The Life and Practice of the Wild and Modern Indian

The Early Days of Oklahoma
Some Thrilling Experiences

By

J. A. Newsome,

Well Known Evangelist Who Was Converted From a Life of the Deepest Sin, Shame and Desperation

This book is no doubt the greatest and most interesting and educational ever written on this subject, and doubtless the last one to be written by a pioneer of the Southwest.

Price $1.50

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Dedication.

To the memory of my Father, this book is lovingly and gratefully dedicated.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Friends have solicited me at different times during the last ten years to write a story of the early days of Oklahoma and the Indians with whom I was intimately associated, but for various reasons, I have declined to grant their request until now.

I came to Oklahoma in 1880, when I was six years old. The following pages will truthfully portray incidents and events which actually transpired in my personal experience during the forty-one years I have spent in the State. Although many things will sound like an "Arabian Nights" tale, I have not lighted my imagination by the brillance of an Aladdin's lamp while reporting the romantic events which I witnessed in the years that have fled like the dream of tht midnight hour. I have written the truth without exaggeration.

For twenty years I lived with the Indians. During that long, aimless period of savagery and ignorance, I never heard a sermon or a prayer, and never had the privilege of being taught by a back-woods schoolmaster or listening to any instruction from a civilized human being. Early left an orphan, I had no one to teach me in the ways of civilization and righteousness. I did not understand the meaning of life. The horizon line a few miles away was as the end of the world to me. The forests and hills among which I roamed were all the world I knew; to them was limited my knowledge of the material universe.

What a wonderful contrast is presented by the disadvantages under which I lived and the supreme advantages that are offered to young men and women of the present time! What an encouraging lesson is to be learned in the consideration of the conditions of poverty, lawlessness and ignorance that enslaved me in the days of childhood! Sometimes I wish I might live my life over and have this day of enlightenment, social development and religious achievement in which to begin it; but also, I wonder if I would abuse the privileges of the present degree of civilization, and waste the opportunities for advancement as so many hundreds and even thou-

sands of young men and women are doing today.

The savage Redskin of twenty years ago has become a waning memory. His blood-curdling war-whoop is heard no more. The instruments of carnage with which he committed the most inhuman acts of brutality—the bow and arrow, tomahawk and scalping knife—are exhibited as relics of a dead past, and are to be seen only in museums. But the twenty years of my life spent with "Poor Low" have made me understand and appreciate him; he is no memory to me, he lives in my heart forever.

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INTRODUCTION

Now that the bloody disturbances which occurred between the Indians and the white men in the past are swallowed up in a fraternal understanding and reconciliation, we may reflect clearly that misunderstanding of habits of living was the chief cause for conflict. The white man with his methods did not know how to cope with the dusky-skinned savages. The Indian did not understand the white man because he was intellectually incapable of knowing himself. Misunderstanding upon the part of both races naturally resulted in brutal conflicts in which mercy could scarcely be exercised by either, hence wars between them were characterized by fiendish brutality and mercilessness. They were wars of extermination, because the Indians fought in the spirit of the "Black Flag", and the white men were forced to meet them on such terms.

The fact that the Indian believed in the annihilation of his enemies is not unusual, since it is clearly demonstrated in the history of all ages and races of people that such slaughter is characteristic of all uncivilzed men. The heathen today, no matter what his race, believes in killing his enemies, and will practice the custom as far as it is in his power.

The Indian lived in an environment that naturally contributed to his brutal nature. He was satisfied to dwell in the unconquered fastnesses of the wilderness and fight with its wild beasts for his existence. He learned cunning from the cowardly panther, courage and daring from the now extinct Mexican lion, and determination and endurance from the grizzly bear. Thus he defended his right to dwell in the great forests of America.

The wild Indian did not have any of the constructive elements of progress in his nature. He was not a builder of cities or homes. "Poor Low" was a shrewd fellow, and managed to dodge manual labor as successfully as many members of the white race are doing it today. He honored his wife, and condescended to let her make the living while he sported around and kept in

tune for the fight. How much worse was he, then, than are some unworthy males of the white race today? The heathen Indian husband imposed labor upon his wife because he was uncivilized and did not know any better, while the worthless white man permits his wife to make the living because he is too lazy to work.

The Indian in his most savage and untamed state was nevertheless endowed with noble, redeeming traits of character. Among the most commendable elements of his nature was his unswerving support of a friend, although that person might have belonged to a company that was making war on the tribe of which the Indian was a member. History teems with countless instances in which the savage red man not only risked but gave his life for a friendly enemy.

In all of my associations with the Indians, I never knew one of them to tell a wilful, malicious lie. With the advent of the white men came the gentle art of lying, as well as the practice of drinking "fire-water".

Ignorant though he was, the old Indian was not an atheist. His faith, like that of the ancient Athenians, was placed in an unknown God whom he did not understand, but whose existence he never doubted. He approached Him as the "God of the Happy Hunting Ground". The chief happiness of the Indian consisted in hunting, and the highest heaven in his thought consisted of a section that abounded with game of all kinds. He was so infatuated with hunting that it was but natural he should connect the idea of immortality with it. Then he cannot be termed an atheist, because he believed in a Supreme Being and an unending destiny, and he expressed his belief in the best terms he was capable of using.

The uncivilized Indian was incapable of judging correctly between right and wrong because of his ignorance of morality. He never suffered from remorse of conscience, for the reason that conscience is largely a creature of education. He trained what little of that element he had to *indorse* his deeds, no matter how atrocious they might have been. He could enjoy him-

self and rest calmly in the glory of his great achievement, no matter by what methods he secured the victory. The most inhuman death to which he could subject a prisoner of war filled his gloating soul with supreme satisfaction. He rejoiced with fiendish glee over the death of a decrepit old man or an innocent babe in arms, but, strange as it may appear, there is no instance on record of his having criminally assaulted a white woman before she was tortured and killed.

There were some extenuating circumstances that justified the wars of the red man against the invading white man. Why should he not have considered them usurpers of territorial rights? Also, did not these "pale-faces" drive him out of his home and force him to seek sections farther west? He had no country he could govern and claim as his own. He could not understand the justice of this, and made war in his ignorant way to protect his rights. But he could not annihilate the white race, and he had to decide between one of two alternatives, either live in peace with the white men or be exterminated. He finally accepted the former, and as a result he is now waxing fat and honorable in the land.

The white men were forced in self-defense to whip the fight out of "Poor Low" before they could get him to listen to reason. Since then, pale-face and redskin have walked side by side in every good cause that contributes to the advancement of both. Nowadays they meet as brothers, "pals", equals in the arena of civilization.

The modern Indian is the most efficient and successful imitator of the white race in the world today, and he has become so much like us that he goes to church and prays for the conversion of the poor heathen, he practices corruption in politics, he lies and curses, he wears "store-bought clothes", puts talcum on his face after shaving, and combs his hair with a modish part in the middle. One ultra-modernist has been found who uses "Lash-brow-ine", but he was a "*she*", however. Is it not wonderful how rapidly the Indian has been civil-

ized in the last forty years? Who can depict his future if he keeps getting richer in oil?

The Indian could not have risen above his untutored nature without help from the outside. Under the influence of missionaries, school teachers and civilized neighbors, he demonstrated his ability to absorb new ideals by adopting the ways, manners and forms of civilization. There is not a race of people in the world that has made as complete a change in the same length of time as the red face achieved. The modern Indian is a living epitome of the wonderful achievement of race regeneration under the benevolent influence of civilization. Fifty years ago, Indians were killing innocent women and children, burning the homes of settlers, and filling the land with violence; today, he who is the lineal descendant of those savage, blood-thirsty heathens takes rank among us as leaders in peaceful and industrious pursuits.

In all their dealings with the Indian, the white men were always forbearing and as merciful as the Indian would permit them to be. The white men were never the aggressors in any wars that occurred with the Indian. They were always on the defensive, and when the issue was ultimately decided in their favor, they were ready to meet the vanquished savage more than half way. Such terms of peace were made as would reflect creditably upon their own cause and contribute the largest advantage to future generations, and would, at the same time, reconcile the Indian to his condition and make him the friend of the white men and the Government they represented.

The Government always pursued a policy of wise pacifism in dealing with the war-like and unruly savages. There is not an instance on record where the Government employed military force to suppress war-like tribes or put down rebellion among them, until it was compelled to resort to arms as the only means of protection. But the end of the war was the signal for the Government to inaugurate means for the protection, education and reconciliation of the vanquished foe. The

Indian, although a savage, was not slow to see that he was wrong in his contention, and in the majority of instances he showed his bigness by kissing the hand that smote him. He gradually began to see that the white man's war on him was made for the good. Force was employed only as a means through which the Indian might be made to accept the ultimate decree of civilization.

The Indian has been a beneficiary of the Govevrnment from the date of its organization to the present time; it has schooled and fed him, and still pays him large sums of money annually. It is true that "Poor Low" was mistreated in many respects, but it is also true that, in the end, his white enemy proved to be his best friend and benefactor. The Indian owes his present high degree of material, religious and sociological prosperity to the influence and sacrificial service of the white man. The pale-face showed him how to convert his forests into fertile farms and happy homes, and how to turn the sod of his rolling prairies into harvests of golden grain. The Indian had scampered for centuries in search of victims upon which he might wreak his lust for murder, and he never once dreamed of the vast coal beds and hidden oil fields that today pour millions into the coffers of civilized nations. It is needless to say that he would be roaming the plains yet, if the white man had not taught him better, and discovered the great wealth that had been trodden underfoot for so long.

The history of the world furnishes indubitable proof that, in the Providence of God, the white or Caucasian race was born to a place of supremacy among the races of men that dwell upon the earth. It is therefore impossible for any race to displace the pale-faces permanently. The white man from time immemorial has distributed the highest ideals of culture, religion and civilization among all peoples, tribes and tongues. Through all past ages he as been the pioneer of progress and the "pathfinder for civilization". He imitates none, but is imitated by all races. He occupies the highest rung in

the ladder of races. He is unconquerable in war, and an invincible leader in all human progress. The noble civilization that illumines the world with the unfailing lights of science, philosophy and religion is a compliment to his genius.

The white man believes that the world is his domain, and he does not limit his operations to one remote corner of the earth. He travels to the end of the world, and when he reaches it, he "takes the air". He keeps going "while his head is hot", and thinks that he has a right to stop and settle wherever he chooses. He believes therefore in liberty and freedom for all races, and in constitutional equality. The supremacy of the white race in America was as necessary for the intellectual uplift and material prosperity of the Indian, as it was inevitable in the Divine order of racial adjustment.

CHAPTER I

Entering the Territorial Wilds

I was born in the State of Missouri in 1874. The following year my parents moved to Texas. Soon after, they both died, leaving seven helpless orphans to the cold charity of the world. In a very short time my brothers and our only sister were scattered out to make their way as best they could under the awful misfortune that had befallen them. It is not difficult to imagine what overwhelming disadvantages confronted such unprotected children just starting on the uncertain journey of life. Remember too, that we were on the borders of civilization and in a thinly populated country!

It will be recalled that forty years ago, the "Lone Star" State, which now shines so brilliantly in our galaxy of progressive states, was a frontier section with very few permanent settlements. It was infested with savage red men, roving bands of Mexican cattle thieves, and murderous outlaws, many of whom had been driven from the "Old States" by officials enforcing law and order. It was not an environment in which culture or Christianity could thrive. The fact that we children passed through that period without making shipwreck of life and becoming bandits or red-handed murderers is truly a miracle of Divine Providence. One might travel for miles without seeing any sort of habitation except an occasional lone ranch house.

My story would not be complete without mentioning the Williams' ranch. It was bounded on one side by the Red River, and extended for miles along the bank on the Texas side. It was near the present site of Quanah, Texas. The house in which the Williams' family resided was a good, substantial structure containing eight rooms. The materials used in the construction of the house were hauled from Fort Worth, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles.

Mr. Williams was a very kind-hearted man of a generous, forbearing spirit. I will never forget the kind-

MRS. S. D. GARNER
The Author's Sister

ness he bestowed upon Sister, Little Brother and me. He gave Sister employment and permitted her to keep us, aged four and six.

The two-roomed house in which we children lived stood near a ford on the river known as "Dead Man's Crossing." The name was given to commemorate the sacrificial deeds of officers of the law and private citizens, who gave their lives at this crossing in an effort to rid the country of cattle thieves, bandits and refugees who fled to the frontier from all parts of the United States to escape the penalties their lawless deeds justly merited.

It was in the year 1879 that many Indians—Chickasaw in particular,—coming into Texas for food, forded the river at Dead Man's Crossing. Of course they passed near our house, and in this way Sister became familiar with them and, strange as it may seem, began to take a sincere, sympathetic interest in the benighted race. She did not fear them in the least, and they seemed to like her. They respected her, and some of them would have died a thousand deaths rather than molest her or permit others to harm her. Perhaps her power over them resulted from some mysterious influence that she unconsciously exerted upon Indians who came into her presence, and that was distributed through the unselfish interest she took in them. She believed sincerely in the Indian race, and her success and safety in dealing with them abundantly verifies the truth of the scripture "as your faith, so be it unto you".

But the Indians of the date I am now discussing (1879) did not give the people of Texas much trouble—really serious trouble. They had been driven out of the State between the years 1835 and 1865, but they had made occasional raids on the Texas people up to 1879. However, they were not successful and had learned to stay near the borders where they would be in close proximity to their rendezvous in Oklahoma.

The Chickasaws, Osages, Cherokees and Coctaws were less hostile than any other tribes of Indians in America toward the advances of the white men; the

MRS. J. A. NEWSOME
The Author's Wife

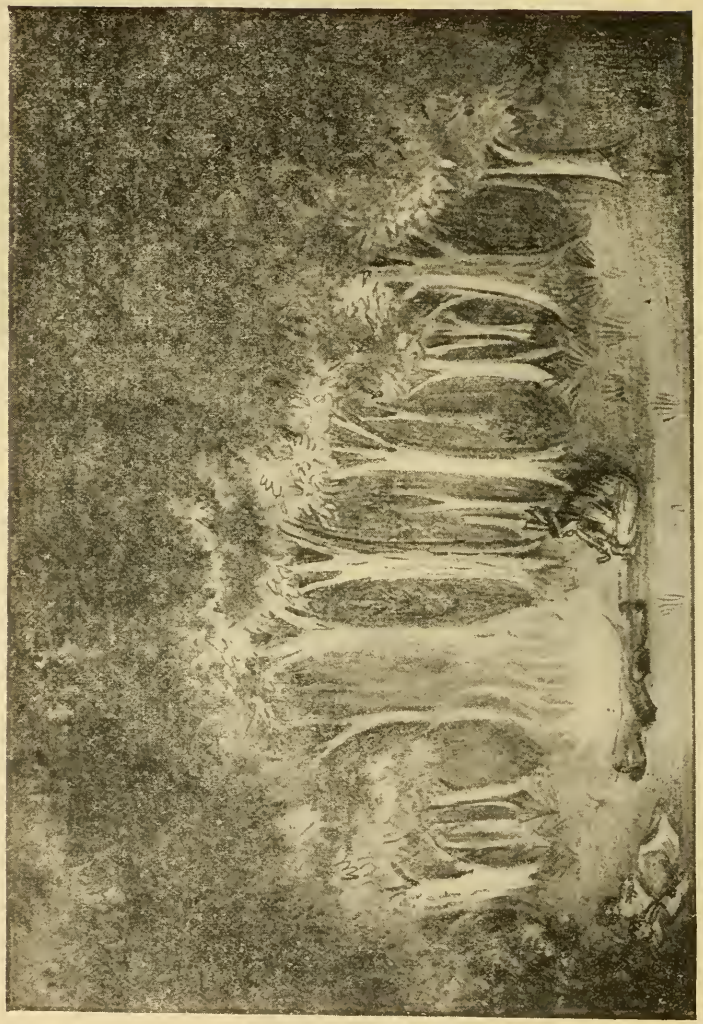
Choctaws in particular were more peaceable than any of the other tribes. However, many tribes were at war with each other, and all warring tribes were ready at any moment to surprise and murder white settlers; no man's life was safe in that day in any part of the Territory.

It has never been clear to me why Sister decided to penetrate the wilderness of Oklahoma at that time. Members of the tribes mentioned above often visited our little home on the Texas side of the Red River, and Sister became acquainted with a great many of them. The Choctaws were very friendly, as were the Chickasaws. Sister could not be persuaded to abandon the trip, and getting things ready, she took Little Brother and me and crossed the river into the Territory. I did not then understand the danger of the undertaking upon which we had entered, and in my childish heart I was glad that we were going, although I did not know where.

We met an aged Chickasaw shortly after getting on the Territory side, and he tried in vain to persuade Sister not to undertake the trip. He spoke of the dangers from wild beasts, bandits and wild Indians, but she would not consent to return home. Instead, she begged the old Indian to guide her to the Seminole country. When he had finished his trading at the Military Post, he returned and offered his services.

In those days the Government stationed an agent at the Military Posts to buy furs from hunters and trappers. The Indians took advantage of the opportunity to market the skins of animals that were trapped or killed by them in the chase. Our guide had come more than one hundred and fifty miles through an uninhabited wilderness marked only by a dim trail leading through forests and over hills, to market his furs which he packed on a little burro.

The old Chickasaw had acquired a very good knowledge of the English language through association with traders on the Texas side, and so we found him a very companionable and interesting guide. I am now well



Camping the First Night In the Territory

aware of the fact that we would have been lost and destroyed in the Territory if it had not been for the protection that he gave us during the trip to the Chickasaw Nation and later to the Seminole country.

The first night that we spent on the Territory side was in July. The night was cloudless, and countless stars kept vigil over three lonely orphans who knew not whether they would see the dawn of another day. The hoot of the horned owl, the howls of coyotes, and the blood-curdling scream of the panther made the night hideous and almost sleepless for us.

Sister arose at dawn and prepared our scanty breakfast. Soon after, we started with our Indian guide upon the most memorable and interesting journey it has ever been my good fortune to undertake. However, I would not undertake it again if I were given the opportunity to do so. Now, I can appreciate it because of the rich experience that I acquired; but I very frankly admit that I do not have any desire to forsake again the walks of civilization, plunge into the wilderness, and brave the dangers from wild beasts and savage men.

I will never forget that wonderful morning. The sun rose in gorgeous splendor, casting a golden sheen over the wilderness and painting forests and valleys with acres of diamonds and fields of pearls. Light rays filtered through the branches of towering oaks and played peek-a-boo with the wild roses showing their lovely faces against the dark undergrowth.

The trail over which we traveled was known only to Indians and bandits. It led partly over and partly around the Arbuckle Mountains. We followed it for a distance of about twenty miles, and camped on the bank of a small stream that had its source on a mountainside and flowed in an easterly direction out into an open valley. It was very restful to a tired and footsore boy to watch the crystal-clear waters leap and sparkle over rocks, winding their tireless way off to the dim horizon.

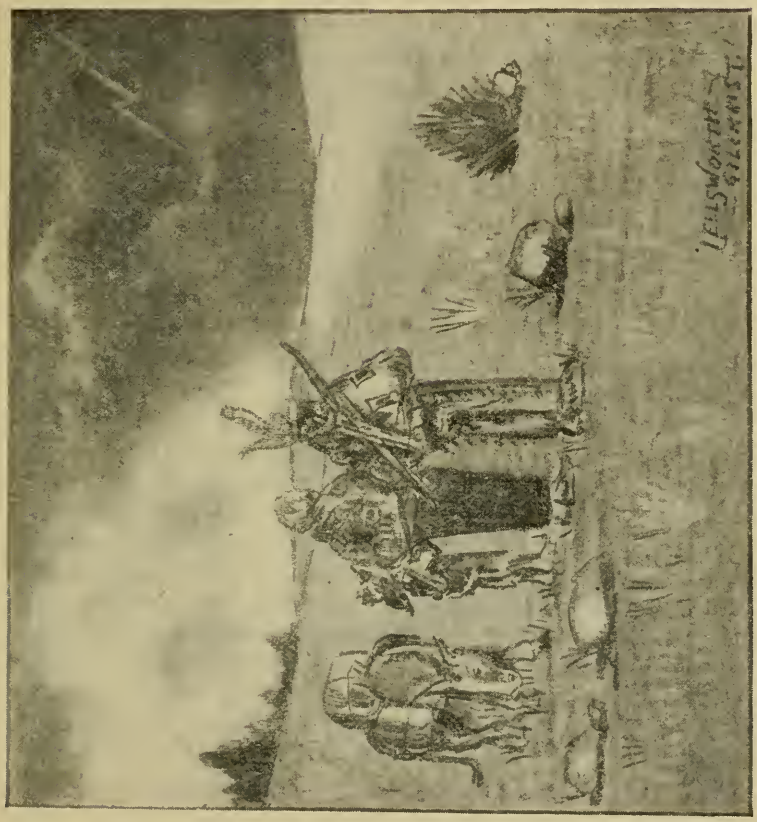
The second night of our journey was without any excitement, except the astonishing sound of the swish-

swish of wings as hundreds of wild turkeys came to roost in the trees. The next morning they made the welkin ring with their gobbling, and flew away among the trees. I retain as a delightful memory the rushing roar of wings as they left their roosts.

We started on the second day's journey with many misgivings, but still our hearts were happy when we thought of the end of the trip and what it would mean to us. We were not afraid of the results of our venture. I believe that the majority of discoverers in all ages have been led by a strange, mysterious inspiration to forsake the land of their birth, and have gone forward into unknown regions with the feeling that they were being forced to go on the voyage or journey by some unknown power. There is no resisting the burning desire to enter upon the discovery of new lands. We are in America today because of the flaming desire planted in the soul of Columbus. The discovery of America was an accident, humanly speaking, but we thank God that the continent was happened upon in time for us to locate here, we being spared the extra trouble of being born in some other country and the expense of tearing up the household and moving to this wonderful land.

The day dawned clear and beautiful. As the sun touched the hill-tops with glory, we started on one of the most eventful stretches of the journey. It was about ten o'clock when we reached the foot-hills of the Arbuckle mountains. I shall never forget the wonderful scene that was presented to my eyes as I gazed upon the gorgeous landscape for the first time in my life. The silvery, gurgling streams, the verdure of the great forest, and the brown stone steps of the mountains were in wonderful contrast. Although but a boy, I magnified the mysterious power of God who created all things, and tried to get an intelligent idea of His personality as He exists in a sphere of unapproachable enthronement—surrounded by countless angels and clad with eternal glory.

We reached the top of the mountain early in the af-



Our Hearts Were Filled With Awe and Fear As We Watched the Approaching Storm

ternoon, but a very short time before we came to the crest of the ridge, the Indian guide, who was a few paces in advance, gave an exclamation of surprise and beckoned us to stop. We did so immediately. The cause of his excitement was a very large diamond-backed rattlesnake, perhaps the largest snake of the kind that I have ever seen.

I have wondered since then why the guide did not kill the reptile, for he passed on without doing it any injury. He may have associated with the snake some superstitious idea, and hoped by sparing its life to be rewarded in some way unknown to himself. Or, he may have hoped, by allowing the serpent to go unharmed, to receive mercy at the hands of his enemy at some future time. In their savage state, it was but natural that the Indians of those days should associate their own lives with that of the beasts of the field. But they had inklings of immortality. They were constrained from unnecessary slaughter of animals by their idea of the similarity of all life. A Redskin never took the life of animal or fowl while there was meat in his tepee. It was only the pinch of hunger that induced him to kill. When he had secured enough meat for a few days in advance, he left the hunting-ground and passed by all kinds of game without molesting it in any way. If civilized men had followed that rule, the buffalo, deer, and antelope would be of great use today. But they were ruthlessly slaughtered, and the world is paying the penalty for the crime that thoughtless men committed for the sake of the sport in testing their marksmanship.

We camped about sun-down on the bank of a little creek which is now known as the South Fork of Wild Horse Creek. I had the pleasure of watching the starting of a fire by the Indian guide. He gathered a few dry twigs and ignited them with flint rocks by knocking the rocks together near the sticks so that the sparks would set the dry bark on fire. I had brought a load of wood, with the intention of building a large fire so that we could have light, but he forbade me without

giving any reason. Sister Seina was in the act of building the fire near a large oak tree, but the guide objected. When she asked him the reason, he gave the following explanation: the burning torch was used as a signal of attack by wild Indians, and for the same purpose by enemies lying in ambush. The reflection of a bright light would be noticed by any near-by Indians and would draw their attack upon us. Then, it was also true that the panther and Mexican lion would be attracted, and although they would not attack people around the blazing fire, they would skulk around until the fire had gone out, and then pounce upon the sleeping victims. Sister and I were quite willing that the wise old guide should build his small fire under a ledge of rock so that the reflection would be screened. Camouflage is an old-age practice.

We slept under the ledge of rock, and I used my hat for a pillow. I will never forget how uneasy and restless I was from worrying whether that ledge of rock would fall on me during the night; I felt, the next morning, that I had had a very narrow escape. But that rock cave is there today, and the ledge is still standing.

Our journey the third day led for twenty miles across beeautiful valleys lying between the North and South mountains. In the afternoon, we were attracted by the peculiar actions of the guide, who stopped occasionally, placed his ear to the ground, listened intently for some time, and then resumed his march. In a short time, we discovered the cause of his actions. Three horsemen appeared one behind the other, riding in a gallop over the trail that we were traveling, but going in the opposite direction. They did not break their gait or halt, but merely spoke to us as they passed and were soon gone.

Travelers in that day of savagery and lawlessness had the advantage of the protection that is afforded by an open country. The forests were then free from underbrush, the great trees standing out independently. One could see far into the depths of the forest. It is entirely different now. The undergrowth in all of our

Another Night In Camp

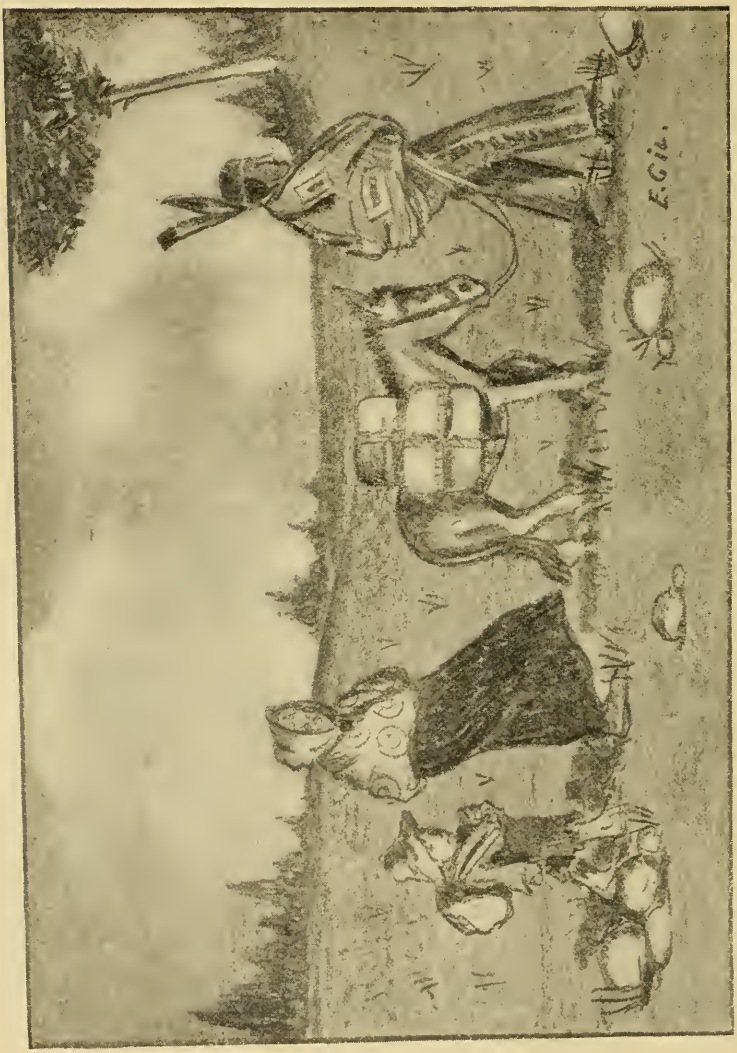
forests came with civilization. The coming of the cattlemen turned the forests into grazing lands for immense herds of animals. Their tramping hoofs cut into the surface roots of the trees, which caused numerous shoots to spring up. In an incredibly short time, the forests were full of a shrubby undergrowth.

The God of nature gave the pioneers extensive, open forests in which to make settlements, because this gave them a better chance to protect themselves against the attacks of savages and wild animals. Evidently, thousands of people have been saved through this protection of nature, because men or animals could be seen at great distance through the trees. If Mexican lions, bears, panthers, wild cats and diamond rattlers could have had the advantage of the scrubby undergrowth that has sprung up in the forests, they would have destroyed many lives. The warfare of the Indians would have been much more destructive to human life if they could have had the advantage of the undergrowth in which to lie in wait for their unsuspecting victims. Our children will never see the magnificent forests of the writer's childhood days. They are marred and ruined, and many of them have been ruthlessly wasted.

Late in the afternoon, we were walking slowly along the trail when the Indian guide pointed to a very large panther standing near, watching very demurely and without any signs of fear or anger. He never moved, but kept turning his gaze in our direction as we followed the winding path out of sight. The guide remarked that very few animals would attack a man in the daytime, unless they or their young are molested.

We pitched our camp in a huge cave with its walls lined with shelves of rock, which, when covered with grass, made excellent beds for Sister and Little Brother. The Indian guide and I preferred to cast our lot on the floor of the mouth of the cave.

Before we retired for the night, my boyish curiousity induced me to explore the cave. The guide and I used lighted pine knots for torches, which gave us all the light that was necessary in making the exploration. The



Starting On the Perilous Journey With the Indian Guide

cavern was indescribably beautiful. A rushing stream of water, clear as crystal, penetrated it on one side. The stream teemed with fish, which we learned were blind, like those in the Mammoth Cave. The stream was only about four feet wide, but it had great depth, because we could not find its bottom. The rays from our torches showed us the formation of stalactites hanging from the roof of the cavern like frost-covered icicles. These were caused by the steady drip of water seeping through the ceiling for long years and years. There was a moisture on the walls of the entire cave.

The next morning, we were awakened by a roaring noise. Upon investigation, we found that our cave was the daylight home of thousands of bats. We hurriedly ate our breakfast and departed.

The fourth day's journey was the most difficult of all, because it led over mountains. We made only ten miles that day. However, the trip was very interesting to all the members of the party except, perhaps, Little Brother, who was too small to take much notice of the gorgeous scenes around us. The trail was almost impassable, and there were times when the slightest misstep on a projecting ledge of rock would have meant certain death for us. I remember very well how the little burro slipped once and broke away a large boulder that boomed down the mountain side. But the little donkey understood how to place his feet on the rock and get safely back into the path. Sister, for the first time during the journey, was thoroughly frightened. Little Brother, who was strapped to the burro's back, would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks below if the burro had not succeeded in regaining a foothold in the path.

We pitched our camp in one of the most desolate places I have ever seen. I wondered where we would get water for the night, because it did not appear to have rained in that region for years. The guide took a bucket and went out into a declivity in the mountain side, and in a short time he returned with a bucketful of the coldest water that we had found during the trip.

Many journeys through the region had made him familiar with the section.

The night was beautiful. Countless stars shone from their pedestals in azure heavens. Silence reigned supreme. Not a sound was perceptible except the gentle rustle of leaves, as soft, southern zephyrs blew over to bring comfort and cheer to weary mortals. But some time after midnight, the owls began to make the night doleful with their unmusical notes. Suddenly, the most distressing scream that I ever heard rent the night with its hideous noise. It was the blood-curdling cry of a panther. I was so frightened that I could not sleep during the remainder of the night, and I was indeed glad to see the dawning of the morning so that we could get away from that terrible place. The scream of a panther is like that of a woman in deep distress; once heard, it will never be forgotten, and one will never want to hear it again as long as life lasts.

On the fourth day, our path led through the beautiful Wild Horse valley. There was a luxuriant growth of tall, rank grass that is known as blue grass. In places it was higher than a man's head, but the average height was about four feet.

Late in the afternoon, I saw two of the largest herds of deer that I have ever seen from that day to this time. One herd numbered about forty or fifty, and the other, at least thirty. The first herd was grazing in a southerly direction, and the smaller one grazed toward the north.

Wild turkeys were also very numerous. They kept up a continual gobbling while they came to roost in the trees and in the morning when they flew away.

