

THE SUN, APRIL 28, 1889

THE INDIAN TERRITORY

A Sun Reporter's Sketches Among Uncle Sam's Wards.

A SEMINARY FOR SQUAWS.

The Curious Home of the Cherokee Convicts.

A CHOCTAW MAN HUNTER.

Telling How to Track, Arrest, and Get Frontier Desperadoes—The Record of Blood—A Week's Business at Fort Smith—Pictures of Indian Life—Riding the White Mule—An Indian Chowder party—The National Ownership of Land Oppresses the Weak—The Market Value of Indian Lands—Ought the Lands to be Divided Among the Owners?

In THE SUN of Sunday, April 7, was printed a series of sketches made by a SUN reporter in the Indian Territory. Therein was related the condition of affairs in the States that adjoin the Territory and the pressure that there exists for the opening of the Territory to white settlement. The efforts of the Government to care for Charley Quapaw, chief of his tribe and a typical Indian of the lazier sort, who owns land worth \$50,000 but is on the verge of starvation, was related. Mr. Gould's venture in the coal mining business, wherein he pinched the old proprietors and was eventually pinched himself in the same way, formed an interesting chapter. Another chapter told how J. P. McNaughton, a squaw man of the better sort, had benefited the Peorias, while another one still showed the utter recklessness of an educated Peoria in money matters and the wearing of good clothes. It was the story of Jim Charley's hunt for deer after a snow storm, while clothed with a dress suit and patent leather shoes. Last of all came the story of Sequoyah, the Cadmus of the Cherokee, whose genius revealed to a tribe of savages the mystery of the talking leaf.

This week these sketches are here continued. The Cherokees are just finishing a seminary that is to be the alma mater of their squaws. And such squaws as these are! They have for some years had a penitentiary located at their capital city, and it is probably safe to say that no such home for felons exists in any other place in the world. More interesting still is the interview with the Choctaw man hunter, or Indian policeman. His talk about tracking and getting criminals, handling the revolver, and kindred matters is in fact startling.

The extent of Cherokee civilization can be inferred from the sketch of their record of blood, and the description of Tahlequah, the capital city, and of a week's business at the Fort Smith Court in the succeeding chapters.

The pictures of Indian sports, including the stamp-down dance and the riding of the white mule, do not accord with common notions of the stolid character of the red men, but they are taken from life.

Last of all comes the query, "What are we going to do about it?" Something will have to be done very quickly now Oklahoma is open, if the Indian rights in the land are to be preserved. The last chapter will be found particularly interesting to the friends of the Indians, because therein is given a just view of the actual market value of the Indian Territory lands, and the price therefore which the Indians ought to receive for them.

TAHLEQUAH, I. T., April 24— Standing in a small opening in the native forest that covers a ridge on the verge of the site of Tahlequah is a structure just now receiving its finishing touches, that is unquestionably one of the most remarkable buildings in the world—remarkable when all the circumstances connected with it are considered. It is a monument to the progress of human intellect under adverse circumstances. It is a school house erected by a people who were called savages less than a hundred years ago; a people who first had a written law eighty years ago, and who, within fifty years, at the behest of people not called savages, were, by violence, torn from their homes which they had only just begun to make comfortable, and driven into an unbroken wilderness, a thousand miles away, to begin anew the work of civilizing themselves. Not only is this building a remarkable structure as considering the history of the people who have built it; it is a notable building in itself. There it stands in the wilderness overlooking a hamlet of Indians. But if it were transported, say to Wichita, Kansas, a city that prides itself alike on its pork-packing establishment and its many schools for educating the young, the

citizens there would take the stranger to this building as the choice school, the pride of the city. This new school building is the female seminary erected by the Cherokee Nation; it is to be the alma mater of what Eastern people might call the Cherokee squaws.

The most attractive feature of the new structure, as it now stands not quite finished, is its utter lack of the appearance of a public institution. The hideous nightmare in which architects of like institutions have usually labored was not depressing the mind of the one that conceived this building. More than anything else it suggests a hotel designed as a place of rest and recreation for people of wealth and refinement. With one exception the plans within are in perfect keeping with the outward design. The halls, the reception rooms, and the library are more like parlors than anything else, and the same may almost be said of the dining room, the chapel, and the school or recitation rooms proper. In finish these rooms are as elegant as one finds in the parlors of the best hotels, for they are finished in native woods of the most beautiful grain. The private rooms which the young ladies and their teachers will occupy, the dormitory for the charity pupils, and the sick bay away off in the third story of the L, are models of beauty and comfort. It is a pity that a design so attractive, and withal instructive to young minds, should have been marred by a pinched-looking narrow stairway, and that the most beautiful of native woods for finishing should have been put on unseasoned. Think of delightfully proportioned towers, ledges, bays, verandas, and arches without; of capacious portals leading to spacious halls within, and then a stairway only wide enough for two ladies abreast!

In spite of these defects it may yet be said that this Cherokee seminary is the most tasteful school building in the Southwest, and that the credit of having such a building is due wholly to the Cherokee Building Committee, for they had a variety of plans to select from.

Although the front of the building seems but little over 100 feet long, it is, in fact, 225, and there is an L, 150 feet deep. The structure covers 20,000 square feet of ground and is three stories high. But one must needs go behind it to in any way appreciate its size. The bath and toilet rooms are fitted with the latest and best designs of the plumbing engineers. The light and ventilation are the best possible. It is heated throughout with steam, and plans are now under consideration for lighting both this building and the seminary for boys with the incandescent system of electricity.

Quite as remarkable as the building itself is the fact that it cost only \$60,500. The furnishing and the grounds will cost possible \$20,000 more. The stone was quarried for the foundation, the brick burned for the walls, and the timber and lumber cut and sawed all near Tahlequah. The terra cotta, the molding, and other fancy work were brought from St. Louis. A St. Louis architect and a St. Louis builder erected the seminary.

A very large percentage, perhaps three-fourths, of the young ladies who will attend this school could not be distinguished from whites, although all of them are Cherokees. The nation does not educate whites. The Cherokee young lady is a very charming young lady. She is generally a brunette, with brown eyes that she knows how to use with magical effect. In fact, the most attractive feature of the Cherokee men as well as women is the eye. Nor are those most nearly white always the handsomest or most attractive, either in form or feature, for some even of the so-called full bloods are handsome and graceful. There are in this village of Tahlequah over 200 boys and girls between the ages of 13 and 18, although the village numbers but 1,000 inhabitants. The reporter has not seen any place in the West that could boast so large a proportion of handsome young people as this village.

The new seminary will accommodate 200 pupils. Of these fifty are charity pupils supported by the Cherokee treasury. The rule says: "Primaries (really indigents) must be 12 years old, as required by law, and really indigent." The rest of the pupils must pay \$5 a month for their tuition, board, lodging, laundry work, &c. Even text books, ink, paper, pencils, &c., are furnished to them. They have to keep their own rooms in order.

To teach these pupils there are a principal at \$1,000 a year and a home, an assistant at \$700 a year and a home, and four other assistants at \$500 a year, one of whom teaches music exclusively. Pianos took the place of some of the tom toms among the Cherokees some years ago, although the "stomp down dance" is still an institution among the full bloods, as will be related further on.

The boys have a national seminary also. Here is the description of it as written in the catalogue of the seminary:

The original building was a large, substantial edifice, which has been largely increased since the war. The appropriations for building, as it now is, aggregate over \$120,000. The old part is of brick, two stories high, and a basement of stone. The basement is used for laundry, storage rooms, furnace rooms, and other purposes. Upon the first floor are the recitation rooms, chapel, study hall, library, laboratory, text book room, dining room, kitchen, family rooms of steward, parlor, rooms for visitors, closets, and store rooms. Upon the second floor are rooms for teachers, matrons, students, bath rooms, and storage rooms. These rooms are all ventilated from without and by open courts within. There are eighty-five available rooms.

Length of building	185 feet	width 100
Chapel study hall	54x40x13	vol., 28,080 cubic feet
Dining room	45x38x13	vol., 22,230 cubic feet
Parlor	33 $\frac{1}{3}$ x15x13	vol., 6,300 cubic feet
Three	18x16x10	vol., 2,880 cubic feet
sizes	12x13x10	vol., 1,500 cubic feet
bedrooms	18 $\frac{1}{3}$ x15x10	vol., 2,900 cubic feet

The seminary is located one mile and a half west of Tahlequah, the capital of the Nation. The surroundings are beautiful. The elevation upon which the building stands is high, dry, and beautiful.

