

JULY, 1915

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Property of St. Joseph Museum

"Wild Fruit"  
 by Elia W Peattie  
 — also —

Badger Clark's  
 "The Canyon Trail"

Established 1890

# The First National Bank

Capital \$50,000      Surplus \$55,000

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CONSERVATIVE and PROGRESSIVE BANKING

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## *The Flames of Our Big Fire*

had not died down before a new shipment of implements was on the road.

We have taken the room diagonal from the City Hall and are prepared to meet all your requirements.

Our Grocery, Meat and Hardware Departments we have had to discontinue temporarily, or until the erection of our new quarters, plans for which are now under way. The building, which will be modern in every way, will occupy part of the ground on which the old building was situated.

*Sheridan Commercial Co.*

ESTABLISHED 1887

*Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Cut  
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Our line includes practically everything in Rings, Brooches, Bar Pins, LaVallieres, Scarf Pins, sleeve Buttons, Wrist Watches, Etc., required in an up-to-date jewelry store, covering a wide range of prices from very moderate sums up to costly pieces of the highest class. So whatever you want we have it, always the best and always reasonably priced.

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**J. FRANK HEALD** *The Leading  
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THE RAIDERS

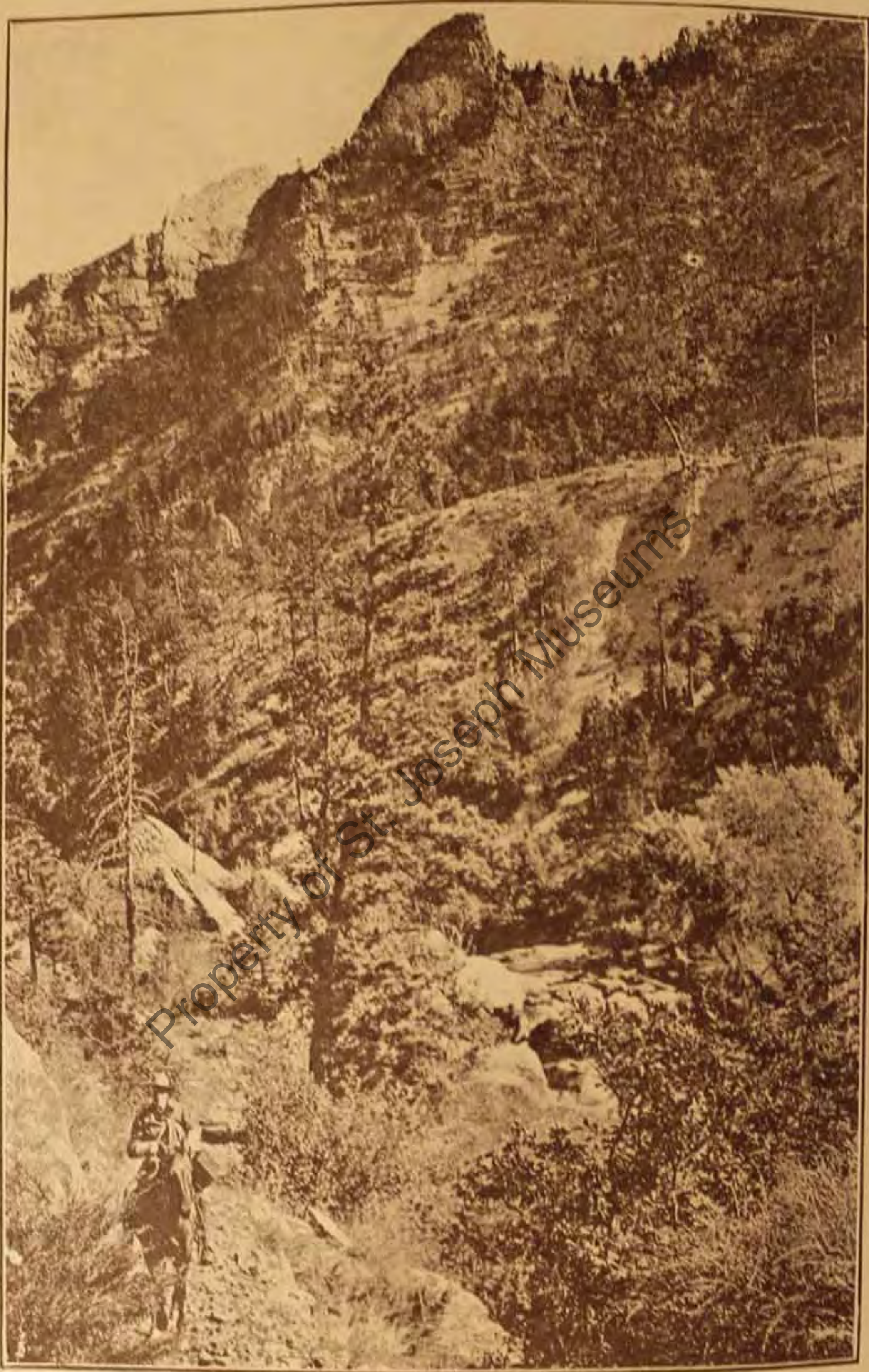
moccasins. The leader wearing a wolfskin as a symbol of leadership. Nothing is gaudy and glaring as they must escape detection.

