

CHAPTER XXIV



*Police*

For two months after the troops had departed from San Carlos, affairs at the agency ran along smoothly. Apaches worked, played, were normal and happy. Then, just three days before Christmas, Disalin, chief of the Tontos, started on a one-man warpath. Disalin had two wives, and was extremely jealous of one of them. This woman, very pretty, complained to Agent Clum that her husband had a playful habit of beating her, and that sometimes he would tie her to a tree and amuse himself by throwing a hunting knife, in a cheerful endeavor to determine how closely to some part of her anatomy he could imbed the knife into the tree. The beatings, the woman said, were often very painful, and the knife-throwing exercises caused her acute mental anguish. She appealed for protection.

'I summoned Disalin to the agency and had a heart-to-heart talk with him,' said Mr. Clum, in telling the story. 'He was naturally austere and reticent, but I had regarded him as friendly. I explained to him that all Indians on the reservation were entitled to protection from bodily harm, or cruelty of any sort, women as well as men, and that in my official position I could make no exceptions; that I hoped thereafter he would be able to administer his household affairs without employing either a club or a knife, and that if he could not get along with this particular wife without maltreating her, he had better allow her to return to her own people. Disalin left my office somewhat perturbed, but as it was a beautiful winter day in Arizona and the Pinal Mountains were glorious, I promptly forgot all about the incident. An hour later Disalin came back, this time with a blanket thrown over his shoulder. As he never wore a blanket, I should have suspected some-