

back is breaking, but beyond lies Greenwich, fair and gentle. Some may enjoy the banks of the Passaic, but give me, rather, the hills of the Hudson.

A familiar, obedient wheel, a picturesque road, and the knowledge that one is as neat as if on the lawn of one's Country Club—given these, and, whether alone or with an agreeable companion, one is quite certain of delight. And only in this way is one proving the bicycle a boon. The racing and the centuries may go hang. One keeps one's self and one's steed all spick and span, so that the people in the tilburies can find as little flaw as one can find in them. One never sets one's self a terminus so far as to interfere with gentle jogging, loafing into byways,

and halting at whatever pleasant spot the fancy seizes. One goes, say, part of the way by boat or rail; one follows one's changing fancies, not the map or the cyclometer. Thus, and thus only, one may taste the joys of the road. It seems to me that the League of American Wheelmen is wise to have let—as I do—the racing and the centuries go hang, and devote itself simply to make touring pleasanter.

I could, of course, attempt to sketch the more particularly delightful tours about the town. But I refuse to be a guide. I only wish to show you that the road is there; that you can fly the town and taste the road's manifest pleasures, if you will, and that your reward will be ample and never-ending.

THE HOPI SNAKE DANCE.

By George Wharton James.

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The Twin Gods of War.

FOR many years the Hopi tribe of Pueblo Indians, of northeastern Arizona, have been known to white men by a nickname, a term of reproach, viz., the Moki. This is not their name and should not be used. They are, correctly speaking, the Hopituh, or People of Peace.

Reasonably accurate descriptions of their thrilling rite, the Snake Dance, are rare." The general writer describes it as a wild, frenzied, fanatical ceremony, hideous, repulsive, and disgusting; and he gives vivid word pictures of crazily-excited savages, in a half-nude condition, shrieking, yelling, and gesticulating in a manner suggestive of an asylum of the violently insane, while they toss around and handle venomous snakes

with an utter disregard of dangerous consequences.

Such accounts are not only devoid of truth as records of things and events observed, but utterly fail to get at the real significance of what is the chief religious ceremony of the most profoundly religious people of the known world. For the Hopi's religious life begins at birth and ends only at the grave. His natal ceremonies are more elaborate and full of meaning ritual than those of a Christian. In adult life most Hopis give from four to sixteen days of every month to religious observances in addition to the large place such occupy in their everyday life.

The Snake Dance is a solemn and dignified act of worship, participated in by serious-hearted, devout-souled people, with earnest sincerity of purpose and according to the highest truth revealed to them. Hence, without fear of truthful contradiction, I wish to assert with emphasis that no religious ceremony known to the white man surpasses—and I doubt if any one equals—m dread solemnity that of this rude and savage, people when they handle and wash their so-called Elder Brothers, carry them in their mouths, dance with them, and com-

*These are the writings of Jesse Walter Fewkes of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, in the Bureau reports and in the *Journal of American Ethnology and Archaeology*; the "Moki Snake Dance," by Dr. Walter Hough, published by the Santa Fé Route; *Scientific American*, June 24 and September 9, 1899; *Wide World Magazine*, January, 1900, and an article in *Harper's Weekly*, August 15, 1896, by Hamlin Garland.



The Hopi Pueblo.

pel them (so they think) to listen to their songs and prayers.

In this account I propose to describe the rites as briefly as possible, devoting myself more particularly to those inner and overlooked portions of the ceremonies, which, however, to the observant and penetrating mind will be seen to be of the highest importance. Even a professional expert, seeing the dance but once, would not presume to describe it accurately from its exterior side, and from its inner side not at all. Having seen it now a number of times and having been allowed to witness four times what only two other white men (Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, of the Smithsonian Institution, and Rev. H. R. Voth, formerly missionary at Oraibi) have been allowed to see *in extenso*, it may be presumed that my account is not the carelessly written description of the ordinary observer.

