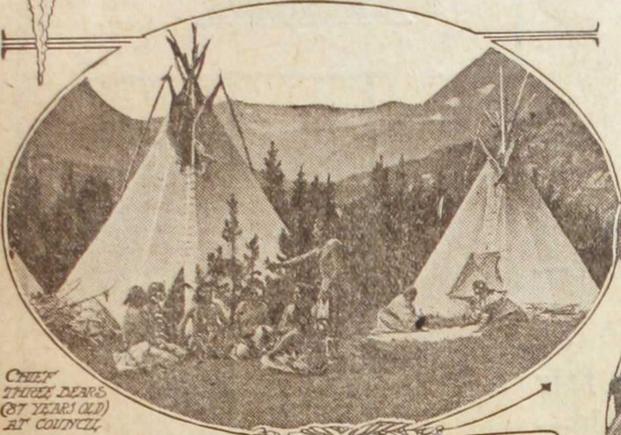


# BLACKFEET'S SACRED FESTIVAL



CHIEF THREE DEARS (87 YEARS OLD) AT COUNCIL



THE TRAIL MARKERS

PICTURE to yourself a vast treeless plain with high snow capped mountains in the distance. On this level stretch of ground Indian tipis are arranged in a semi-circle. Some are white, others are yellow or red or brown. At one side two tall trees are stripped of their branches. This is for the ceremonies of the medicine lodge. There is a motley crowd of Indians on foot and on horseback. Mingling with them are white men and women from the adjoining country. All are massed around a circular rope fence, inside of which the Blackfeet Indians are holding their annual festival with stories and sacred dances.

If you were in Montana last June this is what you would have witnessed when 2,000 Piegan Indians from Canada and this country held at Browning, the Indian reservation just outside of the Glacier National Park, their remarkable festival. The varicolored tipis held members of many tribes of Indians. The dances which were witnessed are old, old, so ancient that the Indian cannot tell when they started. The beaded jackets, strange feathered headdress, medicine bags and deerskin suits which Indian chiefs wear cannot be purchased for money and the strange chants are handed down from father to son.

If you press closer to the rope fence and mingle more freely with the onlookers you will see among the crowd white men in khaki suits, high boots, sombreros, and white women watching the dances, which last for four or five days and which afford the Indian an opportunity to renew acquaintances and go through religious ceremonies.

Perhaps by your side is a young Indian girl on a pony with trappings of beadwork; next to her is a New York society woman, and jogging elbows with her is an old Indian squaw with blanket or beaded cape and black hair braided down her back. In her arms she holds a blinking Indian baby, strapped to the back board and swathed in embroidered and beaded blankets which lace together. On the outskirts of the crowd are Indians sitting on horses to which are attached the travois for carrying burdens, for they may have come a long distance. Over all, the onlookers, the dancing chiefs, the singing and swaying Indians, the hot sun beats down.

Then suddenly the chiefs cease to chant. Several other leaders of the tribe push into the circle and begin a rhythmic song. Tomtoms are beaten, the Indian braves shout and leap, coming down always on the ground on a certain beat of the music. The Indian women, leaping to their feet, join in a circle that revolves and revolves and produces a hypnotic influence which in some cases seizes the white onlookers.

These Blackfeet Indians with their love songs, their wolf songs, Sioux celebration songs, children's game songs and tribal hymns fascinate you. Their dances, the sun dance, the grain dance, the grass dance, are

## PHOTOGRAPHING THE BULLETS

If a photograph of a speeding bullet could be taken the print would probably show a space like a body of water marked by what looked like speeding water bugs, each having a ripple in its wake. Photographs of projectiles have been snapped in time of peace, but it is doubtful if the camera ever caught one as it sped on its mission of death. A bullet speeding at the rate of 3,000 feet a second,

which is more than 2,000 miles an hour, makes a great disturbance in the atmosphere and creates air waves which, of course, are invisible to the naked eye.

If you draw a stick through the water it causes little eddies and waves to trail behind it. The faster you draw the stick the more waves and the wider the angle will it leave. The slower the stick is drawn the fewer

famine. And the Great Spirit heard them and directed them to send seven of their patriarchs to the Chief mountain, where the wind god was then residing.

