

then the pinches of sacred meal are blown toward the father of all medicine and the mother-corn, and the eagle feathers are crossed and snapped. The wonderful sleight-of-hand follows, which perpetuates the awe in which the *shamans* are held.

When the medicine-making is done the sacred "going-out-for-the-year" follows, with equally rigid and religious rites. The father of all wears on his left hand and arm a gauntlet of skin of a bear's foreleg with the claws on, and on each foot a similar skin from the bear's hind leg, and in the glove he sticks the eagle plumes. Then the song is twice sung and the sacred mirror is looked into, and three shamans run to the Rio Grande to bring back auspices of plenty, or omens of drougt and famine.

The sacred water-giving is the distribution from the *cajete* of a mouthful to each person, with prayers to the Trues, the recipient blowing the water on his hands or rubbing it on his body in token of strength to be given him, etc. The "mother-shaking" is done by the father of all, who mysteriously rains down on the heads of the audience a shower of seeds from the tufted ears, each kernel being eagerly picked up as a token of a large crop.

After the final benediction abundance of food breaks the long fast. The ceremonial paint is washed off, the ordinary clothing resumed, and the year is now safely begun at least. So curious and complex are the religious customs attached to some of our Indian tribes.

The cigarette, and not the calumet, is the true "pipe of peace" among the Indians of the Southwest, and figures conspicuously in religion, war, and the chase, and more than Arabian salt in its power as a bond of hospitality. The sacred cigarette is, however, a different thing from the familiar object that goes by that name in the East. It is a pinch of granulated tobacco wrapped in a bit of sweet corn husk or a special sort of brown paper.

The sacred smoke is everywhere found among the Pueblos. It hallows birth and death and every experience between. It secures from drougt and all malign spirits, and makes every rite and even prayer itself more holy. Its use is rigidly *restricted*. An Indian woman is not to think of smoking; a slit in the tip of the tongue may be the penalty. Nor dares the Pueblo lad smoke before he is twenty-five, unless he earns the privilege by prowess, or is a member of the medicine men's order, and even then not in the presence of seniors or superiors.

The cigarette is at once a bond of friendship and a flag of truce. The first act of a Pueblo in meeting a heathen Indian is to *toss* him the tobacco and corn husk for a cigarette, never *handing* it. To pick up the offering is accepting a peace covenant, and the bitterest enmity must be put aside.

The smoking anteceded the discovery of tobacco, and was then confined to certain aromatic herbs. Ceremonial cigarettes (the *weer*) are still made as before corn husks were used, by removing the pith from a reed and filling the hollow with certain sacred weeds or tobacco.