



MAGAZINE

Consolidated with The Oklahoma Stockman

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March, 1910

Pawhuska, Okla.

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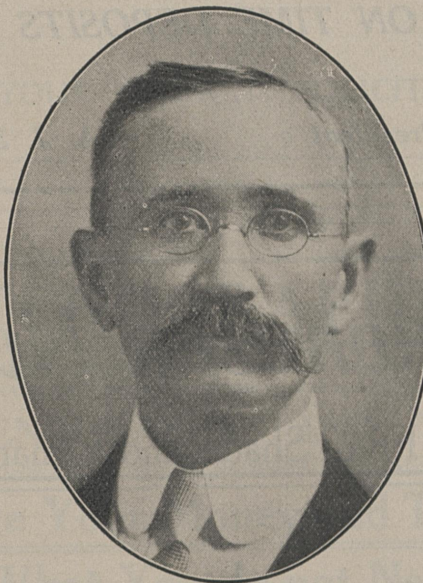
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The ideal has already achieved success for the management, and the house is continually filled with a throng of satisfied guests.

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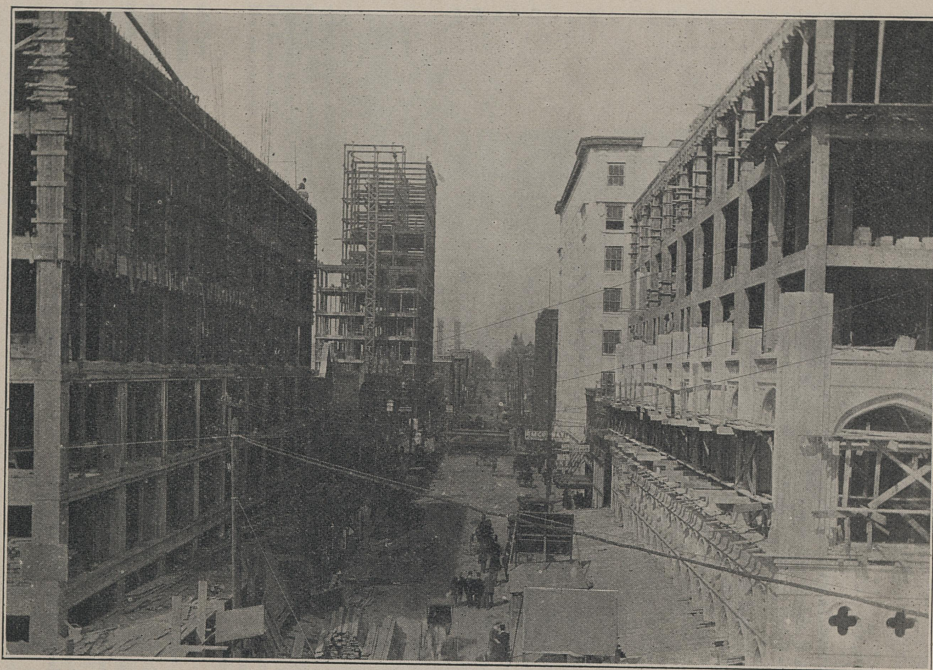
Announcement

It was announced in the February issue of OSAGE that the March number would contain a particularly interesting and perhaps startling article under the caption "Who Gets the Oil?" The editors again announce that this article is delayed until the April number on account of certain bits of authentic information being unobtainable in time for the March number. However, the story will keep and will lose none of its interest or spicy flavor from the waiting. Some splendid special illustrations will accompany it.

Another fine feature is the Indian version of how the tortoise won the race with the hare, told by a new contributor in Indian dialect and illustrated by the author. It is rich and new.

Apushmataha, Choctaw Indian Chief, patriot and warrior, Old Hickory's friend, is the subject of a beautiful poem by Sol, J. Homer, a descendant of the famous chief, together with a sketch of this Grand Old Red Man.

You will do well to watch for the appearing of April OSAGE, for it will be a handsome number, and as full of sipee and flavor as grandmother's pickle jar.



Robinson street, Oklahoma City. Three buildings in the foreground under construction aggregating over \$1,000,000 cost. Two fine office buildings in right middleground. The \$300,000 high school building in course of construction shows in extreme background.

THE OSAGE MAGAZINE

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THE OKLAHOMA STOCKMAN

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1910

The Legislature

The extraordinary session of the second Oklahoma legislature is drawing to a close. Among the more important acts of this body are the fee bill to regulate the pay of county officials; a bill to extend the time of payment of one-half of the taxes; and the Bryan election bill, the most important feature of which is the "grandfather clause," designed to disfranchise the negro.

It is not the purpose at this time to discuss the merits or demerits of these measures as some modifications may be made before adjournment.

A term of the legislature is usually interesting for the new men that it brings into prominence, and this session is no exception to the rule.

On the Democratic side the most in-

teresting figure is the speaker of the lower house, Ben Wilson, who is often against the administration organization and may well be classed as an "insurgent." No threats of electing a new speaker have any effect upon his actions, and his control is now more firmly fixed than at the beginning of the session. The people of Oklahoma will hear from Wilson again.

Price, of Osage, is another interesting member on the Democratic side. He is not a talker but being a man of vast business experience his advice and counsel have been of great good to the state. He has no patience with cheap politics which has saddled the state with some unwholesome laws and he therefore declines to become a candidate for reelection under any circumstances, which will be unwelcome news to the people of Osage county, where he has lived for twenty years. He is a clean man of good business ability and integrity. There is dearth of such men in legislative bodies and the loss of one is keenly felt by the whole state.

The Democratic side is fortunate in the possession of two Indian members of rare ability—Soldani of Osage in the Senate, and Durant of Bryan in the House.

On the Republican side, E. M. Clark of Pawnee has come into the lime-light as the unquestioned leader of the minority. His handling of the Haskell investigation has put him in the front rank as a fighter and he is now being mentioned as good timber to head the Republican state ticket. It will be remembered that OSAGE published an article in the January issue suggesting him for this leadership, and the endorsement by other publications of that suggestion indicates its popularity.

Humphreys of Atoka is another man of great strength in the Republican ranks and a leader in the fourth congressional district. Although he states positively

that he is in no sense a candidate, he is frequently mentioned as the logical nominee of his party for congressman in his district.

Maris of Kay is another bright young leader and may well be termed the "Glavis of Oklahoma" as he furnished the information in the investigation of the charges against Governor Haskell.

On the whole the Republicans have a number of new leaders and they are a distinct improvement over the old crowd. The new chairman, James Harris, "Big Jim of Wagoner," is the first real chairman the party has ever had in the state. Former occupants of that position have invariably been partisans of some candidate, or so much so as to lend color to the idea that the perpetuation of certain persons in office and the continuing of partisan cliques in control was the sole business of the Republican party in this state.

This is not true of Harris, and he is already rewarded by seeing in his party a greater degree of harmony than has existed for years.

This evolution of new leaders in both parties means much of good to Oklahoma and shows the wonderful ability this state possesses in her young manhood.

Coburn of Kansas

History tells of great commanders who refused crowns and scepters of imperialism, but it remained for Kansas to produce a farmer who refused the toga of a Senator.

Coburn of Kansas is the man. He says he is of more use to Kansas in his present position as Commissioner of Agriculture than he would be in the United States Senate, and we believe he is right. In fact, Coburn is always right, no matter whether it be a question of the best crop to raise on certain soils, the best breed of cattle or hogs to keep, or what to do to keep the boys and girls on the farm.

Coburn has become a national character and is popular wherever he goes. He was given an ovation recently at the stock farm of W. S. Corsa, Whitehall, Illinois, whither he had gone to attend a breeders convention.

Coburn should have the Secretaryship of Agriculture, *vice* James Wilson, whose action in the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy has destroyed his usefulness, if he ever had any.

The Way Back to the Farm

The way back to the farm is via the agricultural college, over a good road, in an automobile.

By this road the ambitious young man can find his way to the farm. The old route is closed. Ambition and youth are repelled and discouraged by the vast obstacles to be overcome and the lure of the city office has gained for its own the best blood of America.

The system of our commercial and social life of today with its nerve-racking demands and its ever increasing accompaniment of living cost is the result of the movement away from the farm. Our system of business is overburdened with non-producers. They outnumber the producers and unless the tendency is checked the system will be swamped by the crushing weight that each actual producer is compelled to carry.

True, our soil production increases every year, but the home consumption increases at a greater rate, so much greater that year by year our exports of soil production are decreasing. This is not because there is no demand for our farm produce—it is simply because we must supply the home demand first. Under such conditions the cost of living increases, of course.

The cure lies in the slogan "Back to the farm." But our young men and women of ambition will continue to scorn the call until the farm life offers them something more than mere drudgery along the same lines in which they have seen their fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers bury their ambitions and talents.

We do not mean to suggest that our farmer boys shall become spendthrifts, but we do mean to assert that of all people who need for business and deserve for pleasure an automobile, that person is the thrifty, up-to-date farmer of the west.

With the advent of good roads and

the luxurious transportation methods of the present day farm life becomes the acme of living. No other occupation gives such zest to life.

The way back to the farm is via the agricultural college, over a good road, in an automobile.

Farmer and Packer

As to the relation of the farmer and the packer, the gist of the whole matter is this:

It is the business of the farmer to produce.

It is the business of the packer to preserve and market the product.

The business of neither can achieve complete success without the cooperation of the other. Their interests are mutual and inseparable. Friction between the two means loss.

It is then, therefore, a matter of equitable division of the profits of this co-operative advantage. Are farmer and packer sharing equitably?

The evidence in the case is that the division is equitable. The attitude of satisfaction assumed by live stock producers' associations is a good indication along this line. These men are not indulging in any fits of hysteria. They condemn the boycott idea most emphatically. They declare that the producer is receiving more under the present system than he has ever before received, and that, notwithstanding the high price of living, his net profits are better than ever before. The price of live animals has advanced more than has the price of the finished product, proving that the farmer is the principal gainer by the universal advance in the price of meats.

As we have before declared, the packer makes his profit by means of his splendid system of handling the business on a great scale and making use of every particle of the animal—in short, making his profit out of what was wasted before the system was brought to its present perfection.

He who prevents waste is wise and he who converts waste into profit is a benefactor.

We beg to repeat: Let the Oklahoma

farmer co-operate with the packers to this extent at least, that he devote a greater portion of his time and capital to the production of live stock for supplying the great packeries now being installed in Oklahoma. It is the best opportunity the Oklahoma farmer has ever had for getting full and free action on the great natural opportunities Nature has provided for him.

Judge Hook's Decision

When a decision as sweeping as that of Judge Hook in the railway rate case is promulgated it becomes pertinent to ask, "Who knows the law?"

The law says that every citizen shall know the law, and yet the most learned judges seldom agree. The Supreme Court of the United States frequently divides in its rulings as nearly even as possible—five to four. Then it is presumed that the four do not know the law. But on the next division the four may be joined by a deserter from the five who yesterday knew the law, and then it is presumed that the four do know the law today, although they did not know it yesterday.

And upon this method of arriving at supreme wisdom you are supposed to find no fault. And upon this method personal liberties are invaded, great property rights confiscated from one and conferred upon another, and so *ad libitum* through the whole category of legal procedure.

Now the Hook decision was predicated on the theory that the railways were not making enough money on the capital involved, taking the assessed valuation as a basis. Some of the roads have not yet paid their taxes on the ground that they were over-assessed, so it seems that some allowance in the matter of capitalization and basis of earnings should have been made for this claim.

But the question is, on what evidence did the Court base its decision? The Corporation Commission of Oklahoma claim that they showed conclusively that the Santa Fe made nineteen per cent and the Katy thirty-one per cent net profit. Judge Hook said that the Santa Fe only made two and nine-tenths

per cent net profit and the Katy five and one-half per cent.

Of course it is impossible to say which is right, but one thing is evident to all who travel up and down Oklahoma railways, and that is that if these roads are not paying, then they are badly managed. But the people of Oklahoma should not pay for the mismanagement. Never was so great business done by railroads as they are now doing in Oklahoma. The passenger trains are crowded on all trunk lines and occasionally they are run in two sections. These trains consist of from three to five coaches and three to six Pullmans (by actual count). Sometimes they carry four hundred passengers per train, therefore earning at the two cent rate eight dollars per mile, and some of these trains make forty miles per hour.

This does not include the mail and express revenue which adds very materially to the profits of all passenger trains. This, of course, is more than the average, but it is not so far from the average except as to the miles made per hour, as some might think.

Twenty-six persons were counted by the writer standing in a single coach for

want of seating room in a regular train in Oklahoma a few days ago. Eighty-five persons were in this one coach and there were seven coaches and Pullmans composing the train. This condition of standing room only in trains has become so common on some roads that the patrons have refused in several instances to give up their tickets unless seats were provided.

As patriotic citizens we are all proud of this condition, not because the coach is overloaded, but because it shows that the railroads cannot keep up with the business of Oklahoma.

It seems strange to the man elevated upon a high perch in the proverbial tree that under these conditions the Oklahoma railroads cannot realize a profit on their passenger business. But the Court asserts that such is the case.

We do not infer that the judge was in any manner influenced in his decision by the fact that his son is an attorney for the Santa Fe railroad.

The Supreme Court of the United States remains to be heard from. In the interim the people pay the fare—and do much of their riding standing up.

Corn a Profitable Oklahoma Crop

"Get good seed and just keep planting corn." This is the terse advice of Mr. E. E. Selders, manager of one of the largest, if not the largest, corn farms in the state of Oklahoma.

Mr. Selders operates a farm consisting of 2,500 acres, of which 1,700 acres is planted to corn. Hiawatha Yellow Dent, represented in the picture on another page, he says, is the best corn for Oklahoma bottom land. In 1908, his field of several hundred acres averaged sixty bushels. Boone County White was his next best, yielding fully fifty bushels per acre.

Reid's Yellow Dent, known the world over, he also grows, and Bloody Butcher and Golden Beauty. Mr. Selders advises Hiawatha Yellow, Boone County

White and Bloody Butcher for bottom soils, and Reid's Yellow and Golden Beauty for uplands. He believes in corn as a paying crop for Oklahoma, for the consumption of corn increases every year, and the area of its possible cultivation is limited.

Mr. Selders grows about thirty-five thousand bushels per year, which is big, even for big Osage county, where things are done in a big way. His seed corn is grown on the rich Arkansas river valley, which insures its strength and vitality. In buying seed corn it is important to know what kind of soil it was grown on, just as it is important to know what stock farm bred your thoroughbred cattle and hogs.



MODERN MUSKOGEE

The Flynn-Ames building, corner Third and Broadway. A seven story, modern fire-proof office building, costing \$140,000, of concrete and steel construction, fitted with electric elevators and refrigeration plant for proper temperature of building throughout.

HISTORIC ROGERS COUNTY

By DR. EMMET STARR

The following article from Dr. Emmet Starr is one we are exceedingly glad to present to our readers as it is probably the most authentic account of the battle of Claremore Mound ever written. Dr. Starr is the historian of the Cherokees, and perhaps the best informed man on Cherokee literature and history now living. It will be noticed that he claims the battle of Claremore Mound took place in 1818 instead of 1828, as claimed by other historians, and as published in a former number of the OSAGE MAGAZINE. In this matter, we have no doubt that Dr. Starr is right, as he doubtless has more data on that subject than others who have written about it. It also harmonizes with the fact that a strenuous war was being carried on between the Osage and Cherokees in 1818.—*Editors.*

Rogers county was named in honor of Hon. Clement Van Rogers, representative of constitutional district No. 64 in the Oklahoma Constitutional convention of 1907.

The first known inhabitants of what is now Rogers county, were the Wichita Indians, who owned the country until about 1795, when they were driven out by the *Gra-moi* band of Osage, under Chief *Kan-sah-se-gra*, or Big Track, who it is said, had been detached from the interests of Manuel Lisa by his young, vigorous comeptitor, Pierre Chouteau.

This band established themselves principally on the Verdigris River, which on account of the large persimmon groves in the vicinity of their settlements they named Persimmon river, but the French traders charted it the Verdigris, this on account of the green scum that collected on the stagnant water during a severe drouth.

The two principal towns of the Osage were Pasuga, located on the site of the present city of Claremore, and Posona, located about one and one-half miles south of Claremore mound, and on the east side of Verdigris river. Portions of the old cedar stockade around Posona were seen standing in place as late as 1860 by Maj. D. W. Lipe, present county clerk of Rogers county.

The town chief of Posona was *Kan-sah-se-gra*, who was also head chief of the Big and Little Osage.

About 1796, *Gra-moi*, an Osage lad, who was a kinsman of *Kan-sah-se-gra*, was brought to Posona; his name was pronounced by the French, *Cla-mo*, and spelled Clermont. It is claimed by some that he was the titular chief of the *Gra-moi* band, and by others that he was

the hereditary chief of the Osage. At any rate he at a very early age established himself, by his prowess in war as the war chief of the *Gra-moi* band of Osage, the most coveted of all positions.

The chief of Pasuga was Black Dog,* who weighed in excess of three hundred pounds, was one-eyed, and was respected among all of his neighboring tribes as being the possessor of more mythical lore and traditions than any other member of the Siouan tribes. He was also an administrator and councilor of note.

He had a race course extending north and south, that was very nearly identical with the section line between sections 33 on the west and 34 on the east, of township 22 north, range 16 east; and sections 4 and 9 on the west, and 3 and 10 on the east of township 21 north, range 16 east. The distance from the starting point at the north was about two and one-half miles from the goal. The coursers were his warriors, and those of any neighboring town or tribe that might wish to contest with them.