"They followed these directions and seven of their oldest men retired to Chief mountain, and there surely was the wind god. He stood at the summit of the mountain and the wings extending from his shoulders spread wide over the valleys. He faced north, east, south and west and his wings quivered as he stood. The old men worshiped him from afar but were afraid to come near him to make their prayers, and after their long journey they went back empty handed to their people.

"Then the medicine men directed them to send 14 of their strongest and bravest young warriors to intercede with the wind god. These young men also when they reached the mountain and saw the wind god were afraid, but they drew nearer and nearer to him and finally they dared to touch the skins he was wearing. They made their prayer to him and he listened and his wings quivered and quivered and gradually clouds began to gather over the plains and the rain fell as if in a deluge. He stretched one wing wide over the plain telling them to go back there and they would find the buffalo.

"The warriors then descended to the valley and brought the good news to their people, and they found that already the buffalo had come back and the famine was broken. And ever afterward the valley was called the Valley of the Two Medicine in memory of the medicine lodges that were there erected to the Great Spirit in the time of famine."

### Witty Retort.

Curran was on terms of intense enmity with Lord Clare, the Irish lord chancellor, with whom when a member of the bar he fought a duel, and whose hostility to him on the bench he always said caused him losses in his professional income which he could not estimate at less than £30,000.

The incidents attendant on this disagreement were at times ludicrous in the extreme. One day, when it was known that Curran was to make an elaborate statement in chancery, Lord Clare brought a large Newfoundland dog upon the bench with him, and during the progress of the argument he lent his ear much more to the dog than to the barrister. This was observed at length by the entire profession. In time the lord chancellor lost all regard for decency. He turned himself quite aside in the most material part of the case, and began in full court to fondle the animal. Curran stopped at once.

"Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said Lord Clare.

"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lord; I really took it for granted that your lordship was employed in consultation."

### Raw Meat Juice Cure.

Prof. Charles Richet, to whom the Nobel prize for medicine was awarded last year, declares that if a person suffering with tuberculosis will go to a slaughter house daily and drink the fresh juice extracted from eight or ten pounds of raw beef, he will be cured within three years.

the waves. Just so the bullet, remarks the New York Sun. If it is traveling slowly no waves can be photographed, as apparently there are none.

Photographs of a bullet going at a rate of speed less than 1,200 feet a second show no air waves at all. This is an interesting scientific discovery. But anything cutting through the air at a greater rate than this disturbs the atmosphere to such great extent that air waves are formed and can be photographed.

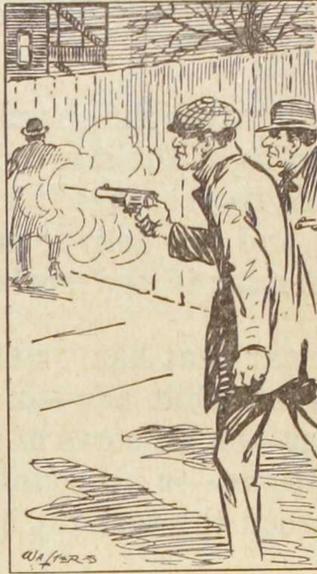
## WELL-FILLED PURSE SAVES A MAN'S LIFE

Albert Winkler, Fired on by Highwaymen, Owes His Escape to Money in Pocket.

Chicago.—It was a lucky thing for Albert Winkler that he had lots of banknotes and gold coins in his purse when he ran into two highwaymen early the other morning.

No, not lucky for the hold-up men—lucky for Winkler. You'll understand better in a minute.

Winkler was on his way to his home at 3547 West Fifteenth street. He was enjoying the walk largely because he could have afforded to have made the



The Hold-Up Men Began to Shoot.

trip in a taxicab by way of South Bend had he wished. At South Marshfield avenue and West Harrison street the highwaymen appeared. For the first time the consciousness of the money in his pocket made Winkler uncomfortable. Without waiting for the men to hoist the landlubbing pirate's Jolly Roger he started to run.

"Stop!" yelled one of the men. Winkler saw something bright flashing in his hand and ran faster. The purse in his hip pocket weighed him down, but despite the stress of the moment he was not willing to lighten ship.

