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v. 8, no. 1
Nov. 1927

archives

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The FRONTIER

A Magazine of the Northwest

November, 1927

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Published in November, February and May at the State University,
Missoula, Montana.

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VOL. VIII

NO. 1

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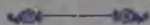
Across the pages of the early history of the Northwest pass a colorful procession—explorers, gold miners, gamblers and sturdy pioneers. The trading post and the cross roads store have always followed the flag to the frontiers of civilization, and each in its turn, has played a part in the stirring drama of pioneer life.

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Queries and Answers

What can the Rocky mountain and Pacific coast region do for itself in literary expression? What is the condition of its literature now?

THE FRONTIER can do something significant if the sincere writers of the region will submit their best manuscripts and help the magazine find readers of vigorous mind and genuine emotions, people who will enjoy reading it.

The Opinion of Mr. James Stevens and Mr. H. L. Davis

The present condition of literature in the Northwest has been mentioned apologetically too long. Other sections of the United States can mention their literature, as a body, with respect. New England, the Middle West, New Mexico, and the Southwest, California—each of these has produced a body of writing of which it can be proud. The Northwest—Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana—has produced a vast quantity of bilge, so vast, indeed, that the few books which are entitled to respect are totally lost in the general and seemingly interminable avalanche of tripe.

It is time people were seeking the cause of this. Is there something about the climate, or the soil, which inspires people to write tripe? Is there some occult influence, which catches the young and shapes them to be instruments out of which tripe, and nothing but tripe, may issue?

From *Status Rerum, a Manifesto Upon the Present Condition of Northwestern Literature, Containing Several Near-Libellous Utterances, Upon Persons in the Public Eye*. (To be had for twenty-five cents, Box 512, The Dalles Ore.)

The Opinion of Mr. Lew Sarett

You have a tremendous opportunity there. Not long ago I completed a tour of the Pacific coast and Rocky mountain states. So much literary material there to be captured! So much literary gold! So misdirected the efforts of the many writers striving to capture the West! So little being done in the universities to encourage and to teach people to capture the beauty that is peculiarly America's! There is a real hunger in the West, a groping for beauty, a creative urge. You can do great work for the entire Northwest by fanning its creative life.

And the flame should be high! Beauty is there in abundance; themes, lyric, epic, heroic, peculiarly American, lie everywhere. Life, drab and romantic, stark and sensuous, idyllic and tragic, is waiting for adequate delineation. What a challenge!

And the West is alive with youngsters who thrill to the beauty of their country and yet who are inarticulate. In striving to get at the situation you are doing a big work. It will take years of effort; but it will be done.

BOARD OF EDITORS

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Manuscripts should be sent to the Editor; business communications to Dalton Pierson, Business Manager; subscriptions to the Circulation Managers, Eileen Barrows or Billie Kester, at the State University of Montana, Missoula.

THE FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST

"The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact."—THOREAU.

VOL. VIII. NO. 1

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NOVEMBER, 1927

Endlessly the Covered Wagon

The Northwest is industrially alive and agriculturally alive; it needs to show itself spiritually alive. Culturally it has too long either turned for nourishment toward the East or accepted uncourageous, unindigenous "literary" expression of writers too spiritually imitative and too uninspired. We in this territory need to realize that literature, and all art, is, if it is worth anything at all, sincere expression of real life. And the roots for literature among us should be in our own rocky ground, not in Greenwich Village dirt or Mid-west loam or European mold or, least of all, in the hothouse sifted, fertilized soil of anywhere. Out of our soil we grow, and out of our soil should come expression of ourselves, living, hating, struggling, falling, succeeding, desponding, aspiring, playing, working—being alive.

THE FRONTIER is pioneer endeavor to gather indigenous Northwest material. It offers itself to readers and writers as a non-commercial channel for expression. It desires hardy writers; it will need hardy readers. Living is active. Literature is not only escape from life. Literature is a vigorous dive into it. Literature plunges into the joy and the sorrow of it, into the ugliness and the beauty of it with equal energy and with understanding and sympathy. Literature has its eyes both on the ground and on the sky; and it persistently pours its searching glances into the depth of depths of the human soul. It can dally, work, play; sing, groan; despair, aspire; shout, purr; cajole, chastise, cheer, delight; throw light and absorb light, lift a spirit and cast it down—make men of its lovers. This it does for readers through imaginative pictures of life.

This region, from Colorado to Washington, has vast store of material in experience of the pioneer warring against physical nature, of the exploiter who trailed the ways of the discoverer and pioneer, of the settler who, finding conditions made by the pioneers and exploiters, devoted himself in uncritical spirit to making a living. The present generation, restless in the settled physical and social conditions, finds also the spiritual conditions irksome. "The frontiers are wherever a man fronts a fact"—these younger generations are turning their gaze upon the world that makes comparison of near and far-off matters and conditions. Out of their critical attitude it is to be hoped will come spiritual growth. Truly, materials for true expression lie at hand lavishly strewn. The early day, the present day; the ranch, the mine; the lumber camp, the range; the city, the village, these have not yielded their treasure of the comedy and tragedy of human life.

It is not cleverness or sophistication or sheer brawn or realism or romanticism or pessimism or sentiment that we want; it is all these—life honestly seen and felt, and passed through a healthy imagination.

What is the state of civilization in this Northwest region of the United States? We hope that THE FRONTIER will furnish some joyous and provocative material toward an answer.

Morning Star—Son of the Sun

By Frank Bird Linderman.

FOREWORD

The Crows (Absarokes) have inhabited what is now southeastern Montana ever since the advent of white men in the Northwest. When they came here, or from whence, nobody knows. Their tribal legends dealing with picturesque Pryor canyon, and points along the Bighorn, Little Bighorn, and Yellowstone rivers, attest their present habitat has been known to them a very long time. Embracing the beautiful Bighorn valley and mountains, the wide, grassy plains lying between the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers, it was extensive, the heart of the northwestern buffalo range, and ideal.

Originally the Crows and the Hidatsa were one people, and both tribes tell the story of their separation, even naming a point on the Missouri river where the division occurred. They can fix no date, but both tribes agree that the separation was the result of a quarrel between two women, wives of rival clan-chieftains, over the possession of a buffalo paunch, and that immediately after the altercation the Crows occupied *The Country-of-the-Long-Mountain, The-Story-Land*, where they have since remained. The Hidatsa of today are called *Gros Ventres*, and are therefore confounded with the *Gros Ventres of the Prairie*, an offshoot of the Arapaho. The true Hidatsa from whom the Crows separated are not the kin of these people. The Crow name for the *Gros Ventres of the Prairie* is *Apa-e-wesa*, meaning *Hairy-nose*. Their sign-name signifies *Big Belly*. The Crow name for the *Hidatsa* (also called *Gros Ventres* by white men) is *Away-sha*, meaning *Dirt-lodge*. Their sign-name is expressed by making the motions of shelling an ear of corn.

Before the separation the tribe had used dirt lodges, built comparatively permanent villages, and cultivated fields of corn and pumpkin on the Missouri. *Cold-wind* and other old men assert that even after the separation, following tribal custom, the Crows built a village of dirt lodges at the mouth of the Rosebud on the Yellowstone. But they can fix no date for it, although the Crow ceremony of *planting the tobacco seed* is said, by *Cold-wind* and others, to have had its origin in the village of dirt lodges at the mouth of the Rosebud, and if this be true, the Rosebud village was established many generations ago, since the ceremony of *planting-the-tobacco-seed* is evidently very old.

They know nothing of the builders of the *Medicine-wheels*, the great circles of stones embedded in the ground, having circular stations near their centers, and spoke-like stringers radiating from them to their rims—some also a little beyond, and culminating in separate stations. The Crows hold them in reverential awe—"built by *The-Ones-Who-Lived-Without-Fire*," they say, reluctantly, and are silent. By this they mean that the *Animal-persons*, the strange characters of their tribal stories, built the *Medicine-wheels*. They were places of worship, undoubtedly, but *whose?* Not the Crows'; not the Cheyenne's; not the Sioux'; not the Arapaho's; and no others that live today may claim them, even for their forebears.

The Crows are essentially a plains people. They are comely and intelligent. They were expert buffalo hunters, and are great horsemen. They were often at

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war with the Sioux who were east and south of them, and *alicays* with the Blackfeet, who were north and west. Such neighbors as these would keep a tribe of saints in fighting trim, especially if the saints possessed horses; and ever since the horse appeared on the plains of the Northwest the Crows have managed to own more horses than their neighbors.

The exact meaning of *Absaroke*, or *Absanakee*, as it was originally pronounced, is lost, like many other tribal names. It does not mean *Crow*, or *Crow-people*, or *Sparrow-hawk*, or *Sparrow-hawk-people*, as James P. Beckwourth (Jim Beckwith), a half-caste Negro who was with them in the late twenties, has asserted in the unreliable story of his life on the plains. The early French Voyageurs are said to have translated *Absanakee* into *gens de corbeaux*, *Crow-people*. But the Sioux are said by old Crows to have furnished the name to these white men.

I myself believe that *Absanakee* means *Children-of-the-Raven*, or *Raven-people*, since in the Crow tongue *Aba* is nose, or bill; *Aaa*, large, or big; *Aba*, big-nose, or big-bill, and *Nakee*, or *Rokee*, off-spring, or children of. (*He-san-en-du-wem-isa*—Braided-scalp-lock) The crow's bill is not especially large. The raven's beak is his most distinguishing feature. Besides, it is the raven, and not the crow, that is the tribe's *medicine*, it's protecting *Jin*.

Their stories—I mean the stories which appear to belong to themselves (they tell many that I have heard among other tribes)—are often without form to me, and I can now understand why the sun and *Old-man*, or *Old-man-coyote*, have so often been confounded. Crow story tellers, themselves, seem sometimes to be unable to distinguish between these great characters, but careful questioning will, I believe, always prove that the sun is distinctive, even here.

Old-man-Coyote, of the Crows, and *Skinkoots*, of the Kootenais, are very much alike in character, and both tribes tell stories in which *water-persons* play a part. Their descriptions of these particular characters lead one to believe that both tribes may sometimes have lived near the sea. But ever since they have been known to white men they have lived in the Northwest, and widely separated; one a plains people, the other a forest-folk.

“NOW I will tell you the story of a pretty woman, a Crow woman, who had eyes that spoke, and lips that laughed,” said Plain-feather.

“Men desired her, but she would not marry them. The bravest warriors, the best hunters, the handsomest men offered her father much property for his beautiful daughter. But always, when he told her of these opportunities, she said, ‘No, I shall never marry!’

“One day in the early summertime she was sitting beneath an Ash tree that grew beside a great river. Her closest friend, a fine young woman, sat with her. Both were sewing Elkskin with sinew thread, making moccasins for their brothers to wear. Both were happy; both talked and laughed merrily. The Winds from the plains brought them

perfumes, the Birds sang in the bushes, and they were glad in the shade of the Ash tree.

"Soft breezes and shadows in the sunshine make one sleepy on summer days, and after a while the young women laughed less, and talked slower. The breezes rustled the bushes and brushed their faces till, 'I am sleepy,' said the Beautiful-one. 'I will lie down and sleep a little while.'

"Lying on her back, her eyes looked up through the leaves and branches of the Ash tree. She yawned sleepily, and was closing her eyes to dream when she saw something on a limb of the tree.

"I see a Porcupine in this tree, a large one, and I need his quills to make my moccasins pretty," she said, rising and picking up a club of driftwood that was near. 'I will climb the tree, and kill him.'

"'You may fall,' warned her friend, anxiously.

"'No-no. Take my foot in your hand. I shall not fall.'

"Her friend helped her by taking hold of her foot, and she began to climb the Ash tree. Up, up, she went to the branches. 'Now I shall soon reach him,' she called down.

"But the Porcupine moved higher, and the Beautiful-one followed until the young woman on the ground was afraid. 'Stop!' she called. 'You are very high. You are *too* high.'

"I can almost reach him. I am very near him.' The Beautiful-one's voice sounded far off and faint.

"'Stop! Stop! Come down! I can no longer see you,' called the young woman from the ground.

"But the Beautiful-one did not hear her now. She was too far away. The tree was growing! Of course she did not know this. But whenever the Porcupine climbed *one* branch higher the Ash tree grew *four times* as high!

"At last all was White around the Porcupine. Now the branch he sat on was in a White Cloud. The leaves about the Beautiful-one were dripping water, and her face was cold. She looked down. Ah! A White Cloud was *beneath* her! The World was gone! Now she knew that the Porcupine was a Medicine-person, and she was afraid!

"'Listen, Beautiful-one!' The voice was above her. She clung to the Ash tree that she might not fall. Her hands were numb with the damp cold; and her head was dizzy. Her heart was beating fast—like a war-drum. Holding tightly, she answered. 'I am listening,' she said, and looked up.

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"Ah! Esaheawate, *Old-man-coyote*, sat upon a branch above her; and he was combing his hair with the tail of a Porcupine! 'You can not go back,' he laughed. 'You must either fall, or follow me. Come!'

"He began to climb higher, without even looking back to see if she was coming. Of course she knew that she could not help herself now, and followed till at last they came to the top of the Ash tree. It was *through* the sky! Now she saw a beautiful river, forests of trees, and a wide, grassy plain with Buffalo thick upon it. The air was warm, and the Birds were everywhere.

"Where are we?" she asked, glad of the change.

"But *Old-man-coyote* laid his fingers on his lips, pointed to a Great Red Lodge by the river, and whispered. 'We are in the sky. Come with me.'

"She dared not disobey him. Walking softly he reached the Big, Red Lodge, and stopped beside it. He pointed to its paintings, a Sun on the right hand side of the door, and a moon on its left. Besides there were pictures of Eak-sapoah, the Seven Stars, just as she had seen them at night in the Sky. The Big, Red Lodge was very beautiful, and still.

"Your husband is in there," whispered *Old-man-coyote*. 'He is sleeping. Go inside, Beautiful-one!'

"And then *Old-man-coyote* was *gone*! She was alone by the door of the Big, Red Lodge! She could not help herself! Her hand was trembling when she lifted the painted door, and stepped inside.

"All was snowy white! The Lodge-lining, the Robes, the Back-rest, were all like the snows of winter in the World she knew. And a Bright Light was in the Lodge; so bright that at first she did not see a Man lying asleep on a white Buffalo-robe. The Bright Light came from the Sleeper's Face. When she tried to look at him brightness nearly blinded her eyes. His Necklace was of Sparkling Stars, and she smelled sweet perfumes when the Sleeper breathed. His hair was brushed smoothly, and his face was painted Red. Ah! Now she knew that the Sleeper was the Sun!

"She was afraid, but she dared not run away. There was no place to go. She could not hide from the Sun who sees everything. She knew that she must wait there, without making a noise, until the Sun wakened, and spoke to her. And this she did.

"He married her, and they lived together in the Big, Red Lodge. But each day the Beautiful-one was lonesome, because the Sun left the Lodge very early every morning, and did not return until evening.

Making the World beneath the Sky light and warm required half his time. Of course he never went out at night, but left night to the Moon and Stars, so that he was gone only during the daytime. But each day the Beautiful-one was lonely until her Son was born. Then she was happy in the Big, Red Lodge while her man, the Sun, was busy warming the World she lived on before she came to the Sky.

THE MORNING-STAR GOES HUNTING.

“ ‘Father, will you make me a bow and some arrows?’ asked the Son of the Beautiful-one when one evening the Sun came into the Big, Red Lodge. ‘I have already killed many rabbits, but throwing stones hurts my arm.’