Black Dog died while visiting his home of earlier days, at a date subsequent to 1843. At this time it was the home of Elijah Hicks, brother-in-law of chief John Ross. Hicks called his home "*Echota*" and it was a noted point on the "California trail" as will be shown by his diary, now in possession of his descendants.

Dog creek, on the east side of Claremore, is a lasting commemoration of Black Dog's residence on that stream; but its companion stream on the west side of that city has not a name so fortunate in origin, as the name it generally bears is "Cat creek" which derives its name from the fact that only a few years

ago and since the establishment of the town, a certain four or five acres of its course was settled by a community of women of unsavory reputation, and their miserable parasites. For this reason the locality became known in slang phrase as "Cat creek" or the abiding place of the "Cats" as these unfortunate women were denominated, and "Prairie Branch" the older name of the little stream was sacrificed for a more malodorous one.

Chouteau's trading post, which was established about 1796, was at "Grand Saline" on the east side of Grand river, in what is now Mayes county, Oklahoma.

The United Foreign Missionary Society, protestant, established Union Mission on Grand river in 1826, which labored among the Osage until their withdrawal from that section in 1827.

War between the Osage and Cherokees began in 1817 and in the spring of 1818 a party of Cherokees under command of Crawler started from Piney, Cherokee Nation "west" (now in Pope county, Arkansas), and in *Anoya*, or Strawberry moon, of that year, after having, through the prowess of Thomas Candy, captured the horses of the Osage, they attacked the inhabitants of Posona and Pasuga, who had congregated on the mound north of the former town. After three days of furious fighting the Osage were defeated. The principal contributing cause of their repulse at this time was a small body of Delawares commanded by George Bullet, who had accompanied the Cherokees from their stockade at Piney and had been able to shoot arrows so that they fell among the Osage women and children, who had been given the vantage place next to the river, where it was thought they would be safe from the missiles of the enemy. The water supply of the Osage had also been exhausted.

After this fight the United States authorities attempted to bring about a reconciliation between the two tribes, but their efforts for several years were in vain, mostly through the influence of ex-chief *Takatoka*, who was an inveterate enemy of the Osage.

The last battle between the Osage and

Cherokees was in the winter of 1823. In this campaign the Cherokees first visited Pasuga and Posona, but finding that the inhabitants had gone on their winter hunt, followed and found them at some distance from their regular settlements, and in the battle that ensued the Cherokees were again victors, capturing among others an infant Osage girl, who was adopted and raised among the Cherokees. The missionaries gave her the name of Maria James. She married William Pettit, a Cherokee, and they were the parents of Judge Worcester Pettit and Mrs. John B. Johnson, both of Pawhuska.

By the treaty of June 2, 1825, the Osage ceded to the United States all the land that now constitutes Oklahoma except the three extreme western counties.

The next change of ownership of what is now Rogers county was when the United States on May 28, 1828, gave fourteen million acres in what is now Oklahoma for seven million acres that the "western Cherokees" owned within the bounds of the territory of Arkansas.

A patent was given the Cherokees to this land on December 31, 1838, by President Martin Van Buren.

There is also one and one-half township of Rogers county in what was the Creek Nation.

From 1829 to 1839 all the land now embraced in Rogers county was in Neosho district, Cherokee nation; and from the latter date until 1858 it was Saline district, with its court house on the south side of Bird creek and just over the line of Osage county.

In 1858 Cooweescoowee district was constituted from that portion of Saline district lying west of Grand river, and embracing all the land north of the Creek country, as far west as the hundredth meridian.

One of the first, if not the first of the Cherokees to settle in Rogers county was Charles Coody, he having settled there prior to 1838.

*A portrait of Chief Black Dog painted by Catlin in 1834, is preserved in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

ONE OF CUSTER'S FAVORITES

By C. J. PHILLIPS

Big Wild Cat, the Osage scout, whose exploits, along with those of Hard Rope and Little Beaver, are recorded in the accompanying historical sketch of the Osage, came into my commissary at Pawhuska about eighteen years ago, and some twenty-four years after the stirring events narrated in that story, and seating himself upon the counter with his legs drawn up and crossed Indian fashion he said, speaking in Osage:

"My son, they tell me *Paw-hu-steh-tsa* (meaning Long Hair, Custer's Indian name), and all his soldiers were killed by the Sioux a few years ago."

"Yes, Wild Cat, not one with him escaped."

"Then I must be the only man living who was at the battle of the Washita, for the other Osage scouts are dead also."

I did not tell him whether his deductions were correct or not, and he continued:

"Custer used to carry with him a beautiful silk flag and I want one just like it."

Then he measured on the counter what he thought the length of Custer's flag was and asked me if I thought I could get him such a one. I told him I could and he said to get it. About ten days later the flag came from St. Louis, a beautiful piece of silk bunting eight feet long. The old scout was as proud of it as a boy with his first drum. Fastening it to a cane fishing pole, so he could see it wave, he pranced up and down the commissary with his head thrown back and his chest expanded in imitation of Custer's proud attitude during the battle of the Washita. He said that Custer foolishly exposed himself in the battle; that instead of trying to keep under cover he chose the most prominent position where the Cheyennes could see him all the time. Wild Cat strongly disapproved any such reckless exposure.

This remark reminds me that Custer paid the very highest tribute to the bravery of Wild Cat and his companion scouts for keeping half a mile in advance of the army while trailing dangerously



B 2660. Wild Cat, Osage Indian, Okla.

BIG WILD CAT

One of Custer's two favorite scouts of whom he said: "No bloodhound could equal these Osage trailers."

near the enemy, seemingly oblivious of danger.

The old scout took the flag away and said it was not to be used until he died; then his people would plant it over his grave so that all who saw it would know that a soldier was buried there.

THE OSAGE

Historical Sketch by the Editors

In the spring of 1819 Rev. Father De la Croix came to the Osage on the Marmaton river in Missouri about twenty-five miles east of where Ft. Scott, Kansas, now stands. In July, 1819 he baptized the children of Noel Mongrain at that place. In 1822 he baptized Anthony Chouteau who was born in 1817. Ligest Choteau stood godfather in the christening of Anthony. In 1822 he also baptized Peter Lambert, born 1818 of Joseph Lambert and Mary, an Osage woman. In August, 1822 he baptized Peter Papin, one Perrier, Captain and Paul Lambert. In May, 1822 Father Quickenborne baptized James and Mary Choteau, children of Francis Choteau and Mary, another Osage woman. It has been claimed that the last two were baptized a few miles west of Harmony Mission within the present boundary of the state of Kansas. If that be true they were the first children to receive baptismal rites in the territory now included within the state of Kansas.

The Jesuit Fathers were always welcomed by the Osage. Their patience and fortitude during epidemics of smallpox and measles among the Indians won the admiration of the red men and they deserve the highest praise history can record. Glorious, indeed, is the record of these self-sacrificing followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. Rev. Father De la Croix was succeeded by Father Quickenborne, and he by Rev. Father Bax, and he in turn by Father Schoenmakers in 1847.

Meanwhile the Osage were visited in 1836 by Rev. Father DeSmet, perhaps the most gifter writer of all the Jesuit brotherhood. History owes much to the gifted pen of this wonderful man who had penetrated as far west as the Big Horn mountains and Crow Indian country as early as 1834. In 1836 Father DeSmet was with the Osage a few weeks and baptized many Osage children, among them being Jane Coway, now living at Pawhuska. Several years later he was again with the Osage and performed the marriage ceremony of Aunt

Jane Conway to Mr. Tinker, father of the present Tinker family of Osages. Father DeSmet made many trips to Europe and solicited funds with which to carry on his work among the Indians of the northwest. His zeal kept him in touch with all the Jesuit missions west of the Mississippi, although he spent most of his time among the Sioux. His letters were published by the church and form one of the best books for historical research of the Indian tribes living between the Mississippi river and the Rocky mountains.

It will be noticed that in this letter Father Bax alludes to the abandonment of a Presbyterian mission that had been established at Harmony, this mission being one of several successive attempts at mission work among the Osage and other southwestern tribes, beginning at a point a few miles above Fort Gibson on the west bank of the Grand river in 1822.

The Reverend Father infers that the cause of this failure was the reluctance of the Indians to adopt the doctrine of Calvinism, but the Osage tell a different story that, unfortunately, does not reflect that same spirit of heroism that was displayed by the Catholic missionaries and that so strongly appealed to the hearts of the Indians. The Osage version of the affair is that an epidemic of measles was raging among all of the tribe and the Indians sought safety in flight, scattering in various directions to escape the terrible ravages of the disease, leaving the missionaries alone at the mission with a number of Indian children who were attending the school. The Indians believed that their children would be better cared for there than if they were taken away. On their return a few weeks later when the disease had spent its force, they found the mission deserted and the dead bodies of several of the Indian children lying in the beds. Evidently the epidemic had broken out in the school and the missionaries had deserted their post, leaving the children to die of disease and hunger. Naturally

comparing this act or desertion (regardless of the fact that they had themselves ran away), with the heroic self-sacrifice often displayed by the Jesuit missionaries, the Indians were inclined toward the latter and the result was an almost universal acceptance of the Jesuits in preference to any other missionaries.

The following letter was written by Father Bax to Father DeSmet who was then in Belgium on one of his many trips

to Europe in quest of funds with which to carry on his work among the American Indians. The letter conveys a very accurate idea of conditions among the Osage at that time. This is the first time that this letter—or any of the many that were written by these Jesuit missionaries—has been printed, except in a book published about the time the letters were written and used exclusively as a church publication.

Letter of Father Bax, Jesuit Missionary

Mission of St. Francis Hieronymo, (Harmony, Mo.) among the Osages, June 1, 1850.

Rev. and very dear Father:—

Already three years have elapsed since we commenced the toils of our mission. I will say nothing to you of the embarrassments inseparable from such an enterprise; you are too well acquainted with this ground and are aware, also, that to prepare it for cultivation exacts the courage that Christian charity alone can inspire. I will not, therefore, stop to relate the obstacles, the fatigues of every sort, that we encountered in our route. At present, the burden is alleviated, particularly since the arrival of a teacher and of a brother, the affairs of the mission are extending, and wear a much more favorable aspect.

I profit by my earliest leisure moments to satisfy the desire that you have several times testified to me, of having some details concerning our dear mission of the Osages. I hope in this way to offer you a slight testimony of our gratitude for the interest you take in our labors and in our success. These marks of attention, on your part, reverend Father, give us the assurance that, if momentarily you remain remote from your dear Indians, your heart nevertheless sighs continually towards our poor and isolated children of the wild solitude.

You are aware that this mission was, during several years, in the hands of the Presbyterians. They were obliged to abandon it in 1845. Those gentlemen were forced to come to this resolution

by the Indians themselves, who were fully determined never to adopt the doctrine of Calvin. In the course of the same year, Major Harvey, superintendent of the Indian tribes, having assembled in Council the different tribes of the Osage nation, exposed to them, in the liveliest colors, the advantages of a good education; he added, that if such should prove their will, their Great Father (The President), would send missionaries to instruct their children. At this proposition the Great Chief replied, in the name of the Council:

“Our Great Father is very kind; he loves his red-skinned children. Hear what we have to say on this subject. We do not wish any more such missionaries as we have had during several years; for they never did us any good. Send them to the whites; perhaps they may succeed better with them. If our Great Father desires that we have missionaries, you will tell him to send us Black-gowns, who will teach us to pray to the Great Spirit in the French manner. Although several years have elapsed since they have visited us, we always remember this visit with gratitude, and we shall be ever ready to receive them among us, and listen to their preaching.”

The superintendent, a just and liberal man, wished only the welfare of the Indians. Although a Protestant, he communicated this reply to the Government, and supported and confirmed it with his own remarks and observations. In pursuance with his advice, the President had recourse to the Superiors of

our Society, requesting them to assume the charge of this mission.

At first the Father Provincial offered some objections, knowing that no one had yet been able to succeed in ameliorating the condition of this people, under the double relation of spiritual and temporal. In the interval, the Indians were in the most painful uncertainty, not knowing whether the "Great Father" would grant or refuse them their petition. But they were soon satisfied; our Society accepted the mission.

In the autumn of 1846, the Reverend F. Schoenmakers quitted St. Louis to go to the Osages, with the intention of returning, after having examined the state of affairs, the houses, etc. He came back to St. Louis in midwinter, and his second departure was retarded until the following spring.

After Father Schoenmakers had left them, the poor Indians counted the days and the hours until spring, at which time he promised to return to them; but they waited in vain! The year glided past; they lost all hope of seeing him again. Nevertheless, they were resolved to accept none but Catholic missionaries.

When all our preparations were completed, Father Schoenmakers, myself, and three coadjutor brothers, quitted St. Louis on the 7th of April, 1849, and we arrived on the bank of the Neosho, a tributary of the Arkansas situated about 130 miles from Westport, frontier town of the state of Missouri.

To you, my dear Father, who have many times traversed the great wilderness of the West, in its whole extent, from the States to the Pacific, who have traveled over the Rocky Mountains and their valleys—our pains, troubles and fatigues must appear truly insignificant. But this trial was very severe to us, who were entering, for the first time, into the immense prairies of the Indians, which we had only measured according to the deceptive images of our imagination. Truly, the reality appeared to us very different. We endured hunger, thirst, and cold. For a fortnight we were obliged to pass our nights in the open air, in the dampest season of the year, each having naught for a bed but a buffalo-hide and a single blanket.

About 100 miles from Westport we had a panic. Arrived at a place named "Walnut Grove" we perceived, in the distance, a large troop of mounted Indians, who turned directly toward us, Unaccustomed to such sights, we were seized with great anxiety, which soon changed to genuine fright; for we saw those savages, on approaching us, alight from their horses with extraordinary agility. At once they took possession of our carts and wagons, which we fancied destined to pillage. They examined our chests and our baggage as minutely and coolly as old custom-house officers. Happily we recovered from our fright. We presented them some rolls of tobacco. They shook hands with us in token of friendship. Soon after we lost sight of them, congratulating ourselves at having escaped at so trifling an expense. An idea, however, occupied us; they might repent of their benevolence toward us, and attack us and steal our horses during the night. We consequently left the ordinary route and went and camped far in the plain. These Indians, as we learned later, belonged to the nation of Sauks, and had been paying a visit to their allies, the Osages.

On the 28th of April we reached our destination, to the great surprise and delight of the Indians; for, as I have already observed to you, they had resigned the hope of seeing us. It would be impossible to paint to you the enthusiasm with which we were received. They considered us as men whom the Great Spirit had sent to teach them the good news of salvation; to trace out to them the path to heaven, and to procure them, also, earthly peace and plenty.

At the first sight of these savages, and finding myself surrounded by these children of the desert, I could not suppress the pain I felt. I saw their sad condition. The adults had only a slight covering over the middle of their body; the little children, even as old as six or seven years, were wholly destitute of clothing. Half serious, half jesting, I thought that a truly savage portion of the Lord's vineyard had been given to me to cultivate; but I did not lose courage. The object of my desires, and the subject of my prayers, during many long

years, had been to become a missionary to the Indians. That grace was obtained, I felt contented and happy.

On our arrival, we found the houses unfinished, very inconvenient, and much too small for a great number of children; they were also very badly situated, not being, as they should have been, in the center of all the villages which compose the mission. From this resulted an increase in the number and difficulties of our occupations.

The population of the tribes (comprised under the name of Great Osages and Little Osages), is nearly 5,000 souls, of whom 3,500 reside on the banks of the Neosho; and others on the Verdigris, a little river smaller than the former, although the valleys and prairies that it waters are more favorable to culture.

The Osages who remain on the banks of the Neosho are divided into several villages. The Little Osages form a population of 1,500 souls, and are twenty-two miles from the mission. The village of *Nanze-Waspe* contains six hundred inhabitants, at a distance of twelve miles; the village of Big Chief is composed of three hundred souls, four miles; the *Weichaka-Ougrin*, of five hundred, three miles; Little Town numbers three hundred inhabitants and is thirty miles distant; Big-hill or *Passoi-Ougrin*, situated on the Verdigris, forty miles off, has a population of six hundred souls; les Cheniers, or *Sanze-Ougrin*, amount to nearly seven hundred, fifty-five miles; the Black-Dog, or *Skankta-Sape*, village, sixty miles off, contains four hundred inhabitants. There are, besides, other small villages, dispersed at great distance from us. The two rivers on which they dwell empty into the Arkansas. The lowlands are generally swampy, but the plain of the Neosho is sandy.

Formerly the Osages were represented as cruel and perverse, addicted to the most degrading vices; calumny depicted them as thieves, assassins and drunkards.

To this last reproach, I am grieved to say they have given occasion; they are passionately fond of intoxicating liquors. The effects of this vice had become so terrible, that on our arrival, entire tribes were nearly destroyed. In the spring of 1847, in one village alone, thirty young

men, in the prime of life, were victims to strong drink. I have met men, women and children, in a complete state of intoxication, dragging themselves to their wigwams like so many brutes. This spectacle, my dear Father, drew forth many tears and sighs from those who had been selected and sent to labor for the happiness and salvation of those unfortunate beings. It was extremely painful to look at these sons of the wilderness, delivered to the enemy of God and man. Thanks to our Lord, the evil was extirpated at its root; the advice of a kind and very worthy agent of the government, as well as our own efforts, have succeeded so well that drunkenness has been almost completely banished. Daily prayers are offered that this crime and all the miseries which arise in its train, may not appear among us. At present, the Indians themselves comprehend the necessity of temperance. Several among them come frequently to tell me, with great simplicity, that they do not fall into this vice any more. These savages exhibit in their stoical resolutions, a degree of courage that should excite a blush on the cheek of many a white man.