The Snake Dance and its attendant rites occur every other year at five of the seven villages of Hope, and can be witnessed in two villages on the odd years, and in three on the even years.

For a long time access to the Hope country was by way of Keam's Canyon; hence the three rocky table-lands

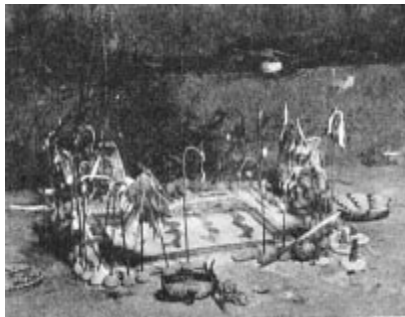
on which the seven villages are perched were known, respectively, as the first, second and third mesas. More correctly, they are now known as the eastern, middle and western mesas, though, to be rigidly accurate, Shimopavi is on a separate mesa, or, at least, an arm of the middle mesa.

On the eastern mesa are Walpi, Sichomavi, and Hano. Walpi is the chief town of this mesa, and here the Snake Dance is given in more dramatic form than in any other of the four villages where it is performed.

This is doubtless owing to the fact that Walpi has been more accessible to the white man than the other villages, and his influence has been felt in leading the fraternity to make the event as spectacular as possible.

Oraibi is the western outpost of Hopi civilization, and is twenty miles west of the middle mesa. This is the Hopi metropolis, with almost as many inhabitants as in all the other villages combined, the sum total being between two and three thousand souls.

The two fraternities that alone can perform the Snake Dance ceremonies are the Snakes (Tcū'-a-wymp-ki-a) and the Antelopes (Tcüb'-wyp-ki-ya). Each of these



The Antelope Altar.

Outing for June.



Praying at the Shrine of the Spider Woman.

Antelope fraternities meet together, and, after a ritualistic smoke, determine the time when the ceremonies shall begin.

How this date is determined we do not know as yet; possibly some solar phenomenon may ultimately be found to account for it.

The announcement is made by the public crier, who ascends various rooftops of the village and in a loud, explosive voice informs the listeners that in so many days the ceremonies will begin.

Then, that none may violate the sanctities by intruding upon the secret and mystic ceremonies, the *nâtchi*—two eagle-wing feathers tied to a short stick—is placed in some matting at the hatchway of the kiva. Now beware, Hopi and stranger alike, how you approach, this secret place. The superstitious Hopi devoutly believes that if lie even steps upon the roof of the kiva he will speedily "swell up and burst."

Later this *nâtchi* is exchanged for the *awatanâtchi*—a bow and arrows with

fraternities has a secret, underground ceremonial chamber, called a kiva, entered by a ladder down a hatchway.

Several days prior to the commencement of the ceremonies the leading men of the Snake and Ante-

horsehair suspended from the strings—and these are placed on the top of the ladder of each kiva.

In the meantime the altar of the Antelope fraternity is set up. This altar is a mosaic of different colored sands surrounded with sticks from which feathers depend. These latter are bahos or prayer sticks, and without them no Hopi's prayer is efficacious.

The pattern or *motif* of the altar is four zigzag stripes, which represent the lightning, the symbol of the Antelope fraternity. This symbol suggests to us, what we now know to be the fact, that these ceremonies have something to do with prayers for rain—for the lightning is inseparably connected with rain in the minds of these people. The careful observer will note that on this sand altar are four zigzags, and that they have two different heads to them. These differences are to represent the male and the female lightning. The Hopi sexualizes all the forces of Nature.

The chief of the Antelope fraternity at Walpi, and really the directing spirit of the whole of the ceremonies, is Wiki, a grand old man, who, in any land and with any people, would rank as a leader. A man of genuine and sterling character, he is beloved by all his own people, and by those of the whites who are fortunate enough to know him. I secured a photograph of him as he was about to enter the kiva on the day of the dance. He had the lightning zigzag upon his body, as do all the priests of this fraternity during the performance of the open-air ceremony.

