
THE TEEPEE BOOK

that does. Nothing. Well, this love of ours is wild fruit, and the tang of it--the tang of it maddens me, the way the loco weed does a horse. I've eaten it and you've eaten it, and now the question is--"

But his deliberation enraged her.

"What question can there be?" she demanded. Her face had grown flushed, her eyes were flaming.

"The question as to whether or not we shall go away together forever," he said slowly. "Just that."

She took a step toward him, almost menacingly.

"Do you hesitate?" she cried. She had seen men who loved her less, broken before her groveling at her dress-hem. She loved this man for his strength, but she saw that she might hate him for it, too.

"Of course I hesitate," he replied in his downright, boyish way that seemed so inconsistent with the maturity of his passion for her. "Wouldn't I naturally hesitate to break up a friend's home? Wouldn't I hesitate to place you where no woman in the state would want to take you into her home? Wouldn't I hesitate to blacken my own name? Men out here think they can count on Reno Cutting. If I go to the bad, it does a lot more than--"

"Can you stand there and argue?" she said, lowering her voice and bending her head with almost menacing intensity.

"It isn't as if I loved you alone," went on the man, doggedly. "I love women. I've been brought up to revere

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them. I've seen my mother go thru her life like an angel with a sword."

She stood looking at him in amazement. She could not make him out.

"I've the kind of love my mother knew, to measure things by," he said after a moment. He had gone to the table and lifted her picture in his hand, and he looked at it almost sternly. "She--she had such a reverence for life. I've seen her nurse a stange Indian back to life, 'for life's sake,' she said. When my father cut his foot in the saw mill, she carried him a mile on her back, and as you know, she's about half his size. It wasn't strength of body that gave her the power to do that, was it? My youngest sister was born out on a timber claim miles from anybody. Father was at town, and there were only us children there. I was the oldest and she turned to me. "Don't you be frightened," she said, 'I'll tell you what to do, son, and you must stand by me. We all came into the world the same way, and it's a holy mystery. I've got to live for all of your sakes.' That's what she said to me. I went down on my knees to her; and she gave me strength to see her thru that day. I've worshipped women ever since."

Marion Breed drew back from him. She sank on a seat beside the fire and put her hands about her knees.

"Go on," she said with quiet satire.

"I'd want my sons to look on their mother that same way," he said. "That same way!" He stood for a moment, thinking profoundly. Then setting the picture down again

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he came toward his friend's wife. His hands were clenched, and the muscles of his tense arms showed thru his sleeves. His face was dark, almost distorted.

"I am mad with you," he said so low she could hardly hear him. "I love you day and night, always, everywhere. You fill the world for me--now. You are in my blood, in my brain--"

He broke off and lifted one fist heavenward:

"And I am going to leave you, so help me God!"

She leaped to her feet like a tigress, stung to madness by the effront. For the first time in her life she had been humiliated. She, whom men of cultivation, of fortune, of wisdom had loved, was being rejected by this man of the wilderness.

"You--coward!" she said.

He shook his head as if the word had no meaning for him.

"You will never be loved again as I love you now," he said.

He went out before her unbelieving eyes and closed the door. She heard the sharp clatter of his horse's hoofs on the frozen earth.

She ran to the door and shrilled his name into the night, but he could not have heard her, for he went on. She wanted to strike some one dead. If there had been anything at hand with which she could have destroyed herself, perhaps, in that first frantic moment--that hideous moment when nothing opposed itself to her rage--she would have

