."

"Well, you must be doing it now for it will soon be dark, then Morning Star will come and it will be too late."

He knew they would speak to him and was silently waiting, when the heavens darkened and a great bird appeared. He was afraid to move and stood perfectly still. It settled on the column and he heard it say:

"You were speaking of adopting some one who is the enemy of Morning Star. You must not do it unless he is willing first to do something for us."

"Go to him and speak about it," said the young bird. From the edge of the column the old bird spoke:

"Friend, you wish to be adopted, but before we take you you must kill our enemy. Every year, when there is much water, a great Otter comes and devours our young if he can reach the nest. You must kill him. Then we will adopt you and be a strong Medicine for you, but until then we will not. Come again when the moon is new and you will meet him."

Again the skies darkened and the old bird soared away. Cry as he would he could not get another answer. He soon decided to return home and seek the aid and advice of the old medicine man. This might be a harder task than he thought.

THE TEEPEE BOOK

On reaching the village he went directly to the home of the medicine man. Entering, he told him all. After thinking for some time the old man got up and took four arrows from his medicine pouch, then returned to the fire. While making medicine he heated the points until they smoked, then holding them up he said:

"These arrows, my boy, are strong Medicine. They are sure death to anything they strike, if they enter at the mouth. Take them with you and return at once to the nest. Build a fire of logs and heat many large stones as you would for a sweat teepee. When the Otter comes throw the stones down his throat. When he has swallowed them all, shoot these arrows down after them and something will happen that will last forever, and all those who see it will know the strength of my Medicine and the courageous fight you have made."

He continued to make medicine, while the boy took the arrows and softly stepped out into the night. He did not loiter around camp but started on his way at once. As he handled the arrows he found that they had never grown colder, but were as hot on the stone points as when they had been taken from the fire. Even when he reached the place they remained so hot that he could scarcely hold them.

He gathered many logs and piled huge rocks over them, then more logs and more rocks until he had a pile as large as a good big Medicine teepee. Soon after he noticed the water beginning to rise and started the fire. For several

THE TEEPEE BOOK

days it burned and he put more logs on when it burned low. By the time the water was around the bottom of the column the rocks were nearly bursting with heat. He began to make ready for the fight and was none too soon, for the waters began to rise rapidly and he saw the huge Otter coming up the valley. As it came nearer he strung his bow and, placing the Medicine arrows near the pile of rocks, waited. The waters continued to rise and the Otter came straight towards the column, its greedy eyes watching the nest. As it reached the foot it raised its head and opened its mouth. The boy seized a large boulder and threw it down its great throat. As the pile would lessen the Otter would sink back into the water, only to rise to the surface again and have more stones thrown at him.

A thunder storm rose suddenly, as if out of the very skies, and great tongues of flame lashed in fury around the combatants. The roar of its voice was deafening. Time after time as the otter approached, the storm renewed its force, only to abate as they repulsed the mighty beast. At last when all the rocks were gone, he made ready with the Medicine Arrows and during the last efforts of the Otter to reach the nest, he shot them one after another down its throat. As the last arrow disappeared, the Otter sank back, then turned and dived into a great pool near the foot of the mountain. Once in there he began to drink to cool his insides. When the water struck the heated rocks it only served to burn more, and at last he expired, and the rocks

THE TEEPEE BOOK

burned through. As they struck the cold water great clouds of steam arose and the water boiled up and out of the hole forming a hot boiling spring. The arrows kept the rocks from getting colder, making the hot water spring permanent after the waters subsided. The boy looked upon this with wonder and awe when he realized what had been done.

He waited and rested several days before going again to the foot of the column to call for adoption. As he was starting his cry, the young male looked over the edge of the nest and said:

"Friend, if you desire to become my son, you must dive into the river four times, once to the East, once to the West, once to the North, and once to the South." Gladly doing as he was told the boy splashed and rippled the cool waters. After the four plunges he raised himself to the land and again looked up to the bird, which by this time had grown a little larger.

"Now, my boy," it said, "mark out a circle with a piece of arrow wood, seat yourself in the center and closely watch me." Facing the East he shook himself mightily and the white down dropped from him leaving small feathers. Facing the South he again shook himself and grew larger, with his wings more developed. Facing the West he shook so hard that it made the column tremble, and to the North he stretched and grew to a full grown bird. Stepping to the edge of the rocks he said:

"One of these colors you should always wear and never

be without one on your person." So saying he turned several brilliant colors. Then he flapped his wings and soared high into the cloudless skies, from where he came with closed wings like a thunder bolt into the clear waters. When he came to the surface he held in his beak a piece of pipe stone, short enough to hold in the hand, and round.