The ceremonies of the Antelope kiva for the succeeding days consist of the making of bahos, or prayer sticks, ceremonial smoking, praying and singing. But the profound ritualistic importance attached to every act can scarcely be estimated by those who have not personally seen the ceremonies. The prayer sticks are prayed over and consecrated at every step in their manufacture, and the altar is prayed over and blessed each day. Every object used is consecrated with elaborate ritual, and the great smoke is made by each one solemnly participating in the smoking of *ómowûh* (the sacred pipe). The smoke from this pipe soon fills the chamber with its pleasant fragrance (the tobacco used being a weed native to the Hopi region), and it is supposed to ascend to



Antelope Priests Leaving the Kiva.

the heavens and thus provoke the descent of the rain.

The songs are sung to the accompaniment of rattling by the priests, and each day sixteen songs are rendered.

During the singing of one day one of the priests strikes the floor with a blunt instrument, and Wiki explained this to me as the sending of a mystic message to a member of the Snake-Antelope fraternity at far-away Acoma, telling him that the ceremonies were now in progress and asking him to come. Strange to say, eight days later, certain Acomas did come, thus giving color to the assertion of the Hopi fraternities that the Snake Dance once used to be performed on the glorious peñol height of Acoma, as was briefly stated by Espejo.

Among other ceremonies one of the most important is the smoking upon the *tiponi*. The *tiponi* is a large bunch of feathers and is the palladium of the fraternity. No altar can be set up without it, and prayers offered without it, during a ceremony, are of no effect. The *tiponi* of the Antelope fraternity is seen in the arms of the Oraibi chief priest Tubangointiwa. An illustration of the superlative importance attached to the *tiponi* is given in the fact that at Oraibi the Snake fraternity does not possess one. Hence they are unable to set up an altar in the kiva as the Snake fraternity at Walpi does, and they perform all their ceremonials and worship before their "twin gods of war."

It is in the Snake kiva that the snake charm liquid is made. In the centre of a special altar a basket made by a Kohonino Indian is placed. In this are dropped some shells, charms, and a few pieces of crushed nuts and sticks. Then one of the priests, with considerable ritual, pours into the basket from north, west, south, east, up, and down (the six cardinal points of the Hopi), liquid from a gourd vessel. By this time all the priests are squatted around the basket, chewing something that one of the older priests had given them. This chewed substance is then placed in the liquid of the basket. Water from gourds on the roof is also put in.

Then all is ready for the preparation of the charm. Each priest holds in his hand the snake whip (a stick to which eagle feathers are attached), while the ceremonial pipe-lighter, after lighting the sacred pipe, hands it to the chief

priest, addressing him in terms of relationship. Smoking it in silence, the chief puffs the smoke into the liquid and hands it to his neighbor, who does the like and passes it on. All thus participate in solemn silence.

Then the chief priest picks up his rattle and begins a prayer which is as fervent as one could desire. Shaking the rattle, all the priests commence to sing a weird song in rapid time, while one of them holds upright in the middle of the basket a black stick, on the top of which is tied a feather. Moving their snake whips to and fro, they sing four songs, when one of the chiefs picks up all the objects on the altar and places them in the basket.

In a moment the kiva rings with the fierce yells of the Hopi war-cry, while the priest vigorously stirs the mixture in the basket. And the rapid song is sung while the priest stirs and kneads the contents of the basket with his hands. Sacred meal is cast into the mixture, while the song sinks to low tones, and gradually dies away altogether, though the quiet shaking of the rattles and gentle tremor of the snake whips continue for a short time.

Then there is a most painful silence. The hush is intense, the stillness perfect. It is broken by the prayer of the chief priest, who sprinkles more sacred meal



Kopeli, Snake Chief.



A Snake Priest.



Antelope Priests Circling before Kisi.

into the mixture. Others do the same. The liquid is again stirred, and then sprinkled to all the cardinal points, and the same is done in the air outside, above the kiva.