“ ‘Yes, Morning-star, my Son, I will make you a bow and some arrows. But no matter what the Meadow-larks may say or do to you you must not kill them. They speak Absanakee, and are Smart Persons.’

“ ‘But always when the Boy went hunting the Meadow-larks followed him. And always they said something to anger him. One day when he was aiming at a Rabbit—and just as he let his arrow go, a Meadow-lark brushed his eyes with his wings, so that the arrow went wild. Then all the Meadow-larks laughed, and said mean things.

“ ‘Listen, you Person who brushed my face,’ said Morning-star, now very angry, ‘my father, the Sun, has told me that I must not kill you. But unless you stop bothering me I will forget his words.’

“ ‘You dare not; you dare not!’ said the Meadow-lark that had brushed his face. ‘You dare not kill me!’

“ ‘The Morning-star shot him. The arrow struck the Bird’s beak, and made him dizzy, so that he staggered when he walked. ‘You hateful Absanakee, you do not belong up here. You belong down below!’ cried all the Meadow-larks, flying about the Boy’s head. ‘Absanakee! Absanakee!’ they kept calling until, saddened by their taunting cries, the Boy lay down and wept.

“ ‘All day he did not go to the Big, Red Lodge. All day long he lay crying on the ground with the Meadow-larks mocking him.

“ ‘Late in the evening the Sun, his father, found him. ‘What is the matter, my Son?’ he asked, lifting the crying Boy to his feet. ‘What has happened to make you sad?’

“ ‘ ‘I have done the thing you told me not to do, Father. I shot a Meadow-lark. He called me names, made my arrow go wild; he said

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I was a hateful Absanakee, and that I did not belong up here. They all say mean things to me.'

" 'Ah! The Meadow-larks are apt to say anything,' said the Sun. 'But this is all your own fault, my Son. You forgot my words. You shot a Meadow-lark. You have displeased me, Morning-star.'

"The Boy was unhappy now. Each day he stayed in the Big, Red Lodge with his mother. She tried to interest him in hunting, but he would not go out of the Lodge, until one day she asked him to go with her to dig some roots.

THE MORNING-STAR GOES ROOT-DIGGING.

"The Sun had not yet left the Big, Red Lodge when they started, and he called the Beautiful-one back. 'When you dig Turnips do not dig the Big One that has many stems. Do not forget my words. Be not like our Son, and disobey me.'

" 'I will remember your words,' she promised. Then she ran, with her root-digger, to catch up to her Boy, the Son of the Sun, who had not heard what his father said.

"The Beautiful-one began to dig Turnips, the Boy rambling about to find them for his mother. Finally he called, 'Here is a large one, Mother! It has many stems. Come and dig it.'

"She went to look at the Turnip the Boy had found. 'No, my Son, I must not dig this one. Your father, The Sun, told me not to dig the Big Turnip that had many stems. This must be the one he meant.'

" 'Give me the digger, Mother,' said the Boy. 'If you will not dig it, I *will*.' He reached to take the digger, but she held it from him.

" 'This may not be the Biggest one—the one with the most stems,' she said, hopefully. 'I will dig it for you, my Son.'

"The roots were deep. When she tore them from the ground they left a great hole. Air came through it—and there was a different light! She looked! The hole was through the Sky!

"She could see a river, wide plains, and a village. Young men were down there playing the Hoop-and Arrow game, and young women were rolling a ball. She saw that they were her own people—Absanakee! 'Look! Look!' she told her Son. 'What you see is my country—*Your* country. Those people are *my* people, and *yours*. They are Absanakee!'

"But she was afraid! She put the Big Turnip back into the hole,

and sat down beside it to cry. 'Oh what can I do,' she sobbed. 'I have seen my people, and I can not go to them.' All day long she cried. Her eyes were red and swollen when at last she said, 'Come, my Son, Your father will be home very soon.'

"The Sun was already in the Big, Red Lodge when they reached it. 'What is the matter, Woman. What has made you sad?' he asked.

" 'I have done the thing you told me not to do,' she answered, lying down on her robes. 'I dug the Big Turnip—the one with many stems. When I tore it out of the ground I saw my people. The sight of my own village has made me sad. I have cried all day.'

" 'Ah! you are like the Boy,' said the Sun. 'You do not remember my words. Besides, you have seen your people, and you wish to leave me. I had intended that you should live here always, but I will send you back, back to your people, with your Son. Yes, in four days you shall go to the Absanakee.'

"He went outside and called *Old-man-coyote*. 'Go,' he said, 'and kill a Buffalo-bull. Take all the sinew in the Bull's body. I shall need it *all*, remember. There is just enough to do what I intend. Go quickly, and bring me *all* the sinew in the Buffalo-bull's body by this time tomorrow.' Four times the Sun told the *Old-man-coyote* that he needed *all* the sinew in the Buffalo's body.

" 'I will remember your words,' promised *Old-man-coyote*. 'I will bring *all* the sinew in the Bull's body to your lodge by this time tomorrow.'

"By morning he had killed a Buffalo-bull, and by mid-day he had taken all the sinew—all *except from two places, the flanks*. These he forgot. By sundown, before the Sun had reached the Big, Red Lodge, he had brought the sinew there—all the sinew from the Bull's body *except from two places, the flanks!*

"When the Sun came he began at once to make a rope of the sinew. It was thick as a man's thumb, and very strong. It filled the Big, Red Lodge when it was finished, and it would reach very, very far.

" 'My Son, Morning-star,' said the Sun, handing the Boy four arrows, 'here are four Medicine-arrows. One is Black, one is Blue, one is Yellow, and one is Red. Take good care of them always. They will make your living, and make you a great warrior among your mother's people, the Absanakees. I shall not forget you.'

" 'Woman,' he said, turning, and giving the Beautiful-one a fine Root-digger. 'This is a Medicine Root-digger. When you use it you

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will be lucky even where others have failed. It will make your living on the World. Take good care of it, or you will be sorry. Now, follow me, both of you.'

"Taking one end of the sinew rope the Sun walked to the Big Turnip that had many stems, and lifted it out of the hole in the Sky. Then he tied the end of the Sinew rope about the waist of the Beautiful-one, and said, 'Take our Son on your back, and let yourself down through this hole you have made.'

"She laid her Medicine Root-digger on the edge, and let herself down with the Boy on her back. The different air was pleasant to her, and she looked down.

" 'Have you got everything?' asked the Sun, holding the sinew rope. "'Yes,' they both answered. 'Yes, we have everything.' " 'Good-bye, then,' he said, and began to let them down, down, down, through the hole in the sky. The sinew rope slipped easily on the edge, and down, down down, went the Woman and her Son until suddenly they stopped! The sinew rope was not long enough! They could see the tree-tops now and a river, too. But the sinew rope would not reach the World!

" 'Esahcawata! Esahcawata!' called the Sun, holding onto the end of the sinew rope. 'Esahcawata, come here. I want you!'

" 'What is it you want of me?' asked *Old-man-coyote*, looking foolish.

" 'Did you bring me *all—all* the sinew from the Bull's body?'

" 'Well, *nearly* all,' said *Old-man-coyote*. 'I forgot *two* places, the *flanks*,' he admitted.

" 'My rope will not reach the World, and now I can not get it back. You are all alike. You do not remember my words.' He was angry, and might have killed *Old-man-coyote* if his hands had not been so busy.

" 'Oh, see here!' *Old-man-coyote*, glad to turn the Sun's anger from himself pointed to the Medicine Root-digger lying on the edge of the hole in the Sky. 'Here is that Woman's Root-digger,' he said. 'She has forgotten it, the fool!'

" 'Yes, she is foolish,' agreed the Sun, still holding the rope. 'Without her Digger she can never make her living down there. She will now only be in the way. She forgot my words. Go, Esahcawata, and bring me a Big Stone!'

"*Old-man-coyote* ran and fetched the Stone. The Sun took it

and said, 'Stone, I give you my Medicine. Go down this rope. Hit my Woman on the head, and kill her. But do not strike my Son, the Morning-star. He is needed down there. When you strike my Woman's head this rope will break, and all will fall. Beat the Dead Woman to the Ground! Get under her, so that when her body lands, it will not strike *hard*. This will save my Son, the Morning-star.'

"The Big Rock sped down the sinew rope, struck the Woman on the head, and killed her. When the rope broke the Stone beat the Woman's dead body to the ground, got under it, and saved the Boy from being killed by the fall.

MORNING STAR MEETS A PERSON.

"The Boy got up. He knew his mother was dead, but he did not leave her. That night he slept there. But in the morning he was hungry, and he began to search for something to eat. He hid his four Medicine-arrows, and crossed the river to look around for food. He saw some pumpkins and a patch of growing corn. 'What can these round, yellow things be, I wonder?' he said to himself, walking among the pumpkins. 'And I have never seen *this* plant before,' he said, tasting the corn.

"The corn tasted good. He liked it, and ate all he wished. Then he began to play with the pumpkins, rolling them about, bumping them together; laughing when they broke in pieces and rolled apart. But at last he tired of the pumpkins, and went back across the river to his dead mother.

"That afternoon the *Old*-woman who owned the corn-field came there to learn how her pumpkins were getting along. 'Now what is all this?' she said, when she saw that corn was missing, and that many pumpkins had been tumbled about and broken. 'Some Person has been here! Ah! I see tracks! Who could have made them?' She bent nearly to the ground. 'A child!' she whispered. 'Is it a Boy or a Girl that comes here to my patch? I will learn. I will find out!'

"She went back to her lodge and made a Stick-and-ball, and a Bow-and-arrow. She carried both to her corn-patch, and laid them down. 'These will tell me what I wish to know,' she laughed, cunningly. 'Tracks may lie, but play-things tell the truth. I shall soon know if a Boy or a Girl visits my corn-patch.'

"Next day the Boy went again to the patch, and picking up the Bow-and-arrows, shot the pumpkins full of holes. Then, seeing the

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Stick-and-ball, he shot the ball until it was ragged, until the Deer-hair that was inside it, stuck out.

"When the Old-woman came to see what had happened, she found her pumpkins shot full of holes, and the ball riddled with arrows, and ragged. 'Ah, ha!' she laughed. 'A Boy! Toys will tell what tracks will not. A Boy comes to my corn-patch. I am alone. I need this Boy for company. Besides he will be my hunter, and I shall not have to work so hard for my living. I will catch him. If I do not he will destroy all my pumpkins.'

"She hid in the corn and waited. The Sun was in the middle of the Sky next day when she heard something coming. It was the Boy! She saw him break corn from stalks and eat it, watched him moving about looking for more that pleased him. 'Ah! He is handsome,' she whispered, creeping toward him through the corn. 'He can beat me running. I must catch him with kindness.' She stood up.

"'Boy, my Son! Do not run away. Come to me. See, I am an Old-woman, and lonesome.'

"The Boy stopped running and turned. The Old-woman's voice was soft, and he had no place to go. He was a stranger on the World, and alone now.

"'Come, my Son.' She did not move. She only held out her arms, and her voice was even softer than before.

"Slowly, and with caution, the Boy walked near the Old-woman. 'Where did you come from, Boy?' she asked him, speaking pleasantly, and smiling.

"'Up there,' he pointed. 'I am alone here. My mother is lying dead over there,' he pointed again.

"'I will go with you and see your mother, Boy,' she offered. 'Lead the way.'

"'Your mother has been dead four days, and we must put her away,' said the Old-woman, beginning at once to wrap the dead in her robe. 'Help me, now, Boy,' she said; and together they laid the Boy's mother in the branches of a tree.

"'Thus we do, my Son, when people die; and when this is done, we do not visit the dead again. Come away with me.'

MORNING-STAR LIVES WITH THE OLD-WOMAN.

“The Old-woman’s lodge was large, and its lining was high. Almost at once the Boy noticed strange things there. He said nothing about them, but he never sat with his back near the lodge-lining. He knew that some Person lived behind it, and he was certain that the Old-woman knew what Person it was. He watched carefully, and saw that when the Old-woman gave him food, she always filled a bark-plate with the same food and put it behind the lodge-lining. When she took the plate again, it was always empty. There was never a scrap left upon it. This is why he never sat with his back near the lodge-lining; and this is why he never told the Old-woman about his four Medicine-arrows that were hidden across the river. He wondered who this Old-woman-person might be. Of course he knew that she was a Medicine-woman, and that she might be a Bad-person, but he was not afraid. He possessed *big* Medicine, himself, and besides, there was never any noise behind the lodge-lining.

“He was not unhappy. He had plenty to eat, and grew fast, hunting Rabbits nearly every day with a bow and some arrows he made. But he watched the Old-woman; and he never sat with his back near the lodge-lining.

“One day the Old-woman said, ‘Son, I am going now to dig some roots. My corn is ripe, but you must not eat it. I tell you this, because you may grow hungry when I am away. Never eat the Red corn, nor roast it. Eat the White corn.’

“When she had gone, the Boy went to the corn-patch and tasted the Red corn. ‘I like this Red corn better than the other,’ he said to himself. ‘I wonder why she tells me not to eat it. I’ll pick some of the ears, and roast them in the lodge-fire while she is away.’

“But when the Red kernels popped in the lodge-fire something happened. Birds flew out. Every time a kernel popped, out flew a Blackbird! Pop-pop-pop-pop!—Blackbirds filled the lodge, fluttering about the Boy’s head.

“‘Ho! Here is fun!’ he laughed, beginning to shoot the Blackbirds with his bow and arrow. When he had killed the last one he piled the dead Blackbirds on the Old-woman’s bed. ‘Grandmother has been hiding my fun in her Red corn,’ he said.

“‘I’ve done the thing you told me not to do, Grandmother,’ he told her when she came back to the lodge and saw the dead Blackbirds.

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'I picked some of your Red corn, and roasted it. Those Birds flew out of it when the fire made the kernels hot. You have been hiding my fun in your Red corn, but I have found it. Why did you hide it, Grandmother?'

"She did not answer. She carried the dead Blackbirds outside, and covered them with brush. 'Listen,' she whispered to the dead Birds, 'My little Boy's heart is not bad, but I am afraid he is a Medicine-person, and knows too much. Go away from here. The Winter is coming. Find a warm country and stay six Moons. Then come back here and build your lodges,' (And they do this ever since that day).

"The Boy heard what the Old-woman told the Birds. Now he went across the river and got his four Medicine-arrows. He put them in the quiver with the others, and he kept the quiver on his back. 'I may need you,' he told the Arrows.

MORNING-STAR MEETS BEHIND-THE-LINING-PERSON.

"One morning the Old-woman said, 'My Son, I shall be gone today. I have work to do. Do not go far from the lodge while I am away.'

"She cooked food for the Boy, and as usual, filled a plate and put it behind the lodge-lining. Then she went outside.

"When the Boy had eaten all that was on his own plate, he wished for more. He was still hungry. He remembered that the bark-plate which the Old-woman had put behind the lodge-lining had been heaped with food. 'I will take it,' he thought. 'I will reach under the lining just as she does, and I will take the plate, myself.'

"He reached the lining, but felt no plate. He *raised* the lining. Lightning flashed! There was a deep roar like Thunder! He tore the lining away! Smoke filled the lodge. It choked him. But he saw a Terrible-Looking-Person with a long horn growing over one eye in the middle of his forehead! The eye was small and flashed green fire. And when the Person breathed, smoke came from his nose.

"'You belong to the Big-water,' said the Boy. 'You are the Person who eats the food my Grandmother puts behind the lining. Speak!' He drew a Medicine-arrow from his quiver, and fitted it on his bow-string.

