

Mucha Fiesta in New Mexico

CURIOUS SAVAGE HARVEST FESTIVAL AND CIVILIZED RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION IN ANCIENT PUEBLOS.

THE casual visitor in the curious Pueblo country of New Mexico and Arizona is always likely to encounter, no matter what the season of the year, a community celebration of one kind or another. Above all other Indians the Pueblo is devotedly attached to feast and ceremony; in the beginning invited thereto by his dependence as an agriculturist in an exacting region, upon the favor of the elements; and later encouraged by the pleasure-loving Mexicans, his neighbors.

Conforming to the deft treatment by the Roman Church, and therefore more or less adulterated from the original, the greatest annual celebration of the Cochiti Pueblo occurs on July 14; of the Santo Domingo on August 4; of the Sta. August 15; of the San Juan, June 14; of Taos, September 30, and so forth—these greatest celebrations being preceded and followed by a host of others, varying in importance and significance.

The good fortune to be present at the great Taos festival, of September 30, termed San Geronimo day, and held in honor (ostensibly) of the Pueblo's patron saint, Jerome—just as the festival of the San Juan Pueblo, southward, does honor to that patron saint, John. In this nomenclature, for instance, do we recognize the influence of Catholicism.

The festival of San Geronimo is as famed through the Southwest as is any fête day in Provence or Italy. The Pueblo is located in northeastern New Mexico, about 10 miles south of the Colorado line; it is the most typical and the best preserved of all the Pueblos, and its 500 people are extremely conservative. Thither, for this San Geronimo day, come tourists from Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Utes, Navajos, Apaches, San Juans and other new friendly aborigines; Mexicans from the surrounding hamlets and ranches. The festival itself is a queer combination of Christian ritual and pagan rite; in reality it is the survival of the Pueblo's ancient harvest celebration.

The Mexican visitors arrive the first, festively, evidently of getting as much as they can from the opportunity. By the wagon-load they enter the little town of Fernandez de Taos, three miles from the pueblo, and disperse among their numerous kin and acquaintances. A Mexican house is never filled. Booths are set up in the plaza and the crooked adobe-walled streets; the music and scuffling of the balls, or ball, are to be heard afternoon and night, and the alluring whistle of the popular merry-go-round shrills incessantly.

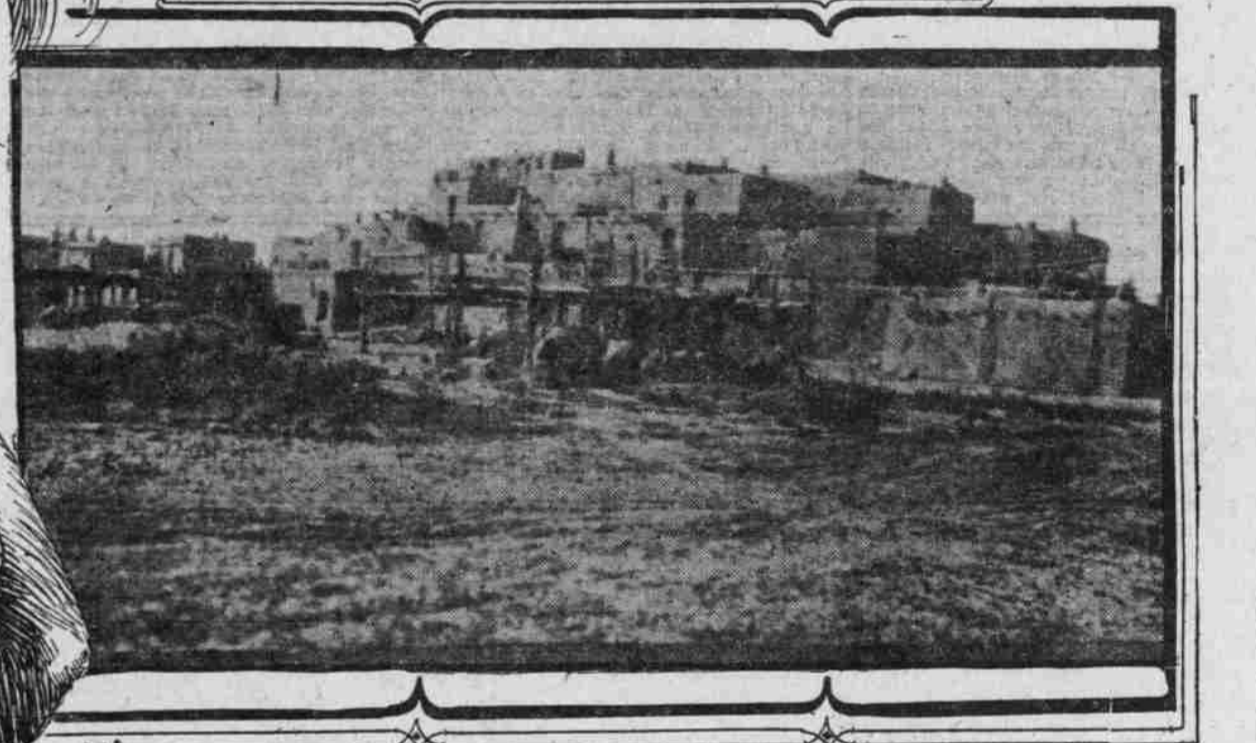
In the little town the stages deposit the tourists who, having journeyed down from Denver or up from Santa Fe, deem that they have left civilization afar. And through the little town pass, with tempo-