Those who call them thieves and assassins have calumnated them. Some bands of thieves, going from the north to the south, cross the settlements of the Osages, as well as those of the whites who inhabit the frontiers. It is their trade to steal everything and carry all away, and in such a manner that the Osages have been accused of the thefts. We may say as much of the pillages committed on the route to Santa Fe.

According to my experience, there are few nations, in this region, as affable and as affectionate as the Osages. Indeed, it may be said, that it is natural to them to wish to live in peace and perfect friendship with all whom they know. Peace and harmony reign among them; no harsh words ever escape their tongues, unless when they have drunk to excess. Now they are at peace with all the tribes, except with the Pawnee-Mahas, whose manner of acting towards them would inspire aversion in civilized people as well as in barbarians. Scarcely are the Osages gone to hunt, than the Pawnees, who wait this moment, fall on their un-

defended villages, pillage the wigwams and steal the horses. The Osages have frequently made peace with this nation; but the treaties have hardly been ratified ere the perfidious enemy renews its attacks.

I have long, but vainly endeavored to put an end to the cruel mania of taking off the scalps of the dead and wounded. In this project, as in many others, I have been checked by the bad counsels and bad examples of the whites. I should be pleased to be able to tell the savages, with whom I am charged, to imitate the whites, and it would be most agreeable to me to propose them as models of imitation; but my words would be very ineffectual. Here, as formerly in Paraguay the Indian derives no advantage from the vicinity of the whites; on the contrary he becomes more artful, more deeply plunged in vice, and finding no blasphemous words in his own tongue, curses his God in a foreign language.

To demonstrate to you the evil effects of the proximity of the whites, I will cite you a little anecdote. The fact occurred about a year ago. I was giving an instruction in a village named *Woichaka-Ougrin*, or Cockle-Bird. The subject was intemperance. I spoke of the evil consequences of this passion, of its effects on the health, of the rapidity with which it conducts men to the tomb, or separates them from their wives and children, whom the Great Spirit has entrusted to them. I added that the pleasure attending drinking was extremely short, while the punishment would be eternal. As I was concluding, *Shape-shin-kaouk*, or The Little Beaver, one of the principal men of the tribe, arose and said to me:

"Father, what thou sayest is true. We believe thy words. We have seen many buried because they loved and drank fire-water. One thing astonishes us. We are ignorant; we are not acquainted with books; we never heard the words of the Great Spirit; but the whites, who know books, who have understanding, and who have heard the commandments of the Great Spirit—why do they drink this fire-water? Why do they sell it to us? Or why do they bring it to us, while they know that God sees them?"

I will now enter into some more particular details concerning our missions and our labors. Immediately after our arrival in the spring of 1847, or first care was to prepare a school. It was opened on the 10th of May. The scholars were not very numerous at the commencement; some half-bloods and three Indians were the only ones that presented themselves. The parents, full of prejudices against a "school" gave for excuse, that the children, who had been confided to the former missionaries, (the Presbyterians), had learned nothing, had been whipped every day, made to work continually, and at last ran away. These reports spread far and wide. The most efficacious correction that a father could employ against a child was to threaten it with being sent to school. I had proofs of this a short time after our arrival. In one of my visits to a village of Little Osages, called *Huzetga*, having an interpreter with me, I entered the lodge of the first chief. On presenting myself, I offered my hand in token of friendship.

"Who are you," said he to me. "*Rapouska*, or missionary," was the reply. During some moments he hung his head without uttering a word. Then raising his eyes, he said, in a bad humor: "The missionaries never did any good to our nation." The interpreter answered that I did not belong to the class of missionaries that he had seen; that I was a French *tapouska*, a Black-gown, who had come at their request and at that of their Great Father. Then serenity reappeared on the visage of the chief, and he cried out: "That is good news." He immediately offered me his hand, called his wife, and ordered buffalo soup, wishing to feast my arrival. He proposed several questions relative to the manner in which I would educate the children if they were sent to me; he declared to me that he did not approve of whipping the children; he asked me, in fine, if we would instruct aged persons. When I told him that we came to instruct everybody, to announce the word of God to the whole nation, he expressed much delight and gratitude. As soon as he knew us and learned the object of our visit, his prejudices and his apprehensions vanished.

At my first visits the children would not approach me. I dissipated their fears by giving them cakes or marbles, with which my pockets were always filled. They became familiar, and in a short time they were extremely attached to me. The first who came to school, being very happy, expressed their satisfaction and their delight to their parents praising the care of the Black-gowns in teaching and feeding them. This news spread abroad. Now the children entreat the parents to suffer them to go to the mission; the parents never refuse them, for the Indian is full of indulgence towards his little ones.

Before the close of the year, those who were received and those who desired to be admitted, surpassed the number that we could lodge. We have ever since been crowded. In a house built for twenty persons only, we were obliged to lodge fifty children. In order to take measures, the nation assembled and requested the agent to petition their Great Father to augment and enlarge the houses of the mission. The Government acceded to this demand.

The chiefs cannot be too much praised for the good example that they have given to the nation, and the ardent desire that they manifested for the education of their daughters. When they first made me this latter request, I found myself singularly embarrassed for the means of realizing so laudable a project. Father Schoenmakers resolved to interest a

kind and fervent community of nuns in the education of the Osage girls. With this intention he went to St. Louis, but he knocked in vain at the door of several convents of the city, for the enterprise frightened everyone. He was not discouraged. At length he succeeded in obtaining the good and charitable Sisters of Loretto, in Kentucky, for the education of the girls of this remote mission. In the autumn of the year 1847, four Sisters arrived to share our labors. Their sufferings, their trials, and their privations were very great. They were obliged to sleep in the open air. That did not hinder two other Sisters from coming to join them a little after in their heroic enterprise. Their patience, their kindness, their courage, and their perseverance have gained the esteem, affection and love of everyone. They are succeeding; they have already produced a considerable change, and are doing great good. The talents displayed in the direction of their school, and the rapid progress of the children are admired by all the strangers who visit the community.

In order not to pass the limits of a letter, I will leave the rest till another moment, and will inclose it to you in a few days.

In the meantime, reverend and very dear Father, I commend myself to your holy sacrifices and your good prayers.

Your ever devoted brother,

J. J. Bax, S. J.

Rescue of White Women Captives From the Cheyennes

In 1807 the Government built its first military post on Osage territory at Fort Osage on the Missouri river. In 1817 Fort Gibson was founded on the Arkansas river. The Osage early became the friends and ally of the United States troops on the western frontier and assisted them in many ways in their expeditions against other Indian tribes.

When the great Santa Fe trail across their territory became a mighty highway of wagon commerce, the government

for protection of the wagon trains of this highway built Fort Lyon near the mouth of the Walnut river in what is now Barton county, Kansas, and later Fort Larned and Fort Dodge on the same trail. The Osage, because of their sagacity and fidelity were employed as trailers and scouts around these Government posts. Generals Dodge, Sherman, Sheridan, Custer, and Forsyth have each, in public documents, paid tribute to the skill and daring of these Osage

scouts, for they always traveled in the lead of the army, protecting it from surprise or ambush on the part of the enemy.

Among the more noted of these Osage scouts were Hard Rope, Little Beaver, Big Wildcat, Tah-le and Toby Mongrain. A noted example of the prowess of these scouts was the recapture from the Cheyennes and Arapahoes of Mrs. Annie Brewster Morgan and Miss Sarah White, two young Kansas women, in March, 1869. They had been captured in the great raids of August, 1868, of Cheyennes and Arapahoes on the settlers of northwestern Kansas along the Solomon and Saline rivers and their tributaries. It will be remembered that these Indians visited Fort Hays that year and were given ample supplies by the war department sufficient to last them on their home journey, three hundred miles to the south. This was on the third of August. The next day they had departed from the fort, and five days later the outrages on the Saline began.

On August 12, 1868, Mrs. Annie Brewster Morgan heard a gun fired in the direction of the garden of her home on the upper White Marsh branch, in Ottawa county, Kansas. Looking out of the cabin door she saw her husband, to whom she had been married but a few months, lying on the ground about the middle of the garden and a band of Indians rushing up to the door. She had no time to escape, and was soon tied on a pony and hurried away, the Indians not stopping to scalp her husband, who was not dead, but unconscious from a shattered leg. On the same day about fifteen miles from the Morgan home the White family was attacked and all were murdered except Sarah, a sixteen-years old girl.

The Cheyennes hurried the captives away to the south three hundred miles to their home village on the Washita. These women had never met before and knew nothing of each other until they met on their way to the Washita. They were later traded from one chief to another until finally both came into possession of one man. It will be remembered that these outrages led to the winter campaign of 1868-69, inaugurated by the War Department. It was believed that

a winter campaign would find all these Indians on their reservations where a just punishment could be meted out, and the whole tribe be made to realize and feel the power of the "mailed hand" of the Government.

Governor Samuel J. Crawford, of Kansas, was invited by General Sheridan and the War Department to raise a regiment of Kansas troops to assist in this winter campaign. The Governor complied, and farther he resigned his office to become colonel of the regiment which was known as the 19th Kansas. Among the members of the 19th was young Brewster, the brother of Anna Brewster Morgan, the captive woman. The Kansas regiment, for lack of proper guidance, did not reach Custer's command in time to participate in the battle of the Washita* but on the evening of that day, as Custer was slowly retreating from the horde of Indians who had rallied from near-by camps and were hanging upon the rear of his army, Colonel Crawford overtook Custer's wagon train and when Custer arrived he was delighted to find himself reinforced and able to withstand farther attack.

Hardly could the troops of the 19th be restrained from opening fire upon the hordes of painted and mounted Arapahoes and Cheyennes that rode in circles around the camp of the now impregnable army. Custer, upon securing his camp and wagon train in a safe position, ordered all hostilities on the part of his troops to cease. Loud were the protests against this order on the part of men of the 19th, who were more than eager to avenge the outrages committed upon the settlers of their state a few months before. But the general could not be moved, although until pitch dark the painted warriors of the Washita, continued their wild riding and hurling of insults at the troops, sometimes coming close enough to spit at them and to in various ways demonstrate their venomous hatred of the white enemy.

"I never walked so far to see a circus in my life," said a member of the Kansas troops. But the Kansas boys all lived to thank General Custer for his wisdom and foresight in suspending hostilities. Custer was thinking of white prisoners

* See "Battle of the Washita," December Osage.

that he knew were somewhere among these Indian tribes that were confronting him. These Indians were mostly Arapahoes whose village was six or seven miles below that of Black Kettle, and they had not been able to get into the main battle of the Washita, but had come up later and joined in the pursuit of Custer. Had they been camped with Black Kettle at the time that Custer struck his village it is probable that the entire command would have been annihilated and the story of the massacre of the Little Big Horn, eight years later, would never have been written.

Next day Custer succeeded in getting a conference with some of the Arapahoes in which he induced them to repair to Fort Sill where General Sheridan would be met and ample supplies for their winter's rations would be provided.

In searching over the battlefield of the Washita on November 27, four days after the battle, for Major Joe H. Elliott and his command of fourteen men, who had been separated from Custer in the course of the battle and had not been heard of since, the searchers discovered the dead and mutilated bodies of their comrades some two miles below Black Kettle's village where they had been surrounded and held for two days until their ammunition was expended and the inevitable slaughter had taken place.

On the way back to camp, Doctor Bailey, of Topeka, surgeon of the 19th and member of the searching party, discovered the body of a white woman and a little boy two years old. The woman had been shot in the forehead and the child killed by striking his head against a tree. The mother had a piece of bread concealed in her bosom, as though she had attempted to escape from the camp. The next morning the woman was laid on a blanket on her side and the boy on her arm, and the men ordered to march by to see if possibly some one might identify her.

It was Mrs. R. F. Blinn, captured by the Kiowas, October 9th, with a train going from Lyon to Dodge. Her husband was killed at the time. The body of the woman and child were taken along, and finally buried in the government cemetery at Fort Arbuckle. On the 2nd of

November, a number of Mexican traders had been in the Kiowa camp, and she had taken the opportunity to send out a letter by them. It is dated Saturday, November 7, 1868, and reached civilization and her relatives by a circuitous journey several weeks later. The letter follows:

"Kind friends, whoever you may be: I thank you for your kindness to me and my child. You want me to let you know my wishes. If you could only buy us of the Indians with ponies or anything and let me come and stay with you until I can get word to my friends, they would pay you, and I would work, and do all I could for you. If it is not too far to their camp and you are not afraid to come I pray that you will try. They tell me, as near as I can understand, they expect traders to come and they will sell us to them. Can you find out by this man and let me know if it is white men? If it is Mexicans, they would sell us into slavery in Mexico. If you can do nothing for me, write to W. T. Harrington, Ottawa, Franklin county Kansas, my father; tell him we are with the Cheyennes, and they say when the white men make peace we can go home. Tell him to write to the Governor of Kansas about it and for them to make peace. Send this to him. We were taken on the 9th of October, on the Arkansas, below Fort Lyon. I cannot tell whether they killed my husband or not. My name is Mrs. Clara Blinn. My little boy, Willie Blinn, is two years old. Do all you can for me. Write to the peace commissioners to make peace this fall. For our sakes do all you can and God will bless you. If you can let me hear from you again; let me know what you think about it. Write to my father; send him this. Good-by.
Mrs. R. F. Blinn."

"I am well as can be expected, but my baby is very weak."

It can well be imagined that the discovery of the dead and mutilated troopers and the murdered white woman and child added fuel to the fire of revenge that was already burning in the hearts of the 19th Kansas. But Custer assured them that in getting the Arapahoes and Kiowas to go to Fort Arbuckle and Fort Sill the

ice had been broken for a general peace, and that the white captives among the Cheyennes would be discovered and released.

Arriving at Fort Sill, they found General Sheridan already there, and after several days council with Yellow Robe, chief of the Arapahoes, they were convinced that the Cheyennes who had fled from the battle of the Washita westward had with them the captive women, Mrs. Morgan and Miss White.

Indian messengers from the now peaceful Arapahoes were sent after the runaway Cheyennes to induce them to come in and make peace. After weeks of waiting the peace messengers returned with the statement that the Cheyennes refused to come in or make any overtures of peace whatever. Custer then asked permission of General Sheridan to take fifty men and with the famous California Joe for a guide set out to overtake the Cheyennes, as he believed if he could get in touch with Little Robe and Medicine Arrow, the head Chiefs, he could persuade them to make peace. On his insisting he was allowed to undertake this expedition.

This was one of the most hazardous undertakings ever heard of. It meant that fifty men went out in the midst of winter—the hardest winter ever known in the southwest—to intercept four thousand warlike, angry Cheyennes and make peace with them. What would have been the result had this small body of men overtaken the Cheyenne village, one shudders to conjecture. But Providence, or the sagacity of the Indian in eluding his pursuers, no doubt saved General Custer and his command in this expedition. When they arrived at the point in the Wichita mountains where the Arapahoes said they would find the Cheyenne village, no trace of it could be found. After two weeks scouting over the country west of the Wichita mountains, in which they found no trace of the runaway tribe, they found themselves on the point of starvation and a messenger was sent back to Fort Sill to forward a supply train to meet them on their return trip. After resting their starved and worn out horses for two days the command started to return to Fort Sill,

meeting the supply train the second day of the return journey.

Great was the disappointment of the Kansas troops at Fort Sill when the expedition returned without result. After two days rest at the fort, the impetuous Custer again entered General Sheridan's tent and asked permission to make an expedition in force against the Cheyennes.

"Give me," he said, "my old troop of the 7th Cavalry, the 19th Kansas, and my Osage scouts who were with me at the battle of the Washita, and I will follow them if need be, to the Mexican border."

General Sheridan readily consented, and the expedition was made up as proposed and was on its way in three days. And here is where the sagacity of the Indian in trailing an enemy is shown to be superior to the white man. Going back over the same territory he had traveled under the guidance of California Joe, one of the best white scouts the army ever had, wherein he had found no trace or trail of the Cheyennes, Hard Rope, one of the Osage scouts, picked up a dim Indian trail. It was the trail of the traveaux of a single lodge and was at least a month old. The Osage scouts decided that the trail led southwest while the army was traveling northwest, in which direction the Osage believed the winter camp of the Cheyennes would be found. A council of a few moments between Hard Rope and Little Beaver, who could speak a few words of English and was spokesman for the Osage scouts, took place. General Custer was told that in their judgment the trail led southwest, but that the village would be found to the northwest. They said this trail indicated that the lodge of a single hunter was on its way to join the lodges of other scattered bands of hunters and that it indicated that at the approach of spring the Indians were congregating with the idea of moving northward as soon as the grass was sufficient to sustain their ponies.

"Can you follow this trail?" asked Custer.

"Yes," answered Hard Rope.

"Do you advise following this trail, or would you keep on in the direction we are going until we strike another?"

"Better follow this one," said Little Beaver, "pretty soon get big."

All day long the army hung on this dim trail, following Hard Rope and Big Wildcat, who were in the lead to pick out of this trackless wilderness a trail over a month old which had been burned over by prairie fire and all trace, to the eye of the white man, absolutely obliterated. "No bloodhound," said General Custer, "could equal these Osage trailers, for it was impossible for us to see any marks or evidence of the trail until pointed out by them. Sometimes it was a broken down weed, sometimes a scant mark where a traveaux pole had raked across a dry buffalo chip, but always there was some evidence which Hard Rope could point out to prove that he was still holding on to it."

Just at sundown of a hard and wearisome day's march and some fifteen miles from where they first encountered this trail they came to a little stream of clear water bordered with a few scattered trees, and in the valley of this stream was the plain evidence of a recent camp ground of several lodges. This camp had not been abandoned over two weeks and sure enough, as the Indians had predicted, the trail from this camp led to the northward.

