

C.R. COOPER, Annie Oakley, cont.

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of the gas lights, calmly lit his long-stemmed pipe, pulled in a mouth-full of smoke, puffed out each flame, and then, the room slowly filling with death-dealing gas, proceeded to roll himself in his blankets and prepare for sleep, resenting thoroughly the interference of the bellboys and the manager who hurried to rescue him. But he was not done with "Little Sure Shot."

He told the story of her prowess over and over to his braves. Following this, he held a council and decided that anyone who could shoot with such precision should be a member of the Sioux Tribe. But first he decided that he should have her picture and that she should have his.

Sitting Bull had not been averse upon his journey to making a few dollars for a minimum of work. No Indian ever is. Invade a Sioux reservation today and ask a stalwart brave to pose for his picture and he'll do so willingly--for a quarter. The same has been true always. Sitting Bull had discovered speedily that he was a personage, and with true Indian innocence, proceeded to cash in upon the idea. He had learned, with much scrawlings and jabblings of a pencil to print his name upon a card, and this, in answer to the desire of some paleface for an autograph, was cheerfully given in return for a dollar. Another accomplishment was the drawing of a very grotesque buffalo, which together with the printed name of Sitting Bull drew a little more from the paleface pocket than a mere signature. In this wise, since his arrival in St. Paul, Sitting Bull had garnered a pouch containing eighty dollars.

Following the council, the old chieftain dispatched a warrior with the pouch and a much larger drawing than usual of the buffalo, together with his signature to Annie Oakley. The warrior interpreter also carried a message, to the effect that Sitting Bull wanted her for a daughter, in the place of the one he had lost--she too had been Little Sure Shot. The gift he was sending was in payment for one from her--would she send him her picture, and would she consent to become his daughter by adoption and a member of the Sioux tribe?

Annie Oakley sent back the money, her picture and her consent. The ceremony took place in the hotel, a weird, solemn gathering of be-feathered Sioux, who conducted the ritual and pronounced an incantation over the young, somewhat amazed girl. Then a stick was broken over her head, the pipe passed from one red warrior to another. Sitting Bull gave to the girl a golden nugget, supposed to have come from a lost mine. Then the dance began, to the skip and the beat of the tom tom, in celebration of the addition of "Watanya Cicilia" to the Sioux Tribe a daughter for Sitting Bull to take the place of one who was gone.

After that, theater managers were more eager than ever to book the act of Oakley and Butler. It was something quite important to be able to say that next week there would appear on the bill "Little Sure Shot," the adopted daughter of the medicine man who had engineered the now famous massacre of General George Armstrong Custer.