It is interesting to note at this point the manner in which the Cherokees support their schools, and for a particular reason the words of the seminary catalogue are again used:

The seminaries, and in fact all the schools of the nation, are supported by money invested in United States registered stocks from the sale of lands to the United States Government. the interest alone of this investment is drawn and used for educational purposes.

The reader should keep this official statement of the source of support of the schools of the Cherokees in mind, for Principal Chief Mayes in an interview in Washington while Congress was in session told a pitiful story of injury that would be done to the schools of the Cherokees should the Administration prevent the consummation of the lease of the Cherokee outlet to the Kansas City syndicate of cattle men. He said the schools were supported by this lease money. The Cherokee used this argument effectively, but the white men in the Southwest say he used it dishonestly to defeat the Oklahoma bill.

The fund for the support of the Cherokees was provided for, however, by the treaty of 1819, the money received for a certain portion of the land then ceded to the United States being set apart for that purpose. The fund has been increased at the making of about every treaty since entered into.

An orphan asylum was established by the act of March 24, 1871.

According to the report of the Board of Education for the scholastic year ending June 30, 1887, the average attendance had been as follows:

	1884-5.	1885-6.	1886-7.
Male seminary	139	152	145
Female seminary	110	113	
Primary schools	2,112	2,417	2,452
Orphan asylum	155	141	144

The population of the Nation is 20,000.

The report of the Treasurer for 1888 shows that during that year he had paid out for school expenses \$80,190.82, and for the orphan asylum expenses \$14,574.94.

An average of from ten to fifteen young people graduate from each seminary every year.

There are 103 non-sectarian schools supported by the Cherokees. The Bible is a text book. Fifty-four young lady teachers are employed. Nearly all are Cherokees.

The course of study at the seminaries includes mathematics as far as geometry, astronomy, Latin as far as the translation of Virgil, logic, geology, chemistry, political economy, music, and drawing.

CHAPTER II.

THE TERRITORY'S ONLY PENITENTIARY.

It is a square two-story and basement stone structure, perhaps forty feet on a side, and having a pyramid roof. It is curiously divided. On the top floor are the rooms occupied by the High Sheriff, as the superintendent is called. On the first floor are four rooms, one of which is the commissary or store room, and another

is the sleeping room occupied by the trustees or convicts, who are so much in love with prison life that they could not be driven away from it. There is also a room where prisoners are confined alone on bread and water for punishment. The basement is the prison proper. It is divided by two walls into a hall, with a commodious room on each side. The dividing walls, both in the basement and on the first floor are made of two-inch oak plank, six inches wide, laid face to face and spiked together. The doors are made of heavy oak plank swung on heavy iron hinges. The basement is lighted by a number of windows about two feet and a half square, each guarded by a double set of iron gratings. The two basement rooms are furnished with one bed for each two convicts confined there. The bedding consists of straw mattresses and gray blankets. A wood-burning stove warms each room. Around the prison is a yard half an acre in extent. A wooden fence, six feet high, with the framework on the inside, surrounds the yard. Beyond the yard stand the homes of the villagers, for the prison is but one block from the center of Tahlequah.

In one corner of the yard, within plain view of the homes of the people thereabouts, and of the street as well, stands the national gallows. It is a substantial platform, five feet above the ground, with two uprights rising eight feet further, across the top of which rests a stout beam. Two eyebolts project below the beam, and a two-foot piece of rope, badly frayed by the wind, dangles from one of the bolts. The rope is a part of the last one used at a hanging. The lower, or noose part, was cut off when the corpse was lowered.

There is a curved roof over the gallows frame, but no sort of enclosure about it.

Wishing to visit the prison, the reporter obtained a permit from the secretary of the principal chief, and went to the prison gate. The gate stood partly ajar, on account of a defect in one hinge. He opened the gate, and seeing no one, walked to and up the steps of the prison building. The front door was open, and he walked into the hall. The two on the right were open. The first of these rooms was well-nigh barren, and its use was not apparent. Looking through the next open door two men in prison uniform—gray woolen trousers striped horizontally with black, and gray shirts—were found sleeping on two of the four beds in the room. They were convicts. It seemed a pity to disturb them, and they were left in peace. Knocks on the other two doors failed to bring any one into the hall, and the reporter passed on through the rear door. In the backyard four men in prison garb were chopping logs of wood into firewood. Two men not in prison garb sat on logs in comfortable conversation. One had a huge six-

shooter on his right hip. The other had the holster in a like location, but the revolver lay on the chips before him. As the reporter walked down the rear steps the convicts stopped chopping to gaze at him, and the men with the arms looked around. They all greeted the reporter cheerfully, and one of the guards offered to show the prison to him.

In the basement there were four men in one of the rooms, all confined either as punishment for committing murder or awaiting trial charged with that crime. Although there were locks and bolts a plenty, there did not seem to be any special reason why any ingenious man should remain there in peril of his life. Indeed, the reporter was informed that since 1876 an almost endless number of prisoners had escaped, of whom forty-two are now at large. The total number of prisoners now in confinement is only thirty-three, one a woman.

The woman was found walking from the main building to a wooden one in the rear, used as a kitchen. Nothing prevented her walking out of the gate. She is serving a sentence of one year for having perjured herself to clear her husband of a misdemeanor for which he was on trial. He got clear, but she was convicted. She is not a bad looking half breed.

The balance of the prisoners were out in gangs cutting wood for the national seminaries, working on the streets, and doing like public work. The High Sheriff however, will take a contract at any time to do almost any sort of work about the farms or the village, and will send convicts with a keeper to do it. There is no jealousy of convict labor among the workingmen of the Cherokee nation. One stalwart convict is employed every week to turn the press on which is printed the national newspaper, the *Cherokee Advocate*. He is a coal-black negro with a smile as pleasant as a spring morning on the Congo.

The High Sheriff received \$500 a year. He employs ten guards at \$15 a month each. That is the price paid farm hands in this country, and as guarding prisoners is much easier than farm labor, he is overrun with applications from the politicians who want to get soft berths for their constituents.

How men get into this prison will be explained in another chapter. That their life here is not one of special hardship appears from the fact that one of them, a full blood, having escaped one night, returned two days later, bringing his wife.

“Here, shut her up: she done heap bad, too,” he said. It was too pleasant a life to be selfishly enjoyed alone.

Bread, molasses, meat, beans, coffee, and now and then potatoes, constitute the diet of the prison. Sugar is prohibited by law along with delicacies of various sorts. There are a number of interesting sections to the act governing this prison. Thus, prisoners who are obstreperous may be placed in solitary confinement for not more than thirty days on a diet of bread and water. It is said that even this punishment is never fully required. A very few days is enough for the gregarious Cherokee. A prisoner who tries to escape may have ten years or less added to his sentence. If a life convict, he may be placed in the solitary cell a year or less; but in each case the court that sentenced him must determine the punishment. The High Sheriff “may adopt such means as he may deem best to recapture escaped convicts.” The same rule applies in preserving order and discipline. A prisoner trying to run away from a guard would escape a bullet only in case the guard was a bad marksman, of course. A “decent suit of clothes and not exceeding \$5 in money” must be given to a discharged convict who has served “one year or more.”

The penitentiary is not only the place of convicts; it is used also as the village lockup. The man serving out a fine of \$5, or awaiting trial for disorderly conduct, may sleep and eat with a man serving a life sentence.

It is interesting to note also that the High Sheriff is “conservator of the peace,” crier to the Supreme Court, custodian of the public park, Chief of Police, and Street Commissioner of Tahlequah, and janitor of the Capitol building, all for the one salary. More than that, “all fuel, water, and fires for the Supreme Court room, the offices of the Executive, Treasurer, and Auditor of Accounts, and for the Senate, council, and committee rooms, shall be provided by the High Sheriff out of his salary.”

It would be a pleasure for the reader to look upon the features of this gentleman, but the pleasure must be denied owing to the fact that he has no photographs of himself, and that there is not a photographer within many miles of Tahlequah.