THE RACE SHOWING LINE OF RUNNERS AND THE SAINT'S BOWER.



RAISING THE OFFERING POLE



TAOS PUEBLO, NORTH CASA GRANDE

CLOWNS CLIMBING THE POLE

and at once the runners and their kin while in another dance, which may be called the dance of triumph. Again chanting and shuffling and waving the yellow aspen the dancers proceed to the casa grande which has won. The ceremonial drum booms accompaniment. From the casa grande roof the women pelt down bread—not alone womanly reward to husbands and children and brothers, but token of the sun's pleasure at the late spectacle.

After this dance the pueblo gives itself over to recuperation, and to "shopping" expeditions among the many vendors. Fruit and pinon nuts are liberally bought. At noon every pueblo household has a big dinner, to which strangers, no matter what the race, are generously invited.

In the afternoon appear the clowns, or the chivoneiti—representative of the mythical delight-makers who, in early times, saved the pueblo from pestilence and famine.

Seven in number, striped alternately upon their naked bodies, with black and white, their braids struck through with sprays of ripened grain, for two hours they amuse the crowd; their grotesque actions being received with loud applause. Finally they attempt to climb the pole, to secure the booty at the top. After some considerable time spent in non-sensical essays, they resign their post, and a champion climber of the community sallies to the rescue. He scales the smooth column; he lowers the sheep, the bread and the fruit to the waiting clowns below.

This marks the close of the festival. The sun is touching the western horizon. While back to Fernandez de Taos, the outsiders, Saint Jerome is restored to his chapel, and the sun sinks. The labor of both has been satisfied. The pueblo may rest content.

ing half, the San Juans in their wagons, selling pottery; the Apaches, buck and squaw and papoose a-horseback, selling bows and arrows; the Navajos, likewise a-horse, selling silverware and blankets. All of a sudden the little town is overflowing.

The pueblo people themselves appear to share not at all in the excitement; but it is only necessary, when one meets them pursuing their daily routine, to accost with "Bueno, amigos," they reply, "Bueno, bueno," they reply, "Mucha fiesta, en poco tiempo—eh?"

A smile flashes into each countenance. "Si, si; mucha fiesta."

At the pueblo dances are being rehearsed; some of the young men require instruction, and some of the elders need a limbering up. These rehearsals are held in private, according to laws as yet unmodified by the church.

During the afternoon preceding the festival, preparations at the pueblo become plainly visible. A bower of quaking-aspen branches is built against the north casa grande, about an elevated platform whence, at the head of the track, the saint shall overlook the races.

A hole is dug in the hard clay before the casa grande, where is the pueblo plaza, and with much labor, much wrangling, much scurrying, perspiration, exertion and grunting—a huge pole, 50 feet long, is set perpendicularly therein.

