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INDIANS of THE SOVTHWEST

BY

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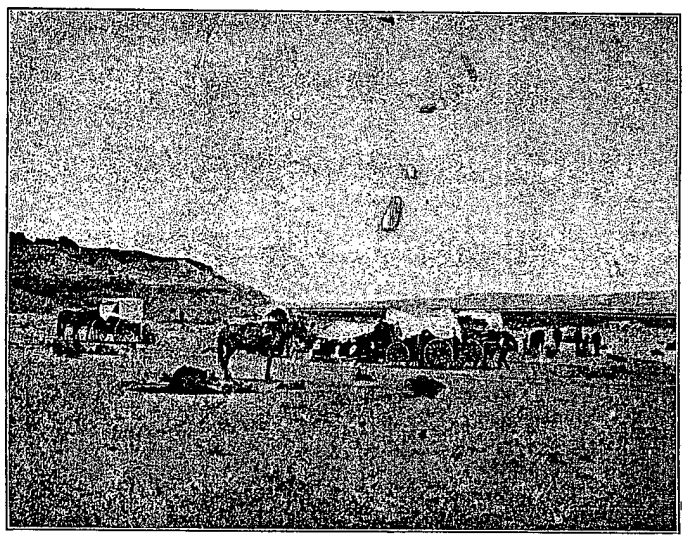
the mesa which lies at your feet in this direction, you may easily understand that this desert is painted, that it is not an optical illusion; for the very earth of the wash has been overspread with a hundred rainbows, as one stratum succeeds another, now red, now blue, now yellow, now white, now green, now black, one shade passing into another by almost imperceptible degrees.

From the summit of the terrace which we have reached we pass rapidly on, by a level but winding trail, to Volz's store at "The Fields." Projecting out of the valley north of us can be seen at a distance of twenty-five miles a great lofty promontory, Little Burro Springs. Beyond that, and projecting into the valley from another side, we see another promontory forty miles away, not so sharply outlined. On its rocky eminence stands Oraibi.

The Three Mesas

We are now in the midst of a great open plain, projecting into which from the north are three parallel tablelands or mesas, like three great stony fingers. Sharp pointed, long and narrow, to the northeast is the First or East Mesa, upon which are situated the villages of Tewa, Sichumovi and Walpi. Just to the left of this narrow finger and reaching further out into the dry, desert sea, stands the Second or Middle Mesa, the end of the finger being cleft, upon the eastern cleft being the villages of Shipaulovi and Mishongnovi, and upon the western cleft



Camp at Little Burro Springs.

Volz's Trading Post, The Fields.

the village of Shumopovi. Still to the left and almost due north we may behold the third stony finger, also cleft and broader than the middle finger. This is the Third or West Mesa, and upon it stands Oraibi, the largest, most ancient and most primitive of all Hopi villages. To distinguish any of these villages, however, from a distance we must look intently, for owing to the protective mimicry of their coloring they seem to be upward continuations of the living rock.

Naturally each village has its own special points of interest not to be found in any of the others, but in general they have much in common. All are upon the summits of mesas, the ascent to which is up the sides of a more or less precipitous cliff, three to four hundred feet in height. Below the villages are the cornfields, peach orchards and gardens. Each has its own spring or springs, its own temples, shrines and burial-grounds; and in every village the traveler, provided he does not force his way into the temple sanctuaries, will be kindly welcomed by the people; for the term Moki is a Navaho misnomer, these people calling themselves the "*Hopituh*," or Peaceful People.

After having gone through the formality of obtaining the consent of the Indian agent, we are absolutely free to roam as we like.

Taking the trail to the northeast, a journey of three hours brings us to the spring at the foot of the East Mesa. We are on the slope of a great table-land with its mountain-high billows of sand, massive cubes, towers, spires and pillars carved by the

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along one of the narrow ends, the remaining spaces giving passage for the head, the opposite or closed side of the garment passing just underneath the other arm.

The belt is also of wool, about three inches in width, and is blue and green in color and sufficiently long to be passed around the body three times. On certain occasions the Hopi woman puts on moccasins of white buckskin, the upper of which terminates in a long, broad band, which she winds about her lower leg until it reaches the knee, thus giving the feet the appearance of being encased in white top boots. In addition to the blanket, belt and moccasins which every Hopi woman owns, she usually possesses a smaller white blanket, with blue and red bands along two borders, which she wears on ceremonial occasions.

Each Hopi woman, on her marriage, is provided by her male relatives with certain white garments, consisting of two pure white robes of cotton and a broad white cotton belt with long knitted fringes.

After marriage the Hopi woman releases her hair from the great whorls worn as a maiden, and fashions it into two rolls, one on each side of the head, which she wraps with many turns of a long string made of her own hair. About the neck one usually finds many strands of shell or turquoise beads, or a necklace of silver, while in her ears she wears squarish blocks of wood, with a well-made turquoise mosaic.

Of the former daily costume of the men not much remains, the simple cotton loin-cloth serving every requirement through the greater part of the year. The men, as a rule, wear moccasins upon their feet, which they stain red or black, or which they color to meet the requirements of some special ceremony. Only a few specimens of the old, beautifully made, woven shirts of blue cotton, which the Hopi men formerly wore

A Hopi Mother with Baby in Basket-work Cradle.

Oraibi Girls Grinding Corn.