Then the hold-up men began to shoot. The first bullet whizzed over his head. The second struck him on the hip. Winkler, realizing he had been hit, wondered that he was able to keep running. He raced on a block, then tumbled and fell. The highwaymen, satisfied with their revenge, fled.

When Winkler picked himself up and made a rapid inventory of his person he could find no wounds, but his purse seemed a trifle heavier. He opened it and found inside, nestling contentedly beside the gold, a flattened bit of baser metal—the bullet.

The side of the purse and the outer layer of bills were torn and a dent in a gold piece showed where the plebeian metallic intruder had finally come to a stop.

## BOY KILLS OWN BROTHER

They Were Playing With a Shotgun and Didn't Know It Was Loaded.

Chicago.—John Berg, a ten-year-old boy, was shot and killed the other day by his brother, William Berg, while William was playing with a shotgun. The shotgun belonged to Seth Bedelle at Seventy-fifth street and Elizabeth avenue, at whose home the boys were visiting.

The father of the boys is William O. Berg. John, with his brother William, went over to Bedelle's home early in the morning. They had planned a day of play and while waiting for Bedelle to come out of the house William noticed the shotgun standing against the porch.

In a spirit of play and thinking the weapon was not loaded he picked it up and swung it around. As he did so the trigger caught in some manner and the gun exploded. The charge went into the back of John's neck. He died ten minutes later.

## DOG'S BARK PEEVES LIONS

Foster Mother of Husky Pair of Whelps Makes Entirely Too Much Noise.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kate, a Scotch collie, and foster mother to a pair of husky young lionesses in the Highland zoo, is about to be relieved of her job. For some months she has acted as nurse and governess and there has been no complaint. The young lions were taken away from their mother because of the habit captive lionesses have of destroying their young.

Lately Kate's bark has been so persistent as to terrify the young cubs, who fly to cover and tremble with fear. Her barks also have gotten on the nerves of the adult lions and lionesses and they refuse to sleep. All have shown great respect for and fear of the collie, who has proven herself a model mother.

### Would Save Time.

New York.—Climbing the fire escape because she had forgotten her key, Mrs. Vilma Delmar fell four stories to death.

## OUT FOR RABBITS; BAGS FOUR BEARS

First of the Animals Shot in Marinette County, Wis., in 16 Years.

## ARE TRACKED BY DOG

Mother Bruin Puts Up Fight and Two Charges Are Required to Bring Her Down; Then Her Three Cubs Are Slaughtered.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Here's a real bear story!

It's not often in these days of game wardens and scarce game that one nimrod bags four bears in one day. This happened the other day, though, and in Wisconsin at that.

Fred Sackrisen of Dunbar, in the west end of Marinette county, figured that rabbit shooting might be fairly good and started out with a shotgun, a dog and one companion. There was no snow on the ground, and all the rabbit tracking had to be left to the dog.

The two men and the dog left the main street of the village and started for the rabbit haunts. Now the dog was glad to be out in the open, and he commenced to run down a scent right away. Of course the trail took him out of sight of his master.

Mr. Sackrisen was following the dog's tracks as fast as possible and soon caught sight of a black spot moving over the horizon. Now the dog is a black one, and he thought it was the dog, but he soon caught sight of another moving black object and Mr. Sackrisen knew that the dog wasn't twins.

Time proved that the first black object was a big black bear. When Mr. Sackrisen came within range he let her have it. His companion ducked for the nearest stump, being a foreigner and not used to the sight of bears. The first shot only enraged the mamma bruin and she stood on her haunches and commenced to howl.



Let Her Have Another Load.

everything she could lay her paws on at her assailant. Then Fred Sackrisen let her have another load of fine shot that caught mamma bruin in the eye and sent her to the bear heaven, where honey flows in rivers and bees fear to tread.

The big bear had three cubs with her and they were soon added to the day's spoils. The companion who fled for shelter afforded by the stump came out after the war was over and helped take the trophies back to Dunbar.

These black bears were the first killed in Marinette county in sixteen years, according to Mr. Sackrisen. Although some had been seen off and on during the summer, no huntsman ever got close enough for a shot. A man might travel the county for a whole summer without getting so much as a shot at one.