Next morning the order of march was carefully arranged. Hard Rope and Big Wildcat took the trail and led out a half-mile in front, followed by General Custer, Colonel Cook and the other Osage scouts under Little Beaver, the army bringing up the rear. This was done that the sharp eye of the Indian would always be in the lead and prevent any surprise on the part of the Cheyennes. That day the army passed three distinct camp grounds, showing that the army was traveling three times as fast as had the Cheyennes.

The trail from here became a broad one, over one hundred lodges being the estimate of the Osage. Little Beaver warned General Custer to be on his guard continually, for he said the Cheyenne ponies were weak and could make but a few miles a day, and as the Indians did not suspect they were being followed, the evidence showed they were deliberately moving toward a central point where the

entire tribe might be overtaken at any time.

The next day it rained nearly all day but the army made ten or twelve miles. Everything now indicated that the Cheyennes were but a day or two ahead. The army started at daybreak the next morning, Hard Rope and Big Wildcat taking the lead as usual and, while showing no fear of being in this advanced position their precaution was watched with admiration by the commanding general and his army. When they approached an elevation or a hill, one would hold the ponies while the other went forward on foot cautiously crawling to the crest and peering over. If all was clear in front he signaled his companion to bring on the ponies and they would ride forward.

About the middle of the afternoon of this day, Hard Rope, who was making a reconnoissance on foot to the top of a hill, was seen to drop close to the ground and hurry back to his pony which he mounted and came galloping back to General Custer. He said that a large drove of ponies in charge of herders was less than a mile away moving slowly down a little valley. He thought a great camp of Indians was near.

Custer sent Colonel Cook back to have the army close up and to bring forward a body of fifty troopers for personal protection to follow him. In company with the four Osage scouts and his Cheyenne interpreter Romeo, the General went immediately forward but they found nothing of the horses or Indians in the valley where Hard Rope had seen them. They had gone out of sight around a bend in the valley a mile below. Making for an elevation to the right of the valley to get a better view they saw an Indian's head appear above the hill and in a moment forty or fifty others. Riding a short distance ahead of his small guard, Custer signaled the Indians for a conference. One of them soon rode down to him and told him that Medicine Arrow the head chief of the Cheyennes, was but a short distance away. Custer sent him on ahead to inform Medicine Arrow of his presence and demanding a conference. This the chief at once granted, coming out to meet him on the way.

By this time Custer had been overtaken by Colonel Cook and the guard of troopers he had sent for. The army was just coming in sight some two miles away.

"How many men have you there?" asked Medicine Arrow, through the interpreter as he saw the army approaching.

"Fifteen hundred," answered General Custer, and the countenance of the Indian fell.

Medicine Arrow then invited General Custer to return with him to the village and the General, accompanied by his small body of troopers, rode into what proved to be the main village in which fully four thousand Cheyennes were gathered. Here a conference of an hour or more took place, the white men and Osage scouts keeping a sharp lookout for the white captive women they were sure were in this village.

Custer asked Medicine Arrow to select him a camp ground which the chief did, accompanying Custer to the spot. This camp ground was about three-quarters of a mile away, and wholly out of sight of the Cheyenne village—a very suspicious circumstance and with which the general was by no means pleased.

Medicine Arrow then said he would return to the village and that a little later on a large delegation of Cheyennes would call on the General and take supper with him and have a peace smoke.

After the departure of Medicine Arrow Custer asked the Osage if they had seen anything in the village to indicate that the white women were there. They answered in the negative, but Hard Rope said the women were there.

"Why do you think they are there?" asked Custer.

"Because the Cheyennes or part of them are fixing to run away. They may be gone now," answered Hard Rope.

The general himself was very suspicious. He had with him a Cheyenne Girl named *Mo-nah-see-tah*, the daughter of Chief Little Rock who was killed at the battle of the Washita and where the girl was made a prisoner. He brought her along thinking she might be of service and he told her he would restore her to her people. She was very bright and

had become much attached to the army. Therefore the general believed that she could tell him for a certainty if the captive women were in the camp. Telling her whose camp they had overtaken, he asked her if she knew whether or not the white women were in this camp.

"Yes," she answered, "this is the camp they are in and I will help you find them."

Soon the promised delegation of Cheyenne chiefs came into camp but Medicine Arrow was not among them. He had not said that he would come back but Custer expected him. There were fully a hundred in the party, however, and they partook of the feast spread with great relish and everything passed off pleasantly until it was pointed out to the General that one by one his guests were silently departing. This convinced the General that Hard Rope's statement was right and that the Cheyennes were again running away.

He decided that peaceful overtures were going to fail and that a bold stroke would be the only effective strategy. Therefore, while the troopers' bands were playing, he quietly notified his officers to rally around him one at a time so as to excite no suspicion on the part of the Indians. Meanwhile, the troops were notified to be ready for an emergency at a moment's warning.

When his men had placed themselves in position he indicated to them four chiefs whom they were to seize. As this was done pandemonium broke loose. For a few moments it seemed that a battle was inevitable. The younger men of the Cheyennes, numbering fifty or sixty persons, circled around their captured chiefs flourishing their weapons and demanding their release. Only for the fact that the chiefs themselves ordered their men not to fire, bloodshed would have been inevitable.

Custer's troops, especially the 19th Kansas, were as ready for a fight as were the young Indians, and only the command of the general himself prevented them from shooting into the howling bands of Indians surging around the captives. Soon the Indians began to break away a few at a time when they found the road open for escape. Evidently their impression at first was that they had been trapped

and were the victims of treachery. As soon as they had left and quite was restored, General Custer notified the chiefs that he knew of their design to run away and that he also knew they had in their possession two white women whose immediate release he demanded. He told them that he would hold them as hostages for the welfare of these women and that he would continue to hold them until the women were restored and the Cheyennes had made peace and returned to their reservation on the Washita.

The most influential one of them, Little Robe, he sent to bring in Medicine Arrow, telling Little Robe to return with him, as he would not again capture or hold him. Medicine Arrow refused to come but sent word back by Little Robe that if Custer would release the other chiefs they would talk about giving up the white women. This was the first admission that the Indians had the white women with them, and it was a great relief to Custer to know positively that they were there.

Meanwhile the Cheyenne camp had moved about ten miles down the Sweetwater. General Custer had notified them that if they undertook to move farther he would send the army after them, wisely concluding, however, that it was best to carry on peace negotiations at this distance and thus avoid the friction of too close proximity to the army.

Several days of parleying ensued with no result, when on the 21st day of March Custer decided to bring things to a crisis by a bold stroke. The son of one of the chiefs who was being held captive had come to see his father, and Custer seized this opportunity to send his ultimatum to Medicine Arrow, which was that unless the women were delivered safe to him by sundown the next day he would hang the three chiefs then in his possession. Early the next morning he began preparations for the hanging the three prisoners looking on with sad and dejected faces. Plainly they feared the women would not be given up. Great anxiety prevailed throughout the entire camp, for upon the result of this ultimatum hung the lives of the three chiefs and the welfare of the two white women and the probability of a terrible battle.

About four o'clock on the afternoon of the 22nd of March, 1869, the look-out at Custer's camp announced a single Indian had come into view on top of a hill in the direction of the Cheyenne camp. He seemed to stop and signal to someone behind him, and soon about twenty horsemen came into sight riding toward General Custer's camp. All eyes were turned on the band of horsemen. Custer took his field glass and stepped forward.

"I see two mounted on one horse. Can these be the women we seek?" said he.

All agreed that it must be so, and their hopes rose high at the prospect of their immediate release. Young Brewster who had been disarmed and kept under guard by Custer's orders to prevent his killing Cheyennes on sight and precipitating a fight, was now brought forward and allowed to stand by the general as the latter with field glass was viewing the approaching Indians.

"The two have dismounted and are coming on foot. One is much taller than the other," said Custer.

"That tall one must be my sister. Let me go to meet her," said Brewster.

"Not yet," said the general. But he told the officers of the 19th Kansas to ride forward and meet them and escort them in. But young Brewster, unable to longer restrain himself, broke away and reached the captive women about the same time the mounted officers did. Taking the taller of the two women in his arms, for she proved to be his sister, he told her the welcome news that her husband was not dead, but was in the hospital at Fort Hays where she would soon meet him.

Then the whole 19th Kansas pressed around General Custer and shook his hand and thanked him for his wisdom and foresight in restraining them from farther bloodshed on the Washita and for the heroic self sacrifice he had personally made to recover the captured relatives of their friends.

The Osage scouts too were thanked by the Kansas boys for the part they had played in the rescue, and the general himself said that to them much of the credit for the success of the expedition was due.

A STORY OF GEN. BANKS' FAMOUS RED RIVER CAMPAIGN

By CAPT. DAN WEBSTER

In the spring of 1864, General Banks, then commanding the Department of the Gulf, organized an expedition for the invasion of the upper Red river country adjacent to the Texas state line. Just what the object of this expedition was has never been satisfactorily explained, but it was supposed to be for the purpose of seizing a large quantity of cotton, and the manner in which he marched his army into the "enemy's country" showed conclusively that General Banks did not expect to fight or to receive any opposition from the enemy.

There was an immense wagon-train—wagons all empty—and that train was put in advance with small detachments of soldiers as guards. The result was a disastrous defeat when Dick Taylor and his army met them at or near Mansfield, Louisiana. It was intimated that an agreement had been entered into between Kirby Smith, the Confederate commander and General Banks that there was to be no fighting, but that Banks should only make a show of strength, seize the cotton, retreat with it, and then divide with the Confederate authorities. Be that as it may, Dick Taylor was evidently not let in on the deal or he was not satisfied with it, and when he saw the position in which the Federal army was placed, attacked it and threw it into confusion. The wagon drivers, being in advance, became panic stricken and in endeavoring to escape to the rear blocked the roads so that Burk's army of fighting men could get to the front only in small detachments which were captured as fast as they came up.

Banks' advance wagon train and practically all his artillery were captured and the army put to route toward Alexandria. A detachment of the 16th Corps under A. J. Smith came up in time to save any further depletion of the army.

A hurried call was sent to New Orleans for relief and was promptly complied with. The 1st Wisconsin Battery of Light Artillery, in which I was at that

time senior First Lieutenant, was in the city, and was at once ordered to proceed with other troops to the scene of action. We left New Orleans by boat on April 25, arrived at Alexandria on the 28th and at once debarked. The right section, of which I was in command, was the first to get on shore. Orders were to press forward as fast as possible so I did not wait for the whole battery to be unloaded before starting. (A section of artillery then consisted of two guns; now, under the new tactics, it consists of one gun.)

All was excitement and confusion in Alexandria. Banks' army was up the river five miles and expecting an attack from the enemy at any moment. Refugees were arriving by the hundreds, and with them reports of danger of the Union army not only being defeated, but captured entire. We were soon meeting refugees, white and black, and straggling soldiers who told us we might as well turn back as the whole army was coming. But we pressed on, hearing occasional artillery firing at the front. Sutlers were fleeing with the more valuable portions of their stocks, leaving, in their haste, the greater part of their goods to the tender mercies of the soldiers in the ranks. There were soldiers and citizens; old and young, white people and black people, men and women, people on foot and people on horseback, people in carriages and people in lumber wagons, there were trains of army wagons, loaded and unloaded, all intent upon making the greatest distance to the rear in the least possible time. One retreating captain told me that I would be ordered back if I went much farther. I replied that we were ordered to go to the front and that we were going there if we had to fight to get there, and continued to press forward. We passed piles of hay, grain and commissary stores burning to prevent their falling into the hands of the Confederates.

As we neared the front and came up to some of the regiments of our old

division of the 13th corps, who were also pressing forward, we were greeted by cheers and such expressions as: "There's the First Wisconsin Battrey, the rebles will catch hell now," "Go in, boys, we'll be at your backs in a minute," and many other encouraging remarks. We struck the rebel advance about twelve miles from Alexandria and found them using a battery of guns captured from the Chicago Mercantile Battery, against our forces. We at once came into battery and soon put them out of commission, notwithstanding we were in the open and the enemy was in the timber.

As our reinforcements came up the enemy withdrew and we took a much needed rest for a few hours. The ranks were no sooner broken for taking rest than a charge was made upon a band of sheep that were quietly feeding in an enclosure near by, and soon there was not a "messenger of defeat" among them. While still engaged in preparing the mutton for the table a rebel gun in the edge of the timber about a mile away fired several shots into our lines but did no damage. One shot from our battery, as expressed by an infantryman "knocked that rebel gun into a cocked hat."

The following morning I was directed by the Chief of Artillery to take charge of a detail and build works for temporary protection, and to use some cotton bales near by for that purpose. As the work was nearly completed an order was received from General Banks to use no cotton in the work and to take out all that had been put in. This did not add to the popularity of the General with the western boys a "little bit." But it so happened that protection was not required, for active hostilities were for the time suspended and Banks retreated to Alexandria, and directed his efforts toward getting the fleet over the rapids at that place.

The western troops were not slow in giving expression to their disrespect for General Banks, which was done by hissing or groaning when he passed by. On the other hand when General McClelland or General A. J. Smith passed by the air was full of hats and the welkin rang with cheers. This was the only

case wherein private soldiers "hissed" or showed other disrespect to a general officer within my hearing of four years in the army.

There were several valuable gunboats above the falls, or rapids, which had gone up when the water was high enough to carry them over the rocks, but the water had fallen to such an extent as to prevent their passage. It was feared that they might have to be destroyed to keep them out of the hands of the enemy. General Banks had consulted with his engineers, who were West Point graduates and considered competent to devise methods for all military operations but they could devise no means by which these boats could be saved. At this juncture Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Bailey of the 4th Wisconsin Infantry submitted a plan by which he thought the boats could be safely run over the falls. This plan was submitted to his engineers by General Banks, but they scouted the idea and called it the vision of a dreamer, or something to that effect. However, General Banks had not arrived at that stage of military perfection wherein it is held that all wisdom and knowledge was only to be found in a West Point graduate, and knowing that a failure in an attempt to save the boats was more commendable than their successful destruction without an effort to save them, gave Colonel Bailey permission to try his method and gave him all the men and available material he should require. Colonel Bailey was a lumberman from the Wisconsin river camps and he only put in operation a method well known to all raftsmen of the upper Mississippi valley, which was to build a wing dam in such a way as to confine the water to a narrow channel, thus raising it to a sufficient depth over the rapids to permit the boats to make the passage in safety. The result is a matter of history. The gunboats were saved by a practical western lumberman, unskilled in the art of engineering but well equipped with practical common sense.

While the work of building the dam was going on, the rank and file of the army had little to do but sit around their camp fires and discuss the situation, the object of the expedition, the manner in which

it had been conducted and the disaster which had befallen it. Here had been an army much superior in numbers to that of the enemy, marching through the enemy's country with an immense wagon train in front of the greater part of the fighting force, with here and there a small guard of armed men sandwiched among the wagons, until the column strung out like a snake in a water-pipe could not turn itself, was attacked by a much smaller force, thrown into confusion, routed and stampeded. The wagons, in attempting to reverse had so blocked the roads that the soldiers in the rear could not get to the front in time to save the small detachments already there from defeat and capture, and were themselves beaten back or taken prisoners as they arrived. Thus was the magnificent army of General Banks whipped in detail by a much smaller army.

The general opinion of the soldiers of that army concerning General Banks was tersely expressed by Bob Hodges, an Englishman and a member of the battery. The boys were discussing him one evening while Bob sat quietly smoking his pipe, seemingly indifferent to what was being said when he interrupted the conversation to remark: "General Banks may be a good statesman, but he is no war-ri-or."

Colonel Bailey was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General for his services in saving those gunboats. Soon after the war he went to Southwest Missouri, was elected sheriff of his county and while conducting a prisoner to jail was shot and killed.

On the 12th day of May the last boat passed safely over the dam, or through the chute caused by the dam, and the army faced to the rear and headed for the Mississippi river. The 19th army corps lead, General Franklin commanding, followed by detachments of the 16th and 17th corps commanded by General A. J. Smith, and a portion of the 13th corps under command of General Lawler and the cavalry division commanded by Brigadier General Arnold. In the meantime the gunboats moved down the river.

The retreat from Alexandria to the Mississippi river was one of the most tiresome and disagreeable I ever exper-

ienced. The weather was warm and the dust very fine and deep. There was but very little, if any air stirring and the dust would rise and mix with the air one breathed, in fact we literally ate, breathed and drank dust until we began to think the words "dust to dust" would cover our case completely. We were constantly on the move and yet always at a halt, at one time being 15 hours going ten miles. We were required to be in readiness to start at a moment's notice and after starting would not move a mile before another indefinite stop would be made. Men would have their coffee over the fire in hopes to have it boiled before starting only to be ordered to move on before the water was hot. At first, the water, coffee and all was thrown out but the boys got wise and would suspend their coffee kettles on poles and when ordered to march a man at each end of the pole would carry the kettle on to the next halting place, which in some instances would be less than 40 rods, when another fire would be started under it. By this method we were supplied with coffee to wash down the dust and the "hardtack." It was said that the wagon train alone was five miles in length and that it required more generalship to get that wagon train away than it did to get the army to a place of safety. It was rumored and believed by many that on the way up the river General Banks had given safety permits to all who claimed to be Union men, and that the first night on the retreat the column was fired upon from ambush which fire was returned by the soldiers, at random, and one man killed upon whose person was found one of those protection papers. Be this report true or false, the result was that the soldiers became so enraged that they began burning and destroying everything along the line of march.