There have been but two executions on the national gallows. The last one to hang was Mar. Spade Sunshine, who was executed two years ago in May. Sunshine lived in the Flint district. While preparing to go to a dance one night

he was told by a neighbor that he was to be killed at the dance. The information was meagre but startling. Sunshine considered the matter. He knew of but one enemy, Mr. Long John, with whom he had quarreled about a lady love. So Sunshine went hunting John with a rifle and killed him. That was a fatal mistake. It was not Long John who was going to kill him. He learned this soon after the killing.

So instead of going to the dance he took to the woods. The Indian police tracked him and arrested him. He was tried and convicted. On the gallows he made a speech. He said:

“I killed the wrong man, and I am willing to die for it. If I had had a thousand dollars I would not have been here. I would have given the money to Principal Chief Bushyhead and he would have commuted my sentence. But I am a poor man, and so I must die.”

And he did. The High Sheriff sprung the trap a moment after he stopped talking, and his neck was broken by the fall. He had had an opportunity to escape. His wife had offered to bring him tools to escape with, as well as arms, and she could have done it easily, but he refused to go.

It is an interesting fact that at least two-thirds of the Cherokees believe the little speech he made on the gallows.

CHAPTER III.

A CHOCTAW MAN HUNTER.

His name is Robert J. Gentry and his home is at Eufala. THE SUN reporter first saw him at Purcell, and afterwards within a few days met him on a train on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad. This fact is mentioned only because it shows that these policemen have very long beats. They often ride from 75 to 100 miles on horseback in a day.

“Is it a dangerous life you lead?” we asked.

“Sometimes.”

“How long have you been on the force?”

“Five years.”

“Been shot at occasionally?”

“Ten or fifteen times.”

“What was the closest call you ever had?”

After considering the subject, he said:

“I had a writ for a man who had fired into a train, and having learned where he lived went to the house to arrest him. I did not find him in the house, and started out to look around for him outside. As I unconsciously went around the corner I unexpectedly met him. He had a big six-shooter levelled, and the moment I appeared he fired at me. The bullet passed through my clothing, just grazing my left shoulder. I don’t know how he missed me, unless he had buck fever.”

“Did he run then, or did you arrest him?”

“I got him.”

“Was he convicted?”

“Why, no. I *got* him.”

Got means killed in the vernacular of the Indian police. Gentry had rounded the corner, pistol in hand. His own weapon had been fired almost as quickly as that of the criminal and with unerring aim. The policeman talked for half an hour about police work.

“I went into the service,” he said, “because someone must do the work, and I felt it to be a duty. There are so many desperadoes in the Territory now that we are overrun, but if there were no police no one could live here. The Government pays \$8 a month. Those of us engaged by villages to do special service get from \$40 to \$75 per month, according to the service. Besides that, we are all commissioned as deputy United States Marshals.

“The crimes for which the greater number of men are arrested are horse stealing and introducing whiskey into the Territory. We are constantly on the lookout for men with horses for sale cheap. When we strike a trail, we follow it until we find which way the man is heading. Suppose he is a horse thief with a horse. He may try to throw us off. He will travel away for ten or twenty miles in one direction and then double back at a sharp angle. We are not actually following the track of the horse, but are following by learning of the people along his route that a man with such and such a horse has travelled that way. Finally, we reach a house where we are told that no such a man or horse has been seen. We do not know whether this is a lie or not. The thief may be in the house. He may have a Winchester drawn down on us through the window all the time we are talking there. If we see no fresh horse tracks or anything suspicious about the place, and if the man there acts and talks frankly, we go on to the next. The thief may have passed unnoticed. If we get no clue at the next house we ride a circle, and then another larger one if need be. We are thus sure to strike the trail again.

“We have lost some time; so has the thief, in doubling, and he will not double very often, for he is in too much of a hurry to get into another part of the country. When we finally locate his course, we get someone who knows the country, if we do not know it ourselves, to pilot us by a short cut through the hills so as to get ahead of him. If there is no short cut then we must run our horses perhaps ten or twenty miles so as to go around him unobserved. We wait until we are only three or four miles behind him before we do this, though. Then we waylay him.

“We never ride up behind a man. He is sure to see us and get away. He will run into the timber, which is easily found in this country, and then he is safe, unless we have a large squad and can surround him.

“When we get ahead we conceal ourselves in the brush or timber along his route and just on the further side of a prairie which he has to cross. They understand that, too. They are always on the lookout for us when they reach the timber. You can tell an old hand, because he always draws down his Winchester as he approaches the timber. They are getting worse every year. They nearly all fight now. We have to keep well concealed and wait a chance to get the drop on him. We generally get it, too. They may have their guns to their faces, but the gun is aimed ahead indefinitely. Our guns are aimed straight, for we have been

watching them, and they have not seen us. If they catch a glimpse of one of us before we flash in their faces they are plumb sure to shoot.

“Maybe we will waylay them on the open prairie. That is an excellent way. Say there are four of us and three of them. We get ahead of them. Three of us conceal ourselves in a hollow: the fourth rides in ahead of them at an angle. They never pay any attention to one man. He rides right on by us and they follow. They are not as suspicious on the open prairie. Still they have their guns ready nearly all the time. We say ‘Halt’ when they are near enough, or ‘Hands up,’ You bet we have to be quick with the trigger if they don’t obey.

“Suppose we locate a man in a house. We often do that. Someone tells us he is there. Maybe it is his home. Maybe it is the house of a friend. The only way to arrest a man in a house is to get close to the door without his knowing it, and then rush up, break down the door and jump in, pistol in hand, and order him to surrender before he can reach for the pistol in his belt. They nearly always surrender. Of course, you have to know your prisoner by sight when you arrest him in a house. You might have to kill an innocent man if you didn’t. Being innocent, he might think you a robber. If brave he might go for his gun. Then you would have to kill him. Men are not arrested in houses in this country except by rushing in on them. It is better if you can find the door already open, because it takes time to break it down. Sometimes the house has more than one room, and you don’t know it until you get inside. If the man is in the other room you must get in there directly.

“If the man inside sees you coming he will sure shoot at you from the door or window. You have to take that chance. He may miss you because you are running. Sometimes he will stand you off.

“The chief of this district was killed the other day and one man wounded and two horses were shot. There were six horse thieves in a hewed log house. There were 25 of us went there to arrest them. We rushed in on them, but it was so far from the timber to the house that they saw us and opened fire. The chief and the other man fell at the first round. We had to run to cover. The house had port holes all around it, and we could not get a bullet through those logs, of course. So, we sat down to wait, but they stood us off and got away at last. The day had been very warm. At night the wind went to the north, and then rain fell, and froze where it hit. We couldn’t stand it. We were thinly dressed and we were all more or less frostbitten and had to give it up.”

“Are they still at large?”

“No, sir. Within six weeks we arrested five and got the sixth. The five are sure to hang.

“Of course, we have to learn the country pretty well. We learn where all the bad women live, and we have to alternately threaten and coax them to keep posted. We know what desperadoes are likely to go to each house. When we hear of one of them heading toward a certain house we follow the trail no further, but run our horses or do anything to get to the house first. Then they don't get the reception they are looking for when they arrive there. When we want a man and do not know where to find him we watch the house of his friend, if he has one. I have kept a house in sight six days and nights at a stretch with the aid of one man. We sometimes keep a woman of the sort or her house in sight for weeks. If she leaves it may be to meet him, so we follow her.”

“Did you ever try to arrest more than one man at a time, single-handed?”

“Yes. I have taken two at once several times. It is easy enough if you get the drop on them. You can't arrest one of you don't get the drop, for you will surely get killed.

“When you want two and they are together you wait till you find them unawares and standing pretty close together. Then you must be quick, but not in a hurry. Just draw down your Winchester or six-shooter and tell them to surrender. If they don't, just shoot deliberately, because you are likely to lose your grip when you are facing two men if you get in too much of a hurry.

