251
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uncle, Edward E. Ayer of Chicago, to paint a portrait of Chief Geronimo, the noted leader of the Chiricahua band of Apache Indians, who was a prisoner of war at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Mr. Ayer for many years had taken great interest in the life and history of the North American Indians.

I left in March of 1897, for Fort Sill, which was established during the days of Indian warfare in the Southwest, and upon reaching Rush Springs, Indian Territory, the nearest railroad station, took passage on a stage coach for the thirty mile drive to the fort. Letters of introduction from General Merritt to army officers secured comfortable quarters for me.

Once in the Indian country, I was fascinated by the wildness and freedom of the West, and delighted with the rich and abundant material which I found at hand, practically untouched. I abandoned all idea of going South and decided to make a study in portraiture of the picturesque children of nature, the Indians. I was soon in search of Geronimo, who lived three miles from the post.

The Apache Indians dwell in villages from one to seven miles apart and which are all cleanly and neatly kept. The houses are wooden structures of two rooms each, built by the government to induce the Indian to follow the ways of civilization. At some of the villages wickiups have been put up, in which the Indians live part of the time, perhaps as a reminder of their former savage life.

Upon reaching Geronimo's village, I met, fortunately, an Apache who spoke English. He had graduated from the government school at Carlisle Pennsylvania. He directed me to Geronimo's house. I hesitated to knock, fearing I might disturb his afternoon nap, but finally rapped several times, without arousing anyone. I suggested to the Apache who accompanied me that possibly Geronimo was not at home, and he said:

"Yes, yes, I remember now, he is on the prairie hunting his ponies."

We sat down and waited and presently saw Geronimo coming toward us. He rode directly to me and I greeted him as "Chief Geronimo," which pleased him. He dismounted from his horse and shook hands with me, and said "How." I gave him a box of cigarettes, and he presented one to me, and one to my guide. We sat down and smoked the "cigarette of peace."

Geronimo looked me over carefully and, with the aid of the Apache Indian as interpreter, asked several questions. He wanted to know all about me, where I came from and where I was going. I told him about Chicago, which seemed to interest him. When I told him the height of some of the buildings in Chicago he would not believe me. He wanted to know how long I intended to remain and what I came for. I replied that I came to see him, but said nothing about painting his portrait. After a few moments' conversation, he invited us to his house.

When we entered he went to a trunk, unlocked it, and took from it a photograph of himself which he showed me and said, "One dollar." He is always eager to make money. I bought the photograph and thought this an opportune time to speak of my object in visiting Fort Sill. I directed the interpreter to tell Geronimo that I wanted him to sit for me for a portrait; that he could sit in one place and I opposite him and I would look at him and paint his picture in colors. Geronimo seemed to understand, and readily consented, but asked if I was a Chief, to which I replied "Yes." This was a fortunate answer, as some time before, when another artist wished to paint his portrait, the artist was asked if he was a chief, and answering that he was not, Geronimo would have nothing to do with him. After telling him I was a chief he replied, "All right, when you come?" "Tomorrow," I said, and after shaking hands with him I returned to the fort.

APACHE CHIEF OF THE MESCALERO GROUP

"I have seen an Apache lope for fifteen hundred feet up the side of a mountain without showing any sign of fatigue, there being neither an increase of respiration or perspiration."
—*General Crook.*

Captain H. L. Scott, who had charge of the Apache Indians, was absent, and it was necessary for me to have his consent before I could commence work on the portrait. He returned next day and sent for Geronimo to come to his house that evening. Captain Scott had just returned from a cattle convention in Texas and the Indians had gathered at his house to hold a council, as they raise cattle and wished to know what the captain had learned on the subject. Geronimo and I were invited to sit in the council. Each Indian took his turn in speaking and I was surprised at the respectful attention they paid one another. When one speaker had finished, several moments would elapse before another Indian rose to speak, as if giving his predecessor a chance to express after-thoughts which might have occurred to him. One Indian, addressing Captain Scott, said: "We have known you for some time and have found that you are a man of your word and have the welfare of the Indians at heart." Another old Indian said: "I have never shaken hands with a white man, but I wish to shake hands with you."

Captain Scott readily gave his consent to my painting Geronimo's portrait and pointed out to the chief the advantage it would be for him to sit for me. I was at the chief's house the next morning. He wrapped a red blanket around his shoulders and tied a red cloth around his head. The latter is always worn with an Apache costume. I posed him on the edge of the bed, taking for myself a box, as he had no chairs. Before he would consent to my beginning the work he sent for an interpreter, who spoke with Geronimo for a moment. Turning to me, the interpreter said, "This man (meaning Geronimo) wants to know how much you pay him." I told him I had not thought about the price, but wished him to ask Geronimo how much he desired. I said nothing, but waited for him to continue. He finally said: "You get anyway five dollars for the picture, so I want two dollars and fifty cents." The bargain was quickly made.

While sitting for the first portrait Geronimo became very tired, as he had no chair, and I frequently let him lie down. He was patient and good natured, although he had a stern and ugly expression. Before painting a second picture, a profile, I bought a chair for him, which made his position more comfortable. While he was sitting, the least noise seemed to startle him. He had built a dove-cote and placed it on top of a pole near his house. When the doves lit on the roof over our heads, he would jump as though frightened. He was extremely curious, and if anyone passed near the house, he would get up and go to the window to see who it was.

He had another trait, which Americans would call "cheek," and it made him unpopular with the white people at the post.

If a trader passed the house, Geronimo would buy corn, flour, or anything he happened to fancy, thinking I would pay for it and make him a present of it. I allowed him to do this but once, as I knew it would become an expensive nuisance.

Geronimo had a fierce, wrinkled face, and I did not like the idea of his seeing the portrait, fearing that he might not like it, but when he looked at it, he said, "Bueno (good). You heap big chief." He called in other Indians to see the pictures, and all seemed pleased with them.

One day at noon his wife brought dinner in on a board. The dinner consisted of boiled meat, bread and coffee, but no sugar and milk. No knives, forks or spoons were used, their fingers taking the place of the last named articles. He sat with his wife and papoose on the floor. I was invited to join them and ate a little bread and meat. I always took a good lunch with me, and occasionally asked him to eat with me. He would smell of everything before eating it, and refused to eat bread with butter on it. He was inordinately fond of pie.

Geronimo was kind to his people, giving them

4102