

"Who has the tickets?" he snarled. I handed him the tickets, and the incident was closed.

Finally, the time arrived for our first show. If I had not before realized the daring character of this undertaking, I did so when I began to arrange the plot, assign the characters, instruct the individual Indians in the roles they were to enact in this drama of the Arizona frontier. Dr. Chapin, Marijildo, and I represented the paleface foes of the Indians in the mock fighting on the stage. The Apaches knew we would play the game on the square; and we knew they would. Our confidence in the ability of our Apaches as actors is indicated by the fact that the date of our first appearance was announced when we were just beginning rehearsals.

We made our debut at St. Louis, and emerged from our performance without a single fatality, or even inciting a riot. But the scalping acts should not have been included in our programme. A popular notion then prevailed, and still survives, that in every combat between redskin and paleface, the victor invariably took the scalp of his fallen foe. While scalping an enemy was common practice among plains Indians, as well as among some of the Eastern tribes, the Apaches did not scalp their victims. The stage manager at St. Louis advised that our combat scenes should include the taking of the scalp, in order to conform to the popular idea of the details of such affairs. In the midst of our hectic preparations for the show, the suggestion of the stage manager was adopted, without due consideration.

We gave a good show. In at least two tableaux, we presented the real stuff--action and excitement enough to thrill even a hard-boiled frontiersman. At each entertainment we shot, killed, and scalped each other, in realistic stage fashion. Small audiences gave us a big hand, press comments were laudatory, but our theatrical venture did not prove