

THROSSEL ART NUMBER

MARK

# THE TEEPEE BOOK

1916



Next Month - Forestry Number

Ten Cents

Per Each

# City Furniture Co.

240-242 North Main St.

Sheridan, Wyo.

The Largest and Most Complete  
House and Office Furnishers  
in the Middle West

---

The Best Implements  
are the Cheapest

*Our Stock for 1916 Includes the Following Well  
Known Lines*

Deering Binders, Mowers, Rakes and Binding Twine,  
P. & O. Plows, Beet Tools and Nisco Manure Spread-  
ers, Oliver Plows and tillage implements. Thomas  
Drills; Bain, Schuttler and Weber Mountain Wagons;  
Advance-Rumely Tractors and Threshing Machinery.

Office and General Headquarters Wunderlick Bldg.,  
Corner Gould Street and Grinnell Ave., diagonal from City Hall.

After July 1st in our new building at our  
old location on Broadway.

*Circulars and information upon request*

*The Sheridan Commercial Co.*

Please Mention THE TEEPEE BOOK to our advertisers

# INDIAN GOODS

NAVAJO RUGS  
BASKETS

POTTERY  
BEAD WORK

*Goods sent for inspection on request*

HERBERT COFFEEN, Sheridan, Wyo.  
"At the Sign of the Teepee"

## REAL ESTATE

BONDS and INSURANCE

Large list Ranch and City Prop-  
erty for sale or trade.

If interested, please communicate  
with us

### C. P. Story Agency

16 North Main St.

Sheridan, Wyoming

---

### J. FRANK HEALD

Established 1887

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Cut Glass,  
Fishing Tackle

Burlington Watch Inspector, Spaulding Athletic Goods, Eastman  
Kodaks and Supplies. Glasses properly fitted. Fine  
watch repairing a specialty

Telephone 36 Black

130 North Main St.

Sheridan, Wyoming

Please mention THE TEEPEE BOOK to our advertisers

## The San Diego Exposition

**S**AN DIEGO will continue her Exposition through another year. Those who did not visit San Diego during Nineteen Fifteen will yet have an opportunity to see the Exposition, improved in every way, each detail perfected, the beauty of its landscape enhanced by a second year's growth of its riotous vegetation.

The San Diego Exposition is a World's Exposition, with California predominating: for only in California would such a thing be possible. Where but a score or more months ago was a barren waste of sand there stands today a City of Dreams--a dream of Old Spain dropped down into the heart of the modern city of San Diego.

The approach to Dream City, for such it has been appropriately named, is across the Cabrillo, that succession of concrete arches which spans the cool depths of a wooded canyon. From the vantage point of the bridge is gained a view of the Exposition never to be forgotten. The gleaming white towers and walls of the buildings, the cathedral-like dome of Spanish tile glistening in the sunlight, present a vision of splendor which creates a lasting impression in the memories of those who approach the Dream City.

The charm of the Dream City is in the embellishment of its grounds. The model farm, the hundreds of trees, the acres of multi-colored flowers ravishing in their beauty, the clinging vines, combine to present a scene of semi-tropical luxuriance to be found only in Southern California, and

---

## THE TEEPEE BOOK

---



form a royal setting for the massive buildings. The Mission architecture, the cloistered walks, paths and byways suggest the early days of the Mission Fathers, the pioneers of the Pacific Coast. By a subtle art the very atmosphere of the romantic days of Spanish rule is reproduced, and as one enters the Exposition grounds he leaves behind the rush and grind of modern times and steps back through a hundred years into the shaded arbors and quiet cloisters of the Padres.