“But they know when you've got the drop, and you may say they always surrender where an officer does his work right. Well, there they are, with their hands up. You tel them to stand facing you, and you tell one to move so that they are, say, five feet apart. Then you tell one to unbuckle his belt and let it drop on the ground. Now, if you are new at the business you will feel cold streaks in your back when he lowers his hands; but you keep him covered and never make a move. If the other one starts to lower his hands too, it is better to shoot the one you are covering, first, and the other one afterwards; because you may lose your grip in shifting from one to the other and then back. But, then, if you don't show cowardice the other one won't drop his hands too.

“If the one who lowers his hands tries to get his pistol it is easy to shoot him before he can get it from the holster, and he knows it, so he unbuckles the belt and it drops, and then he puts up his hands. The other one goes through the same motions.

“Then you make them march forward two or three steps toward you or back, maybe, if there is more room that way, but it’s generally safer to get them nearer, unless so near that they can jump on you. There they halt, and while you cover them with one hand you fling a pair of handcuffs to one with the other. He’ll sure do it, because he has no gun now. Then you give him a pair of cuffs and the other one snaps them. Now you have all right, for if they are desperate you have locked their arms behind them. So, you step around and reap their belts and march hem away where you can get help.”

“Do you practice shooting at a target?”

“No, not very much, because the man who can shoot best at a target cannot hit a man. It is a different sort of shooting. There is but one kind of practice worth anything, and that is to shoot at a small tree while you are running your horse past it. We carry repeating rifles for long-range shooting. For a six-shooter I prefer the short forty-five caliber. The long-barreled forty-fives are a little more accurate at long range, but you will never want to shoot a man with a six-shooter at more than twenty steps. The short forty-five will sure get him at that. But the most important thing is that it is shorter—you do not have to draw so much pistol out of the holster: you get it up quicker, and do not have to hurry so much. Six inches of barrel out of the holster is better than nine inches with the end of the barrel still in. That three inches of barrel still in the holster makes the difference between his getting the drop on you or you on him.”

“Then you carry a double action pistol?”

“No: double actions are no good. You can always shoot more times than you can hit. It settles your nerves some times to cock the pistol, and then you are generally watching for your man with your pistol all cocked and don’t need a double action. The worst of the double action is that you destroy your aim by the long pull on the trigger. Besides, don’t you see that the single-action pistol shoots quicker after it is cocked? It does not make so much difference after all which kind you have if you carry it right. See here.”

As he spoke he shoved his revolver in its holster on his right hip with the hammer to the front. He grasped the butt with his right hand, and with a motion so rapid that the reporter did not accurately see how it was done, raised it to a level ready cocked. It was a startling act, but no less startling than the flash of his handsome brown eyes, which he turned toward the questioner. It was almost the look of the devil, but a mighty-good-looking one, let it be said. Then he laughed and drew the pistol over again slowly. As he raised it out of the holster he shoved it forward and raised it with one steady motion until it was in the line of his right eye.

“Notice,” he said, “that as soon as I got my pistol clear of the holster it is cocked and pointed at my man. If I am excited and shoot at that instant I hit him in the leg. That is not a good place, but it is better than a miss. It will kill his aim. If my nerve stands me a moment longer I hit him in the stomach. If I raise it too much of a hurry so that the muzzle gets a little too high, I still hit him, and in the head, and that is as good as the heart, where I mean to hit him. From the moment I get the six-shooter clear of the holster I have my man covered. Suppose now I carry my holster in front and a little on the left side of the navel, as many good men do. Notice the difference. When I reach for my pistol, then, I must place my arm across my belly, and he sees me do it, and knows I am going for my six-shooter. With my holster on my right hip, my hand drops on it less awkwardly and in a way to attract less attention. With the holster to the left here I draw my pistol, and when the muzzle clears the leather it is pointed at the ground away off to the left instead of at his legs. I have to swing it away around before I can cover him, so that if I shoot too soon I shoot to his right and miss. If in swinging it around I swing too far I shoot to his left. That is what happens very often in shooting matches. That is why so many misses are scored.

“If I carry the pistol around behind me on the right hip it is not so bad, although many think it is worse, but it is too bad for me. I must draw the pistol and swing it a long way before I get it pointed at his legs, even. Just try it for yourself and see.”

Policeman Gentry is a Choctaw. He is 28 years old, and has a wife and several children. He was hurt when a boy by having a horse fall in such a way that his right leg was broken below the knee. It bent when healing, and he now walks with a limp. Besides, his leg looks crooked. Every thief and desperado in the five civilized tribes knows him by sight, and the great majority of them are very

much afraid of him. What he lacks in fleetness of foot he makes up in handiness with firearms and courage.

In talking about a man's feelings in charging on a house known to contain desperadoes who were likely to be on the lookout, rifles in hand, for officers, he said:

"You will hear men say that they don't know what fear is. They are liars. You will hear others say that such and such an officer is a brave man—don't know what fear is. Once when I had arrested two men single-handed some of the citizens said that of me. They were wrong. I was so badly frightened that it a wonder the thieves didn't get me. It is just this way. Sometimes you will go charging into a house where you are plumb sure to find the worst men in the Territory, and you will be in the greatest danger, and yet you won't think anything about it. You will feel as cool and withal as eager as if you were hunting a wolf instead of a man. May be the next day you will have to arrest a man who is walking down the street with his back toward you, and yet you will be as weak as a cat from thinking that he may turn around and draw down on you, when all the time you know you could shoot him full of holes before he could get his hand on his six-shooter. I don't know how it is that I should have plenty of nerve some days and none on others. I reckon you can say I don't know what courage, instead of fear, is."

The Indian police are appointed by the Indian agent. What men say they take to work of man hunting with even greater zest than that which characterizes their hunt for wild game. Gentry's career is that only of the ordinary Territory policeman. He has only killed two men, while some have killed many more.

There is one feature of Indian police work not pleasant to contemplate. The opportunity to wreak private vengeance is so great that it is said that a man's life is not worth a cent when once he has made an enemy of a policeman. This saying is, of course, not absolutely true. The majority of the force are manly, courageous fellows. A too large minority is made up of natural-born desperadoes, or worse, natural-born thieves, who are really too cowardly to follow their natural bent in the usual way, and so take to man hunting because of the opportunity it gives them to rob and murder under the protection of the law. With a bottle of whiskey and a pistol the policeman can shoot his enemy with impunity. Having killed his man, he carries the whiskey to the agent, and says he found it about the murdered man. When trying to arrest him for

unlawfully introducing whiskey, resistance was made. That settles it. The murderer is justified.

Col. Ross told the reporter that whiskey was very often concealed in the wagons or other property of an obnoxious citizen by one marshal in order that another might go to make the arrest. Although the Territory contains the very best kind of tobacco land, none is now grown. A number of men tried it, but they were harassed so by the marshals and police that it was not profitable.

The white man sojourning in the Territory is very apt to be blackmailed by them to the point of bankruptcy. White men seeing the fertility of the soil often want to lease lands of the Indians. This they do under the fiction of hiring out as farm hands. After the crop is planted comes the policeman who wants to borrow a few dollars or a steer or a six-shooter or something of value. He tells the tenant that the nature of the lease is fully understood and that the agent is not going to stand any more such nonsense. Now, for the loan of \$10 the policeman will report the tenant as working for the Indian in good faith. Without the loan the tenant will be reported as being unlawfully within the Indian country. Cases are on record where tenants have thus lost the whole season's work, for when one policeman has made a forced loan, others come and repeat the levy. Other cases are known where tenants have refused to put up, and have soon thereafter been arrested on trumped-up charges and sent to Fort Smith for trial. A simple arrest amounts to an awful punishment for an innocent man, for he must frequently lie for six months in an over-crowded prison before brought to trial. cases of imprisonment of innocent men for over a year while waiting trial is by no means infrequent. The Indian citizens are usually afraid of the police, and therefore unable to protect the tenant. Now and then one like J. P. McNaughton of the Peoria nation takes a blackmailer by the neck, and throws him off the farm. This is temporarily effective, but there is always a probability that the policeman will eventually shoot the offending citizen in the back.

Within the year past it is said that over 100 United States marshals were killed in the Indian Territory, the greater proportion of them being Indian policeman. The mortality was due to a reorganization of the force. A lot of old experienced men were laid off on account of corrupt practices. The new men were not so handy with firearms nor so well trained in waylaying their victims. Then many of the old marshals turned desperadoes and used their knowledge in doing up the new men who replaced them. The result has been that a feeling of desperation animates the surviving officers, and therefore many men who have

been guilty of minor offences are shot to death while little pretense is made of trying to arrest a well-known offender. "They tell him hands up after they've done shot," as they say here.

