

money and food when they were in need, and occasionally sending money to relatives whom he had left behind at his old home in Arizona. Letters which I wrote at his dictation to these relatives were filled with affectionate words. He always closed by saying that when they were in need of money they should write to him. He signed his name to his portraits, printing each letter laboriously and with difficulty, as he is near-sighted. He did not know the alphabet, only being familiar with the letters in his name.

Geronimo is short in stature, rather heavily built, and has a splendid physique. His small black eyes shine piercingly from beneath bushy eyebrows. His nose is well shaped, lips thin and firmly set, his chin protruding and cheek bones high. By nature he is courageous, bold and subtle. At first he was reserved but gradually this gave way to geniality and we became the best of friends. Geronimo, being fond of a joke and having a keen sense of humor, was an entertaining companion. The soldiers took delight in teasing him. Often they would go out of their way to meet him and ask, as if he were a stranger, "Where is Geronimo?" He would reply, "Here! me Geronimo." Pretending to doubt, they would continue to bait him: "No, no, you are not Geronimo. We are looking for the great chief, Geronimo." Then the old man, patting himself on the chest, would declare with much fealing, "Me Chief Geronimo. Me big chief, big chief."

Geronimo had a wife and four children, and he seemed deeply attached to them. He was domestic in his tastes, and had a horror of anything untidy or disorderly. Not only was there a place for everything in his house but everything was always in its place. Sometimes his children tracked mud into the house, and this never escaped his eagle eye. It was amusing to see him go to the corner where his broom was always kept and carefully sweep out every particle of the dirt. When I saw him fussing about in this fashion I could not but think how changed he was. Once a murderous warrior, now a peaceful man. The railroad, the farmer, the irrigator and the cattle-raiser have taken from Othello his occupation forever.

II.

I had determined to obtain another picture of the grim old warrior Geronimo and with that end in view, journeyed from Ignacio to Fort Sill, arriving there July 20th, 1898. I called on Geronimo and his hearty greeting showed that he had not forgotten me. He good naturedly assented to my proposal and the next morning I went out to his house and the picture was soon under way. I requested him to paint his face in the manner of Apache chiefs while on the war path. A physiognomist would have delighted in the study which his stern impassive countenance afforded. The war paint seemed to accentuate the austere lines of his face. During the day Geronimo's squaw came into the room. She looked at him and began to laugh heartily, telling him he had

painted his face like that of a woman. The addition of a stripe or two painted on an Indian's face would seem a trifling matter, but each figure or stripe has a symbolic meaning. Geronimo quickly washed off the "squaw" lines, and painted his face in masculine style. Since my first visit to Fort Sill, the old chief had made rapid strides in civilized methods of living. He invited me to take dinner with him. This time instead of sitting on the floor we were seated in chairs at a table neatly covered with a table cloth, on which plates, knives, forks, and spoons were laid. The dinner consisted of roast beef, potatoes, gravy, apple pie and coffee. The dinner was well cooked and everything was clean.

Geronimo is sometimes called *Goi Yachtly*. The custom of using several names for one person prevails in Indian tribes.



A WARRIOR OF THE GERONIMO WAR

"For eighteen months twenty-two Apache warriors were pursued by General Miles. The Geronimo war cost the Government more than one million dollars."—Norman B. Wood.

Since my first visit to Fort Sill three of Geronimo's children had died, and grief had aged him considerably. Geronimo has had ten children and but one is now living, a little girl about six years of age, named E-wa, of whom he is very fond. He wished me to paint her portrait. The weather was intensely hot, the thermometer being 110 degrees in the shade. The old chief suffered from the heat, and while I was painting E-wa's portrait, he would walk about the room growling like a bear. One day he filled his mouth with water, and blew it up in the air saying, "Rain, rain, hot, hot." Geronimo went away one afternoon, leaving his little nephew with me, asking the child to amuse me. The boy sat on the floor and rolled a stone toward me. I rolled it back to him, and we kept this up until he grew tired.

Eney, a young woman sixteen years of age,

was called the belle of the Apaches. She was pretty and very bright and made a pleasing picture, clad in Apache costume with her face striped with red. When an Apache maiden reaches her sixteenth year she is considered of marriageable age. The event is celebrated by a dance which has many odd features. This dance is equivalent to the "coming-out" party of an American girl. There was the usual big bonfire, which led me to think the Indians must have a saying, "What is dancing without a bonfire?" The Indian spectators were seated in groups, each family having built a small bonfire of its own. Very few took part in the dance. Some were dressed to represent clowns, and wore queer looking objects on their heads which whirled around as the clowns turned their heads from side to side while dancing. Many objects found by the Indians when out hunting

were used in this dance. Music was made by drumming on a skin, stretched tight on the ground. Geronimo was present with his wife and little daughter but did not dance. Eney, the dusky maiden in whose honor the dance was given, wore full Apache costume. A young Apache girl who was soon also to be given a coming-out dance, was Eney's partner. Those who took part danced slowly round in a circle. The merriment was kept up all night and the next day the Indians partook of a feast which lasted all day. When this was over, the head-dresses which had been worn were buried.

I renewed my acquaintance with Chief Naiche. He is an Indian to be admired and respected, and is a good man in every sense of the word. He has a marvelous gift for whittling. I have a handsome cane which he whittled from a single piece of wood. It represents a serpent entwined around the entire length of the cane.

The Apache Indians at Fort Sill are intelligent, progressive, and easy to govern. They take pride in growing good crops and in raising fine herds of cattle, and not only keep what land they own in cultivation, but told me they would like more land, as they did not have occupation enough to keep them busy all the time.

The Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches live on the same reservation at Fort Sill. The contrast

between these tribes is very marked, the Apaches being more industrious than the others. From each Apache family a man is chosen who serves the government as a scout. These men are paid twenty five dollars a month. I was present at an inspection of them. They were thirteen in number, and, dressed in uniform and mounted on horses, presented a fine appearance, and seemed very proud of their position.

All Indians show great kindness toward their children and very seldom punish them; never severely. Geronimo is kind and considerate toward his family and people and in some respects is generous almost to a fault. I have seen him give his little papoose E-wa a dollar and tell her to buy anything at the Indian trader's store that she wished. Once, Geronimo asked me to read a letter written him in