"This, my son, is what you should hold in your hand if you wish to overcome your enemies; or bind it to the hand-hold of your bow so your arrows will fly true to the mark." Turning he plucked a soft downy feather from his body saying: "This is to be the token of your medicine and it will fortell your future. Always wear it in your scalp lock and harm shall not trouble you. In time of need listen to its voice."

The bird disappeared in a cloud of smoke, leaving the boy standing by the column of stone, with a soft downy feather in one hand and a smooth round piece of pipe stone in the other. Looking up he saw a small nestling wobble to the edge of the nest and motion him to go.

When the mother bird returned that evening she was very uneasy when they told her what had happened. She was told by the young one to go to a distant lake where she would find a tree leaning over the water. There she was to sit and watch for fish and not notice any one who approached.

Meanwhile the boy returned to the village with his face painted the color of pipestone, and from his temple down



The Game of Arrows

across his face was a wavy line of yellow, representing the lightning. This was his only outward sign of having been successful, but the majority soon knew that he was no longer a boy skilled with the bow and arrow, but one ready to go with the next war party. Rumors whispered around camp only delayed the longed for meeting between him and his enemy.

A war party soon afterward returned from a successful raid and during the dance that followed the boy announced his name as Blue Thunder, referring to the thunder storm. After the festivities he rose and openly challenged Little Light to a contest the following day, and coming as it

THE TEEPEE BOOK

did before all the prominent men and warriors, it could not be evaded. Little Light in turn rose and said he was willing to meet him in the hoop game, and so it was. Like knights of old they were to meet, not clad in heavy armor, but as knights of the plains, lithe, active, and in perfect physical condition, armored only with their Medicine and paint. If their first contest had created excitement, the coming event created even more.

The crowd that gathered as witnesses was very different from the crowd of noisy jeering boys who witnessed the first. At the appointed time Little Light came before the waiting crowd, painted like the skies of morning. A white spot was in the center of his forehead to represent the Morning Star. Blue Thunder came from the opposite direction at the same time. His face was the color of pipe-stone, his shoulders and hands were light blue, one of the colors displayed by the nestling. In his scalp lock was the soft downy feather. As they passed their eyes met and an uneasy feeling passed over Little Light that made him fear the outcome.

Starting in on the more valuable things at once, the game grew more and more bitter, for both were shooting their best and using every art and trick to win out. Slowly but surely Little Light lost until in the heat of chagrin he wagered his wives, and lost. Then to the surprise of the crowd he asked that some of his late possessions be returned to him,

THE TEEPEE BOOK

especially the prettiest one of his wives. Being refused he wept.

With much scorn in his voice Blue Thunder said:

"You are a woman. I did not cry when I lost, why should you? You are worse than a woman--you are a little girl."

Thus taunted before the whole tribe, Little Light sprang up and shot his last arrow at Blue Thunder with all the force he could muster. But just as quick, Blue Thunder sprang aside and looked scornfully at him, while he, with all the hatred of a defeated savage, angrily called on his Medicine for vengeance. The worldly strife between these two had ended. Now it remained only for Medicine to fight against Medicine, and with this knowledge the crowd dispersed wondering who would ultimately be the victor. Going to his teepee, Little Light waited until next morning, then called the Morning Star for council. He was told by the Star to sleep in peace for he would soon learn the other's Medicine and destroy it. With this in mind he fell asleep.

Morning Star found and asked Old Coyote to go and stalk Blue Thunder's trail from the first game until the present. Coyote, the sly one, started on Blue Thunder's trail and passed over the hill on which he raised his first cry for adoption. Finding his trail from there he soon arrived at the pool of whirling waters. There he also found Turtle who told him that a stranger had been there but that they had dived and left him standing on the bank. When they



Dancing Around the Camp Fire

again came to the surface he was gone. Going back to the place where he found the first trail, he circled the hill and found another leading to the bluffs and cave. Arriving there he saw the large tracks in the soft earth. This made his heart shiver. Wavering for some time he at last entered the cave, only to be greeted by a great cross voice that wished to know what was wanted.

"I came to learn whether or not a stranger has been adopted by you lately?"

"Go away from here, you sneak, you Coyote," said the same gruff voice, followed by a growl and a rush of feet.

THE TEEPEE BOOK

Old Coyote ran out and placed his hand over the cave until all was quiet, then ran away.

He found yet another trail which led him to a circle at the base of a large column of stone. Filled with curiosity, he walked around it several times, but was careful not to get too near it. As he sat down to think he looked up and saw the huge nest. He decided to call Morning Star, and the woods rang with his long lonesome cry. Those in the nest knew what he had come for and the mother slipped away and flew to the distant lake.