One may well believe this from what the policeman says. Thus Gentry after his years of experience on the force, said about the effectiveness of the Fort Smith court:

"Matters are somewhat better there now than they used to be. Until recently it was the custom to send a horse thief to the penitentiary for a year or two. That made the penitentiary into what you New York people would call a horse thieves' exchange, I reckon, for they got acquainted with one another and exchanged information and formed gangs and came out much worse than before. Now the Justice gives them never less than ten years. When we send a man up he is out of the way at least long enough to get our second wind before we have to arrest him again. But, after all, there is but one way to stop horse-stealing, and that is to hang the thief. If you can't hang him, shooting will serve as well."

CHAPTER IV.

THE RECORD OF BLOOD.

To give the details of all the murders committed in the Indian Territory during any one year would require a volume of immense size. A more gruesome volume would be hard to write. Only those murders reported in the two Tahlequah papers printed during the week ending Jan. 5 will be given here with any detail. They did not report all the murders committed in the Territory during the preceding week, either.

According to the *Advocate* there was a dance on the night of Dec. 19 at the house of Mrs. Ducks, eight miles from Tahlequah, on the road to Fort Gibson, the nearest railroad station. There had been a house raising on the woman's claim, and the crowd of men staid at the house and had a jollification with their wives and daughters and sweethearts.

Among the merrymakers were Rod Perry and a man named Burgess, who were white, and Henry Weaver, a Cherokee. As very frequently happens at such entertainments in this country, a quantity of whiskey was served, and some of the men took too much. Rod Perry was one who took too much. So, when he felt slighted by one of the women later on he began beating her shamefully. No one interfered for a time, but finally Weaver tried to make him desist. Thereupon Perry turned on Weaver, but Weaver picked a big iron poker from the wood box and hit Perry across the forehead a stunning blow. Perry fell unconscious, with his head laid open to the skull. After a couple of minutes, he revived and got up shaking his head and with a knife in his hand.

He was apparently half crazy from the blow he had received, but not so crazy but what he wanted to kill the man who gave it. Burgess came to his help by grabbing Weaver from behind and holding him while Perry stabbed him in front. Weaver was a sickly man and no match for either one in strength. He writhed and begged for help and mercy, but without avail, and finally fell fainting in Burgess's arms after having been stabbed twenty-nine times. Next day he died. The white men fled.

Milton Overton, a son of the late Gov. Overton of the Chickasaw Nation, with a man named Wilson, killed Jim Sacra near Oakland on Dec. 16. It was done in a fight in an open field. All three were armed. Overton said he shot Sacra in self-defense.

According to the *Telephone*, a man named Pruitt was killed during holiday week at Wagoner by a man named Ward, who chopped his victim to pieces with an axe. Ward came home and found Pruitt quarrelling with Mrs. Ward. A fight ensued, during which Pruitt picked up his axe, and soon ended the quarrel.

On Christmas afternoon, about 5 o'clock, Sam manus shot and killed John Spears in Tahlequah, at the home of Aaron Farrell in the west part of town. There had been a feud between the two men for a long time. Both men had been drinking, and had had a wordy quarrel during the forenoon.

Along toward night Manus and Cul Thorn went to Farrell's, looking for Spears. Spears met them in the yard. Spears and Manus at once began to quarrel. Finally, Spears said:

"I'll burn your shirt for you."

“You can’t get it any too quick,” said Manus.

Spears made a motion as if to grab Thorn’s revolver, which was in plain view, but Manus drew a big 44-caliber revolver and fired one shot. The ball struck Spears just above the right eye, and passed clean through his head. He died instantly. Spears belonged to one of the most prominent Cherokee families.

On Friday, Dec. 28, two murders were committed in Tahlequah. Lige Medows and Tarbucket Johnson had been enemies for some time and during the forenoon met and called each other hard names. This is apparently the custom here, in such cases. They then went home and armed themselves. Medows got an old Kentucky squirrel rifle, Tarbucket an old cap-and-powder six-shooter. Medows then went out of town and got a load of wood and brought it in to sell, having his rifle along with him. As he approached Frank Pack’s he saw Tarbucket standing behind a hitching post, smoking a pipe, and with his revolver in sight.

“Oh, you are waiting for me, are you?” Medows said to Tarbucket.

“Yes,” said Tarbucket, “I am waiting.”

At this Medows raised his rifle, took deliberate aim, and fired, Tarbucket standing, meantime, smoking and watching him unconcernedly. As Medows fired Tarbucket’s hat fell off, but no other effect of the shot was noticed by the half-dozen or more of somewhat interested spectators who were standing around. Tarbucket, pistol in hand and bareheaded, started toward the load of wood. Medows jumped off and clubbed his rifle. Somehow Tarbucket evaded the blow which Medows aimed at him, and then placing his pistol to Medow’s breast, Tarbucket shot him through the heart. Medows fell dead. Then Tarbucket began to stagger, and fell, dying. He had been shot through the lung. He died next day.

From the Cherokee Advocate, Sept. 26, 1888.

Every time a man is killed or shot in this Territory the fact is telegraphed over the United States and given as another proof that this country ought to be absorbed. No explanation is given saying that the act was done by a white man against a white man, as is frequently the case. We get the cursing for all the devilment.

From the Tahlequah Telephone, Jan. 3, 1889.

Far too much killing has taken place in the Cherokee Nation this Christmas. One of our most reliable papers has made the statement that over 300 murders had been committed in the Indian Territory during the year 1888—this before Christmas.

The past two weeks have added quite a number to this list. We might as well look at the case fairly and squarely, for the Indians cannot expect to hold their Government in the Indian Territory if this terrible record is kept up. Papers throughout the bordering States have easily assailed the "bloody Indian Territory," and for a long time our borders have been crowded with people anxious to settle up our country and make a State of it, and they have always justified their acts by claiming it would better the condition of the Territory by stopping the killing done here.

They say we cannot govern ourselves, and that our country is a place of refuge for criminals from the States. Now, whether these arguments are true or false the result will be the same: that is, we shall surely lose our rights as Indians unless this terrible record is broken.

CHAPTER V.

THE CHEROKEE CAPITAL CITY.

Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee Nation, is a village of about 1,000 inhabitants. There is a public square of about four acres in extent near the center, with streets at right angles running about east and west and north and south. In the public square stands the Capitol building. Facing the square on the north, east, and west sides are business houses of various sorts. The south side is vacant, and slopes away like a lawn to a beautiful brook and a number of springs, one of which is said to have superior medicinal qualities.

The business houses are generally of wood, two stories high, but a few are of brick. Dwellings are frequently located in the rear yards of business houses. The houses as a rule are about the grade to be found in southern Missouri towns that are not increasing in population. A peculiarity of the business places is the use of the cash registering machine. This machine may be found in nearly every one of them. In other respects, they are much like other country stores. There is the same natty clerk, the same nail kegs and cracker barrels, the same men of leisure sitting around, the same stacks of bright calicoes, the same jars of stick candy, the same old tin tea canisters; the same tin ware, somewhat specked,

hanging from nails driven in the joists overhead; the same young woman in a sun-bonnet buying a spool of thread and a yard of tape and a stick of gum from the natty clerk who says sweet things to her and makes her giggle meanwhile.

The dwellings are generally frame cottages, not noticeable except for the presence of the gray sandstone chimneys which are built outside the buildings. Log houses and box frame shanties abound. One merchant is building a handsome brick and stone mansion that would be a credit to any city of 20,000 people. There are four or five commodious wooden houses.

The streets of the village were in some cases cut through the native forest, and some of the vacant lots near the center of the town are covered with the original forest. The streets are kept passable by the convicts. They show that convicts only work on them, for they are not very well kept, though quite as good as the streets of Ozark, Christian county, Mo., for instance, or a thousand Southern villages.