It was about ten o'clock when we had crossed the Wild Horse Valley, and had come out upon the Washita River. We had not thought about a river that we would be compelled to cross until the moment we stood upon its banks. An Indian never found a body of water an obstacle to his passage; our guide immediately plunged into the water and swam across to the opposite side in a very short time. He seemed very much surprised

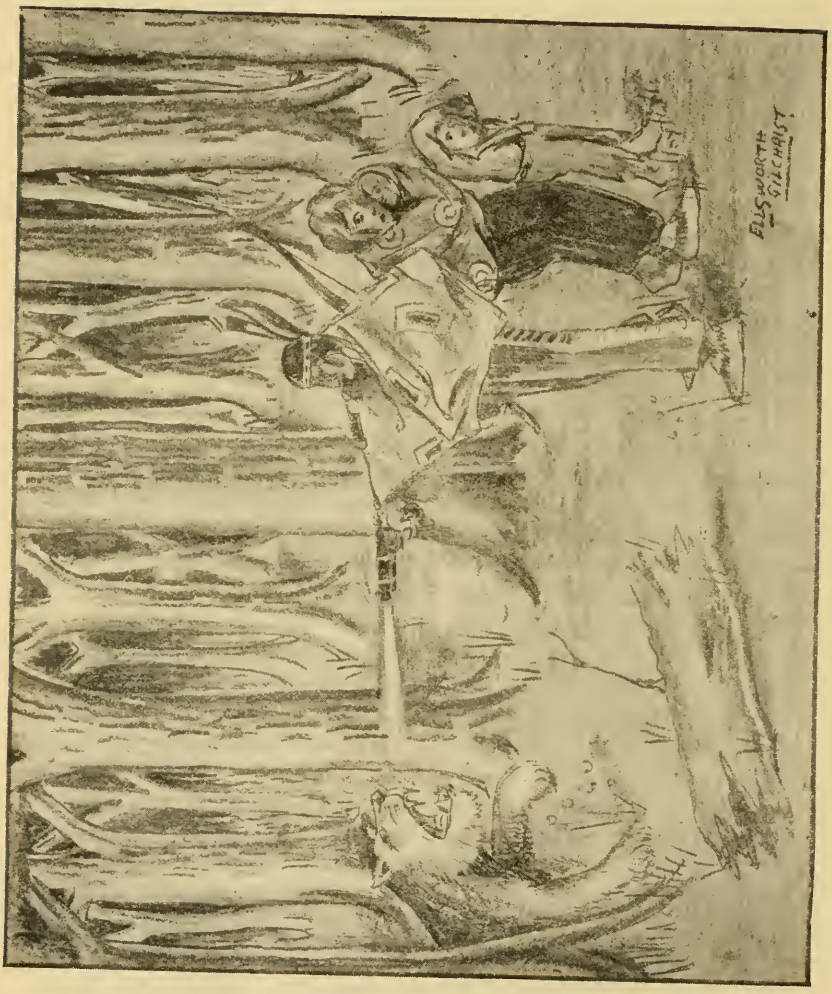
to discover that Sister and I were not there on the bank with him. I guess he felt disgusted because we tenderfeet could not swim a dangerous river. But we did not intend to take any swimming lessons at that time, and under the circumstances, I, at least, was violently averse to getting water in my windpipe.

Indian children were trained to swim, as well as ride horseback, before they were eight years of age, and, at that early age, they could swim right along with adults without any difficulty. The women could swim equally as well as the men.

The Indian guide knew the river, and was acquainted with the location of a near-by shoal to which he directed us. We crossed over and in a short time rejoined him, and the journey was resumed.

It must have been about two o'clock in the afternoon when we reached a scope of country that was covered with an impenetrable growth of vines and underbrush. I could not see more than two or three feet into the wild, tangled mass that formed an almost solid wall on either side of us. We were going single file, and it was all that we could do to get through.

We had not traveled far in this wilderness when we heard a noise similar to that made by a saw being drawn through dry wood. The Indian stopped in his tracks and drew his gun, keeping his eye fixed in the direction of the noise. Suddenly a huge Mexican lion appeared. Apparently, he was in a very bad humor and meant to pick a fight. Our Indian did not blink an eyelash or move a muscle until the lion made an effort to spring. Just as the brute crouched, the Indian fired two bullets into its brain, and we left it lie where it had fallen. The guide explained that if he had fired before the animal crouched, as it stiffened in death, it would have dealt him a fatal blow. But, the bullets entering its body when the muscles were tense, there was no time to relax and strike out with the cruel paws before death came. Do you think, reader, that you could wait until a lion crouched before you fired? As for me, I would prefer to change the subject.



Encountering the Mexican Lion

The Mexican lions of those days were nearly as large as, and some of them larger than, the dreaded "king of beasts," the African lion. These huge cats were more brownish in color than the African lion. At one time, there were many of them in this country, but today, they are never seen in the State. I am glad that the only remaining ones are behind the bars.

We had not proceeded far on the trail after the encounter with the lion, when suddenly we saw something about fifty yards off that resembled four large, yellow leaves. Upon closer inspection, I saw that these "leaves" were the ears of two large Mexican lions. They rose slowly from the ground. As they did so, the Indian drew his gun and watched them intently for several seconds. The animals kept their blazing eyes fixed on us, and giving vent to a terrific roar that almost shook the ground, they turned about and stalked away. I was impressed with the guide's action in this instance. I had expected him to fire, and in my boy-mind I was completely mystified because he had allowed those vicious beasts to get away without molesting them. But I learned afterwards, that if he had fired and wounded one of the animals, both would have attacked us and we would not have had much chance to kill them; but by waiting for them to attack, we were given a better chance because one would have waited for the other to lead in the onset. The one attacking first could have been killed when within good range; then, the other would have gone away or come forward cautiously, and we could have had the advantage again. Hence, our guide knew what he was doing that day, and he did the only safe thing for him to do under the circum stances.

We were about two and a half miles from the Indian camp that was to be the end of our journey—for at least several days. The war-cries of the blood-thirsty Indians could be plainly heard, but we were not afraid, because we trusted in our Indian guide to protect us. Indeed, our trust was not misplaced.

CHAPTER TWO

In the Camp of the Chickasaws

We were about a fourth of a mile from the Indian village, when we were met by two Indian braves. They talked with the guide for some minutes, and then turned and accompanied us.

When we entered the camp, the only persons in sight were a group of aged squaws. These were left on guard, the yelling and singing warriors whom we had heard having disappeared as though the earth had swallowed them. We had gone but a few paces however, when the entire camp was swarming with Indian braves in war-like formation. They poured from the tepees like bees from their hive. They were armed with every conceivable make of weapon that was in existence at that time. They rushed to the center of the camp, brandishing their six-shooters, bows and arrows, tomahawks, and huge knives made from saw blades. There were a few who carried the "cap and ball" revolvers of such common use in those days.

This war-like demonstration filled my heart with fear, because I believed that they intended to kill us. But the Indian guide who had protected us up to this time went forward and spoke a few words to the Chief. I noticed with untold relief that he smiled, and then the entire company of Indians seemed pleased, and began to disperse into the different parts of the camp.

In a short while, the guide returned to us and told Sister not to be afraid, because the Indians would not do us any harm, but would treat us kindly and protect us while in their camp, whether our stay were long or short. This was exceedingly comforting news to us, to me especially, because I thought a lot of my scalp.

I shall appreciate that guide of ours as long as my life lasts. It would afford me real pleasure to have him for a guest in my home. I should like for him to be dressed in his buckskin and blanket, and carry his six-shooter and bow and arrow, just as he appeared when

I first saw him. And he should have the first place in our home and in our consideration.

Some squaws walked up to the burro and untied Little Brother. Of course, I misunderstood their act, thinking that he would be killed. I began to cry bitterly. Then an old Indian mother came to me and, putting her arms around me, tried to assure me that no harm would come to us. I was consoled, somewhat, by her manner, for I did not understand anything that she said. The fact is, though a savage, she was endowed with tender, maternal instincts that did not impress me then as it does now.

One of the women took Little Brother into a tepee and motioned Sister and me to follow. Little Brother became the center of attraction. Many Indian children of all sizes and ages gathered around him. All of them seemed to be delighted with the novelty of the "Paleface" child.

I found to my great surprise that the camp teemed with children. When we had entered the camp there was not a one in sight. It must be said to the credit of the savage Indian that he trained his children to obey orders. One rule was that children should not appear when company was around, unless they had a special invitation to do so. Parents of today can learn a very good lesson from the heathen Indian of fifty years ago.

In a short while after we had left the tepee, an Indian woman came out and built a small fire. Soon another woman appeared, and another and another, until there were nearly a hundred fires burning in the camp. The women roasted meat on the fires. According to their custom, they cooked but twice a day—early in the morning and late in the afternoon a little before sundown. When the meat was ready to serve, an Indian woman gave us all and more than we could eat. They showed us no little kindness.

Night came on. I began to wonder where we would sleep. We had not been invited to remain through the night with an Indian family. Nor was such an invita-

The Chickasaw's Camp Where the Author Saw His First War Dance

tion forth-coming; for when the Indians got ready to retire, they entered their tepees without a word about where we would sleep or where we could. It appeared to us that they did not have any particular care where we would go. I felt decidedly lonesome. But "wisdom was ever the better part of valor"; and wisdom advised me to keep quiet. We slept on the ground inside the camp that night.

In our ignorance, we did not know that we would have been perfectly welcome with any family in the camp. The Indians at that time had not learned the proprieties. Because they had not scalped or tortured us, but had fed us well, they expected us to make ourselves at home. They had performed all the rites of friendliness. They had not had the opportunity of reading "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son," which alarming fact accounted largely for careless etiquette and lack of good manners. Through our self-respect and anxiety for our scalps, we meekly allowed the matter to pass unnoticed.

The joyous matings of multitudes of song birds filled our hearts with cheer when we awoke in an Indian camp a hundred and fifty miles from civilization.

Hunger was our most pressing concern. I was so nearly starved that I forgot about the misery that my brass-toed boots had caused me on the trail. Indeed I was anxious to get into them and proceed to get something behind the belt. Sister endured the fast as long as possible, and then threw Chesterfieldianism to the winds and hunted up the guide. She asked if there were any meat in the camp to be had. Without even grunting or making any other sign, he turned and went into a tepee that seemed to be used as a sort of larder. He came out with a deer ham. Sister roasted part of it over the fire. We proceeded to show our very great appreciation by eating it most ravenously. I will never forget that delicious breakfast.

A short time after breakfast, the guide came to us and asked Sister how long we were going to stay in the camp. She replied that she could not tell definitely,

but perhaps two or three days. The Indian turned and walked away without any explanation.

Indians were always a little short on talk until they became civilized. Nowadays, they can argue for hours on politics or religion and imitate a white man almost to a "t" in seeming never to run out of talk and very successfully avoiding saying anything during the time he talks. They are very long on the argument, but very short on the principle, and still shorter on the practice. And they keep getting civilized more and more.

The Indians returned about three o'clock in the afternoon with several large bundles of reeds to be used in making a tepee. They stopped under the shade of a great oak and called to the Indians in the camp. About fifty men responded.

I was very much interested in the construction and arrangement of the tepee. The bundles of grass that had been brought in were plaited into sections like those of a tent. When the sections had been fitted together, the Indians proceeded to make the tepee waterproof. Rich pine knots were set on fire and the dripping rosin collected in a vessel. The rosin was then applied to all parts of the tepee, making it absolutely waterproof.

The grass used in the tepees grew very tall, having a rather large body and long, broad leaves. It was found along river banks, valleys, lakes and swampy places. There is not a trace of such a species of grass in Oklahoma nowadays. Like the wild animals, it also disappeared with the coming of civilization. History shows that such a species of grass seems to be indigenous in unsettled lands. An old Indian regards the disappearance of the grass in Oklahoma with superstitious awe and refuses to break his silence regarding the matter.

Each tepee was large enough to accommodate one family. They were arranged close together in a circular form around the open space in the camp. The entire camp covered an acre or so of ground.

In a miraculously short time, the tepee under con-

struction was finished, including the platform in the center with the funnel-shaped hollow for a small fire. The guide came to Sister and said that the tepee was for our use as long as we stayed in the camp.

Sister and I borrowed knives from the Indian women and went out into the timber and cut down some blue grass. Out of this we made some excellent beds in the tepee. Not any bed that I have ever slept in from that day to this was half as luxurious and restful as that grass bed in the Indian tepee forty years ago. Animal skins as bed clothing cannot be excelled.

Our tepee was located in the outskirts of the camp. From the day it was finished until we left the place for the Seminole country, Indian women visited us every day. They were exceedingly good, making inquiry about our needs and bestowing freely everything that it was in their power to supply. They provided all kinds of meats from day to day.

I can truthfully say that many of these Indian women knew the art of roasting meat more perfectly than we do today. One of the most delicious dishes that they prepared was terrapin. They put a live terrapin in a small fire; every time he crawled out they poked him back into the fire with a stick. By the time he was dead, he was ready for the king's table. And then it was very convenient to serve the terrapin, for he furnished his own platter. The bottom shell was cut off with a hunting-knife and the meat was eaten out of the top shell. Was that terrapin good? Well, once tasted it will never be forgotten.

Fish were never cleaned or dressed for cooking. They were thrown into the fire while they were alive and roasted whole "with the hair on."

Modern tourists do not know anything about the pleasures and enjoyments of the vacation that I had in that Chickasaw camp. The only thing that we lacked to make our joy complete was a little Ford and the accompanying vocabulary of cuss-words. But, of course, not knowing anything about either in that remote time, we did not miss them.

The Indians are the original corn-eaters of the world. I am of the opinion that corn bread has a more efficacious civilizing power than wheat bread. During the last World War, Uncle Sam enlisted many Indian citizens to help civilize the original wheat-eaters of the German Empire.

Indian corn made wonderful crops. The ground was worked with crude wooden hoes, or with the old-fashioned "eye hoes" that had been taken during raids on white settlers. Not having mills to grind it, the Indians prepared the hard, flinty grain by pestling it in rock or wooden troughs. Then it looked more like our "chops" than anything else to which I can compare it. It was boiled in a huge pot and allowed to stand until it soured. Missionaries will tell you that it was a very nutritious and wholesome dish. I believe that if it were eaten today, and if we lived more out-of-doors than we do at the present time, we would be a healthier, stronger and happier people.

It will hardly be questioned by any thinking person that the conveniences and protection of modern civilization are causing the rapid depreciation of all races of people; they are particularly hard on the Indian race. From this fact can be seen the reason why so many Indians are succumbing to the ravages of tuberculosis.

I am sure that we have lost and not gained in abandoning the use of Soffaka corn.

Every steel implement that was used by the Indians was fashioned by the same method. Articles of steel, pilfered from white settlers, constituted the metal part of the implements. A knife, saw-blade, or any other instrument was ground into the desired form on a rock similar to our grindstone. After this process came the business of making a handle. The bones from the body of a freshly-slain deer were boiled until very soft. From these a piece was selected, then shaped, and fitted to the blade. After much polishing and, in time, the drying of the bone, the instrument had a very durable handle.

The bow and arrow was one of the most valuable and dangerous weapons produced by the Redmen. It is a

remarkable fact that an Indian could shoot an arrow a very long distance straight to the mark. By elevating the aim, an arrow was made to carry a surprisingly great distance and to inflict dire damage on the man or beast upon whom it happened to descend. An Indian could shoot an arrow much more accurately than he could a rifle.

The art of making bows and arrows was mastered through long years of patient experience, and was eventually brought to a very high degree of perfection. The Indian worker carefully selected his wood from burr oak, bois d'arc, or hickory. The wood was drawn through the fire a great many times to temper it. The bow was made from the outside part of the wood, and the arrow from the heart of it. All bows were made according to an accurate measurement, so that they were uniform in length and shape. After careful shaping of the bow, it was put through a seasoning process until it was as hard as steel, and so wonderfully resilient that it sent an arrow singing on its mission of death to a great distance. After the seasoning process, both bow and arrow were polished perfectly smooth. Then came the making of a string that would be strong enough to hold intact against the vigorous rebound of the bow. A string of tanned buckskin about half an inch wide was softened in hot water and then rolled as tightly as it could be compacted. Then it was allowed to dry before it was secured to the bow. It was so tough that it seemed almost like a steel spring; it could sustain a very heavy weight and hurl an arrow with terrific force.

In making the wonderful flint rock arrowhead, the first thing to be done was to secure a pure flint rock—the larger the better, for the needs of the Indian. The rock was heated red hot. Then the arrow-maker dipped his finger in cold water and allowed drops to fall on the rock wherever he wanted it to shale off. When the handle and the edge were shaped, then came the tedious task of polishing. The instrument used for that purpose was the small bone from the foreleg of a deer.

When the head was finished, it was fitted to the arrow shaft previously made from heart-wood.

When it is remembered that all arrowheads, large or small, were made by the slow method of letting single drops of water fall on the flint, it will be readily understood that many months were required to make each head. This fact explains the strange conduct of Indian braves on the battlefield. They have rushed out in plain view of the enemy, notwithstanding the most disastrous rifle fire, in order to secure an arrow that had lodged in the body of a victim. After the battle, in the darkness of the night they have stolen out in search of arrows that had missed the mark and gone astray. Great value was attached to arrowheads because of the infinite amount of time and patience expended in making them.

I would not leave with my readers the impression that all Indians were alike skillful in arts and crafts. Just as we find men peculiarly fitted for various trades today, so was it then. Every workman had his specialty. Some made bows and arrows, others made knives, and still others made arrowheads. There were those who were kept busy making utensils of one kind or another, or fashioning leggings with bead ornaments. Everybody worked in harmony, and there was never a strike in any department of labor.

Wooden buckets were made in the following manner: a block of wood was sawed perfectly square on each end and a red-hot iron was used to burn out one end of the block until it had the desired capacity. The bucket was polished with glass, inside and out, until it was very smooth. Then the bucket was ready for use. Much time and patience went into the making of a bucket.

A skill almost like that of genius was displayed in the making of beads. The women in particular were adepts at this craft. There were various kinds of beads, the difference being according to the purpose for which they were to be used. One kind was made from the heart wood of timbers. The beads were cut and shaped

into the desired size, and then split open and grooved with a sharp knife. They were cemented together again with a glue made of rosin that had been boiled for six or eight hours. Smaller beads were made from dogwood and sumac stems. After the process of shaping, the pith was removed to allow for passing the string through. They were then thrown into a pot of dye. Most dyes were obtained from the inner bark of trees. The tiny beads on moccasins were made of rosin mixed with powdered stone. The mixture was moulded around a wire, and then the beads were cut off one at a time. The wire was drawn out and the beads were ready for the needle-workers.

It quite passes my knowledge how the Indian women obtained so many valuable secrets of the medicinal power of plants. A few women in every tribe were recognized as physicians, and when there was sickness, they were always consulted just as our enlightened medicos are today.

Just a few days before our departure from the Chickasaw camp, I witnessed one of the saddest incidents of my life. It was in the afternoon of a very warm, bright day. Objects could be seen at a great distance through the forest and to a very great height in the skies. I was looking upward when I happened to see a huge bird soaring high in the heavens. Suddenly he began to descend, and when within about a hundred feet of the ground, he made a quick movement and with folded wings shot with the rapidity of lightning directly toward the earth. To my horror, he seized an Indian baby in his talons. The eagle turned his eye to the sun and soared away with the infant which was never seen again. I have never heard such lamenting as was indulged in by Indian women that day.

The most interesting event that I witnessed during our stay in the Chickasaw camp was a fight between an Indian brave and a grizzly bear. The Indian was sleeping outside his tepee, for the July weather was hot and sultry. During the night, the bear came.

Fortunately, the Indian had gone to sleep with a long knife that he carried in a leather scabbard buckled around him. When the bear attacked, the sleeping savage drew the knife almost instinctively and went to work with it as only a primitive knife-man could use a steel blade for defense.

The fight caused a great disturbance in the camp. Sister, Little Brother and I were awakened by "the noise of battle" and the doleful lamentations of the Indian women, mingled with the noisy encouragement of hundreds of braves who stood by, but for some reason known only to themselves, refused to assist the Indian during the fight. The struggle was soon over and Bruin lay dead. The Indian was not seriously hurt. There was nothing left on him in the way of clothes except a few tatters, and they were very stringy and very scant. His skin had undergone the same treatment as the clothes; but the first misfortune was considered the more serious of the two, because the skin would heal of itself, and garments had to be re-made.

I do not remember the exact number of days we spent in the Chickasaw camp. But the time came when Sister decided to go on to the Seminole Nation. The question of a reliable guide came under consideration. She appealed to the aged Chickasaw, who was of A-1 ranking in the Secret Service organization of the times, and consequently a past master of the trail.

The different tribes maintained a very efficient Secret Service system; their spies penetrated all that section of country that was contiguous to the territory of other tribes, and they kept the home camp accurately informed about the movements of clans that were friendly, and, of course, those that were in war-like activity were watched closely. Each tribe had several braves who could be trusted to give reliable information regarding the movements of friends or foes. These men knew the shortest and best routes to all other Indian camps.

The wild Indian was unlike the civilized Indian in that he would never make a camp along river courses

or in valleys, but always on some hill or mountain that gave him a commanding view of all the surrounding country. This was to enable him to see an enemy a long time before those who sought him could get in reach and give him a fight. Camps were never built in forests, but near some forest that teemed with wild game.

Too, the civilized Indians would build their camps in one place and hundreds would occupy a very small area of ground; but the wild Indians had many small camps that were located so near each other that the light of the torch could be seen, whenever the occasion required, and despite the fact that they were not in one body, it was possible for them to mobilize in a very short time.

CHAPTER III

Settling in the Seminole Nation

The first thing that was necessary in making the long journey of nearly one hundred miles to the Seminole country was the preparation of sufficient food to last during the trip and Sister had all the help and assistance from the women of the camp that they could bestow. An abundance of cooked meats of different kinds and plenty of Soffaka corn was prepared, and when we told the Indian Guide that we were ready to make the trip he surprised us by offering his services, voluntarily, to guide us to the end of our journey, and it is needless to say that we were overjoyed when he made the proposal.

The morning of departure arose fair and bright. Not a cloud was to be seen and gentle zepher breezes, stirring the dense foliage of the luxuriant forests, wafted the sweet odors of wild violets, for-get-me-nots, and the wild rose until we felt that all the world was burdened with sweet fragrance. It was indeed exhilarating to the sense of smell, and is retained as one of the most delightful memories of that past day.

The Guide brought the burro to our tepee, and while he was busy loading him with our provisions and making room on his back for brother, I had a demonstration of the generous kindness and sincere friendship and appreciation of those Indians that was surprising in the extreme. It also revealed the fact that they were as capable of entertaining human virtues and exercising merciful consideration as any people in the world, and all that was necessary to bring about their redemption from heathenism was the right kind of instruction and religious training, hence I am not astonished at the wonderful progress that has been achieved by the Indian during the last fifty years.

A great many Indian women came out to bid us farewell and wish us peace and safety on the perilous journey. And they showed their sincere love for us as truly as a tender-hearted, civilized women could show

it. They shed tears of regret and lamented the fact that we were about to leave them forever, and they would see our faces no more. We wept with them. We had learned to love those simple, sincere heathens. They were God's misguided, abused and misunderstood people. They had not the supreme advantage and blessings of a noble civilization, and they should not have been treated like beasts of the field, "made to be taken and destroyed."

Women gave Sister several strands of artfully made beads that had been formed with great skill from the heart of many different kinds of wood, and arranged in the strands so as to preserve color harmony to a remarkable degree, and I have never yet learned the secret of how they succeeded in making such beautiful things out of wood. The beads were made by the old Squaws and I suppose that it required a great deal of natural talent as well as long practice to learn how to make them. But they were artists in that line, and the genius exhibited was wonderful.

Our course lay in a Northeastern direction and about ten o'clock in the morning we emerged from the forest and came into a rolling prairie country near where the town of Wynnewood now stands. The only semblance of a forest growth that we saw that day were small elms that grew along the banks of ravines, or occasionally a diminutive mesquite bush. It was lonely and caused my mind to revert to the land of the South from whence we came, and I could not refrain from weeping when I thought of the kind hearted, the rough Texas Rangers and the soldiers, who occupied the Military Posts near "Dead Man's Crossing" and the magnificent Texas prairies, that I then thought would never again be seen by me.

We traveled about twenty miles the first day and pitched our camp at the foothills of a small mountain known to the Indians in those days as "Lookout Mountain." The sun disappeared in the western sky and the heavens were veiled with darkness. The evening star, beaming in the heavens, seemed to descend to give us

more light as the night deepened. We ate our lunch without light or fire, and providing beds that were made from a rank sage grass that grew about four feet high, we retired for the night.

I was lying on my back watching the countless stars that formed the "milky way" and wondering what they were up there in the sky and why the Great God had made them, when suddenly I heard the most unearthly and gruesome yelling that I ever heard, and of course Sister and I were not slow about getting up, but the guide informed us that the noise was made by coyotes, a small wolf that was harmless, and our fears were partially allayed. He said that there were very few in the drove but I thought, judging from the noise that they made, that they must have covered a thousand acres of ground. Sister and the Indian slept, but I lay awake and kept in readiness to run or die with my eyes open and my "boots on." And the cowardly little beasts came so near during the night that I could hear them snapping their teeth, and it was a trying, nerve-racking experience for me to keep still and remain quiet, but if I had moved they would have scampered away in great fright. However I did not know that at the time, and I did not intend to take any further risks.

But another day finally dawned and I arose and went to the mountain top to look over the country. Where is the boy who would not climb a thousand feet into the air to get a view of the countryside?

The Indians sometime in the past had built a tower about fifteen or twenty feet high on the top of this mountain for a lookout and that was the reason the mountain was given the name that it bore at that time. It was indeed an exhilarating scene that was presented to my view when I looked around over the country from the top of the tower. I could see objects many miles away and it was a scene worthy of any painter's canvas to watch the scampering coyotes and the graceful, golden-coated deer leisurely galloping across the prairie, or the beautiful spotted fawns running like the wind in their gambols.

"I arose and went to the mountain top to look over the country."

But all nature seemed to be in harmony with the scenes that I have mentioned in the foregoing paragraph. The bosom of the wide, rolling prairie was aflame with the light of the morning sun, and flowers of every shape, kind and fragrance were visible from every direction. Grass grew luxuriously on the mountain side where the feet of man had never trod, and where the hoofs of beasts never marred its virgin glory.

We ate our lunch and immediately started on a journey that was destined to be exceedingly fatiguing and disagreeable because of the intense heat. I previously remarked that the day dawned fair and bright. The skies were cloudless and the heat in the early morning was almost scorching which was very unusual for this country. The climate of Oklahoma in those days was more ideal, heathful and dry than it is today. I cannot account for the change except for the fact that rains like honey bees follow civilization. It used to be a saying among the wild Indians that when "Bees made their appearance that the White man was coming" and they would begin to get ready to meet him and drive him out of the country if it was possible.

But before proceeding further with this part of my narrative, I will remark in passing that we had now penetrated about two hundred miles into the Territory without seeing any persons except Indians and bandits.

We had been exposed to great danger from wild beasts. Bears, panthers, catamounts and Mexican lions had disputed our way, but we had prevailed over them and had made our escape from the jaws of death without being harmed, and I cannot refrain from expressing my grateful thanks to an All-Wise God for His protection and guidance during those eventful, perilous and lonesome days.

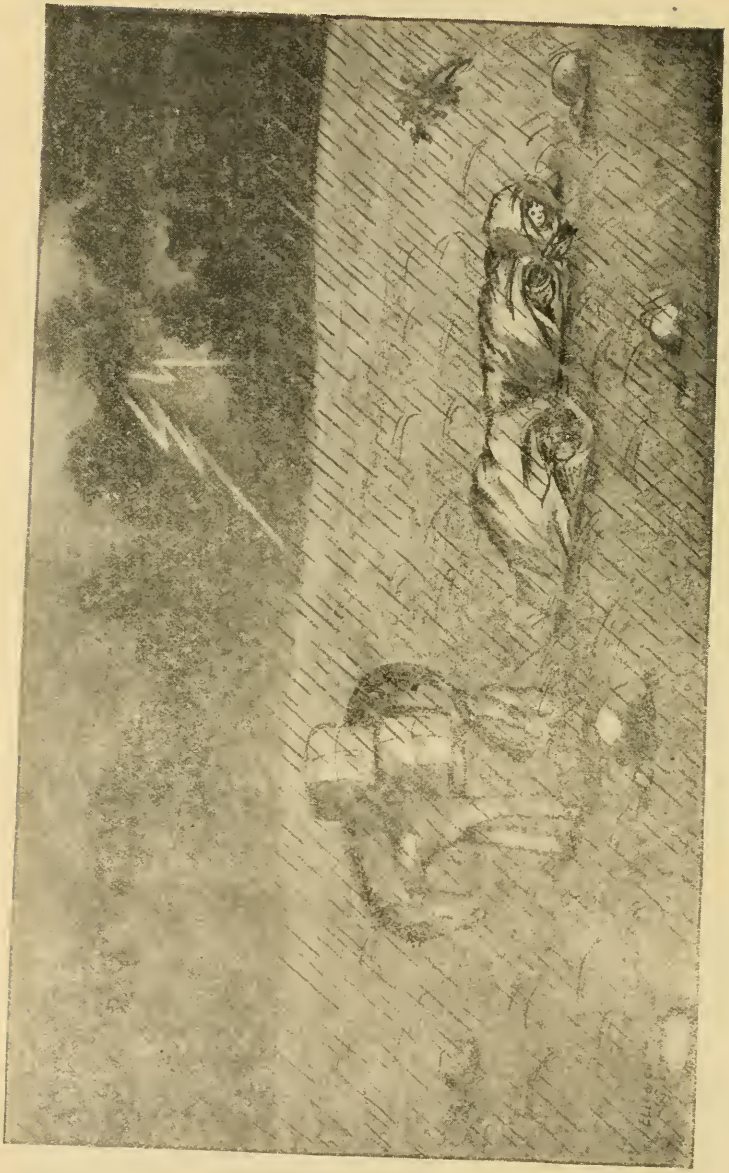
But coming back to my story, a peculiarly cool and refreshing breeze would occasionally fan our hot, perspiring faces, and we moved forward on our weary, dusty way with a renewed strength and rejuvination of spirit. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, however that we noticed the faint appearance of the

storm that the sultry morning had portended. The storm-cloud had the appearance of huge volumes of smoke in the far-away, dim distance, and occasional rumblings of deep-throated thunder could be heard, like the booming of great guns far-away. Sheet lightning would flare up now and then, illuminating the blackness of the cloud, like rockets in the night.

Our hearts were filled with fear and awe as we watched the approaching storm. We were on an open prairie and deprived of the natural protection of a ravine, ledge of rock or a hill, and you can imagine our serious situation as well as the feelings of alarm that surged in our hearts. But the Indian guide had witnessed before such demonstrations of an outraged nature and knew what to do in such circumstances. He unrolled the pack that was carried by the burro and when the storm broke we covered our bodies with the skins of animals that were used for beds, lying prone on the ground, with our faces to the earth, we patiently waited for the storm to pass. The rain fell in torrents and the hail descended upon our skin coverings with terrific force. It was an hour of terror and trouble and anxiety for us. I had never witnessed such a thing in life and hope that it will never be my experience again in this world.

But with the passing of the storm a great calm fell over the world, and the crimson rays of the setting sun bespangled the drenched prairie with ermine hues, mingled with the colorings of silver and gold. It was a scene of indescribable beauty and grandeur. It made the heart stir with sublime emotions that a wealth of adventure would be too feeble to express.

We were fortunate, however, in finding a lone oak tree that had stood sentinel over the prairie waste thru past years, and we pitched our camp under its ample boughs for the night. The Guide climbed the tree and broke away some dead limbs to be used for a fire, but the supply was so limited that we could not get enough heat from it to keep us warm, and it goes without saying that we spent a very miserable night. Our clothing



Covered By Animal Skins and Laying Prone On the Ground While the Storm Rages

was wet and we were drenched to the skin with water that was almost ice-cold, Oh! we welcomed the dawning of another day and the warmth of the risen sun.

We started on our journey very early hoping to reach another Chickasaw camp before nightfall. The distance that we had to travel to reach the camp was fifteen or twenty miles, and traveling over the country on foot was slow and tiresome, but we were very anxious to get to the camp, hence we had made greater haste than usual.

It was about nine o'clock when we were attacked by six large timber wolves. They are much more dangerous than the little coyote and when they are hungry one may expect to have to fight them. We were approaching the foot-hills and were just entering the timber when the wolves, at about the distance of one hundred feet, charged us. The Indian squared himself in front of the wolves and drawing his six shooter, told Sister to do likewise, and when the animals were within twenty or thirty feet of us, the Indian and Sister began firing. They were good shots and made every bullet count, and in a very short time several dead wolves were lying on the ground, and the remaining members of the pack were scampering away, some of them wounded. But it was an exciting time while it lasted and when the shooting was over I crawled from under the burro where I had taken refuge, and was ready for the jounrey.