Morning Star came quickly and examined the circle, the water, the column and the nest, but found only the two nestlings huddling together. He also noted the remnants of fish scattered around. Going back to Coyote, he said:

"Surely these could not be such strong Medicine; go watch the mother." Silently they followed her trail and found her seated on an old tree over the lake. As they approached she neither moved nor apparently heard them. Presently she dived and rose with a fish, flying directly to her nest, where Coyote and Morning Star watched her feed it to the young. Then she flew back to her perch.

Much mystified, Morning Star went back to his post for the morning was coming. He decided to give up the hunt and kill the enemy of his son, instead of the Medicine. He entered the teepee on the way and told his son that as long as he could not find and destroy the Medicine of Blue Thunder, he would kill the boy instead, and that he should

THE TEEPEE BOOK

always wear his Medicine colors when out of his teepee, and keep his Medicine Feather with him. Then he gave him a message to his enemy as he departed. As Blue Thunder heard the sound of joy, he went forth and said to Little Light:

"Your song is glad, but you will sing one of sorrow within half a moon from the time your Medicine is successful. Each moon one of your clan will be struck by your side until you alone are left. Then a great storm will send you to join them."

Time after time Morning Star would shoot his rays at Blue Thunder but could not harm him, until one morning when he was intending to make a long ride. He stepped out of his teepee to take a hasty plunge. Thoughtlessly he left all his Medicine colors behind, and had only his medicine feather in his scalplock. As he stepped out of his teepee Morning Star made one last effort at destruction and was successful. The feather called to retreat but the boy was not quick enough. As he turned a pain swept through him and he fell back into the teepee.

Morning Star gladly called to his son that he had been successful and that his enemy would die before night. It made his heart glad and again his song of defiance reached the ears of the stricken man. In his savage joy he could not resist the temptation to go and speak to him. Approaching his rival's teepee, he found him lying on the ground nearing the end. Going in he spoke, but the answer was short.

THE TEEPEE BOOK

"Your Medicine is strong, but you and your clan are also doomed. Remember what I told you." So saying, his spirit followed the sun over the horizon into the skies.

The next week while Little Light was walking with his baby boy, a fierce storm arose. Catching up his baby he ran to his teepee and as he entered, a long peal of thunder burst forth ending in a crash, and a flash came through the smokeway striking the boy dead. He then realized that his former friend was the son of Thunder Bird, and he doubted whether Morning Star could protect him against its vengeance.

Month after month some near relative, usually the youngest, was struck down while by his side. More and more his Medicine seemed to desert him, leaving him to go about in sorrow, wondering which would be next. At last, standing alone, the last of his clan, he realized that the end was near, and the human dread of death came over him. He made one long passionate appeal to the Medicine of his youth, Morning Star, for protection, and was told to stay in his teepee.

The camp folk had been watching events, and insisted that he should set his teepee separate from the rest when they camped. For several days he sat alone in his lodge, dreaming of the past, and saw the folly of strife between those who had always been close friends. He called the old Medicine Man of the tribe to him and spoke the yearnings of his soul:

"I have aged fast since the last snow, and would like the companionship of my once true friend in the next world.

THE TEEPEE BOOK

Go make a teepee with a painted symbol for each, that we can talk together again. I feel that my days are numbered."

"Yes they are numbered," said a strange voice, and looking up he saw his old time friend standing before him. "My friend, at last you are to pay for your past. You were a woman when you lost, and cried. You are the last of your clan and now you will soon go to join them. Be a man and not a woman in the next world."

Almost as soon he heard the distant rumble as the Thunder Bird shook his wings, and nerved himself for the end. The dark pinions soon cast a shadow over the camp, and the people all stood perfectly still, watching, while the eyes of Thunder Bird searched the camp for the son of Morning Star. Round the camp they swept until they rested on a little teepee set apart from the others. As he hovered over it, suddenly from his eyes the fire flashed, striking the teepee with a crash that bewildered all. Immediately the skies cleared and all became quiet. The people gathered around the stricken lodge and found the charred body of Little Light. They knew there would be no more strife between Morning Star and Thunder Bird.

They erected the painted death lodge near the grave scaffolds. One ring of bright blue and one of white were painted around the top, for the colors of Blue Thunder and Little Light. On one side was the Morning Star and on the other the out-stretched form of Thunder Bird, with his Medicine arrows that made such crashes and worked such

THE TEEPEE BOOK

havoc when they struck. Inside they put their hunting equipment, lances, bows, and arrows. They killed their favorite horses on the same hill nearby.