"The Terrible-looking-person rushed at him, roaring like deep Thunder! But the Medicine-arrow was deep in his wicked eye, and he staggered and fell dead.

"The Old-woman heard the Thunder, and came running into the

lodge, "What have you done, my Son?" she asked, looking in the thick smoke to see the Boy.

"I have killed the Person who steals the food you put behind your lodge-lining," he answered, looking down at the ugly body, that had lumps on it, and a long tail.

"I am glad," she told him. But this was not true. The Person had once been her husband. She was afraid of the Boy now, and wished to be rid of him. "I will take this Person's body out of here, Son," she said lifting, half-dragging it out of the lodge.

"The Boy listened. He heard her put the Terrible-Looking-Person's body into the river. When the water touched it, the Boy heard the Monster say, 'Put my head up the stream, and my tail down stream—the way the river runs, and listen to me. This Boy who is with you is a Big-Medicine-person. He will kill every Wicked thing on this World. When he has done this, he will also kill you. Try to send him where he will meet his own death if you, yourself, would live. Remember my words, Woman!'

"I will remember them. I will send him to kill those who can easily kill *him*," she promised.

MORNING-STAR MEETS THE MEDICINE-BEAR.

"While the Old-woman was straightening up her lodge she was thinking how she could rid herself of the Boy. Finally she sat down, and said, 'My Son, you are brave, and your bravery makes me fear for your life. In your hunting never go farther up this river than half-a-day's travel. If you do you will come to a place where there are some large Choke-cherry trees. This is a Bad place. A Medicine-bear lives there, and he will kill you. Then I should be alone again.'

"The Boy was spreading his robe. He did not answer, but went to sleep with his quiver of arrows on his back. Just before daybreak he sat up and listened. The Old-woman was still asleep, and Wolves were howling near her corn-patch. Softly he stood up, took all the four Medicine-arrows out of his quiver, and hid them. Then he slipped quietly out of the lodge, and turned up the river.

"The Sun came into the Sky, and still the Boy was traveling up the river. The Winds also came, and brought him the scent of Buffalo on the plains, but he did not turn from the river; not even when the

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Winds finally told him that he was nearing a Bear-person's lodge. He only looked at the Sun, and said, 'I am now half a day's travel from Grandmother's lodge, and I can see some large Choke-cherry trees, too.'

"Now he came to bones. The ground was littered with them. Some were old, and had been bleached white. Others were fresh, and had shreds of meat clinging to them. He saw many Coyotes, and smaller Persons that feast when stronger hunters kill; but he kept on, the bones more plentiful at every step.

"'Woof! Woof!' The Choke-cherry trees began to shake and tremble. 'Woof! Woof! The Medicine-bear had been disturbed, and was angry.

"'Come out!' called the Boy, pulling a Medicine-arrow from his quiver.

"The Bear came to the edge of the Choke-cherry trees. 'Are you the Old-woman's grandchild?' he asked.

"'Yes,' said the Boy, fitting his arrow to his bow-string. He saw how ugly the Medicine-bear looked with only one eye, a great head, and two long, sharp claws on each heavy paw. 'Come out!' he called again.

"'Do not kill me,' whined the Bear. 'I have heard of you, and I am ready to do what you tell me must be done!' While he was talking he was walking to the Boy.

"'Lie down. I will change your looks, and your habits, too.' The Boy put another eye in the Bear's head, took off the two, long claws and in their place put five on each paw, but they were not so long and sharp as the others. 'Now listen, Bear-person,' he said. 'Kill no people. Dig roots, and eat the Choke-cherries. Do not wander around looking for these things when the ground is frozen. Find a cave in the rocks and sleep until the dead grass lives again.' He began to chop down the Choke-cherry trees and load the wood on the Bear's back. 'Come, now, with me,' he commanded, and led the Bear-person, loaded with fire-wood, to the Old-woman's lodge.

"'Here, Grandmother,' he said, 'is a Person to carry all your fire-wood. He is gentle—and you may use him as long as you please.'

"'I am glad,' she answered. But she was *not* glad; she was afraid. She took the Bear outside and said to him: 'My Son will kill you if you stay here. Go away. Do as he has told you in all things if you would live.' (And always since then the Bears do them.)

MORNING-STAR MEETS THE OLD-WOMAN WITH THE
MEDICINE-KETTLE.

“ ‘You have been lucky, my Son,’ said the Old-woman, that night. ‘But your luck may not last. Never go farther up this river than you have already been. There is an Old-woman up that way who has a Medicine-kettle. Whenever she points it at living things they are drawn into it, and die.’

“ ‘What is this kettle made of?’ asked the Boy.

“ ‘Stone, my Son. It is made of stone.’

“ ‘That night the Boy thought of the Old-woman and her Medicine-kettle until nearly day. Then he arose and went up the river. The Sun was past the middle of the Sky when he came to a forest. The shade of the great trees freshened him. The Winds were scarcely stirring, and it was dark in the forest after the bright light of the plains. He felt drowsy, and would have slept, but just as he closed his eyes he smelled smoke.

“ ‘Instantly he was standing! ‘Some Person’s camp is near,’ he whispered, moving carefully toward the gentle breeze that had told him this. On and on he went, stepping without noise, until he saw a lodge in an open spot in the forest. The sunlight was bright upon the lodge-poles and he saw a little smoke among them. ‘The Person is at home,’ he thought, and stopped behind a tree to look and listen a while. ‘Somebody sleeps,’ he whispered, looking from the tree. ‘I hear snoring.’

“ ‘He crept into the sunshine. Grass grew tall here, but there were so many bones in the grass they hurt his knees. Some of the bones were those of people, some were of Buffalo, and others were of Deer and Birds. He crept very near the Sleeper. Then he raised himself to look above the grass.

“ ‘An Old-woman lay asleep in the sunshine. By her side sat a stone Kettle of enormous size. Snakes, with their bodies half blue and half red, were painted on it, and the Boy could feel the heat that came from its stone rim.

“ ‘He crept nearer. Reaching out he took hold of the Kettle’s bail, and drew it toward him in the grass. He was very careful not to let the Kettle’s mouth point toward himself, but kept it looking up at the Sky. When he got it behind him—when he was between the Old-woman and her Kettle, he began to laugh.

“ ‘Hey, Grandmother! Grandmother!’ he called. ‘You are a great Sleeper. Wake up!’

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“ ‘The Old-woman sprang to her feet. She reached for her Kettle. But it was gone! Then she saw the Boy.

“ ‘My Kettle! Give me back my Kettle!’ she screamed, rushing at the Boy with her war-club.

“ ‘Stop, Old-woman! Stop and listen to me. Old people should be gentle, so that we may love them; not wicked, not quarrelsome, but calm and kind. You are a Bad-person, and unfit to live on the World.’

“With a shriek that made the forest ring she threw her war-club. When the Boy dodged to avoid it, she tried to seize the Kettle’s bail. But the Boy grabbed it, and turned the Kettle’s mouth toward her.

“ ‘PLUMP!’ She went in. She was cooking! The Boy could hear her body *boiling* in the Kettle!

“In a little while he emptied the Kettle and carried it to the Old-woman’s lodge. ‘Here, Grandmother,’ he said, ‘is a Kettle that cooks meat without fire. You will not need to gather any more wood.’

“ ‘I am glad,’ said the Old-woman. But she was not glad. She carried the Medicine-kettle outside to a hill and smashed it into little pieces. All the little, flat stones you see on hillsides are pieces of the Old-woman’s Medicine-kettle.

MORNING-STAR MEETS THE MEDICINE BULL.

“ ‘You will yet be killed by Bad-persons, my Son. You do not listen to my words,’ said the Old-Woman while she was cooking supper. ‘I have warned you, but my warnings are like drops of rain that fall on my lodge. If you do not listen this time, if you go to a lake that is two day’s travel from here, you will never come back. A Medicine-bull lives in this Lake, and whenever he hears a Person walking on the shore, there he sticks his great head out of the water and sucks in his breath. Nothing can save a Person then. They are drawn into the Bull’s mouth. He has killed more people and Persons than any other thing that lives. Do not go there, my Son.’ But in the morning when she found him gone, she laughed.

“The Sun had nearly reached his lodge in the West when the Boy came to the Lake. He saw that its water was very deep, and that nothing lived on its shores. There were only rocks there, and dead willows the Winds had broken. The empty plains came down to the water’s edge and stopped as though afraid.

“ ‘This is the Lake of the Medicine-bull,’ said the Boy to himself, looking at the water that was dark in the failing light. He had cut

a long pole and carried it far. Now he tied it across his back, and went on, singing his War-song - - - 'Hi-aah - - - Hi - -aah - - Hi-hi - - -aaaah.' He walked heavily that he might make a great noise, and he sang loudly.

"Out in the middle of the Lake the water rose up, up, up, and began to foam like a kettle boiling. The ground trembled under his feet. The light was nearly gone, and waves sent in by the troubled water wet his moccasins.

"A black head, large as an island, with sharp horns that turned upward, rose from the water. Two lights like lodge fires came streaking to the shore. When they fell upon the Boy he saw that they came from the Bull's eyes. He felt a Wind that pulled him, made him stagger! He braced his body against it, his long pole dragging and bumping the stones. But he could not hold himself against the power that was pulling—sucking him away from the land. He felt himself flying like a dry leaf in the Wind. He had only time to feel if his long pole was still in its place, when 'Smash!' he struck against white teeth, long as arrows!

"A Cold Wind whistled past his ears. He was in the Bull's mouth! But the long pole across his back held him from being swallowed. He could feel the great, rough tongue of the Monster stirring beneath his feet, and once he fell down, the sucking Wind sweeping over him like a storm. Then suddenly the sucking stopped, and a Hot Wind came! The Bull was letting out his breath! Stronger, even than the Sucking Wind, it would have blown the Boy away again if the pole had not caught and held him till the Bull gave up.

"Now the Boy could hear the Monster's heart beating—one, two, three, four. He knew that very soon the Medicine-bull would sink back into the water and *he* would die there. 'I must work fast now,' he thought, cutting the thongs that held the pole to his back. Then, with his knife in his hand, feeling his way carefully in the dark, he slid down the hot throat until he was inside the Bull's body. People and Persons who were still living bumped against him and some spoke to him. 'Shhh!' he whispered, feeling about in the darkness. At last he felt two long, roundish things.

"'What are these,' he asked the Bull, putting his hand on the Monster's kidneys.

"'Those are what I polish my arrows with,' answered the Bull. 'Go away from there!'

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“ ‘And what is this,’ asked the Boy, placing his hand upon a thing that was moving, a thing that beat time.

“ ‘That is what I do my planning with,’ answered the Bull. ‘Go away from there!’

“ ‘WOOK!’ The Boy stabbed it! He knew the thing that was moving was the Medicine-Bull’s heart—and he stabbed: ‘WOOK WOOK!’

“ ‘With a mighty leap that threw the Boy flat on his back, the Bull sprang out of the water and fell dead in the plains!

“ ‘Now all you that are still alive follow me,’ said the Boy, cutting a hole in the Bull’s side so that he might crawl out of the Monster’s body.

“ ‘Who are you?’ the others asked, watching the Boy cut off the Medicine-bull’s tail to give to his Grandmother.

“ ‘Oh, I’m the Old-woman’s grandchild, I guess,’ he told them, and went away from there.

“ ‘Here, Grandmother,’ he laughed, when he reached the lodge again, ‘I have brought you a present.’ He gave the Old-woman the Medicine-bull’s tail. ‘I cut it off when he was lying down,’ he told her. And this was the truth. The Bull *was* lying down.

“ ‘Now the Old-woman feared that what the Behind-the-lining-person had told her was true, and that at last the Boy would take her life. She was thinking of other Bad-persons who might kill him even when she took the Medicine-bull’s tail out of the lodge and said to it, ‘Scatter your hairs all over this world. Let each hair become a Buffalo, so that the people may have plenty of meat. And never again kill people. Eat only grass from now on forever.’ (And these things came true, all of them.)

MORNING-STAR MEETS THE SNAKE CHIEF AND HIS TRIBE

“ ‘When the Old-woman came back to the lodge she said, ‘Son, there is a Yellow Lodge two Sun’s travel Eastward from here. A tribe of Snakes live there, and they are fierce. Besides, when they go to war, they do not fight fairly. They dig holes in the ground, and when their enemy sits, or lies down on the plains, they come under him, and enter his body. Then he dies. If you go there you will be sorry. You may be killed.’ In her heart she hoped he *would*.

“ ‘She did not get up early next morning. She waited in her robe to see if the Boy left the lodge. But she had slept without knowing, and when she sat up the Boy’s bed was empty. He had gone; and

she was glad. She even laughed, because she thought he would never come back. She sang her War-song four times to help the Snake-persons kill him.

"Out on the plains the rain was falling. The winds were blowing, and the ground was soft under the Boy's feet. 'I have traveled for two Suns,' he said to himself, 'but I can see no Yellow Lodge here.' Then he smelled smoke, and stopped to look along the edge of a coulee for something he needed. He walked along the edges of four coulees before he stopped and picked up the thing he needed. It was a thin, flat stone! This he stuck in his belt, under his robe, and went on again, looking for the Yellow Lodge. He had smelled smoke, and knew he must be getting near the home of the Snake-persons.

"Before he knew it, he was there. He saw four Snakes go inside the Yellow Lodge, and he knew that they had seen him coming.

"He did not even walk slower. Instead he took longer steps straight for the Yellow Lodge of the Snakes. When he came to its door he lifted it, and stepped inside. 'How!' he greeted, looking quickly around the fire where all the Snakes were gathered.

" 'How—How!' answered the Chief Snake. 'We are glad to see the Old-woman's grandchild. Sit down'—and he moved a little to make room for the Boy.

" 'Sit here, beside *me*,' offered a *little* Snake.

" 'Sit here—sit here,' said another.

" 'Here is a soft place,' suggested a big, yellow Snake, by the door.

" 'No,' smiled the Boy, 'this place suits me.' And he sat down where he stood; but first he slid the thin, flat stone from his belt beneath his robe, and sat on it.

"He saw several Snakes move—saw one, two, three, four go into the ground, but he sat still and listened. Soon he could hear Snakes under him. He could even feel them strike the thin, flat stone, one, two, three, four times! But they could not kill him, and he laughed inside himself when the four Snakes came crawling back to their places beside the fire.

" 'Are you hungry?' asked the Chief Snake, smiling. 'We would not have the Old-woman's grandchild hungry in our Lodge.'

" 'Yes, I am a little hungry,' replied the Boy.

" 'Here is meat, good, fat meat,' offered the Chief Snake. But the meat was part of a Buffalo's lung. Its *holes* were full of little Snakes. The Boy saw them, and understood what they intended.

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“‘Your meat is not cooked enough to suit me,’ he said, politely. ‘I will eat my own food while you eat yours.’”

“Now, while he ate his dried meat, he heard the Snakes whispering—saw them talking signs, and understood, too. ‘We will tell him stories until he is tired of listening,’ they said. ‘Then we can easily kill him while he sleeps!’”

“‘Good,’ said the Chief. ‘Begin!’”

“Of course you know that when our people tell stories they keep on telling them so long as their listeners say ‘yes’ when a story is finished. When nobody says ‘yes’ the story-teller knows that all his listeners are asleep. Then he, himself, sleeps. The Snakes held this same custom, and the Boy knew it. He stuck two of his Medicine-arrows in the ground beside him, one on either side. ‘Wake me, if I fall asleep,’ he told the Arrows, when the Snake story-teller began.