A great many negro families left their homes and followed the army. Some of the saddest sights imaginable were there witnessed. Poor, sad and dejected, miserably clad and worse fed, with large families of small children, they were jostled about by the army as if they were cattle. Each family or group of families would have their wagon or train of wagons drawn by oxen, mules or ponies

and all animals so poor and emaciated that it seemed impossible for them to keep up with the procession without carrying or pulling anything. They were crowded out or crowded in just as the whim of some officer dictated. But they were very patient through it all, and seemed more than satisfied if they could feel assured that they could escape the Confederates and at the same time secure their own freedom.

Our route laid along the river to Fort DeRussey, thence to Symmport on the Atchafalaya river, which stream was crossed upon pontoons made of steamboats laid side by side so we could drive teams across from the bow of one to the bow of another. The Atchafalaya is the stream immortalized by the poet Longfellow, wherein Evangeline passes her lover, Basil, whom she, in company with the holy father is seeking, in the early morning. Its location is fittingly described by the poet as "the Garden of Louisiana." At one time, while crossing the Marksville prairie the whole

army was in view from one point, and it was a sight of a lifetime. The army was moving along in three parallel columns, and literally covered the prairie for miles.

During the retreat there was more or less skirmishing with the enemy who were following us up, hoping to capture more of our impedimenta, but we reached the Mississippi river at Morganza Bend, about forty miles above Port Hudson, and went into camp to await transportation to other and more profitable fields. The great cotton raid had ended in failure.

Editor's Note.—Captain Webster was honorably mentioned for the part his battery took at Arkansas Post in 1863. After the Red river campaign he was promoted to captain and was made chief of ordnance for the Department of the Southwest by General Hurlbut, with headquarters at New Orleans. He now lives at Salem, Oregon. Bailey's dam can still be seen at low stage of water just above Alexandria.



EVENING ON THE ARKANSAS

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun
And there follow'd some droppings of rain!

But now the fair traveler's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And fortels a bright rising again.

JIM CHASE'S WEDDING BOOTS

By Wah-sho-wah-galey

The history of the Osage since their removal to their present location is but a repetition of "history repeating itself" in the onward march of civilization. With this exception; as if by an invading army, at last they are overwhelmed, their final stand being made in this, the old reservation. And yet the ever restless spirit within, the longing for the old life, drives many an Osage to turn his eyes to the sunset, to other lands, dreaming that he may enter and there take up the old life; for to him the old days were the best days, before the echo of the voice of the invading hosts had reached the border. Even then surrounded like an island and the voices reaching his ears, as the roar of the surf, his hopes were still that the white man's will would not prevail. But in this, as in all past history of Indian tribes, he was doomed to disappointment, and whereas he saw, as if by magic, flourishing towns and cities spring up and surround the entire border of his land, he now sees the land itself, the very citadel, invaded and a beautiful and growing city established and other prosperous and growing towns on the old Reservation, on the very ground where formerly some of the brightest camp fires burned.

History is but repeating itself in the "survival of the fittest." In the early seventies the tribe were moved and the seventeen bands settled in villages; the Big Hills to the west under their head chiefs Joe Pawneopahshe, White Hair, Hard Rope and Tall Chief; the Big Chief, Clammore and Black Dog bands to the south on Hominy and tributary streams; the Beaver band on Bird creek and the Little Osages to the north on Big Caney, headed by Chetopah, Strike Axe and Nopawalla. Whether in camp or in making frequent visits from village to village they still enjoyed the free, unhampered life to the full.

The reservation at this time was full of game. Deer, wild turkey and prairie chicken were plentiful, while the streams were well stocked with fish, black bass

and other kinds. Fur bearing animals, such as beaver and otter were frequently caught with the trap. The annual buffalo hunt on the plains west of the Arkansas river, however, was the greatest feature, for it not only furnished the tribe with meat but from the robes they derived an income with which to buy flour, sugar, coffee and bacon and also to clothe himself and family—this being before the ration system had been adopted. Later on, three stations were located for this purpose, each in charge of a government employe where rations were regularly issued to the bands living in the immediate vicinity of each station. They were located one on the Hominy, on the site of the present town of that name, one on Salt creek, near the present town of Fairfax, and the third, the best known on account of it being more public than the others, was the Hickory station and was about midway between Coffeyville and the Agency, on the old trail.

It was a familiar sight to see "Leeper's Ox Train" with from ten to twenty yoke of oxen bringing in several trail wagons heavily loaded with supplies, slowly but surely covering the long stretch of road. There being no mail service, mail was sent out and brought in by freighters; but frequently mounted couriers were dispatched with important messages. Indian runners afoot were sometimes sent, the time and distance made by some of these runners seeming scarcely credible. In one instance an Indian was sent to overtake a party who had left for the State an hour before. This meant that he had covered from eight to ten miles; but the Indian overtook and delivered the message before the party had reached the station, twenty five miles distant. The Indian's explanation for preferring to travel afoot rather than mounted was "that a horse soon gets tired."

At a later day a regular mail service was established between Coffeyville and the Agency, with an uninterrupted ser-

vice up to the establishment of the present office, naming it Pawhuska, after White Hair, the chief.

The life of the pioneer and frontiersman is a simple but a real life. Unconscious of being a creator of history his daily life is filled nevertheless with acts which make history. Inured to hardship and privation he seeks no easier way out but "takes things as they come." Realizing no danger he knows no fear. Many a good story of the early days has gone unrecorded; many an adventure untold for the simple reason of their being of common occurrence and the participants not being in the recording business.

We have dug out of the misty past, however, an adventure which occurred on the trail. The facts are here; the names are real; and if any fiction has appeared in the telling, the actors have disappeared; and then the years that have passed might cause one's memory to "slip a cog" in telling what occurred over thirty-five years ago.

The hot July sun had appeared from behind the hills bordering Bird creek to the east of the Agency and was already beginning to cast an unusual degree of warmth at this early hour, when the government ambulance with one lone occupant was fast disappearing in a cloud of dust around the hill—now Kihekah avenue—on the first stretch of the long sixty-mile drive to the State, Coffeyville being the nearest railroad point. The government team with a long, swinging gait was fast covering the distance and familiar landmarks were quickly passed. Soldier, Sand Rock and Mission Creeks were soon left behind, and after reaching the ford at Big Caney the driver took it more leisurely on in to Hickory Station.

Being under President Grant's administration all Indian agencies were in charge of the Society of Friends. Peter Hobson was in charge of Hickory Station and this post was perhaps the most popular of all. At least the wayfaring man, bound either north or south was always highly elated when Hickory Station appeared in view, for he knew his hunger would soon be satisfied and his team well cared for.

The new arrival is greeted by his host and as soon as the team is cared for, dinner, prepared by his estimable wife and daughter, is announced. After an hour's rest the journey is resumed.

James Chase, chief clerk at the Agency, had urgent business calling him north; at least that was the reply to all inquiries made of Uncle Peter as to Chase's trip to the north. Always, with eyes twinkling, came the answer: "James has urgent business calling him north." But that he had made a confidant of Uncle Peter was not known and the mystery surrounding the "urgent business" trip was not cleared up until the sixty days furlough had expired and Chase had returned with his bride and again was a guest of Peter Hobson and family.

That such an important event occurring in a frontier post could be passed over without causing great commotion, goes without the saying. That any bachelor could slip away into civilization and return with his bride to the isolation of an Indian agency was taken as a good omen by the unmarried men in the service and no doubt rendered encouragement to them to go and do likewise.

Arrived at the Agency, a reception was given with feasting interspersed with speech making and toasts. One of the latter, a quaint old Quaker toast, came by mail from friends in the far north and is here entered as a matter of record:

"Here's to Thee
And Thy Folks,
From me and my Folks;
Sure there never was Folks,
Since Folks was Folks,
Ever loved any Folks,
Half as much as
Me and my Folks
Love Thee and Thy Folks."

But there was an incident in connection with the home-coming of James Chase which afforded quite as much talk up and down the trail, and far more excitement, than had the solving of the mystery of his "urgent business north," and that was the loss and recovery of "Jim Chase's Wedding Boots" and it came about in this way.

Chase had hired a livery rig and driver

at Coffeyville to bring himself and bride to the agency. The regular drivers all being out at the time a man by the name of Jim Burns was engaged for the trip. They drove to Hickory Station and put up for the night. When ready to continue their journey the following morning Chase could not find his boots which he remembered having left in the two-seated hack. These boots having been "made to order" were a "snug fit" and for greater comfort had been removed and exchanged for a pair of slippers upon arriving at the station. He reported his loss to Uncle Peter who promised to make further search for them and report later. It appears, however, that Uncle Peter's suspicions had been aroused by the action of Burns, the driver, though he said nothing at the time to Chase. During the night Uncle Peter had been wakened by the opening and closing of a door, this being repeated in about half-an hour. Burns occupied a cot in the front room and it was the outside door to this room which he was sure had been opened and closed.

After Chase had left for the Agency, Uncle Peter called on the clerk in charge of the Trading Store—a branch of the "old red store" at the Agency—and told of the loss of the boots and intimating that he believed Burns the driver had stolen and hidden them on the creek near the ford and would secure them on his way up the road the next day. He did not tell the clerk that he had been quietly doing a little detective work following up his own theory and that he had found foot-prints leading from the corral where the hack stood, to and returning from the edge of the timber bordering the creek where they were lost in the thick growth of underbrush, but continuing, he said: "Now if thee will take two trusty Indians on tomorrow when the driver is at dinner, stationing one at the ford and the other at the left and thee at the right where the road forks, and instruct the one at the ford to signal to thee should he see the driver place anything in his rig, I think we shall find the whereabouts of James Chase's boots."

At noon the following day Burns had returned, and he was seen shortly afterwards at the blacksmith shop having

his revolver repaired. In the meantime the clerk was preparing to carry out Uncle Peter's instructions of the day previous. A blanketed Osage was stationed at the ford; Twogiver, a mixed blood, took the left and the clerk the right hand road, the main road being divided after crossing the stream and coming together again on top of the rise from the valley, then extending north over a stretch of wide prairies. All kept well covered so as not to be seen.

Not fifty yards distant was a camp of Texans on their return from a northern cattle drive, forced to make a long detour to avoid the savage onslaughts being made on all travelers on the old Chisolm Trail; which series of raids finally culminated in the burning of a wagon train and the looting of the government supplies and massacre of Pat Hennessy.*

This body of Texans, consisting of twenty-five men, were all heavily armed with rifles and side arms. They were now indulging in a siesta after their noon-day meal, their camp outfit and saddles being strewn over the ground. From this point the road extended ribbon-like away to the north where it climbed the ridge forming the brakes of Coon creek. On top of this ridge, three miles away, could be seen a company of men with their teams and wagon on their return to the State, having been putting up hay for government use at the station.

Only a few minutes had passed when the watchers at the points of the road were startled by hearing a shrill "war whoop" given by the Indian at the ford. The echo was still reverberating far down the valley as Burns appeared on the right hand road driving furiously. A few short yelps from the Indian seemed to increase his desire to get away from the ford. As he gained the top of the hill and swung his team to the north each watcher gave him a passing salute by whooping and yelling and as the camp of Texans was passed they joined in the chorus, and there is no question but that Burns was thoroughly frightened. Emerging from the heavily timbered creek bottom to the open, apparently surrounded by a body of heavily armed and mounted cowboys, he no doubt thought he was trapped. He could still

be plainly seen, lashing his horses at every jump when Twogiver came in on the run and asked permission to overtake the haymakers, whose string of wagons could yet be seen on the ridge, and have them intercept Burns and secure the boots, for the Indian who now came up said he had seen him take them from behind a pile of drift ten yards from the crossing and hurriedly throw them into his hack.

Catching an Indian pony from the herd which fortunately was grazing close by, Twogiver mounted bareback and with a lariat for a bridle struck across the prairie on a right angle from the course Burns was taking. He soon covered the distance and overtook the haymakers. Ready for any emergency, this party of frontiersmen formed a line of battle across the road; the leader, armed with a shotgun, hailed Burns as he approached, his horses in a foam and badly winded, and demanded that he give up the boots. Burns pleaded that he was innocent of any theft and insisted that his hack be searched. This was done, but the boots were not found and he was allowed to proceed.

The party of Texans were much chagrined that they had not been informed of the cause of all the excitement in time to have stopped Burns in his flight, and immediately offered their services to help search the road that he had just

passed over. This was done, the mounted party, in open order, covering several yards of ground on each side of the road.

They had gone less than a mile when the boots were found in the bottom of a depression thirty feet from the road, Burns having thrown them away at the first opportunity.

They were forwarded to Chase by mail hack on its first trip south with the following note from Uncle Peter, who took advantage of the situation to have his own fun out of it at Chase's expense.

"Sometimes a little neglect may breed great mischief. The loss of thy boots has caused thee much anxiety and a great commotion has been raised in the finding of them. Being a man of 'urgent business' and of prudent care, thou wilt now promptly settle thy account."

Then followed an exaggerated account all out of proportion to the services rendered, including items for detective work and the hire of assistants including Indians, cowboys and friendly neighbors, all at unheard-of prices. The same mail that carried this message brought in the late papers from the State, and in the Coffeyville Journal the following notice appeared:

"James Burns, better known as 'Wichita Jim' who was the principal actor in the lively shooting scrape here last August has left for parts unknown."

* Pat Hennessy, famous freighter and frontier character will be the subject of a future sketch by this magazine.

Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;
Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day,
The stormy yowlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o'er earth the southern breezes play.



CAMPING WITH KIT CARSON

By Lieutenant Brewerton

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST MONTH]

This story was secured from an old book, printed in 1854, which is now out of print.—Ed.

The houses of Taos, like those of Los Angeles in California, are for the most part built of adobe, with walls of great thickness, the windows being narrow and strongly barred with iron rods, which, while they afford a greater degree of security to the residents in time of danger, give the place a gloomy, prison-like appearance, which is far from agreeable. In the arrangement of the interior of the dwellings, as well as the character of their furniture which they contain, the New Mexicans differ greatly from any of the Spanish race I have hitherto seen. The sides of their rooms are provided with huge rolls of *serapes* (a kind of coarse blanket, which forms one of their principal articles of trade with the adjoining provinces, being largely manufactured by the women of the country.) These rolls answer the double purpose of beds by night and lounges by day. With the exception of these changeable conveniences, the one apartment, which serves as kitchen, parlor and bedroom for a whole family, boasts no other moveables unless, indeed, some aristocratic "*rico*" indulges in the luxury of a bench or table fashioned of native wood, and so rudely carved and put together that it would have done no great credit to the skill of our friend Robinson Crusoe, if found in his island habitation.

Both rich and poor, however, agree in appropriating one end of their dwellings to a sort of family altar or chapel, where rude engravings of saints, images intended to represent the Savior or "*La Madre de Dios*," sacred relics, and consecrated rosaries, are displayed around a huge crucifix which occupies the center of the wall on that side of the apartment. These images, particularly upon high "*fiestas*" and holidays, are decked out by the females of the family with all sorts of tawdry ornaments; and on such occasions it is by no means uncommon to see a doll representing the Virgin Mary arrayed in a muslin frock, trimmed with

artificial roses, and festooned with ribbons of the gayest hues. Here and there are oil paintings, a worse copy of a bad picture, or, it may be, a veritable "Old Master" occupies the post of honor, and portrays saints, angels and demons in every improbable avocation. As an instance of the singularity of these productions, I need only to give an example of one of the ludicrous modes of depicting Scriptural history which came under my own observation.

In the "*casa*" of a New Mexican "*rico*" stands, or rather hangs, a picture which I was requested by the owner to examine. He remarked that it was held to be uncommonly handsome and valuable, withal. After some little difficulty, I managed to penetrate the veil of dust, varnish and asphaltum with which time and the picture cleaners had kindly shrouded it, and was rewarded for my trouble by the discovery that the artist (whose ideas upon perspective seemed somewhat celestial) had chosen for his subject the sacrifice of Isaac. Abraham—who stands upward of six feet, in a yellow uniform coat and striped blue pantaloons, with cavalry boots, spurs and mustaches to match—is about putting an end to Isaac (whose dress, with the exception of the mustaches is got up in nearly the same military style as that of the patriarch), by blowing out his brains with an old-fashioned blunderbuss, the muzzle of which is close to Isaac's right ear. The angel, however, has arrived just in the very nick of time; for as Abraham, with averted head, is pulling trigger, the celestial visitor discharges a torrent of water from a huge squirt directly into the priming of the gun, thereby saving the brains of the intended victim. As regards the coloring of this precious "work of art," I will only observe that it would probably, with a little smoking, bring a high price in the New York market as a most undoubted "original."

The concluding paragraphs of my Rock Mountain narrative chronicled the fact that my friend Carson had a wife who was then residing at Taos. Now it was evident that Kit felt disposed to linger by his own fireside to the last moment which duty would permit; and when we remembered the long and weary days of peril and fatigue which our adventurous mountaineer must necessarily undergo before revisiting his home, few of our lady readers will wonder at the wish, however strange it may appear to those unfortunate benedicts who have found the silken chains of matrimony grow heavier in the wearing. To carry out his design, it was mutually agreed that I should depart for Santa Fe with the greater number of our men, and there await the arrival of Carson, who, with fresher animals, proposed accomplishing the distance—upwards of seventy-five miles—in about one-third of the time which would be consumed by our tired and foot-sore beasts in reaching our destination.

It was a pleasant morning in the month of June, at about 10 o'clock, judging from the shadow of an old adobe church, which serves as a sort of town clock or sun-dial to the citizens of Taos, when I bade Kit a final good-by, with a hearty shake of the hand, and flung myself into the saddle and turned the face of my "little gray" and my own in consequence, toward that portion of our party who had already lessened the distance between themselves and "*La Ciudad de Santa Fe*" by a good Mexican league—which I take to be the longest in the world.

