

English by his nephew Nak-kis, who lives in San Carlos, Arizona, and whose portrait I painted while there. The letter was well written. Geronimo wished me to answer it at his dictation. In the letter which I wrote, the old chief stated that he was very well but that three of his children had died. He wished two kinds of medicine, red and white, sent him and closed by saying that if his nephew needed any more money he would send it to him. Geronimo is always spoken of as a cruel, blood-thirsty Indian, but the opportunity I had to become well acquainted with him, showed me another side of his character. I learned that he was kind and tender-hearted, and had many redeeming qualities. He was honorable, truthful, and honest, and always kept a promise.

I visited Fort Sill the third time. The day following my arrival, I went out to see Geronimo and met him on the road riding horseback, with his little girl sitting behind him, and his nephew back of E-wa. The three sitting on one horse was rather a comical sight. Geronimo looked very well, and appeared several years younger than when I last visited the fort. We shook hands, but he appeared to be in an ugly humor, and pointing his finger at me, said, "You lie." I could not understand the cause of this outburst, but determined to find out, and grasped the bridle turned the horse around and said, "You come with me." We went to his house, where an Indian woman interpreted for us. I told her to ask Geronimo how I had deceived him. He told her that I had promised to send him a suit of clothes, which I had worn during my last visit to the post, and that I had failed to keep my promise. This in a measure was true, but at the time I had asked him to try on the coat to see if he could wear it. It was much too small for him and he could not put it on, and as he could not have worn the clothes, I did not send them. I explained this to Geronimo. He remembered the circumstances and he was very sorry for having spoken to me so sharply. He shook hands with me, and the matter was dismissed.

I then said that I wanted him to pose for another portrait. "How much you give me?" he asked. I replied, "Same that I gave you before." To this he very emphatically said "Toda," which meant "No," and added, "Me savey, you make heap lot of money from my pictures. Me been Omaha. You must pay me so much," holding up both hands twice, then one hand again, which meant twenty-five dollars.

Geronimo said he wished to take his little girl to a doctor as she was not well, but that he would see me again. The next day (Sunday) I spent with him. He had visited the Omaha Exposition as an attraction for the exposition and showed me the various articles he had collected and others that had been given him while there.

The attention he received while at Omaha had increased his self-esteem, and widened his knowledge of worldly affairs. Accordingly he had raised the price of the articles which he made to sell. Formerly he had charged two

dollars and a half for a bow and arrow; he had advanced the price to seven dollars. I had my rifle with me, and he suggested shooting at a mark. Every time he hit the mark, he wished me to give him ten dollars and he would give me the same amount each time I was successful, but the old fellow appeared to be too eager and I would not agree to it, and told him we would shoot just for our own amusement. The mark at which we shot was about seventy-five yards distant, the mark itself being a piece of paper so small that we could hardly see it. He asked me to shoot first, which I did and missed. I had heard that the old chief's eye-sight was failing. I looked at his eyes and they seemed bleared. He took the rifle from me, and at first it shook, as though his hands were unsteady, but he slowly took aim and fired, hitting the mark squarely in the center. This



A MOTHER OF APACHES

On May of '76, while moving the submissive Chiricahuas from Bowie Reservation to San Carlos, a squaw asked permission to fall out. When the column reached Cedar Springs that night, she had overtaken us with a new-born babe strapped to her back."—Capt. J. D. Burgess.

proved that his eye had lost none of its keenness. Geronimo shot a number of times after that, always hitting the mark. This I considered quite a feat for an old man seventy years of age, and I silently congratulated myself on refusing to take his bet.

Afterward we went hunting prairie dogs and it was amusing to see him sneak up behind them, as if he were tracking an enemy. I have been told an Apache is so expert at shooting prairie dogs with a bow and arrow that he can gauge the speed of the arrow so that it will pass half way through the prairie dog, making escape into its hole impossible.

In the afternoon we visited a place where the Comanche, Kiowa and Apache Indians were gathered for the purpose of indulging in gambling and horse-racing. I did not understand

their game of cards, but any number could play, and they dealt the cards in turn. Geronimo is an inveterate gambler and usually lucky. No one can bluff him. He took part in the games which became very exciting at times. They seemed to bet on the turn of a card. Quite often when Geronimo was dealing, three or four Comanches would try to bluff him, but the wily chief would cover their money every time. One deal he made was particularly exciting. After the cards were dealt, the Indians began betting, and each time Geronimo would meet their bet until at last all his silver was gone. He gave a significant look and I concluded that he wanted to borrow some money, but instead of asking for a loan, he pulled from the bosom of his shirt a large roll of bills, and from them placed on the ground the amount covering all the other bets. He dealt more

cards, dealing from the bottom of the pack, with cards face down, but would turn a corner of each one back and look at it before laying it down. Finally one which he dealt to himself proved to be the winning card. After raking in the pile of silver and bills he showed the winning card, then jumped to his feet and yelled at the top of his voice.

While the card game was in progress a white man approached Geronimo, and putting a ten dollar bill under his nose, said he would bet ten dollars that his horse would beat Geronimo's in a race. The chief left the game and carefully examined the white man's horse, no good or bad point escaping his observant eye. He then accepted the bet. The pony which Geronimo wished to race was out grazing and nowhere to be seen. The chief stooped down, and looked for the horse's trail, a crushed blade of grass, and other marks as trifling which no white man would have noticed showed to this wonderful trailer the direction the pony had taken. We followed the trail and after going a long distance finally found the pony. Preparations were then made for the race. When Geronimo thinks he has an easy horse to beat in a race, he usually rides the horse himself, but when he is doubtful of the outcome, he selects a boy for the rider. This time he chose a small Apache boy, who with others happened to be playing baseball.

Geronimo walked over to speak to the boy, who was batting, and not noticing that the pitcher had just thrown the ball the old chief barely escaped being hit. The Apache boy batted the ball out into the field and ran to first base. Geronimo, who did not understand the game, doubtless thinking that the boy wished to escape, ran after him, and before the chief had a chance to speak the boy was off for second base closely pursued by Geronimo. This race continued until the home base was reached. The boy dodging back and forth and Geronimo bobbing after him was a very comical sight. When he had recovered his breath the old chief explained what he desired, and the boy was glad of an opportunity to ride the pony.

The money bet on the race was tied in a handkerchief and laid on the ground for the