The omnipresent church intercedes, to remind; and about 5 o'clock the bell of the little chapel summons to mass. While we, and other strangers who have driven out, inquisitively witness, and the Mexicans stand at the thresh-

old with uncovered heads, having doffed its working costume of ordinary blanket and shawl, now proudly arrayed in cotton and silk of colors vivid, kaleidoscopic—yellows, reds, blues, plaids—the pueblo, bearing of ferocious canines, obediently crowds the chapel interior.

The mass lasts an hour; its conclusion is signified by the discharge, beside the church door, of a rickety smooth-bore in the hands of an appointed Indian.

Instant is the change from one worship to the other. Notified by the signal, while the celebrants are pouring from the altar, selected dancers who have been waiting, to the rear of each of the casa grandes, advance through the gloom, waving sprays of yellowed aspen foliage and melodiously chanting in the Taos tongue.

This is the Sun Dance. Shoulder to shoulder, in two long lines facing inward, the dancers, shuffling and chanting in perfect accord, traverse the plaza and enter the churchyard. All wear white blankets. At the church door his hat pulled down almost to the nose of his rival La Grande. It lies just at the foot of La Granja Mountain, amid splendid scenery. The ground is sufficiently hard and the turf excellent.

Society life at La Granja, which attained great splendor during the reign of the late King Alfonso, fell away during the present queen mother's regency, as the regent passed the Summer on the Spanish coast. La Granja begins to revive again, since it is the favorite residence of Queen Victoria, who, loving a quiet, open air life, with beautiful gardens, finds these elements at La Granja, which attained great splendor during the reign of the late King Alfonso, fell away during the present queen mother's regency, as the regent passed the Summer on the Spanish coast.

Spain in this particular, he gets up very early, and even at La Granja devotes the greater part of the morning to his favorite studies on military subjects, and those who have heard his talk about such matters recognize his sound knowledge.

But as he is now on holiday, "en vacaciones," as he calls it, polo constitutes his main amusement at La Granja, besides his morning walk, on which he is only accompanied by Marques de Viana. No one can mistake King Alfonso's walk and dress. He walks with long strides, and when recognizing a friend some distance off, utters the Spanish salutation "Adios" in a clear voice, throwing up his arm with a peculiar toss. He wears his hat pulled down almost to the nose of his rival La Grande. It lies just at the foot of La Granja Mountain, amid splendid scenery. The ground is sufficiently hard and the turf excellent.

What transpires during the night, we may not know. Dawns San Geronimo day. First is the sleeting, to the cross-bar at the apex of the pole (before mentioned as having been erected with so much stress) of the festival offerings; a sheep, throat cut; a bunch of melons; a sack of bread and maize. The display, fastened aloft by a half-naked Indian, constitutes the pueblo's thank-tribute to the sun; for so largely does the sun figure, in the Taos Indian's thoughts with reference to the celebration, that this ancient harvest festival—this pseudo Saint's day—is dominated still by the creative orb.

Ever since sunrise visitors have been pouring into the pueblo grounds—horseback, afoot, in vehicles of all descriptions. Many are merely on-lookers; others, like the Mexican peddlers, the Apaches and Navajos and San Juans, are out with an eye to business as well as to spectacle. About 8 o'clock another mass is called; and thither, again went their gorgeous way the pueblo people.

By the time that the mass is over the grounds resemble a fair, with the wagons of the Mexican vendors, selling melons, pinon nuts and scarfs, with the alien Indians, proffering articles of handicraft; with the horsemen dash-

ing hither and thither—vaqueros, rancheros and Americans; with pedestrians white and brown, male and female, sauntering and staring; and with the cameras in active operation by professionalists and amateurs.

A procession issues from the chapel, bearing under canopy the saint himself, Jerome; a ruddy-carved, venerable wooden figure endowed, for the occasion, with sentient attributes. Carefully escorted he is transferred to the bower, and there, by respectful hands, is installed, together with crucifix and draped shrine.