I had scarcely cleared the town by a couple of miles, when while jogging soberly along with a greater feeling of security than I had hitherto experienced during my recent travel, I made my mule's laziness an excuse for relapsing into my old habit of day-dreaming; for the better enjoyment of which I got an easy position in the saddle, at the same time loosening the reins. It was not long—counting by minutes—before my sagacious "little gray" discovered that she could loiter for the time being, with impunity. Having settled this fact to her own satisfaction, she next proceeded to slacken her gait from a dead march to a shuffle

and finally halted outright to devote herself to a more profitable discussion of the grasses fringing the roadside below, with her master, "chewing at the cud of sweet or bitter fancy" above. We might have passed half an hour in this stationary way, the mule botanizing and I ruminating, when, just as I had finished peopleing a little imaginary world of my own, I found myself "brought up all standing" nautically speaking, by the sudden report of an *escopeta* fired by some unseen hand from the thicket-skirted bluff overhead; which, coupled with the sharp whiz of a ball within anything but a pleasant proximity to my right ear, astonished me not a little. But the voyageur through the wilds of the Far West soon learns to think and act promptly and my two months upon the road had already given me some slight experience; so without waiting for a verbal explanation, I sent a ball and half a dozen buckshot to the probable whereabouts of my unknown antagonist; and then, finding myself contending single-handed with an ambushed enemy, and considering the chances of a fight under existing circumstances decidedly hazardous, I plied whip and spur with right good will until my "little gray" brought me safely up to the rear guard of our party. Upon relating my adventure, our mountaineers "allowed that a greaser wanted to raise my ha'r;" which, being translated into plain English, signifies that I had that day served as a target for some prowling Mexican.

In traversing the old road between Taos and Santa Fe, the eye of the traveler is oftentimes arrested by rude wooden crosses half imbedded in stone-heaps. These crosses mark the spot where some one has been murdered by hostile Indians or by the equally formidable lardrones—as the banditti of Mexico are usually called. The stone heaps which encircle the base of these rude structures are, as I am told, accumulated by a custom of the country which requires each Mexican who passes them to add a stone to the pile already gathered, and mutter a prayer for the repose of those who slumber so dreamlessly below. If the frequent recurrence of these sad memorials of crime be taken as a proof, the number

of persons who die a violent death in New Mexico must be very great.

It was nearly sunset, when the close of our first day's travel brought us to the banks of a clear but rapid brook, which wound its way through the narrow street of a little Mexican village, where we encamped, and while still engaged in removing the saddles from our weary beasts, we received a deputation of the inhabitants, who sent a fair representation, in the shape of some half a dozen *senoritas*, who brought eggs, goats' milk, and tortillas—the sum total of the products of the place. Each and all of these they were willing to dispose of to their "*amijos, los Americanos*," for a pecuniary consideration. But as their "American friends" were just then decidedly deficient in funds—five dollars being a large estimate of the amount of "circulating medium" in the hands of our party—and, moreover, as we confidently expected that the same state of things would continue until relieved by the paymaster, their traffic prospered poorly.

But our inability to trade seemed in no wise to lessen their sociability, for our visitors continued to come in until every man, woman and child in the rancho favored us with their company. Among others, the village priest figured most conspicuously, and, from his clerical dress, to say nothing of his ample rotundity of figure, attracted no small share of my attention. Were I to attempt a description of Father Ignatio, I should say that his style, though peculiar, was not unlike that of Saint Nicholas of Christmas holiday memory, for

"He had a little round chin, and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly."

Indeed, I am inclined to suspect that the worthy priest was a man of the world, who loved better to gather life's roses than to enjoy its thorns; preferring a good dinner and a long afternoon siesta with other carnal enjoyments, to the performance of a penance or the keeping of a fast.

By nightfall our camp would have furnished a rich subject for Wouwerman's pencil, as the wildest looking figures

flitted to and fro; now strongly marked and standing out in bold relief against the ruddy glare of the firelight, and then growing dim and shadowy withal as they retired into the gloom. We were a motley crowd withal—here a blanket-covered Mexican, with his gaudy *serape* and broad brimmed sombrero, and there a "Mountain man" who, with his patched and weather-stained hunting shirt, long hair, and matted beard, looked quite as uncouth in our own fantastic garb; while at intervals amid the throng laughed a bevy of dark-eyed *senoritas*, with flowing hair and coquettish scarlet petticoat, just long enough to display a taper foot and faultless ankle; who chattered and smoked their tiny cigaritos with a *sang froid* and freedom from restraint which would have rivaled even the assurance of our fashionable belles. And now, though it be a digression, permit me to say that I like the style of these same daughters of Mexico. There is little of the affected fine lady about them, it is true. They are nothing more nor less than women; and better still, woman as she comes from the Creator's hands, with eyes, teeth, hair, and figures—aye and for that matter hearts too, occasionally—founded upon the very best models—Dame Nature's own. In a word, they are women unstayed and unpadded, who have gained nothing from conventionalism, and have grown up to their full estate in blissful ignorance of a milliner's modes.

As I stood gazing upon the busy scene, thinking to myself that it would have seemed passing strange to some of my polished city friends, I was interrupted in my meditations by the fat fingers and unctuous voice of Father Ignatio, who tapped me upon the shoulder, at the same time whispering an invitation to drink a quiet glass of *aguardiente* with him at his own particular sanctum which stood, as its jovial occupant kindly observed to me, at no great distance from our camp near the end of the *calle*.

I have hinted that the friar was a "jolly dog." I will now go farther, and declare that his notion of a supper—a supper for two—was, to a man who had spent twelve hours in the saddle, by no means a bad one. True, we lacked

deviled turkey and oysters; but the chocolate, and the omelette, and "hotch-potch" savoring strongly of red peppers—prepared, as my reverend host assured me with an indescribable roll of his eye, by one of the prettiest ninas in the village—proved rather appetizing; nor was this by any means the ultimatum of the feast, for, with a sly glance from the window to discover if any prying loiterer was near, not (as the good father explained to me) "for fear of scandal, for a Mexican priest—*gracias a Dios*" (here the old sinner smacked his lips), "did pretty much as he pleased;" but lest some thirsty neighbor should drop in to share the liquor—my host unlocked a hidden closet in the wall and brought forth a weighty flask whose cobwebbed sides and well sealed mouth gave fair promise of a good thing to come. The padre's Bardolphian nose grew a shade rosier as he uncorked it; and his little black eyes fairly twinkled as, with a laudable desire to prevent mistakes, he carried it to his lips.

"To your good health, my son; may you live a thousand years," said the priest, as, after a preparatory dusting, he proceeded to test its contents.

I watched my reverend friend's movements with some degree of anxiety; for the receptacle, large as it was, was well tilted ere, with a long-drawn sigh and a look of regret, he lowered it to pass it to his guest.

And now, though the "Brick Lane Branch of the Grand Junction United Ebenezer Temperance Society" stood in the breach and forbade its utterance, I will say that friar was most assuredly a trump; for the flask, instead of containing the execrable *aguardiente* of the country as my first invitation had led me to suspect, was fragrant of as fine old Cognac as ever slumbered in the cellar of a gouty peer.

But "enough is as good as a feast" and as I did not desire to follow too strictly the example of my reverend friend, who took his liquor in its primitive state, I poured a portion into a little tin "convanieney" which usually accompanied me upon my travels, and having added an equal quantity of weaker beverage, drank, with all the ceremony which the gravity of our acquaintance-

ship demanded, to his Church, and its worthy representative. The ice being now fairly broken, the friar came out gloriously and told more good stories than my limited stock of Spanish would enable me to appreciate.

I have a recollection of assisting him some time after midnight in the performance of *La Ponchada*, the national air of Mexico, when, being a firm believer in the virtues of temperance and sobriety and finding that my new friend was in a fair way to make a night of it, I rose, and plead my long day's march as an apology for so early a leave-taking—to the necessity of which the Padre reluctantly assented, at the same time proffering his services to see me safe home (he had drank thrice to my once), an offer which the unsteadiness of his legs might have interfered with his fulfilling.

Had the Padre been wise, he would most certainly have followed my example. But, so far from seeking repose, I caught, as I walked down to my camp, a glimpse of the reverend man as he passed between the window and the light, with the bottle clasped lovingly on one hand, while the other kept time to the chorus of melody, which so far as I could judge, savored more of punch than prelacy.

I must not forget to remark that the Padre's assistant (a little dried-up Mexican, the very antipodes of the priest) said something in the morning of a sound like that of a person dancing in the Father's room near day break. But the latter clause must have been a scandal. At all events, his reverence professed himself unable to account for it, unless, indeed it might have been "a deception of the author of all evil, who was ever on the watch to take advantage, by interrupting the devotions of a Christian like himself." I give the priest's explanation in his own words; and for my opinion in the matter, I can only say that I should be sorry to differ with him in a thing of so trivial importance.

We were up betimes on the ensuing day; but as I felt, after my vestry supper, by no means anxious to hasten our departure, it was fully ten o'clock ere we had repacked the mules and were once more ready for the road.

The bill of fare at breakfast was—

thanks to the kindness of my reverend friend the Padre, who came down to share it—considerably improved by the addition of some of the odds and ends of last night's entertainment, to say nothing of half a gallon of goat's milk, and a couple of dozen new-laid eggs, sent in by "particular request." And then, for pleasant company and instructive conversation to season it, I will back the jovial friar (who looked as rosy and good-humored as if there were no such sins as old brandy and midnight revels in his decalogue) against any six-bottle parson in all Christendom, the English fox-hunting districts to the contrary notwithstanding. Long life, say I, to jolly Father Ignacio, wherever he may be.

But everything comes to an end at last in this sublunary sphere, and so did our breakfast, and with it my acquaintance with the priest, who showered upon me every blessing of the Church as he stood by the wayside upon that memorable morning, with his bald pate shining pleasantly, like a mirror in the sun, waving his clerical sombrero in the air, and shouting lustily after me until a sudden turning of the road hid our party from his view and separated us forever.

Our journey for the day was marked by no particular incident, except that many of our mules showed symptoms of giving out, and even my indefatigable little gray, who had borne up amid all the privations of hard travel and short rations, threatened momentarily to drop down upon the road. But as we expected to reach Santa Fe upon the evening of the morrow, we felt anything but despondent; and good stories, sly jokes and pleasant allusions to our adventures by the way seemed the occupation of all.

Having completed our allotted distance, we encamped for the night at a rancho where a Mexican "Alcalde"—a very different sort of person from my friend the priest—gave me a crusty invitation to supper, and nearly compassed the destruction of my digestive organs through the medium of overdone eggs and raw *aguardiente*. I was the gainer, however, by his surliness, for it induced

me to make a virtue of necessity and retire at a seasonable hour. As I pronounced a benediction upon the servant of the Church, so will I record my malediction against the representative of the civil authority. That he may fall a victim to the miseries of his own society is the very worst evil which I could wish Senor Alcalde Don Antonio Guerrara.

Our start upon the third and, we hoped final day's travel between Taos and Santa Fe, was an early one. It was just sunrise by the luminary in question; not to mention an authority, which, as threatening clouds were darkening the eastern horizon, might have been considered an equally reliable sign. I refer to the Alcalde's chicken-yard, a preserve well stocked with fowls, as I am inclined to suspect my unscrupulous follower Juan had ascertained during the night, or else whence came the raw material for the stew on which we breakfasted? Perchance it was an inquiry after one of his missing family that induced an old rooster, of corpulent dimensions and pompously martial air, to assume so elevated a position upon the posts of the corral, and vociferate his peculiar reveille so noisily as our party filed into the main road. Let me advise the reader if he should ever become a traveler in the provinces of Mexico, to instruct his servant in the art of foraging; for if he prove an adpet, it shall be well for his master, who might otherwise go supperless to bed. To do my "treasure" justice, he was no fool, at least in that respect.

By noon we had reached a Mexican village, where, as Little Gray, my "ultimatum" in the way of transportation, was now upon her last legs, being scarcely able to carry herself, to say nothing of a rider, I concluded to tarry and dine, intending to push on and overtake the party, or at all events, reach Santa Fe that night. I must confess that I was not a little influenced in this determination by the bright eyes of two new-made acquaintances—very pretty *senoritas* who in obedience to the order of their pap (Don Alphabet I shall call him, for his names seemed legion), were then busily engaged in cooking choice specimens of the usual products of the country—

eggs, kid, and goat's milk. Apropos to which, it appeared to me, in traversing New Mexico, that the bill of fare in this primitive region would have suited Alexander Selkirk admirably; for to that hard-headed animal, the goat, the New Mexicans are indebted not only for their food and bedding, but occasionally for the very raiment which they wear. Having finished my repast, which I took sitting *a la Turque*, using my hunting knife and those yet earlier inventions, the fingers, as a substitute for the ordinary table implements, I lit a cigar, the sole survivor of a treasured few; and with the aid of a huge roll of *serapes* by the way of a lounge, and the Don's amiable daughters for society, I smoked and complimented the young ladies in bad Spanish, thus passing the time until siesta in a highly satisfactory manner. This same siesta—which, by the way, in plain English means an afternoon nap—was a luxury which I had been wise to have omitted; for I slumbered so soundly that it was not until the lengthening shadows betokened the sinking of the sun that I recollected the weary leagues between myself and Santa Fe yet to be accomplished. Then, with somewhat of reluctance I ordered out my mule, who had been dining in the corral, and now came most unwillingly to the door. Upon offering money for the attention which I had received, it was much to my surprise and for the first time in my campaigning experience, declined by my host. So I had no alternative but to make my “*adios*” adding a “*mille gracias*”—thousand thanks—as a receipt in full.

Once upon the road, I experienced so much of that chilly, uncomfortable feeling which is connected with a departure from pleasant quarters, and the undertaking of a long and lonely ride, that I determined to shorten its duration if it were possible, and with this intention halted to consult a peasant who was lazily working upon one of the numerous irrigating ditches which are the inseparable assistants of New Mexican agriculture. This fellow, upon understanding that I was in haste, recommended “*el señor*” to take a certain by-road which he pointed out, assuring me that it would be the nearest by more than a league.

It was an evil hour that I listened to his advice, and departed from the beaten track to follow an almost unused bridle path, which the gathering shadows of evening rendered yet more indistinct. But, buoyed up by the hopeful anticipations of rest, and a gay time at Santa Fe, I kept jogging on while daylight and twilight, and the pale radiance of a cloudless moon worked their changes in the aspect of earth and sky; changes which succeeded each other with a rapidity best accounted for by my own impatience and the solitary weariness of the way. By midnight I had become a firm believer in three conclusions: First, that I was lost. Secondly, that “Little Gray” and myself were exceedingly tired and hungry withal. And thirdly, that the sooner we made camp the better. In accordance with this determination, I halted at the first pool of water, relieved my weary mule of her saddle and bridle, fastened the end of the reata round her neck, though there was no particular fear of her stampeding, as she was, in mountain parlance, “pretty much give out,” and then, with the rope twisted round my arm, for want of a better picket pin, I laid down to sleep, having my saddle for a pillow, and a sandy piece of soil—I always prefer that kind of ground—for a mattress. How gloriously I rested that night! You may talk of your sound sleepers on feather-beds in well-ceiled chambers, you city-bred people who fancy you are enjoying robust health, and slumber like dormice! What do you know of “Nature's sweet restorer?” Why, I would not give one hour of that dreamless repose beneath the open sky, with the star-lit heavens above, and the pure night winds as they come surging over the dew-laden grasses—or, perchance, in lieu of these, a whispering of pattering leaves for a lullaby, and the dim forms of bending foliage, waving to and fro like gigantic plumes, until the whole grows shadowy and ghostlike as it fades with increasing drowsiness, for all your feverish visions, born of indigestion and an impure atmosphere.

The sun was at least an hour high ere his beams had gained sufficient strength to recall me to the realities of this waking world, among the first of which I realized,

as affecting myself personally, the facts that I had neither supped nor breakfasted and, what was worse, stood little chance of doing either until my arrival in Santa Fe. Now, as one idea generally suggests another, this latter question brought me very naturally to the question, where was Santa Fe? Was I in the right road or in the wrong? Or, which seemed quite as likely—in no road at all? Should I retrace my steps or continue on? All very proper queries, but somewhat difficult to answer, for the best of reasons—that I was very much in the dark myself. I had pondered these matters without arriving at any better result than a more intense degree of mystification, when, just as if to solve them all, down came a couple of Mexican wood-cutters, with a little drove of “burros,” alias jackasses, some of which were laden with wood to an extent which left only their heads and tails visible, while others trotted loose, with but a saddle upon their backs.

Having my mule ready for a start, I mounted and rode down to the pool, where the new-comers, both bipeds and quadrupeds were then watering. Upon reaching the place, I first gave my mule a drink, and then advanced to exchange the usual good morning, determined to obtain what information I wished, and, at the same time impart as little as I conveniently could to my new acquaintances. But a Mexican is a shrewd talker, and in this particular instance, they out-Yankeed me completely; for in ten minutes time I had learned no more than I had guessed at first—that they were wood-cutters going to Santa Fe with their cargo; while they had discovered that I was an American—a stranger in a strange country—and was badly lost to boot. As these people purposed taking a short cut, or what they called a “*camino cerca*”—near road—though I would have defied any but themselves or an Indian to have followed it, I concluded to bear them company; the more so as the elder of the two was a curiosity in his way, with a spice of humor in his composition, which exhibited itself in the caustic speeches which this dried up little anatomy jerked out occasionally, generally concluding a remark by the personal application of a pointed stick to the ribs

of his donkey, which never failed to call forth an indignant remonstrance from the injured beast. As we journeyed on in great good fellowship, I tried to beguile the tediousness of the way, which was just then leading us through a most uninteresting region, by arguing the question of Roman Catholicism, I found the old fellow excellently disposed to agree with me; for the money, “which, with the assistance of Saint Joseph, he expected to receive for his cargo, would, *valga me Dios*, be all expended upon his return in the payment of a certain debt, due for religious services and indulgences which he had obtained from the village priest, who would, most probably,” (added my informant, with a terrible punch of his burro’s back, who resented the blow instantaneously, by kicking out with a vigor which nearly dislodged its rider,) “spend it at the Monte bank, or lose it at the cock-fights after mass on Sunday afternoon.”