This company guarantees that these pictures are from original negatives made by Richard Throssel of the Crow Tribe on the reservations and are true to life.

**COX ART CO., Sheridan, Wyo.**

The flames of intertribal warfare were continually fed by the small parties of warriors, who went out to do deeds of valor and win their way to a chieftanship.

The costumes are plainly shown, the long hooded cloaks, belts and



"The Canyon Trail"  
See poem by Badger Clark

Photo by Wanamaker Historical Expedition  
Dr. Dixon on the trail



# THE TEEPEE BOOK

SHERIDAN WYOMING

PUBLISHED BY HERBERT COFFEEN  
"AT THE SIGN OF THE TEEPEE"

Vol. I

JULY

No. VII

Contents copyrighted 1915 by Herbert Coffeen, Sheridan, Wyoming

Published monthly. Application for entry as second-class matter at Post Office, Sheridan, Wyoming, pending.

**W**E'VE tried it a month now on "rag" dollars and some other kind came in as well--now we're announcing that we will accept "iron" dollars--go in for old rags and iron, as it were, and we are still accepting checks for subscriptions too. A great many have "come thru"--Have you?



**T**HE TEEPEE BOOK has been encouraged since announcing a subscription price by not only having received a few "cart wheels" but a number of very good letters. We would like ever so much to have a letter from you--telling us just what you think of THE TEEPEE BOOK and how to make it better--or a good story or "pome." But if you are too busy for that you can at least pin your name and address on a rag dollar and insure twelve numbers of pot-pourri de luxe--just to be a good scout--come now--be a sport.

# "Wild Fruit"

by Elia W Peattie

There is still much open range within 50 miles of Moose Hill, and there are ranches by the twenties--great ranches of the old style. The country is broken by gulches and evil-looking buttes, with here and there a level spot streaked red and black and of an unimaginable richness. Here grain, fruit and flowers respond almost exotically to the efforts of the planter.

It was to such a spot that Tiffany Breed brought his wife Marion, who was much more exotic than anything that the over-stimulated soil could produce, that wherever one put her, she was arresting. Her husband had brought her to this wild place for a profound and unspoken reason. He had discovered after two years of marriage that she possessed no more than the beginnings of a soul. He was a Western man, transplanted to an Eastern city. He had met the city eye to eye, brawn to brawn. There was one thing only he had not been able to understand, and that was the woman who was his wife. She eluded him. At first he had supposed it was because he was so simple and she so complicated, so subtle, so mysterious. He tried to explain himself to her, at first gently, by implication. Then desperately, as a man might call for help from the bottom of a well. All he heard were the reverberations of his own voice. Men, seeing him

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with this beautiful woman envied him. They thought him marvelously companioned. They did not know that no more lonely man walked the earth.

And that was why he came West. He brought the woman with him because he thought the West a good place for souls. He remembered it to be so. At any rate, disaster was ahead of him in the city; he was no pessimist, but he could see that.

The ranch house on the tract of land he had purchased was low, compact and bare as a bone. It was, nevertheless, rudely convenient, and it looked upon the broken and fantastic line of hills through purple distance. No furniture had been brought. Tiffany was sick to the soul of the elaborate litter with which this woman had surrounded herself.

"Why not be free for a little while?" he had asked. "Try the life with me for two years, Marion. At the end of that time, if you can't stand it, I'll send you back home."

She agreed. She, too, was rather tired of things as she knew them. And besides, since Tiffany had become so disagreeable, he almost interested her.

He had wired for necessary furniture, and while awaiting it, he and Marion lived at the "Moose Hill Palace," a hostlery which took its grandeur out in its name. Here they met some of the townspeople. State Congressman Cutting and his wife lived there, ranch-people, taking their ease after a hard life. Their daughters were married, their sons at Leland Stanford University.

"Except Reno," said Mrs. Cutting. She and Marion were sitting in the "ladies' parlor," a stark plede decorated with the horns of slain animals.

"Reno?" echoed Marion vaguely. "Isn't that a town?"

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"My son was born there," said Mrs. Cutting. "That is why he is called Reno."

