

winner to take. A white boy was mounted on the white man's horse. The Apache boy rode bareback, and was seated firmly on the horse's back as though a part of it. The horses seemed evenly matched. Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, soldiers and cattlemen gathered around them. At last all was ready, and the word "Go" was given. The horses were off like the wind, both boys being splendid riders. The quarter mile course was soon covered. The spectators, wildly excited, whooped and yelled, as the Indian boy, riding at furious pace, came in winner by half a length. The race ended the exciting events of the day.

III.

As Geronimo insisted on an exorbitant price for the sittings I concluded not to again paint his portrait, but all the other well known Chiricahua Apache chiefs at Fort Sill sat for portraits. I learned that Chief Nachez had a talent for drawing, and so I had him decorate a buckskin for me. On this he painted medicine signs, Apaches hunting deer, Apaches in war paint dancing war dances, and Indian women in costume. As a whole the painted buckskin was very artistic. Artists to whom I have shown it could hardly believe that the work was done by an Indian, who had never received any instruction. Nachez was very modest about his work, and it was only by chance I learned of his talent.

Chief Chi-hua-hua, a well-preserved Apache of fifty years, was an Indian dandy. At the time I painted his portrait he was a government scout. He was immaculate and very fastidious in every detail of dress. I could not induce him to wear a blanket and as his hair was cut short, he wore his scout uniform when I painted his picture. Chi-hua-hua was sprightly and gay and inclined to be gallant, always doffing his hat when he met a lady. He was peaceable and faithful, but I was told in younger days he had been a terrible fighter.

Chief Loco, a Warm Springs Apache living at Fort Sill, was, in his younger days, a renegade Indian. He was now old and infirm, and I painted his portrait at his home five miles from the fort. At the time Victoria left San Carlos, without government consent, Chief Loco accompanied him. Chief Mangus, who was an interesting subject for a picture, once led a wild, free life, having been one of Geronimo's band of renegades. He was captured with the others and while en route to Fort Pickens, Florida, jumped from the train while it was moving and escaped. He was eventually recaptured.

Another of these fearless renegades was Chief Chato. He formerly had great influence, and was much feared by white people. As he patiently sat for me while I painted his portrait, I thought of the contrasts in the life of this chief, once a savage and a renegade, now a farmer tilling the soil. Chiefs Mangus, Nachez and Chato were government scouts.

Geronimo made me frequent visits and would gaze on the pictures of the other chiefs. One day he said "When you paint me?" I told him I did not intend to paint his picture. "All right," he said. Soon after he asked me "How much you give?" I replied two dollars and a half a day. He said, "No good, you give me one picture, ten dollars." I finally agreed that if he would sit for eight pictures I would give

him ten dollars apiece, so the bargain was made. Geronimo and all the other Apaches were very prompt in keeping their appointments and the old chief sat for me this time, better than he had before. The weather was very warm, but he was usually good tempered. Sometimes when resting he would lie on the bed humming Indian songs. A little white boy who was in the room watching me paint, was much amused at Geronimo's singing and would giggle and laugh, but the chief did not seem at all disturbed by the boy's merriment.

One day the old chief was not feeling well. He asked me to lie down on the floor, and said he would show me how to give him a treatment. I did so and he doubled up his fists and went at me as if I were a piece of dough he was kneading. After his instruction I gave him a treatment, which was much like rude massage. When I had finished, he said, "Apache all do that, heap good, make Indian well."

At this time Geronimo's little girl, E-wa, was ill in the hospital. He made her daily visits, always taking an orange or something nice to eat. He was pleased when attention was shown her. When she was at home I would pick her up and carry her around in my arms. At this he was delighted and would say, "Bueno, bueno."

I found by experience that Geronimo was

kept the cat's whiskers cut close. He had a nice bed for her to sleep in and when he went away would always leave food for her.

Geronimo was well liked by the Indians. He was companionable, and always ready to gamble or take part in any of their sports.

At the present time the Apaches are more misunderstood than any other tribe of Indians. It is true in earlier days they were fierce and war-like, but the civilizing process has completely transformed them.

The Chiricahua Apaches derived their name from the Chiricahua Mountains in Southeastern Arizona. During the wars with the Apaches and earlier, the Chiricahua Mountains were the refuge and stronghold of some of the wildest bands, and they gave their name to that band of the tribe which has become famous in the outbreak since 1880.

Geronimo became a war chief when sixteen years old and for almost fifty years he was the leader of a band of wild and lawless Indians who were a constant terror to the settlers. In 1880 the Warm Spring Apaches and Chiricahua Apaches, driven from their reservations by the inroads of white settlers, made a home for themselves in the Sierra Madre Mountains in Old Mexico.

They devastated the country and before the troops could reach them the wily Apaches were safely back in their almost inaccessible stronghold. So frequently were these depredations committed, that General Crook, who was almost unequaled as an Indian fighter (and whom the Indians had named Gray Fox), went in pursuit. Geronimo, returning from a successful raid, was amazed to find American soldiers in the hitherto impenetrable mountains. The great Apache war chief and his braves made a wild dash for their camp, only to find General Crook in possession.

Geronimo surrendered, and the renegades were taken to a reservation in Arizona. Their restless natures chafed in captivity. The agricultural work to which they were unused, became irksome and they longed for their wild, free life again. In 1885 about one hundred and ninety

Apaches escaped from the reservation and returned to their old homes in the mountains. General Crook, disgusted by their craftiness and unreliability, asked to be relieved and was succeeded by General Miles.

Geronimo told me that often when the soldiers were in close pursuit he would bury himself in the sand, sometimes remaining several days in his temporary grave. The soldiers would pass close by, and he could hear them talking while the Apache lay hidden almost at their feet. At night he would stealthily leave his hiding place and obtain nourishment and sufficient moisture to allay his thirst by chewing cactus plant. After a long and discouraging pursuit Geronimo and his renegades were surrounded by the soldiers in command of General Miles, and to this brave general the white settlers of Arizona owe the fact that they are now able to live in quiet and safety.

Geronimo with sixteen Apaches and the principal chiefs were transported by rail to Fort Pickens, Florida. On May 1st, 1887, some of the captives were taken to Mount Vernon, Alabama, and later were joined by Geronimo and his band. Not one of his people appeared to greet the leader of a hundred raids when he

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WOMAN'S WORK IN APACHE LAND

There are over five thousand Apache Indians in Arizona, attached to the San Carlos and White Mountain Agencies. They still lead free, natural lives and are unaffected by civilizing influences.

honorable and could be trusted. He knew that I paid him more than the other Indians, and if I was about to pay him when others were in the room, he would motion for me to come outside the house, so that they would not see how much money I paid him, and he never told the other Indians that he received more than they.

Geronimo sat for five portraits. When these were finished, he could not sit for the other three as he had work to do which could not be longer delayed. He insisted on having one of the portraits painted of himself in scout costume. He said I had painted the other chiefs, who were scouts, in their uniform, and that he must have one painted in the same way.

The old chief had about ten acres of land under cultivation. One day he went to Lieutenant Beach, who has charge of the Apaches, and said, "Me, Geronimo, old man, too old to work." The lieutenant told him if he was too old to work he was too old to be a scout and had better retire, but if he did so, would not be paid the twenty-five dollars a month which he received for scout duty. Geronimo continued to work.

The old man had a pet cat to which he seemed much attached. For some reason he