While traveling thus, I could not but fancy that a schoolboy fresh from the wonders of the “Arabian Nights” would have likened my companions to Ali Baba and his son, and myself, perhaps, to the Captain of the Robbers. Even I, with no great exercise of my ideality, almost expected that some rock would appear before which we would stand and cry: “Open Sesame.” But my recollections of “Morgiana” and the “Forty Thieves” vanished most suddenly as “Little Gray” fairly “gave out” at last, came heavily down, almost pitching me over her head in so doing. Upon removing the saddle, I discovered that, at the best, I could only hope she could be driven along barebacked until we reached Santa Fe; and as her carrying weight was a thing impossible, I was fain to charter a jackass (which, for a consideration, Ali Baba—for so I shall call him—made over to me for my sole use and benefit), by renting him for the next fifteen miles. So, without more ado, I shifted “Gray’s” saddle to the burro, an ill-tempered, obstinate little brute. Having by a great reduction of the girths, got the saddle upon the creature’s back, where it appeared by comparison large enough for an elephant, I then attempted to bridle it—a proceeding which called forth, so

far as the jackass could exhibit it, an unqualified expression of disapprobation and astonishment from the assembled drove, who brayed in concert; whereupon the animal more particularly interested, as though this flourish of trumpets had been intended as a signal, locked his jaws with a tenacity which defied my utmost efforts to uncloset them. Ali Baba, who had hitherto been a quiet looker-on, now dismounted, and explained to me that jackasses were an exception to all rules, being saddled, but not bridled.

"But how," queried I, "am I to guide him?"

"Nothing easier," was the reply. "You only have to use one of these:" here he exhibited a stick of hard wood some two feet in length, and sharply pointed at one end.

As I was still quite in the dark in the manner of employing it, I took a few lessons in donkey-driving from Ali Baba, who gave me the following rules for my guidance, which I alas, in my stupidity, reversed in their practical application, thereby getting into difficulties, as the sequel will show.

Firstly, I was to turn the donkey to the right by placing the stick before his left eye, the right optic being covered when he was required to go in the opposite direction. Secondly, to stop the animal, I was to wave the stick before his eyes; while to urge him forward, it was only necessary to punch him vigorously about the head and shoulders with the pointed end of my rod.

Determined to carry out my instructions to the letter, I got under way with the remaining quadrupeds, and Little Gray in front, while Ali Baba and his son brought up the rear of the party. For the first mile or two I got along remarkably well. But then my evil fortune took the ascendant; for, having a slight misunderstanding with my jackass, who had thought fit to take advantage of my inexperience by doing pretty much as he pleased, I used my pointed stick to such good purpose that the brute made off with a rapidity which fairly astonished me, and disgusted Ali Baba, who, in the innocence of his heart, imagined that I desired to run away with his property.

Having hailed me, under the influence of this supposition, in no very complimentary terms which softened into a piteous entreaty as they discovered that I was increasing my speed, both father and son joined in the pursuit of what they appeared to consider a sort of American freebooter absconding with felonious intent. I was in a passion, of course. The idea was too preposterous—a lieutenant of infantry eloping with a jackass. But my mirth soon overcame my rage. It was a scene which would have excited the risibles of a stoic. Just picture it to yourself. Fancy a young man some six feet high, dressed in buckskin, with long hair streaming in the wind, and mounted upon a stiff-necked and rebellious burro who rushed insanely on, carrying his rider, *nolens volens* into the thickest part of the pine woods fringing an abrupt hillside.

Verily, it was a steeple chase, and over the roughest kind of a country at that—a race in which I should have come off winner or broken my neck, if it had not rather abruptly terminated by my motive power getting into a sand heap, where I came to anchor very ingeniously by planting both feet, which my long legs and the burro's short ones rendered an easy matter, in the sand. Here I was speedily overtaken by my pursuers, whose ardor, now that the chase was ended, seemed greatly cooled. Mutual explanations having satisfied all parties, except the "burro's," that it was entirely a mistake on their part, and ignorance of the art of jackass driving on mine, we once more pursued our way; though I deemed it most prudent to keep within hailing distance of Ali Baba, whose experience might prove useful in case of another stampede.

It was not far from noon when, as we emerged from the pine-clad hills, I beheld for the first time our long desired haven, "*La Ciudad de Santa Fe*." Impatient to get forward, I persuaded my companions to urge on their "burros" until, by the vigorous exercise of their sharp sticks, they had succeeded in punching them into a steady trot, which soon brought us to the outskirts of the town, and ended our journey at last.

(CONCLUDED)



What by Carson and his voyageurs would have been considered a climax in air castle building, will now soon give way to massive and time-defying concrete arches and ribbon-like roadways.



Mrs. Julia Dunham and Her Youngest Daughter Miss Junia Dunham

"The Mother of Oklahoma City" who, with her five children braved the solitude and saw the marshy land spring as if by magic into a city of five thousand people within a single night, while the moaning curlew and the heron flew silently from their ancient feeding grounds as the white tents and rough shacks rushed into view—strange notes of civilization in the southwest prairie land.

"In the first election ever held in Oklahoma City a number of women voted by common consent. There was little, if any law. Before the organization of the territorial government there were only two crimes in the category, one was selling whiskey and the other—really I don't remember just what it was. No, it wasn't murder, that was common and little regarded."

"Was it horse stealing?"

"No, there was no special law against that."

"In the first city election most any one could vote, so they let us women in. There were two candidates for mayor and after the election was over somebody announced that Captian Couch was elected—and it was so. I had voted

for him myself and so was satisfied to ask no questions.

"He was a sort of Chairman of Vigilance Committee and I am afraid was prone to represent the 'interests of the few' to the neglect of the masses and the weaker ones.

"Judge Violet held a court that the boys usually characterized as a 'kangaroo court' and ridiculed its decisions and rulings. I don't know what his source of authority was, or if he really had any authority.

"But there were so many good people and so many nice things along with all the bad that after all it was a grand experience—and out of it all grew law and our beautiful city of today."

OKLAHOMA WOMAN SUFFRAGE

By Ida Porter Boyer

While Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amidst this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

—Robert Burns.

The great wave of civic righteousness which makes for the betterment of human kind demands for its means of expression and attainment the newer ideals of governmental power. We are no longer a government relying on force of arms to further human opportunity, but we have evolved a modern conception of statecraft which has for its ultimate motive the highest development, happiness, and possibilities of material and spiritual environment of the entire human family.

A "government by the people" is still the unattained height of political perfection. We have persistently clung to the frayed and inadequate tenets of monarchical rule. The very broadest concepts of our government have never enlarged beyond the suffrage for one sex only. A man monarchy with women for subjects can by no possible logic be interpreted as a "government by the people." The consent of the governed is the basic principle of true democracy. Therefore, since women are governed, their consent is a just and essential factor in administrative affairs.

Oklahoma women, animated by civic patriotism, and an intelligent grasp of public necessities, have taken advanced steps toward securing a voice in effecting good government and proper environment for their children and homes.

Fathers and mothers in council for the welfare of the State is the aim of the Oklahoma Woman Suffrage Association.

Recognizing the opportunity of the Initiative and Referendum law as a means of Constitutional amendment, the woman suffragists have filed a petition bearing 38,583 signatures of qualified voters, asking that the question of woman suffrage be submitted to the

voters of the state at the next special or general election. The labor of securing the names required on this petition is a revelation of the earnest desire of Oklahoma women for enfranchisement. In all history no class of people has shown such sincere ardor for the suffrage, nor been required to put forth such vigorous efforts to secure the ballot. All extensions of the suffrage to men have been made from motives of expediency or partisan profit. The woman's struggle for political existence is the only one based on the plea of justice and is the only plea that has no argument in refutation.



MRS. KATE H. BIGGERS.

Foremost in the battle for woman's liberty is Mrs. Kate H. Biggers, of Marlow. Mrs. Biggers has served several terms as president of the Oklahoma Woman Suffrage Association, and is a woman of wide culture, club experience and sagacity. To a sweet and winning personality she unites many literary and domestic accomplishments. As an all-round woman Mrs. Biggers typifies the ideal wife, companionable and home making; the kindly neighbor; the intelligent club member; the loyal friend and the patriotic citizen. Her farm home is hospitably open to all who come for succor, advice or shelter. In all her efforts she is ably seconded and assisted by a husband whose devotion to her principles and her stand for liberty parallel her own.



MRS. ADELIA C. STEPHENS

Mrs. Adelia C. Stephens is a resident of Oklahoma City. Undaunted by the heat of summer, the sand-storms, or the cold winds, Mrs. Stephens diligently worked for the success of the Initiative petition. With a beautiful spirit of consecration she devoted her energy, her tact and gracious attributes to the emancipation of Oklahoma women, with no remuneration save that which comes from a knowledge of being a standard-bearer in the human uplift.

The business qualifications of Mrs.

Anna Laskey of Oklahoma City have been directed with excellent effect in behalf of the woman suffrage movement. It has been largely through her initiative that the interest of the suffrage association has never flagged. Her early years have been spent in farming communities and she properly takes her stand as one of the pioneer women of Oklahoma; one of the persistent, energetic women who have helped to lay the foundations of the lusty new state.



MRS. ANNA LASKEY

Mrs. Julia Dunham may justly claim the title of "Mother of Oklahoma City." Her arrival in Oklahoma antedates the famous "opening" days. Years ago, when the site of Oklahoma City was a marshy watering station, Mrs. Dunham's oldest son was appointed station-agent and the mother, with her family of five children, braved the solitude and lived in the little apartments adjoining the station. She saw the marshy land spring as if by magic, into a city of five thousand population in a single night, while the moaning curlew and heron flew silently from their ancient feeding grounds as the white tents and rough shacks rushed into view, strange notes of civilization in the southwest prairie-land. In the hastily framed government which was

formed, justice and democracy were the conspicuous features, and Mrs. Dunham together with the newly-arrived women were recognized as of equal importance with men, and participated in the elections which followed. Mrs. Dunham's vote was cast for Mayor Couch, an act which she has never regretted.

Dr. Ruth A. Gay is the dynamo which has impelled the organization machinery of the suffrage association. Her absorbing labors in securing and preparing the huge petition have been commented upon in admiration by those who know how quietly yet effectively Dr. Gay has carried on this work in addition to caring for her large medical practice. Dr. Gay is a graduate of Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, and of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



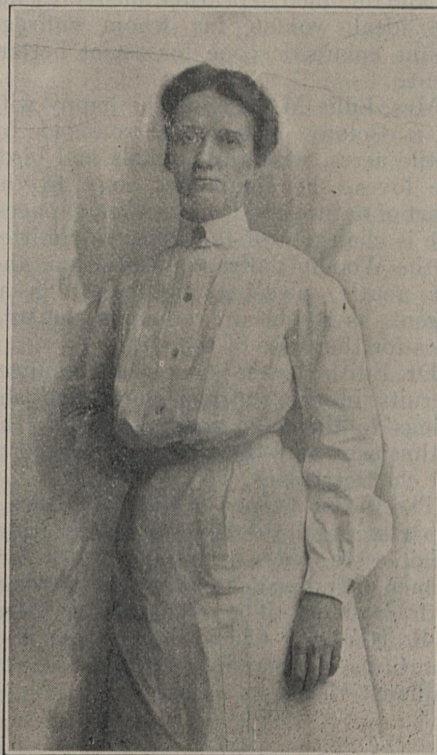
MRS. JULIA L. WOODWORTH

Mrs. Julia L. Woodworth is another fine example of the woman who can successfully combat the varied conditions and emergencies which fall to the lot of the woman who can "do things." Her grasp of intellectual subjects, joined to a practical mind and kindly heart, make her one of Oklahoma City's well-known and respected residents. She was one of the prominent business women of her city, but is now retired from active

business life and is engaged in philanthropic and reform work.

Mrs. Jence C. Feuquay, of Chandler is another woman who has stood bravely by the side of her husband in the trying experiences which come to those who take up life in the undeveloped country. Like all suffragists, Mrs. Feuquay has always been the tried and trusted partner in the matrimonial firm. Courageous, frank, and self-reliant, her practical qualities and splendid judgment are always at the service of the woman suffrage cause.

Mrs. J. A. Burt is the type of the devoted, home-loving woman who believes in the ballot for woman as the means of the highest expression for moral influence in a community. Her gentleness and sweetness are a beautiful illustration of the wife and mother who aspires to a perfect equality in the family of the home, as well as in the collective family of the State.



MISS ELIZABETH C. O'DONNELL

Foremost in the tuberculous work instituted in Oklahoma, stands Miss Elizabeth C. O'Donnell formerly superintendent of the Tuberculous Sanatorium of Scranton, Pennsylvania. She ranks prominently as an authority among the women who are identified in the white plague movement. Miss O'Donnell has had a practical and technical training among tuberculous sufferers and this experience gives her opinions value beyond the theories of many who have zealously enlisted to aid in stamping out this menacing disease. To Miss O'Donnell the ballot in the hands of interested women means advanced state and municipal legislation for the health and sanitation of the public.

Mrs. Elizabeth Redfield of Crescent can best be described as the kind of woman who sees opportunity for good in all situations and can promptly proceed to extract that good. Brimful of force and capability, she is quick to act, and her decisions are accurate. Quiet, modest and dignified in bearing, she represents the ideal woman for whom suffrage means enlarged scope for social betterment.

Mrs. Lillie M. Allen is the happy wife of a Colony farmer. Surrounded by fertile acres, with the animals and birds she loves, she communes close to the heart of nature and learns its many pages. She is chairman of the Press Committee of the Woman Suffrage Association, and her gentle, pleasing personality is as cogent as the clear arguments she supplies for the press of the state.

Dr. Edith Barber is one of the younger recruits in the suffrage work, and she brings to the movement the ardor, the enthusiasm and the ability which form her characteristics.

The Indian women of the State have a department in the general organization. Eligible to this committee work are women of Indian descent or intermarriage with Indians. The chairman is Mrs. J. R. Harris of Chickasha, a woman of beautiful, commanding appearance and brilliant education. Mrs. H. L. Cloud

is the wife of a Cherokee who served with distinction in the Constitutional Convention and is a minister in the Methodist church. Mrs. Cloud is in charge of the church committee of the suffrage association. Mrs. Narcissa Owen has many claims of womanly superiority. She is an artist of ability, an author, a musician, and the mother of U. S. Senator Robert L. Owen.

These are but a very few of the women who are asking for the ballot. There is not a woman on the list of members who is not a living refutation of the charge that the bad woman and the idle rich are the only women who desire to change the present status of woman-kind. The Oklahoma women who are petitioning for the ballot are women who are home-makers, teachers, clerks, farmers, doctors, and representatives from nearly every wage-earning occupation. They are women who have duties in life and know that in the discharge of these duties the best environment, the highest morality, the best development are effected and achieved by direct legislation. They are appealing to the manhood of Oklahoma for equal opportunity and a fair chance in the battle of existence; for a chance to be co-workers and not enforced competitors. Four states, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho now give full suffrage to women; Kansas has municipal suffrage for women; twenty-four additional states have school and other limited forms of suffrage for women. Women are admitted to the polls for these restricted voting opportunities. They have demonstrated their power for good, and it is in line with the progress of the time to admit them to all the suffrage rights enjoyed by the male members of the human family.

"Equal rights to all; special privileges to none" is the slogan for men and women.

In an early subsequent issue Mrs. Boyer will contribute an article devoted exclusively to the women of Indian blood who are prominent in the suffrage movement.—Editors.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

By



MRS. CORA D. HAMMETT

"Between right and wrong there is just one common ground; that is battle-ground."

Among the more than forty departments of work carried on by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is that of "Rescue Work," through which measures have been taken up against that great evil, "the White Slave traffic."

"Between right and wrong there is just one common ground; that is battle-ground."

No subject has been brought more impressively to public notice of late than the indignity known as the "White slave traffic," or the selling of girls and young women into a life of vice through the employment of fraud, or force, or both. Even marriage is used as one of the methods of capturing young girls and "breaking them into a life of shame." They are hunted, trapped, in a thousand ways—sold for less than swine, and held in slavery worse than death.

According to authoritative estimates, some 65,000 daughters of American homes, and 15,000 alien girls are the prey each year of "procurers" in this traffic, in women.

There is no doubt that in this damning sin of our civilization lies one of the worst phases of evil which we are called upon to attack. There can be no excuse for exploiting this dark crime in the press and on the platform, save a sincere desire and purpose to protect womanhood against it.

Up to just a short time ago very few individuals were aware of such a traffic,

that there actually is in our larger cities a syndicate that is doing as regular, as steady, as persistent a business in the ruination of girls as the great packing houses do in the sale of meats. Indeed, even now, it seems impossible to impress people with the full extent of the traffic, and the imminent danger that faces every young woman in our land. The average citizen still finds it hard to believe that there are men and women so vile as to be willing to make a trade of virtue, and victims of the young and trusting.