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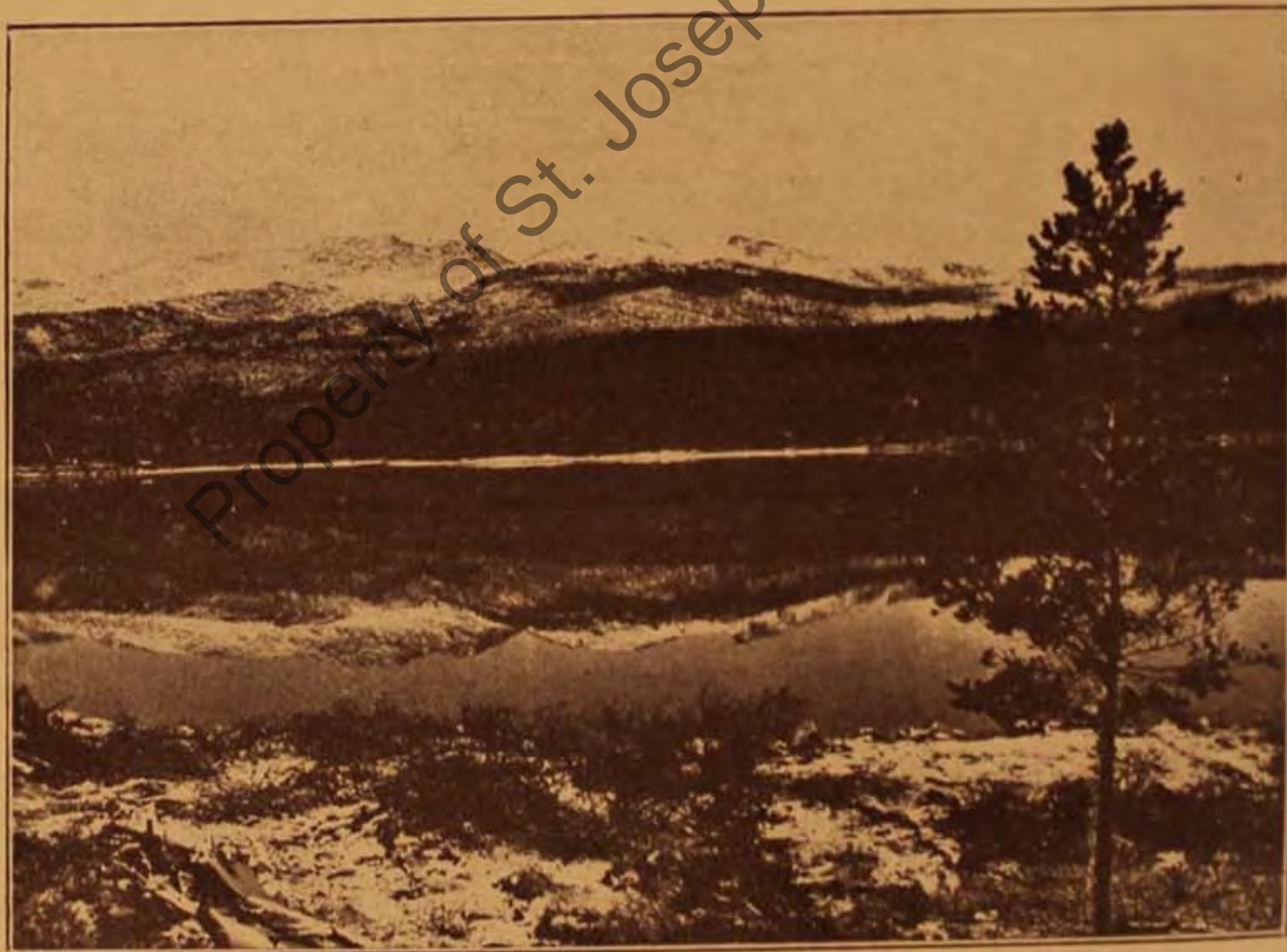
done so. As it was, she stood with her back against the closed door, inwardly raging. The storm of her shame and misery tore at her like a wild beast. She grew weak and sick with the torment, and after a long time she walked toward the fire, groping her way and holding to the furniture. Passing the table, her glance fell upon the picture of Maria Cutting, the little staunch, wind-tanned, hardy pioneer--the woman who had defeated her. She snatched the picture from the table, meaning to hurl it into the fire, but something in the humorous twist of the wrinkles about the eyes and mouth withheld her. It was as if the little old trouble-fighter was in the room, laughing at human passions, at life's chances and changes--at the eternal Mutability.

Marion Breed kept the picture in her hand, and sank upon the huge fur rug before the fire. She was very cold, and she reached for a cloak on the divan and wrapped herself in it. But still she was shivering. Her teeth chattered. Sometimes waves of blackness went before her eyes. But after a time, these passed. Thru her surging misery she was able to study that face in the photograph--the face of the woman who had made her son worship women. Marion had an imagination, though she had not put it to its highest use; but it stirred in her now. She began to picture the incidents of this woman's life. She saw her always giving of her strength, her love, her service. Her courage had been as a beacon to those about her. And she saw, too, scenes from her own moving-picture show of life, and as she looked, shame shook her, for it was as if she ran thru the world

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snatching the goods of others--gathering their blossoms and their fruit. That the hands that snatched had been beautiful, and the feet that ran had been white, made, she now knew, no difference.

As Saul saw a light, so, before the cold grey dawn came over the scoriated buttes, Marion Breed saw one, too. In the hour of her defeat came the beginnings of her victory. With slow travail there came into the world that day, a woman's soul.



"In the Heart of the Big Horns"

Dome Lake on the west fork of Big Goose Creek. Altitude 8,800 feet. Thirty-five miles from Sheridan.

CROW INDIAN MADONNA.



Maha-Ichis Pretty Shell, wife of White Arm, and their pappoose, Moro-Ichis Pretty Bead

The Canyon Trail

BADGER CLARK

Ride where the tracks are thickest,
Follow the big main road,
Whether you lope with the quickest
Or lurch on a crawling load.
If you care for a swinging stride
Or a crowd, with its laugh and hail,
Or a woman to jog beside,
Pull wide,
Wide of the canyon trail!

The canyon chills in the Maytime
And the frost comes back too soon.
The stars glint there in the daytime
And the sun creeps up at noon.
Yet the white streams sing as they run
And the black walls echo a tale
Of things bold riders have done,
And won,
Far on the canyon trail.