There are four hotels, each large enough to accommodate, perhaps, fifty transient guests. The bill of fare at the Bates House, the best in town, will give an idea of the way people live here. For breakfast there is fried pork of two kinds, fresh and salt; potatoes, hot corn bread, hot biscuit, hominy or oatmeal, fruit of some sort, tea and coffee. For dinner there is either salt or fresh pork or corned beef, potatoes, hominy, hot corn bread, hot biscuit, light bread, fruit of some sort, pie, tea, and coffee. Super is a repetition of breakfast, except that cake and cold meat are generally served in addition. Good milk can be had to drink instead of coffee, by asking for it. At two meals in four days the reporter found fried beef liver on the table. The butter is the white product peculiar to the South. While vegetables grow in abundance and are served in their season, they cannot be preserved during the winter. The hotels occasionally import a crate from the North. The table is clean and attractive and the cooking is good. The food is served in bulk; placed on the table in quantities, where the guest can help himself. The price for transient guests is \$1 a day.

The other day the chimney of this hotel burned out. There was a big blaze from the chimney and a tremendous yelling on the street, but no one said "Fire." They simply yelled. A number of men climbed up and poured water down the chimney and extinguished the fire. Afterward Miss Sweet Bates, the landlord's daughter, told the reporter her experience during the trouble.

“I heard the yelling on the street,” she said, “and so, as they kept it up, I stepped from the sitting room out into the hall. I was walking along, as unconcernedly as you please, when, in came a man with a bucket of water. He said the house was on fire. You may believe I was frightened then. Why, I had supposed all along that they were yelling because somebody had been shot.”

The Capitol building is about sixty feet square on the ground and two stories high. It is a pleasing building to look at, in spite of its age and form. The halls and offices and council chambers are of suitable size and comfortably furnished, but the halls are not well kept. Heaps of dirt swept from the offices may often be seen in the halls.

The square about this building is enclosed by a wooden fence. There are several gates in the fence, and each gate is kept closed by a chain weighted with a cast-iron thimble from some old wagon axle. Under the original forest oaks, that with excellent taste have been left standing in this square, is a raised platform, where the Cherokee orator, on occasion, tells his applauding hearers what thieves and scalawags the Ins are and how the Outs will reform things when they are returned to power. The Ins as well gather there and point with pride to the great things they have done since they were honored by the confidence and suffrages of the people, who know whom to trust with the important affairs of a nation world-renowned for its intelligence.

One interesting feature of the town is the prevalence of bright colors in the every-day dress of men as well as women. A striped knit coat is popular with many of the so-called full bloods. That the wearing of bright colors, especially at this time of the year, is an evidence of good taste on the part of the Cherokee ladies need not be said to those who have seen the Cherokee ladies.

The gun, the pistol, and the cartridge belt are very frequently seen about the streets. It was explained that the people carrying these warlike implements were from the country, and carried arms so as to be ready for game likely to be met along the road. Even at the male seminary one boy with cartridges in his belt was observed by the reporter. The principal explained that the boy had been out hunting, and that it was not the custom for students to carry arms.

Although the land of the reservation belongs to the whole nation under the Town Lot law previously quoted, four-fifths of the houses in Tahlequah are owned by two men, Judge Scales told the reporter.

CHAPTER VI.

A WEEK'S CRIMINAL BUSINESS AT FORT SMITH.

The following is the report of the criminal business one week in the United States District Court at Fort Smith and by the marshals attached to the court, as printed in the *Tahlequah Telephone* of Jan 3, 1889:

Milton Overton, son of the late Gov. Overton of the Chickasaw Nation, and a man named Wilson, who killed Jim Sacra a few days ago, were expected at the jail yesterday.

James Martin, colored, was on trial for murder. In August last, near Vinita, Louis Dickerson, a white man, went to the home of Martin and had a quarrel with Martin's wife. The white man had been there before, and when Martin heard of the last invasion of his home he took his Winchester and went in search of Dickerson. He found him with a six-shooter in his right-hand trousers pocket, which he attempted to draw. Martin grabbed the weapon with his left hand, holding the gun with his right, and in the tussle the pistol was discharged, inflicting a wound from which Dickerson soon after died. Martin was acquitted.

John Bahr, a German of 50 years, was placed on trial for incest. It attracted much attention because it was the first case of the kind ever before the court. He was convicted.

Lewis Pader, for selling whiskey in the Territory, was committed to jail.

George West was convicted of larceny.

Tim Claywell, selling liquor in the Territory, *nolle* entered. He was held, however, having been convicted previously of receiving stolen property.

In the case of George Johnson, charged with assault with intent to kill, the jury failed to agree.

George Harbolt, charged with assault with intent to kill, was acquitted.

A *nolle* was entered in the case of Matt Moore, charged with assault with intent to kill.

Jim Graves was convicted of selling whiskey in the Territory, and fined \$200 and sent to prison sixty days.

Omar Qualls pleaded guilty of selling whiskey in the Territory. Fined \$100 and sent to prison sixty days.

John Bunch, Isaac Holt, Dunk Gilstrap, William Duncan, H. J. French, and Smith Rutherford have been brought in for selling whiskey in the Territory.

Deputy Tyson was sent to Muscogee on Wednesday evening to bring in a man named Outlaw, charged with killing Mrs. Johnson and daughter near Fort Gibson.

This was an ordinary week. Much worse ones—worse for the reputation of the Territory—have been known. Early in February, six men were sentenced to death in one day.

It should not be forgotten that the Federal court in Wichita, Kan., has a part of the criminal business of the Territory, and another court in Texas a very small part.

The Indians complain that at Fort Smith they are tried by white juries, and that there are men there who make a living by sitting as jurors. They say white men are not their peers within the meaning of the Constitution.

The Indians also complain because they are charged by the Southwestern press with all the crimes done in the Territory, when, in fact, the whites are usually the aggressors, or have incited the Indians to the crimes. A graver charge is that the Indian forms of government there are unable to cope with the desperadoes who flock there—that they are unable to preserve life and establish order. The Indians reply that in proportion to the population they are little, if any, worse off than Taney and other Ozark Mountain counties of Missouri and northern Arkansas. The Southwestern papers say to this that if the Territory were opened it would soon be settled by people different from those in southern Missouri.

Over 2,000 ponies have been stolen from the Osage Indians by white men since 1887.

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS.

The popular idea of an Indian pictures a stolid, taciturn man, who sits on the ground smoking a pipe in silent meditation; who says "ugh" only when conversed with; who, with stealthy tread, glides through the forest in search of victims; whose pastime is the war-dance; whose only expression of joy is the wild yell of triumph over the downfall, accomplished, or to come, of an enemy.

There are many sorts of Indians in the Territory here. There are gentlemen and ladies of culture, and there are brutes who relish raw tripe, but there is no such Indian as the popular ideal. Even the full blood among his friends and relatives may be sociable and talkative, just as a white man may be. In fact, "the Indians have just as much fun in this world as the whites, and perhaps more," as a squaw man said to the reporter.

Here at Tahlequah and at the other Indian villages the life of the villager is hard to distinguish from the life of the white villager elsewhere. They have the same church entertainments, the same sociables where the young man pays ten cents to get in, and is wheedled out of a dollar and a half by the young ladies before he gets out; the same begging for missionary funds for the benefit of the poor heathen in uncivilized countries; the same giving of thanks that their lines have fallen in pleasant places, and that they are not sinful and degraded as others are in benighted lands.

There are the same public entertainments by the school children, the same amateur dramatic performances, the same New Year's Eve and Washington's Birthday dances. They have the same picnics, and some picnics that whites don't have. There is one picnic worth describing. It is somewhat like a chowder party. In fact, they have chowder to eat. They call the picnic a fish fry.

The fish fry is the proper entertainment for early spring. While New Yorkers are bewailing the wretched roads peculiar to the fag end of winter, the Indians are reveling in the delights of outings on natural lawns carpeted with green grass and a profusion of flowers indescribably beautiful and shaded by the fresh new leaves that the trees have just put forth. The Illinois River is a favorite resort for fish-fry parties. So is Spring River. The fish are abundant and the scenery charming. The people gather sometimes by the hundred, bringing

baskets and hampers well filled, and bows with plenty of arrows. The bows and arrows are to kill the fish with. While the young ladies take napkins and dishes and viands of various sorts from the baskets, the young gentlemen scatter up and down the stream and wade about shooting fish. Perch, bass, and channel catfish—big fellows weighing twenty or thirty pounds often—are the kinds most abundant. There is the same easy arrogance noticeable in the bearing of the expert shot that would be noticed in a white man under like circumstances, and the same embarrassment on the part of the poor fellow who never has any luck.