## MUST KEEP SOBER 14 YEARS

Penalty Californian Must Pay for Prolonged Spree Covering a Wide Area.

Oakland, Cal.—Fourteen years without an alcoholic drink is the price that A. W. Hennings of this city must pay for a riotous career. Hennings imbibed too much liquor in Oakland one day, passed a bad check for \$38.50, went to Los Angeles and woke up in Seattle.

There he appealed to a detective agency to look over his trail, and when he discovered his delinquency submitted to arrest and was brought to Oakland. He was put on probation providing he does not drink intoxicants for 14 years.

### Jokers Cause Man's Death.

Syracuse, N. Y.—James E. Hubbel was bitten on the lip by a pet dog and received treatment for the wound. His friends joked him continually about the rabies and Hubbel began to read everything he could find about the disease. He became nervous and morose and returned to the hospital, where he died. An autopsy on the body showed that hydrophobia, induced by auto-suggestion, undoubtedly caused his death.

## GIRL WITH BROKEN NECK AVERTS DEATH

Holds Her Head Firmly While Being Driven in Auto to Hospital.

Boston.—Miss Marguerite Teele, twenty-five, who saved her own life when she fell from her horse a few weeks ago in Brookline by grasping her head in her hands when she heard her neck snap, is now almost ready to leave the Peter Brigham hospital.

Miss Teele's presence of mind when her "high school" horse slipped on the frozen grass by the side of the Brook-



Was Thrown Heavily to the Ground.

line bridge path was all that saved her life, the surgeons of the hospital say, for had she failed to stay her head the delicate spinal cord would have been snapped.

It appears that as Miss Teele was cantering by the side of the bridge path the spirited animal on which she was riding stumbled.

Sitting loosely and unprepared for the accident, the young woman was thrown to the ground. As she struck the earth, frozen as hard as stone, she heard her neck snap. With a presence of mind that has seldom been equaled she grasped her head in her hands, knowing that a motion in any direction would snap the spinal cord.

It seemed hours to Miss Teele, lying on the ground, not daring to move in the slightest degree, until assistance arrived in the shape of an automobile driven by a chauffeur.

Still grasping her head in her hands, she gave the man instructions how to place her in the car and in regard to driving. The chauffeur, impressed with the danger of the case, wished to rush to the hospital with all possible speed, but Miss Teele insisted that he drive slowly in order that she could steady her head in her hands throughout the trip.

When the hospital was finally reached, and Miss Teele calmly announced to the physicians that she was suffering from a broken neck, the men in attendance could hardly believe that she was speaking the truth.

## WHEN THE "BLIND" MAN SAW

Beggar Man Swoops Down on the Collection Box and Merry Chase Results.

New York.—"I am blind." For many days a man bearing this sign on the corner of Sixty-third street and Third avenue was led thither by an old woman who was his eyes and his legs and his arms.

The other morning an elderly woman went that way and was much affected by the sight of the poor old man. She opened her purse and a quarter rang in the box.

The beggar man happened, too, that way. He looked at the blind man and he looked at the quarter nestling in the box among the nickels and dimes. Like a hawk swooping down upon its prey his talons dove into the box and the quarter was his. Then a miracle happened.

The blind saw! The green goggles came off and the small change was transferred to the pockets of the "blind" man. Then with a yell for the police, beggarman and blind man ran like sprinters down Sixty-third street.

The beggarman looked over his shoulder and saw that the blind man saw also and that he was gaining on him. He threw the quarter down upon the sidewalk and the blind man stopped and picked it up, then paused in the race.

"A miracle, my friends, a miracle," he said. "My sight has been restored."

The crowd did not understand it this way. The blind man "beat" it in time. Otherwise, violence might have followed.

### Wears Peg Top Skirt.

New York.—Wearing a peg top skirt of satin, tan shoes and a gold bead necklace, Miss Chump Ackerman entertained in celebration of her sixth birthday at the home of Mrs. Katherine C. Pay. Miss Chump is a dog.

### Youngster Is Tough.

New York.—Israel Marvin, four years old, is tough. He was run over by an automobile; jumped up; bawled and ran home. Not a bone was broken.