The Chickasaw camp was located on the Canadian river, and shortly after the fight with the wolves we found a trail that was used by the Chickasaws in going to Texas. The trail led to a crossing on the Red river that was known then by the name of Black Bull Crossing, and we entered the camp a short while before sundown. They gave us the same sort of reception that we received in the first camp, but after some parley with the Guide they treated us very kindly and with great deference, and made us feel that we would not be molested by them during our stay in their midst.

It was in this camp that I witnessed my first war

dance, and it made a lasting impression on my mind. About one hundred braves took part in it. They were decorated with crowns for their heads, paint of the colors of red and green on their bodies with patches of feathers taken from the wings of turkeys. The paint that they used was made from the bark of different kinds of trees. A number of them also wore belts that were decorated with long hair and the reader can correctly guess at once that it was human hair taken from crowns of murdered whites or enemy Indians that those rascals had killed in battle. The orgies were weird and hideous. They were more like demons than human beings, and it requires a very long stretch with a serious strain of the imagination for a person, who never witnessed the terrible exercises of the war dance to conceive of its heinousness and inhuman dmonstration. The dancers were clad in breech clouts made from bear and deer skins, and they wore moccasins made from the same material. Their moccasins were beautifully ornamented with beads of different sizes and colors. The leader of the dance was dressed like the chief of the tribe with the exception that the chief wore crowns extravagantly ornamented with beads of gorgeous hue and extending from his shoulders to his waist. The chief of the tribe was always dressed so that he could be distinguished from any other member of the tribe, hence the leader in the dance wore streamers of feathers that hung down the temples, while the chief wore one single streamer of feathers that hung down his back and that reached nearly to the ground. Indian women who took part in the war dance wore shirts that parted down each hip on the side, but modern Indian women wore blankets around their waists and shoulders, and moccasins on their feet. But all women who took part in the dance wore terrapin shells partly filled with hard gravel on their ankles and allowed their long, raven hair to stream loosely in the wind. Indeed it was a picturesque sight, but one in which no white man could take any pleasure in that day, because of the terrible events that the dance al-

ways foretokened. I almost shudder when I think of the "War Dance" and the awful miseries, tortures and massacres that it introduced into the experience of white people of that day. I am glad to know it is past to never be revived among the Indians of this enlightened age.

But before I leave this part of the subject it would be incomplete if I were to omit a description of the preparations for the war dance. The evening before they brought wood from a distance and placed it in the opening of their Tepees. Two stakes with forks on one end were driven in the ground, and a horizontal pole with each end in the forks was secured to them, and in about one hour before the dance they built a big fire under the pole. The leader of the dance then went into a teepee and brought out a large sack made of grass filled with human scalps taken from heads of men, women and children, even the heads of infants. The wild Indian never knew what mercy or humaneness meant, hence he treated alike all classes that fell into his brutal clutches. His rule was to torture all captives until they died, and then remove their scalps to be exhibited as tokens of his wonderful prowess and bravery in the future. Hence scalps taken from the crowns of persons killed in past generations by the forefathers were used in all the war dances.

The symbolism of the war dance was kept a secret that was sacredly guarded by the Indians, in memory of their departed ancestors whom they thought were basking in the glory of the "Happy Hunting Ground," and which was believed in by all Indians.

But poor, deluded souls! I am sure that their disappointment is great for the reason that animals of forest and field never go to that awful place. God's animal creation is not endowed with immortality. They have no promise of an eternal future, but being guided solely by instinct they perish at death in their own dust. But the savage races of men are human beings—God's immortal creatures and that which was intended to be the greatest blessing that can come to men, viz; salva-

The scalps were hung on the pole and the braves and squaws would reverently salute the fire in honor of its consuming nature.

tion from sin has been lost to millions of irresponsible heathens, hence it has turned out to be their greatest curse, and I feel impressed with the stupendous importance and the awful responsibility of giving the Gospel of Christ to all the Nations, races and tribes of men that dwell under the sun.

The scalps were hung on the pole and the braves and squaws would reverently salute the fire in honor of its consuming nature. They attended these myglyphics with high leaps into the air and ear-splitting yells. It was enough to make the dead stir in their graves.

During the periods of war among the Indians they could not discern between right and wrong. They danced around the fire believing that they could be identified with its consuming nature, and thus more effectively destroy those upon whom they made war. They believed also that it made them terrible to their enemies and invincible in the fray, hence the Indian would not engage an enemy in a fight until he had indulged extensively in those furious orgies and contortions of madness around the fire in the war dance. It usually lasted about eight or ten days. But that did not end the exercise of the warrior, because it was an established custom for them to go thru the performances of the dance for twelve hours after the protracted part of it was over in order to get his heart and mind centered and immovably upon the accomplishment of his purpose, and persons who were forced to fight them will testify that they were more like cunning beasts, and as daring as it was possible for men or beasts to be during the conflict, hence it was next to impossible to capture an Indian warrior alive. He would fight to win the victory until he saw that his cause was hopeless then he would change his tactics and fight in an effort to escape the victors, but if he failed he would try to make the enemy kill him. But strange to say very few Indians ever committed suicide.

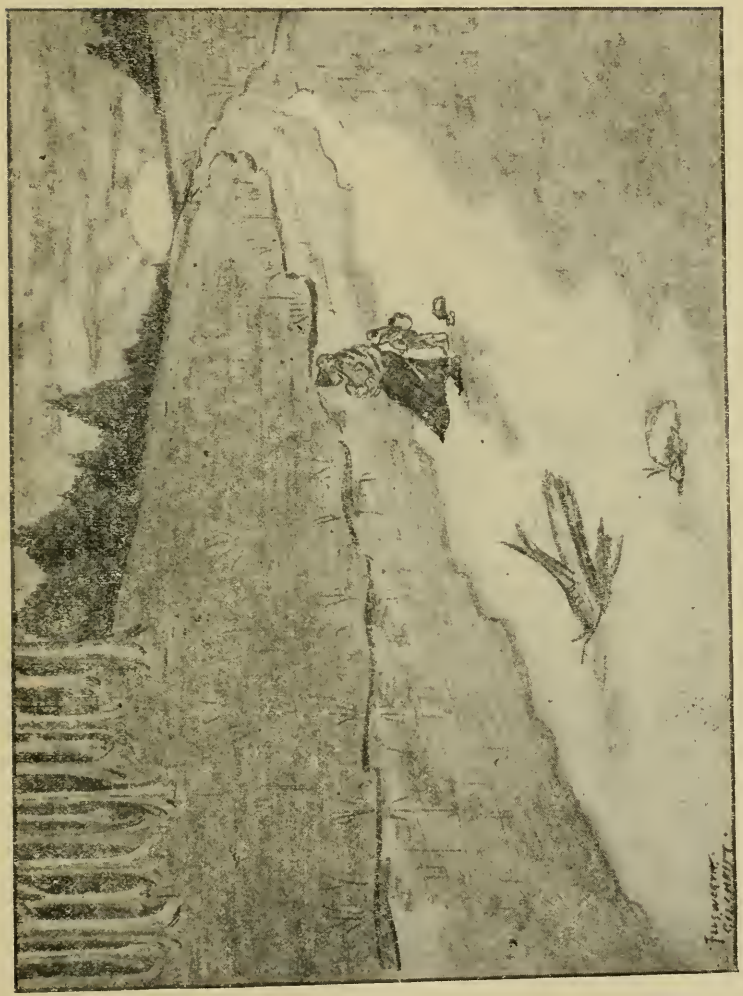
History records a few instances where an Indian lover was refused the hand of his sweetheart by the chief or the girls parents, and the twain made a suicide com-

pact and died by their own hands rather than live apart from each other. But this never occurred except in cases of lovers in different tribes, because the parents arranged for the marriage of their children at a very tender age. I personally know of one instance of the marriage of an Indian girl at the age of twelve years, and she was a mother in the early months of her fourteenth year. But to illustrate the subject of suicide among the early Indians in America I will relate this case as it was told to me by an aged resident of Ashville, N. C.

A towering ledge of rock, over-looking the French Broad river a short distance from Ashville is known as Lovers Leap. At the present time enterprising parties has erected a summer resort and the hotel is called Lovers Leap Hotel. The story is very interesting to me. A young brave of a different tribe had been captured by warriors of the enemy and he was taken to their camp, and for some reason his life was spared. He fell in love with an Indian maid and asked for her in marriage, but his request was refused, because he would not sever his relations with his tribe and his allegiance to the Chief of his own tribe, hence the young people were denied the rights of matrimony and entered into a suicide pact, stole away to "Lovers Leap," and locking their arms around each other they jumped to their death on the ragged rocks that nestled in the bosom of America's most beautiful river, the French Broad. The chief of the tribe to which the girl belonged gave it the name in memory of their tragic death.

It is a very peculiar fact that tho the Wild Indians cared less for human life, his own not excepted, than any race of people in the history of the world. Still, he would usually endure the most awful suffering rather than take his life, but suicide and insanity is very rare among heathen people of the present time, and seem to be the products of civilization.

The reader would like to know what kind of feelings surged in our hearts while we were looking upon the Indians in the war dance. We were greatly alarmed



Standing On the Sands of Red River At Dead Man's Crossing

and all three cried bitterly, because we believed that they would finally kill us. Evidently some squaws saw us in tears and knowing the cause of our sorrow, they came to our teepee and talked with us in broken English, assuring us that we would not be harmed. We were comforted but spent another sleepless night, and were destined to sustain the most stinging misfortune of our journey, with the dawning of another day. I relate it with sadness in my heart even at this late day.

Our Indian guide came to us at the early morning hour and began making preparations for his return trip. I will never forget the loneliness that I experienced at that time. We had learned to trust the guide unreservedly and it broke our hearts to think of being separated from him. It was thru his protection that we had been saved and directed to our present location. He had risked his life without pay or glory and had trudged many weary miles simply to accommodate and help us. He did this voluntarily and did not ask in return for that noble service even the gratitude of our hearts, but you can rest assured that he got that in an abundant measure and has it still.

We kept our weeping eyes fixed on him until he had disappeared in the distance, then the fact that we were hundreds of miles from civilization, without friends or helpers, surrounded by wild beasts and savage men, broke upon sisters heart with a terrible reality, and she was endowed with a brave, unflinching soul, she could not restrain her grief and anxiety. Tears flowed in copious showers from her eyes and it was with great difficulty that she finally calmed her distressed soul and put her misgivings out of consideration.

The shades of another night were very welcome to us. The previous night had been one of alarm and sleeplessness and we were so worn in body and mind that cavorting, yelling Indians and howling coyotes failed to keep us awake and we slept soundly. The next morning at the break of day we were making preparations for the journey to the Seminole Nation, and it is needless for me to say that our hearts were disturbed with

many forebodings, depressing apprehensions and melancholy thoughts regarding the danger of the trip, and the kind reception that awaited us among those strange people.

We were about twenty miles from the Seminole Nation but being very anxious to finish the journey during the day, we started very early in the morning. It was in the afternoon that we crossed the Canadian river at Browns Crossing, and we knew then that it would be impossible for us to reach the Seminole Nation that day, and the thought of camping in the woods alone was not at all encouraging, but Sister comforted Brother and me and we made the best of it that was possible at least. When night overtook us we made our camp under the branches of a great oak tree that grew near the trail. Sister and I made a big fire under the tree, and for some reason, walked away from it some little distance. I cannot tell why we did that to this day. But just as we were in the act of returning to the fire a rumbling sound was heard in the tree top and some kind of living thing, (whatever it could have been was invisible to us and is not known to us today), fell or jumped into our fire and scattered it in every direction.

It may seem strange to the reader of these lines when I say it, but we rested well and were not disturbed during the night, and the next morning, greatly refreshed in bodies, we entered with vigor upon the last part of our journey. We were about nine miles from the Seminole Nation and we reached it about ten o'clock in the morning. We settled in a little log hut about nine miles west of the place that is now known as Sasakwa. The hut had been built by an old Indian and his squaw, who had gone out from their tribe to live alone, and it was located near the hut of an old Indian and his squaw, who also lived alone.

The Seminoles at this time were more civilized than other Indian tribes, hence they were not living in colonies like other Indians, but were scattered in all parts

Settling In a Little Log Hut With the Seminole Indians

of their Nation and living in log houses instead of tepees.

But you can rest assured that it was lonesome for us.

The reader can imagine that it was a very trying time for us and very discouraging to Sister, but she determined to make the best of it, no matter how bad things might turn out to be for us. Therefore we endeavored to settle our hearts on our environment and life in hopes for the future settlement and upbuilding of Oklahoma and the establishment of institutions of enlightenment and civilization, and it is exceedingly gratifying to us that we have been permitted to see the most wonderful development along every line in Oklahoma that has blessed the world or the ages past during any generations of men that have ever lived upon the face of the earth.

Magnificent cities, teeming with an intelligent population; and overflowing with riches that eclipses the most fabulous cornucopias of a mythical Midas of ancient times, have displaced the Indian camp and his blood-curdling warhoop is heard no more in the land.

Railroads and electric interurban lines pass through our valleys and cut through our iron-stone hills and automobile highways penetrate every part of our great State.

Church buildings, school houses, college and university structures dot the land that was once the battle ground of the red man, pioneers and bandits and with the introduction of Christianity and education, it can be truly said, that "the desolate is glad for them and the wilderness blossoms as the rose."

But to return to my story it will perhaps astonish the reader when I tell you that there was not another white family nearer than Texas and there was but one white man in the Seminole Nation at the time that we took up our abode in the red man's land, that we could afford to associate with because other white men that happened to pass through the Seminole country were generally very desperate characters and we did not care to associate with bandits. However, the young man,

Albert Stratton, who is mentioned in this paragraph, was raised among the Indians. He had fallen into their hands when a small child while the Seminoles were in Florida or Mexico and was brought with them to the Territory. He was a fine young man but did not know anything about his parents or kindred and seemed to be satisfied to live with his Indian captors, and they were good to him and held him in very high esteem. Mr. Stratton was very helpful to us in many ways and the fact that he was a white man and the only one in the country that we could have for a friend or companion made his company much more appreciated than it would have been under ordinary circumstances. I will never forget Albert Stratton.

The Seminoles were very friendly to us and we became extensively acquainted with nearly all members of the tribe. They were exceedingly good to us and treated us with the noblest generosity. I feel that we are under everlasting obligations to them for the benevolent care that they bestowed upon us. They never allowed us to go hungry but kept us abundantly supplied with all kinds of meats and Soffaka corn.

I will now describe the method that the Seminoles employed in the cultivation of corn. The entire crop was raised on a very small area of ground—not more than half an acre—fenced with poles that were tied together at the corners with hickory bark. The spot of ground was broken for the planting with a grubbing hoe that was made from seasoned hiskory, and often their plows were made from the same material and though it was a very crude method, the little spot of ground produced a wonderful harvest of corn.

I am sure that it will be interesting to the reader to learn more of Albert Stratton, to whom previous reference has been made in another paragraph, and it will afford me great pleasure to speak of him and the service that he rendered me when a small boy in the Seminole Nation. Mr. Stratton was about eighteen years old when I first met him and he spent all of his life up to that time with the Seminoles. I never learned how

he happened to fall into their hands because he never knew himself. It is possible that he was taken captive by the Seminoles in some of their wars with other Indians, who had previously taken the babe and its parents captives in raids on the whites. Anyway, it is only conjecture, and all that I ever learned about him was the fact that he was raised by the Seminoles and did not know anything about his parents or the fate that overtook them. But Stratton was thoroughly conversant with the ways and customs of the Indians and he had learned how to make many instruments of war for their use, the bow and arrows being a speciality with him. He exhibited wonderful skill of workmanship in making the hunting knife also, but there was not an Indian living that could excel him in making bows and arrows. He was an expert marksman in shooting the arrow. I saw him on many occasions shoot squirrels out of the tops of the tallest trees and rarely ever finding it necessary to make a second shot. He was very kind to me in the matter of instructing me in the mysteries of Indian life. Since he had been raised with them, and had never associated with his people, the Indians as a matter of course, looked upon him as one of them and told him many of their secrets and he seemed to take great pride in explaining many of these things to me. But he bound me to absolute secrecy and though I was a small boy, I respected him and kept every secret as silent as the grave. He was ten or twelve years old before he learned to use the English language, and if I ever knew how he learned it, I have forgotten it.

Guns were not extensively used among the Indians at the time about which I am writing, because they were hard to procure and, then, they preferred to use the bow and arrow, and I would put the gun aside and resort to the bow for defense. The Indian was an expert in the use of the bow and arrow, and I tell the truth when I say that I have seen an Indian shoot the head from a quail a distance of fifty yards. The bow had a great carrying range and it could hurl an arrow with wonderful force and effect a distance of several hundred yards. But the

guns that were in use among the Indians were of the antiquated type. They had a few muskets and flintlock rifles, and occasionally a shot gun would be seen in the camp. But they had a good supply of side arms, such as single barrel pistols and cap and ball six shooters and they could use those things very effectively when they thought that the occasion required it.

It is perhaps surprising to the reader for me to say that through our association with the Seminoles we became reconciled to our hard surroundings and determined to make our home permanently with these people, which we did. Sister Senia always believed that the Territory was destined to become a great state, and the wonderful advancement that has been made has fully verified that opinion for today Oklahoma ranks with the leading states of the American Union and it is really second to none in natural resources, educational institutions and material prosperity.

We mastered the Indian tongue in a few years and I became so proficient in the use of it that my services were sought on many occasions when an interpreter was needed.

CHAPTER 4

Living Among The Seminoles

There was another white family who lived in the country some years before our coming but who had disappeared—no one knew what became of them. Mr. Stratton often spoke of this family and the place of their residence which was near the place known as Sacred Heart, Oklahoma, a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles to the northwest of the little log hut in which we lived for nine years. The Indians would often speak of this family in such a way that it led me to believe that they must have been the first white family to penetrate the territory, and if any one, even the Indians had any knowledge of what became of them I never heard of it.

However, the Indians who knew the family said they often wondered what would at last become of them, the condition of the country was so bad and opportunities as to making a living so poor. But they disappeared leaving no trace or knowledge as to what became of them on the hour of their departure. The young white lad who was then only a boy in his teens and had been reared by the savage Indians, said he never knew how lonely life was in exile from his own race and from the civilized world until he was afforded an opportunity to visit and associate with this family. It was a comfort and an inspiration to him to even hear the Indians speak of the white people who were often the topic of conversation among the Indians forty or fifty years ago.

The story told by the boy pointing out how he managed to make possible his first visit to this white family is indeed thrilling. For months he had known their location some miles away, but the trip to the little log hut in which they lived was somewhat difficult as there were no roads, not even a trail, by which to travel. At that time on such a journey many obstacles were encountered as one traveled over mountains, across valleys, and through great forests that were infested by

ferocious animals, the Mexican lion, the mountain panther, the black bear and occasionally one of the most dreaded animals, the grizzley bear. But it seemed with all the uncertainities and dangers that confronted this lad, he determined, by the aid of an aged Indian, to make the journey. So he went to the home of the Indian who knew the country well and asked him if he would accompany or pilot him on his journey. He kindly consented to aid him, so they hastened all necessary preparations.

It is now late in the evening, the sun is fast sinking behind the western horizen, the darkness of the night is fast settling over the Indian hut which shelters the lad. Lying upon a bed of sage grass and covered by animal skins he passes the night in enjoyable and much needed rest.

He arose next morning as the gray dawn of the day began to break in upon the eastern skies, and as the sun rose they were off on their journey. But before departing the old Indian prepared their noon meal of some wild meat and Soffka corn.

We are sure it will be interesting to our readers to know the methods used by the Indians in carrying their supplies, especially food. Often a large horn was used especially for carrying Soffka corn. Meat was generally wrapped and placed into a hunting sack made of a grass known to the Indian for making tepees.

The Indian with his bow in hand, the young lad with a number of arrows well spiked ready for any emergency, the two started out. On their journey they met a number of Indians and native negroes and a white man. out of Kansas. He was traveling in a covered wagon, and it was never known to them whether or not he was alone. The terminal of his journey was some parts of Texas. So they moved on and the day was far spent and the night drew near, when they emerged from the forest, passing out upon a small area of prairie, there could be seen in a distance the little log hut which was located in a cluster of beautiful trees, and which was built some time in the seventies by slave

negroes known to the first white settlers as the Bruners, who also were noted, at least a number of them, as being very desperate, they having committed a number of murders and other minor crimes.

In the little, humble home a family of four was found by the party: a father, mother, son and a little daughter. There were a few Indians living in these parts. They belonged to a tribe known as the Pottowatomie. Neither of the party nor the members of the family could speak the language of this tribe, which made it very difficult to secure the necessities of life. The household goods consisted of two chairs with rope bottoms, a small bench and spring seat. Their bedding consisted of a pile of sage grass in the two corners of the hut and two or three well worn quilts for covering. Their cooking utensils consisted of a water bucket, the old time bake oven, a frying pan, a few tin cups, and some knives and forks without handles. The floor and the yard were used for the table.

The father expressed the belief that if it had not been for his gun and a small dog they would have often suffered for food. Forty years ago, in the territorial days, the dog and the gun were an absolute necessity for securing food, as all eatables used by the Indians were different kinds of wild meats.

We want to say, too, we are not exaggerating nor is it imaginary when we say that the Indian territory forty years ago was a country indeed desolate and utterly lacking in schools, churches or civilization. I am sure that a civilized idea was not to be found in the heart of the savage red man. And as to the white, the Caucasian, race of people, there was more in those days in all the country.

The Indians, themselves, many of whom still wore the breechclout and practiced many traditions of their forefathers, the wild and savage Indian in their manner of living, and eating found their happiest hour and their highest conception of heaven in their little log hut, with plenty of water, a bow and arrow and wild game.

The war dance, and in fact every custom and manner

of living of their forefathers in their wild and savage life, was practised by the Indians in the childhood days of the writer, except the heartless and inhuman war path. Likely there could not be found in all the country but two or three persons that could read or write. The cheif of the Seminole tribe was educated in the schools of the North and our sister had a common school education. The Indian had no chance of even grasping a religious or a civilized idea. Yes, it was a desolate, wild and untamed country. But in many respects it was beautiful.

One will never forget his experiences in a country like that of the Southwest forty years ago, with its inhabitants of the heathen Indian, the bandit and outlaw, the great forest infested with many kinds of beasts and animals and fowls, and with its beautiful rolling and boundless prairie whose beauties the feet of civilized men had never marred, but which for centuries had only known the hoofs of the buffalo, the deer, the elk and the Indian pony.

There could be seen grazing in the green carpeted valleys and along the mountain slopes, the beautiful deer with its golden colored hair in great droves. The antelope and the elk could be seen galloping across the unmarred and beautiful prairies as the wind in its gambols.

When one thinks back on those days and of the country as it was then, with not one ray of light as to civilization, relation or education, a dark and benighted alnd, the poor Indian, the savage red skin who had for centuries fought every opposition and hinderances to human life for his existence, who had made his home under the ledges of the rock and in caves and in the fastness of the great forest, fighting with the wild beast for his right to live as a human being, how one is made to appreciate and thank God for this wonderful race of people—the Indian, for the wonderful progress he has made out into the land of sunlight and civilization in every way that goes to make life worth while. O! How the civilized world must stand in perfect amazement as

they look today on the once desolate uninhabited lands of the Southwest, now a land with splendor and glory, a country that has no equal in America in wealth, opportunities and prosperity.

It seems we are forced to believe that there is no limitation to the art and skillfulness of men in building and improving and accomplishing; it seems almost the impossible thing has been done in developing the once wild, dark, forsaken and benighted country into, it seems to us, the Eden of the world, Oklahoma.

And yet was it man after all, or was it the omnipotent, invisible hand of Him, who has guided in the centuries of the past in the discovery and development of the countries of the world?

How thankful the American government ought to be that it did extend or lengthen the cord of civilization to a benighted, enraged, and once heartless and inhuman race of people, Poor Low, the Indian, by sending among them missionary educators, appropriating a vast amount of money to build missions, and schools, which at last proved to be indeed a wise policy on the part of the government. For when the Indians understood or apprehended the policy and friendship of the government toward them, they began at once to see that their hatred and warlike spirit toward the white man was wrong, that the Caucasian race of people had always been his friend. But he was not intelligently incapable of knowing it, because of the wild and savage condition of his own life which was irresistable and could not be over come except by an external condition and influence brought to him by the outside world.

And when this condition and influence was given by the government to this people through channels or mediums, such as named above, the savage red man laid down his bow and arrow, his tomahawk and scalping knife and removed his breechclout, and destroyed thousands of human scalps kept by them as a memory of their forefathers. They quit the war path and bowed their knees before the white man and kissed his hand

that once smote him, and confessed that he was a friend and did not know it.

The Indian proved and has proved to all the world his greatness, and that he is worthy to take rank among the greatest races of people and should be recognized and accepted by all as such, for many of them are today leaders among men and ministers of power and great intelligence, holding positions such as Congressmen and senators. We must acknowledge as a people and a government that among the greatest work ever accomplished by the people of America by war or otherwise was the civilizing of the Indians, and making them a race of people that is so much beloved and appreciated by the white race, that it seems possible that through sacred intermarriage between the two races that within another fifty years the race line between them will be forever abolished. Now there has been such a wonderful change and progress in the last fifty years between the two races that it seems to me it would be good and fraternal for all if we could stand together with bowed heads and sing:

OUR COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE.

Our country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty,
Of thee we sing. Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims pride
From every mountain side, let freedom ring.

My native country thee, land of the noble free,
Thy name I love. I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills, like that above.

Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song. Let mortal tongue awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break, the sound prolong.

Our fathers God to thee, author of liberty,
To thee we sing. Long may our land be bright,

With freedom's holy light
Protect us by thy might, Great God our King.

POETRY COMPOSED BY THE WRITER.

Now as father and mother were both dead,
Sister, Brother and I from Texas fled,
Entering the territory when just a child,
To live with the Indian savage and wild.
In a country some day to be,
The Eden of the world on land or sea.

Now with the savage Indian a life I spent,
Just why I cannot think,
Over mountains and hills in my boyhood days I went,
And when night came on, I lay down with the Indian and slept,
To awake next morning a country to see,
That meant in those days all to me.

I did not know there was a God, who had made a world so large,
With all of its glory, splendor and glee,
Both on land and on the sea.
When I think of life then, and think of it today,
How I wonder how it could have been,
That I spent my youth in sin.

Now when I look back and think of those days,
The savage Indian and all his ways.
We think of life then and think of it today,
Indeed something has passed away,
I am so thankful that it came my way,
Somehow I am here today.
Yes and I have been redeemed from a life of sin,
And I live today with white men.

Though I spent my youth in sin,
I never craved to be an outlaw and a criminal like some men,
Someway or somehow I always believed,

A life spent in sin somewhere, some day would end.
Perhaps with this thought in my heart,
Led my mind to a brighter spot,
Today my soul is free from sin,
It's anchored with God, yonder within.

When only a boy I beheld the Indian face,
I thought did God make this race,
If he did in his great plan,
He made a beast and not a man.
But in after years I look again upon the face of Red Men,
I am made to believe, God knew his plan,
When He made the Indian, he made a man.

We look at the Indian as he is today,
Every doubt as to his manhood passes away,
We think of the Indian in his savage life,
He had no love for children and wife,
He took his old squaw and away they would go,
Over hills and mountains too and fro,
In this life they were contented to be,
Under the shade of some lonely tree.

With his bow and arrow in his hand,
He lived in the No-Man's-Land,
He slept with the stars and the heavens above his head,
And when he saw the white man coming how he fled.
And from behind some hill later he crept,
And took the white man's life while he slept,
He had no clothes without, no principle within,
He wore a breechclout made of skin.

Now as to his warpath he would build a great fire,
Dance around it and yell his war cry,
Until hell beneath him would almost sigh,
The heavens above him would stop and cry.
As to his warpath no tongue can tell,
The number of souls he has sent to hell
And yet around God's throne we may meet, face to face,

Then God will tell us of this Red race.

Now as to the Indian, the country from whence he came,
Heavens record may give the name,
But in glory when we meet some day,
Then God will give it all away.
In heaven together there to stay,
We will never think of those heathen days,
Nor the little log hut by the river side,
Where we made our home before we died.

Now from a small child I had been with the Indians and had learned to speak their language perfectly, by the time I was in my teens, they had become very much attached to me and I loved them as a people very much, and as I have already mentioned, the desire and ambition of the Indian, as to hunting was every few days they would go out in search of wild game, and where is the boy just in his teens that would not enjoy and delight his soul in living in a country inhabited by all kinds of game and having an opportunity of going out every few days in company with the most skillful hunters the world ever knew, the Indian.

And what would make it all the more a joy and a great pleasure, was to know that your comrade, it mattered not as to the dangers that imperiled your life as to wild beasts and animals, would never forsake you, but would fight for you to the last ditch. As to the writer, we spent our early life as a hunter with the Indian with a bow and arrow in our hand, and we cannot recall a time when the Indian failed to give us every consideration and protection in the most crucial hour. And at times we know we would have been destroyed but for the Indian who did not fear and was never known to shrink from danger or even death and who would always take our place and, if need be, die for us.

I recall one afternoon when two aged Indians and

I went out into the mountains for a two or three days search for game. When the day was far spent and the sun was setting, we had pitched our camp on the bank of a very large stream, known as the South Canadian. We had now penetrated into the forests and mountains some fifteen or twenty miles from our little log hut, and as the two old Indians sat around the little fire they had built, I took my gun and walked away into a cedar forest and the hills for a little hunt. I had not gone far until I noticed a very large drove of beautiful wild turkeys feeding among the cedars which grew along the hill slope. I followed them for some distance out into a valley densely covered with great timbers. Not noticing the direction I had traveled I became bewildered and completely lost from the camp. You will remember I was only a small boy of a few years and the sun was sinking fast over the hills and the horizon, and the darkness of the night was soon to settle and entomb the hills and the forest in its doleful and undesirable appearance, and the wild beasts and animals would soon emerge from their daylight homes and prey upon their first victim, whom I felt would be me. I was lost in the hills and the forest and had no hope to escape the jaws of the raving and blood thirsty panther and Mexican lion through the night.

But as I stood on a hillside overlooking the great forest to the west, with its beautiful green foliage all aglow with the gold of the setting sun, I sat down, buried my face in my hands and wept bitterly. But somehow in those moments came a thought to me that I would be rescued from the horrible dreads and perils of that night. I have never fully understood why I felt that the hand of rescue was sure unless it was that my mind went back to early childhood, when I had so often heard Sister say that an Indian could not be lost neither could you be lost from them. And there arose in my heart a ray of hope and I arose to my feet. Walking only a short distance, I stood looking into an open valley to the southwest, I noticed two objects which seemed to be only a mere outline making their

way slowly in the direction where I was standing. Their action would have reminded you of some one seeking a lost treasure.

Now the night had fully gathered and the owls of the forest had begun to rent the air with their unmusical and noteless cries and the wild coyotes could be heard in the distance as they started on their night's expedition. The objects seen mentioned above were the two Indians trailing me by my dim tracks that no one but an Indian could have followed. Now dear reader you can imagine how I felt in that hour, when I could assure myself back in the company of my Indian comrades and especially when I sat once more around the little camp fire.

And yet the night was one never to be forgotten because of the happenings and the nerve racking experiences that became our lot to suffer. Now as we were very tired and worried from the experience of the evening and felt so much in need of a little rest, we retired for the night, all laying near the little camp fire under the green foliage of some very large oaks, shutting out every ray of light even the light of the stars, as they twinkled from their pedestals, which made the night unusually dark and impossible to see an object the distance of a few feet, if at all.

It must have been about the hour of ten. Everything was still and quiet; not a sound could be heard, not even the quivering of the leaves, caused by a gentle breeze, could be heard. The old Indians were fast asleep wrapped in their blankets. Up to this hour it had been a sleepless night for me. Not one moment had I closed my eyes, but somehow I had felt that the hour was not a safe one for us. So I had laid awake watching every move and hearing every sound when all at once an unusual noise could be heard. It seemed to be a distance of a few feet from us. The noise was similar to that of some one striking the ground. I arose quickly and called to the Indians and as they arose there could be seen an object only a few feet away. It was a large Mexican lion laying stretched in a springing position.