“The day died, the night began. The Snake story-teller kept on and on. Morning came, and still he told stories, and still the Snakes heard the Boy say ‘yes’ at the end of every story. At last, in the middle of a story, one of his Medicine-arrows fell against the Boy’s nose. He had been asleep. But the Snakes did not know it, because at the end of the tale the Boy said ‘yes’ again.

“But he also said another thing. ‘I have listened long,’ he said. ‘You have even made me sleep with your story-telling. Listen awhile to my stories.’”

“‘Good,’ they answered. ‘You have listened long. Now we will hear you tell stories, Old-woman’s Grandchild.’”

“‘First I must have some sticks. I shall need them to tell my stories,’ he told them.

“‘There are willows growing over that way,’ the Chief Snake pointed. ‘You will find plenty of sticks over there. We will sleep while you are gone.’”

“When the Boy got back the Snakes had wakened, and they watched him lay sticks around the lodge-fire. The sticks were large as a man’s thumb, and with them the Boy made a circle around the fire.

“‘Now each of you put your head upon a stick, and look straight at me. Look into my eyes, all of you!’”

“‘This is a strange way you have,’ said the Chief Snake, moving his tail a little.

“‘Everybody has a way of his own,’ replied the Boy. ‘This way

helps me tell my stories. Come, lay your heads upon the sticks, and look straight at me.'

'They did not like to do this, but they were afraid to refuse. 'All right,' they agreed, and then every Snake laid his head on a stick and looked straight at the Boy.

'Now listen,' he began. He spoke slowly, and in one tone of voice—a kind of chant that had a little meaning, so that at first the Snakes tried to follow his words. But they soon began to tire of listening to foolish talk. 'When the rain comes, you can always go home'—chanted the Boy; 'when the snows come, you may sit by your fires. You can hear the Winds outside your lodge. You shall be warm when the plains are cold. You may sleep, sleep, sleep in your lodges. You may sleep until the grass grows again. You may sleep, sleep, sleep.'

'Little by little his chantings grew fainter. His voice seemed far off; and then suddenly he stopped. Nobody said 'yes.' All were asleep with their heads resting on the sticks in the firelight.

'The Boy sharpened his knife, and cut off the head of every Snake, but one. One got away. The Boy saw her crawl into a hole in the ground. 'Stop!' he called.

'The Snake stopped; but she would not come back to the fire. She would not put her head upon a stick. She only looked out of the hole, and said, 'Boy, you have killed my people. After this day you must never sleep in the daytime. If you do you will pay for this. And she went down into the ground.

'When she was gone, the Boy became suddenly afraid. Her words kept coming to his ears. He could not forget them. He was far from the Old-woman's lodge now, and he felt lonesome. At first he thought he would never go back, and he traveled farther. One day in the warm sunshine he grew tired, and lay down. Before he knew it he was asleep—asleep in the daytime!

'When he wakened he was a Mad-person! He could not think straight or see things. His head ached terribly, and he screamed. He was a Mad-person, and knew not what he did. Something was inside his head! It was the Snake!

'He tore his head from his body and threw it away from him. It rolled on the plains like a ball. But the Snake did not come out. He ran, headless, until he fell down. He was a Mad-person!

'But his father, the Sun, took pity on him when he saw his son

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on the plains, a Mad-person. 'Esaheawata,' he called, 'I need you.' Go down to the World and learn if that is my Son's head that is rolling on the plains. If it is, pick it up and carry it to a place where the water will fall when I make Rain on the World. Place the head so that, when Rain comes, water will fall into it. Go!

"*Old-man-coyote* came down to this World and found the head. 'Yes,' he said, 'this is the head of the Morning-star, Son of the Sun. I remember the Sun's words. Now I must find a deep coulee,' he said. 'This will do. The water will fall here when the Rain comes. It will fall the length of an arrow right into the Boy's head.' He carried the head to the place, and left it there.

"When *Old-man-coyote* was back in the Sky the Sun made Rain. It fell down on this World, and filled the Coulees on the plains. It came to the place where *Old-man-coyote* had left the Boy's head, and fell the length of an arrow into it until the head was full!

"*Old-man-coyote* was with the Sun in the Sky. He was watching the water fall into the Boy's head when the Sun said, 'Esaheawata, I shall be gone a long time today. I am going lower. I am going down near to the plains, and I shall be late getting back to my Big, Red Lodge.'

"He stopped the Rain, and swung down, down, down, almost to the plains. Mist begun to rise from the coulees. The water was drying up. It dried and dried until all but the water in the Boy's head was gone. Then the Sun came right over his Son's head, and stopped. He was nearly touching the plains now, and the heat was terrible. The water in the head began to steam—it began to boil! His head was like a kettle!

"The Boy knew his father was helping him. Nothing could stay in his head now. The boiling water would drive the Snake out. He put his hands to his mouth. 'I will be ready,' he thought. And just then he felt the Snake coming out, and he grabbed! He caught her by the neck, just back of her head. And he held her!

" 'You told me not to sleep in the daytime,' he said, 'and I forgot your words. I slept in the daytime. You found me asleep,' he admitted, drawing her out of his head, 'and you have made me suffer. My head has ached for many Moons. I do not know how many. Your moving about in my head crazed me, and I was a Mad-person. But you warned me, and I shall not kill you. One who suffers should learn, and I have learned. I have you in my power now, but I have

not forgotten that you warned me, or that I did not heed your words. Now, Snake-person, listen carefully to what I say, *after this kill no people. Before you strike a Person, no matter who it may be, warn him with your rattle, as you warned me with your words. And live always in the ground.* Have you listened, Snake-person?"

" 'Yes, Morning-star, I have listened,' answered the Snake.

" 'I think your nose is too long, Snake-person,' said the Boy, still holding on. 'While I have got you I will change it for you.' He rubbed the Snake's nose against a stone until it was worn off nearly to her eyes.

" 'There,' he told her, 'you look much better, and besides your nose will not get you into trouble so easily now. After this all Snakes must look like you. Now go, and remember my words.'

"She crawled into a hole in the ground, but turned to look back. 'I will remember,' she said. 'I will live in the ground. I will warn Persons with my rattle before I strike them. But once in a while I will bite people. You had better remember this, and keep your feet off me.'

"She was gone before the Boy could catch her again. 'I will go to Grandmother's lodge now,' said the Boy to himself, after the Snake had disappeared. 'Grandmother will be glad to see me, I am sure. Perhaps she knows some other Bad-person to warn me against.' He was laughing a little, when suddenly he heard men's voices. They were talking together in a grove of trees.

" 'I wonder who can be around here?' he whispered to himself. He walked carefully into the grove, and slipped from tree to tree looking and listening until he saw two men beside a dead Buffalo-cow. And there was a dead calf lying by the cow's side—a calf that had not yet been born.

" 'Here is meat for you, Boy,' said one of the men, picking up the tiny calf.

" 'No, no!' cried the Boy, frightened by the dead calf. 'No, no! Keep away from me!'

" 'Yes,' urged the man, 'take this meat.' He walked toward the Boy, offering the dead calf.

" 'Go away! Go away!' cried the Boy who had killed all the Bad-persons. 'Take that away from here!'

"But the man came on with the dead calf, and the Boy ran to a tree, and climbed it. 'Go away!' he called down. But the man laid

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the dead calf on the lowest branches of the tree, and tied it there.

"The Boy stayed in the tree! He dared not come down. He was afraid of a dead Buffalo-calf! He would not even pass it to come down!

"One day his father, the Sun, saw the trouble, and told the men to take the Buffalo-calf away, so that his Son might come down.

"But when the men did as the Sun told them, the Boy killed them both! Then he ran out on the plains. 'I intended to stay on this World forever, and help the people,' he said, fitting a Medicine-arrow to his bow-string, 'but I do not like things here any more. I will go back to the Sky and help my father. I will help his woman, the Moon, light the night. I will be the Morning-star in the Sky.'

"He shot the Medicine-arrow at a White cloud and grabbed the arrow's feathers when it left the bow-string! Up, up, up, he went with the Medicine-arrow into the Sky, where he shines at night. But *never*, *never* does he show himself during certain Moons; never until the Buffalo-calves are born on the plains does the Morning-star shine in the Sky. And I have told you why."

Writer

By Israel Newman.

They were not there for friends to read or quote,
Those densely scribbled sheets of every size.
That shock his soul sustained broke all his ties:
His friends seemed dead to him or too remote.
Men have not time or patience to devote
To every little death the spirit dies;
But this was his first shock in bleak surprise,
And so he wrote, and wrote, and wrote, and wrote—

Like that old bell-ringer insane with fright—
An earthquake having wrecked the town that night—
Who stood alone on one of its bazaars,
Besieged by corpses, pulling at the air,
Believing there were ropes where none were there,
Believing there were bells among the stars.

Five Poems

By H. J. Bolles.

Three Amerindian Poems

I

In the night, the quiet night,
To the pastures of the sky,
To the meadows overhead,
Come the Sun's white buffalo,
Grazing, trampling through the dark.

 In the night,
 Ah, maiden,
Stars wander down the sky.

I am like the sky at night.
I am silence, I am dark
Overspread with thoughts of you;
Bright thoughts, grazing, wandering,
Trampling me with hooves of fire.

 In the night,
 Ah, maiden,
Love of you is in my heart.

II

You are like a wind in my heart.
You are like the cold in the winter.
In the white valley,
On the flashing hills,
In the bare willows,
Among the drifted lodges,
I can find no place where the cold is not.
There is no place where my love for you is not.

You are like a wind in my heart,
You are like a deep river across the way of my journey.

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You are like a bird-call that I do not know.
I know all the birds of the prairie,
All the birds of the mountain.
Though I listen and follow among the trees of white bark,
The trees of thorns,
The trees of good berries,
Though I peer and search,
I do not know this song.
I have not seen this bird.

You are like a wind in my heart.

III

Ya ha ha hai!
Yellow flower, yellow flower!
Hai ya ha he I have found a yellow flower.
There will be no more cold now.

I have found a yellow flower, yellow flower, ya ha ha!
Soon there will be grass;
Soon the fish will come to the river
Ya ya ya ha!

Ya ha ha hai yellow flower, yellow flower!
I will give it to a girl.
She will smile.

Winter is over now ya ha ha!

Love Came Like a Landlord

Love came like a landlord,
A quiet man, and gray.
He entered in and sat down,
And passed the time of day.

He doffed his derby hat and spoke,
He coughed and took a chair.
And all my little dreams were shy
To see the stranger there.

He said, "I hope it's well with you?"
But I knew what he meant:
It was not "How's your health, ma'am?"
But "Can you pay the rent?"

Night Was Made for Sleep

Moonlight, starlight, spill and steep.
Night was made for sleep.

Moon and stars and Heaven above,
There is a lady whom I love.

(Soft winds blow in the willows lowly)
I am humble and she is holy.

Many a brilliant night shall be
But never a night for her and me.

Never a star or east or west
Gleam in the curls across my breast.

Never the moon in my window peeping
Spy at the couch where love lies sleeping.

Black boughs bending and stars a-set,
What if one branch bent lower yet?

Might the wind whistle a drearier tune
If something dangled across the moon?

What if the dark grew strange . . . deep?
Night was made for sleep.

Happy Valley

By Dorothy Johnson Peterkin.

NANCY stooped and gave the youngest baby his bottle. As his shrill wail died down into an ecstatic bubbling, she tip-toed again to the door to listen. Her fate was being decided, out there in the wall-papered parlor.

Mr. Murphy was there. Her mother's fat, doleful voice came again. "Yes, it's a heavy burden—him gone and me left with the children. Nancy's my oldest. She's fifteen, and a great help to me—a good girl, if I do say it—but every child is one more mouth to feed. And in another year, I can't get no state help for Nancy."

Mr. Murphy's answer was subdued. Nancy heard her mother's heavy footsteps, and leaped back from the door.

"Mr. Murphy wants you should come in and talk to him," announced her mother, and whispered warningly, "Now you see you talk nice to him, miss!"

Nancy smoothed her limp gingham around her thin body and tip-toed in. His gray face broke into seams as he smiled meagerly. He sat with his hands spread on his knees, staring at her.

"Mr. Murphy wants you should marry him, Nancy," her mother said in a flustered way. "And go back with him next week to his farm—his ranch, that is. A big cattle ranch in Montana, like you read about in books. Just think!"

Nancy twisted one foot across the other; her rough hands fumbled together.

"Well, what do you say to that, miss?" her mother prompted her sharply. "Pretty nice of Mr. Murphy, ain't it? And you a young girl that won't hardly be no use at all on a ranch!"

"Oh, now, now," suggested Mr. Murphy calculatingly, "I reckon she'll make me a fine wife, once she gets used to me. I'm a hard enough man to please, but she's young. She'll learn. And the country's just openin' up out there. By the time she's as old as I am now, I'll be dead and gone and the ranch'll be hers."

"Oh, I'm sure, Mr. Murphy, you shouldn't be talking that way!" exclaimed her mother in a shocked voice. "Yes, I guess she'll be right glad to come with you. Of course, the child's frustrated."

She got up heavily.

"Well, I suppose you'd like to be by yourselves for a spell," she suggested coyly, and left the room.

Nancy stood still in the middle of the carpet, twisting her hands, rubbing one foot on the other.

Mr. Murphy got up creakily. He came toward her. He put his arms around her, kissed her cringing cheek with tobacco-stained lips. She struggled fiercely, afraid to scream, too much ashamed to cry. She pulled away, her braided hair mussed.

"Now, missy," he warned, "don't be afraid of me. We'll get along."

In time, Nancy learned not to struggle.

* * * * *

Happy Valley spread its grassy acres open to the sun, rolling its wind-stirred grasses clear to the foothills until they lapped against the feet of pines at the edges. Islands, too, were in Happy Valley, islands of young willows, clumps of timid silver birch, bushy clusters where brilliant orange honeysuckle clambered in summer. In the middle of Happy Valley was the largest island of all, a perfect round of close-crowding willows, and near it, Ed Murphy's ranch house. It was a log structure, with numerous annexes. Close by were two or three weathered barns and a gangling hayshed. The old claim shack, the first home of Ed Murphy, long since deserted, hid itself in the crowding willows of the biggest island. From the ranch house it was quite invisible.

Nancy Murphy rolled the overgrown brown loaves out their pans upon the table with a twist of her hands, then wiped her wrist across her sweaty forehead. The dark kitchen was stifling; for weeks the sun had beaten down upon the generous acres of the valley. Nance Murphy's twenty years sat heavily upon her stooping shoulders.

For one short moment she sat down, leaning toward the window. She saw a man riding across the meadow, and frowned. One more hand to feed. Happy Valley and the V-Bar ranch were forty miles from the nearest town—forty miles of uncertain mountain road, corduroyed through swamps, built up perilously with shale through gorges. But still men came, and Ed Murphy never lacked for hands.

There was a rustling in the dried grass outside the door. Nance got to her feet with a frightened spring. Once Ed had found her sitting down, *just before dinner*. A shadow lengthened across the doorstep, and Nance stood waiting for the tall, dark stranger with the

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cruel twist to his lips to tell his business. He was dusty, and his leather chaps were stained with sweat and wear.

"Name's Graves," he drawled, looking down at Nancy with insolent eyes. "Murphy around?"

"If you look you'll find him," she snapped, and shut the door. From her hot kitchen she could hear his chuckle and his footfalls, soft on the grass.

He was with the men who crowded in for dinner, their hair wet and their faces shining from their hurried wash.