# THE THROSSEL PRINTS

SHOWN IN THESE PAGES

The Complete Line of Throssel

## INDIAN SUBJECTS

Descriptive Catalog and Prices Upon Request

*Careful attention to mail order business*

### COX ART COMPANY

SHERIDAN, WYOMING

Please mention THE TEEPEE BOOK to our advertisers



A magazine devoted to the INDIANS and the NORTHWEST

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1916

THE SENTINEL

Frontispiece, by Richard Throssel . . . . . Page 4

THE WHITE MAN'S ROAD

Poem by Arthur Chapman . . . . . Page 5

HOME OF THE MOUNTAIN CROWS

A Throssel Print . . . . . Page 6

THROSSEL AND THE THROSSEL PRINTS

A Review by Herbert Terry . . . . . Page 7

HOME OF THE RIVER CROWS

A Throssel Print . . . . . Page 8

THE TRAPPER'S HOME

A Throssel Print . . . . . Page 10

EE-SOSHKE OAH-BUSH INJUN'S SISTER

Poem by Love Hogue . . . . . Page 16

STRIFE BETWEEN THEIR MEDICINES

A Crow Myth by Richard Throssel . . . . . Page 18

CAMP ON THE LITTLE BIG HORN

A Throssel Print . . . . . Pages 22-23

BIG HORN

Poem by Mayme E. Finley . . . . . Page 41

Published monthly at "The Sign of the Teepee" in Sheridan, Wyoming, by Herbert Coffeen. Entered at the Post Office at Sheridan, Wyoming, as second class matter. Price per year one dollar; per copy ten cents. Copyright 1916 by Herbert Coffeen.



Property of St. Joseph Museums

The Sentinel





## The White Man's Road

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

The white man's road is hard for us to follow;  
Our feet are bruised and bleeding, but who shall heed  
our cries?

The white man's code--what has it proved but hollow?  
No ears have caught our pleading--unheard the red man  
dies.

The white man's creed is lost in white man's sinning;  
Our faith is slowly flagging--no door shall let us in--  
None sees our need, though fast our ranks are thinning--  
The weary feet are lagging that wear the moccasin.

The white man's word--what has it been but broken?  
Our lodge-fires low are burning--without the air is  
cold;

And thus, unheard, with sorrows deep, unspoken,  
All hopeless are we turning--we who were kings of  
old!

--Denver Republican.





Home of Mountain Cross

## Throssel and the Throssel Prints

By HERBERT TERRY

THE Indian problem is one that has been before our government for many years; and the most difficult phase of this problem has been to bring the Indian and the White Man to a closer mutual understanding. Millions of dollars and thousands of lives have been given in this service. Ignorance and avarice have caused many blunders. Race prejudice and tragic memories have stood as a barrier to an amicable relationship between the "Vanishing Race" and the conquering Caucasian.

Today the Indian, as a race, stands upon the threshold of The Great Beyond. A tragic figure, bewildered by the complex life that has surged over and around him, he clings desperately to the sacred traditions of his once glorious existence, while the customs of an alien race and a new day are thrust upon him with but one other choice--annihilation.

Those who know him best and have come to at least a partial understanding of him view the Indian through a veil of pathos. He has recognized the utter futility of fighting a force so overwhelming in its proportions. He has tried, in a feeble way, to accept the new conditions. He has even come to see that the new way is the better way--for his children. But for the Indian himself--not the Indian's child--there is no new way. As the eagle may not be tamed, but lives only to break his heart against the bars of his con-



Property of St. Joseph Museums

Home of the River Queen

---

## THE TEEPEE BOOK

---

finement: as the captured wolf may not be domesticated, but chafes day after day at the chain which holds him in leash: so may not the Indian be brought to accept a manner of life contrary to his every belief and tradition, hateful to every fibre of his being. He is subject to an immutable law, the law of Nature, for God created him a wild thing.

This is the tragedy of the "Vanishing Race": that they have been compelled by a blind and unheeding force into a condition of life which spells death in its very living. Too late we are beginning to recognize this fact. Our eyes are being opened to a condition that is beyond our power to ameliorate. But we may yet be inspired with a feeling of real sympathy for those we have, not always unwittingly, wronged. We may yet reach across the barrier to extend the hand of brotherhood to those last remaining of a race which we have crowded out of existence, those few who are starving in heart and soul and often in body.

In bringing about this end the Indian Service has failed. It has remained for a few individuals to prevent us from adding the insult of indifference to the crime of extermination. Of these few individuals Richard Throssel, of the Crow Tribe, is not the least. Through his genius for expressing by photography the story that language cannot tell, he has made the way of the Indian intelligible to us, has solved the mystery of the Red Man for his White Brother.

Of Indian blood himself, Throssel has lived with them, been one of them, studied their beliefs and customs, translated their myths and traditions, and has interpreted through his



Property of St. Joseph Museums

The Trapper's Home



Richard Throssel, of the Crow Tribe

art that which they themselves are unable to express--the appeal of a lonely and dying people. He has labored patiently single-handed, spending more than eight years in securing some two score or more pictures; but the result has more than justified the effort, for he has given to us a record of a people to whom we owe much, of whom we have known little and understand less.