The noise we heard was his tail striking the ground like that of a cat before springing upon its victim. Each Indian had an old time cap and ball revolver, and they could use them equally as well as the gunsmen, the bandit or outlaw of the early days. It was in a jiffy of time the darkness was illuminated by the light of the gun fire, and the smoke was so intense that it was impossible to determine the results of the conflict. I remember how I ran and crouchel down behind the two Indians, believing I was shielding myself from becoming a victim of the most dreaded enemy of the forest to human life, the Mexican lion.

Now, after the fight was over and the clearing away of the dense smoke making it possible to determine something as to the results of the fight, we found the monster animal had fled, but upon investigation and examining the trail we found blood which witnessed that he had been wounded. There were two traits in the animal that were manifested on this occasion that were very unusual and out of the ordinary for a Mexican lion, and that was to come near or approach a light or a camp fire or to flee after being wounded.

So a short time had passed and we somewhat recovered and recuperated from this awful experience. The Indians again wrapped themselves in their blankets and fell fast asleep, lying on the ground only a few feet from where a short time before had crouched the monster beast, in his position which would have in a few moments likely meant death to all the party if it had not been for the unswerving and unshrinking nerve and markmanship of the Indians.

But with the past experience of the evening and of the night, the remainder of the night was destined to be a sleepless one for me, and it seemed that it must have been a Divine Providence for us all.

It must have been nearing the morning hour, the Indians were still sleeping as if nothing had happened and as if our lives were not endangered in the least. But as for me there had been but few nights if any in all my experience that I so much desired to pass away and to see the light of day, no more. The little campfire had been built on the

bank of the river. The fire had completely died out and the intense darkness of the hour was such that we have not language to describe it, when suddenly there could be heard near the water a peculiar noise as if someone were tearing away the vines from the trees or breaking limbs. The noise was that of a very large black bear. Its mission to the river was no doubt for water and our camp was near its trail as all wild animals and beasts have a certain place on streams or rivers where they come for water. So the animal when he had scented us no doubt was making ready for an attack upon us. As I have stated above, the Indians were wrapped in their blankets fast asleep, their bows and arrows and guns by their sides. I sprang to my feet, seized the blankets and stripped them from the Indians. But as to what I said to them I have no memory but they arose with their guns in their hands, and it seemed to me that they were not in the least excited. By this time the animal was within a few feet of us coming toward us walking on his hind feet. The Indians with deliberate aim fired killing it instantly. This was the largest animal of its kind I ever witnessed killed or captured in the territory wilds. The weight of the animal would have run into the hundreds.

So we decided with the experience of the night, that it was our night off and that we would stay awake. We built a large fire—something the Indian seldom did and dragged the animal near it so we might have sufficient light by which to perform the skinning act. The Indian of those days invariably had on their person a large knife known as the hunting knife. The skinning of an animal was a small task, the work of a few moments with the Indians. In this case the skin was soon removed, and the parts of the body that were most desired for meat were kept.

Well it is now day and you can imagine the glad feeling of a boy who had gone through with the experience portrayed to our reader. So all members of the party felt it would be more secure and safe in the little log huts which were some miles away than it would be to remain in the mountains and forest another night. But before departing we thought we would further investigate the extent of our battle with the lion. So we struck his trail and found that

we had mortally wounded him. From the amount of blood we found along the trail. So we followed the trail only a short distance when we found him laying lifeless. He had just passed out of the valley and apparently started climbing the slope of the hill when death overtook him. So the Indians removed his skin and by some method tanned it and it was used for years in the home of these Indians for covering in winter.

So we journeyed for home with the bear meat on our backs and when we came in sight of home the little log hut certainly looked good to me. It was late in the afternoon and we were all tired and fatigued and very hungry, as we had eaten but little since the evening before. Sister had prepared some Soffaka corn and out of some meal she had baked some cornbread known in those days as ash cakes made of cold water without any seasoning whatever and baked in the ashes. She also prepared for us some bear meat by roasting it over the fire. We ate it without seasoning, also, and certainly enjoyed the meal, and then I went out and retired for the night under the boughs of a large oak ree that stood near our little log hut. I was so fatigued and worn out when once asleep I did not awake until the sun of another day was several hours high in the sleepless skys.

Now after sister and little brother and I had settled among this tribe of Indians, the Seminole, and had won their friendship and love, and had learned their language, we loved and respected them very much, though we were of the white race and they were of the Indian race and many of them were crossed with the Negro race. But they were all very kind and affectionate to us and gave us every consideration, as to protection and saw that we had food and were sheltered and kept warm and comfortable in the winter. The greatest friend that the white man ever had in the world was the Indian, especially when he felt that the white man was a friend to him. The friendship of the Indian was no doubt secure in our hearts and proven beyond a doubt, when it was realized how from the day we entered the territory they had loved and protected us, and had so often rescued us from the jaws of death by thrusting their

own life into the embrace of death itself for us. We cannot enumerate the times that these Indians manifested their love and friendship for us. By their self-sacrificing deeds in our behalf, it is indeed a memory of the Indian, Poor Low, that will be kept fresh and fragrant and scared in our hearts as long as life abides with us.

Now as a boy in his teens I had accomplished and achieved many of my desires as to the Indians' life and manner of living. There arose in my heart another ambition and at the same time I knew I was of the white race, but all my life I had loved the very thought of the Indian war dance and as I had learned a number of their leading war songs and there were but few Indians that could excel me when it came to yelling or gobbling the war whoop, and I could speak their language perfectly. I started out to become a leader in the great war dance which I accomplished in a short time so that for several years I led them not only in their war dance but also in every dance known to the Indian in those days, the war dance, the green corn dance, the snake dance, and the stomp dance.

I might have mentioned in other parts of this book the design of the various dances mentioned above, but let us recall to your mind that the design and purpose of the war dance practiced by the wild and savage Indian should be thoroughly understood by the Caucasion race. The preparation for the war dance was as follows: A number of Indian braves would engage in the preparation by gathering and piling together a large quantity of wood in the center of a large circle that had been previously prepared, and then a couple forks set up in the earth, a pole from one to the other just over the wood and upon this pole they would fasten a number of human scalps of all kinds and sizes of men, women and children, and out of womens scalps their waist belts were made. With the hair of the scalps hanging below their knees, these belts were worn by the braves as they danced the war dance. The wood was ignited and became a fire of intense heat around which they danced for twelve hours, believing that they would so relate themselves to the fire that their nature and influence and power would consume and overcome their enemy, as the fire consumed

and overcome the wood. This internal power brought about in the Indian from the war dance continued with him a period of six days, and at the end of six days as a warrior he must return to the war dance another twelve hours. If during the six days he met an enemy he would fight to death. He was never known to run. If he died, he died a hero and a brave. In this way he was buried among the dead of his own tribe otherwise he was exiled and buried alone and was forever thought of by his tribe a coward and a traitor, and would miss the haven of rest, the happy hunting ground, where all Indians believed they would meet after death. Many of those who participated in the war dance were dressed in breechclouts, had moccasions on their feet and terrapin shell partly filled with gravel fastened about their ankles. Many of them wore blankets, especially the women. There were leaders among them. The leaders of the war dance were next to the chief in greatness among the tribe. He wore a cap with streamers of feathers from each temple which touched the ground. The Indian braves and men danced to themselves, and so did the women, two and three in a large circle keeping time with a song sung by the leader and some others of the braves, and two Indian women who made a noise out of a drum made of deer skin stretched over a piece of a hollow log. In their war dance they usually began at seven in the evening and closed at seven in the morning, and at that time all of them would disperse and swiftly depart for their homes.

The Indian could have never been educated and civilized if the white race or the government had permitted them to continue the practice of the war dance. Not even the modern Indian of forty years ago could have been educated and civilized if the war dance had not have been forever abolished and forbidden by the government. For we can recall how the war dance would change the complete disposition of the old time Indian. We remember sitting down and conversing with him and how he would talk with us and it seemed that he appreciated our presence and to be with us until he entered into the war dance, and especially next morning after ten or twelve hours of constant dancing. It seemed that he entered into the dance with the same con-

ception and purpose of the old forefathers, a preparation for war. He worked himself up to such a degree of hatred and bloodthirst for his enemies that he was not in character and disposition the same man at all. Next morning you might approach him as to a conversation upon any question. He had nothing for you except a grunt or a sign. This disposition would continue even with the modern Indian for several days. So this enables us to understand the reason why the United States government forbade and labored so hard to persuade the Indians everywhere to abandon the war dance.

Now let us notice the significance of the dance known as the green corn dance. This dance had no effect whatever on the life of the Indian as a preparation for war, but it was kept and practiced by the wild Indian as more of a feast dance. The different colonies of the same tribe would gather at the appointed place and time for the dance. There were two sets of large vessels used, pots known as the old fashioned wash kettles. One set of the vessels contained roasting ears, the others contained different kind of herbs. A fire was built and the herbs were cooked all night for medicinal purposes. The roasting ears were also cooked. Next morning at an early hour each Indian was given a pint or more of this medicine, administered by some one of the women, the physician. The medicine would affect those who drank it in such a way that they vomited until their stomachs were perfectly empty. Then a large table was prepared, often by spreading blankets or animals skins upon the ground. The roasting ears were then placed upon the table and then all those that had drunk the medicine assembled around the table and ate the roasting ears. But before eating they sat with bowed heads for some minutes as if they believed that the corn contained a great virtue power that would affect them in some unknown way.

There was also a dance known as the snake dance. This dance was not practiced except by a few of the most savage tribes. However they would assemble at the time and place appointed by the chief. In this dance every method was used that was in the war dance except the snakes. The snakes used were not of the poisonous kind and were cap-

tured by the warriors and kept indefinitely. In the dance they would remove all clothing except the breechclout. In this tribe both men and women wore long hair hanging loose around their shoulders. Holding the snake in each hand near his head and tail, and holding his back with their teeth, they would dance for hours. At times the snake was wrapped about the Indian's neck with its head in the latter's mouth.

The purpose and the design of the dance was to relate themselves to the serpent family, as they doubtless believed in the supremacy of the serpent, and the Indian was always ready to bow himself before his superior, and if once proven to the Indian that you were his superior in war or otherwise, a memory of you would be kept as a tradition, and no doubt for the same reason the serpent was reverenced and used in the dance. For in the centuries of the past he had in some way proven to the Indian his destructive power.

Now there was a dance known as the stomp dance which was practiced by very nearly all tribes. It was known to the Indians as the get-together dance where they met as a tribe, selected or appointed all braves leaders of the war dances, and planned the location or hunting ground for each separate colony of the one tribe and also the temporary chiefs or leaders of each colony. The custom and practice among the Indians has never been understood by the white race, and there is a reason to be given, and that is the Indian never revealed a secret or a practice of his own race so his enemy might get hold of it. This can be truthfully said of the Indian but of no other race of people in the world, that whatsoever they belived in or practiced they kept and nourished sacredly in their hearts and were never known to betray it.

Now we feel that our readers would be interested in knowing something of the Indian ball game, a game that was practiced among all tribes of Indians. It was considered by them something like the atheletic game of the white race, and yet the game had a very peculiar effect upon the Indians life especially when it was played between two tribes. Despite my twenty-five years spent with them, I have never understood why the ball game would have the effect it

did upon the players. The game was played with all earnestness and skillfulness, and at the same time it was played with murder in the hearts of all the players in so much that I have witnessed a number wounded and killed and when any one of the players was put out of the games by wounds or death there would come forth another one from among those watching the game to take his place. I do not know if history gives a detailed account of the Indian ball game, but it is not exaggerating to say that the ball game was never finished with the players who began it. The ball was very small and made of a substance and covered in deer skin. Each player used two bats, one in each hand. The end of each bat was of a cup shape in which the ball was caught and thrown. It was never handled with the hand. Making a tally consisted in throwing the ball through a ring, which was situated between two poles that were elevated ten or fifteen feet.

The game was very interesting and peaceful when played by any one tribe. It was when two tribes played that the warlike spirit appeared. Often preceding the games the war dance for a full night was engaged in. So we see why the statements above are true when we said that many were wounded and killed during the game, because they met each other upon the ball ground with murder in their hearts, as if they were meeting the pale faced enemy on the battlefield.

It is strange indeed but nevertheless true that a race of people of the same blood would exterminate each other in war as the Indian has. There might be this reason offered for consideration and that is, Indians of all tribes have the same appearance as to looks but none speak the same language except the branch tribe of the one main tribe. And yet all tribes of Indians are just as foreign in their nature and ways to each other as they are in their language. We must remember that there was a time when the Indian, especially in his wild savage life, believed and taught his children that he could pay no higher tribute or respect to his tribe than to die for and in defense of all things whatsoever his tribe belived in or practiced, and this same spirit or tradition could be found and was practiced by the modern

Indian of a few years ago. It was no other spirit than this that led the Indian of a few years ago, when condemned to be shot, to appear at the appointed hour and give up his life at the hand of an officer. The imprisonment of an Indian that kept him secure after being condemned to die was this tradition in his heart given by the wild Indian, his forefather.

History does not record an incident where an Indian ever violated this tradition and brought upon his tribe a shame and disgrace because of his disreputable death.

CHAPTER 5

White Neighbors At Last!

It was in the year of 1880 that we made our home among the Seminole Indians, settling in a little two roomed log house built in the year 1869 by an old Indian and his squaw in which they made their home. When the Indians left, the cabin was without a floor, having only a fireplace and a chimney made of stick and dirt. Its location was a few miles east of the line of Old Oklahoma, seven miles east and south of the place known to the early settlers as Violet Springs where the first saloon was located in the Southwest, and also a place that should be known in history where more men were killed and wounded than any place known to the settlers.

Now after a few months stay in the little hut we came into possession of an ax. It had certainly been a great question with us how we were to manage to live in these perilous times, but we made every possible sacrifice and effort to adjust our lives to the conditions of the country and even to take up the life and practices and manner of living of the Indian, even to the extent of sleeping and eating according to the custom of the red men.

So Sister and I went to work, using the ax and an old fashioned eye hoe for our farming implements, and within a short time had cleared and dug up and prepared a small piece of ground. A quarter of an acre or more which lay at the head of a small ravine, and which was densely covered with a small growth known as shumake. We fenced it with poles, tieing each cross or corner with hickory bark, and planted it in what was known to the Indian as Soffaka corn, a corn that has been raised and kept by the Indian even the wild Indian, since history gives an account of them. On the small area of ground we raised corn sufficient for our bread and Soffaka corn.

Likely, just here we had better take space to explain to our readers how the Soffaka corn and meal was prepared to serve or to eat. The corn was shelled and placed into a wooden basin hewn out of a block or the top of a stump.

Then a mallet was made to fit into the basin. The corn was placed therein and beat with the mallet until it was something like chops, and then removed and sifted through a sifter made of dear skin stretched across a piece of a hollow log. The course part was then placed in water where it remained until it was soured, and then served. The fine part or the meal was mixed with clear water and was cooked in the ashes. It was known to the early settlers and among people of today as ash cake bread. We also had as a part of our great wealth a couple of small pigs that we had stolen from a wild hog bed in the absence of the mother as she was out feeding. We had a few chickens that were given to Sister by the Indian chief. They were of the stock known to the white race and for a number of years they could be found among the chickens of the early settlers. They were called the Frizzly chickens. It was never known except among the Indians just how they came into possession of these chickens. Their feathers would have reminded you of curly hair. Their color was that of a Plymouth Rock chicken.

Something now of the wild hog and its nature may interest you. In the early days of the Southwest they could be found in great numbers and of all sizes. The wild hog of the Indian Territory had a hoof like that of a mule. The hoof was not divided, their hair grew long and very coarse, and their bristles were valuable. It is strange to say there was not an animal nor a beast, even the lion, that would endure more punishment and stand their ground longer in a fight with a human being than a wild hog. In studying the nature of animals, it seemed that they all had a slight knowledge or instinct of what death was except the wild hog. There was but one way to conquer them and that was to kill them. And another peculiarity about them was they would seldom feed after night but would remain in their beds until near day and then go out feeding. If there could be found by them a cornfield it always meant destruction and a great loss to the family, and it was indeed very difficult and a great task to fence against them especially with poles and rails for it seemed they could climb such

fences equally as well as a cat, and the only method of protection against them was to kill them outright.

So each morning my task was to rise early and guard and protect the little cornfield on which our lives almost depended. Now at this time there was not an Indian, especially one of my age who could use the bow and arrow with more accuracy and success than I. As to my weapons, they consisted of a bow and arrow, a hunting knife and the old time civil war musket. At short range I would often use my bow and arrow. It was not a question of running these animals out of the field but if possible leaving them dead, for such methods had to be carried out for self protection. The wild turkey and deer and various other animals were very destructive to our little fields. I was very fortunate for at this time I was the owner of a large bull dog. He was given to me by a traveler. The dog had traveled until his feet was so worn and sore he could go no farther. But after a week or two he had fully recovered and with his feet cured he was ready to fulfill or perform every duty and mission that becometh a dog.

I have in mind now an occasion when I am sure he saved my life. It was one morning just before the break of day. I arose, took my gun and was off for the little field in search of the wild hog, when an animal could be heard scaling the fence of the field. So I heard what I believed to be the destructive critters entering. So I got down and crawled for some distance and I had my dog very well trained to slip and crawl behind me when trying to get in gunshot of an animal or game and after we had gone some distance I raised up to prospect as to the whereabouts and location of the hogs, and behold within a few feet there lay crouched in a springing position one of the largest mountain panthers I think it has ever been my privilege to see. Now what would you have done in a moment like this? It was not a case in which you could debate or discuss the question or make fine points touching life or death, but the issue was face to face so my only escape from death I felt was my dog and that was to put him between me and the animal, and let him handle the situation while I made my get away, I spoke to him and it seemed to me in an instant he was

on the animal I arose and fled but in leaving, my gun in some way was jerked from my hand and as I ran I looked back just in time to witness the animal as he threw the dog from him, turning him somersaults across a number of middles. It seemed to me that the the animal caught the dog in his front feet held him clear of the ground then flung him with such a terrific force that the dog seemed to be somewhat addled, but coming to himself, strange to say about a bull dog, he fled to the house, the animal in close pursuit of him, passing within a few feet of me. And that the part of the incident I have never understood for it seemed to me if I had had wings I could not have used them more successfully than I did my limbs. He chased the dog within a few rods of the little hut then turned and soon disappeared in the thickness of the brush.

There is an old saying, and a very true one, that experience is our greatest teacher, and it was true that morning the incident taught us that we were in a country wild indeed with its animals crouching along the way, to prey upon their victims and the place for a boy of my age was at home with the doors well closed until the light of the day drove the animals to their daylight home.

Now in the spring of 1887 there moved a white family of three from some part of the Lone Star State. They entered the territory at a point on Red river known as the Beasley crossing. They traveled from this crossing by the way of a trail out of Texas into Kansas. Their first stop for any length of time was in Old Oklahoma some miles west of where we were located in the Seminole nation, at Youngs crossing on the Canadian river. Their way of traveling was in a one horse wagon, and at this time I was just a boy of fourteen and after hearing of the family settling in the country much of our conversation was concerning them, and just how we would manage to see them, was indeed a problem; for the dangerous conditions of the country at this time would not admit traveling in any way, unless fully equipped for all emergencies in meeting the foes that any one was sure to encounter along the way.

I was at this time the owner of a little black Spanish horse with a long mane and tail that was beautiful. It al-

most dragged the ground. He had been captured by some Indians from among the wild horses that were plentiful in those days. They could be found in great herds in many parts of the country. They would especially range or feed in territory near streams or lakes of water. Now the little horse mentioned above had been captured and handled by the Indians until he had become so gentle and obedient and safe that most any child could ride or handle him. So at a late hour one afternoon as we sat in our little log hut around the fireside and as Sister and I had spent much of the day discussing and planning the best way whereby we might accomplish the task of making the cross-country trip, which was considered one of much danger, it was decided that Sealum, the little black horse and I were to make the trip next day. The location of the family was a distance of twenty-four miles to the west. They were camped near a point on the Canadian river known as Youngs crossing. I will never forget the night. We did not retire until a late hour. With only a few hours rest we arose early while it was yet dark. Sister prepared a scanty breakfast and also a lunch for me which consisted of some wild meats and Soffaka corn, and as the gray dawn or the light of the day was breaking and illuminating with its light the eastern skies, and the sun rose in its glorious splendor, casting its rays of light over the hilltops and valleys and painting the great forest with many colors, I mounted the little black Spanish and was off on my journey and soon disappeared by the way of a trail leading to the west.

It was about the hour of ten when I emerged from the timber, a great forest passing out upon a scope of country known as the Violet Springs prairie. We had at this time left behind us fifteen or twenty miles of the most dangerous and dreaded journey. Not an animal of any description had been seen by us along the way and this was indeed very unusual for those days, for ordinarily it would have meant a nerve racking experience. But I suppose it was our lucky day. After passing out upon the prairie the distance of a few miles I noticed some distance away in front of us a very large deer with a full set of horns running at full speed, and a very large grey hound dog keeping pace by his side. An

Indian wrapped in a red blanket drew up alongside the deer just as the dog caught the latter. I had arrived on the scene just in time to see the Indian alight from his horse with a hunting knife in his hand. He caught the deer about the neck with his left arm and began to lacerate the deers throat, and it seemed to me that the deer jumped several feet high taking the Indian with him striking him with all four feet stripping the blanket completely from him and cutting his body in a number of places.

I speak of this incident that we might impress our readers of the endurance of an Indian in conflict with man or beast. Though the body of this Indian, it seemed to me, was lacerated and torn he did not cease his effort until he had accomplished the task of killing the deer.

Now within a short time I was to meet and to be the guest of no doubt the second white family that ever lived in that part of the world. And when I arrived I found a family consisting of three: father, mother and little daughter. Their dwelling and shelter from the rain, snow and cold winds of the winter, was a small tent. Their bedding consisted of two hay beds and some well worn quilts. A spring seat and the ground were used to sit on. As I have stated above they were the owner of one horse, aged and poor and a wagon, well worn. You know we did all possible to rake up a relationship. I felt at that time that I would have acknowledged relation with most any thing that had a white face and at the same time I was not so particular as to our relation as the little girl was about my age, and during my few hours stay I noticed her occasionly looking at me very affectionately, at least I thought so, and hoped that it was not imaginary on my part, and of course feeling and assuring myself that the little girl was somewhat in love with me on first sight, and as for me I felt if I failed to make the little girl my intended, the hope of the white race was forever gone. For I truly believed as she was the first white girl I had ever seen she would no doubt be the last one, for I believed that she was the only one, and she was as far as I was concerned.

And now, as the father was planning to take his departure from the country soon, I could not bear the thought,

and I realized that quick work had to be done in securing them a home or a place for the remainder of the winter. So I began to inquire of the father if he would not leave the country if I would secure him a place to live, and he agreed to stay for the winter if he could find shelter or a home for himself and family. With this understanding I mounted my pony and was off on my return trip for home. Following a trail leading eastward, and among the hills and forests, I soon disappeared. As long as we were on the back of the little black horse we were not afraid for there was not an animal that roamed the great forests that could bound away and fight the earth with such speed as Sealum. Many times it seemed that he would fail to carry us to safety, but he would always at last triumphantly deliver us from the mouth of the lion and the deathly embrace of the panther.

So it was only a few hours when we were again sitting in the little log hut around the fire telling Sister the story or the experience of the trip and what the family had decided to do if a place could be found, such as an Indian hut. So with the thought of their staying, which was indeed an inspiration to us, we got busy and within a few hours had located them in a little two roomed log house, built in the seventies by some slave negroes located some miles to the north. So after making sure of the house and some other preparations that were needful for the comfort and welfare of the family, we were off again with a message of glad tidings bearing the information that all things in the way of a shelter and comfort needed for the remainder of the winter had been provided.

On our journey of twenty-five long miles which stretched through the fastness of a wilderness, we did not encounter an obstacle or a danger from any kind of an animal or beast, except we saw one very unusually large panther standing near the trail, but we passed him so swiftly that I hardly think that he recognized it being anything except the little black horse, and the way he was moving I think the animal decided that a chase or an attack would have been in vain, even if he had been contemplating such a thing, and as to the indurance of the panther and horse we do not believe that there lived an animal with such indurance

as my pony possessed for in a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles he didn't seem to weary in the least or become fatigued but would accomplish the task without breaking a gallop.

Now the morning of this incident will always be a memory fresh and fragrant. The morning was bright and the cold winter winds of the night were still holding in its deathly embrace the lifeless form of the great and towering timbers, entombed and covered in a shield of ice. The sun rose, and as it climbed the sleepless skies, it cast forth its golden sheen over the valleys and hills, and because of the clustering icicles and snow as they hung about the cliffs of the mountains and hills, and from the branches of the great and towering oaks the light of the suns rays filtering through and among them, painted acres of diamonds and fields of pearls. One could never appreciate such a scene unless given the opportunity of beholding it.

Now the greater part of the morning had passed and it must have been nearing the hour of ten when I arrived at the little tent, and alighted from my little horse and began to impart the message which was no doubt filled with gladness and received as a message of joy which pertained to their future home, a little two roomed log house, located some miles to the northeast of their present location, as this was what they had for some months looked and wished for. In a short time they gathered together all their belongings, hitched the horse to the old wagon and were off for their new home. While they were making ready for their journney several times I felt that I would tell the old gent that I thought Sealum would carry double, that the journey would be somewhat dangerous for the little girl and that traveling in the wagon would not be near so pleasant and comfortable and safe as on Sealums back, in the company and under the protection and care of a hero of the Southwest like myself. And I also felt sure that Sister would take the best of care of her until they could get settled and set up for housekeeping in their new mansion, the little log hut, located or built in a small cluster of beautiful trees on a side-hill overlooking a beautiful valley without timber covered in a native grass, known as a sage grass which was

very valuable to the Indians and also to the early white settlers of Oklahoma. But it seemed to me when I determined to import to the father my intentions and desires as to the little girl departing with me, somehow my heart would fail and my tongue would become paralyzed in so much that I stood there with my eyes steadfast upon them and watched until they completely disappeared. But within a few moments I had again mounted my pony and was off for home, following the trial leading to the east that I had by this time become very familiar with.

I must say on meeting this family that the country that was so desolate and wild and destitute of all things that would make life worth living never seemed the same country to me. They're moving into the country was to us a bright and morning star. It seems to me as I think of those days, especially this incident, I consider it a star of hope and light that arose in our hearts that led or guided us to the first impression of civilization that ever came to our hearts. So our return home was successful and as we arrived at the door of the little hut the sun was down and though the hour was early the night was unusually dark, and as we stood outside we could see Sister and little brother through the cracks of the log house sitting by the fireside. The hitching rack for the little horse was a small oak tree which stood near the door. So I hitched my horse, went in and sat down upon the dirt floor of the little hut near the fireside and began to relate my experience of the journey, and the story of the family, who were often to experience the comforts of the little home we had planned for them.

Now as I related this story to Sister and when she was assured that the family was to remain in the country and that they were locating near us, you could see a joy and light break forth in her countenance as if she for the first time had realized that civilization in its glory and light was breaking forth in upon a heathen and benightened land in which we had for these years made our home. It must have seemed to her that her life's hope and pursuit had become at last a reality.

May we call our readers attention to the fact that no one can ever appreciate civilization until he experiences it for

himself. The childhood days of the writer were spent in exile from civilization and from all things that might give mortal man a chance in life to be a man, or an example, or in some way help others live an ideal life. No one can have the slightest idea of the impression and thoughts of the writer who has spent his last twenty-five years in a land illuminated by the light of civilization.

There was nothing to live for, to see or enjoy, except the wild and savage Indian and his life of blood thirsty brutality and hundreds of slave negroes whose life and character were but little if any better or different from that of the beast of the field or the animal of the forest. They were once owned and controlled by the Indians before the time the Indians immigrated to the Southwest. The Indian negro, owned and controlled by the Indian, was somewhat different from those owned and controled by the white race. The difference consisted largely in the characteristics of the two races, the white and the Indians, one being a savage, and the other civilized. So were the Negroes. This substantiates the old saying that the human life and character consists largely of the things that it eats, reads and associates with

Now I must get back to my story. It must have been about the middle of the week, and by this time the family was located and set up for housekeeping in the little hillside log hut. The last three days of the week must have been the longest days in my boyhood life, as I had planned to visit the following Sunday, to see the little girl. I was so interested that there was not an hour through the day that I wasn't thinking in some way of the family, especially my little girl, as I felt sure that I would see her when Sunday morning came, and as sure as Sealum was at the appointed hour able to fight the trail. And in making my plans for the week, I wondered considerably if the little girl looked and thought of things and the future as I did. If she did, Sealums back would feel the weight of a bride and bridegroom Sunday night, and there would be an extra sage grass bed spread in one corner of our little log hut, and some additional furniture would have to be secured especial-

ly a stool to sit on, made of a block of wood, and also an extra dish or two made of terrapin shells.

So, Saturday night came at last and it was a sleepless one for me. Several times during the night I arose opening the door beholding the face of the eastern sky hoping to see the great dawn of the day breaking forth over the horizon. Several times during the night I heard the little black Spanish nicker as if to say, he was ready at any moment to take me safely to the little log hut where the family at this time was no doubt residing. So I arose early and Sister prepared our breakfast, and the sun was now about two hours high climbing the skies on its sleepless journey. I mounted the little black horse and bounded away to the north over the hills and across valleys like the elk of the west, not even a trail by which to travel, only by direction, and within a short time I was standing at the door of the little house built of logs, and when I had knocked at the door the little maid came and opened the door and welcomed me in and after passing the time of day and giving a brief story and experience of the few days that had elapsed since seeing them, and of my journey, as I sat by the fire I noticed an old time bake oven and within it some roasted corn which had been the morning meal of the family, and I have never understood just how they managed to escape starvation prior to this time, as they had nothing by which to secure food, not even a gun or dog which was very essential in those days and even to the early settlers of Oklahoma, for it was almost impossible for a human being to live without a gun or a dog, as foods consisted largely of wild meats.

Now after a few hours stay with the family in the little home and as I thought of them and their conditions and the opportunities and privileges that the country at that time offered to a human being especially a white person, like the lightning flashing from East to West, my mind reverted back to that evening when the sun was sinking and the western skies were all aglow with the setting sun and the evening star could be seen hanging as a great light slowly descending as if let down by some invisable hand, when sister and I and little brother walked out on the sand of the famous Red river and crossed to the other side into a wild

and desolate uninhabited land, the home of the savage Indian and outlaw.

It was indeed romantic and as a dream to me. I arose from my seat bidding them goodby, and as I passed out at the door the mother embraced me in her arms with tears of gratitude she thanked me for my kindness and for what I had done for them. I then turned from her mounted my pony and was off on the return trip for home, which was calculated to be one of great danger, but I confronted it without fear because of my confidence in Sealum the little horse, knowing that he had never failed to prove himself at all times to be equal to all occasions and dangers. He was a real deliverer from the mouth of the lion and the embrace of the panther. We moved homeward like a shaddow before the sun, and in a short time we were at home. I alighted from my horse entered our little log hut sat down and began to relate the story of the family to Sister, as to their comforts and needs of life that they had only a small bit of corn for food, and it was of the corn roasted that their breakfast consisted of. We had some little Soffaka corn Sister and the Indians had prepared, and plenty of wild meat such as wild hog and deer. So Sister prepared some of each and within an hour or so before the going down of the sun I was on my way to the family with the meat and Soffaka corn. If I had only been interested in the father and mother I don't think I would have ventured out upon that perilous journey that night, which proved to be one of great danger and a narrow escape from death. Notwithstanding having the knowledge that the trip would likely mean death to me, I could not endure the thought of the little girl being hungry and having nothing to eat except the roasted corn, but as I have stated above having great confidence in my little horse that he would deliver me from the dangers and perils of the journey I mounted him and whipped away and within a short time had accomplished the task of the journey, and my experience was not out of the ordinary as I did not encounter any kind of beast or animals but carrying fresh meat in those days through the country a foot or horseback made it very dangerous as the hills and forests was infested with many different animals, which were indeed dangerous.