As Nancy trudged from the kitchen to the long plank table in the dining-room with a bowl of steaming potatoes, Graves brushed against her bare arm. At her angry exclamation, he jumped aside, with an elaborate, "Beg pardon, Miss." Ed and the men pulled noisily up to the table.

"Over there, Graves," Ed barked to the new hand. No more was said throughout the meal. There were eleven men without a thought in the world except food. At the end of the table sat Ed, grayer, more taciturn, more deeply wrinkled by the suns and blizzards of the mountain valley than he had been when Nancy married him. He crouched over his filled plate, always with an eye on her. Occasionally he glanced warily at the men.

Graves was at the other end of the table. His black gaze caressed Nancy's weary body in all its quick movements. Once she met his glance. Sullenly, she set the dish upon the middle of the table and left the room. Ed looked sharply at her, and then at the new hand. He said nothing.

With a scraping and banging of chairs and a shuffling of shoes, the men slouched out. Graves grinned down at Nancy as she began to clear up, and whispered as he passed her, "Glad I came to the V-Bar, kid."

She answered angrily, "Oh, you are!" and clattered the heavy china.

Three days later, Nancy carefully put down the dishes in their proper place in front of Graves. Ed looked up at her sharply.

* * * * *

Graves brought a pail of fresh water into the kitchen and set it on the bench. Nancy looked up from the swelled mass of bread dough that she was kneading, and smiled timidly as he came to stand beside her.

"Ain't you afraid Ed'll come around and bawl you out?" she asked.

His arm, with its muscles swelling beneath the faded blue shirt, rubbed against her shoulder.

"Naw," he drawled. "I ain't scared of the old man. 'Specially when he's gone up the canyon for the afternoon with two of the hands. What say we go for a little walk, when you get done with that?"

"Walk?" She looked scared. "Why, if he'd see me—I dunno what he'd do."

"He's gone, kid. We'll walk."

She looked hastily around the log-walled kitchen; blackened kettles hung on nails, and a fly-specked calendar, aged and curling.

"Nope, I couldn't," she said.

"Oh, yes, you could." He put strong arms around her and bent her thin body backward. With a long kiss he bruised her lips, laughing at her helpless struggle. He slouched out then, insolently smiling. And Nancy, pressing her floury hands against her burning cheeks, knew a kind of fear that was deliciously different from her fear of Ed.

She left the bread to rise again, and they went toward the island of willows.

"They tell me the old claim shack's in here," suggested Graves. "What say we look at it?"

"I guess so. But I got to get back."

Nancy's feet tripped through the tall grass as she kept pace with her lover's booted strides. As they broke through the narrow trail in the crowding willows, she heard a lark singing.

Graves' arm brushed hers; he put it around her and leaned his face close.

"That's better, ain't it, kid?" he whispered.

And though she stumbled, she said, "Yes."

They peered into the dark, littered claim-shack.

"That's where the stove was," she said. "And the table must have been there."

"But we don't care about that, do we, kid?" Graves caressed her yielding shoulder.

Because his dark face was very close to hers, she said, "No."

"And you're going to meet me here sometime, ain't you?"

She hid her face against his arm, and because she loved him, she said, "I guess so."

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"Just before the moon comes up, kid." He pressed his mouth to hers. She did not struggle.

* * * * *

The trail through the crowding willows widened for their hurrying, shameful feet. Now, after many years, the claim shack knew occupancy. The grass by its sagging doorway was again worn away. Then three weeks of tramping on the growing things that yielded so docilely to their impetuous tread betrayed them.

When Ed stalked gloomily into the kitchen one afternoon and reached for his rifle, Nancy started guiltily. He sat down on the step, with no word to her. Finally he said, "Have to clean up the old rifle, I guess. Coyote sneakin' in the willows."

When she arose from the oven, there was a great red streak across her arm where she had touched the hot stove in her nervous jerk. She stared through the open door, over the grizzled head of old Ed, leaning over his rifle on the sill, but there was nothing there—only the weathered sagging buildings, and the sun beating down.

Through the weary afternoon she worked in her hot kitchen, with old Ed on the door-step, watchful, silent. Once she made an excuse and went through the unhandy maze of the leanto—but the door was locked.

The afternoon dragged on, and her husband cleaned his rifle.

Still there was supper to come. She saw that Graves was not in his place, and the dishes almost fell from her shaking hands.

"Put 'em down next there," barked Ed. "He's out for some calves."

Hands took up the dishes and passed them in heavy silence. Sweating men bent busily over their plates. The empty chair was like a ghost. But she knew that Ed had not been away from the house with his gun.

After supper, while the sun slid down behind the cooling mountains, Ed sat in the doorway, silently smoking, and Nancy washed the stack of dishes. Once, through the low window, she thought she saw him coming, but it was only the wind in the clump of bushes. Ed turned and sat watching her. After that, she dared not even look out of the window.

Gaudy streaks of sunset faded above the pine-sharp edges of Happy Valley, and the coolness of descending night, that should have brought peace, slid down over it.

One of the men came awkwardly toward the house, and Ed got slowly to his feet.

"Stay with the woman, Ole," he said. "Don't like for her to be alone. Goin' out to clean out a coyote in the brush."

By lamp light, she darned Ed's socks. When her eager feet should have been crossing the stretch of meadow to the willow island, with the moon's first light glowing above the pine-black shores of the valley, they were tensely still instead, and her trembling fingers pushed the long needle in and out of the gray wool. Ole sat uncomfortably across from her, blushing and fidgeting, unaware, trying to talk.

When the rifle shot cracked across the quiet, moonlit valley, Nancy, in her guarded circle of lamplight, plunged the darning needle deep into the palm of her shaking hand, but she felt no pain—not there.

"Well, Ay guess he got 'im," offered Ole in one last desperate attempt at sociability. But Ed Murphy's wife did not answer.

* * * * *

Nancy's feet went steadily through the drying meadow grass to the Willow island. Grasshoppers leaped and fell dully back as she passed. The sun was heavy upon the valley, that hot, sweet summer day. Insects buzzed and droned above the meadow. As her tired feet came closer to the island, she heard the sound of a louder buzzing. For the last time she broke through the dim and leafy pathway, and stopped in the doorway of the shack.

Nancy had come to her tryst, and though her coming was by a week delayed, her lover waited still.

He lay on his face, with one stiffened arm pillowing his quiet head. The dark cabin was filled with the drone of flies.

Nancy's weary feet dragged back to Ed Murphy's ranch house, to the blackened kettles and the fly-specked calendar, and the betraying trail was left to heal.

Two Poems

By Lillian T. Leonard.

Hills

I ask you just to come with me a pace,
Along the up-trail where the aspens lace
Their velvet shadows on the grass beneath
Their silvery leaves. Fling off your crackling sheath
Of worldliness and come. Come and believe.
There will be dreams to keep, songs to relieve
Your secret need. A poised expectancy
Awaits to chant a mountain litany
Where, in the liquid light from beauty's lees,
Strained through the meshes of the aspen trees,
Peace muses like an artist who transposes
Brown-petaled thoughts into September roses.

Canyon Evening

Slowly the cows come up at night;
Like silhouettes against the sky
They top the hill, black upon white—
I stop to watch them passing by.
Their bells ring sweet as temple tones,
Their feet go crunching on the trail,
And in and out among the stones,
Or ankle deep in silvery shale.
One after one they disappear,
Leaving me here upon the steep,
With silence fluting in my ear
Of obligations I must keep.

The Wake

By Steve Hogan.

Forty years they lived together
 As man and wife. Then he died.
 The neighbors turned out in spite of the weather,
 And mumbled "sorry for your trouble"—or shed a tear and sighed
 And asked when the funeral would be.
 Around midnight they ate a lunch and talked out loud
 (After the priest said the rosary)
 And told stories—a jolly kind of crowd.
 Some of them sat up all night long,
 Not quite comfortable—vaguely ill at ease
 Because of the widow—she acted wrong—
 Didn't cry—just sort of listened to the trees
 Outside, as the wind blew—
 They don't know yet that she'd died too.

Wild Irish

By John C. Frohlicher.

O'Malley bows his head. The acrid heat
 From heaps of slag half-cooled out on the floor
 Just warms his face. One shift a day on beat
 For thirty years he's felt that heat—and more.
 Far overhead a crane with screaming wheel
 Still sounds to him like banshee in Dineen,
 And round his feet the dancing pixies reel—
 This furnace blowing orange, that one green!
 It takes a hell of hot convertor's roar
 To turn to orange the green-stained copper ore.

Makers of Song

By Grace Stone Coates.

Gazing at Athena's toy
Marsyas felt across his lips
Joy beyond all earthly joy;
On his covetous finger tips
Vibrant eagerness above
Zest of wine or urge of love.

Longing, fearful, backward thrust,
Marsyas felt his will coerced
By deeper need than satyr lust—
On mortal lips the immortal thirst
With presumptuous breath to share
In the self-engendered air.

Stooping to retrieve the flute
Marsyas knew before his eyes
The river of blood. Did he salute
Truth in her eternal guise?
Was he ardent of the pain
Beauty promises her slain?

Pressing Apollo to the song,
Did he feel the unyielding tree,
The straining flesh, the corroding thong?
Was his triumph agony?
Tell us, Marsyas, from the shade,
Lest we strive, lest we be flayed.

HISTORICAL SECTION

Each issue will carry some authentic account, diary or journal, preferably of early days in this region of the country. The installment in this issue is reminiscence of the years 1880-1882 in central Montana.

A Wisconsin Youth in Montana

We had found upon our arrival at Fort Benton five or six teams with prairie schooners, in charge of friends who had preceded us to Montana, and in three days after landing were starting on our overland journey to the Forks of the Musselshell, one hundred and forty miles distant. We were well equipped and favored with fair weather. The green prairies afforded excellent grazing to our horses; we were unencumbered with cattle; and this phase of our emigration was as delightful as our river journey. About ten miles from Fort Benton we came upon a frontiersman beginning a home on a little stream, but from this point we traveled a hundred miles, to the east of Square Butte and the Highwood mountains, across the Judith Basin and into the Musselshell Valley, without encountering another human being. We followed a faint unauthoritative track. There was no road in the proper sense of the term, no bridges, no grades. Mounting the rim of the Judith Basin we struggled for two days up the Arrow Creek Hill, traveling only four miles. This hill is distinctly plural. The high benchland to the south of Arrow Creek breaks away into a number of closely crowded, detached buttes and hillocks, too steep to be flanked. We hauled our wagons with doubled teams to the top of each elevation (a frontal attack in each case) and rough-locked, let them down the descent to the foot of the hill (the beginning of the next ascent), where the operation was repeated.

This was the only serious barrier on our road and when it was surmounted and our whole course across the Judith Basin to the Gap, some seventy miles distant, was almost visible, I first began to sense the real meaning of the mountains and prairies. Nine or ten mountain ranges, detached bulwarks of the Rockies, were in view; some distant and unreal, others close at hand, stark and palpable. These were for the eye. Under foot, close at hand, was the comfort of the firm-sodded sloping benchland, the rolling hills and the pleasant, infrequent water courses. Prairie fire had destroyed the old grass, but the warm sun

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of spring had already covered the ground with the most brilliant green. Three lovely spring days in this setting gave me the beginning of that intimate sense of fellowship with this foothills empire which was never to leave me.

We had the usual troubles in fording the various streams that crossed our trail. Our hunters found game enough to keep us supplied with meat. We adopted the precaution, perhaps unnecessary, of keeping armed guards at night, but saw no Indians, hostile or otherwise. At Robert's Creek we were met by a team sent from my Father's camp at the saw-mill site in the Belt mountains. Here, in company with four others, I left the party, and that night was in council with my Father, whom I had not seen for more than a year.

* * * *

The last stage of our journey from the Sawmill Gulch was about thirty miles, but we were traveling light with a tough little team of cayuses and a lumber wagon almost empty. The day was bright and warm and our course lay over thinly grassed uplands, dipping into an occasional small watercourse. Early in the afternoon, from the top of a sterile hill west of Daisy Dean, I beheld my destination—an insignificant huddle of diminutive log cabins at the foot of a low hill near the confluence of two small streams. We were at the head of the Musselshell Valley. Mountains fronted and flanked us, mountains naked and snowy, mountains rounded and green, and old mountains revealing rocky vertebrae. From the contemplation of these encompassing heights the eye turned incredulous to the little smudge of civilization in the midst of untouched wilderness.

I presume that the greater part of an hour was consumed after arrival in renewing acquaintance with my mother and younger brother and sister, after which I took steps to explore my new surroundings. The settlement was housed in a four-room log cabin, L-shaped, with dirt roof and floors. One end room was the trading-post. Next to this was the bunk-house where the regular employees and transients slept, called the "ram pasture." The corner room was our family bedroom, and connecting with it, forming the short end of the L, was a combination kitchen and dining-room. This room was distinguished by having a board floor. There were two other log buildings—a stable which would accommodate about four animals and a dugout storehouse and root-cellar.

The door of the trading-post was so low that, perhaps without ne-

cessity, I ducked my head in entering. I had no sooner entered than I felt that the place was crowded. A card table surrounded by four poker players took up almost every foot of available floor space. The game must have been interesting or I must have been uninteresting, for almost no attention was given to my entrance. This inattention to myself was in no sense reciprocal, for the emporium with its meagre display of merchandise was ignored while I studied the men at the table. Facing me was Antelope Charlie—a tall well-built young man with long hair and the mustache and goatee so much affected by the scout. His legs were under the table but there was visible above it a gorgeously decorated buckskin shirt of Indian manufacture. At his right sat a famous frontier character, carrying easily the name of Liver-eating Johnson. He was a big, broad, burly man, unkempt and abundantly bearded. His flannel overshirt as well as his red flannel undershirt was negligently unbuttoned. His hairy arms and big hands suggested the sailor. Opposed to him I saw my first specimen of the Squawman, Jim Carpenter. In this brotherhood, Carpenter had taken the highest degree, for he not only was allied to a squaw but he had modified both costume and appearance to conform almost as nearly as possible to the savage standard. He was a smooth-faced middle-aged Missourian. His rather scanty hair was worn long with side braids hanging before his ears attenuated and ludicrous with their decorations of fur and trumpery ornaments. He wore a fancy buckskin hunting-shirt and a leathern belt, which with its dependent knife sheath was heavily decorated with brass studs. Sitting with his back towards me was Frank Gaugler, the owner of the establishment. It was some time before the rigor of the game relaxed and my advent was noticed, whereupon I was accorded words of welcome and an opportunity to study my future employer.

He was a man of medium size with a face that showed benevolence and inefficiency. He was bearded like Johnson, but unlike him his beard seemed to indicate no aggressive quality. It was such as one might expect to see on a bearded lady. Above his chin, hairy but not masculine, were a loose mouth and watery eyes—a man honest, kindly, slack and nerveless.

The room was small for its purpose, not more than twelve by sixteen feet. Across one end was a crude bar or counter and piled upon rough shelves behind this was a scant but varied showing of the general stock. A few bottles of "Hostetter's" and "Angostura" with one

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or two cordials were tucked on a shelf within view, but of the most active commodity, whiskey, no advertisement was necessary. Strictly speaking, the stock display was inartistic. Some showy trinkets for Indian trade hung from nails and the shelves were tightly packed with "sour-dough" clothing.

For something more than two months I took a minor part in the life at the Forks of the Musselshell. The tide of emigration from the settlements in the older valleys west of us was commencing. There was considerable travel and life was active and full of business. At first I had no regular employment although I made myself useful in the trading-post, especially at those times when the proprietor was incapacitated by liquor. I took a kindergarten course in horsemanship and was able to ride to our postoffice, Martinsdale, something more than a half-mile distant, and make a safe return. In the absence of any other help I assisted my mother in her kitchen work and rapidly accommodated myself to the new environment.