The Throssel Prints are composed of a few individual types and representations of traditional customs rather than a large number of views of everyday life. He has taken great pains to depict truthfully and consistently the life and nature behind the scenes he has pictured. "Home of the Mountain Crows" and "Up Pryor Canyon" were the only results of four days spent in an Indian camp while he himself was suffering with sickness contracted from the Indians. "Home of the River Crows" required as much patient care and skill to secure, for both pictures were made at a critical moment, the first just after a thunder-shower at sunset, the last when the light was fading so rapidly that the same effect could not have been duplicated five minutes later. In these two pictures is preserved the distinction between the Crow

---

## THE TEEPEE BOOK

---

tribes which has been lost to us, for the Mountain Crows and the River Crows are known to us as but one tribe. These two pictures are, therefore, of historic value, as are several others of the set.

"Two Moons," a Cheyenne chief, "Plenty Coos," now chief of all the Crows, and "Two Leggins," chief of the

River Crows, are all typical of the life that has passed forever. Each of these won his rank in accordance with the old requirements of skill, resourcefulness and bravery, and stand with those few who remain of the true Indian type. The Indians had their leaders in diplomacy as well as in actual warfare. "The War Chief" presents a type of the eagle-eyed, courageous



Two Moons



Plenty Coos



---

## THE TEEPEE BOOK

---

warrior. "Baby Stewart," a little one year old Indian girl, conveys perhaps a deeper sense of tragedy to the student of Indian life than do some of the pictures which suggest the passing struggle. The face is that of a baby, whether Indian or not, with all the innocent expectancy of the life to which it has a right, and to which its blood inheritance is a bar.



Baby Stewart



Two Leggings

In naming this picture Mr. Throssel must have felt something of the irony of the fate which awaits the little Indian girl.

"The Returning War Party" and "The Raiders" were both made from the saddle after a run of several hundred yards to overtake the riders. "The Last Salute to the Sun God" and "The Game of

Arrows" are both of historic value aside from their artistic worth. The first has preserved one of the interesting, ancient religious rites which are now gone forever. There was no more popular game among the Indians than the arrow game, serving as it did to make them more expert in arms.



The War Chief

"Dancing Around the Camp Fire" is an example of the remarkable effect gained in photographing Indian subjects after night, in which work Throssel was the pioneer. "The Camp Fire" is another striking example of this work.

Of all the Throssel prints "The Sentinel" and "The Trapper's Home" are perhaps the most popular. His genius was never more apparent than in these two remarkable pictures. Constant warfare between the various tribes of the plains Indians made eternal vigilance necessary to the life of the camp. "The Sentinel" at once tells the story of the old need for constant watchfulness against the ever present dangers, and presents a picture of exceptional artistic value. "The Trapper's Home" takes us closer to the primitive existence than any other of the Throssel Prints. The call of

---

## THE TEEPEE BOOK

---



The Returning War Party

Nature speaks most insistently from this subject. Nature's work as an artist is here most vividly reproduced.

In "The Camp on the Little Big Horn" we have portrayed the Indian camp of today. In the valley of The Little Big Horn, the stream of greatest historic association with the Crows, these people have found their last resting place. The untroubled waters reflect the peaceful scene of the last camp of a people once renowned for their activities in war. No need now for sentinels--the enemy is silenced forever. The victorious war party will return no more. The once stalwart, eagle-eyed braves sit in idleness about the smoldering fires in the lodges and recount with dimming memories the glories of days gone by. The women busy themselves with the few menial duties of the camp. The children are away at the White Man's School learning new ways. For the Indian there is no trail leading into the future, and the trail into the past is all but obliterated by the footprints of the conquerors.

## Ee-soshke-oah-bush Injun's Sister

By LOVE HOGUE

In reply to "And That Was All." Ee-soshke-oah-bush's poem in the February TEEPEE BOOK.

The Ee-soshke-oah-bush Injun  
With but a feather in his hair,  
Has nothing on his little sister,  
Who has feathers--but none to spare!  
A painted band upon her forehead,  
Extract of green from chicken's gall-  
And a crescent on each shoulder  
But

that

isn't

all.

Two large spots neatly rounded  
Of yellow on each bronze cheek-  
Puzz-juice from pussy-willows  
Which grow on the banks of the creek.  
On her chin is a painted triangle,  
While across her breast is a scrawl  
All done in the rainbow colors,  
But

that

isn't

all.

---

## THE TEEPEE BOOK

---

Her ankles are fringed with tassels  
Made from the porcupine quills.  
On her wrist is a circle of elk teeth  
To keep off the White Man's ills.  
While between her little brown toesies  
Is puddle-mud, gathered last fall.  
It stays with her toesies till early spring,  
And

that  
isn't  
all.