Then the stirring priest takes some white earth, and mixing it with the charm liquid, makes white paint which he rubs upon the breast, back, cheeks, forearms, and legs of the chief priest. All the other priests are then likewise painted.

Now there is nothing whatever in this liquid that can either charm a snake or preserve an Indian from the deadly nature of its bite. Even the Hopis know that all its virtue is communicated in the ceremonies I have so imperfectly and inadequately described. I make this explanation lest my reader assume that there is some subtle poison used in this mixture, which, if given to the snakes, stupefies them and renders them unable to do injury.

On the mornings of the eighth and ninth days eight of the sixteen songs are sung before sunrise, and a new and dramatic element is introduced. Certain persons representing Tiyo, the Snake hero from whom the clan is descended, and Tcü-a-ma-nya, the Snake virgin, are present in the Antelope kiva, together with the chief priests and several members of the Snake fraternity with their wives and children.

According to Hopi mythology Tiyo, who had a brother and two sisters, was wont to sit on the edge of the cliffs of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River

near to where the Little Colorado makes its junction with the main river, and there brood over the strange fact that the waters ever flowed on and never returned. Where did this volume of water find rest? He brooded over the matter and questioned his father, until he determined to go and solve the mystery for himself.

He took a hollow cottonwood tree and equipped it with food for a long journey; and his father also prepared and instructed him in the purport of certain gifts which he was to present to the divinities of the underworld, which he was assured was the destination of the ever-flowing water. When all was ready he coated away. He passed through deep canyons, over smooth waters and into swift-rushing torrents, plunged down cataracts, and for many days spun through dangerous whirlpools.

One day the log stopped and he found himself near the home of the Spider Woman, she who weaves the clouds from which come the rains. She received Tiyo very kindly and urged him to enter her home, where she hospitably entertained him for several days.

Then she accompanied him to the Snake house, urging him to be exceedingly brave in face of all the dangers he would encounter, and gave him a charm which would protect him.

He needed it, for he met Gatóya, the great snake, and two great bears which would fain bar his way. But the charm made them harmless, and he was able to enter the Snake and Antelope kivas, where he found beautiful sand altars (similar to those now made by the two fraternities); and the chief of the Snake Antelope kiva told him he had long



Snake Priests in Front of Kisi.



From a Copyright Photo by S. H. Maude, used by permission.
Priests Carrying Snakes in Mouth.

been expecting him, and that ere he returned he would teach him many things. Soon Tawa, the Sun, came with his beautiful shining shield, and he accepted the gifts Tiyo made, and took him with him through Shi-pa-pu into the underworld, where the parent of all germs lived. Here also he was well received, and promised that the prayers of his people should always be answered. And as the Sun took him on his journey to the East he informed him that of all the gifts he was to take back to his people none would equal the rain-cloud which would be given him by the chief of the Snake Antelope kiva.

When he returned to this chief he was gladly welcomed and told: "Here we have abundance of corn and rain; in your land there are but little. Do this thing and that (recounting the rites of the kivas as practiced by the Hopi of to-day), and when you display the white and black on your bodies the clouds and the rain will come."

Then the Spider Woman took Tiyo up in a basket in which she had placed him with a maiden on each side, and sailed with him to his home. Tiyo took the maidens to his mother's home, and he and his brother soon announced that they would wed the maidens. On the fifth morning after their arrival Tiyo proclaimed that in sixteen days he would hold the feast, and that is the reason, so the Hopi say, that the Snake Dance is announced sixteen days ahead. Tiyo and his bride went into the Antelope kiva, and his brother with his bride into the Snake kiva, where they

went through nearly all the ceremonies now practiced.

Then clouds came, and Snake people from the underworld came and ate corn pollen in the kivas. New groups came thus daily, and each morning they were found in the valley changed into snakes.

