

Geronimo had at least a hundred fighting men; that many more Southern Chiricahuas were at large in New Mexico, and might add their strength to Geronimo's band; that white ranchers needed more protection than the one hundred Apache police could give them. For two hours the five red men and the one white man debated the problem, and the red men finally agreed to carry on, with the aid of the military.

Next morning, when the rank and file of the Apache police were informed by their leaders that white soldiers were to participate in the campaign, resentment was quite evident on their faces. Or perhaps it was more disappointment than resentment. In any event, there was a little grumbling for an hour or so, but by lunch time the general attitude of the police had become normal.

'During April,' writes Mr. Clum, 'the weather is delightful in the mountainous country over which our trail led, north from Silver City, New Mexico, where Beauford and my Apache militia company met me. Flowers, endless in variety and of rare beauty; varieties constantly changing with the varying altitudes. Antelope and deer afforded entertainment for our sharpshooters, and steaks and chops for the rest of us. Vast forest areas, the flash and song of mountain brooks, the whirr of quail, the mysterious depths of rugged canons, here and there the soothing green of mountain meadows. Each day yielded its generous tribute of good things, in compensation for the fatigue involved in our strenuous march; each evening discovered in our camp, weary, hungry, good-natured groups about campfires, toasting bits of venison set on spits, puffing cigarettes; "telling old tales beneath a tree, with starlit skies for canopy." And ours was a democratic assembly. There was no saluting of superior officers. We were engaged in a serious undertaking. Just how much actual hazard might be involved in our mission, none knew, but each one was there for effective action in any emergency. We were constantly on our guard, in