

'While we were traveling with the wagons and camping in the open air, the Indians cooked and ate as they had always been accustomed to do in and about their native wikiups, but as soon as we were embarked on the railroad and entered the cities of the Middle West, the necessity for a complete readjustment of our table manners was imperative. But the Apaches rose to the occasion, and very soon were able to sit comfortably at the table, eat their food from plates, and handle knives and forks with reasonable ease and accuracy. No complaint alleging rude or boisterous conduct, or uncleanness, was made to me by those conducting the hotels where the Apaches were quartered in the several cities visited. As we were passing through Ohio, a grim-visaged railroad conductor entered the coach in which the Indians were traveling. I chanced to be in the coach at the time, and was conversing with two or three other passengers near the door through which the conductor entered. He glanced savagely at the Indians and exclaimed, "The Damned redskins, I'd like to have their scalps hanging to my belt."

"Why so?" I ventured to inquire. "Have these Indians harmed you or your family or your friends?"

"No," he snapped back, "they have not, but they are a bunch of bloodthirsty savages... the damned red devils," etc., ad nauseam. After he had emitted a little more similar rough stuff, I pointed to Eskiminzin and mentioned some of the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of the white race; the cruel massacre of his family and friends; his imprisonment at hard labor in chains. Then I added:

"That man is an Indian, an Apache. You call him a bloodthirsty savage, and yet Eskiminzin says he has no desire for revenge; that he wants to forget his past wrongs and live a good and useful life. That's the kind of a savage he is, and yet he has always lived in the Arizona mountains, while you have enjoyed the advantages of a Christian civilization. What do you mean by 'bloodthirsty'? What kind of a savage are you?"