We had for visitors at this time a family of Red River half-breeds who camped near us for a month or so, and I became quite intimate with the son and heir of this clan. Moses Wells was about my own age. Beyond the fact that he could ride and shoot, was an accomplished hunter and could speak English, French, and three or four Indian languages fluently, he was uneducated. After one hunting trip with him I sat at his feet and confessed myself ignorant of everything essential. We started early one bright morning for the mountains some twelve miles distant, each mounted on a reliable saddle horse, and cantered over the smiling prairies until we were within a couple of miles of the timber line. We were upon the high ground between Daisy Dean and Mud creeks and here a careful survey of the foothills discovered to Moses a large band of blacktail deer. After considerable difficulty I managed to see them too. Up to this time I had assumed that this hunting expedition was a joint affair. I now accepted gracefully a subordinate position which I never lost. The trained eye of the half-breed instantly discovered the weakness of the position held by the deer and we left our eminence and galloped in a devious course through coulees and over low ground until it became necessary to change our mode of travel. Tying our horses to some stunted willows we hurried forward on foot, then on all fours; I remember that this part of our approach was through the snowy slush of a ravine. Next, prone on our faces in the grass, we wormed our way to a position behind a prostrate

tree. Here I was informed in a subdued whisper that there were about fifty blacktail deer quite close to us and I meekly complied with the suggestion that we should exchange guns. I had the better arm. I was directed to get ready and fire at will as soon as my companion had fired the first shot, but when I lifted my head so that the game was visible, I was stricken by a virulent attack of buckfever and fired but one shot. (The bullet may be found by anyone who chops down the right tree and splits it into kindling wood.) But the hunt was not a total failure, for the uneducated half-breed with twelve cartridges in the magazine of my '73 Winchester had killed nine large deer. Our unequal achievements, together with the fact that my horse bucked me off on my ride homeward, had a tendency to reduce my self-esteem to proper proportions. I made one more excursion with Moses, but on this occasion we flagged antelope and I was the flag. I took a position directed by my comrade and there, lying on my back, I waved my legs in the air for what seemed an interminable time. The antelope were attracted by my ridiculous behavior and three of them remained as testimonials to the skill of the sixteen-year-old half-breed.

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The prices charged at Gaugler's establishment were exorbitant. Hardly anything was sold for less than 100 per cent above cost and the profit on some articles was nothing less than outrageous. This could be explained in part by the fact that the current coin of the lowest denomination was the twenty-five-cent piece, "two-bits." The popular little mirrors cost two-and-a-half cents, clay pipes about the same, but they were sold for twenty-five cents. Such profits, added to the expense of transportation by the long river trip and the slow-moving ox-trains, made the cost to the consumer almost prohibitive, so that we made a virtue of necessity, doing without many things that in a civilized community would be considered indispensable. Lard and all pork products were shipped in and were luxuries. Kerosene in five-gallon tins was an imported article as far as we were concerned, and our common light was a candle, home-made from buffalo tallow. The plutocrats might purchase the tinned fruit of the period but for most of us there were only old-fashioned dried apples and peaches. We had no butter and substituted a variety of rich gravies.

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My inconsiderable part in the events of this period was preparing me for my first real adventure, and this adventure was moving slowly

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and relentlessly in my direction. It had the shape and substance of a herd of cattle on the trail to new pastures in the buffalo country. In an effort to fix the time of its arrival, I recall that on one day early in August, two men with the cradles known to our ancestors, went into the field of oats, full three acres, to harvest, and were driven to shelter by a violent snow-squall. I had hardly ceased marveling at this display of Montana climate before one of the D. H. S. herds reached our settlement short-handed, and I "accepted a position" as cowboy at \$30.00 per month. There was a wild scramble to get together the equipment available for my new role and that afternoon I was happy in the humblest position behind the "drag" of a herd of 1,500 stock cattle. There were about twelve of us in the party. Besides the foreman there were the cook, who drove the mess wagon, two night herders, who slept in a very primitive Pullman on a bed suspended from the bows of the calf-wagon, where beneath, in the body of the wagon, was the nursery for those inopportune calves dropped in the course of the day, or too tired to follow the herd. This combination was hauled by a dignified and solemn yoke of oxen and was in charge of a lank youth who was much inclined to follow the example of the night herders and sleep in his seat. The post of honor was held, of course, by the two men who on opposite sides directed the head or "point" of the herd. Next in importance was the pair working, perhaps a quarter of a mile in their rear on the "flank," and three or four of us followed in the rear, urging along what was called the "drag" or "drag-tail" the discouraged or unambitious dregs of the herd—old bulls, the footsore and weary, and young calves. All this I learned in five miles of travel. We camped for the night at Daisy Dean.

My joy in the new employment was somewhat tempered by the consciousness that I was considered in my true character—a tenderfoot, a pilgrim, a kid—picked up to fill as nearly as possible a place made vacant by the retirement of a cowboy who was devoting his present energies to recuperation following a stabbing affray. I had to hear how many knife wounds he had received and be assured by the man who had inflicted them that they were all in his back and not at all dangerous. Liquor was his excuse for his inefficiency. I discovered that camp fare was bountiful but not elaborate, and that my bed was hardly as comfortable as that to which I had been accustomed. Also that we were expected to roll out of our blankets at a painfully early hour the next morning. Much I had to learn and some of this knowl-

edge was only to be acquired after years of effort, but the fundamentals were easily understood. I was to get up promptly when called, to dress with alacrity, to roll my meager bed into a compact bundle, tie it securely and deposit it in the mess wagon. I was automatically penalized if I left anything lying loose when we moved camp. It was part of every man's duty to assist in taking down the tent and stowing it properly, as well as in all other work not within the cook's jurisdiction. There was also a horse to be caught and saddled. Much of this work was done in the half-light of dawn and before breakfast. This finished, and the sun not yet risen, we were in our saddles and on our way to relieve the two night herders who had held the herd during the night. On this morning in particular, the cattle had left the bed ground and were strung out along the road to be traveled for nearly a mile, grazing in the anxious and hurried manner usual at that time of day. Our route almost to our destination lay along the disused Carrol Trail. For nearly forty miles I was returning over ground covered on my journey from Fort Benton, but there was a new interest in the experience. I was appraising my companions and being subjected to some measure of scrutiny on their part. I learned their names or nicknames and collected information more or less reliable concerning their histories and antecedents. We could be called cowboys only by courtesy. There were four or five men somewhat experienced in handling cattle, two or three glorified farm hands and the rest were like myself, green boys or casual laborers.

Our task was not a difficult one. The herd was "road broke" and somewhat footsore, the country was open, unfenced, unstocked and we saw no buffalo except at a distance. We were driving through a well-watered region of virgin pastures and it was only necessary to keep our cattle grazing in the general direction desired with some reference to midday water. It might almost be said that we had the world to ourselves. On the third day we passed a small camp of Indians with no exchange of either hostilities or civilities. It was early morning, clear and chill, but the young men of the tribe were stirring, clad in moccasins, belts and breech cloths—possibly goose flesh—while we were bundled in our coats and heavy clothing. In the Judith Gap there came to our camp one night a buckskin-attired scout of the long-hair variety, who abode with us until after breakfast and told marvelous stories of disaster, due in every instance to ignoring his advice. We were passed by a pay-master and his escort en route to Fort Maginnis,

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then building, and when near our destination, we in turn, passed a train of bull-teams making a frontal attack on a steep hill. To a sixteen-year old boy there was a humdrum quality in the work after the first novelty had worn off, but we incompetents in the dusty rear of the herd were not without resource and managed to diversify our work in ways not always orthodox. Our ropes were almost constantly in motion; if our road had been a thousand miles longer we might have become lasso experts. As it was, some skill was developed and the small laggards became thoroughly halterbroken.

* * * *

On one hot day the foreman and our straw boss had gone ahead to look for water, leaving us with an inert and immovable herd on a dry benchland. One of the boys found a soldier's overcoat in almost complete disrepair and this garment was modishly arranged upon a large calf. When the surprised animal was released his demeanor was entirely changed; from one of the slowest of our deadheads he was transformed into something demoniac. With elevated tail and protruding tongue, giving voice to the most astounding bellows, he charged through the center of the herd transmitting to them, by some strange alchemy, his own fervor. In a moment some of us were undergoing a new experience. We were riding pell-mell after a stampeded herd; and thus we rode for a mile or more, the ground trembling, the air filled with thunderous bellowing of frightened cattle, until the maddened herd poured over the brow of a steep hill into the deep narrow valley of Beaver Creek. This was a wonderful sight to see, but not more wonderful than the celerity with which our foreman and his right hand man mounted their horses and fled from impending destruction. The herd was checked in the valley, and after milling for twenty minutes or so the innocent cause of the stampede was removed and the herd settled back to comparative quiet. Then began the search for two perfectly good pairs of boots and socks, for our superior officers had been surprised while enjoying a footbath. To this day who put the coat on the calf remains a mystery.

No reasonable complaint could be lodged against those in authority in our party, but rebellion is latent, and anything that tended to the discomfiture of the boss was more or less openly welcomed. On one dark and threatening night there was some uneasiness in the herd and the boss, moved by some natural anxiety, left his bed, lighted a lantern and leaving it hung in the tent, went outside to listen. After he had

been gone for some moments, one of the boys blew out the lantern. Presently we heard a shout which remained unanswered, only to be followed by more shouts, growing fainter, but intermixed with language more pungent. A cold rain set in and was still falling at dawn when our dripping and exasperated superior found camp. How the lantern went out became another of those inexplicable mysteries of the early days.

Near the site of Lewistown, we left the Carrol Trail and crossed Big Spring Creek, not far from a trading-post conducted by a Frenchman. The next night we camped on the high ground between the Judith and Snowy Mountains and I nearly perished for lack of bedding. On the following morning we descended from the country of sparse pines to one of the branches of McDonald Creek, and turning northward drove our herd over many hills, crossing many streams. Here we narrowly avoided a small war with some bull-whackers who were "doubling up" on a steep hill. As we crawled slowly past them we urged our herd with the usual prolonged shouts of "*Oh-ma-ha*" and "*I-da-ho-oh*." The well-trained oxen responded to our urge by stopping whenever the emphasis was placed on the "O." We passed on with a consciousness of mischief well performed and also some more or less authentic information about our antecedents and our final destination.

This day at noon-camp we were visited by three hungry Indians. The word hungry is perhaps surplusage, for Indians are always hungry. Donations of food were prohibited by our foreman and those of us who were soft-hearted suffered under compulsion of eating a hearty meal under the wolfish eyes of these savages. There was some retaliation, however, for the Indians almost in our camp killed an antelope and sat down to a nauseating feast of raw liver and entrails, garnished with brains and cracked marrow bones, and when they had finished there remained little of the antelope and less of my compassion.

The following day was devoted to branding calves born during the exodus, and signalized my introduction to "calf-wrestling." I nearly fainted from horror when the hot iron was applied to my first calf, but I revived with a whiff of the acrid smoke and a sharp prod from the immature horns. Our work was done in a corral close to a clump of quaking asps, within a few hundred yards of the site of Giltedge, later a flourishing mining-camp.

When we were under way on the morning of the next day we met

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with an example of Indian vigilance. Upon the top of a rounded butte two or three miles ahead, there rose a lone Indian, who with his blanket made many semaphoric signals and then faded from view. This was wireless advice to his camp, perhaps three miles distant and resulted in a visit from fifteen or twenty Blackfeet, crudely commercial and sociable.

We were within sight of the new buildings of Fort Maginnis and within a mile or so of the DHS home ranch when we said goodbye to our bovine companions and left them, no longer to be harrassed by us, but to face the perils of a new range, hungry wolves and Indians, and a desperately hard winter.

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The home ranch of the DHS was on Ford Creek. Black Butte, the eastern buttress of the Judiths, was at our north, and the Judiths proper, like an encircling arm, constituted our western and northwestern horizon. This location was an open, fertile, well-watered valley. The streams were bordered by a dense growth of willows with occasional cottonwoods of good size. Near a beautiful spring there had been constructed a commodious log cabin, L-shaped, and near it a stockade corral of heavy logs, formed in part by log-buildings—quarters for the men and horses. The buildings were provided with loop-holes for defensive purposes and were so placed that all sides of the corral were commanded. The massive hewn doors swung on wooden hinges and could be firmly fastened by heavy wooden bars. We soon made ourselves at home in the men's cabin and scraped acquaintance with earlier arrivals, exchanging experiences on the trail and apochryphal anecdotes of personal history. My sojourn at the ranch was extended for some reason to two or three weeks—the busiest leisure of my life.

Quite near us there was a camp of fifty lodges of Piegan or Blackfeet Indians under Chief Running Rabbit. They were near the eastern frontier of their vaguely defined territory and somewhat apprehensive of their savage neighbors. Their camp was so attractive to me that I could hardly be relied upon at mealtime in the cook-house. I was interested in everything I saw—the decorated tepees of tanned elkskin, (the old ones begrimed with smoke and travel-stained, with faded effigies and symbols, the new ones spic-and-span and glaring), the domestic occupations and home industries—tanning of skins, making of pemmican, preparation of winter clothing, plain and ceremonial, the painting of buffalo robes for personal wear—every sight was a new

page in my book of experiences. I was a visitor, tolerated if not welcomed, in many of the tepees. I could not be voluble, for these Indians had little or no English; I knew nothing of the sign language and had only two or three words of the Chinook Jargon; but my eyes were always open, and through these my youthful curiosity was measurably satisfied. Without fully appreciating it at the time I was enjoying an opportunity to study the Plains Indians almost unspoiled by civilization. This people had been in contact with the trader for fifty years, and had forsaken primitive weapons for the more effective arms of the white man. They had cultivated a taste for some of the foods unknown to their ancestors and clamored for the whiskey occasionally to be had from outlaw traders. Yet, generally speaking, they depended, as had their forebears, upon the native products of their bleak prairies and isolated mountains—the wild game so plentiful and the fruit so scanty. They were still in the age of barter. One of my companions tried in vain to purchase a pony for a five-dollar bill. The paper symbol was examined with great gravity and earnestness by the Indian and his advisers and handed back with a negative sign. But the purchase was arranged quite promptly for three silver dollars.

I formed a close alliance with two Indian boys of about my own age—Meetah and Tsipah. I fed them surreptitiously but bountifully and to this day am not ashamed of my pilferings. I taught them a few useful words of English and in turn acquired an equal number from their vocabulary. They were fleeter of foot than I, but less successful in wrestling bouts. As their guest I visited their portable homes, but managed to resist dinner invitations. The typical tepee was a conical lodge of specially tanned elk-skin stretched over a frame-work of perhaps twenty-five slim poles of peeled lodge-pole pine. The bottom of the tepee was held down by stones. The door was a slit opening, covered in bad weather by a shield-shaped flap. Within this circular interior with its ever-present smoldering fire and simmering kettle, the tent wall was ingeniously wainscoted to a height of three or four feet with tanned buckskin held in place by willow wands tied to the lodge poles. Tanned robes served as beds and the lord of the lodge reclined luxuriously upon a backrest covered with a selected pelt. I found very much to my surprise that the unspoiled Indian at home was not the taciturn savage of romance. The camp was alive with merriment. There was much skylarking and laughter, innocent practical jokes were the rule and a good deal of hilarity seemed to be based upon a play

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of words. This unconscious air of gaiety and goodfellowship would be thrown off instantly and the whole camp take on a dignity and solemn stateliness upon the arrival of unexpected or unwelcome guests, as the visit of an officer or unsympathetic civilian. The squaws would cease their crooning songs, the play of the children would come to an end, the bucks would become wooden and frigid and one could almost say that the papooses felt the change in the camp atmosphere. From this I am inclined to generalize and assert that our ideas of the taciturnity of the primitive Indian are misconceptions.