So I carried the food in one hand and the bridle reins in the other laying close to my ponies back, and you may know that no grass grew under his feet until we stood again at the door of the little log house, and as I entered the mother again embraced me and asked if I was not afraid, well I did not have much regard for the truth as I told her I was not, and at the same time during the trip as I thought of the dangers to which I had exposed my life from animals and wild beasts several times my hair stood on end that it seemed to me I would lose my hat. And as I sat in the room, I could not enjoy my stay, even the presence of the little girl and her conversation with me was not sufficient to console me. Nevertheless I believed and thought of her as my intended, but knowing that I had left sister and little brother yonder alone in the little log hut exposed to many dangers I felt that I must return that night. I arose from my seat walked out got on my pony and for some time I stood there thinking it all over realizing in my heart that the trip would be one of the greatest and most dangerous adventures of my life. First of all because of the intense darkness and the country being strange to my pony, he might stray and wander away from the direction and become bewildered and lost which would have no doubt meant my death and likely my pony. But there was one friend in this most crucial hour that I could depend upon as my friend and that was my little Spanish horse. So I thrust my heels into his sides and we disappeared in the darkness of the forest passing out of the forest and valley making our way around the foothills of a large mountain. The night was never darker. We passed out upon a small glade of prairie. We were now traveling to the east with the light of the moon just breaking forth low on the eastern skies, and as we were passing out of the prairie into the forest there grew to our right a very large cluster of brush known as shumake. The moon was just rising and as we drew near to the brush, all at once my pony became frightened and my attention was drawn to a very peculiar noise that could be heard in the midst of the brush. The noise was like that of a saw being drawn through dead timber. I noticed in the moonlight a dim outline, which at the time I believed

to be a lion and as he approached us he could clearly be seen as he made his leaps toward us, he came within a few feet and then crouching to the ground in a springing position it seemed to me that my pony was going to lay down as no doubt he was so frightened for a time he completely gave away in his limbs, when all at once it seemed he came to himself, and I have always believed as the animal sprang toward us the pony made his leap for life which carried us to safety and no doubt delivered us from the mouth of a blood thirsty animal, and it is needless for me to say, that if there ever was a boy that rode an animal in a flight for life, it was the rider on this occasion when the little black horse in his flight leaving behind him the dreaded beast, the blood thirsty Mexican lion. I have always believed that the pony made his spring as the animal made his, which caused the animal to miss his mark. So it was only a few minutes when I was safe again enclosed in the little log house, sitting by the fire relating to Sister my experience and narrow escape from death, and it is needless to say that such an experience would teach a boy of my age, while living in a country wild and infested with many different and dangerous animals, and when the sun had gone down and the darkness of the night had called forth these animals from their daylight homes, that the place of safety was at home in the little log house with the doors closed about him.

My visits thereafter to the home of the little girl and to see the family were always between suns, until the settling up of the country by the white race, which gave to all greater chances and far reaching possibilities.

It is impossible for anyone to understand how the appearance of the white man and the coming of civilization affected both man and beast in the lands of the Southwest, unless one might have experienced every change from the country's infancy to this present day of civilization, as did the writer.

Well I must get back to my story. The night is now past. That morning I arose early knowing that we had but little to eat, I took my gun and dog and started out. My gun was one of the old time war muskets; my dog was a very large

British Bull. In those days it was not necessary to spend hours in search of game, it could be seen at all times and in every direction, however it was somewhat difficult to get hold of as such a thing as a high powered long range gun was not to be had or found among the Indians. Well that morning was a lucky one for Bulger and me, as we had not gone far until I noticed a very large deer standing concealed behind some brush. Only some part of it was visible. I could not tell except I knew it was a deer. I raised my gun and fired planting a bullet almost directly through its heart, which is considered a deadly shot. But instead of falling lifeless, it must have run a distance of several hundred yards and then fell dead. Then came the task of removing its skin and getting it home as we had a distance of a mile or more to go, but as we had what is known to the Indian as the hunting knife, which the Indians had made and given to brother and me, we proceeded to remove the skin and in a short time had accomplished the task. We then divided the body in several pieces, secured some hickory bark, climbed a tree and tied the part that we were unable to carry home high up in the tree. We made several trips before we finally got it safe and secure in our little log hut, which gave us plenty of meat for several weeks, and as we had on hand plenty of Soffaka corn and some meal I could go about my work satisfied, knowing that we had some food on hands.

So I spent the balance of the week at my usual task looking after and taking the best of care of Sealum, the little horse, and the little cornfield. There was but little in those days that anyone could do, but the methods and ways of making and securing a living had to be as faithfully attended to as in our day. There were thousands of disadvantages that confronted the people of the early days, in making a living that the people of our day have no knowledge of whatsoever, and would not endure at all, if they were called upon to do so.

May I set forth just here some of the things that the people suffered and endured in order to live, and to secure food. First of all they lived in a country desolate and uninhabited. Food, such as the civilized world used, was not

to be had. Only wild meats, fish, and Soffaka corn were available. Such a thing as seasoning for food was not thought of by the Indian. Their food was prepared and eaten without grease or salt. Occasionally salt was secured by soaking a small portion of the earth from the deer lick in water over night, and then using the water for making bread, and often meat was soaked over night in it, and in this way a small portion of salt in food was enjoyed. But this was only practiced by the early settlers, the white race. If it had not been for the Indians who so often aided and assisted us in every way, and our little log hut that furnished a shelter from the rain and snow and cold winds of winter the old stick and dirt chimney in which the kind and friendly old Indian so often built the fire that furnished us warmth and comfort, we would have no doubt perished from hunger and exposure.

So the week passed but it was indeed a long one to me for there was scarcely an hour passed that I was not thinking of the good mother who came to me the Sunday before putting her arm about me, and wept out of a heart of thanks and gratitude to me, for the little and kind service that I had rendered to them, and I could not refrain from thinking of the father and the little girl as they sat by the fireside enjoying a breakfast that consisted only of roasted corn. This was hard for me to endure for I knew that I had the Sunday before taken them just a small amount of food, some meat and Soffaka corn.

So the week passed at last and Sunday morning came. I arose early and Sister prepared breakfast, I ate, and mounted my pony and was off on my journey for the little log hut to see the family once more, and especially the little girl in whom I was greatly interested. I took with me some Soffaka corn and a part of a deer that I had killed during the week, which they enjoyed and greatly appreciated when I arrived, for their condition and need of food was just as I had expected. They had scarcely anything to eat. They had a small bit of corn that some Indian or negro had given them while in camp near the Canadian river, and as they did not understand how a food out of corn was made known as Soffaka, they prepared and ate the corn by

roasting it. So I went to work and prepared a quantity of the corn by placing it in water and in a few days it would soften and sour, and in this way it could be used or served for food.

And as I sat that afternoon in the little log hut, and talked to the girl, Miss Marguerite, I wondered and thought of her as being the only white girl in all the wide, wide world, for the world to me in those days was only the radius of a few miles. I only knew a small area of country of hills and valleys which I roamed, which was all the world I knew, and a country that meant in those days every thing to me. The little girl of this family was the first white girl I had ever seen, and as I sat there I wondered if it was not true that the hope of the white race depended on her and me, and if I hadn't better try to make her my wife.

But as the days and months passed and a few years rolled by that memorable and famous day came, the opening of the country, April 22, 1889, when the country began to be settled up slowly in colonies, often many miles apart, which opened up a better condition and greater possibilities for the people. It was then the father, mother and little girl moved and located within a half a mile of our home, and it was here in a one roomed log house they lived for four years during which time many white families moved into the country, settling near us, among them a number of young men and young ladies. From these early pioneer settlers came forth the beginning of civilization and society in Oklahoma. While it is true the little girl and I had agreed some day to become not only sweethearts but man and wife, the coming of civilization and society, and the presence of so many young men and young women in the country, completely changed our life, and as the country settled and grew we were completely separated and lost from each other. After the opening of the country, the conditions and oportunities afforded me by my own race of people as to the question of marriage were such that I finally gave up all hope of Miss Marguerite and me becoming man and wife. However, it is true in after years she married a very refined and cultured gentleman, a man of wealth, a druggist, a citizen of Oklahoma.

CHAPTER VI.

The Opening of Oklahoma.

Here is a brief history of some of the things that transpired in the Southwest, beginning in the early days before civilization had come to make the Indian Territory and Oklahoma, the one great state, in which over a million people make their homes today. This book tells of a time when many changes were being made, when the old order of things was forced to give way to the new, and the farm took the place of the great ranches. This book also tells when the country was opened for settlement on April 22, 1889, and men, women and children from all over the United States were present on this occasion. They had come to make their homes in the West. Many of them staked their claims the day of the famous run, took their plows from their wagons, put up a tent or made a dugout and contented themselves at home.

In a few days they began to turn the sod that for centuries had felt only the hoofs of the buffalo and the Indian ponies but which later became the grazing ground of countless herds of cattle. It was a country wild, yet in many respects beautiful and untamed. For years it had been the abiding place of cattlemen and cowboys. With all the freedom that soul could desire, they did not expect to see the country taken from them. These men were all lovers of the free life of the boundless prairie. And when the settlers came it was from the most daring of these that the gangs which for many years terrorized the citizens of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory were formed. It has been said that the Southwest, especially Oklahoma and the Indian Territory before being opened for settlement, was the hiding place for bad men from all over the country. As it was the last of the frontier, it was the belief that bad men fled into it from everywhere, and it was true to some extent. But the bad men of the Southwest were cattle

and horse thieves of the Territory and from among those of the early settlers. Yes they were bad men, some of them were daring gunsmen, but these horse and cattle thieves as a rule did not become noted outlaws. However, nearly every bandit and outlaw known in the Southwest had been a cowboy before he became a law breaker, and this is not a reflection on those who were cowpunchers in the early days, where a large majority of them became good citizens. But we make the statement because it is a fact. After they had committed all their depredations or had been killed or captured, it was revealed that they had been cowboys.

As cowpunchers they had learned to ride and shoot and most of them did it well. They were at home in the saddle, and a Winchester in their hand, they were to be feared. As cowboys they had acquired more of the daredevil dare spirit than they had been endowed with by nature. It was for all cattlemen and cowboys to realize that their occupation was going forever as the country gradually settled and as the great herds of cattle began to disappear. Some of them went to Arizona, others to the unfenced parts of the Southwest. Some of the cowboys went with their herds to parts unknown, seeking a frontier that was nowhere to be found. Some took claims and became farmers. We have many of them with us today living in their pleasant homes, rich in cattle and lands, the fruit of their own labors. Some became merchants and bankers, making their homes in cities and towns, later becoming leading men of the state. They accepted the changed conditions and made the best of them. But a few could not bring their nature to the subjection of such a change from the wild free life to the kind that had come to surround them. They possessed the true spirit of the Old Southwest. They could not be tamed. Perhaps there had been a taint of the outlaw in them all along, but it did not come to the surface until the occasion called it forth.

Many of them became cattle rustlers and horse thieves under the new order of things. They were the less venturesome ones, and many of them never rose above that occupation. Some were killed by officers, some were arrested and sent to the penitentiary, while still others were driven

from the country. Some who had been cowboys in early days became outlaws and bandits, but they ran their course, one gang after another, and in the end all of them came to grief. The strong arm of the law reached out for them and took them in. Some ran longer than others, but in the end all of them came face to face with death or ended their life in prison cells.

The main purposes of this book besides giving a true history of events is to press upon its readers, the young men and boys, that there is never an inducement to become an outlaw or a law breaker in any way, even from a moral standpoint. It is not the right life to live nor the course to pursue by one who will stop to reason. From a financial standpoint, it is not as remunerative an occupation as that of a section hand or a day laborer of any kind; in the end it means death or imprisonment for life.

This has always been true of those who engage in any kind of crime whether it be that of train robber or burglar or pickpocket or petty thief. In these pages is told the story of those who tried it and found it even so and landed where all others will if they follow the same course. Not one of the outlaws of the Southwest made more than a meager living while he followed the game. Many times they suffered for food and the bare necessities of life. Viewed from the distance of years, it may appear to have been picturesque but in reality it was a life full of terrors and hardships. The officers whose duty it became to break up these gangs of outlaws were also natives of the Southwest, they were used to a life in the open and when they went after the outlaw they took their lives in their hands. And they had to undergo just as many hardships and dangers as the outlaw, but they had justice and duty on their side. These officers were sent by the government to rid the country of these inhuman red handed thieves and murderers, so it would be a safe place in which to live. It was a war of extermination in which they were engaged for one side or the other, but the officers won at last. A number lost their lives in the undertaking but the others went on without faltering, because they were strong and relentless men. An

unpleasant duty before them and a hard task to perform but they did it well.

The outlaws were hard to drive out of the country. There was no place for them to go; if they went away for a time it was but to hide until the officers retired from their search for them and gave up the trail. Then they would return and commit some other crime; it was a life filled with danger by day and by night; there was no way of knowing as an officer when they would be killed by ambush, for these outlaws and bandits were all daredevils; they did not hesitate to kill, and many innocent lives were snuffed out by them without any excuse whatever. How well these officers did, how many dangers they faced and how at last they accomplished all they were sent to do is related in these pages. If these men had lived in our day they would have been heroes indeed and would have risen to the highest ranks of fame. They would have been known as men never to be forgotten if their work had been done in a day where their power and bravery could have been well known to the world. For the brave deeds done by these men and for their works' sake, their memory ought to be nourished sacred in the hearts of the coming generations. These men were modest, and refined in character and when their work was finished they went back to a quiet occupation. Some of them are honored today in the land where they encountered so many dangers, but most of them have gone to their reward and are resting in some quiet place. They are forgotten heroes in the land where they served so well and for so little praise. Those of them that are still living are respected among the best citizens of the state, quiet and soft spoken men with nothing about them to indicate that they were the gun fighters with the law on their side. These men do not boast of the things they have done and yet it is true that it was them that made the Southwest for you and me and all law abiding citizens. No doubt they suffered untold hardships in opening the way and made it possible for a more prospered and cultured people to live. They wiped out the outlaw and bandits, and made him nothing more than a faint memory. At the same time these men were accused of deeds

and acts they would have scorned to commit. However, they were taking part in an object lesson for the benefit of generations to come; they were giving a living illustration of the fact that honesty is always best, and that a criminal cannot succeed. "Honesty is the best policy," used to be written in the copy books but in the early days of Oklahoma and the Territory it had to be written in letters of blood, and this was the task that the government sent these men to do. And it is a matter of history that they did it well.

May we now call our readers attention to that memorable day, the opening of the Territory and Oklahoma for settlement. It was a wonderful event, and will doubtless be a memory to all those who witnessed it as one of the greatest days in the history of the country. Many places along the line of Texas and of the country about to be opened for settlement, many thousands of men and women from every state in the union, men and women of every degree of standing, and of every walk of life, both rich and poor, were among this number. Camped near the line they patiently waited, many of them exposed to rain and snow for days and weeks with scarcely any shelter at all, while others who were camped used tents and covered wagons, and small brush arbors were built, under which many families camped and patiently waited for the important hour to come, when they would be permitted to make the run for a homestead and drive a stake on a hundred and sixty acres of land.

This event in our country's history can never be forgotten by the writer as we stood there and looked upon that long line of people on the day the run was to be made, some on foot and others on horseback ready to make the run at the sound of a gun. It was indeed exciting. When the gun sounded the run would have reminded you of an army of mad men rushing to battle. Many of them never reached their claim at all but died on the way. Those on horses paid but little attention to those on foot but ran over them and in a number of instances killed them.

Now as one beholds a scene like this, it is indeed hard to understand the condition of the minds of the people in a

time like this. I do not think it can be explained or understood. Men and women on that occasion no doubt put their lives in jeopardy, and this could be clearly seen before the time arrived for it seemed they had lost all reason and judgment except to achieve and to attain the purpose for which they had long waited and suffered many privations, and that was that they might drive a stake on a few acres of land that they might call their home.

Now, as far as one could see the run was on, and along the line there could be seen men and women here and there falling, and occasionally screams could be heard, and horses stumbling and falling and leaping headlong from bluffs, and from ledges of rock projecting out along the mountain side. After the run many horses and men and women were found dead, wounded and dying. Oftimes two men would enter the same claim and drive their stakes. Of course this meant trouble and no one being present to settle the dispute, it often resulted in death of one or the other. They fought it out. The best man got the claim, the other one was often never heard of. The sweet dreams and long pursuit of these people, the early Boomers of Oklahoma, became nightmares of disappointments. Many of them had waited for weeks and months in rain and snow for the important hour to come, but in only a few days after the opening and the run was made the country was almost forsaken; only a few families and persons here and there could be found camping on their claims. There could be found occasionally someone digging a dugout or building a sod house. By many of them every possible effort was made to stay with their claims, but in many cases their efforts were in vain because it was impossible to undergo the hardships and sufferings that the conditions of the country inflicted upon them thus making it practically impossible for them to stay with their claims, and they disappeared from the country. The trains were unable to accommodate this vast multitude of immigrants who doubtless came from all parts of America, on their return to their homes. Many of them, after returning, disposed of their claims, trading or selling them oftimes for a mere trifle. Those who purchased the claims better understood

the conditions of the country, they equipped themselves with the necessities of life and the means to develop the country. They brought wagons, teams, milk cows, and many of them brought a whole years supply to enable them to make their first crops.

The people of the Southwest, especially the early settlers of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, could not have lived alone in a life of selfishness as the people of our day, but as long as one had the necessaries of life he divided with those in need. This spirit of cooperation and helping each other in the most trying hour in the history of any people was no doubt the conquering and prevailing spirit that opened the door of the wild and uninhabited and desolate lands of the Southwest to a civilized world, and set the country's feet into the path of progress and prosperity and success.

The people of the early days of the country had a heart that beat for each other and not alone for the almighty dollar. Dear reader, if you would fully understand true friendship and cooperation you ought to study the lives and the methods of the early settlers of the Southwest, how they suffered untold privations and oftimes would welcome the pangs and horrors of death for their friend and neighbor.

It was not safe for people to settle miles from each other, the country was more or less settled in colonies. Oklahoma could have never been settled by the white race except in this way. People living in settlements or colonies assisted each other in the necessaries of life and protected each other and their families against the invading enemy. In this way Oklahoma was finally settled. It was indeed difficult with the early settlers in securing food and supplies and the marketing of their farm products. Oftimes there could be seen fifteen to twenty wagons in one train headed for the states seeking a market for the product of their year's labors. The nearest market was Fort Smith, Ark., or Denison, Texas, a distance of a hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty miles. It would often require a month or more to make the trip. We will remember that the people of those days were greatly handicapped in trav-

eling, especially in wagons, as there were no roads, only trails largely created by outlaws and bandits who traveled largely on horseback. Those who traveled in wagons, traveled by directions, but generally some one who knew the country piloted them on their journey, a native negro or an Indian on horseback. In coming upon obstacles such as rivers or creeks, hills or mountains, the horses or cattle were removed from the wagon, the wagon torn down, dismantled, carried piece by piece over the obstacle together with the cargo, then put together and loaded and the journey was resumed. This incident was often repeated before the journey was completed.

We the citizens of Oklahoma of today that enjoy the blessed sunlight of civilization and all that makes life worth while, the great state of Oklahoma with all her wealth, great cities, railroads, schools and with her inhabitants of over a million people owe it all to the first and early settlers who lived in the dugout and little sod houses. We owe to them honor and respect we will never be able to pay, but there should be in the hearts of all a memory and respect for them, as heroes of the Southwest who, by their suffering untold privations, opened the door and made it possible for Oklahoma and the Indian Territory to be what it is today. It is no doubt the fruit of their life's work that lives today, not only in the mind and heart of their fellow countrymen but the country with all it has and means today. Its inhabitants are no doubt a living monument to these heroes, and respect and love for them should be kept fresh and fragrant and sacred in the hearts of the rising generation while they cease to be and many of them have passed to their reward beyond. Their life and work must still live and not be forgotten.

Those of us who come here forty or fifty years ago have seen and witnessed the building of every city, town and village, school and church and every enterprise, great or small, brought about, and as we contrast the condition of the country of today with that of forty years ago we are made to wonder at the art of man in building and accomplishing. It seems almost the impossible has been done. But we are made to wonder at times, was it man at last that

accomplished the task or was he only a tool that was lead by some invisible hand, a supernatural power? No doubt to Him the preserver of life, the ruler and creator of all things, we ought to give the credit and honor for our country with all its happiness and possibilities.

We can look back to the hour when we stood on the ground that many of our cities cover today when there could only be seen a few scattering timbers, a native grass called the blue grass, with its growth from five to six feet in height. Droves of deer could be seen in the distance feeding in the valleys and along the mountain slope and wild turkeys in great numbers could be seen. We have witnessed every change of the country from its infancy, from the hour that the soil had only known and felt for past centuries the hoof of the buffalo and the Indian pony to this present day.

And as we have mentioned above, the country forty years ago was only the land of the outlaw and heathen Indian, not a school nor a church, in all the country; there could be found but two ministers, Rev. Mr. Blake who was sent by the government to the Indian as a teacher in the government school and Rev. Mr. Roe, a Presbyterian missionary who was sent by the Presbyterian church among the Indians in 1865. A country with these two men in it as educators and missionaries among a vast population of the heathen Indians, the beginning of civilization, the dawn of a new day to the Indian race of people that had been for centuries kept in darkness, superstitousness and heathenism. It is wonderful when we think how the civilized world once looked upon Oklahoma as only the land of the outlaw and the uncivilized Indian, the outlaw and bandit, many of whom had escaped from justice from almost every state in the union and had come to make Oklahoma his abiding place and refuge. And because of his presence in the country and his operations in and out of the territory the territory was looked upon by the civilized states as a menace to their welfare and civilization. This was one reason the United States government was forced to open the country for settlement over the protest of the Indian and to break its treaty with them that they should own

and control the country as long as grass grew and water run. The Indian was not or never has been capable intellectually of understanding the good intention and friendliness of the government toward them in opening the country for settlement. This act of the government in opening the country was the only hope of the Indian race of people, making it possible for them to associate their lives with the white race and surround them externally with a condition and a life of civilization they gradually absorbed through education and otherwise civilized ideas, and gradually they have laid aside the blanket and breechclout, tomahawk and scalping knife and today they are looked upon and recognized as one of the cultured and intelligent races.

Isn't it wonderful what can be achieved and accomplished in a few short years? Yet at the same time the early life and customs of the Indian in many ways have proven a great blessing to the white race, especially to the early settlers of Oklahoma. For instance, near the little log hut built by the Indian found on the hillside or in the midst of a cluster of trees invariably plenty of water could be found. The question of water was the greatest problem that confronted the early settlers. A satisfied and contented Indian was one with his little log hut in which to live, wood and water, his bow and arrow and wild game. This is indeed true of the Indian of years ago. While no doubt, as we have said before, the opening of the country for settlement by the white race of people has proven to be the greatest blessing that could have come to the Indian, especially the younger generation, the association of the life of the white man who is the pathfinder to civilization and born in supremacy of all other races was no doubt the only hope of a real life of happiness and prosperity as a race of people. And a chance has been given them to make good and they have done so, as no other race of people in the world in the same length of time.

A number of years ago we had a friend, a minister of the gospel. At that time he was chaplain of the senate of the state of Oklahoma. Visiting the capitol, he invited us to visit him one afternoon. While sitting in the senate chamber I noticed a full blood Indian was a member of

this body. My attention was especially drawn to him while he was speaking in support of a bill that was before the body. I asked the chaplain, Dr. Ray, if he knew the Indian. He had never met him, personally, but expressing my desire to meet him, the minister assured me he would make it possible. I told him that I was deeply interested in an Indian that could speak as he had and could hold a position that he was holding. So after the Senate had adjourned my friend and I went at once and met the Indian. I ask him of what tribe he was. He said he was a Seminole. Then, after exchanging a few words with him, to my surprise I learned that we played together when only boys. But this is not out of the ordinary for the Indian of today, as hundreds have accomplished and have achieved high positions in life.

The white race doubtless would appreciate more and more the Indian race of people if we would only think of them fifty years ago. Scarcely one could be found that could read or write among the five civilized tribes. There is not a race of people in the world that has made the progress and success toward enlightment and civilization as the Indians have made in the last twenty-five years. It is, indeed, wonderful. When we think of it we must acknowledge that the world's histories do not record such wouderful progress by another race of people in the world.

One hundred years ago the Indian would commit and did commit crimes that make the civilized world shudder when they think of it. Yet in the face of these facts when we think of them today as the one race of people that commits less crimes than any other people in the world it is more wonderful still.

Something more might be said of the Indian that would be interesting to the readers and that is that some Divine Hand must have led and protected the Indian in all his wild and savage life. We cannot believe that a heathen race could have shrouded in mystery to the civilized world their manner of life and work in the centuries of the past unless the all seeing eye of God has ever been beholding them and his grace and love has ever been with them.

It is to be remembered that the Indian in his wild and

savage life was different from any other race of people. There were a hundred or more different tribes of the American Indian, many of them speaking a different language, and as foreign to each other in their ways and customs of living as was their language. However they differed but little as to the life beyond. It is well known that most all heathen races of people are worshipers of idols, made of various kinds of metals. The Indian did not bow his knee to an idol or an image as his God. The white race has never understood the Indian as to his conception of God and eternal life, but after learning to speak their language and converse with them on this subject you may better understand what they believe as to life beyond death. They believed in the invisible spirit, the great spirit, that leads them through life and safely guides and protects them against their enemies in their war career and even through death unto the happy hunting ground, their haven of rest. For this reason the Indian buried with their dead the scalping knife, tomahawk and pony, they believed that they would have need of them in their life beyond.

History speaks of some few tribes that worshipped the sun, moon and stars, fire, wind and water, in this we will notice that they had in some way a slight knowledge of the Trinity: the Godhead, Father, Son and Holy Spirit. It has been a mystery to the civilized world why there were so many different tribes of Indians, especially speaking a different language, and each language original with the tribe. The five civilized tribes, the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Osage and Creeks have always been the prominent and leading tribes; many of the smaller tribes have been extinct for years. Because of their savage and warlike spirit they could not bring themselves to submit to a higher degree of life and civilization, but they chose death rather than to submit, bow and kiss the hand that smote them, which they believed to be their enemy, the white man, who at last proved to be their only friend. But one of the most warlike and dangerous tribes that ever lived, the hardest to conquer, who stayed on the warpath longer and gave the early settlers of Texas and the Southwest more trouble, was doubtless the Comanches. History does not

record a tribe of Indians that was so inhuman and brutal as the Comanche in their methods of punishing and murdering their victims. All wild and savage Indians had a method of torturing and punishing their victims; some would bind them to a stake then burn them; others would lacerate the body; while others would remove their scalp; and the victim would gradually bleed to death. Oftimes the Indian would take some wild animal, place a rope around the neck of their enemy then to the tail of the animal and turn it loose in the open country. But no doubt the most cruel and inhuman act ever committed by human hand against another in the history of the world was committed by these heartless Comanche Indians when punishing or taking the life of any one of the white race, especially an infant. They would remove its garments, then take a stake, sharpen it, set it in the ground with the sharp end upward, place the child in blanket or the skin of an animal, throw it high above the stake. Coming down upon the sharpened stake the body was pierced to death. The reader will recall among the early settlers of West Texas, it was very dangerous and almost impossible for a white man to live, as this section of the country was the roaming ground of the Comanche Indian, which made it unsafe for travelers unless accompanied by Texas Rangers. It was one afternoon as the sun was sinking and the darkness of the night was fast settling down upon a father, mother, and little daughter. In a few hours they were attacked by these Indians. The father and mother were left lifeless upon the lonely and boundless prairie. They took the little girl and fled and were soon secure in the hills and mountains of the Southwest. She is known in history as Cintha Ann Parker, and just how she ever escaped death at the hand of these inhuman and heartless Indians will never be known. History tells us that she was the mother of Quannah Parker, the last chief of the Comanche Indians. But later in years she was recaptured and taken from these Indians, but she had lived with them until her life and ways and manner of living were that of the Indian. It was said by those who captured her that she could not be taken until she was bound hand and foot and taken back to her native state, Texas.

And before her death she became a very refined and esteemed character and a loyal citizen. History does not record the name of the person or persons who recaptured her, and for this reason we are not in possession of facts as to who captured her that the names might be furnished to our readers. However, it might be truthfully said that Capt. L. Rows and others of his company captured her, and yet this has been repudiated by some who said he was not within forty miles of the place the day of her capture.

Now, in conclusion of this chapter, and we realize that we are digressing somewhat, please allow us to say that there is no living person or historian of the past among the Indians or Caucasion race of people that can give us any information whatsoever as to the origin of the Indian, and what we have to say concerning them is only a speculation. We are not making an argument in what we have to say, but I hope that I may open a field for thought.

Now, there is an account given in the Scriptures of twelve tribes of the children of Israel, and we are taught in the Bible that one of the tribes was lost and never accounted for. We notice the word tribe or tribes is frequently used in the Scriptures when speaking of the children of Israel. Now, the origin of this work in speaking of the Indian we have no history of it. But the word tribe is used and applied to the Indian by the white race of people to separate and to designate them from each other, and it was also true in speaking of the children of Israel. Therefore, we often wonder if it could be possible that the Indian was the lost tribe of Israel.

Let us remember that it has been nearly four thousand years since the beginning of the twelve tribes of Israel, and only since the fourteenth century that the Caucasion race knew anything of the American continent. And if it be true that such a country as the Amreican continent was unknown to the civilized world for over five thousand years, is it not possible that there could have been many great changes on land and sea, that we have no record of or never will have as a matter of history? Could there have been a time in the last four thousand years that the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans did not meet and completely encir-

cle the American continent. But there might have been an isthmus which connected the two countries by which the lost tribes of Israel passed over and afterwards by an earthquake or an upheaval united the two oceans, forever separating and isolating these people from the old world. We ask your consideration as to this matter.

CHAPTER VII.

The History of the Seminoles.

I would now call your attention to some very important happenings and events that took place among this tribe of Indians while the writer spent eighteen years of his life with them. The writer's personal knowledge of this tribe of Indians, if he would write all in detail concerning them, would make a large volume in itself. But, it is our only purpose to give to our readers the most important and interesting events and happenings and practices among these Indians and I believe the many things that I may bring forth or portray upon these pages is indeed historical and will be appreciated and nourished as sacred in the hearts of coming generations.

It seems to me that those who have attempted to write stories or books or even history writers as to the Indian have failed to give to those who have longed for a true knowledge of the Indian's life and practice. Now as we have in other chapters of this book brought to light and portrayed in a general way the life and practice of the wild and modern Indian. I want to confine these few pages to the life and practice of the Seminole tribe, but may I say just here that the most interesting and valuable reading for the coming generations will be the life and practice of the wild and modern Indian and the primitive days of Oklahoma, and the early settling of the country by the white race. On these few pages we are not writing a story, as we have in other parts of this book, but will, if possible, give to our readers in detail a short history of the Seminole Indian.

First, I will call your attention to the life of their noble chief, who was known to all the country as Governor Brown. His father was a white man, a government physician, sent by the government among the Indians in the early forties or fifties. Doctor Brown married a full blood Seminole Indian and to this union several children were born, who no

doubt became the most noted characters and prominent and influential of all this tribe of Indians. This great and noble man lived for many years among this people and sacrificed his life as a physician. He lived to a ripe old age and passed to his reward beyond some time in the seventies. He died in or near the city that is now known as Wagoner, Oklahoma. and was no doubt buried in that place.

In the seventies the chief lived in a small two-room, log house. This log hut was built as all other Indian huts with its stick and dirt chimney, with an iron rod built into the fire place on which to roast his meats. In this little hut he lived for many years. In front of it stood two very large, beautiful trees the shade of which he so often enjoyed as he rested from his daily toils. Now, as to his wealth at this time, he no doubt was as poor and needy as any one of his tribe. I think his furniture consisted likely of a small stool to sit on; his bed of sage grass and covering of some animal skins; his food of wild meats and Soffaka corn. However, this Indian chief had many advantages over his people; one especially. He was not a full blood Indian; he had been educated in the schools of the north and knew the life and practice of the white race of people which gave him an advantage that few Indians in the world had.

And let me say, too, that he never wasted an opportunity to improve every hour or day to make life worth living. He, no doubt, did more to Christianize and educate and civilize his own people than any other Indian chief that ever lived. He was considered by all who knew him as one of the most refined and cultured characters of his day. His equal as a business man and a financier was not to be found among the five civilized tribes. Though this Indian chief lived in this little log hut, the most of his early life, in the midst of all difficulties and disadvantages that the pioneer and primitive days of the wild and uninhabited Territory that was then only the land of the heathen Indian and the bandit and outlaw, he conquered and rose above it all, and was converted to the Christian religion, was ordained to the full work of the ministry and did a great work among his own people, and after the opening of old Oklahoma and the set-

tling of it by the white race and the government of the United States began to pay each one of these Indians a proportionment of money due them from the government, which opened up a financial possibility throughout the country, this Indian chief in a few short years became a millionaire and established one of the largest general merchandise businesses in all the country. This place of business was located one mile west of the little town known today as Sasakwa, Oklahoma, located on the Frisco railroad in the Seminole Nation. The house in which this business was operated was a very large building sixty by eighty feet. The material of the building was hauled from Muskogee, Oklahoma. The value of stock of this business was said to be more than thirty thousand dollars. There was eight to ten men at work in this business.