Immediately, upon the track along which he now gazes, line up the racers; a chosen band from each of the houses, stationed, in opposing divisions, half and half, at either end of the course. They are variously decorated, naked save as to breech-cloth and lavishly patterned with paint. Upon their ankles, to bestow speed, are tied eagle feathers and patches of down are scattered, also, over limbs and body.

The course is 400 yards. This is a relay race; the runners start, two by two, race to the farther end, and are relieved by two other runners. Back and forth speed the painted forms, amidst wild encouragement from the Indian guards and the closely-pressing spectators. The race continues for an hour. Victory is decided,

to merit the description. In its scant area the fotsam and jetsam of the Eastern world has gathered. It contains, shoulder to shoulder, in its heterogeneous people and life, the elements of the finest culture, the deepest intelligence, morality, degeneracy, vice and virtue, more fantastically interwoven into the life of the place than anywhere else in all the world.

Here the President will get his supplies, guides, servants, porters and other blacks who will be his companions on the hunt. From Zanzibar he goes to the chief city of English East Africa, on the border of German Africa and from there plunges into the vast, silent, disease-breeding jungle, where a white man goes with the assurance that death, multiform, pestilent and horrible, lurks in every thicket and stream and tree; a place where the chances of living are reduced to the ultimate natural minimum.

Proceeded by his blacks and followed by more of the same, bearing the rather imposing luggage of the expedition, and, in bad weather, the head of the expedition in a hammock, the President will enter a world vastly different from anything he has ever seen.

Then he may be overtaken and captured by a native Prince, who will require beads, wire, brass and the like to keep him from devouring his distinguished guest to glut his appetite. Upon finding that his visitor is the late head of a great government, the chief will even become solicitous, and around a few buckets of stinking native beer, even some pellets of bang, that the President may dream the dream of the hashish eater, and as a last mark of courtesy demand that the President marry a couple or more of his dusky belles. The diplomacy of Mr. Roosevelt will have to be relied upon in this extremity.

In the end, all these perils having been safely passed, Mr. Roosevelt will reach the happiest hunting grounds in all the world, where he may shoot lions, hippopotami, specimens of the buffalo, rhinoceros, bok, etc., till his ammunition runs out or something happens.

And for this the price will be \$25,000.—Kansas City Star.

Miss Ross Becker has been appointed as claim agent and United States pension attorney in Missouri. She has been known for years as one of the most successful women in St. Louis, being a notary public and an insurance agent.

Spain's Happy Royal Babes

THIS is the first time living memory that a son of a Spanish King has been born at La Granja. Others, such as the Infantes Don Carlos, Don Felipe Francisco and Infanta Maria Luisa, were born while their parents were still only heirs presumptive to the throne. Queen Victoria's private desire may have been for a girl, but publicly she expressed the wish to have an "español," typically Spanish; that is to say, brown and dark haired. But such a hope would only be partially realized, since she is very fair, and the Spanish Bourbons have the green-eyed eyes and white skin which run in the family. Infanta Maria Teresa, the only exception. Though the newly-born infant is of fair complexion, he is slightly darker than his brother, Principe de Asturias, whose features strikingly resemble those of his mother. It might be said that the Principe de Asturias is a thorough Battenberg, while Infanta Don Jaime is more of a Bourbon. He is a strong, healthy infant, weighing eight pounds, and appears to be more quick tempered than his elder brother.

He is now dressed in white-laced robes, with tiny pink colored ribbons, and wears around his neck the tiny golden cross and medal of Our Lady of Pilar, much venerated in Spain. When court officials meet him they stoop and bow, just as to a crown prince.

King Alfonso wishes him to be brought up a soldier, and, like the Principe de Asturias, the new infant's dresses are to be embroidered in red silk bearing the number 1, which is that of the infantry regiment entitled the "King's Own," garrisoned in Madrid, in which the Principe de Asturias was enrolled a month ago as simple soldier—wearing a minute sword.

The newly born infant remains most of the day with his mother, and is removed in the evening to an adjoining room under the care of a lady of the court until a nurse is appointed to take charge of him. Queen Victoria, who tends the infant, Don Jaime devotedly, has not been much troubled as her second son, though a little more nervous than the Principe de Asturias, seems to be as good natured.

