

air was vibrant with blood-curdling war-whoops. The committee had expressed its desire for a realistic spectacle, and when I observed the audience gradually retreating from the lunging, howling Apaches, I suspected that the presentation was becoming a bit too realistic. Chief Justice French edged his way to my side.

"Clum," he urged, "hadn't you better stop this before the Indians get beyond your control?"

'Adopting somewhat the style of John Paul Jones, I replied:

"Judge, we have just begun to dance."

'Now we approached the climax, for which our audience was wholly unprepared. None of the citizens knew that I had supplied blank cartridges for each rifle in the custody of this apparently frantic bunch of savages. Suddenly came the sharp crack of a rifle, keen, clear, above the din of the dance. This was the signal for a chorus of super-yells; then the fusillade--nerve-racking explosions from twenty additional rifles, fired in volleys, in rapid succession. Meanwhile, the vocal efforts and athletic contortions of our redskin entertainers approached the peak of noise and confusion. To the spectators it looked as if these unleashed Apaches were running amuck. Fortunately, the old military plaza afforded ample exits for our audience, and the audience literally took to its heels. Soon we had the entire plaza to ourselves. For ten or fifteen minutes we performed, alone in our glory. But as we had arranged a full programme of events, we decided to go through with it. The show ended with a final salvo from the rifles.

'Then my redskin actors transformed themselves immediately into well-trained, decorous Apache scouts. The company formed at "attention." I thanked them on behalf of the departed audience, and dismissed them. Of course we all had a good laugh over the timidity of the citizens. By this time, the citizens, who had been watching the finale from behind