The old Medicine Man went the next night to call the departed spirits, so they could make the journey to the happy hunting grounds together. For a while he thought his efforts were useless, but towards morning, as he departed, he saw the bright beams of Morning Star in the east and in the west he saw the three points of Thunder Bird. His eyes were flashing but there were no angry mutterings. The next night as New Moon touched the horizon, he went again to the teepee, but as he approached he saw a dim fire light shining within and the open flap-way and smoke-way. He knew that he had been successful, and as he turned to go back Old Coyote ran past him with the spirits of Blue Thunder's dogs in chase. He turned to take a last look, then went to his own lodge. As he entered there came a call floating in from the hills and sagebrush, a call that added gloom to the quiet night, the call of Old Coyote, long drawn and lonesome.



In the sign language the Indian makes the same sign for government boarding school as he does for prison: hands crossed at the wrists - handcuffed.

Big Horn

By MAYME E. FINLEY

Inspired by "The Camp of the Little Big Horn," a Throssel Print

Mighty Big Horn, murmuring waters,
Close beside thee was our home;
We, the Crows, a peaceful people,
Through your valleys did we roam
For the wild deer, who, at sunset,
Came to drink his thirsting fill;
Only raised his head to listen
As the night bird sang his trill.
Knew he not the stinging arrow
Would find its way into his heart,
Like the sorrow to the Red Man
When from Big Horn he must part.
Where the bluegrass waved and rustled
As the breeze went singing o'er,
Making waves like shimmering billows,
Down to meet the Big Horn's shore.
Heard you then the pheasant droning
Like the Indian's rawhide drum,
As he dances to the tom-tom
For the Holy Spirit to come
And bless their people; trusting children
In God's happy hunting ground,
Where the teepees cast their shadows
On the waters of Big Horn.
Then at sunset heard the coyote
From the distant hill and plain,
Like a spirit lost in wandering
Came an answer in refrain.

THE TEEPEE BOOK

In the cottonwood the hoot-owl,
Wakened from his peaceful rest,
Asks: "Who! Who! are you to bother
In this lonely wilderness?"
In the west the Sun God's glory
Burst in splendor: wonderous morn!
Casting red upon the teepees,
On the banks of old Big Horn.
Let me stay, Oh then forever,
In my lodge on old Big Horn.



HAVE YOU WRITTEN THAT LETTER TO US? We mean, have you written to us about where you will spend your summer's vacation, or where you will go hunting next fall, or where the best trout fishing is, or who painted that western picture, or what Indians took part in the Fetterman Massacre, or who makes Navajo blankets, or who does the Sioux bead work. Some of you have written, and we are enjoying the acquaintance by mail. If we have to employ an amanuensis or two in addition to the regular force, we sha'n't mind a bit. Write to us.

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There may be those who will say that the *March Teepee Book* is an excellent advertisement for Mr. Throssel's work. If so, we hope they speak the truth. But this was done at our suggestion - not Mr. Throssel's. Nothing would give us more pleasure than to be instrumental in helping Mr. Throssel in the work he has undertaken, a work which we believe worthy of the support of all right thinking people.



The Camp Fire

THE TEEPEE BOOK

However that may be we are sure that the *March Teepee Book* is a decided step in advance over anything we have yet printed. It is the first step toward what we hope to make of *The Teepee Book* in the future. It is a forerunner of even better things to come. Caution prevents us from announcing too far in advance just when each special number will appear, but we are sure of the Forestry Number for April. You will like it. It will contain ideas on the subject that have not occurred to you, and it will contain some remarkable pictures.

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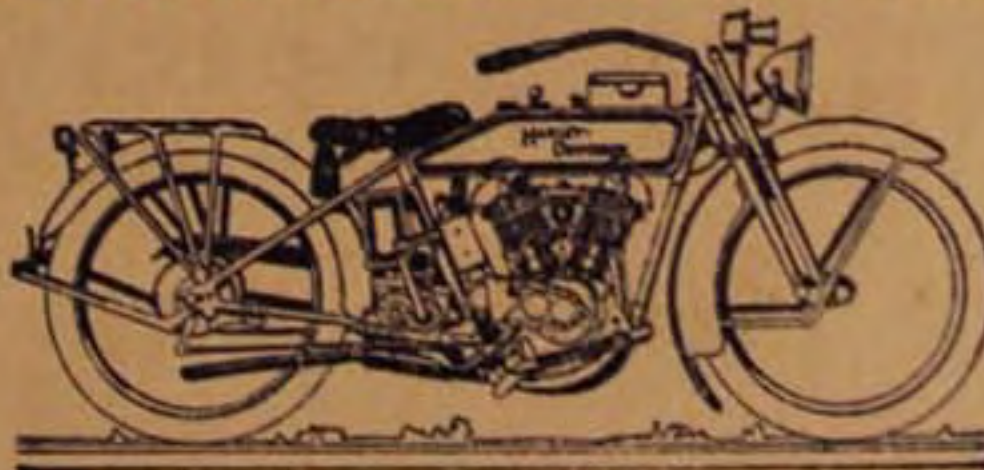
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