On the ninth morning the Snake women (Tiyo's and his brother's brides) said: "Go out and catch the Elder Brothers (the snakes), and wash them and dance with them." And this was done, and the snakes then returned to the underworld, carrying the petitions of the people.

This, in brief, is the narrative as related by the present chief, according to Dr. Fewkes, and I have heard a similar story, with variations, several times.

Hence all the ceremonies of the kiva and the concluding dance are undoubtedly a prayer for rain, and all the rites below are performed mainly because they were commanded by the Elders, and are supposed to have rain-making powers.

The secrecy with which they are performed can also be understood from this crude narrative. They were secured by Tiyo with great difficulty; they are sanctified by antiquity, and the fact that they have been efficacious in bringing rain through all the ages. Hence they must not be treated lightly, or the knowledge allowed to get into the minds of those who would profane it.

Everything, therefore, is done decently and in order, and this explains the great repugnance the Snake and Antelope fraternities have to allowing strangers to witness the secret rites of the kivas. It accounts also for the tender handling of the snakes, which are in absolute reality, to them, their blood brothers. To slay them would be to commit murder; indeed a snake is never even hurt by a Hopi. He is an Elder Brother, to be treated with kindness and hospitality.

And here also is the explanation of the singular rite of washing the snakes, which I have four times witnessed. These Elder Brothers cannot enter into the rites unless they are made ceremonially pure. They are unable to wash themselves, so the Younger Brothers must do it for them.

But before I describe this most thrilling secret ceremonial let me tell of the propitiation of the Spider Woman, and



Gatherer Picking up Snakes.

the method by which the snakes are caught.

One morning the chief Antelope priest left the kiva with great solemnity, bearing with him a number of bahos he had made with extra care. I followed him and found him depositing them at the shrine of the Spider Woman. He explained to me that, as this mythical personage weaves the clouds, she must be propitiated, or no rain can come; hence the prayers he offers to her.

The chief priest of the Snake fraternity at Walpi until last year was Kopeli, a Hopi well known and revered by many white men. Kopeli, though a young man, was a born leader, and to him is undoubtedly largely owing the dramatic rendition of the Snake Dance at Walpi during late years. His death was a great misfortune in many respects, and the cause of ethnological science has lost in him one who was of considerable service. His brother was elected to succeed him.

Under the direction of the chief priest the catching of the snakes takes place. Prayers are offered in the kiva that none of the Elder Brothers may do injury to their Younger Brothers. Then with a sack of sacred meal, a hoe, a small buckskin bag, and a snake whip the priests start out for the hunt.

Descending to the valley they go to where the snakes are generally to be found, and there, with reverent prayers, begin the search. As soon as a snake is seen he is sprinkled with sacred meal and addressed in terms of family relationship. Then if he shows a disposition to coil and strike, the snake whip is brought into play. He is gently stroked and talked to, and as soon as he feels the tickling of the feathers and uncoils, the priest, with a dart of great rapidity, stoops and picks him up and inserts him in the bag brought for that purpose.

For four days this gathering of the Elder Brothers takes place, one day the search being to the north, another to the west, a third to the south, and the fourth to the east.

During this search those Hopi who are not members of the Snake or Antelope clan, are careful not to look upon either priests or snakes, lest serious injury should come to them, and, worse still, the prayers offered be of no effect in producing the rain.

At noon of the ninth day's ceremonies the washing of the snakes takes place in the Snake kiva.

At a given time the chief priest of the Snake fraternity, with several of his assistants, squat around a large bowl full of water, brought from a spring supposed to possess special virtues. The kiva is some fifteen or sixteen feet square, and its only light is gained through the ladder hatchway from above. At one end of the room is the sand altar, and at the other are the ollas or jars containing the snakes. Two men hand the snakes to the priests. The main part of the floor of the kiva is taken up by the priests, some thirty; all told. In the centre of this number I was permitted to take my place.