This Indian chief operated this business until the Frisco railroad was built through his nation and the little town of Sasakwa was built. Then he moved to this place and built one of the largest business houses in all that section of the country, and he, himself, retired from business, leaving it with one of his sons who operated it for a number of years. This Indian chief and his brother, Jackson Brown, were also interested in a very large business at Wewoka in this Nation. It was no doubt through the financial aid and the assistance of these two Indians that the town of Wewoka is what it is today. Jackson Brown, the brother of this Indian chief, located at Wewoka in the seventies, living in a small log hut located a few feet south of where the Rock Island depot now sets, and for years he operated a small business in a small frame building built of native lumber. It was located fifty or seventy-five yards northeast of where the Rock Island depot now sets. He operated this business until the Rock Island railroad was finished through the Seminole Nation, then, together with his brother, the chief, they built one of the largest business houses in all the Southwest at this little town of Wewoka.

Jackson Brown was also a very fine business man and a very devoted Christian, and became very wealthy before he died. After this Indian became converted to the Christian religion, he headed a delegation of Christian workers and

went to Florida and there preached the Gospel to many of his own people that had never emigrated to this country and who knew nothing of Christ at all.

In eighteen and ninety six, this Indian chief built for himself and family a magnificent home at a cost of many thousands of dollars and even the furnishing of this home ran into the thousands of dollars. So after the Rock Island railroad was finished and the little town of Wewoka was inhabited by a few hundred people, Jackson Brown moved and made his home in what was known as the old Government Rock Building, built sometime in the eighties. Here he lived until the house became dangerous and condemned. This house today is completely destroyed, nothing can be seen of these old buildings except the rock walls of the government stables.

From this place he moved to his home that is located in the south part of Wewoka and is known as the Jackson Brown home. It was here that he died a few years ago, leaving his widow and some children who occupy the home today.

It was in 1919 that the Indian chief also died, leaving a widow and several children. It was in the year of 1919 just before the death of this chief that the writer had the pleasure of going back to his home where we played when only a boy a few years old. And just east of the house stands a very large oak tree that was only a small bush when the writer played around it. We had the happy privilege a few days before the death of this chief to sit down under this tree and talk with him.

We believe if there is a man living today that can intelligently and truthfully write a history of this Indian chief and his tribe it is the writer, as we came among this tribe of Indians when only a child and for twenty-five years we lived with them in their log huts and sage grass beds and our covering of animal skins and our food of wild meats and Soffaka corn.

So we lived for many years with this Indian chief and knew him well. He was indeed a great man, not only among his own people but with the white race as well. When the government of the United States was contemplating the

opening of old Oklahoma and the Indian Territory for settlement this Indian Chief built a wire fence, completely around the Seminole Nation believing that if he would fence his nation that the Government would not open his nation for settlement.

He also made several trips to Washington in behalf or defense of his people as to the opening of his nation. It was said that he in one of his speeches before the Senate he became so abrupt in his speech that he was taken outside of the Senate chamber until he regained his composure and then he was allowed to finish his speech that was said to be four hours or more in length.

Now as to the life of this chief and his family, there is much to be said and much more could be said, but we do not feel that we ought to take space to say more just here, but allow me to say that just north of his home was a lovely apple orchard of several acres of ground, and under the shade of these lovely trees sleeps the wife and a number of his family. Most all of the graves are covered with cement vaults. This grave yard is called the family grave yard of Governor Brown of the Seminole tribe of Indians.

The first building built in the town of Wewoka was built by a Presbyterian missionary and was used for worship by a few members of that faith for a number of years. There is no signs of that building today except two or three trees that stood in the yard. There was also the old Indian Council house that was built in the year of seventy-six. The material in this house was hauled from Muskogee. The building had one room in it in which the Indians held their courts until the opening of old Oklahoma. Then another large building was built for court purposes which the Indians used until the government took over the country and the Indian came under the laws of the United States, and Wewoka became the county seat. Then this house became the county court house, and it stands today. The Old Council house has been moved out in the resident district of the city and a nice home made of it. However, in this house was not the first place that the Seminole Indian held their court. The place for their first council was under the shade and in the yard of one of their tribes one-half mile west of

the town of Wewoka. The next place was the old stomp ground three miles south of Wewoka. These places were used in the years of the sixties and the seventies. The old whipping tree also stood in front of the council house which was taken up and completely destroyed when a very large business house was built. There was another tree that was called the execution tree, which also stood a short distance southwest of this council house by which the writer has witnessed the execution of a number of Indians and negroes. This tree was also taken up when another very large building was built, but this tree was kept and can be seen in the historical department in the capitol building at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

There was another building known as the Presbyterian mission. It was located three miles north of Wewoka. This building is standing today and is occupied by a family as a farm house. This was the first religious mission built in this nation.

There was another mission built by the government in 1875, located one mile north of Sasakwa. This building was used for a school building for a number of years for the Indians only. The teachers were employed by the government. This house was also used in later years for a residence and was occupied by the writer's sister and family, but there is no sign of it today as it has been completely destroyed and moved away. It overlooked a great valley to the east, which was covered with a forest of timber, which in the early days of the country was the home of many kinds of animals and hundreds of wild turkey. Now as to this school, it amounted to but little, for at that time there were but few that could speak the English language—likely this chief's family and the writer's sister—and it was indeed difficult to get these Indians interested in those days in schools or churches. They knew nothing of civilization or religion with very few exceptions.

There was another place of worship, a small brush arbor located one mile east of Old Sasakwa and one mile west of New Sasakwa. This arbor was built by the Rev. Mr. Blake, a missionary and a school teacher that was sent to these

Indians by the government in 1884. At this time there were only six members of this church and they were all Indians. It was a Baptist church and for eighteen years their chief was their pastor. Today there are over two hundred members of this church, all Indians. No Indian of any tribe even after being converted to the Christian religion was in their form of worship like the white race of people. The Indian met only once a year to serve God and then for three days. They came together from all over the country for this event and camped on the ground.

The Seminole Indian, as a tribe, had no laws until about the year 1868 or 1870. Their statute of laws consisted of a very small book written in the Indian language their courts consisted of eight men as jurymen and officers known as light-horsemen. These officers would whip all found guilty of theft of any kind, and would also shoot all those condemned to death. Their manner of punishing those guilty of theft or any minor crimes was to whip them with all clothing removed from their backs twenty-five lashes for each offense with a hickory well seasoned in the fire, from three to four feet in length. The first offense twenty-five lashes and twenty-five additional lashes for every crime committed and each twenty-five additional lashes for every crime committed and each twenty-five lashes were administered by a different officer. When whipping the criminal, they would tie his hands over a limb of a tree, then they would tie his feet together, then place a pole between his feet and two men sat on each end of the pole. This method would render the Indian helpless. If any one Indian committed six minor offenses he was shot to death. He was always shot to death for murder. In court sessions there were no lawyers, only the jurymen and the chief as judge of the court. The jury and the judge were to say as to the guilt or innocence of the criminal. If an Indian was sentenced to death and his execution set six months or a year in advance the Indian would always be on hand to die that day. He would not run away. This is a tradition handed down from their forefathers that they must die as a hero and a brave and not a coward. If they died as a coward their grave was removed from among their dead

and they would never meet their tribe in the happy hunting ground where all Indians believed they would meet after death.

So now let me say in conclusion as to the Seminole tribe that for many years they were known as the Lower Creek Indian, but after many years they were finally recognized as a separate tribe.

It was in the year 1817 or 1818 that this tribe became involved in a great conflict with the United States. Though their country was of the Spanish territory, it was invaded by the American troops under Andrew Jackson. Much of their territory was taken and many of their towns were destroyed. The terms or treaty made with the Seminoles of Payne's Landing made in 1832 provides that this tribe was to move west of the Mississippi river, but through the influence and leadership of their Chief they were led to break and repudiate that treaty, consequently a long bloody war followed, which caused the loss of thousands of lives of both the whites and the Indians. It was said that this war cost upward of $10,000,000 in money and it did not end until the year of 1842. Now shortly after the war, the Seminoles moved to the Creek Country in the southwest part of Indian Territory. After they moved to the Creek Nation they became dissatisfied to such an extent that a reservation of lands were given them, known today as the Seminole nation. Let us remember that the Civil War was the cause of this tribe of Indians having to relinquish a large part of their lands which lay between the two Canadian Rivers because they rebelled against the government, so today their land is a very small body which lies between the Creek nation and Old Oklahoma twenty-five miles east and west, forty miles north and south.

Now let us remember that forty or fifty years ago there was no law or church or schools or such a thing as civilization or a civilized idea in the hearts of this people. Indeed, the Indian Territory was as desolate as the north star. As we, the people that inhabit the territory and Oklahoma today look back to the days of forty years ago and think of the country as only the land of the heathen Indian and the bandit and out law with not one road to be found, only

trails by which to travel; not a house to be seen, only the Indian hut; not a school or a church or a railroad or a town to be found in all the country, let us think of these Indians today and this great state of Oklahoma—the Indian with his refined and cultured mind and character, many of them school teachers, lawyers, and many of them holding state offices such as legislators. The State of Oklahoma ranks along with the greatest states in the Union today. When we think of all its wealth and its great cities and its population of over a million we are made to wonder at the work and art of man in such a short time in bringing about the conditions that the people of Oklahoma enjoy today. There is not a state in the United States that will excel it in its wealth and schools, churches and all kinds of institution, its railroad system and great cities. We cannot believe that man did this great work alone, but surely the invisible and omnipotent hand of God led in it all.

Dear reader, will you stop and think a moment of this tribe of Indians thirty years ago. They did not have one civilized idea. The writer lived with them and lived as they lived. I was 17 years old the first time I ever heard a sermon preached. I never knew what a school house was until I was 19 years old. To impress you more fully as to the life and heathen condition of these Indians let me relate that I have seen them punishing their criminals by whipping them when a puddle of blood would accumulate under their feet and their intestines would run out through the wounds. Oftimes many stitches were used in sewing up the wounds. It mattered not how severe the punishment was to the Indian, he never was known to cry out because of pain, but would often gobble the war whoop and die in ten minutes. So with the conditions of those days as they were, we can no doubt appreciate the days in which we live in this great State of ours.

It has been a few short years since the Seminoles and Creek Indians strongly believed in the tradition of their forefathers as to the death penalty, suffering it in honor of their tribe. The truthfulness of this statement is proven. When the Indian was sentenced to death and then given his complete liberty, when the day of execution came he

was there without fail to die as ordered by the Court. He would often take his own handkerchief and blindfold himself, sit down upon a rock with his back against a tree and die at the hands of lighthorsemen. They were willing to die and did die for all traditions kept and practiced by their forefathers. The Indian taught their children the only crime they could commit by which they would miss their haven of rest, the happy hunting ground, was to die a coward. Perhaps our readers have often wondered why the wild Indian would fight his enemy to death. It was no doubt because he felt that it was an honor to die. They seemed to have no thought whatever what it meant to die. No doubt it has never dawned upon many of us that have studied the nature and disposition of the Indian that this is one of the wonders of the age.

CHAPTER 8.

A Short History of Various Tribes. The Origin and Meaning of Names.

Alabama, here we rest; Arizona, Spanish-Indian, little creeks; Arkansas, from a tribe of Indians; California, Spanish, hot furnace; Colorado, Spanish, red or muddy; Connecticut, Indian, long river; Delaware, in honor of Lord Delaware; Florida, Spanish, blooming; Georgia, in honor of George II; Idaho, Indian, gem of the mountains; Illinois, Indian, the men; Indiana, Indian, ground; Iowa, Indian, drowsy ones; Kansas, Indian, smoky water; Kentucky, Indian, dark and bloody; Louisiana, in honor of Louis XIV; Maine, the main land; Maryland, in honor of queen Henrietta Marie; Massachusetts, the place of hills; Michigan, Indian, a weir of fish; Minnesota, Indian, cloudy water; Mississippi, Indian, great river, or father of waters; Missouri, Indian, great muddy; Montana, Spanish, a mountain; Nebraska, Indian, shallow water; New Hampshire, Hampshire, England; New Jersey, in honor of governor of Jersey Island; New York, in honor of Duke of York; North Carolina, in honor of Charles II; North Dakota, Indian, allied; Ohio, Indian, beautiful river; Oklahoma, Indian, land of the red man; Oregon, Spanish, wild Marjoram; Pennsylvania, Latin, penn woods; Rhode Island, Rhodes, an island in the Aegean Sea; South Carolina, in honor of Charles II; South Dakota, Indian, allied; Tennessee, Indian, river with a great bend; Texas, from a tribe of Indians; Utah, mountain dwellers; Vermont, French, green mountains; Virginia, in honor of Elizabeth, the virgin queen; Washington, after George Washington; West Virginia, from Virginia; Wisconsin, Indian, wild rushing channel; Wyoming, Indian, extensive plain.

The names of the leading tribes of the American Indian:

Blackfeet, Cree, Montagnor, Micnor, Ottawa, Abenaki, Passamaquoddy, Pequoid, Mohegan, Lenape, Nanticoke, Powhatan, Miami, Sac, Fox, Kickapoo, Shawnee, Chippewa. Kutchin, Kenai, Tacullie, Umpqua, Hoopab, Apache,

Navago, Lipan, Seneca, Cayuga, Onondago, Oneida, Mohawk, Tuscarora, Huron, Toltic, Astec, Chichimec, Pipile, Nicaras, Alaguilac, Itza, Tzendal, Quiche, Cakchiquel, Maya, Huasteca, Quichwa, Amara, Assiniboin, Souix, Crow, Winnebago, Omaha, Mandan, Oto, Ponca, Osage, Kansas, Tutelo, Algonkin, Oronquois, Dakota, Chata Muskoki, Caddo, Kioway, Shoshonee, West Indian, Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Temassee, Seminole, Pawnee, Arickaree, Wishita, Ute, Comanche, Carib, Arawak, Tipi, Guarani, Mundurucu, Orara, Ticuma, Parentintin, Mura, Purupura, Piro, Miranha, Caishana, Shian, Araphoo, Ponca, Quapaw, Tonkawa, Euchee, Lowa, Modoc, Huron, Tawakony, Keechi, Caddo or Kadohadacho, Apache, Piankeshaw. Peoria, Kaskaskia, Delaware, Arapaho, Cahokia, Cheyenne.

These names are the names of the American Indians, as complete as you will be able to find them in any history that has ever been written.

Now I believe that we have reached the place in the writing of this book, in order to give the people a valuable piece of literature that the coming generation will appreciate and will not only read in the home but in the schools as well, that we must give a short history of many different tribes of Indians. We will first call your attention to the

CHEROKEES.

The home of the Cherokee Indian was no doubt in the mountains and valleys of the south in the states of Georgia and Tennessee, but more especially in Georgia. The Cherokee has always been more or less of a refined character. They welcomed the coming of improvements, schools and civilization. When ere, Mr. Oglethorpe, settled in the state of Georgia the Cherokee was no doubt his friend. But after the establishment of the government these Indians who had welcomed the coming of the white race and had been so friendly to them, began to suffer untold privations because of treaties and promises that had been made by the whites. Finally these Indians refused to concede any more of their lands to the white settlers, but on the other hand, demanded that the government of the United States protect them

in all their rights. Now the fight was not between the whites and this tribe of Indians but between the government and the state of Georgia. For the government found itself unable to fulfill and keep its treaties with the Cherokee Indian, so orders were given by the government that these Indians should be moved to a new home known as the Southwest. And let us remember at this time the Cherokee Indians were indeed happy and very prosperous. Their country was no doubt one of the most lovely portions of the United States, the climate was indeed delightful and healthful both summer and winter. In the plains and valleys of this state the soil was rich and productive. The Soffaka corn grew as well as many other small grains. This tribe of Indians carried on considerable trade with adjoining states by exporting their product down the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers. Let us also remember there could be found a number of apple and peach orchards, and often vegetables could be found on their tables. Now their new home in the Southwest known as the Cherokee Nation is one of the most productive and wealthiest sections in all the country. There can be found in this nation some of the leading cities of the Southwest. There abound vast coal beds and flowing oil wells, millions of acres of fine timber, thousands of acres of cotton lands, clover and alfalfa. On the hill slopes there can be seen acres of bee hives from which thousands of gallons of honey are sold each year. Many large factories are established, cotton and woolen cloth and blankets are manufactured by the hands of the Cherokees. Almost every family in this nation grows and harvests abundant crops, such as cotton, wheat, oats and corn, alfalfa, clover and many other small grains too numerous to mention. The Cherokee Indian has never been hostile toward the white race, but we speak and think of them as one of the five civilized tribes.

The Creek or Muskoki Indian.

This tribe of Indians are no doubt one of the strongest known today. There are a number of these important tribes such as the Apalachi, Alibamu, Choctaw, and Chickasaw.

Once upon a time these tribes mentioned were very closely related or allied with the Creeks.

The Creek Indian was known in history as the builder of two kinds of cities, one called the White and the other the Red town. In the Red town there could be seen at a great distance many red flags floating in the air. The fronts of all buildings and all other structures were painted red. These towns were owned and controlled by the Indians known as the braves and warriors. The whites were peace towns. In them could be seen floating many white flags. The front of all the buildings and structures were painted white and were owned and controlled by the faction known as the peace tribe.

It has been said by some writers that the white towns were places of refuge to which many fled for safety to escape the death penalty by the hand of their pursuers.

Let us remember that the braves and warriors among the Creek Indian were the highest and most esteemed and honored among their tribe. The early history of the Creek Indian and to this present day shows that they have never understood what death meant. They have always felt they could pay no higher tribute to their tribe than to die as a hero or a warrior at the hands of their enemies or their own tribe. Their belief and tradition handed down from generation to generation was that their tribe had the power to condemn them or save them, that through disobedience to their tribe their grave would be removed from among their dead, and that they would never enter the happy hunting ground where all tribes believed they would meet after death. The ancient home of the Creek Indian was in Florida and Old Mexico. They too, were compelled to emigrate and move to the Southwest. Their present location is known to all the country as the Creek Nation. This nation is surrounded by the Choctaw Nation; on the south, Arkansas; on the east, the Cherokee and the Osage Nations; and the state of Kansas on the north, and the Seminole Nation and old Oklahoma on the west. The Creek nation is known throughout the country for its great wealth, where thousands of acres of choice timbers grow, and a

farming capacity that will equal any part of this great state of Oklahoma, with a number of coal fields and hundreds of flowing oil wells, there are some of the leading cities of the Southwest located in this nation.

The Seminole Tribe.

This tribe is known as the Seminole Indian. Their ancient home was also in Florida and old Mexico. The Seminole Nation is composed of a small body of land forty miles north and south, eighteen to twenty-five east and west, and lays between the Creek Nation and the old Oklahoma. The North Canadian river borders it on the north and the South Canadian, on the south. The Seminole Indian is nothing more than a Creek Indian. There is no difference whatever in their customs and language. The name Seminole was given to them by their own tribe the Creeks. It means left behind or runaway, as they were the last of this tribe to be conquered by the white settlers and forced to move or, emigrate from the state of Florida. However, the Seminole and the Creek Indian, according to a treaty made with them by the Mexican Government more than a century ago, owns a large reservation of land in that Government. This was not discovered until recent years. A piece of metal was found among some one of the Seminole Indians that this treaty was stamped upon by the Mexican government, which this tribe has been investigating for the last year, and have made great progress in locating this land, and a satisfactory agreement with the Mexican government. It was among this tribe of Indians the writer lived from a child into manhood.

The chief of the Seminole Indians was known through the country, as one of the greatest Indians in modern times. He was a man of refinement and education, he was a financier, and once a millionaire. He spoke the English language perfectly. He was educated in the north by his father who was a white man and a government doctor sent to these Indians in an early day.

THE MAYAS INDIAN TRIBE.

Among all American Indians of ancient times, the tribe known as the Mayas Indians no doubt was the most intelligent and lived nearest of all to civilization. In several countries these Indians could be found; some in Yucatan and in adjoining states of Tabasco and also old Mexico and in Central America, although these Indians did not occupy and control these entire countries. There were many other people who occupied these sections, speaking a language closely related to that of the Mayas Indian. A number of writers have declared that this tribe and many others have been extinct many years, but that is a serious mistake. There are many of them living today throughout Mexico and Central America.

Let us remember it was this tribe who gave the Mexican government in the last few years no little trouble. They all speak the Spanish language fluently, but they live strictly in reservations or colonies to themselves. They have not given up their own language but there has been a number of valuable books and other literature written by them. They retain today their ancient form of dressing. Those of the civilized world who have had the opportunity of seeing the modern Mayas Indian have but little, if any, criticism to offer, as to their life and customs, but speak of them as being a great people and absolutely reliable. There was no race of people in all the world at that time that excelled these people in the art of building. They were the best in all North America, and the ruins of these Indian cities testify to that fact. More than half a century ago, one John L. Stevens with an artist whose name was Gatherwood traveled in the country of Honduras. Mr. Stevens gives an extensive account of their travels and the exploring of the ruins of these cities and the artist who accompanied him drew pictures of more than forty of those ancient cities. At that time many other explorers had been there. Therefore by photographs and history much is known of the Mayan architecture.

Most of the ruins appeared to be buildings used by the government or perhaps for religious purposes. Very few,

if any, of the buildings which stood near the center of the town were ever occupied by individuals or families, but it seemed that all dwelling houses were only small huts, built of poles or mud mixed with grass or some other substance. Today all these small huts have disappeared, leaving no evidence that such houses ever existed. All through the Mexican republic today, in many of these old ancient towns, the only permanent structures built by these Indians that can be found is a church here and there or some town house; everything else has faded and passed away. However, most all of these towns furnish travelers and explorers some very peculiar and interesting scenes and studies.

We can only briefly describe the most interesting scenes which are in the City of Palenque, which appears to be one of the oldest of the cities. It is located in the extreme southern part of old Mexico. In it are the ruins of the five great temples which were located near the center of the city. These buildings were built upon terrace platforms, they were very lengthy and narrow; the walls were thick and were built of very heavy stones, and mud was used for cement; the walls were often faced with slabs of stones.

There was also another very famous location of ruins, left by the Mayan Indians. The most interesting of the ruins are the great store structures which seems to be figures with stone altars before them. Many of these statutes are much taller than a man, and have been made from a single block of stone and differ a great deal in so much that they have been believed by some writers to be portraits. These statues are beautifully dressed and ornamented. The altars in front of these stone figures, differ also in form and size but no doubt are all made from single blocks of stone. There is one of them which is square and very large, and on its side are carved a number of different figures of human beings, sitting with legs crossed. There are six on each side of the stone. There is much to be told about the building of these old structures. From a study of the figures and carving done upon the stones by the Indians, the ruins speak for themselves, as to how they were built.

THE PAWNEE TRIBE.

Among all the Plains tribes who were hunters of buffaloes, braves and warriors, none excelled the Pain. This tribe is better known as the Pawnee. They belonged to the Caddoan family, which also includes other tribes, the Caddoes and Witchitas and the Lipans and Tonkawas. The Pawnees once were a very large tribe and occupied a large section of country, Nebraska and Idaho and the northern part of Colorado. Today they are few. The last fifty years they have rapidly diminished. About the year of the opening of old Oklahoma in 1889 they numbered less than a thousand.

The ancient home of many of them was in the southern part of old Mexico. Moving from there, it appears that they first appeared in the state of Louisiana. Later they emigrated to the northwest to a district where they were first known by the whites. The name Pawnee has a peculiar meaning. It means wolves. The sign for this name often displayed by this tribe was the ears of wolves. There are several reasons that can be given why they bore this name. Perhaps it was that they never tired on their journey and had the endurance of wolves or other animals; or likely because they were great scalpers, and could not be excelled in trailing and hunting animals. They practiced appearing in the form of a wolf in order to get near some camp to steal horses. They wrapped themselves in wolf skins, and very cautiously crept and accomplished their undertakings.

Wolves in those days were so numerous that they drew no attention from travelers or campers. The Pawnees in hunting buffalo and other animals, would often wrap themselves in wolf skins and on their hands and feet would crawl within gunshot of the animal. They also had a very peculiar but a very successful way of making earthen vessels. It was indeed simple, two blocks of wood were secured and a small basin carved out in each block of wood the size they wanted the vessel; then a quantity of soft stone was beaten into powder, mixed into clay, made into a stiff dough, then placed into these moulds and left to dry, then burned in the fire. As long as the whites have had any

knowledge of the Pawnee Indian, they have been very industrious and agricultural people. Just here we will give some of the product of their farming. They raise Soffaka corn, pumpkins, squashes and a small soup bean. This tribe of Indians, when first known by the whites, worshipped some kind of a God; they called it Tirawnin, whom they believed they must worship. It was said in cultivating their crops their tools were made of different kinds of bone, generally the shoulder blade of some animal. There was some practices with the Pawnees that differed from all other Plains Indians. Like some Mexican tribes, they kept a kind of a servant a sacrifice, a human being. They sacrificed this human being to their God and also the morning star was worshipped by them.

Many of their captives of war were adopted into the tribe, and one of beauty and strength was set apart for this sacrifice. He was exiled. The day before the sacrifice they danced all night and fasted. When the women arose from their eating they spoke to the captives and said, "I have finished and I hope that I may obtain a blessing from Tirawa, our God, that whatsoever we undertake to do, in planting seed or in war, that success and victory might be certain." Let us remember that this sacrifice of a human being was indeed a sincere and a religious act and offering to their God.

Now the night before the sacrifice or execution hundreds of bows and arrows were prepared for this important event. Every woman and man and even small boys had bows and arrows in hand. By daybreak of this important day, the whole tribe assembled; then two strong stakes were crossed and firmly fixed in the ground to which the captive was firmly tied, then a fire was built around him. The warriors who had charge of the affair shot him through and through with an arrow. Then the body was shot full of arrows by the rest of the tribe. They then took the body, removed the blood, and all that were present touched the body after which it was cremated, while the entire tribe prayed to Tirawa their God. They removed their moccasins, put their naked hands and feet into the smoke and prayed for victory in war.

Among the Pawnee Indians at this time there was one known as crooked hand, not a chief but a great warrior. On one occasion all of those who were strong and healthy had gone on a buffalo hunt and left behind only men and women of old age and a few small boys, and a number of sick ones. At this time the Sioux Indians planned to capture the little village, and destroy all of the Pawnee tribe left behind. There were nearly a thousand Sioux in the attack. When Crooked Hand, the great warrior, heard this news he lay sick in his tepee but he arose and gave orders, and the whole village obeyed. As the Pawnees passed out into the open country that surrounded the village, the Sioux saw the force they had to meet, calling out and telling what they would do. Crooked Hand heard their laughs and smiled, but not mercifully, then the battle began. With all the odds in this battle against the Pawnees, it seemed suicide in the first place, for Crooked Hand to lead them against the strong force of Sioux. It was about the hour of ten when the fight began, within three hours, to the astonishment of the Sioux, the Pawnees had held the invaders where they were. They had not made one foot advance and one or two hours later, it became evident that the Pawnees had slain hundreds of the Sioux and had put them to flight. Crooked Hand himself had killed many of the Sioux. Several horses were shot from under him. His wounds were many but he laughed at them all.

Many of the Pawnee Indians became government scouts throughout the Plains country, serving from about the year 1866 to 1876. This was while many white settlers were moving westward, and many tribes of Indians were desperate and hostile toward the white race. The Pawnee tribes are now settled on a small reservation in Oklahoma near the Arkansas and Semnone river.

SAUX AND FOX.

Saux from Osaukie, their own name of uncertain meaning, the Fox called themselves Muskuaki meaning of red earth. They were once two independent tribes closely related to the tribes of Algonquian stock. Their ancient home

was in northern Wisconsin and Michigan. It was in the seventeenth century they were compelled by the Iriquois to emigrate northward, and again by the French and Chippewa, and were again located in the northwestern part of Illinois and Iowa, in 1860. The two tribes united and have been known as a Saux and Fox tribe. They were allied with the British in the war of independence, and also in the second war they fought with the British against the United States in 1832. It was because they were opposed to the treaty that the United States had offered to relinquish to them all lands east of the Mississippi. They immediately went on the war path under the leadership of a great warrior, Black Hawk, but were soon conquered. It was in 1841 that a large number of this tribe accepted a reservation of land in Kansas, to which they moved several years later, but a number remained in Iowa. But in 1868 they disposed of their lands in Kansas and received in exchange a tract in Oklahoma, which was located between the North Canadian and Cimarron laying west of the Creek Nation. Since moving to Oklahoma they have been very prosperous and conservative.

CHICKASAW.

The Chickasaw is another tribe known as a Muskogean Indian. They are related to the Choctaws. With this tribe, in all wars and conflicts, they have been allied under the name of Chicaza. Their ancient home was east of the Mississippi river; their dominion extended into western Kentucky and Tennessee. They were strong for war, and claimed much territory that they were never privileged to see or inhabit. The Chickasaws have been known through history for their bravery and independence. When they were not on the war path with the white race they were generally at war with some neighboring tribe, such as the Cherokees, Creeks, Shawnees, Osages and Quapaws. They have always been allied with the French in making war with others. The Choctaws and Cherokees and some two or three other tribes in 1715 succeeded in driving the Shawnee Indian out of the Cumberland valley, but within less

than a half a century, the Choctaws were at war with the Cherokees. The government of the United States made its first treaty with the Choctaws in 1786. Many of them moved west of the Mississippi during the year 1800, also 1822, but the main body did not move to the Indian territory until 1837. The Chickasaws tribe purchased an interest in the nation known now as the Choctaw. In 1855 the Chickasaws were separated from the Choctaws Nation; it was then that all the Chickasaws proceeded to organize their own government under a written constitution. It is well to remember that these two tribes of Indians have been a separate and distinct tribe for more than half a century. During the Civil War the Choctaws fought with the Southern States. They furnished to the south several large bodies of troops of their tribe. The Chickasaws' form of government was not democratic but Republican. Their chief and governor, and their council, we might speak of as their legislative body. The capitol of the Choctaws was located at Tishomingo; their chief and governor was Mr. D. H. Johnston.

The name has several meanings, however we will only give the most prominent meanings of the word, which is fire making. In reading history and the tradition of this tribe it will be noticed that their custom was making a separate council fire for themselves. They were one of the most prominent tribes of the Algonquinan family, and also related to the Chippewa and the Ottawa tribes. When some French explorers of America first met the Pottawatomie Indian they were settled upon a reservation near the mouth of Green Bay upon the shores of lake Michigan, and in a short time they moved northward settling on a small area of land near Chicago. This land was near the St. Joseph river in Michigan. They once occupied and controlled a large area of land in Illinois. When the French and Indians were at war, the Pottawatomie tribe was very much opposed to the English. During the war of Independence, they stood loyally for the mother country, America, until victory and the treaty of Greenville in 1795. During the war of 1812 they allied with other tribes under Tecumseh, who afterwards joined the British forces against the Ameri-

cans, and then entered a general treaty of peace. After that long drawn out fight and struggle in 1815, a part of the Pottawatomie tribe fled to Kansas. In 1837 or 1838 a part of them refused to move, but were finally driven out by a government force, some of them going to Canada, others settling in Iowa for a short time but in 1866 they moved to Kansas. It was in Kansas that years later the Pottawatomie tribe was divided; one part was known as the Prairia tribe and accepted a small reservation of land, and the other part also accepted an allotment of land in severalty. But the two tribes later sold their lands, and in 1868 moved to the Indian Territory, settling on a tract of land with the Shawnee Indian. As a people there is none that has been more progressive than the Pottawatomie, their lands were thrown open for settlement in 1889 and 1891. There only remains today about fifteen hundred of this tribe in Oklahoma, and there may be equally as many living elsewhere in America.

The Algonkins

Now as to the Algonkins tribe let me quote from standard authority: They occupied the Atlantic seacoast from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick south to Virginia, and stretched west at places as far as the Rocky mountains. They also occupied a large area in the interior of British America north of the great lakes. Brinton names more than thirty tribes of this great group. Among the best known of these were the Lenape or Delawares, Blackfeet, Ojibwas, and Crees. It was chiefly Algonkin tribes with whom the white settlers met. The Indians who supplied the Pilgrims with corn in that first dreadful winter, were Algonkins. So were Powhatan and Pocahontas, King Phillip and Massasoit. Of course the whites came in contact with the Iriquois in New York, and with the Cherokees, the Creeks and their kin in the south. But the larger part of their early Indian acquaintance was Algonkins. There are two Algonkin tribes; one, the Lenape, is eastern; the other, the Blackfeet, is western. The former are Woodland the latter are Plains Indians. The Lenape lived in settled villages, and had a great deal of agriculture. They were also hunters.