"But he's not at college?" Not that Marion cared, but she had the habit of politeness. Then, too, she could see that this tense, eager woman thought her beautiful. She had never been far away from admiration, and she could not afford to isolate herself from it now.

"Oh, he's long past college years," Mrs. Cutting said, "and he never was interested in his schooling. Yet he does not lose a chance to help me with the library I'm getting up for Moose Hill."

"You are getting together a library?" Marion hardly concealed her surprise. She was answered by the fire that leapt into the woman's eyes.

"Yes, I am, Mrs. Breed, and I want you to help me. I want that library done before I die. I want the building and thousands of books in it, and ways to send them to every man, woman and child who wants them. There mustn't be so lonely a ranch anywhere that the people on it can't have books!"

"It will be very nice," murmured Marion.

The little woman leaped to her feet and strode across the room till she stood before this tall, languid girl in her modish clothes.

"Nice?" she cried. "Nice? Mrs. Breed, you're not understanding what I'm talking about. Sending books out into those lonely places is like sending food to the starving, don't you see? But you don't know--you can't. How



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could you comprehend the loneliness--the nothingness--the day's coming and going--always seeing the same things, thinking of the same people--"

She could not go on.

Marion rose to the drama in the woman.

"Maybe I shall understand by and by," she said with more interest than she had yet shown. "I'd like to help you. I could get money for the library if you wanted it."

Tears leaped into Mrs. Cutting's over-bright eyes.

"There, I was too harsh. I thought you didn't care. You're so--beautiful. Sometimes women like you don't care, except about themselves. You see, now the children are gone, and Mr. Cutting is where men look up to him, there isn't much left for me to do. So I took up this thing. It's my religion now."

"It's a great work for you to do," ventured Marion. She was a trifle ill at ease before this woman who seemed on the verge of reading her. (And she was a woman who did not wish to be read by other women.)

"Reno's helping me," went on the old ranch woman. "As I said, he's not one to care for books. You couldn't educate him in the schools any more than you could a maverick. The free range for him. Yet he carries word of my library everywhere. He holds up cow punchers and horse wranglers and liquor men--makes them contribute. Every month he has their names printed in what he calls a roll of honor, and he mails it all around the country. It would

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tickle you to see how proud some of the roughest men are to get their names on that roll.

She chuckled slyly, and looked at Marion out of her shining, opaque eyes, which gleamed like glass from amid the innumerable wrinkles of her dark face.

"He does it because he loves his mother," said Marion in her mellifluous voice. Mrs. Cutting moved toward her with out-stretched hands. That last sentence had made a slave of her. She became on the instant one of the great company of those who loved this woman, and for no reason that they could tell.

"It's just as sweet of you as it can be to help me," she said. "I must write to Reno about you. He'll be wild to meet you."

A month later, when Marion had been settled in her new home quite long enough to make it her own, there came at a certain twilight, a knock at the door. Her Japanese servant flew on noiseless feet to open it, and Marion, standing with the light of the leaping flames upon her heart, turned and beheld a stranger.

"I'm Reno Cutting," the man said heartily in a voice that vibrated, "and I've taken the liberty of calling to thank you for all you've done for my mother. Why, that money you got for her just finished off the job!"

He hurt her with his hand-clasp, and when, against her will she showed it, he made apologies after his own fashion.

"That's the awkward savage I am," he cried, ashamed. "I come to thank you, and I hurt you. You see, the

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hands I am in the habit of shaking can stand a good deal. I'm a cattle buyer, ma'am, and spend my time going over the country. I meet many sorts--but not all sorts. No one like you. I have never met anyone like you before."

He had the wide-eyed wonder of a child. Marion smiled gloriously.

"Sit down, please," she said, motioning to a chair with a gesture which enchanted him. "I've heard volumes about you."

"From mother? I've given her more worry than all the rest of her children put together. That's why she likes me best."

He was curiously at his ease; and he was, in his way, wonderful. More a man, Marion decided, than any representative of his sex she ever had met. His great frame seemed to house a completely emancipated spirit. She had never seen glances from eyes at once so bold and so respectful--sun-flecked eyes, full of light mockeries.

She made him stay till her husband came, and Breed induced him to remain for dinner. When they had eaten, and Marion had played upon the piano for them, the two men talked together and she sat apart regarding them and comparing one with the other. There was an academic decision in her husband's accent; bluff authority in the tones of his guest. Her husband wore glasses over hard-worked eyes; Reno Cutting could have looked at the sun and hardly faltered. The city man was tall, slender, elegant; the other stood, sat, moved squarely, with force. Each was a strong man after his

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fashion. One had worshipped her--still suffered because of her; the other was capable of doing so. It occurred to her that, for a moment, neither was thinking of her. She moved nearer to the fire, and dropped there, her pale blue draperies falling about her exquisitely. She knew well the contour she presented. She knew when the men began to think about her again. Their conversation faltered. She was happily aware that she irritated them; that she got in the way of their communion. She pretended to yawn--beautifully. Then she smiled.