After a prayer the rattles were gently shaken and a song was begun in very soft tones. At the same time the priests who had charge of the snakes brought two to each of the priests who sat around the bowl. As the writhing, wriggling reptiles were dipped into the water again and again, the song increased in

power until it was at double forte. Then, without a word of warning, the washing priests threw the snakes over our heads upon the altar at the other end of the room. As they did so, half the singers burst out into a blood-curdling yell, six times repeated, "Ow! ow! ow! ow! ow! ow!" The scene and noise were startling in the extreme.

In a moment all was still again. More snakes were brought, washed, thrown, and the shouting, was repeated; and this continued until from 150 to 200 snakes were washed and thrown upon the altar. There they were stirred into the sacred sand and among the bahos, in order, as one of the priests told me, that they might become sanctified.

When all were washed, all the priests save one went home to prepare for the evening ceremony. The snakes were allowed to become quiescent.

At sunset the concluding ceremonies begin. For hours the crowds of Hopi, Navaho, Apache, and white spectators have been assembling, and the house-tops are covered with them.

Suddenly all eyes are directed toward the Antelope kiva. The chief priest of the Antelopes, followed by all the others,

ascends the ladder. They form in line and then march to the dance plaza where a bower of cottonwood branches stands, called the kisi, inside which the ollas containing the snakes are placed.

After circling in front of the kisi, the priests line up before it, and sing and pray, awaiting the coming of the Snake priests. When these come from their kiva they do likewise, and then line up facing the Antelopes. After a few minutes' singing and praying the handling of the snakes begins. The Snake priests divide into groups of three, called respectively the carrier, the hugger, and the gatherer. The carrier receives from the warrior priest inside of the kisi a writhing snake, which he immediately places in his mouth, the head to the left, the body wriggling down to the right.

And this is the portion of the dance that has been so distorted and untruthfully described. When the priest receives the snake, the hugger places his arms around the neck of the carrier, and, in a most dignified manner, these two, followed by the gatherer, amble or prance or dance around the plaza. At one place a line of matrons, in another, of girls, stand ready with baskets full of



Throwing the Snakes into the Circle of Sacred Meal.



After the Ceremony.

sacred meal to sprinkle snakes and dancers.

When the carrier has borne his snake about two-thirds of the circuit he throws it to the ground, and it is now the duty of the gatherer to advance and pick it up. Generally there is no trouble in doing this, but, now and again, a rattle-snake coils and prepares to strike. Then the snake-whip comes into play, and the priest, tickling the snake with it, makes him uncoil and seek to escape. He is then easily picked up.

This round of carrying snakes, throwing them to the ground, and picking them up, continues until all the snakes are brought from the kisi, the Antelope priests the while remaining in line and singing.

Then the Snake chief priest makes a circle of the sacred meal, and at his signal, all the priests advance towards it and throw the reptiles they are carrying into it. Prayers are said over them, sacred meal and water sprinkled over them, and then, like a flash,

the Snake priests dart upon them, grabbing in their hands all they can pick up, and, rushing down the steep trails into the valley, there deposit their Elder Brothers, kneel down and pray over them, and then return to their kiva.

Here they drink large quantities of an emetic for purposes of ceremonial internal purification, and when this emetic has accomplished its work the rites of the Snake Dance in that village for the next two years have come to an end.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

J. A. Coll.

I AM the child of the sunny skies, The life that was born of spring, Come into the heart of glen and mere And the soul of everything. I hurry the sap of hazel boughs To the promised nuts of brown, And I draw the doubled oak limbs up, And I drill the rootlets down.	I blush in the pippin's cheek of red, I glow in the pink of peach; I give my hand to the fern and vine, And I give my heart to each. I lift my eyes when the gentian lifts Her eye of a magic blue, And when the poppy speaks of rain I tell of the tempest, too.	The miracle gift of life am I, The birth of the bud and seed, The thought that opens the timid rose, The laughter that rocks the reed; An undertow in the summer sea Of daisies that dip and nod, And the beauty mark of centuries In the handiwork of God.
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