CHAPTER 9.

Federal Officers of the Early Days.

(With Acknowledgement to "Going out of the Outlaws.")

We Will First Call Your Attention to Marshal E. D. Nix.

Few men ever lived like Mr. Nix. In the year 1889 he was sent after the outlaws and bandits of the Southwest. He was a man of great determination and an iron will well fitted to accomplish the mission for which he was sent.

There is no doubt when he became an officer of the law he knew he was facing the worst and most desperate outlaws and bandits of all ages. The James and the Younger brothers were not and could not have been more desperate than the outlaws from the years 1880 to 1900 in the Southwest, Oklahoma and Indian Territory. Mr. Nix knew that the country was only the land of the heathen Indian and outlaw when he took the office as field marshal, but being a man with high ideals and who believed in good government and schools and civilization, he was willing to put his life on the altar and give it that the outlaw might be driven out of the country or put behind prison bars. When he became a United States marshal his headquarters or office was at Guthrie, Oklahoma. In May, 1893, there was no safety as to life and property throughout the country except in the towns, because of the desperateness of these outlaws and there were many of them. Mr. Nix was only 32 years old when he was appointed to his office. He was a Kentuckian, born in that state, in September, 1861. His early life was spent as a traveling salesman out of Paducah, Kentucky. He established a wholesale grocery at Guthrie, Oklahoma, in 1889. It was known as the Nix & Halsell Wholesale Grocery Co. Mr. O. D. Halsell is still in business in Oklahoma. In those days the country was in need of some one who had the nerve and love for the country to drive the outlaw from the fair land of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory who were terrorizing the people that had

come to the new country from almost every state in the Union and they were for the most part law abiding citizens and deplored the fact that the outlaw was such a factor in the country and appeared to the government if by any means the outlaw and bandits be silenced and stopped as to their inhuman deeds and career. The people asked the government for a man to drive them out of the country and the man that was named was this Mr. Nix and he was a business man and he went to his work in a business like way. He applied business principles to his work as an officer of the law and in so doing he succeeded in his work most successfully. And perhaps another cause for his success was that he realized he was facing a great undertaking; but he faced it with a steady nerve and great manhood. Mr. Nix became a great general in this long, hard-fought campaign and he made it known and served notice on all of his deputies that it meant a fight unto death. And he told them that they were going after the most desperate men the world ever knew. It was then he began to select some of the most daring men with high ideals and those who believed in good government and the enforcement of the laws for his field men, and men who knew the frontier life. He wanted men who knew much of warfare in the open as they were the only men that would fight the outlaws on their own ground and by their own methods of fighting. Among the most prominent of these men were William Tilghman, Mr. Madsen, and Mr. Heck Thomas, who were known throughout the country by all as the greatest of all the field marshals. There was John Hixon and W. M. Nixed Kelley and W. A. Ramsey, Willliam Banks and Steve Burke, and Lake Joe Severn and Frank Hindman, and many others that we might mention, many of whom gave their life in performing their duty as officers of the law. Mr. Tom Houston and Dick Speed lost their lives in this great campaign in driving these outlaws and bandits from the Southwest. It was at Ingalls that these men lost their lives, in September, 1893. But this did not stop the campaign, but only stirred these men to be more determined to drive these outlaws from the country. So they camped on the trail of them day and night, until the last

one of them was dead or in prison cells. This fight against these outlaws lasted for years and all the time these men worked under the direction of this young man, Marshal Nix, who from a young business man developed into a great general conducting a border warfare. He knew his men and his men knew him; he was a great judge of human nature. When he became marshal he studied the conditions in the southwest and determined for the sake of human life and civilization and good government that he would rid the country of these outlaws and bandits and give the people who had come there to live and who were law abiding citizens a chance to live in peace and to develop the country, that people everywhere would be glad to come and live. We are proud to say that that condition prevails in the great state of Oklahoma today all because such men as this Mr. Nix threw themselves in the threshold of hell for us who today enjoy the blessing of one of the greatest states in the Union.

Among many of his deputies who have since become prominent business men was John M. Hale, his chief office deputy, who is today one of the leading bankers in Oklahoma City. And many of his deputies have taken their places in the business world. Mr. Nix always impressed on his men in the field the great danger they were confronting when they went after the outlaw but impressed on them that they must not fail. Under his direction, gang after gang was broken up and completely destroyed. It seems that the secret of his great work was to center his efforts on killing or capturing the leaders of these outlaw and bandit gangs. But it seems, too, that when one was killed another took his place as leader, and when nearly all the members of one gang had been destroyed, the remaining few would at once organize another gang. So the fight and hunt was a long and hard one but the young marshal won at last. So it might be truthfully said of him that he deserves the credit that has been given him that he was the one man that Oklahoma and the southwest owes much today in ridding the country of these outlaws and bandits. So in these later years Mr. Nix has become a well known business man in St. Louis. He is well known throughout

many states and is beloved by all for his work's sake in the early and primitive days of Oklahoma.

TO THE READERS.

This is a truthful history of the events that took place with the officers and outlaws and bandits in the early days of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory when the southwest was being terrorized by the outlaws. It tells you of the many desperate criminals and the officers who hunted them down. This book is and will teach the young man of today that the law is the great principle in any moral government and we must not break this law. Let me say right here that there is no doubt that the criminal life is most miserable and that the law and right will always prevail. I want the young man that reads this book to be impressed that a life of crime is the worst and poorest paid occupation in which he could engage and that in the end it means death or a prison cell.

We know that Oklahoma and the Indian Territories were the last of all the frontiers to be opened for settlement and for this reason all the outlaws and bandits congregated to carry on their inhuman crimes and deeds. These men were reckless and desperate, ready at all times to commit any crime on the calendar. They were horse thieves, cattle rustlers and train robbers, and their life of crimes made the Southwest notorious throughout the whole country. These men that created this reign of terror in the Southwest did not end when the country opened for settlement in 1889. It was in this year that thousands came to Oklahoma and the Indian Territories to make their home. The big ranches were soon put into farms and it was then the cowboys in great numbers found themselves without occupations. Then some of them took claims and became farmers; others went to other countries and went into some kind of business; while others of them became outlaws. It is mainly of these outlaws that this book tells. The outlaws overrun the Southwest in brazen defiance of the law, reckless in their crimes and rendering the life of the peaceful citizen uncertain and his property insecure.

The United States Government that stood for law and order sent men to the task of hunting these criminals, and for that work those who were experienced men were selected by the government. This book tells of these great men who went after these outlaws, and of their many great fights and long rides and the many dangers they encountered, and their ultimate victories. This book is a great volume of historical facts, beginning with the first organized gang of outlaws and leading on through the many years until the last one was killed or placed behind prison bars.

And as to the officers, it tells of their splendid moral and personal courage, in a western atmosphere that is true to life.

Some facts are given of relentless pursuits of fighting and also duels in which Winchesters and other weapons were used in robbing banks and trains. It pictures some actual scenes that are thrilling, but there is nowhere any efforts made to eulogize the outlaw or in any wise make him an example for the young man to follow, but there is a great lesson for him to learn in this book for all who will read it, which is the only purpose the writer has in writing it. Indeed, it is a great story, but of course it could not be otherwise if the facts are told in it concerning the life of the outlaws and the bandits and the great officers of these days of the Southwest.

There never was a time when the outlaw was to be admired in his character. He was, indeed, a criminal and a man of very low type of manhood. They always have been men that were preying upon others and ready at all times to kill all those who opposed them. God have mercy on any man who would glorify crime or try to justify a criminal and feel that he was telling the truth!

Here is depicted the hideousness of the outlaw life and along with it, woven into the narrative with a close adherence to facts, details of the lives of those brave men. But don't forget that it was these brave officers that brought the outlaw and the bandits to justice. It was here that crime and lawlessness was stripped of its glory; and the outlaw is shown to be without the glamour and without

the gallantry and courage given to him by the cheap novelist and writer of exaggerated heroism. Young man, the moral lesson is that the evil doer dies and "whatsoever man soweth that he will also reap" and that right will prevail. And today the people of the Southwest are without the outlaw and bandit life and are enjoying life in one of the greatest States in this great Union of ours.

We will now call your attention to Mr. William Tilghman, the man that had much to do with driving the outlaw out of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. Mr. Tilghman has served in a number of capacities as an officer of the law. He was a scout plainsman and a United States marshal, and state senator, sheriff and peace officer and chief of police of Oklahoma City.

He has ever stood on the side of law and right.

In his young life he was an Indian fighter and has always been a frontiersman since there was a frontier.

He has spent much of his life as an officer of the law and it was through his efforts in the Southwest that the outlaw and bandit were wiped out.

Mr. Tilghman was born at Fort Dodge, Iowa, in 1854 and his parents moved to Kansas in 1856. He was 16 years old when he left his home and went to the southwest part of that state which was then a frontier. Wichita was only a trading post with less than a dozen houses there. Mr. Tilghman became a citizen of that county in 1870, and he was a great hunter and had many hard fights with the Indians there.

He served as a government scout during the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indian war in 1874, and he also fought through 1878 when Dull Knife and his followers left the reservation at Fort Sill and plunged the frontiers of Kansas and Nebraska into a great war. It was at this time Mr. Tilghman lost all his possessions; they were burned by the Indians.

Mr. Tilghman was at Dodge City when the town was first surveyed, and saw it grow into the wildest of all the western towns. He was marshall of this city for three years in its wildest days. It was here he established a reputation as a man of great nerve and fearlessness which have

remained with him throughout life. For four years he served as under-sheriff of Ford county. During that time he captured some of the most desperate men of the Southwest. When Oklahoma was opened in 1889, Mr. Tilghman also came to the new country with the early settlers and has ever since lived in Oklahoma.

He was the first city marshall of Perry, a town that tried to surpass Dodge City as to outlaws and bad men gathering in it. It was sometime later that Mr. Tilghman became a deputy under Mr. E. D. Nix, the place being tendered Mr. Tilghman because the entire Southwest was at that time overrun with outlaws and bandits of the most desperate type of men the country ever knew. And Mr. Tilghman at that time was thought of and looked upon as the one man who could do much to drive them out because of his experience in a frontier life and fighting the wild and savage Indian. So he took his place as an officer and went after the bandits in a way that he soon reduced their ranks. The reader will remember it was William Tilghman who captured the king of all outlaws, Bill Doolin at Rush Springs. The outlaw had said he would not be taken alive. Tilghman could have easily killed a noted bandit but he knew the outlaw Doolin had once saved his life and too he had promised Doolin if it was possible, would save his life, and for this reason, Mr. Tilghman saved the bandits' life. Although at that moment it would have required the gentle pressure of his fingers to have sent a bullet crashing through the bandit's brain.

It has been said of Mr. Tilghman that, as an officer, he never shot a man unless it was absolutely necessary to save his own life.

He was an active officer for years and knew nothing but a frontier life.

But there was never in his heart a desire to take human life. He went after the outlaws and followed them into their hiding places. Many times he came face to face with them and their six-shooters and Winchesters and then he escaped almost miraculously. It can also be said of him that he was faithful in his task that had been given him and that he knew no retreat from the field until the outlaw and ban-

dit was either killed or behind prison bars. By choice, Mr. Tilghman is a farmer and a dealer in fine stock. He is so quiet and unassuming that he would not be given credit among those who do not know him for having such a distinguished career. Had he chosen to have given himself publicity, he might have been one of the most widely known men in all the country. But his modesty it seems has always kept him in the back-ground.

He was made chief of police of Oklahoma City against his will and afterwards was solicited by many of his friends to accept this position because at that time the services of an active man was needed. And it was in 1915 when the bank of Stroud, Oklahoma, was robbed by Henry Starr and his gang Mr. Tilghman was called upon to capture the robbers. He had but little time to give to this important work, but within a few days three of the robbers were captured under the plans laid by him.

Mr. Tilghman is now a resident of Oklahoma City; he is widely known throughout the country, in fact he is one of the most highly respected citizens in the state. He is often spoken of as being a quiet man; he never speaks of himself.

DEPUTY MARSHAL MADSEN.

Chris Madsen has seen as many years as an officer as any other man among all those that were employed by the government to drive the outlaw from the Southwest. Mr. Madsen is in a way a cosmopolitan, a citizen of the world, and has a great record as a soldier and a scout and marshal and a peace officer. Mr. Madsen is a native of Denmark and he served under Napoleon in the Franco-Russian war, and was a member of the famous legion that was sent to Algiers. He came to the United States in 1870. He also served in the United States Army from 1875 to 1890, and was quartermaster sergeant of the Fifth Cavalry. At many times he had charge of the Indian Scouts in Wyoming and the Southwest. He was also in the campaign in Arizona in 1875 when the Sioux and the Cheyenne were on the warpath in Wyoming and the mountain regions of Nebraska.

The duration of this war was three years, from 1875 to 1877. The following year he was also one of the Indian fighters, and was with the army scouts and soldiers in the trouble with the southern Cheyennes in Wyoming and Nebraska.

The uprising of the Bannocks Indians in Wyoming and in Colorado in 1878 and 1879 was the last of the Indian fighting except a few skirmishes between rangers and government scouts. Mr. Madsen was President Arthur's guide from Wyoming to the Yellowstone Park when the President made the trip in 1883. He was quartermaster sergeant in the field from 1885 to 1887 in the Indian Territory and Oklahoma. In 1889 he settled on a homestead near El Reno and built a magnificent home there. However, he was not a farmer but from 1890 to 1892 he was chief deputy marshal for United States Marshal William Grimes. He went to Marshal Crump at Fort Smith as deputy in 1892 and remained there until 1896, at the same time holding a commission as deputy under Marshal Williams of Paris, Texas, but did most of his work for Marshal Nix of Oklahoma, having charge of the western district. He was deputy for U. S. Marshal Joe Selby and Crenshaw of the western district of Missouri during 1897 and 1898.

Returning to the Indian Territory, he served as deputy under Marshal Hammer from 1898 to 1902, in the southern district, then under Colbert in the same district from 1902 to 1906. In 1910 he was appointed marshal of Oklahoma and filled the office until an appointment was made by President Taft. He was chief deputy for Marshal Cade from 1911 to 1913. In 1915 he was chief deputy for Marshal Newell. As an officer, Mr. Madsen has captured some of the worst men of modern times. It was his posse that killed Tulsa Jack after the Dover train robbery. When the outlaws were overtaken, Mr. Madsen captured Simpson, one of the worst of the outlaws Oklahoma and the Indian Territory ever knew, who had killed two deputies in the middle district of Oklahoma. He also captured George Moran the man who killed Beemblossom's boy in 1901 near Robbers Roost in the Comanche country. John and James Black and John Murphy had robbed and held up a train at Logan,

N. M., and Mr. Madsen went after them, locating them in the Indian Territory on the Garrison farm where they had been temporarily employed. Mr. Garrison, however, did not know they were outlaws, neither did Mr. Madsen tell him as to the men when he asked about them.

The outlaws were picking cotton and had their guns concealed in their sacks. When Mr. Garrison introduced Mr. Madsen to the cotton pickers they then went after their guns. Mr. Madsen demanded them to throw up their hands and seeing he had the drop on them they did so.

There was another outlaw husking corn behind the wagon and he was also captured at the same time.

Mr. Houston was at this time working for Mr. Madsen and gave him some valuable information as to the Casey gang, being on friendly terms with its members. He was later hanged by this outlaw gang, and they sent a letter to Mr. Madsen telling him where the body could be found. Three days later these outlaws were killed near Cleo, Oklahoma. Mr. Madsen, in the field with other marshals, went after these fellows, finally killing them and capturing them.

Mr. Madsen will be long remembered for his courage and bravery as a fighter. He was one man that never showed the white feather.

HECK THOMAS.

A United States Marshal, Heck Thomas. Nobody ever thought of him by any other title unless perhaps by the title of Marshal Thomas.

He was born in Georgia June 5, 1850. He also served in the Confederate army at the age of twenty and was a courier in the Thomas division of the Stonewall Jackson brigade.

After the war, Mr. Thomas became an express messenger on the train and when the train was held up by the Sam Bass gang of outlaws which he was on, he saved the company $22,000 by hiding it in a stove and giving the robbers a bundle of worthless paper in its place.

When Mr. Thomas was first appointed a marshal he worked out of Fort Smith under Judge Parker who in

those days tried almost every murder case commited in all the country, and no doubt was judge over the greatest court in the world at that time. Judge Parker passed the death sentence on more men than any other judge who ever lived in modern times.

And don't forget that this man Thomas presented his part of them to this court of justice.

It was said that on one train that he and Mr. Tilghman took to this court at Fort Smith forty-one prisoners, nine of whom were given the death penalty after their trial by Judge Parker.

Mr. Thomas helped to break up the Sam Bass gang in Texas and the Dalton and Doolin gangs in Oklahoma and the Indian Territories and by his great work and service as an officer earned the right to be known throughout the Southwest as one of the greatest guardsmen of his day.

For fifteen years he was known as one of the greatest guardsmen of modern times. The other two were Mr. Tilghman and Mr. Madsen. This title was given to them because of their work in driving the outlaws and bandits from the country. Mr. Thomas more than once distinguished himself as an officer as few men have been able to do. It was on May 1, 1885, after the Lee outlaw gang had shot to death Jim Guy and Jim Roff and Andy Kuykendall. Mr. Thomas took up their trail and followed them into Texas, and it was in September he located them in a hay field on a ranch. He opened fire on the outlaws and wounded Pink Lee, then getting behind a haystack, he captured them both. The Governor of Texas afterwards gave out a statement in which he said that it was one of the bravest acts that he had ever known to be done by any officer. In this case the State law was manipulated in such a way that Mr. Thomas was paid a reward of $5,000.00 for this single-handed capture.

We will remember that it was at the hand of Heck Thomas that Bill Doolin finally met his death and, too, it was said that the outlaw had the same chance as the officer in the fight.

Doolin had been captured by Bill Tilghman at Eureka

Springs, Arkansas, and had escaped from the jail at Guthrie, liberating all the other prisoners at the same time. Now at this time there were three officers on his trail, Mr. Tilghman, Mr. Madsen and Mr. Thomas, but they were not together. Mr. Thomas located him at the home of his wife's father in Payne County near Lawton and waited for him. That night Doolin was preparing to leave the country with his wife and bady. Mr. Thomas was concealed by the roadside when the outlaw came leading his horse down the moonlit way. Mr. Thomas might have shot the outlaw from ambush, but he scorned to take such an advantage. He walked out into the opening and stood upright only fifty or sixty feet away and demanded the outlaw to throw up his hands, then Doolin opened fire on him. Then with a shotgun loaded with buckshot Mr. Thomas fired and the bandit fell dead.

The outlaw was leading his horse by the tip end of his bridle reins. Heck Thomas said of the killing of Bill Doolin that he was carrying his Winchester in both hands and was looking to the right and to the left as he walked along the path. He was walking slowly along and the moon was shining bright, when I stepped out and called to him to put up his hands. He fired at me and the bullet passed so close to me it almost burned my face. Mr. Thomas said that the gun he had was too long in the breach and he could not get it to work until the outlaw had got another shot at him. It was said that after the outlaw had shot twice with his Winchester he then dropped it and pulled his sixshooter from his belt and it was thought that he shot twice with it. But when Mr. Thomas got his gun to work the fight was over.

Mr. Thomas was once elected chief of police of Lawton, but later went again into the field as a United States marshal.

He died at Lawton on August 15, 1912, and he sleeps today in the cemetary there.

FIELD MARSHAL LEDBETTER.

Mr. Ledbetter came to Oklahoma from Arkansas and and located at Vinita in 1893, where he was later elected marshal of that city. He soon proved himself worthy as an officer, and demonstrated such remarkable ability that he was soon appointed deputy United States marshal in the eastern district of Oklahoma where he largely operated, and when the outlaws entered his territory he made the hunt for them as warm as it could be made. At the head of a posse, Mr. Ledbetter was a dangerous man on the trail of an outlaw or bandit. He engaged in many encounters many times with the worst men of the Southwest and at all times he showed remarkable bravery.

It was Mr. Ledbetter who captured the members of the Jennings-O'Malley gang a few weeks after the robbing of the Rock Island train near Chickasha, Oklahoma. He very wisely planned the capture of these outlaws in such a way that he left the bandits no chance of escape. The capture of these outlaws by Mr. Ledbetter brought near to an end the outlaw reign of terror in the Southwest. He has held office as a United States marshal practically all the time since he was first appointed.

He was elected chief of police of Muskogee, Oklahoma, and filled that place in a most creditable manner; later he was elected sheriff of Muskogee county and carried on the duties of that office with fully as much credit to himself. No man in the state of Oklahoma stands higher as a citizen, and is more respected as a peace officer. He ranks as high as the best. During the days of the outlaws and bandits in the Southwest he was known as one of the most relentless of all those who went on their trail. When he started after the Jennings and O'Malley gang he kept the trail hot until it ended in their capture. It was due to his efforts that the career of this gang was cut so short.

DEPUTY MARSHAL STEVE BURKE.

No doubt one of the most remarkable characters as an officer was this Mr. Burke. He was appointed deputy United States marshal in 1893, succeeding Mr. W. M. Nix of

the fourth district of Oklahoma in 1895, the district being presided over by United States District Judge A. G. C. Bierer. Mr. Burke at the time of his appointment to office was somewhat young and reckless but he had every element of a strong character. He was always loyal and true, and after Mr. Nix had known him a short time he regarded him as one of the most truthworthy men on his staff.

Mr. Burke had many thrilling experiences in the discharge of his duties. A number of times he escaped death at the hands of the outlaw, on several occasions, by only a hair-breadth.

It was Mr. Bruke that helped to capture the Girl bandits whose life and description are portrayed in this book in another place.

But he had many other experiences and at all times proved himself to be a daring and efficient officer.

It was said of him that he at all times kept strict order in the court room when the Court was in session. He always detected any movement instantly that might create a noise or a slight disturbance and checked it with a glance or the raising of his hand. On one occasion he led from the court room two of the States most prominent lawyers because they failed to observe the courts injunction to keep order.

Mr. Burke was young and at this time had not had the experience that other had had in the field, especially some of the older men on the force, but when there was occasion for it, he demonstrated that he had as much daring bravery and was willing to take as many chances as any other man in the field.

He was born in Texas and came to Oklahoma and the Indian Territory when a very young man. He was still a young man when Mr. Nix appointed him as a deputy, but he always proved to be true blue to his mission, and he held his position until Marshal Nix's term of office expired.

Then it was that Mr. Burke gave up the work as an officer and soon after professed religion which became the guiding motive of his life, and he went immediately into the Evangelistic work, and through his faithful efforts as a minister he led many to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

It was said of him that he entered into his new work with the same determination that had marked every success of his former life as an officer of the law, and today Mr. Burke ranks highly among the best of ministers. From an armed officer hunting down outlaws to the work of the ministery, saving souls of men, seems a little strange, but not so much to the man who starts out in life with a determination that the right must prevail.

This young man from his youth up had within him this strong sense of justice. He always believed that men ought to obey God and the laws of their Country. He always believed that there was something good in all men and that they would more or less believe the divine laws of God if presented to them in the proper light.

And his life in the Lord's great work as a preacher has proven to him without a doubt that his conviction in his early life was right.

Outlaws of Oklahoma and Indian Territory

(With Acknowledgements to "Going Out of the Outlaws")

This man known as Arkansas Tom is no doubt the only living member of that once famous and well known, desperate, Doolin outlaw gang. He is a native of Arkansas and he came to Oklahoma and the Indian Territory in his early life, and being employed on a ranch in the Cheyenne Country as a cowboy, he no doubt was acquainted with many of those who went into the Doolin gang of outlaws. And associating with them, he was finally drawn into the outlaw life. Arkansas Tom was no doubt the man who cared for Bill Doolin when he was once so seriously wounded in Kansas, and was returned to the Indian Territory to be cared for. They took him to a ranch in the Cheyenne Country. It was here Doolin was concealed until he was again able to travel, and from here he was taken to Ingalls where Tom was very sick in a hotel on the day of the famous fight there.

It was in this fight that Arkansas Tom took a great part that started him out on his desperate outlaw life, but was soon captured and tried for manslaughter and was sent to Lansing prison for fifty years. But after he had served seventeen years he was pardoned the pardon was secured for him because of good behavior, and since he has lived a good and respectable citizen and has outlived all his former outlaw life.

It was Marshal Nix that directed the men in the great fight at Ingalls and who hunted down the Doolin gang and captured Arkansas Tom.

Time has brought about many changes, but none mo strange than the fact that the former bandit was the regular employee of the former marshal, Mr. Nix.

When Mr. Nix learned of the former outlaw's sincere efforts to establish himself he knew that the prisonment life had done its work for which it was designed and had

brought its punishment of retribution. It was then the former officer's heart went out in sympathy to and for the former outlaw, whom he had hunted down in former years, and he arranged a meeting at once with him.

When the two men met they silently clasped hands, pledged friendship, the one, rich in the worlds estimate of riches, offering to the other, the poor and needy, a helping hand the opportunity he so much needed to again become a man among men.

Soon after the opening of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory for settlement by the white race of people, there came also many outlaws and bandits into the Country. Among them was the well known outlaws called the Dalton gang. Many of us are familiar with the life and operation of these men in the Southwest. By reading the newspapers of those days we will remember much of the life of these desperadoes, and their daring deeds and inhuman crimes that they committed in the Territory and Oklahoma.

They were all plainsmen, uneducated and knew nothing whatsoever of a life of civilization, and did not have one civilized idea in their hearts. They all had been cowboys and knew nothing of any other life. They were all great riders and gunsmen of the true Southwest type; men of that type were those who shot with a gun in each hand and from the saddle, and it mattered not as to the speed and the condition of their horses it did not effect their markmanship, they hit the mark, their aim was true. They are not to be thought of, and confused with the thugs of the present, called gunmen, found in our cities, who clap a revolver to the head of a victim and pulled the trigger.

These men of the Southwest outlaws or otherwise would scorn such methods. They might ambush an officer and kill him but they were not in anywise to be classed with the lower strata of humanity, in the cities of our day.

The Dalton gang committed many robberies and no doubt killed a large number of men. Its members became as well

known in the Southwest as were the James and Younger brothers in Missouri and other places where they operated.

The leader of the gang was Bob Dalton who was not more than 22 years old when he started out in the outlaw life. It was said of him that he was indeed a handsome young man, and it was also said of him that no man ever lived in modern times that possessed more daredevil bravery than this Bob Dalton.

There was in the gang Grat Dalton also 30 years old, and he was regarded as being more cautious and manly than other of the brothers. There was Emmett Dalton who at this time was only a boy of 20 but fully as reckless and brave as his brother, the leader of the gang.

Bill Dalton was indeed one of the most noted and dangerous outlaw who lived in modern times, and was the leader of one of the most dangerous outlaw gang, in all the Southwest, but the gang was not so well known for a number of years.

The outlaw of the Southwest were not bad men driven out of other states as we have so often heard said of them but many of them came from the best of families. This was true of the Dalton boys. At any rate they were the sons of Lewis and Adeline Dalton, a family that was respected and honored by all that knew them, as being a family of high respectability. Lewis Dalton was a Kentuckian and served in the Mexican War, in 1850. He removed from Kentucky to Jackson County, Missouri, where he settled on a farm and two years latter he was married to Adeline Younger the daughter of a neighboring farmer. By no stretch of the imagination could it have been foretold that the sons of these gentle and quiet people would have later become the principal members of the outlaw gang that later proved its self the worst and most desperate in the history of bandit life.

The parents of these boys were not of that class that desperadoes would be expected to spring from. Ten years later the father moved to Coffeyville, Kansas, where he bought a farm. There Mr. Dalton died, in 1890, and was buried in the cemetery just west of Coffeyville.

His widow came to Oklahoma and secured a farm near Kingfisher, where she lived for a number of years. The three older sons located near the same place, and there lived as respected citizens. Four of her daughters married farmers in Oklahoma and have all lived peaceful and happy lives

Bill Doolin went to Montana, then to California, in his early life but later returned to Oklahoma and joined the Dalton gang of outlaws. It seems the members of this family were destined to meet violent deaths. The first, Frank Dalton was deputy United States marshal at Fort Smith, Arkansas in 1884 and very soon through his operation as an officer in the Indian territory was known as a brave and trustworthy man.

It was in 1885, while trying to arrest some horse theives near Fort Smith, Dalton and his posse engaged in a gun fight with them and Frank Dalton was killed. Gratton Dalton another brother had been in California and hearing of his brother's death, returned to Oklahoma, and he too was commissioned deputy United States marshal and for several months he proved to be a splendid officer, but later became reckless and untrustworthy. While in company with his brother Bob and Emmett, they stole a herd of horses and drove them into Kansas where they were sold.

Bob Dalton, who became the leader of the outlaw gang, also served as deputy marshal with his brother Frank. He was with Frank in the gun fight with the horse theives when Frank was killed. Bob Dalton was at one time commissioned a deputy United States marshal for the federal courts of Fort Smith, Arkansas and also Wichita, Kansas, and he was also cheif of police for the Osage nation a short time. Emmett Dalton lived quietly at home until after the death of his father, in 1890, when he started at once on his wild career of crimes which proved to be of short duration. He soon rivaled his brother in the use of a six shooter and for coolness in the midst of a gun fight he could not be excelled. Though he came from a quiet and respectable family from all appearances he was born for a life of crime. He was a peculiar falling star in the firmament of the criminal skys of the Southwest. Soon after the theft of the herd of horses, Gratton and Emmett Dalton went to

California and early in 1881 they were accused of an unsuccessful attempt to rob an express train in Tulaer County. The express messenger by his bravery succeeded in driving the robbers away, but the fireman was killed and the Daltons were charged with murder and train robbery. Gratton was tried and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary, but he escaped before he had been removed from the county jail to the state prison.

Emmett Dalton escaped arrest on the murder and robbery charge and they returned to their old homes in Oklahoma. At the time of the Coffeyville raid there was a reward of six thousand dollars for Emmett and Gratton Dalton, offered by the Southern Pacific railway company. After returning to Oklahoma they equipped themselves for an outlaw life, and were joined by Bob Dalton their brother. He was young and impulsive but later became their leader. The first act committed by this gang, after being organized was the robbery of a Santa Fe passenger train at Red Rock Oklahoma in June 1891. It was not the most daring of their robberies but it was sufficient to bring them into great prominence. There were six that took part in this robbery, the four Dalton boys, Charles Bryant, and Ol Yountis. The train was stopped by flagging and then looted. The passengers were all robbed of all their valuables and money. The hunt for the outlaw gang began immediately but not by the three men known as the guardsmen, Bill Tilghman, Mr. Madsen and Heck Thomas.

THE KILLING OF ED SHORT

Soon after the Red Rock robbery Mr. Short was commissioned as deputy marshal and was ordered to hunt down the Dalton gang. Mr. Short was true blue to his mission and as brave a man as ever performed an official act, but at times it seemed he did not realize the dangerous task set before him. Outlaw Bryant was wounded soon after the robbery at Red Rock, and was taken to some home perhaps, the home of a friend at Hennessy. It was there he received medical treatment. Marshal Short located him at this place and arrested him without a shot being fired.

Bryant begged the marshal not to handcuff him and said that he was already wounded so badly he could not escape, but Short handcuffed him and next morning caught the train for Wichita, Kansas, where all federal prisoners were taken at that time. When the handcuffs were placed on Bryants wrists he remarked to the officer that some day he would kill him, for as no member of the Bryant family had ever been handcuffed, he resented the act of such treatment by the marshal. Mr. Short or the prisoner did not know this threat was to be carried out so soon. The officer had learned that just before the capture of Bryant, members of the outlaw gang had been with him in his room, and the officer believed an attempt would be made to kill him and to liberate Bryant, but before the train started he placed his prisoner in the express car and gave the messenger the six shooter he had taken from the bandit. The marshal then went back to the smoker to guard against the possibility of an attempt to rescue the outlaw, but soon after Short left the car the messenger sat down at his desk, carelessly laying the gun down and while he was busy with his waybills, the outlaw slipped quietly behind him reached over his shoulder and seized the gun, and just as the train was entering the town of Waukomis the conductor unlocked the door to the express car. He was met by the bandit with the gun in his face and ordered to throw up his hands and at the same moment the outlaw saw the marshal coming through the door of the smoker. The bandit, holding a revolver in both hands fired, the bullet striking the officer in the breast. He was fatally wounded but did not fall, but raised his gun and shot Bryant through the left shoulder. Just across the vestibule of the two coaches stood the two men. They continued to shoot at each other until they fell.