When enough fish are taken they are dressed by the young men and cooked by the young ladies. Fish chowder, broiled fish, boiled fish, and fried fish are served along with the good things brought from home. Not infrequently a few broiled squirrels are added, even if the squirrel season is not then at its best. Then when the dishes are cleared away come the games—just such games as the white folks play, and they are played with a zest and abandon that shows anything but a stolid and taciturn nature.

Meantime at least one gentleman has found a violin. May be half a dozen instruments of one sort or another are brought from the wagon, but a violin and a banjo are plumbs sure to be brought out. Of course, there is dancing, and it is a graceful dancing too.

Last of all some old full blood will get inspired by the music and slip away to his wagon whispering a word to another as he goes. While he is gone the other builds a little fire in the center of an open green. When he comes back he has a one-headed drum in one hand and a stick in the other. Two or three other drums of the sort are sure to come out of other wagons. When these are seen by the young folks the waltz, the quadrille, or the reel are at once abandoned, and all gather around the little fire. The old full bloods sit down and begin to pound the drums, and one strikes up this refrain:

“Oh-h-h he-e yeh he-e hoh! Oh-h-h he-e yeh he-e hoh!”

The dancers form in line in a circle around the fire and join in the refrain and march around the fire, stepping in time to the tom-toms and singing. It is called the stamp-down dance, pronounced as if spelled s-t-o-m-p.

The dance, to the unaccustomed white man, appears ridiculous, but it is a first-rate dance, nevertheless. More than that, it was doubtless once a religious ceremony, instead of a dance for the amusement of the young. Mr. William Embanks, a Cherokee learned in ancient languages, told the reporter that the chant of the stamp-down was simply a repetition, with but slight variation in pronunciation, of the Hebrew words meaning "Light be, light was," or, as ordinarily written, "Let there be light, and there was light." The variation in pronunciation was nothing more than what would be natural in a race differing from the Hebrews as the Cherokees do. This dance, he thinks, once commemorated an important era in the creation, which was typified by the small flame in the center.

The Cherokee's love for the bow and arrow was strikingly illustrated in the male seminary. The plastering in the bedrooms has been riddled by the arrows fired at flies on the walls by the lads who slept there.

"The young rascals generally hit the flies, too," said the principal to the reporter, in a tone of a voice that showed he was proud of the young rascals, even if they had ruined the looks of the walls. He added that they brought in no end of rabbits and squirrels for the school table, using only the bow and arrow to kill the game with. They also play baseball with a zest and skill that would make a white team hump themselves to keep the score down.

During a night journey from Denison, Texas, to McAllister, Indian Territory, the train stopped at the village of Atoka. Thereupon an Indian in the smoking car got up and made a rush for the platform, followed by a companion, who vainly called on him to stop. Both were full blood Choctaws, and both had acted as white men do when under the influence of whiskey. Both were bound for McAllister. Reaching the platform, the leader was overtaken and then began a desperate struggle, the one striving to get away across the street, the other striving to get him on the train again. Up and down the platform, out into the middle of the street, back again, out again, on to the platform, off on the ground rolling and tumbling, pulling, tearing, and never saying a word for five minutes, while the trainmen looked on and waited the event. The two were friends, but it was a dangerous struggle nevertheless, for the drunker one did not know what he was about, and might at any moment have drawn a big pistol and used it. That was why the trainmen looked on merely.

At last the two men fell up against the car steps, and by a skillful shove the conductor landed the two well up, and the train started. McAllister was reached just before daybreak, and the two Indians sat in a chair by the barroom fire for an hour sleeping. Then he woke up sober. He rubbed his eyes, yawned, and stretched out his arms to ease his muscles. As he did so his eyes fell on his arms. He was astonished at the sight. Only the lining of red striped calico remained where his overcoat sleeves should have been.

“Well, I declah! How come that? Whah my sleeves?” he said in a plaintive voice.

No one said a word, and he gazed at his arms in amazement.

“I declah! Someone must ‘bused me shameful. Who done tore my sleeves? I never know I got into trouble las’ night.”

He clasped his hands and rubbed them together gingerly, and then put them to his head and cringed as if struck by someone. It made him gran.

“How come someone beat my head like that? Feels zif pulling my hair all out now. Whah my sleeves? How I get into trouble? I never done no wrong. My head that sore I must been bent shameful. How come?”

“I think, Mr. Walker,” said the landlord, “you have been riding the white mule.”

“Um-mm, ha. maybe so, may be so; I did not think,” he said, very much crestfallen. The spectators all laughed at his manner, and, tenderly feeling of his sore head, he walked out of the door in search of his companion, who had been sobering up in the fresh air.

The white mule is the Indian’s chiefest affliction. It is the local name for Arkansas moonshine whiskey, made in the Ozark Mountain wilderness. A very little of the white mule will upset a very large bran, and when made drunk by it a man is, as they say here, plumb crazy. The man who gets drunk on lemon and other essences—it takes twelve bottles to fetch the old toper—is frequently seen.

It is an interesting fact that he Cherokee maiden never eloped with a white lover. That sort of a marriage would not give the groom any right to a Cherokee farm.

There are two gambling rooms doing a good business in Tahlequah.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

The question must be answered soon. The friends of the Indians must not only consider, but they must act, if they do not want the question answered in a way that will simply crown a century and more of dishonor. Eastern people are not required to pay very much attention to what is called out this way "fair dealing with the white settlements of the Southwest," but they must do something to protect the Indians from outrageous robbery.

In the reports of the proceedings of the various conventions held to consider the opening of the Indian Territory the most prominent sentiment expressed in the memorials and resolutions is that "this request for a territorial organization is also a request for fair dealing with the Indians, maintaining a jealous guard for their rights and interests" (vide report of Kansas City Convention). The resolutions never say what the people in convention regard as fair dealing with the Indians. The reporter made enquiry on the subject among the individuals who have attended several conventions. In every case the provisions of the Springer bill for creating the Territory of Oklahoma were considered fair and just to the Indians. This bill proposed to take some six millions of acres of land from the Cherokees, for instance, and pay them for it not to exceed \$1.25 an acre. That is the price charged by the Government when Government land is preempted. It would not be right, the Southwesterner says, for the Government to pay more for the land than it will charge for it after it gets it. The Southwesterner's assertion that the Cherokees do not really own the strip, and that any price is liberal is not worth considering. The Cherokees have a patent to it, and the only cloud on the title is the provision that the Government may buy some of it for the use of other and friendly Indians.

As to the land occupied by the Indians and not owned merely as the strip is, the Southwesterner is somewhat more liberal. He says that the Indians should have 160 acres reserved for each individual of the tribe in such a way that it could not be sold for say twenty-one years. the balance is to be taken from him,

whether or no, and paid for at \$1.25 an acre. This is the acme of the Southwestern idea of fair dealing and a jealous guard for the rights of the Indians. If anyone says this offer is not fair, he is set aside as a crank Quaker philanthropist filled with sentimentality.

THE SUN reporter made enquiry at various points in the States bordering on the Indian Territory to learn what the value of land was in border counties. In Baxter Springs, Cherokee county, Kan., he was told that farms were worth about \$50 an acre. In Meade Centre, Meade county, Kan., he was told that times were hard there: they had had three dry years. Land was for sale away below its real value. Farms could be had for \$5 an acre, but no less. Down in Vernon, Texas, land was said to be remarkable cheap. So, it was said to be around Henrietta. Both towns are located in counties bordering on the Red River. Land was cheap because emigration had not set that way from the North yet, Northern people being somewhat afraid of Texas ideas. A man in Henrietta had 1,100 acres of land for sale, and his price was the lowest of any offered in that country. It was \$4 per acre.