* * * *

Thus far we had been favored with ideal fall weather. There now came a young blizzard from the North and with it the Irish Lord and his party. This personage, who hunted big game in the Rockies for several seasons, was an heir of the Jameson family, distillers. His name has had its prominence on two occasions in Africa. This scion of a wealthy house was an undersized, alert, and affable individual, crippled in a steeplechase accident, and hardly able to stand up against the recoil of his heavy rifles. He was a game sportsman, well-liked by his guides and hunters. These supernumeraries were discharged at our place and the expedition broken up. The trophies were packed for shipment to Ireland and the three hunters, "Pomp" Dennis, Bob Carpenter and Sam Elwell, arranged to winter in a comfortable cabin which my father had built in '79 at the head of Mud Creek. They were pretty well provisioned with donations from their former employer. When they invited me to pay them a visit about three weeks later, I accepted with great cheerfulness. By this time, winter was settled. There was almost no snow on the ground, but the prairie soil and the small streams were hard-frozen and there was a consistent chill in the air, ignoring the bright sunshine of our shortened days.

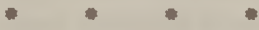
Father's cabin was a cozy log structure with a practical fireplace at one end, a ditto door at the other, and one window, ten by twelve inches, in the east side. My friends had constructed an upper and lower bunk in the corner next the door and improvised four crude stools and a table. The cabin stood in a deep and narrow gulch within twenty feet of a bubbling spring. One corner was stacked full of provisions and the pines in the neighborhood were veritable Christmas trees, hung with winter meat, elk, blacktail and whitetail deer, antelope and big-horn. A snow-storm setting in about noon the day after my arrival had no terrors for me. We gathered firewood and sat around our

cheery fire in our snug cabin with the feeling of satisfaction that every normal individual finds in defying the elements. While the cold wind howled and the snow sifted from the peaks above us, my hosts, busied about the evening meal, delighted me with stories of their frontier experiences, nor was I sated when a comfortable bed invited me to sleep. Next morning we rolled out when we felt like it. (There is no doubt in the world that this is the right time to get up.) While the fire was being kindled I took the water-bucket and started for the spring for a supply of fresh drinking-water. But I stopped when I opened the door. In front of me was a blank wall of snow. My surprise was extreme, but my companions regarded it as quite natural. A considerable quantity of snow had to be shoveled back into the cabin before we could dig out into daylight. We contented ourselves with melted snow for our immediate needs and after breakfast, with some labor, dug a tunnel to the spring. This was considered better than an open cut which would drift full from day to day. Later, we managed to wallow through the snow like amphibians to the steep slope at the east, where the snow was no real impediment to progress, and there we amused ourselves by gathering firewood. The floor of the narrow valley was filled to a depth of at least ten feet. The cabin had disappeared, and for more than two weeks, during my entire stay, I never saw its roof. The chimney, projecting perhaps a foot above the snowy surroundings, smoked like a miniature volcano.

It was an era of high living. The choicest cuts of the choicest game were roasted in the coals and our naturally good appetites were stimulated by imported relishes and condiments donated by Jameson. On warm days our door was left open to give light and air. For me, this was a period of pure delight. Two of my companions had served in the Confederate and one in the Northern army and I was treated to many stories of army experience, invariably humorous. We played cards and checkers by the light of a sputtering candle of buffalo tallow or looked over back numbers of the London Illustrated News by the light from the open door. Here I learned to smoke, using a frontier mixture of plug smoking-tobacco and the dried leaves of the bearberry, *l'herbe*, this hot and fragrant blend consumed in an Indian pipe which had once belonged to the famous chief, Red Cloud. We were not in the least interested in the temperature, buried as we were in the snow, and when genial weather came, indicating the time of my departure, I left

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the camp with sincere regret, carrying with me one of the most pleasant memories of my life.



And now, before settled spring weather, with the hills barely showing green through the old grass, our Flathead friends visited us on their return to their homes west of the divide. Their coming was like the advent of the circus—a few scouts in advance followed by a long procession of riders, ponies with lodge-poles or travois or packed with the winter's spoils, the whole cavalcade wearing a general air of prosperity and well-being. Near the tail of the procession came quite a herd of loose horses, many bearing packs. I remember one cantank-erous mare that carried an Indian pack-saddle with a light load. On one side in a rawhide pouch there were three well-trained pups, on the other side an equally well-trained papoose. The old mare was loose and seemed to think that her purpose in life was to discipline the other horses, for she ran from one to another, biting or kicking as the case seemed to require, but her cargo was never disturbed. We had a lively trade for two days or so, and I had occasion to air my knowledge of Chinook and sign language, which I had picked up during the winter months. We invited one Indian to come behind the counter as interpreter and house detective. This individual was at once conscious of his elevated and important station, helping himself to stick-candy, dried apples and crackers until I was sure he would die, but he lived through it and was really of great service to us. Our special friends were again invited to sit at Mother's table, where they behaved with more real gentility than many of our Caucasian guests. Their visit was profitable and would have been wholly pleasant if unscrupulous whites had not furnished them with liquor.

With the party were two Pend d'Oreille Indians who had been with the Flatheads during the winter hunt. To relieve the tedium of buffalo hunting they had gone on a successful horse-stealing expedition into the Crow country on the Yellowstone. But the Flatheads, mindful of the adage that a man is known by the company he keeps, would not permit the stolen horses to be taken west, leaving them with us upon our promise that the Crow agent should be notified and the horses returned. After the main party had left our place, the two Pend d'Oreilles came back, drunken and defiant, and took their booty from the corral. They had hardly proceeded a quarter of a mile before they were met and halted by young Charlo, son of the Chief. We were

distant witnesses of the altercation, which ended in the killing of the young chief and the flight of the suddenly sobered murderers. They left their victim in the greatest possible haste and rode to the protecting timber along the South Fork of the Musselshell, emerging shortly after upon the hill south of the stream. A loyal Flathead Indian delayed at our place, made a hurried demand for a "Big Gun." He was given a '76 Winchester and a handful of ammunition. The distance was about 800 yards and there were no obstructions. We could see the spiteful little spurts of dust where the bullets struck the dry hillside, just under, just over, just behind the targets, but the fleeing Indians lashed their horses into a frantic burst of speed while they resorted to the Indian style of making their horses' bodies protect their own. They were soon out of sight as well as out of range and the young chief was buried unavenged.

I had another glimpse of the savage side of the frontier before our reluctant spring was really at hand. In this case the savagery was displayed by the white man. Among the denizens of our little community there was a long-haired individual known as "Yellowstone," an unsafe, erratic man, a boaster or "blowhard" of doubtful metal and unstable composition—a man who might be dangerous. There was also Matt Shirley, a lean Texas cowboy past the first flush of youth but with the freckles and the devil-may-care attributes of that period of life, hardened mentally and physically by years of frontier experience. These gentlemen, meeting at an informal evening entertainment at the camp of Whiskey Meyers, chanced to differ on some question under discussion and Yellowstone left the party, taking first to the water and then to the brush, shortly ahead of a salute of two guns. On the morning after this occurrence it chanced that I was sent on an errand to the cabin where Shirley lodged. On my way I met Yellowstone carrying his rifle over his arm, who informed me that he was looking for Shirley. When I reached Shirley's cabin, with the benevolent idea that Shirley might wish to make his escape, I told him that Yellowstone was hunting for him. Shirley replied with a grin that there was nobody easier to find. He buckled on his six-shooter belt and walked briskly to Clendennin's cabin whither Yellowstone had preceded him. I followed, scenting battle. Peering cautiously from behind a protecting door-jamb I watched the development of the affair. Yellowstone had the approved position for defence but not for retreat, seated in a corner of the room with his long rifle standing at his right side. Shirley

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walked in blithely and across the room where, after twining his fingers in the unresisting Yellowstone's long hair, he proceeded to beat him about the head with his Colt's six-shooter. It is to be supposed that the blows were somewhat tempered, for no fatality resulted. We had instead the spectacle of a gory and chastened man, who soon after left the settlement.

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The cattle which tenanted the foothills and prairies so recently vacated by the buffalo were somewhat nondescript in character, of diverse origins, and not at all uniform in physical characteristics, as were the Spanish cattle of the south. They were of good size, red, white and roan, with some brindles and a few blacks and duns. According to modern standards, their horns were too large and long for any popular breed, although to distinguish them from the longhorns of Texas, they were called shorthorns. This name was applied with no great impropriety, for they were in reality grade Durhams. Their ancestors had followed the trail behind the prairie schooners of the Mormon or Oregon settler, or that great migration to California after the gold discovery. The pioneers in western Montana found their little herds grown to unmanageable proportions, and gradually the increase in native stock filled one by one the valleys east of the Rockies. Large herds trailed through the welter of mountains from Utah, Oregon and Washington, to new pastures in the buffalo land, and at the time of the decline of the range cattle industry, some herds were driven up from Texas, into our country. The descendants of Blossom and Sukey, the family milk cows, in their new freedom, where they fought for their lives against the wolves and coyotes and saw their enemy, man, but twice in a year, reverted to a feral state. Timidity was their characteristic, changed to reckless ferocity when they were much harried.

The most real and vital accomplishment of the cowboy, was the completeness of his knowledge of bovine psychology. We studied their modes and habits, we watched their movements for indications of their mental states. We listened in the dark for sounds expressive of herd opinion, and in the form of song we made our plea for conservatism during the long night. It must never be thought that the cow has a good ear for music. If this were true the herd would be stampeded by our efforts. The cowboy sang at night in order that the animals might be conscious always of his presence and to avoid startling them

by unannounced approach. Talking was as effective as singing, but no sane man will talk to himself for hours at a stretch.

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My first real work on the home range began with the fall roundup, in which we also gathered beef. I had more than the usual interest in this roundup since it was arranged that I should go East with the beef shipment and spend the winter at school. Shorthanded as we were, the work of branding calves and gathering beef in one operation was slow and sufficiently laborious, but when the day came on which we were to leave the range and hit the trail for Miles City, we had a great plenty of riders and horses to make up the trail crew and the two hundred miles we were to drive were justly regarded as a pleasure trip.

There was much of routine about it. I was usually selected to ride ahead of the herd and scare away straggling bands of buffalo so that their behavior might not startle our beef cattle. This does not mean that the country was overrun with them, but a small band of stampeded buffalo could disturb the equanimity of fourteen hundred head of fat beeves and one little run would run off a dollar's worth of tallow from each animal. We made two or three dry camps before reaching the Yellowstone. The country traversed was naturally arid and hardly a drop of rain had fallen since the spring deluge. We managed, however, to find water for our cattle every day but one. This day found us on the dry uplands known as Bull Mountains and we bedded down our tired herd within five miles of the Yellowstone, after driving from daylight to dark. The cattle were unquiet, as was natural, and extra men were on herd. About one o'clock everything was reasonably quiet—it was a bright cold, starlit night—and we were congratulating ourselves that we would have no further trouble, when a slight draft of air from the south brought the scent of open water to our thirsty herd. It seemed that every animal was on foot in an instant and there was a low chorus of that kind of bovine talk which cannot be described to anyone who has not heard it and to him who has, it needs no description. We managed to keep our herd under some kind of restraint for about three hours when with the first streak of dawn they went beyond control, heading in the direction of the desired water. The leaders were belly-deep in the Yellowstone when the drag was still two miles away. It took a long time for every animal to satisfy his thirst. This operation was about concluded when from

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the cliffs on the opposite side of the river came the reverberating reports of a dozen blasts of dynamite where the Northern Pacific construction crews were making ready for their day's work. Our herd left the immediate vicinity in such haste that we lost two miles before they could be stopped. From this point we drove one hundred miles down the river, and every day when we put the cattle into water we were compelled to handle the inevitable stampede as soon as their thirst was satisfied and association of ideas had time to operate.

One day while I was waiting for the recurrence of this phenomenon I noticed a prostrate cottonwood log from which the bark had fallen. On its smooth bleached surface were carved the names of two members of Custer's Seventh Cavalry and the date—a day in June, 1876, about two weeks prior to the massacre.

The progress of our drive was one day interrupted while we paused to examine a curious evidence of the precarious character of life on the Yellowstone in bygone days. A conical mound dominated an area of grassy bottom land and the mound was surmounted by a squat log structure with a heavy dirt roof. This equivocal erection was about eight feet square and its walls stood no more than two feet above ground. The heavy logs of which it was built were pierced with loopholes but there was neither door nor window. Fifty yards away on the valley floor was a ruinous log cabin. The little citadel on the hilltop was accessible only through a tunnel from the old cabin.

After drifting our cattle down the Yellowstone for nine or ten days we reached the crossing place selected, about five miles above Miles City. We had been favored with pleasant weather from the time of leaving the home range, but now the air turned cold and we endured one of those indeterminate fall storms—neither snow nor rain. Early, very early in the morning we brought our herd to the river bank and began the rather perilous task of crossing the icy Yellowstone. Our cattle had roamed over a range where only small brooks were to be found and they had now to cross a broad, rapid river, clear and cold—a stream that had carried its fleet of steamboats. Preparing for this event, each man had selected the horse he thought best suited to the work, but the best judgment was not always displayed. Some of the boys picked their fleetest or most spirited mounts and these were invariably poor performers in the water. I prevailed upon "Tex," the only member of our party who could not swim a stroke, to ride one of my horses, whose capacity in the water I had tested upon occasion

during the summer, while I rode another animal, worthless for most purposes, but as steady in the water as a ferryboat. Most of us shed all unnecessary gear, such as six-shooters and belts, chaparejos, boots and spurs, but Tex wore his entire regalia, remarking philosophically that he could swim just as well with his six-shooter on as off. Our discarded apparel was loaded into the mess-wagon which was to cross the river on the Fort Keogh ferry, a few miles below. The cattle went into the water with considerable reluctance, but the crossing was well chosen and we kept crowding them until the leaders were carried off their feet by the current and the depth of the water. Instead of striking out boldly for the opposite shore, these swimmers would return to our bank of the river, and we were getting nowhere quite rapidly. At this tide in our affairs "Perk" Burnett undertook to set a good example by swimming his horse across in the hope that the cattle would follow. We watched his progress with considerable interest. There was swift current and swimming water for about one hundred yards and all went well with him until he was nearing the opposite shore when his horse began to flounder and Perk left the saddle, or rather he attempted to leave it, for his stirrup leathers and tapaderos held his foot imprisoned. For a few moments it seemed as though the treacherous Yellowstone were about to claim another victim, but man and horse eventually reached the shore at some distance below. Whether the cattle were encouraged by this leadership or not, we soon had them strung out, and a very interesting spectacle it was—fourteen hundred head of beef cattle, unaccustomed to broad water yet swimming with unerring instinct, their bodies entirely submerged—only heads, horns and tails visible—clogging the river in a long diagonal toward the opposite bank. The last steer across, we urged our mounts, willing or otherwise, into the chilly waters. Being a good swimmer and having recommended my horse, Baldy, to Tex, I kept in position during the swim just below him, and with unfeigned admiration perceived that his cigarette never went out of action.

