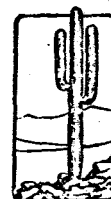


THE BORDER

A Monthly Magazine of Politics, News and Stories of the Border
VOLUME ONE ~~NO~~ NOVEMBER, 1908 ~~NO~~ NUMBER ONE



Tucson, Arizona, U. S. A.

One Dollar a Year



A TYPE OF APACHE INDIAN

Geronimo, Chief of the Apaches

E. A. BURBANK

[Elbridge Ayer Burbank, the author of this article, is one of the most noted painters of Indians in America. He has visited 106 different tribes, and has made a careful study of their personalities and peculiarities of dress. He is without a rival among painters of Indians, in his faithfulness of line, color and detail, and his work aside from its artistic value, is of ethnological importance. Mr. Burbank was born in Harvard, Illinois, and began his art training in the old Academy of Design, Chicago, in 1874. From 1886 to 1892, he studied in Munich. Burbank combines artistic conception with historic value.]

IKNEW Geronimo. He was in many respects, the Sitting Bull of the Southwest. One day I said to him at Fort Sill:

"Would you like to make one hundred dollars, Geronimo?"

"Yes," he answered hotly as an eagle after its prey.

But when I told him I would give him this sum if he would relate his adventures and life, he shook his head and answered:

"No, no, that would not do; me get killed."

I assured him that great white chiefs had done this without harm to themselves, General Grant even writing a book. This moved him and he finally consented to talk. At the time he was lying on his bed.

"A long time ago," he began, "when I was a little child, the first thing I saw was naked Indians dancing. I watched them dance, and when I was old enough I danced. Pretty soon they gave another dance, and I danced. Pretty soon they gave another dance, and I danced—"

I interrupted his catalogue of dances, of which he was telling one by one, and found that he had danced about one hundred times in his life. He continued:

"I went with my people on many raids. When I was only sixteen years old, we traveled for

days down into old Mexico, taking ponies and killing our enemies. We had many desperate fights. In those days the Apaches fought with bows and arrows and long spears. One day another Apache and myself were in hiding when a single man passed by on horseback. I threw my spear into the horse, and my companion killed the man.

"Another time a band of Apaches stole upon a village, and hid in the rocks close by. Several warriors threw stones at the doors, which caused the people to come out, then the other Indians rushed into the houses and cut off the retreat of the white people, all of whom were slain. Once I had a hand to hand fight with a white man, and came near getting killed. I struck at the man with my spear, but missed and fell to the ground. The man hit me on the head with a heavy club, and I went to sleep. I did not wake up for four days. The man was killed by other Indians.

"One time another Indian and myself went to steal a horse from some Mexicans. We were leading the horse away when the Mexicans fired their guns at us, and my friend was killed. I ran, with the Mexicans in close pursuit, and hid among the rocks. They could not find me, but called my name and said, 'Gero-

nimo, you devil, we've got you now, and you will never see the sun rise again.' But I was strong and escaped. A long time ago the Apaches had made up their minds to be friendly with the white men. We were in camp enjoying ourselves playing games, when suddenly a band of Mexicans rode up and dismounted. They told us they had heard that the Apaches had made up their minds to be friendly, and were glad of it, and had come to talk about it. The Mexicans had plenty of whiskey, and made the Apaches drunk. The Mexicans then drew their guns and began shooting. They killed forty-seven Apaches and wounded many more."

In relating this last incident, Geronimo became greatly excited. He sprang from the bed, his eyes glared, and he paced up and down the room. After becoming calmer he continued: "I was eighteen years old at the time and swore that I would have revenge." He hesitated, and then said that he was tired of talking, but would wait until another day. He, however, never again talked about his past life. His story was coming too close to his later exploits.

As a painter of Indian portraits I began my work by accident. While preparing to visit the South in search of unique subjects for pictures of negroes, I was commissioned by my