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Thru the woods by the canyon river
The blazes are few to guide,
And the most of riders will shiver
And balk at a trail untried.
By ford and thicket and stone,
Where the scattering hoof-tracks fail,
You must chance a way of your own
Alone,
Riding the canyon trail.

Mix with the crowd and travel,
For the big main road is clear
And the talk and the crunch of gravel
Drown the whisper of fear.
At the canyon fork, go by!
Its hopes are dreamy and frail
And its riders must win or die,
Yet I--
Give me the canyon trail!



Old Man Coyote and the Whirlwind

LOTTA ALLEN MEECHAM

In the February issue of THE TEEPEE BOOK we gave an account of the Crow's version of the Creation, in which E-sah-kwar-te (Old Man Coyote) is the protagonist. No single account could hope to embody all the tales told of Old Man Coyote--because all the tribal traditions of the Jolly Old Joker have never been recorded--perhaps never will be. However we give here another story as set down by Lotta Allen Meecham. While our first article was a literal transcript in the interpreter's own crude English of the way he told the myth to us, Miss Meecham gives her little bit of Folk Lore in her own way.

ONE day Old Man Coyote was walking thru the woods talking to himself:

"There is a woman living in these woods," he said, "who wants a husband, and I think I should like to have her for a wife."

"You will have to wrestle with me," a voice replied from among the trees, "and if you throw me I will be your wife. If you do not, I will not have you for a husband."

"I will wrestle with you," Old Man Coyote said, and because the woman knew who he was she let him throw her. But she had not forgotten how he ran away and left her when he was her husband before and she intended to get even with him.

"I move so often no man will live with me," she told Old Man Coyote after he became her husband.

"That won't bother me," Coyote said, "you can move as often as you want to, and whenever you want to."

Mrs. Coyote began to get supper and said nothing, but just as her husband began to eat she came in and said they

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would have to move camp right away. Her husband began to argue with her and insisted that she wait until he was thru eating, but she would not listen to him. She pulled the teepee down on his head, and tied the poles together. Then she tied Old Man Coyote on to the teepee poles and told him to hold on tight. He complained and objected, but she paid no attention to him, and when he tried to wrestle with her she threw him every time. When she had every-



"Went into the air and off over the prairie"

thing ready, the teepee and the teepee poles with Mrs. Coyote and Old Man Coyote went up into the air and off over the prairie. Finally they came to some woods and Mrs. Coyote took him thru the

tops of the trees very rapidly in spite of her husband's objections, and paid no attention when the branches got in his eyes and tore his clothes. Then, when they came out of the woods, they crossed a river and struck the opposite bank and dropped down into the water. For a long time his wife dragged him down the river until he was very cold and wet. When he looked as though he had had punishment enough for running away and leaving her she set him down and be-



Charles Badger Clark, Jr.

MR. CHARLES BADGER CLARK, Jr., known to the West as Badger Clark, with no other appendages, is a poet who has a place in the sun. He is giving, not only the West, but the country at large, some of the best poetry that is being written in this country today. His verse is appearing in Scribner's, Harper's, The Century and other magazines that are acknowledged as the coun-

try's best and it is with much pleasure and pride that THE TEEPEE BOOK acknowledges the privilege of printing Badger Clark's contributions.

Mr. Clark is a western man--lives in the West--at Hot Springs, S. Dak. He knows the West, and intimately, and embodies the charm of his environment in everything he produces. His new book, "Sun and Saddle Leather"--just off the press--is one of the finest things in verse that the West has produced.



ELIA W. PEATTIE, author of "Wild Fruit," is the literary editor of the Chicago Tribune. A greater tribute than that could not be given her, for that position on "The World's Greatest Newspaper" is a tacit acknowledgment of her ability.

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That Mrs. Peattie knows the West is attested by her western stories. What is more she knows the motives that actuate men and women--especially western men and women. "Wild Fruit" is just such a story as you might expect from this writer, and so far as we know, is the strongest thing she has written since "Jim Lacey's Waterloo"--a story, by the way, that is as powerful as anything ever written. Mrs. Peattie has written many books and contributed to most of the leading magazines and it is a distinct triumph to have one of her stories for THE TEEPEE BOOK while it is still in its infancy.

The scene of the story is laid in Fremont County, Wyo.



MISS LOTTA ALLEN MEECHAM, who contributed "Old Man Coyote and the Whirlwind" to this issue, is a writer who has given much time and study to things Indian. While a correspondent of Leslie's she spent some time on the Crow Reservation and became familiar with much of the Indian folk-lore and customs. We have several more tales that she recorded while there, which will be published in succeeding issues.



MOST cow-punchers look at money they can't blow in much as a woman does toward a secret she can't peddle.

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Drawing by White Arm

Horses, ride-um all day
long--

Ride-um 'roun just singin'
song--

Song good med'cin--heap
big Chief--

Heap good med'cin--
catch-um beef--

No more bufflo, no more
deer--

Make-um Injun feel some
queer.

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