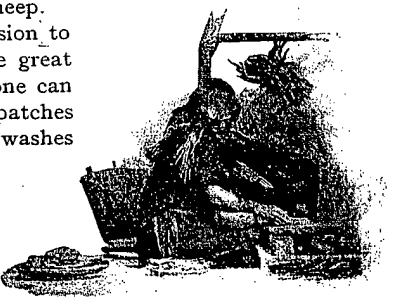
still survive, and their use to-day is largely ceremonial. Occasionally may be found a blanket such as the men probably wore in former times, but which to-day is but rarely manufactured, the men preferring to buy a less expensive blanket from the trader or from the Navaho.

We shall have seen large numbers of stone tools, such as axes, hammers, mortars, pestles, knives, grinding-stones, mealing-stones and rubbing-stones. The lesson which the presence of all these stone objects teaches is one which the archeologist is slow to learn; but, if we read aright, their presence and use by the Hopi in this twentieth century forces the conclusion that the place to study archeology is not in the scant remains of imperishable objects yielded by the mounds of the Mississippi valley, but among the people who still use these objects, as here in Oraibi, where we may determine to a certainty both the nature and use of such objects, learning of their manufacture and ultimate abandonment. Surely, with the art of pottery flourishing here, with many forms of basketry, with the manufacture of many kinds of cotton and woolen garments, with the use of wood for a wide variety of purposes, we could not say that Oraibi was in the stone age, but such, perhaps, would be the report of the archeologist were he to find it after it had been abandoned or destroyed by fire.

In the Fields and Orchards

Should our visit to Oraibi be at any other time of the year than in the winter, or during some great ceremony, we note the almost total absence of men from the village. It is now time to descend into the valleys below, in which the Hopi men spend several months of each year; for here are the cornfields, melon patches, orchards and flocks of sheep.

A Hopi cornfield is a priceless possession to the Hopi, but after having traversed the great cornfields of Kansas on the Unlimited, one can scarcely believe at first that the little patches scattered here and there along the dry washes



Making Bread (Piki).

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Corn Carrier.

in the valleys are really cornfields. The stalks never rise more than four feet in height, and the hills average from ten to a hundred feet apart; but in the hill are often as many as ten stalks. The Hopi thoroughly understands, as did his forefathers, the conditions in these hard and desert valleys. Ridiculously small as the field seems to be, and small as the corn itself actually is, it has cost the Hopi months of weary labor and patient watching.

Early in the spring, with his digging stick he sinks a hole deep into the earth, for the moisture is not to be found, in Arizona, near the surface. In the second place he must shelter his little field from the driving blasts of sand which sweep over the valleys in the early spring like a snow-storm in the north in the dead of winter, and this sand must be kept in check, otherwise his field would be buried; consequently along one or more sides of his field he must plant a wind-brake by thrusting into the ground a close hedge of sage brush, and it must be kept in repair until the corn can fight its own battle against the sand storm.

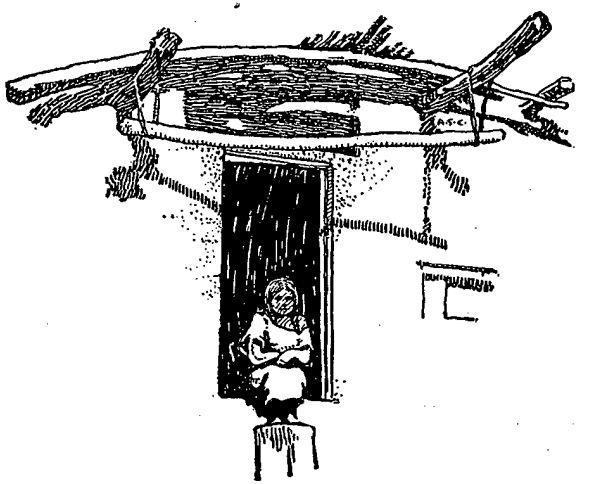
With the corn well sprouted and fairly out of the ground begin his days of never-ceasing vigilance; there is a crow in the immediate neighborhood for every grain which he has planted, and when the crows are not in sight, some stray flock of sheep or a burro puts in its appearance. But centuries of watching have taught the Hopi a lesson, and for the crows he erects wonderful scarecrows, while for his own greater comfort he builds a commodious field shelter in which he passes many hours of the hot summer days, his time being spent in the spinning of a tale to some friend or in the spinning

Dress Weaving.

of yarn to be used later in the year in the manufacture of garments. Likewise the Hopi must protect his melon patches and even his young peach trees from the ravages of the sandstorms, and from the depredations of the sheep of his own people or those of the Navaho.

When not otherwise engaged the Hopi man takes his rude axe and burro and goes to the distant mesa north of Oraibi, where he brings in great bundles of fagots of piñon and cedar. As he goes up and down the trail to the village, he passes the women of his family as they trudge back and forth from the lofty mesa to the distant spring at its foot, in their daily quest for water, or as they seek clay in the pits, to be used either in the manufacture of pottery or in the building of houses, for the Hopi woman is the house-builder and the house-owner.

Can any town in the world, with a similar number of people, produce a greater number of sober, industrious, patient toilers than are to be found on the summit of this West Mesa? Transport the other six Hopi villages, abolish the Government agent over in Keam's Canyon, remove the trader's post at the foot of the mesa, and the home of the missionary, take away the Navaho, and let all the remainder of America be laid waste, and the people of Oraibi could, and probably would, continue their daily life as they do to-day, with a supreme indifference to all other affairs than their own; for they not only produce, or can produce, everything which they require, but being able to sustain themselves in this absolutely independent manner, they are contented and beyond the needs of alms from the nation, the merchandise of the trader or the stern religion of the missionary, which will not guarantee rain.



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