There is not a section of land in the Indian Territory worth less than the land in adjoining States, not a section. The very worst land for farming in the Territory may be found in the Cherokee strip. Nevertheless, just that sort of land taken in large bodies, good and bad mixed, will average \$5 an acre in Kansas. The magnificent bottoms in the Kiowa and Comanche reservations are far superior to the land in Clay county, Texas, on the other side of the river, and yet there is not an acre for sale in Clay county for less than \$4 an acre. The land on the Quapaw reservation is even better than the land in Cherokee county, Kansas, from which it is separated by an imaginary line, and yet the Kansas farms sell readily at \$50 an acre. The Cherokee reservation contains better land still. They raise a bale and a half of cotton to the acre on some of the bottom lands, \$60 worth to the acre.

The Southwestern idea of fair dealing and a jealous guard for the rights of the Indians is to take the 1,000 acres belonging to Charley Quapaw, cut out 160 acres of it, and give him a title to it, and sell the rest at \$1.25, and put the money out to interest for Charley's benefit—land that in the open market will bring one minute after this fair-dealing transaction not less than \$50 an acre.

A bill was before Congress a year ago, and was urged by a powerful lobby that was even more unjust still. It was known as the Dawes bill, after its father. Even

prominent Southwesterners were constrained to say to a reporter that "Dawes is an ass. He has no idea of Indian character." Mr. Dawes proposed to retain for Charley Quapaw and other married adults 160 acres each, and 80 acres for single adults and 40 for minors, while the rest was to be sold at \$1.25 an acre. If Mr. Dawes had known more he would have sewed his bill around end for end, giving Charley the 40 acres and Charley's infant in arms the 160. Charley himself, and the Indians like him, will never cultivate 20 acres, let alone 40, but there is good reason to hope that if Charley's infant boy were surrounded when growing up by thrifty Yankee farmers, he would when of age be capable of caring for a farm of 160 acres as well as any one.

If the Indians are consulted, the majority, it is alleged by the leading Indians, are opposed to any change in the present condition of affairs. They say they have been guaranteed peaceable possession of their lands and the right of self-government in their own way. They ask that they be allowed to work out their own civilization.

On the other hand, the whites about them assert that the majority of the Indians desire to become United States citizens and take up each his own allotted share of the land and handle it as he pleases.

"Why not divide up the land and give to each his own?" was asked of Col. W. P. Ross.

"We have 7,000 full bloods; we know they and all like Indians would go to the wall in the competition with the whites. Then there is that grant of the twenty miles wide strip to the old Atlantic and Pacific railroad. Bonds were issue on that strip, and the grant is to be made good whenever the Cherokee national title is extinguished. The fear of losing that strip has always been a strong incentive to oppose allotment. Besides, you have no right to touch our lands until we consent. We think that we are better off than we would be if the lands were divided up."

Senator Guthrie of the Cherokees put the idea of the last sentence still stronger. He said there was not a Cherokee but had a home; that there was a plenty of unoccupied land, so that the Cherokee with a poor home might have a better one if he would only take it.

The *Cherokee Advocate* said this on Jan. 2:

There are thousands upon thousands of white men who have no land to work, and who want to work in order to live. That is one of the consequences of holding land in severalty, and so putting the power and temptation in the hands of the stronger and more fortunate to absorb large areas, while the weak and those overborne in life's struggle take the places of dissatisfied and despondent servants to the earth's powers.

It is not so here, and can never be while our Constitution and Government last. If the Cherokee Nation numbered millions, instead of 20,000, still these lands would be held in common, and there would be all the more reason for it. Holding lands in severalty, as we know it, is a selfish, greedy, heartless, pride-fostering relic of the barbaric feudal system.

One of the things to which the missionary among the Indians in this Territory points with pride as one result of the civilizing influence of missionary teaching, is the large and prosperous Indian farm. There are many farms with hundreds of acres in cultivation, and not a few with thousands. The Indians who are working these farms are men of enterprise. They have done wonders, the missionaries say. As indicating progress from savagery to civilization it is very interesting. But what about the Indian who has no farm at all—only a log hut in the woods? What about the other Indians who live in the great man's house and till the farm of thousands of acres at \$15 a month? A keen observer who had travelled through various so-called El Dorados of the West, said he noticed that while the few in the El Dorado might have picked up the gold in the streets, the great majority were engaged in picking up rocks and driving the teams that carried the rocks away—doing coarse work at moderate pay, just as they do in New York. It is so in the Territory. The few monopolize the good things, just the same as if the land were not owned in common. Under Indian law land is theoretically owned in common, but it is held in severalty, and is sold and transmitted to heirs, because the law permits each one to own the improvements, such as fences, &c. In the Cherokee Nation no one can settle nearer than a quarter of a mile from another's improvements. This last provision of law is all that prevents a rich Cherokee from taking in endless breadths of land, for he may have the perpetual use of all he will cultivate.

The Southwesterner asserts that the poor Indians are beginning to see that the rich are monopolizing the good things of the Territory; that Senator Guthrie, for instance, opposes the allotment of land because he can and does care for 10,000

head of cattle on his claim which belong to a Baxter Springs man. They say that the national income from annuities, from coal leases, from head tax on whites, &c., is used up in paying the salaries of the officials of the Nation; that these officials, like Col. Ross, live on the money which would be divided up per capita among the whole tribe were the land allotted and the tribe made citizens; that these officials are and have been the Rosses, the Boudinots, the Bushyheads, and other aristocrats, and that these powerful families are using their influence to perpetuate their own easy existence at the expense of the Nation. They control the papers, and the papers cease not to fire the patriotism and the prejudices of the Indians so that the poor may be kept poor by continuance of the system.

“Suppose,” said the reporter to Col. W. P. Ross of the Cherokee nation, “the land of the Quapaw reservation were allotted. Could not Charley Quapaw, who will not now cultivate, and cannot now lease his lands, be better off? Could he not, for instance, because of the competition among the whites for his land, get say at least \$1 an acre per year for his portion of 1,000 acres, instead of the few bushels of corn that he now gets from the entire reservation?”

“Perhaps so,” said the Colonel, “but would that help to civilize him? Would not that be like giving him an annuity?”

The same question was put to one of the speakers in the Kansas City Convention.

“Why, that wouldn’t do. It would be encouraging him to remain a pauper, instead of teaching him to be self-supporting. What the Indian needs is to be compelled to rustle for himself. That will make a man of him.”

The careful reader will observe two men of opposing interests arrived at the same conclusion. Charley Quapaw must not be allowed to have his own, lest it make of him or continue him as a lazy Indian. Let the reader put himself in Charley Quapaw’s place. Charley goes hungry very often, although really the owner of land worth \$50,000. His inherited instincts and early training wholly unfit him for cultivating large tracts, as he might do. So, he goes hungry. One man, an Indian, for some reason does not want to have Charley enjoy what would be to him a royal income. What can that reason be? The white man says he does not want Charley to have all that land and the income of it lest the income ruin the poor Indian. The white man lies. He wants 840 acres of the

1,000. If the reader were the Indian would he prefer to take the chances of being ruined by prosperity, or would he go hungry in winter as Charley Quapaw does?

That the allotment of the lands would work some hardship is not to be denied. The enterprising citizen of the Indian Nation cultivates a large tract. If this land were allotted, he would lose part of that tract and therefore part of the fruit of his labor, and the unenterprising citizen would reap the benefit. But as it is now, he is reaping the crops, not only produced by his improvements but those produced by lands belonging really to the hired hand who serves him at \$15 a month, or to the full blood in a hut back in the woods.

That the influence of decent white men among the Indians is very beneficial is undenied. Indeed, when it was proposed to enact a law by which the marriage of a white man to an Indian woman made of the woman a citizen of the United States, instead of making an Indian of the white man, the civilized tribes raised such a rumpus that they were excepted from its provisions. The white men are now in the territory by the thousand; other thousands are going in in the future. But at present an alarming per cent. of these is of the criminal class. were the lands allotted so that whites could buy and rent, there would be a rush of enterprising farmers. Would that make the percentage of criminals less? Would the daughter of Charley Quapaw, with a thousand acres of and in her own right, be more likely to marry a white man than she is now likely to become the consort of a horse thief? Would permitting each Indian to take all of his own be a wrong to any one if a good part of his own were secured to him. Would making of the Indian an American citizen create a homogeneous nation in place of the anomalous mix of a weak vard[?] nation within a powerful oppressing nation? Would it not be better to thus end the matter than to wait until the filibusters rob the Indian by boomer raids, as was done in the Black Hills?

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