

THE INDIAN JOURNAL

Eufaula, Ind. Ter.
Friday March 16, 1906
Thirtieth year, No. 21
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LETTER OF FUS FIXICO

So it was Hotgun he set by the fire an' smoke slow an' think long time. Then he spit in the ashes an' tell Tookpafka Micco an' Wolf Warrior an' Kono Harjo, "Well, so hist'ry repeats itself, an' they wasn't nuthin new under the sun. The big progress o' modern times was only a var'ation i' acient civilization. They wasn't any difference 'tween nineteen-ought-six, A. C.. an' nineteen-ought-six, B. C., only Pharoah rode in a chariot an' Roosevelt busts the bronce; an' 'stead o' the pyramids, we got the Panama canal project; an' 'stead o' Moses an' the Ten Commandments, we got Thomas Lostsome an' the Frenzied Finance; an' 'stead o' tyrants like Nero, we got philanthropists like John D. Rockfellow; an' 'stead of Solomon, we got Tammany Hall; an' 'stead o' the Golden Age o' Pericles, we got the era i' the Big Stick, an' life insurance graft, an' coal strikes, an' railroad rebates, an

machine politics."

Tookpafka Micco an' Wolf Warrior and Kono Harjo pay close 'tension.

An Hotgun he go an' say, "Well, so but sometime they was rare exceptions an, Hist'ry don't repeat it-self. So, that's how come Injun Territory was left standin' after March hunters wasn't gettin numrous to save the pieces. Congress was take the extinction o' the Injun under advisement an' order Secretary Its-cocked to fan the council fire till further notice. So it was the Five Civilized Tribes still had a habitation an' a name, and Big Chief Porter an' Big Chief Ledges an' Big Chief Brown an' Big Chief Johnson an' Big Chief Makecertain wasn't out of a job like Othello.

An' Toopfafka Micco he say, "Well, so then I go to lots o' trouble an' expense for nothin', gettin' ready to take up the white man's burden an' walk off with it.

I tell my wife she mus' quit huntin' wild onions in the creek bottom an' gather gossip in the womans' literary club, an' stop poundin soky corn an' subscribe for the Ladies Home Journal, an' hire a-Creek freedman for a coachman an' go shoppin' in a bugy with red runnin' gears an' o nigh 'stead of on a three hundred pound

filly with the colt followin' 'long behin'. Then I was go before the Injin agent an' ask 'im to take off my hobbles so I could sell my land an' buy a pair o' tailor-made breeches with legs like a talkin' machine horn an' a waistcoat that look like the comic supplement o' the Sunday daily. Then I go among the politicians an' help build a machine to swing the full blood vote when the time come."

Aa' Hotgun he say, "Well, so you better countermand your orders an' stick to your sofky patch an' die a nat'ral death with the rest o' the Injins."