

FUN WITH THE INDIANS

Some Washington Society Women
Visit Them with a Camera.

YANK HOE AGAIN AMAZES THEM

Fast Thunder, However, Exposes One of the Magician's Tricks—One of the Ladies Photographs Them—Promises that Were Broken by Previous Photographers.

The people of the antipodes, the juggler and magician from Japan, and a group of open-mouthed, sleepy-eyed redskins from the prairies of the Western States met yesterday in the boarding-house on Third street, where the delegation of Sioux braves are stopping. Yank Hoe and the beautiful Omene were there and the Oriental for nearly an hour kept the savages in a state of dazed wonder with his feats of magic.

Washington society was represented by a group of fashionable ladies, one little lady with an imposing Louis XIII staff with a gold head, the rest with lorgnettes and all as odorous as a perfumer's shop. The Indians had gone to see the magician's performance Thursday night and they wanted to see the tricks done over again at close range. The ladies had been brought by a member of Congress and one of them carried a kodak. The whole oddly mixed company gathered in the two parlors where the Indians sleep and lounge while waiting for the conference with Secretary Noble.

The wiry magician was in faultless morning dress. The Indians rather regarded him with disfavor, because of his boldness, until he began his wonderful tricks. Blonde Omene, with her graceful poses, filled them with delight. When she took off her gloves the Indians took hold of first one and then the other of her soft white hands, and minutely inspected the bunch of slender silver bangles that jingled on each of her wrists. The society women's gold-headed, Louis XIII stick also caught their fancy. They had never before encountered anything like it. The staff was nearly as tall as the little lady who carried it, and, indeed, she and her stick, together with Omene and her blonde hair and bangles, for a while diverted attention entirely from the little professor of magic.

About half the Indians in their delicate, untutored way indicated by motions and grins that they would like to have the society woman give them her stick, and Omene only overcame their desire for her bangles when she had an interpreter tell them that they had been put on her wrists when she was a little girl and that they could not be taken off.

Then Yank Hoe got a match from one of a group of Indians, lighted his cigarette with it, blew the match out, and stuck it up his nose, taking it out of the top of his bald head. The savages gave grunts of astonishment and gathered around the magician, having become convinced that they could not get either the Louis XIII stick or the blonde beauty's bangles. Yank Hoe pulled a small table that was in the center of the room into a corner, between one of the beds and the stove, got behind it and began his exhibition. He took a piece of cigarette tissue paper, tore it into little bits, rubbed it between his wonderful fingers and then straightened it out just as it was before he tore it up.

The Indians clapped their hands, and he did the trick over again. Then he spread a newspaper on the table, laid four half dollars on it, and made them go through the paper, one at a time. He wrapped a half dollar up in a piece of paper, knocked it against a glass to show that the coin was still inside the paper, tore the paper to bits, and took the coin out of his sleeve.

Fast Thunder had seated himself beside the professor, and caught him in his next trick. The professor put a glass tumbler on the table before him, covered it with paper, and then hit it a blow with his hand as if driving it through the table. But before he had time to take the glass from under the table, Fast Thunder reached under the table and took the glass from the professor's knees, exposing the trick, to the great delight of his fellow savages. Feats of legerdemain followed each other in quick succession, all of them mystifying the savages except this one.

When the professor was through, the Indians all went out in the back yard and submitted to the lady's kodak. They did it with a scant grace, though, for they have taken a dislike to people with cameras. There have been a great many of them to see the Indians, and they always promise to give the red men each a copy of the pictures they take, but they never do it, and unless the craft do better from now on, so the Indians said to Miss Mina Boybridge, they will strike and refuse to have their pictures taken any more.

A few of the Indians went to the Capitol yesterday, but most of them stayed at home and slept and talked. Few white men or even colored men could be found who would be so perfectly contented to spend all their time doing nothing as these Indians are. They are satisfied to do nothing but eat and sleep. They were anxious, however, to be up bright and early to-day and to fix themselves so they will make their best appearance at the conference to be held with Secretary Noble at the Interior Department to-day.