Some three weeks ago the Principe de Asturias was a little troubled with his teething, but that period over he is now a thoroughly healthy, good natured, strong boy. The whiteness of his skin and his clear blue eyes are remarkable. He already seems to know his duties, and I Wednesday witnessed a quiet scene. The relief of the royal guard takes place every morning at 11 o'clock. A patrol of "Alabarderos" comes to the royal palace to change the sentries to the sound of life and drum. Afterwards the infantry company of "Barrabastro," which keeps guard on the exterior. The formalities of the band playing and bugle blowing have been omitted these days to avoid trouble to Queen Victoria, but not the display of the national flag, which is handed over to the fresh guard, during which all salute. The Principe de Asturias, in his English nurse's arms, was witnessing the scene from a balcony and

raised up his tiny right hand to his temple, military fashion.

Principe de Asturias' life is most healthy. He is already bathed and dressed by 7 o'clock, and then visits his parents. The most of the day he spends in the beautiful gardens of the royal residence, wheeled in a perambulator, and when tired sleeps under the shadow of a pocket. It is a real open air life, and the doctor who visits him twice a day is surprised at his wonderful health.

When the weather is warm and during the last week it has been cold here, with patches of snow still unmelting on the surrounding mountains, he is taken indoors, and amuses himself with his first toy, a "Teddy bear," which Queen Victoria set in a rattle for charity purposes, and with Japanese toys presented by Prince Kuraki during his recent visit and by the Japanese ambassador in Madrid, Mr. Maugiro-Inasaky.

Cost of the Roosevelt Hunt

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S hunting trip to East Africa, which is planned for next year, will decrease the Presidential savings some \$20,000 to \$25,000 at a low estimate, but, inasmuch as Mr. Roosevelt already has been offered more than ten times that amount for his story of the trip, to be written upon his return, it isn't worrying the family banker.

What is concerning all the Roosevelt family and the close friends of the President may be summed up as "things that might happen on that trip." It isn't so small matter this 20,000-mile journey to the wildest section of the world, where big game is as populous as it has come to be scarce in the "won West." It isn't so much the lions, elephants and their associates that are being feared, although the element of danger they always present contains the essential zest of hunting with any true sportsman. But there are many other enemies of human life, which the President will have to encounter and subdue.

The journey to the east coast of Africa will be one of the most wonderful pilgrimages of a man of the Western world might take. The President will pass through seas and straits which alone could have washed away the tomes of history they have seen written. He will come into contact with customs and people by far the most interesting in the world, and finally, as a sort of guardian for his wanderings, the traveler will reach Zanzibar (a place which merits its name, Paradise).

It has been called the most interesting 15 square miles in the world and appears

to merit the description. In its scant area the fotsam and jetsam of the Eastern world has gathered. It contains, shoulder to shoulder, in its heterogeneous people and life, the elements of the finest culture, the deepest intelligence, morality, degeneracy, vice and virtue, more fantastically interwoven into the life of the place than anywhere else in all the world.

Here the President will get his supplies, guides, servants, porters and other blacks who will be his companions on the hunt. From Zanzibar he goes to the chief city of English East Africa, on the border of German Africa and from there plunges into the vast, silent, disease-breeding jungle, where a white man goes with the assurance that death, multiform, pestilent and horrible, lurks in every thicket and stream and tree; a place where the chances of living are reduced to the ultimate natural minimum.

Proceeded by his blacks and followed by more of the same, bearing the rather imposing luggage of the expedition, and, in bad weather, the head of the expedition in a hammock, the President will enter a world vastly different from anything he has ever seen.

Then he may be overtaken and captured by a native Prince, who will require beads, wire, brass and the like to keep him from devouring his distinguished guest to glut his appetite. Upon finding that his visitor is the late head of a great government, the chief will even become solicitous, and around a few buckets of stinking native beer, even some pellets of bang, that the President may dream the dream of the hashish eater, and as a last mark of courtesy demand that the President marry a couple or more of his dusky belles. The diplomacy of Mr. Roosevelt will have to be relied upon in this extremity.