When we emerged upon firm ground we were hardly picturesque. Most of us had carried all superfluous clothing turban-wise on our heads. We were all drenched to the armpits and our wet underclothing was a long time in warming and utterly failed to dry, for a drizzling rain kept us in an uncomfortable state of sogginess. We had considerable difficulty in getting our cattle across the railroad track—one big steer in fact going into open revolt. There was only one lasso in the

THE FRONTIER

party and only one man with boots and spurs, but despite adverse conditions, the recalcitrant was finally roped and dragged under a trestle and we moved our herd on slowly to the west bank of Tongue river, where we expected to meet the mess wagon with all the comforts of home. The mess wagon, however, was in difficulty. At the ferry landing the four horses had escaped from the nerveless grasp of the cook and a rider sent out in search of our ambulatory home returned at dark with an ill-assorted lot of provisions carried behind the saddle and the news that the horses had not been caught. We had built a rousing fire around which we stood and steamed in the cold drizzle, relieving at short intervals the miserable pair who were holding the herd. This performance was continued during the night.

The picture of the myriad sparks hurrying to join their austere sisters, the stars, has been so often pictured that it seems sacrilege to tear away the last shred of romance, and declare the fact, that the cowboy's fire was ordinarily a small affair of sage brush, willow twigs, and pungent *bois-de-vache*. His work was done during the long days of summer, commencing before sunrise, and ending before sunset, when the feeble flame was carefully extinguished to avoid the danger of prairie fire. On rare occasions when the roundup was weather-bound, and there was necessity for drying heat, the campfire of story might be found.

The storm abated towards morning and the air, keen and crisp, warmed slowly under the autumn sun. By nine o'clock our mess wagon reached us and we soon forgot, or tried to forget, the hardships of the night.

In due course our cattle were loaded into cars and I accompanied the shipment to Chicago, afterwards returning to my old home in Wisconsin to attend school for the winter.

Three years in Montana had made me aware that the cowboy, with his peculiarly characteristic garb, his hazardous employment and the setting in which he was so actively engaged, held many picturesque possibilities. I wondered why no artist had portrayed him, in camp, at work or at play. This was long before the days of Remington, while Charlie Russell was drawing grotesque figures for the amusement of his campmates. The success of later artists and the vogue of the cowboy in the moving pictures are proof that my ideas were not far wrong. The picturesque feature of our life has been stressed

to a point approaching burlesque, not much resembling the cowboy as I knew him at work.

First of all, he was a young man with work to perform. The work was exacting, mixed with considerable danger, with irregular hours, and with possibilities of great discomfort and fatigue. He received fair compensation for those days, that is to say \$40.00 per month and his board. Punching cows was work, and did not consist solely in justifiable homicide and rescuing distressed maidens. The peculiarities of the cowboy's dress were based upon practical considerations, beginning with his high-heeled boots. The high heel held his foot from being thrust through the stirrup in the melee of a bucking contest. It was also serviceable in "wrestling" calves, the hind leg of the prostrate animal being held forward in the hollow of the boot. The heavy hand-wrought spurs were serviceable as accelerators and were also useful when hooked into the handmade goat-hair cinch—a sort of sheet anchor which has kept more than one man in the saddle when he would otherwise have been thrown. These spurs, with their silver inlay and large silver conchas represented twenty-five hard-earned dollars. Assuming a pair of trousers, the cowboys' legs were covered with heavy leather chaparejos, plain, serviceable, waterproof, a protection against wind and cold as well as against brush and thorns. He wore a comfortable woolen shirt, sometimes supplemented by a vest, a gaudy silk handkerchief, knotted about his neck, not for decoration but to protect a sensitive part of his body from flying ants and other stinging insects and the irritating alkali dust of the arid plains. A broadbrimmed, serviceable sombrero protected his head from sun and rain and was commonly anchored in place by two buckskin strings, very useful in high gales. The heavy weight of a cartridge belt hung easily from his hips when he was mounted, but was quite an encumbrance afoot. On foot he was an unhappy creature, out of his element. Mounted on a good horse, deep-seated in a Spanish style stock saddle, anticipating and responding to every motion of his active horse, capable, clear-eyed and self-reliant, the cowboy of my memory was truly something to be admired.

* * * *

The spring of '83 found me again employed on the DHS Ranch, where I was beginning to feel much at home. In Granville Stuart, part owner and manager of this outfit, I had found a man who so commanded my respect and admiration that his influence upon my character and conduct was profound. A Virginian by descent, one of

THE FRONTIER

the earliest of Montana's pioneers, an instinctive gentleman, self-educated, well-read, fearless—a man who had married a Shoshone squaw who held her place in his household as a loved and respected wife and mother—he needed no other qualities to make him my ideal. Under the mud roof of his log cabin library there were housed several thousand volumes of good books, and in this library, whenever opportunity offered, I obtained my substitute for an education. Such friendship as is sometimes shown between a veteran and a youngster existed between us. My hours in the library were not always devoted to reading. A rack of firearms, obsolete and modern, was the starting-point for many vivid accounts of pioneer experiences dating back to 1857, when the flintlock was the common arm of the Indian and Colt's muzzle-loading revolver the latest thing in firearms. In explaining the mutilation of a Hudson Bay "fuke" he gave a dramatic account of the first buffalo chase he had witnessed on an early visit from Western Montana to the plains country. A small hunting-party of Blackfeet was running a herd of buffalo and shooting with such rapidity that Stuart was sure they were armed with some kind of repeating or breech-loading rifles, but he found that the untutored savage had devised a method for converting his crude flintlock trade-gun into a rapid-fire weapon by an ingenious but simple process. In order that the long, clumsy musket might be used in one hand, the barrel was filed off, reducing its length nearly one-half. The stock was similarly amputated and the result might be called an immense, clumsy horse-pistol. To avoid the necessity of opening the pan and priming it at every shot the touch-hole was reamed out to a generous size. With horse at full gallop the possessor of this remarkable weapon poured into the muzzle an unmeasured charge of powder, and upon this haphazard explosive he spat, from a supply carried in his mouth, one large, round, leaden ball, which fitted so loosely in the generous bore of the musket that it settled into place without aid of a ramrod. The gun was carried muzzle up during all this performance and until the moment of discharge, and primed itself through the enlarged touch-hole. Thus prepared, the Indian hunter had only to urge his horse to the approved position alongside the running buffalo, when the weapon was pointed and discharged in one motion. There could be no possibility of missing, but there was an ever-present chance that the gun might burst.



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BOOK SHELF

Right Off the Map. C. E. Montague.
(Doubleday, Page & Co., 1927).

Did Carlyle say he saw satire to
be the language of the Devil? God be
praised anyway, he kept right on
speaking it. English satirists are out
to blow up humbug. Carlyle was, Swift
was, Butler was. Now C. E. Montague
is. The weapons in this bellicose art
are a love of unhurt life, a courage
to match indignation, and a rapier
word-trust. Mark Twain had the first
and last. Mr. Mencken seems a little
short on the first. Mr. Montague, in
a very different way, has them all
three. In *A Hind Let Loose* he plied
the trade gaily. In *Right Off the Map*
bloodshed chokes the laughter—to the
point that the story is more tragedy
than satire. It is more than the death
of a false idea that absorbs us in the
end; it is the death of a splendid fight-
ing man, with whom the author, if he
desired the full satiric effect from his
story, should not have let us fall quite
so much in love. The good satirist
salutes the virtues of his enemy, but
he must not let sentiment weaken his
death thrust.

Right Off the Map is a really excel-
lent war story—a swiftly moving story
of action, filled with beauty of crafts-
manship, and packed with satiric ana-
lysis that will not lose its sting for a
long time. The love story in it seems
extraneous. The several fighting
scenes are so perfect that a reader
hardly notices that they too are not
quite in the satiric line of the book.
Mr. Montague is so well informed on
his subject, from years of editorship
on *The Manchester Guardian*, and from
fighting in the front trenches against
the Germans, and is so terrifically fair
in his own nature, that one wants to
insist that every intelligent man who
can read novels try this book.

Missoula.

Edmund L. Freeman.

British Drama, by Allardyce Nicoll.
(Crowell, New York, 1925.)

Many dangers beset a scholar when
he edits an anthology or writes a sur-
vey of one of the forms of drama. His
public is one of scholars who have
their own ideas of what should be in-

cluded and how it should be handled. All these critics he must satisfy and include the material which is their particular hobby. At the same time he must use all the standard matter and also bring to light neglected and unearthed examples.

More often than otherwise he has specialized on one period at the expense of others, and his readers quickly detect and condemn the slightest sign of partiality. He seldom knows the work of each century sufficiently well to maintain the necessary, even proportion. Failing to appreciate the minor forms of a period he omits them. More seriously, he treats only those examples which are found in his day at the expense of forms that were so very dominant in previous days.

Mr. Nicoll has most remarkably maneuvered these snares in his survey (461 pages) of British drama from the beginning to the present. He even predicts the future, but with less success than he writes the history. His accurate proportion, new material (new in that one-volume surveys have neglected it), and notable impartiality are highly to be commended. He has an even and comprehensive grasp of the whole. His consideration of lost and neglected forms is illuminative in its grasp of the social life and thought of the various periods. With a broad appreciation he has included the sweeping movements in the development of forms. The birth, adolescence, maturity, and decline of certain types are followed with keen comprehension. Always the present is accounted for in terms of the past.

Histories of literature are excelling, for the most part, the political histories of today in their writers' appreciation of the fact that minds of readers grasp and retain movements, developments, characteristics, and influences better than detailed and loosely related fact. Although Mr. Nicoll does present ably the newer approach yet he does mention a great number of plays with descriptions varying from one sentence to a half a page. Here he has erred. Such lists of play titles with brief characterizations befuddle the mind of the reader.

Both illustrations and text of this valuable book are unusual and contributory to our increasing dramatic library.

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The Frontier in American Literature: Lucy Lockwood Hazard. (Crowell, 1927.)

This book is a clear-eyed, penetrative account of American culture. Miss Hazard is the dupe of no previous writers in the field; she has the mental independence and the spiritual courage to look for herself and report her findings freely and frankly. Her main thesis is that American life has been molded by successive waves of frontier experience—that New England, the South, the West, Transcendentalism, California, Industry, Settling have at last brought Americans to spiritual pioneering. It is to be regretted that Miss Hazard handles her thought so stiffly, in the manner of the handling of theses. The book would gain immensely from such flexible handling and such neat skill in generalization as characterizes, for example, Mr. Mumford's *The Golden Day*, a book not greatly dissimilar in theme. The tendency of her thought does not get its deserved credit from the reader because it is smothered in clumsily handled "evidence." Her sentences too are formed often in a "schoolmarmish" manner. But there is no compromise in her thought, no roundaboutness; it comes out "plump" in vigorous sentences—that stand, alas, among the clutter of argumentative matter. The book, however, is an excellent one for vigorous Americans to know. What a brilliant essay on her theme Miss Hazard could write!

Missoula.

H. G. Merriam.

The Winged Horse. Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill. (Doubleday, Page, 1927).

The Winged Horse, written "for those at the beginning of poetry no matter what their years," is a unique and charming volume. Here at last we have the story of poetry told by two poets so simply and with so strong a narrative interest that only a student of English verse would realize the breadth of vision, the sound scholarship, the hours of research, the skillful original work in translation that has gone into its 420 happy pages. Back of the stories told, the poetry quoted, the pageant of Greek, Roman, Italian, and English writers which passes before the reader with dramatic vividness, there is a unifying purpose that gives significance and meaning to

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the book as a whole. "What has poetry meant in the life of the race? What can poetry mean to us in this new, hurried civilization?" are vital questions to these two poets who see poetry, once dominant, once the possession of the group, now restricted to the few. The black and white decorations by Paul Honore add much to the charm of the book, but its real charm lies in the authors' evident pleasure and belief in the work itself, their enjoyment of "the world of rhythmic delight, of great stories of human deeds, human souls, human utterances, of bold striking for truth about life" which they share with the reader.

Missoula.

Lucia B. Mirrielees.

Poetry and Myth: Frederick C. Prescott. (Macmillan, 1927).

What a revolution there would be in the teaching and the general reading of literature if in place of the useless and pedantic courses in its history and types were put endeavor to understand its nature and its uses! And Professor Prescott's book would admirably help in the understanding of both. Myth, as it were, the unconscious imagination describing life, and poetry, the delightedly conscious imagination describing it. The half-lights of the primitive are not so far removed from the conscious imagination's searching of the mysteries of life. What relation does imagination bear to reason? And how are myth and poetry to be interpreted? What values have they? The book is a notably human and at the same time scholarly consideration of such matters. It is constantly casting illumination upon its matter of thought. It admirably avoids confusion. And Professor Prescott has read the mythologists and thought for himself profitably.

The language of the book and the manner of presentation are needlessly dull. Every page is hard to read, not because the thought is difficult but because the language is stilted, the manner pedantic, and the expression repetitious. There is a clutter of phrases such as "I have spoken of—", "Let us go on to consider—", "We have been considering—", "It must be remembered—", "Returning now to—", "My purpose is to—", "Before taking further examples—", "Thus we derive—", "In chapter — we saw—". Fortunately, it is the transitions that are most

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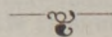
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pedantic. Much of the significant material finds adequate, even if seldom vigorous and fresh, language for itself—"Reason is . . . a new-comer. It has been developed to take care of our practical life in the largest sense; while imagination views our whole life, not only for this world, but, if the poets are right, for another world, or a 'world to come'." "Where two, three, or more plausible meanings may be given [to a myth], it is wiser to accept them all than to dispute between them." "Even many thinking persons . . . think of poetry only as an entertainment in their lightest hours, and of religion only as a duty in their dullest ones."

Missoula.

H. G. Merriam.

Notes About Contributors

JOHN R. BARROWS came to central Montana as a boy of sixteen from frontier life in the Wisconsin forests. After experience as a cowboy on Granville Stuart's DHS ranch, he went to Helena and studied law. He was representative from Fergus county in the first Montana state legislature. For fifteen years he lived in southern California; then he returned to the family ranch, near old Ubet, where he has ranched for the last ten years. Recently poor health and blindness have forced him to abandon ranching. He now lives in San Diego.

H. J. BOLLES is a young poet living near Yellowstone park. He writes, "Song was, to the Indian, incantation rather than a means of self-expression."

GRACE STONE COATES has contributed to many magazines, notably *The Midland* and *The American Mercury*.

JOHN C. FROHLICHER has been logger, miner, smelter worker. At present he is in journalistic work.

STEVE HOGAN lives in Butte. He has published in several magazines; recently verse of his appeared in *The American Mercury*.

LILLIAN T. LEONARD's lovely verse comes out of her intense experience. She has published in *Scribners*.

DR. FRANK BIRD LINDERMAN is the author of eight books on frontier and Indian life. In 1885 he came to the Flathead lake country and became

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trapper and guide. Since then he has been newspaper editor, assayer, hotel man, politician, writer. He is a member of the Cree and Chippewa tribes, and no man knows the plains Indian more intimately. Recently he has been casting in bronze, and for many years has been writing verse, novels and tales. His best known books are *Lige Mounts* and *Kootenai Way Stories*. The story here printed is from a forthcoming collection of Crow tales, which are rich in Indian mythology. In June, 1927, the State University of Montana conferred upon Mr. Linderman the degree of D. Litt. in recognition of his literary services.

DR. ISRAEL NEWMAN, founder and formerly editor of *The Harp*, lives in Denver.

DOROTHY JOHNSON PETERKIN is a senior at the State University of Montana. Her home is in Whitefish.

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