Her hair is parted and plaited,  
And shines with Johnny Bear grease,  
While 'round her waist a feather ruff hangs,  
Plucked from a flock of wild geese.  
So Dame Nature a Robe of Innocence sent  
As smooth as an old Persian shawl-  
She needs it, bless her heart! She wears it,  
And

that  
is  
all.



Bird-All-Over-The-Ground was not the same guy that  
was spilled from an aeroplane.



The Last Salute to the Sun God

## Strife Between Their Medicines

By RICHARD THROSSEL

Note: The mythological characters of the Crow or Absarokee Indians are supernatural both in personal appearance and in strength; "OLD COYOTE," nearly always the leading character, is particularly so. An Indian's MEDICINE is usually an animal or object of which the individual has dreamed. During this dream this object adopts him and agrees to council and instruct, giving strength and courage to him in time of need. With this in mind the accompanying story translated from their mythology will be clear.

ESHQUON DUPAHS (Throssel)

**S**TEPPING up to his companions, who were playing the hoop game, the tall young man, handsome and alert, asked permission to enter the contest. This was readily granted. They were playing one clan against another and as

---

## THE TEEPEE BOOK

---

the hoop would roll from one clan to the other it was met by the flying arrows, aimed to strike the edge. This was the national pastime and the Indians had grown to be expert marksmen and gambled much on the outcome. As the boy entered the game the other players disregarded the clannish ties and most of them played against him, doubling his chances to lose.

More skillful than the others from constant practice, his arrows flew toward the approaching hoop with a precision that made the others wonder. Little by little he won their worldly possessions: first trinkets, then knives and arrows, bows and warclubs, then more valuable belongings such as robes, blankets, and horses.

His chum, Little Light, stood watching. Lately he had returned from his fasting and had become known as Son of the Morning Star, meaning that the Morning Star had adopted him and was his Medicine. During their boyhood these two had always practiced together, making hoops of willows and winding them smooth with stripped bark. One would roll the hoop while the other would shoot his arrows at it as it approached him. This not only gave them skill in contests but also trained them for the exciting times in hunting and on the (war) trail when so much depended on their quick, accurate shooting.

Knowing how nearly they were matched the defeated ones soon called for a contest between them, hoping that Little Light would use his Medicine to defeat the boy.

---

## THE TEEPEE BOOK

---

This would put skill against skill aided by Medicine, and would be a contest worth seeing. Little Light had noticed the boy's luck and with envious eyes looked over the things he had won. To show his companions real strife he determined to have his Medicine with him throughout.

The spectators were not disappointed, for as game after game came to a close the contest was waxing bitter. More determined grew the contestants. Silence would fall over the crowd as they fiercely watched the approaching hoop, and only the twang of the bowstring and the whizz of the arrow would preclude a shout. But no matter how near the edge of the hoop the boy's arrows struck, Little Light's always struck as close or more nearly the center. Slowly his winnings left him and although he played with all the skill and care he knew, he always lost and the crowd jeered. His late winnings were soon gone and then his personal belongings, even to his ponies. He realized that his life-long friend was using his Medicine to defeat him, but it never occurred to him to stop the game.

He played on, although his heart grew bitter, and at last when he had lost all, he turned to the crowd and said to Little Light:

"Our friendship has ceased. You have won my all, but after while I shall play you again and the results will be different."

Turning, he walked directly to his teepee, hearing as he went the victory song of Little Light, and he knew he was



---

## THE TEEPEE BOOK

---

parading his winnings before the crowd while singing his defeat; but he noticed that there was no cheering or answering song.

Calmly he thought over the events of the day. Then he decided that he would fast. To be adopted by some powerful family would give him a Medicine that would aid him in gaining back his prestige, and also to get a few things to make up for those he had lost.

At midnight he left the camp and journeyed to a high hill, from where, two days later, he started his call for adoption. A great weariness settled over him and presently he saw, in the far distance, two large rocks standing huge against the horizon. Between them was a strange pool of whirling waters. Rising therefrom a strange object seemed to raise its arms and beckon him to come.

With a glad heart he started on his way, and after a fatiguing journey approached the mountain of stone. Nearing it he dropped his robe and stood undecided, a figure tall, gaunt, and muscular, beginning his cry. He went toward where he knew the pool of water lay. Around the pool basking in the sun were a number of large turtles. As he came nearer the largest heard his voice and, rising, beckoned him into their midst. Gladly he responded but was surprised to hear one say:

"He is the enemy of Morning Star. To adopt him will make us his enemy, too."

"Well then," said the older one, "we cannot adopt you."