Dr. O. Edward Janey, chairman of the National Vigilance Committee for the suppression of the white slave evil says: "That this traffic has been established in every city is evident from a mass of evidence at hand, gathered through the investigators employed by the National Vigilance Committee, by the Department of Commerce and Labor, by United States district attorneys, by the Commission on Immigration, by those in charge of ports at which immigrants arrive, and through the innumerable clippings that reach our office from newspapers in all parts of America, and through the work of independent investigators like George Kibbe Turner, published in McClure's Magazine."

Such is the extent of the traffic that it has become necessary to form a National Vigilance Committee for its suppression; to enter into a solemn treaty with the nations of Europe to crush it by

united efforts; such the craft, cruelty, and extent of its operations as to justify and require the President of the United States to refer to it in his first message to Congress, and to recommend suppressive measures; such the danger of the young womanhood as to arouse the women of the whole country to indignant protest; such the horror of white slavery as to arouse the manhood of this nation to insist upon the adoption of effective laws in State and Nation."

"Few, indeed, are the states possessing adequate laws on this subject. In order to meet this need, a law carefully drawn under the advice of men who have tried persons charged with these offenses, will be offered for passage by the legislatures of the States and by Congress for the District of Columbia and territories."

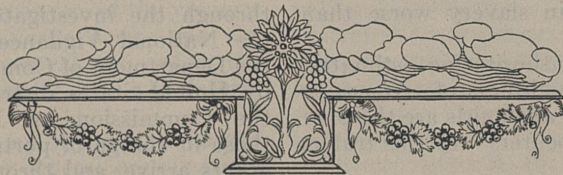
There has been tremendous activity against the white slave trade. Press, religious workers and reformers are co-operating with the authorities in driving out this terrible evil in many cities. The public conscience has been greatly stirred, and the people are aroused to the fact that something must be done.

The United States commission in its

investigation regarding bringing foreign women for immoral purposes, believes it will be able to make recommendations which will put a decided check upon the traffic, if it does not practically break it up. Commissioner Williams, of Ellis Island, is active in barring all who are preying upon immigrants. There are five women inspectors at Ellis Island and they found to their horror that this huge traffic has been carried on in the name of charity.

Viewing now the country at large, it is evident that a vast number of people have become interested in a movement for the suppression of the traffic in women. The great national and international organizations and associations are earnest in their efforts for suppression.

With such support, we shall be enabled to enforce present laws, have such new ones as may be needed enacted, and bring such moral and legal influence to bear that the procurer will no longer be able to prey upon the girlhood of this land, and the organized white slave traffic will be effectually and forever suppressed.



The Laymen's Missionary Movement

By REV. J. H. O. SMITH



Representative Oklahoma business men with prominent church men in committee session and banquet at the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce planning for the magnificent Laymen's Missionary convention of February 15-17.

To love my neighbor as myself, I must stop working *for* him and work *with* him. The Christian world is getting together and working together. Secularism is a disappearing power.

In the din and fury of our time we are seeing the skirmish which precedes a cosmic battle between "old systems and the Word."

The Laymen's Missionary Movement is the legitimate outgrowth of the systematic training of the young men in the Christian Endeavor and other Young Peoples Societies for a third of a century.

"Occasion may be the bugle call that will summon an army to battle, but the blast of a bugle can never make soldiers or win victories." There are more trained men in the churches than ever before; men who have a vision of great things for the Kingdom of God as well as vast enterprises in the commercial world.

Missionary rallies have been held for years. The addresses delivered at Laymen's conventions are along the old

familiar lines, but the audience is different. Up to this time the rallies have been denominational, but these conventions by the Laymen held in seventy-five cities of the United States represent all the protestant communions; and the fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above. There is a quickening of pulses that had faltered, and hearts that had fluttered dumb and discouraged now beat like battle-drums to the fight for the faith. Broadcloth professors of religion are making sackcloth confession. Old Brother Pumpernickle's reign in the church is over.

The convention held in Oklahoma City was evidence of the splendid Christian citizenship of Oklahoma. The banquet on the opening night, when 1200 men feasted and considered the greatest business on earth, "the evangelization of the world in this generation," was the largest and most significant gathering of like character ever held in the state of surprises and wonders. Oklahoma is the best of American states. Here the blood

and brain and brawn of the vigorous North and the sunny and chivalrous South, the conservative and cultured East, and the refined and majestic West meet and mingle together, to rear a race greater than North, or South, or East, or West have yet produced.

From the opening of the Territory the religious life has led in the marvelous development of Oklahoma. Visitors from older communities notice the large percentage of men in the churches. The men who are pushing to the limit our industries and agriculture are most of them men of high character and are as religious as they are enterprising.

America is producing the greatest men on earth because here the greatest ideas and ideals find a home. England and Germany stand for Protestantism, Spain for Catholicism, but America stands for non-sectarian Christianity. All religions and philosophies are welcomed here. Let them all come and let them all speak and out of this freedom to worship will come the church of the future.

We have almost completed the mastery of the development of the resources of this old earth but we are just beginning to develop the resources of the soul of man. "New times demand new measures and new men," and the measures and men of this new time will concern missions, which is only an expression of the brotherhood of man. There is an awakening of a world-consciousness, a realization of the great truth "that in the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim."

America seems destined to lead in the conquest of the world for Christ. America has more faith in men and in God's supreme design than any nation on earth.

The peoples of the world feel kindly toward our country, especially what is called the common people. From the time that we flung our star banner to the breezes, the oppressed of all lands have been looking toward us, and flowing toward us, as a land of promised rest. Now we have a world's work to do. We can no more evade our responsibility in international affairs than the grown

boy can refuse to accept the obligations of a man.

We are seeking business in the Orient, in Africa, in the islands of the sea. We are in the struggle for commercial supremacy with the great world powers and like an awakening giant we are realizing our strength. We cannot afford to repeat the long dark history of Great Britain's misrule in India. We cannot stand by and see China apportioned among the Powers. Our diplomacy and our arms must protect the weak.

In this new relation to the world the missionary motive, the Christ motive, must control, or the tiger within our national life, whose chains are wearing thin, will break loose and involve us in international broils beside which the Thirty Years War would seem like the riot of children at play.

No assemblies on this continent have been fraught with more significance to our national life than these Laymen's Missionary Conventions. No men and women have added more to America's greatness than our missionaries. The school house has sprung up all along the paths of these lovers of the race. Every article of modern convenience is in demand where the missionary has loved and labored. Upon business grounds alone America could well afford to pay the expenses for every mission station on foreign soil. But this is not the motive behind this momentous movement. The love of Christ is constraining men. John Wanamaker returned from a visit to mission fields and said: "Why didn't I know about this before?" and wrote his check for \$100,000.

Everywhere business men are considering missions and missions are converting business men. The world is growing gentle and humane under the influence of Him who though he was rich, for our sakes became poor.

The mission fields are higher tests of heroism than battle ever knew. The lives of these heroes of the cross are more thrilling than romance. On this far-flung battle line are men and women of refinement and gentle blood associating daily with the ignorant and savage, giving up life more cheerfully than the

soldier in battle for dusky races and men in need.

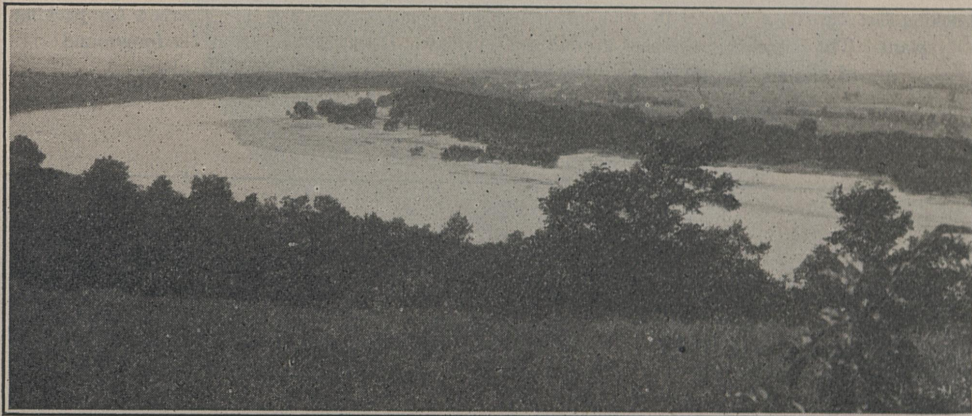
When American men hear the appeal for something worth while there is always something doing. These are great days. Great events are transpiring that concern a weary world. No man can be indifferent. We will line up for or against, and no patriotic citizen, even though not a Christian, can be indifferent. As the facts are brought to the attention of our splendid men they are stirred as with the throb of an earthquake.

Missions are doing as much for America as for any heathen people. The destiny of America depends upon our love for other peoples. Dying nations are selfish. History is covered with the dust of destroyed kingdoms and brooded by the dark memories of dead empires.

Nations, churches, and individuals exist for something beyond themselves. America is to do more than develop her magnificent resources if she fulfils her manifest destiny. Institutions are nothing, laws are nothing, power and greatness are nothing save as they make contributions to the welfare of humanity.

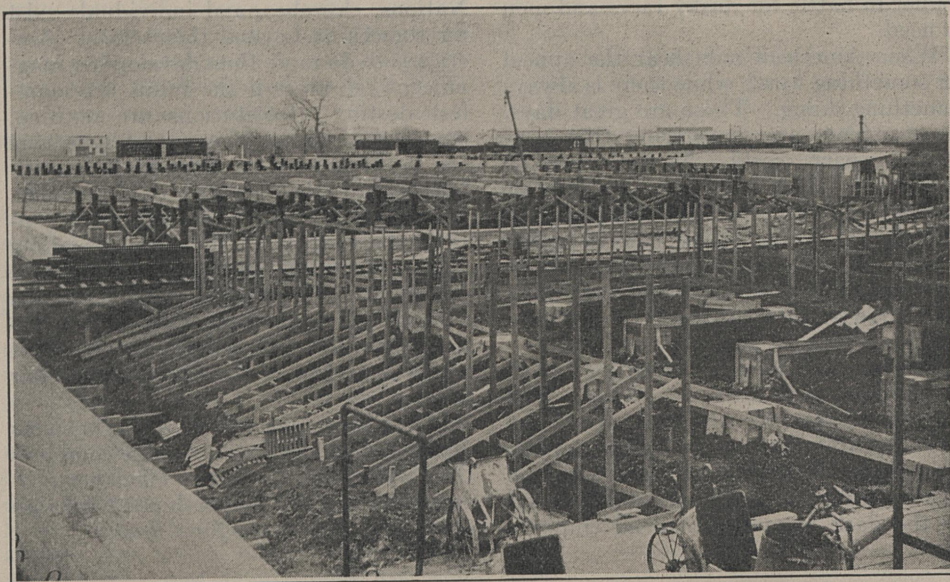
Before the close of the twentieth century the church or the nation making largest sacrifices for the race will be dominant everywhere. Will not the Church which has been torn by old dissensions rally and reunite in an effort which is worthy of our resources and our men?

If the preachers will give the business men a chance there will be some combines that will mean economy, efficiency, co-operation, good fellowship, Christian union and the *world for Christ*.

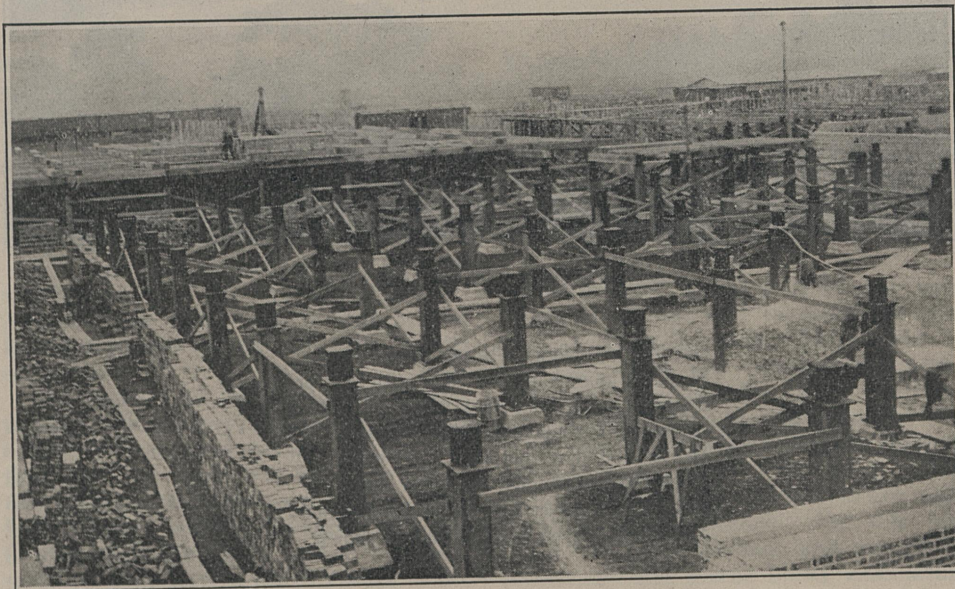


MAJESTIC SWEEP OF THE ARKANSAS

Our lives, discolored with our present woes,
May still grow white and shine with happier hours.
So the pure, limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.



Looking east across a portion of the foundation and sub-structure work of the Morris & Co. packing plant. The box cars in the back ground are over two blocks distant from the foreground of the picture, giving an idea as to the immensity of the building plans.



From Special Photos by L. E. Derr

Looking toward the west across another portion of the construction work. The building in the right back ground of the picture is two blocks distant.

OKLAHOMA STOCKMAN

BREAKING A WORLDS' RECORD IN CONSTRUCTION

By Paul B. Smith



EDW. MORRIS

They are breaking a world's record out at Packingtown in the southwest suburbs of Oklahoma City. Big things were expected when it was announced that Morris & Company would build a great packing plant with stock yards, exchange building and all things that combine to create a great live stock market for receiving, distributing, slaughtering, finishing the product, shipping to the world's markets—all these with a full-fledged suburban city with full business equipment.

Big things were expected, yet when men familiar with the extent of such enterprises in the big cities of the north take their first view of the work now in progress they gasp with astonishment. With all their great expectations they are not prepared for what they see.

The accompanying illustrations are from photographs taken especially for OSAGE, and designed to give an idea of the great extent of the work. But no photograph can convey an adequate idea. One must go in person to fully realize the greatness of the undertaking and the ideality of the environment. Nature seems to have designed this spot to accomodate this particular enterprise.

During January and February, in spite of the unusually cold and stormy weather, eight hundred carloads of material were unloaded and a force of over four hundred men kept at work.

Not only in extent but in the matter of time are world's records being broken. The management announces that the plant should be complete by September

1. Allowing for possible delays and preliminaries in starting the yards should be receiving regular quota of stock and the great plant be in operation by October 1, absolutely distancing all records for time.

The union stock yards are being constructed for the accommodation of all local packing concerns and for the accommodation of all buyers and sellers in this market. They cover an area of 197 acres.

The plant of the Schwarzschild & Sulzberger Company will be erected south and west of that of Morris & Company and immediately south of the stock yards, which they will use in common with all others. Their plans include no exchange building, neither will they promote a townsite as did Morris & Company as the one business district as promoted by them and the residential additions promoted by the industrial development companies in securing the two \$300,000 bonuses to secure the packing concerns are ample along that line.

Their construction problem is much simplified by reason of all that has been done, and it is expected that their plant, which will be practically a duplicate of the Morris plant, will be ready for operation probably before next spring—

possibly by next January or February.

With these two big concerns in operation, Oklahoma City opens as a larger live stock market than Fort Worth is today, after seven years operation by the Armour and Swift plants, and a quarter of a century of smaller concerns. Not in the history of the world has any live stock market opened on so great a scale.

But let no one get the idea that all this increase in capacity of the American packers is greater than the demand for the finished product. It is not, but the real problem is the supply of animals to keep these great plants running. One packer said to me:

"It is an absolute certainty that the farmer cannot lose on increasing his live stock; he cannot produce too much; the American demand is growing so fast we are forced to cut down exports although the foreign nations are eager for our products. We are building these big plants—not to take care of what is now being produced, but to provide for the future. The farmer must awake to the situation. Let him get under full head of steam and raise every hoof he can—he can't raise too much—and it's a certainty he can make more profits than by any other method of farming."





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THE FARMER AND THE PACKER

Will the kind and indulgent reader please not scold and say "you're picking too much on one string." Let us gravely consider the source of supply for the two great packing houses now in course of construction in Oklahoma City.

Why should these plants be built? The farmer now finds a ready market at high prices for all his stock. The packers declare that prices are inclined toward a steady raise and will remain higher than for any other farm product.

Why are these plants building? They are building for the future and the builders are basing their calculations on the demand of the world for meats rather than on the supply of stock now in sight. Indeed, the supply is not in sight and the packers are building on the faith they have in the farmers seeing the opportunity and laying hold of it.

By these great plants coming to his very door the Oklahoma farmer may add to his usual profits the saving in freight

rates and the heavy shrinkage due to long shipments. These two items alone constitute a fair profit.

Will the Oklahoma farmer awake to his opportunity? Many of them are still doubters, some are even scoffers, a few possibly are knockers. Quit it. Open your eyes. Opportunity is pulling at your coat tails.

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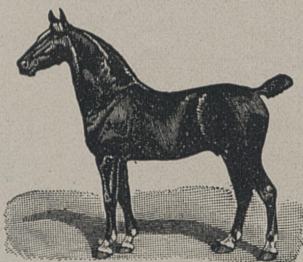
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