

Geronimo, Chief of the Apaches

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entered the gate of the barrack wall. He paused and calmly looked about him. While he was silently gazing on the scene, a squaw emerged from one of the tepees, hurried to the old chief and throwing her arms about his neck wept bitterly. Not a muscle of the warrior's face relaxed under the softening influence of his daughter's arms about his neck, though what his thoughts were, when he realized that he and his family were from that time to be prisoners of war can only be imagined.

There were three hundred and ninety captive Apaches, and the task of teaching them to work was at first a difficult one. Work was considered undignified by the warriors, and they offered as a substitute the squaws of the tribe. On being told men and not women were wanted, they unwillingly began the first lesson of civilization. They went about it very awkwardly at first. So simple a thing as rolling a wheelbarrow was far from easy. Oftentimes the load would fall over and the Apaches would laugh heartily at this.

They persevered in their work, and after a time lumber was cut, and one hundred and fifty rude houses were built. In these they took up their residence. In the early days there were no clothes lines on which to dry the laundry and the squaws would dry their clothes after washing by putting them on, and walking back and forth. Geronimo and his band were finally transferred to Fort Sill, Oklahoma Territory, where they have remained ever since as United States prisoners of war.

As a ferocious fighter Geronimo has an unequalled reputation. Crook said that he was a great general. He seems resigned to his fate. He is treated with kindness and is allowed to go anywhere on the reservation and is generally contented and happy. He has been made a government scout and usually wears an old blue army overcoat with a cape. He derives a small income from selling bows and arrows which he makes and also from selling his autograph which he prints on cards.

After the first strangeness of their new life and its consequent labor had worn off, they showed remarkable adaptation to their surroundings, and proved themselves amenable and easy to govern. It is doubtful if white men could have wrought so complete a change in their lives, and accepted with the same patience and resignation, a mode of life which to the Indian's free and roving nature could not but be hateful, even though it was tempered with kindness. When these Indians were first taken to Fort Sill the government gave them a few head of cattle; they now have a large herd and recently an Apache sold two hundred head of cattle to a white man. The Apaches are progressive and keep well informed as to prices. If any fences are to be built on the reservation the Apaches build them. They grow all the vegetables and melons used by the soldiers and people who live at the fort, and have corn and wheat to sell. Two Apaches were offered seventy-five dollars a month and all expenses paid, if they would travel with a show, but they refused to go, as their farms needed to be worked and they would not neglect them. The Apaches are very neat and clean. Their houses and yards are clean, and everything is kept in good order.

Geronimo takes great pride in the work the Apache Indians are doing, and for an old man does his share. All those living at Fort Sill are today virtually self-supporting, and this has been accomplished in a few years.

The Border's Work

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF POLICY

THE BORDER has entered the field of journalism with no misgivings whatever. Its literary ends have long since been assured, due to the splendid staff of active newspaper people in part and further strengthened by the desire of budding genius to contribute. Unlike publications that have depended on early business patronage for success, The Border has laid its plans without reference to immediate phenomenal financial remuneration. On the other hand the management has carefully provided for emergencies of all kinds and The Border will go right along without a hitch. That the public might know the inside standing of the publication, these facts are set aside to assure all who are liable to be concerned:

The Border will own its own printing plant.

The Border has established offices in Los Angeles, Tucson, Phoenix, Prescott, Globe, Bisbee and Jerome. It will be seen that our territory interests are personally protected and that the business end will be properly conserved. The Border will operate along legitimate lines and consequently will have a distributing agency, an advertising agency and a direct and personal method of building up its yearly subscription list.

The Border will espouse the cause of the separate statehood for Arizona and New Mexico, and its work will be furthered by organized effort.

The Border will be independent in all things, but will be absolutely outspoken when once it has determined that its course is without question.

The Border will be the finest specimen of the printer's art that can be produced; all articles will be illustrated by our own artists; the cover designs will be original and unique, and on the newsstands will stand out like the proverbial excrescence on a stump. The paper stock will be of a specially fine grade, and the color schemes will be worked out by artists who "savvy the paint." Cover pages will be so arranged that all printing can be eliminated and they will be circulated as premiums for framing purposes. The richly laden story of the West—the great out-of-doors exploits of the hunter, the climber, the health seeker and "he who takes to the trail" will be "played-up" like a sunset before a storm. The same atmosphere that calls the Easterner from his stuffy quarters to the broad plain and smiling mountain will permeate the pages of The Border. Every issue will be afire an inspiration and a benediction.

You may wonder why society women of the east cast aside the puny runts who play at "frenzied finance" to marry the cowboy. Why they prefer to raise goats in isolated mountain recesses to preening their feathers before nobility. Why men cast aside the alluring call from the "flesh pots of Comorrah" to spend natural lives under a dome of blue. Why every year following their natural inclination like migratory birds, droves of tourists seek again the old familiar spots far removed from the scene of stress, where they may draw their blankets about them and sleep the peaceful sleep of sweet, fulfilling fatigue. These are the questions that will find ready answer in these columns.

So much for the present. We shall greet you from time to time with out added store of experiences. Our faith in this projected enterprise is supreme, and if the reading public and the business public will accord us the favor we hope to merit, we shall be constrained to wish that our journey may never end.