What was it this stranger made her think of?

Ah, yes, of Sigmund when he entered the hut of Sig-linda and Spring burst into flower and song in the wood without.

Moose Hill was interested in the erection of two new buildings; the government laboratory for the investigation of diseases of cattle; and the edifice that was to house the Fremont County Circulating Library. Tiffany Breed was superintending completion of the first; Reno Cutting was pushing along the beginnings of the second.

The two men saw each other every day. Cutting came often to Breed's ranch, and Sunday he rode with Breed and his wife over the wild, strange country, ravaged by ancient fires. Eagles swung above them; coyotes howled from the rose and purple buttes; and the vast droves of cattle browsing the brown grass watched them with startled eyes.

So the long winter wore along. In the cities there were

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shining, thronged boulevards, there was opera, there were theatres, gatherings of people in the amazing new fashions, dancing the amazing new dances. Marion heard from her friends of all this; to her surprise it was no more to her than the breaking of surf on an unknown shore. She who knew Paris, the spas, the Floridian idleness, had found something more stimulating than anything that had hitherto come into her life. She, who had thought herself weary even of conquest, awoke each morning with the eagerness of a child. She throbbed with life; she expanded in beauty; never had her laugh been so like music, her eyes so brilliant and compelling. She exuded some power impossible to define. Perhaps it might be called a conscious femininity.

And she was waiting for an event--waiting for the hour of Reno Cutting's declaration of love for her. She had not yet made up her mind how she would receive it. She knew he was an uncompromising man. True to himself, to his friends, to his inherited, hardy ideals. He meant to be what he would have called "true." When, at last--and inevitably--his outburst came, it would be terrifying and compelling. She knew she could not play with him as she had played with other men. But she did not wish to play with him. She who had long enthralled, was herself the enthralled one now. She grew breathless, dreaming of the splendid hour that must come. She wondered where it would be--how it would terminate. She did not feel responsible for the outcome. If he said: "Come," she would go. He was the only man she ever had met for whom she would care to make a sacrifice.

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Tiffany Breed was called to Washington. He asked his wife to go with him, but she refused.

"If I go East I might never come back again," she said tauntingly. "Best let sleeping dogs lie, Tiffany."

Maybe he thought so, too. He went without her.

Cutting kept away from the ranch then. Marion, wrapped in rich and intoxicating reveries, saw the slow days drag by, and he did not come. The silent, vision-haunted nights throbbed with him--yet he did not come. She knew the same tumult that raged in her was driving him half-mad; knew by all of her newly awakened intuitions. Yet he held silence and distance between them.

"He is very strong," she said to herself. His fall would be all the greater.

Then, one night as she sat before her fire, robed in flame-colored silk wonderful with its Japanese embroidery, thinking of him, summoning him with her whole being, she heard the hoofs of his horse without the door. She arose, sailed to the door like a conquering ship, and he saw her, all crimson in the flaunting gown and the blazing fire-light. He blanketed his horse and came in, and when the door was closed they melted into each other's embrace.

"You called me," he whispered, covering her hair with kisses, "you kept calling me--all day and all night, I had to come."

Marion did not try to speak. She drew back from him, leaning over his arm, so that he could see the perfect

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curve of throat and neck, the deep solicitation of her exquisite eyes.

He never had imagined that such beauty could exist. He bent over her, drunk with his happiness. Then a sound made him start. The latch of the door had loosened. In another moment it had blown open. He released her while he closed it. Something on the table clattered to the floor. Mechanically he stooped to raise it. It was a picture of his mother, set in a silver frame, her weather-bitten, plain, too eager face contrasting almost absurdly with the elaborately chased frame. He laid it on the table face down and held out his arms to the woman who stood there, tranced and entrancing. But he, after all, had given her a moment in which to summon her coqueties.

She swept by him toward the fire.

"So you thought you heard me calling you?"

"If I did not, I should not be here."

"And now that you are here--"

"And now that I am here in another man's house in his absence, I will say what I came to say. It's a magnificent hour for us, but it's a shameful hour, too."

She shivered a trifle. He was much more lucid than she had expected to find him. She doubted if her spell had been complete enough.

"Did you ever eat wild fruit--Marion?" he asked, speaking her name for the first time. "I don't suppose you ever did. It ripens by itself, and it tastes of the sun. Nothing else satisfies the craving in man for sweet and sour the way