The conductor was still standing holding his hands above his head, while the passengers were seeking refuge in all parts of the train, and as the train pulled into the station the dead bandit was thrown from the train upon the depot platform. Mr. Short was still alive and as the conductor came near him he raised his head and said "I got him, but he got me, too, I would like so much to see my mother before I go." But in a few minutes the life of one of the

bravest and truest officers that ever lived in all the Southwest passed out.

THE LIFE AND OPERATIONS OF THE DALTONS

After this time the Dalton gang was sought for more and more, for this time it was the three Guardsmen on their trail, and in a very short time Ol Yountis was shot and killed at a place known as Orlando. He was killed by a posse composed of Heck Thomas, and Chris Madsen, and Tom Houston and Chalk Beeson, sheriff of Ford County, Kansas. Bill Doolin, Yountis, and George Newcomb, known among the outlaws as Bitter Creek, had robbed the bank at Spearville in Ford County. This was in November 1892. Sheriff Beeson had trailed them for a number of days and had located them at Orlando. Mr. Beeson went to Guthrie and asked the help of Mr. Madsen. Mr. Tom Houston went with them and when they found the outlaws they called on them to surrender, but the outlaws opened fire on the officers, and in this fight one of them was killed, making two of the gang killed up to this time.

But at the same time it cost the life of one of the bravest among all marshals of the Southwest. The Daltons were still at large; they were only heard of here and there, but were never seen by the officers. The Daltons had many friends throughout the country, especially in the western part of Old Oklahoma, and for this reason they were hard to find. Many of the early settlers of the country befriended them because of fear. Now by this gang of outlaws, a long drawnout campaign of terror was inflicted upon the early settlers of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. They would scout from one end of the country to the other making long journeys to rob a train or bank in Texas or Kansas. They were often heard of in some place one day and the next day they would be miles away. They would make long hard rides and it seems, too, that whereever they went they would find friends who would help them. Scattered were the ranches and few the farmers who dared to refuse to befriend them when they requested or demanded. Often times, these outlaws would be in need

of rest and when so they would retire to one of their hiding places the most famous of which was a cave that is to be seen and known today as the former rendezvous of these outlaws.

Among all the deeds committed by the Dalton gang that gave them the greatest publicity and prominence throughout the country was no doubt the train robbery at Red Rock, Oklahoma. The Dalton and the Doolin gangs were no doubt the only ones in the Territory at that time that had the nerve to do such a crime.

While it is true that the country was full of bad men at that time, they were largely cattle rustlers and horse thieves. But from among them there were many who afterwards developed into some of the most noted outlaws and bandits ever known in the country. They were train robbers and would commit any crime in the catalogue of crimes. But up to the time of the Red Rock train robbery there were but the two real outlaw gangs in the country, the Daltons and the Doolins. But it seemed that this deed at Red Rock inspired many others to go into the outlaw bandit life. The country was ideal for such a life, only a very few lines of railroads in the country, and only trails to travel on horseback or on foot; no public roads at all.

So you see that the outlaw was as well hidden as were the robbers of old in the fastness of the wilderness. After they went to scouting the country the Daltons were seldom ever seen by any one, especially by those who would inform the officers as to their whereabouts.

It was about 9 o'clock at night in June, 1892, the Santa Fe train was held up and robbed at Red Rock in the Cherokee Strip. The train was stopped and the passengers and the crew intimidated by the shots that were fired. The express car was looted and the robbery was over with so quickly that some of them on the train had barely time to know what had happened. So after the robbery, the bandits mounted their horses and rode away leaving no trace of them. As was the case in all their deeds they made their get-away.

Now, after this robbery the Dalton gang was heard of more frequently, so the next train robbed by them was in June of the same year; they robbed a passenger train on

the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, railroad near a place known as Adair. This robbery was also at night about nine o'clock.

Now at this time the Dalton gang was acquiring the boldness that came to them with practice and the Adair robbery was the most daring of all up to that time; a number of guards and police were on the train and when it was held up they opened fire on the outlaws but the bandits succeeded in carrying away all the money, and valuables. The mail car was robbed and much of the registered mail carried away.

But we will remember that this robbery was not done so easily as before, for there was a hot battle during the whole time the train was being held up. Several of the officers and passengers were wounded in the fight. There was a physician who lived in the town killed in the fight and all the bandits escaped and no trace was found of them.

THE COFFEYVILLE ROBBERY BY THE DALTON GANG

We will now call your attention to the famous raid that was made by the Dalton Boys on the town of Coffeyville, Kansas. It was in this raid that the whole gang met their Waterloo. The gang was completely wiped out, with the exception of Bill Doolin who was not present, only by accident.

This raid was made in October, 1892, and the whole gang had prepared for the raid as an army would for a battle. It had no doubt been planned by the gang to make it one of the most successful robberies in all their career as bandits. Grat Dalton was killed October 5, 1892. Bob Dalton had boasted that the gang would eclipse anything ever accomplished by the James and Younger gangs, and rob two banks in one day. This raid was to have shown their ability, had they succeeded. The bandits intended likely to retire for a time after the Coffeeville raid, for the marshals were at that time on their trail.

The Adair robbery in July, 1892, had fixed their status in the Southwest. Both Bob and Grat Dalton were recog-

nized at the Adair robbery. Bob was leader of the gang, and was one of the most reckless daredevils in the Southwest. Many of the bandits were wounded at the Adair holdup, but how seriously was never known. But at the time of this raid every man had recovered and was in fighting condition. It was a warm sunshiny day; the atmosphere was balmy yet bracing—just such a day in October as the people of southern Kansas most enjoy. A brown tinge was taken on by the grass at the roadside, and the first signs of autumn were shown by the color of the leaves that fluttered down from the trees.

As the morning wore away five men rode into the little city, but they seemingly attracted no attention at first. It was noticed without comment that they were mounted on good horses and had Mexican saddles and all their trappings were bright and new. But as cattlemen were coming and going every day it was no unusual sight for men to ride into Coffeeville as these men rode. Any casual observer had he been asked to name their occupation would have said they were cattlemen following their herds. On the rear of their saddles could be seen the old time hair covered pockets but it was impossible to know that they contained weapons of any kind. Behind their saddles they carried their slickers in compact rolls as was the habit of those who rode the trail after cattle. Many who saw them thought them to be some United States marshal and his posse, although no guns could be seen, such as they carried, including their Winchesters. There was not a gun to be seen; they had them concealed in their coats. They all wore very large broad brimmed hats drawn well down over their faces and they looked straight ahead as they rode into the town. Bob Dalton the leader was disguised; he wore a false mustache and goatee. As he wore no beard, he could not have chosen a better disguise. Grat Dalton's face was covered by a long shaggy beard; Emmett Dalton also wore a disguise, his features being concealed by a false beard. Riding behind were Dick Broadwell and Bill Powers who wore no disguise as they were unknown there. The three Daltons rode at a slow pace along the main street; the other two following, until they were within a half a block of the square. They then turned to the right and rode half a

block, disappearing into an alley where they tied their horses. Soon they were seen on the principal business street. Many farmers were in town that day, and many persons gazed at them as they crossed the street. Among them was a merchant who saw at a glance that the men wore a disguise. He thought they were bank robbers and when they entered Cordon bank he was sure of it. Grat Dalton, Powers and Broadwell entered the Cordon bank, while at the same moment Bob and Emmett Dalton went into the First National Bank. The man watching them seemed to realize all at once what was taking place. He walked down to the Cordon bank and stood looking into the window. He saw Grat Dalton pointing a revolver at the cashier's head.

THE PASSING OF THE DALTON GANG

This man who stood watching them ran back up the street shouting that the bank was being robbed. There was also another man who saw the holdup but he was unable to give the alarm, as he was ordered to hold up his hands, having followed the men into the bank. As soon as this alarm was given it ran like an electric shock up and down the street. Guns and revolvers were brought into play and in a short time they were firing through the doors and windows of the two banks at the bandits.

The coolness shown by the robbers at this juncture was marvelous. They were not panic stricken as one would suppose but went calmly about receiving the money handed them placing it in sacks they had brought for this purpose. It required only a short time, as the bandits worked fast, for them to get the money, and by this time the streets near the banks were filled with men, many armed with Winchesters, and some carrying shotguns.

As the three outlaws came out of the Cordon bank a heavy fire from all sides was directed at them. They came out with Winchesters in their hands and many of the people in the streets sought places of refuge. The two Daltons had robbed the First National Bank and were ready to leave, but as they came out they were met by a rain of

bullets, and were forced to turn back and leave by a rear door into an alley fighting as they ran.

Grat Dalton and the two bandits with him came out at the front door of the bank with bullets pattering all about them. The blood was dripping from the sleeve of one of the robbers when they emerged from the bank. He carried a six shooter in the other hand and was seemingly as cool as any man in the crowd. Within fifteen minutes from the time they entered the banks, four of the outlaws had been killed and the fifth Emmett Dalton had been captured, with a bullet through his left arm and another through his left hip. Emmett Dalton and his brother Grat ran through the alley until they came to their horses. Emmett succeeded in mounting and might have escaped had he not returned to where his brother lay dying, reached down, took hold of Grat's hand tried to raise him to a place behind him on the horse. While he was trying to rescue his brother he was struck in the back by a heavy charge from a shot gun at close range. He reeled in his saddle and fell to the ground. Dick Broadwell succeeded in reaching his horse but was struck by a bullet about the same time. He clung to his horse, bleeding from these fatal wounds and dashed out over the road by which they had entered the town. A little later his body was found by the roadside, his faithful horse standing beside it.

Dick Broadwell and Bill Powers were both killed October 5, 1892. Four of the bandits were killed in the fight, and four citizens of Coffeyville were killed. They were Lucies M. Baldwin, George B. Cubine, Charles Brown and City Marshal Charles T. Connelly. The mother of the Daltons was notified and during the meantime the bodies of the four bandits were taken to the jail where they remained until the arrival of the mother who was accompanied by their two brothers, William and Ben Dalton. Emmett Dalton was removed to the jail at Independence when he was sufficiently recovered.

Upon investigation, it was found that the robbers had taken $11,000 from the First National Bank and $20,000 from the Cordon bank. This was all returned to the banks with the exception of $20, which was never found. The Coffeyville raid was as disastrous to the Dalton gang as

the Northfield raid was to the Youngers many years before. This was the end of the Dalton gang in the Southwest, but not the end of outlaw days. Others followed but met the same fate. The career of some were short, others scouted longer, but in the end all fell before the strong arm of the law.

THE DEATH OF BILL DOOLIN

Bill Doolin was a member of the Dalton gang in good standing at the time of the Coffeyville raid, and no doubt it was the condition of his horse that prevented him from being a participant in this fight. It was said that Doolin's horse became lame just before entering the town and if it had not been for this he no doubt would have been in the death trap too, for it was planned to have three men enter each Bank. And if there had been another one in the gang there is no way of knowing just how the scale would have turned. It might have been in their favor. But on the other hand he might have shared the fate of the others. But as he did not join them in time to participate in the Coffeyville raid he was spared five years longer to commit such deeds of lawless courage that gained for him the reputation of being the most notorious gunmen in the Southwest, a country already noted for its bad men.

Doolin's horse became lame and he was bitterly disappointed after he had ridden with them part of the way toward the place where they met defeat and death. Doolin had been with the Daltons for some time before this raid, and helped to make their plans, which was to be the most daring and successful raid they had ever engaged in. Doolin's horse becoming lame, he was forced to go the home of a friend, far from the road to Coffeyville, with the intention of getting a horse that would come up to the requirements of such an undertaking. This was the night before the raid. He was to meet the gang at an appointed place near the Kansas town, but on reaching the place found that he was too late. He rode on toward the town but something seemed to hold him back. He could see in a distance the smoke from the chimneys of the town and

as he reached the top of the hills he could see the roofs of the houses, but he did not urge his horse on as fast as he might have traveled, but seemed to be waiting for something, he knew not what.

Presently he saw a man riding toward him as fast as his horse could carry him. He was so excited Doolin could scarcely understand him, but as he tried to tell of what had happened in Coffeyville Doolin gathered the facts from his disjointed sentences, that his comrades had come to an untimely end, which awaited them all if they persisted in their lawless deeds.

This bandit, realizing his own danger and knowing his relation was suspected and even known by some, and not knowing how soon a posse might come, then and there took the ride for his life. It was a ride for safety by a man who knew that the terror of death lay behind him, and did not know at what moment it might overtake him and sieze him in its grasp. It was not the fleeing of a coward but of a desperado whose companions lay cold in death. Doolin was riding a thoroughbred and he was a fit rider for such an animal. At first he traveled slowly while his horse was becoming warmed up to the gait he was to travel. Later the animal settled down to a long stride that was to carry the outlaw beyond danger. Flitting by ranch and farm in the night like a ghostly rider saddled upon the wind, Doolin stopped only to give his horse breathing spells and reeling off mile after mile, he crossed the territory and reached the old haunt of his gang, a cow ranch on the Cimarron twenty-five miles west of Tulsa. He knew after reaching there he was safe to rest. But the fate of the Daltons did not lead him to give up the outlaw life. Instead of escaping out of the country and turning back to honest life, it seemed that a craving for the outlaw life was upon him. He had the courage that was required of a bandit; death had no terror that he was not willing to face. He thirsted for the excitement that came in bank and train robberies. Years later he tried to quit and might have done so had he not been killed.

THE DOOLIN GANG

Bill Doolin was the son of Mack Doolin, a poor farmer in Arkansas. He was ignorant and unlearned, and had not even a common school education. But in later years he learned to read and also to write a little. After he had grown to manhood, Doolin went to Oklahoma to work on a ranch, on the Cimarron thirteen miles northeast of where Guthrie now stands. He was employed there as a rail splitter, the rails being used to build cattle corrals.

This was seven years before the territory was opened up for settlement. Later Doolin became a cowboy, a rider of bucking bronchos and an expert with a lariat and Winchester. He rested for a time at this ranch, then returned to the old life. He had no reason for being an outlaw other than he liked the wild life and the daredevil was in him.

He made his headquarters in the Creek Nation fifteen miles east of Ingalls, and there he organized his own gang of desperate men. This gang became the most widely known of any that had gone before. Its members committed most daring acts of outlawry. Doolin's companions were dangerous, murderous and reckless men, though Doolin himself was not bloodthirsty, and during the years of outlaw life that followed, he many times restrained his companions from committing wanton murder.

In the Doolin gang was Bill Dalton, one of the Dalton brothers who had not always scouted with the others in their wild days. Another was George Newcomb known as Bitter Creek, alias Slaughter Kid. He had grown to manhood in the Cherokee Strip. There he was employed by a man named Slaughter and in this was derived the name Slaughter Kid.

Bill Doolin was killed August 25, 1896. George Weightman was another member of this gang; he was a noted horse theif, and became the most notorious Red Buck of the Doolin gang, and was known to every officer in the territory. He was arrested by Heck Thomas in 1889 for horse stealing, convicted and sent to the penitentiary, where he remained until 1993. Within thirty days after he was released he had stolen seven horses, which he took to Ingalls and there joined the wild bunch, as the Doolin gang was

called at this time. Another member of the gang, known as Little Bill, came to the Indian Territory from Pennsylvania and was of Dutch ancestry. He was by far the best educated man in the bunch. He was uncommonly intelligent. He always rode with Doolin and among the men was distinguished from the leader as Little Bill. His real name is not used in this book for the reason that he has relatives now living in Oklahoma.

Charlie Pierce became a member of the Doolin gang in 1894. He came from Texas, and was a resident of Pawnee before he became an outlaw. Pierce was known as a race horse man and brought with him two running horses. He was of a wild nature and made an ideal character for an outlaw.

Bill Dalton was killed in June, 1894.

DICK WEST, ALIAS LITTLE DICK

Dick West became a famous member of the Doolin gang organized by Doolin at the old Dalton cave in the Creek Nation. West was in reality a remarkable character, very modest and unassuming. He remained with this gang until it was broken up later. He was the leader of the gang known as the Jennings gang, although he was not known by his name. In 1881 when only a boy sixteen years of age, this outlaw, known as Little Dick, was picked up on the streets of Decater, Texas, by the foreman of the Three Circle ranch. He was taken to the ranch in Clay county and worked there until the next spring. He was then employed by Oscar Halsell and went north with him bringing up all the loose horses Halsell located on the south side of the Cimarron, thirteen miles from where Guthrie now stands, and esablished the XH Bar ranch there. West worked on this ranch until the opening up of the country for settlement in 1889. Up to this time he was an honest cowboy with no bad habits except those that were common to all cowpunchers. He would go to town, drink and gamble his wages away, and shoot up the town with the rest of them. The XH ranch was abandoned in the spring of 1889 when the country was opened for settlement, which left hundreds

of cowboys out of employment. Most of these were young men and they loved the free life of the open. They wore spurs, broad brimmed hats and belts of the cowpuncher, the six shooter being suspended from the sagging belt. It was too much to expect that these men would follow the plow breaking up the sod over which they roamed with so much freedom. Some of them did become farmhands, others took claims and became farmers, and afterwards became prosperous and contented. Many however wandered away, no one knows where. Little Dick had become too wild to settle down to such a tame life. He drifted over to the Indian country and worked on cow ranches until 1893, when he joined the outlaw gang and became one of the most noted scouters in the territory.

West was different from most of his companions. He was always for an outdoor life while the others sought good beds and warm rooms especially when they could be found in cold weather. But Little Dick could lie out in the woods on his saddle blanket. Many times when the gang would be surrounded in a ranch house or some other hiding place, Little Dick would escape without a fight, for he was outside asleep; the stars were his roof.

Little Dick was one of the best among them with a six shooter. He was a game fighter and the officers who knew him knew that he would never be captured alive.

Other members of the Doolin gang when it was organized, were Jack Blake, alias Tulsa Jack and Dan Clifton, alias Dynamite Dick. These men had all been cowboys and came from different sections of the country. They still wore the garb of the ranch riders. They were suspected long before it was known that they were outlaws. But it paid men of honesty and means to favor them when asked and to know nothing about them when questiond by the officers. Cattlemen and farmers were at their mercy and dared not refuse them shelter when asked to do so, and often notified them of the movements of the officers, although they had no sympathy for them.

ROSE OF CIMARRON

It was through the acquaintance of the bandits with the settlers that this girl came to know these bandits. She became enamored with one of the bandits. It has been many years and many changes have been made since these outlaws rode the range, and scouted in Oklahoma. This girl who fell in love with the outlaw is today the wife of a respected citizen and a Christian woman beloved as a wife and mother, and lives in the atmosphere of a good home. Therefore she will be known in this book only as the Rose of Cimarron as she was known in those wild days.

The crimes and robberies charged to the Doolin gang were almost numberless. When they wanted horses they took the best to be found, taking them from the farmers of the territory. They were desperate men and always avoided fights with the marshals if possible. At times their escape seemed almost miraculous, but always they had help from friends. It was astonishing to the marshals when they learned that the outlaws were being helped by one of the most beautiful girls in the Southwest.

Near the little town of Ingalls was a cave known as the Creek Nation cave which was the headquarters of this outlaw gang for many years. They were well known by the citizens of Ingalls and had no fear of them. They had many friends in the town, and those that were not friendly to them were wise enough to say nothing. The Doolin gang had at this time reached the height of their success. The fight at Ingalls marked the beginning of the end for the desperadoes of the Southwest. This gang had robbed many trains and banks in Oklahoma and the Southwest. They made the Territory an unsafe place to live in. The railroads were heavy losers, on account of the outlaws, because people would not travel on the trains through the territory if it could be avoided, but after the fight at Ingalls their success seemed to be on the down grade. It was after this fight the Three Guardsmen were sent out after the bandits.

Bill Doolin, Bill Dalton, Bitter Creek and Tulsa Jack had robbed a train at Cimarron, Kansas, on the night of May 28, 1893, and were pursued by the officers. They were engaged in several fights with the officers on the way back

to the Territory, and in one of these fights Doolin was shot through the foot by some one in Marshal Chris Madsen's posse. He was taken to the Cheyenne Country, twenty-five miles southwest of Woodward to a ranch where Arkansas Tom had worked. He was kept there several days, until the wounded foot was better; Arkansas Tom then took him to Ingalls.

THE FIGHT AT INGALLS

On the first day of September, 1893, Marshal Hixon, James Masterson, Lafe Shadley, Dick Speed and A. H. Houston led a posse to Ingalls with the intention, if possible, to capture the Doolin gang of outlaws. They rode into town in farm wagons, which aroused no suspicion. Each located at a different place to the best advantage, and sent a request to Doolin to surrender. The messenger returned, notifying the officers that Doolin refused and bade them go to a warmer climate.

In a short time the battle of Ingalls was on. Winchesters and six-shooters began sending leaden messengers; marshals and outlaws fought through the street hiding behind buildings or any shelter that could be found, all knowing that it meant a fight to death.

It was during the thickest of the fight that the Rose of Cimarron did a thing that made it possible for the outlaws to escape. She was in love with Bitter Creek and carried him a Winchester through such a fight as had never been known in the Southwest. Puffs of smoke could be seen here and there; each meant that a bullet had been sent to a mark, with the intention that it would carry with it death. A stranger passing would have thought the town deserted, except for these little wreaths of smoke, then probably the next moment he would see men dash from one place to another, on horseback or afoot, then fall to the ground; then for a time the fight would stop, but would start again at the appearance of an officer or a bandit.

The Rose of Cimarron was in Mrs. Pierces hotel when she heard the first shot. She instantly knew the cause and ran to her lover's room, saw his Winchester there and knew

he needed it. She could see that all chance for escape from the hotel was cut off. She ran through the room occupied by Arkansas Tom who was caught in the hotel, she heard the crash of glass and crockery, for the fire was centered on that room.

The Rose of Cimarron took her sweetheart's rifle and ammunition belt, and escaped from a second story window of the hotel, by tearing bed clothes into strips and tying them to the bed post, climbing out the window safely to the ground. The girl must have placed some confidence in the officers as to their love and regards for a woman; she must have believed that they would not shoot a woman, even at a time and in a fight when no one was being saved on either side.

She had no assurance that she would not be killed and yet for her lover's sake she took a chance and braved all danger, and concealing a gun and a belt well filled with cartridges as best she could, she hid the guns in her skirt and ran out into the open field where bullets were falling like hail from the guns of both the officers and outlaws.

Flushed and breathless, but unafraid, she carried the gun to Bitter Creek who by this time was grievously wounded, but she gave the gun to another outlaw and it was used by him in the fight.

This great fight lasted more than an hour and at the end of that time dead men could be seen everywhere, lying in the streets, and a number were found dead and wounded in their hiding places.

During this fight Mr. Houston and Mr. Speed were both killed, and Mr. Shadley met his death a little later. Arkansas Tom, the outlaw that took care of Doolin while wounded at the ranch in the Cheyenne Country when he was wounded, was sick in a room in a hotel when the fight started. He got out of his bed and from the window used his gun the very best he could. The shots from the window attracted the attention of the officers to the room he was in, so they began to center their fire upon this room and they sent a shower of bullets through the window, it was then Arkansas Tom moved from the window and took his stand by a dresser that set in the room, and as he stood there, a bullet struck a pitcher and bowl and smashed it all

to pieces and splattered the water upon the man. He dared not approach the window again, and it was then he started to leave the room when another bullet from an officer's gun crashed into the mirror above the bureau which scattered broken glass all over the apartment.

Then the outlaw felt hopeless as to victory for the outlaws and took his gun and fled to the upper garret of the house and there tore a hole through the roof of the house and continued to fight until his ammunition was all gone.

He was then persuaded by the woman of the hotel to surrender to the officers. He then gave himself up to them as the house was still being riddled with bullets, but bear in mind, reader, that this man was indeed game to the last moment; he fought to his last cartridge and then continued to snap his empty gun hoping there was another load in it.

Bitter Creek was lying on the ground badly wounded but some one of his outlaw comrades lifted him to a place behind him on his horse and then spirited him away to the mountains. He was first placed on his own horse but being unable to ride alone he was placed on another.

It was after Arkansas Tom was routed from the hotel and forced to surrender that officers concentrated their efforts and completely surrounded a barn in which most all the outlaws were hiding. Some of the outlaws had already escaped from the barn when the officers made their attack on it. In fact this place was a livery stable in which there was a number of horses, but in some way the horses all escaped uninjured notwithstanding the whole front of the barn was completely demolished with bullets.

When the attack was made on the stable by the officers, one of the outlaws picked up his gun and started toward the front of the barn that a hail of bullets was riddling, when Doolin one of the outlaws shouted to him "Come back, they will kill you." The outlaw stopped and returned to the rear of the barn, then Doolin picked up his gun and started to the front of the barn then the other outlaw said to him, "Won't they kill you?" Then Doolin said, "That is all right, you stay back, that makes no difference about me." Then Bill Doolin and Bill Dalton went to the front of the barn and fired several shots.

They drove back the officers that were in sight and then made their getaway. These two outlaws fought the fight with the officers while the other outlaws were making their getaway from behind the barn.

It was here that Marshal Speed lost his life. Bill Doolin killed him the first shot that he fired at the officer. Dalton was looking out through a crack in the barn and saw where the first bullet struck and he said to Doolin, "You missed him." Then Doolin placed his elbow on his knee, his gun in his hand, took dead aim and then fired and the officer fell dead. "You got him that time," said Dalton, and while the other officers were caring for Mr. Sneed, Doolin and Dalton both mounted their horses and fled in a southwestern direction, but one of the gang was so badly wounded that he did not get very far from the little town; he fell from his horse and was not missed by his comrades until they had traveled several miles. Two of them then returned and found him and lifted him up behind them and carried him to safety.

Now it was Bitter Creek and one other of the outlaws that were so badly wounded and later rescued and carried to what was believed by the outlaws to be a place of safety. In a short time came the officers in pursuit of them. They had now reached what they believed to be fairly good hiding place, and the two bandits lay there bleeding and helpless, and by this time Dalton and Doolin had joined the gang and they were all together when the officers came upon them, and when Bill Dalton saw Mr. Shadley and others of the posse coming in pursuit he raised his gun and killed the officer the first shot. When the marshal was killed he was trying to stop his horse with his gun in his hand.

At the same time Dalton's horse was killed from under him by some one of the officers, it was never known which one. When the outlaw's horse was killed he fell to the ground and rolled over and over until he reached a ditch.

The killing of the officer, Mr. Shadley, staid further attack by the posse and the two outlaws that were wounded and suffering and unable to get away were taken by two bandits on their horses through the timber out of reach of the officers' gun fire. They soon reached the cave known

as the outlaw cave. Bitter Creek was still alive but he was suffering intensely from his wounds.

Those of the outlaw gang that escaped alive from the Ingalls fight were Bill Doolin and Bill Dalton, Bitter Creek, Tulsa Jack and Dynamite Dick and Little Bill. In this cave they were comparatively safe and they dared not leave it.

They had many friends throughout the county but none like the beautiful Rose of Cimarron who was in love with Bitter Creek. She carried them food and bandages and medicine and many other things that they were so much in need of and also kept them informed as to the movements of all officers in the country.

Now as a result of the Ingalls fight, the farmers throughout the country organized and started a hunt for this outlaw gang, which made it indeed difficult and hard for the outlaw and bandits to operate.

This act on the part of the farmers was because the outlaws were stealing many of their horses and driving them into Texas and Kansas and selling them there. Many of the thefts were charged to the Dalton and Doolin gangs. On one occasion a very large posse of farmers followed this gang of outlaws and bandits to their hiding place in one of their caves, or a canyon in the mountains, and as they approached the outlaw camp the bandits opened fire on them, killing Bill Stormer, the leader, and routing the whole posse without any more fighting.

BILL DOOLIN'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

It was early in his life as a bandit that Bill Doolin met and fell in love with the beautiful Miss Edith Ellsworth, who was the daughter of a well known minister. The girl might have had reasons to believe that her lover was an outlaw before marriage but no one ever knew she had a knowledge of his life before their marriage.

But likely she had reason to believe that he was an outlaw the first time she met him, but no doubt there was about him a dashing and debonair way that attracted her so much she found herself so in love with him that she

could not say no when asked to become his wife. To the contrary, she became the wife of one of the most desperate and widest known bandits in all the Southwest.

He was tall and straight; his hair was long and wavy, hanging in masses of curls over his forehead; he had no education whatsoever, but was young and indeed handsome, and there was about him a mystery that deceived the preacher's daughter. We are sure that it will be hard to understand by our readers how it could have been that a minister's daughter became the wife of the most noted outlaw the country ever knew, but it is true. He was only a cowboy and a daring rider—a true type—the product of the wild Southwest. He was no doubt pictured as an ideal in the mind of the girl, and she loved him, too. As we have said, it was not certain that the girl knew that Doolin was an outlaw the first time she met him, but when she found out for sure that he was and also the leader of one of the worst outlaw gangs in all the country she held to him all the more. Doolin courted the girl with all carefulness kept concealed from her all things pertaining to his life in the past or his intentions for the future, but he finally won her. Doolin no doubt loved her more than he did his own life. His love for her was proven by what he risked in going to see her during their courtship. There was no time in his bandit career that he ran more risks of death and capture than when he went to visit her. He would often swim swollen streams to see his sweetheart, and would make long rides in the silent hours of night, in order to avoid all possibilities of coming in touch with officers, often only to spend a few moments with the girl he loved. At the same time a reward was offered for his capture dead or alive. They were married in the spring of 1894. It was indeed a strange alliance let it be said, but let us remember that love does many strange things. After their marriage, Doolin was hunted everywhere by officers. And at the same time he made long and dangerous journeys that he might be with his beautiful bride a few hours of the time. Now after their marriage the girl, without hesitation, accpeted her position as the wife of an outlaw, and she seemed to care but little who knew it. After he had made a long and dangerous ride to be with her, she would watch the whole night

through while he slept. Many times she saved him from death or capture, and, strange to say, too, while he lived the bandit life her love for him did not fail. She had married a bandit, and true to him did she live to the end.

With her it was true until death bid them part.

The life of an outlaw kept Doolin from seeing his wife for months, for it was about the time that the Doolin and Dalton gangs were being hunted most, and the time when the gang was most active in its operations. Doolin was prosperous at times as a robber but it was not a prosperity that could be enjoyed, but a life of continually haunted day and night and a hell on earth—at last the prison cell or the gallows and the home of the soul eternal, hell-fire, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. It was said the most trying hour of his married life was when he returned to his wife after a long absence and that she was about to become a mother. Even then he only remained a few hours with her. Then some months later again he lured the officers, and went to see her. She was holding their baby boy in her arms. It was said that this was the first time in the outlaw's life that tears came to his eyes, and that he seemed to long for a peaceful existence. No doubt it was this moment, while he stood looking upon his wife and baby boy, that he was gripped with such a yearning for a peaceful and quiet life that finally he was led to embark upon such a life. But this good impulse meant his fate, capture and death.

But before he died he made a record of crime that surpassed any other bandit or outlaw that ever lived in the Sounthwest, the land of many criminals. He was the king of all outlaws of modern times. His acts and deeds did rival those of the James and the Younger brothers.

He reached a pinnacle of notoriety as high as that attained by any other bandit ever known in the history of the world.

HUNTING THE DOOLIN GANG

Things had been going from bad to worse in Old Oklahoma and the Indian Territories, trains were being robbed

everywhere and the early settlers of the country were so terrorized by outlaws and bandits that something had to be done. The officers had been unable to break up the Doolin gang, for the outlaws had many friends throughout the country and these friends would hide them and warn them when danger approached. Let us remember it was after the fight at Ingalls that Mr. Nix, a United States Marshal, sent the three following officers on the trail of the bandits. Tilghman, Madsen and Heck Thomas and they engaged in many fights against the outlaws; they trailed them miles and miles and kept up the hunt until the last one was killed or behind prison bars.

These three officers encountered many dangers and endured hardships that no other officers of the Southwest ever endured. But through it all they were cool, quiet men, and unassuming. The courage they possessed, however, would have made Shermans or Sheridans of them had they lived in an early day. They trailed the outlaw from place to place, into their remote hiding places, even the forest of the Osage Nation, and the fastness of the Wichita mountains. After they had been given government permission, the marshals prepared wagons and equipped them for a long and lengthy journey and took saddle horses with them also. They then went in pursuit of the Doolin gang of outlaws. They had learned that one of the hiding places was the old Rock Ford on Deer Creek in Payne County.

This ford was said to be the meeting place of many bad characters as well as the Doolin gang. The officers on the way to the ford met by chance one of the girls that was later identified as one of the gang, but who was not known at the time to have any connection with the gang. The officers made several inquiries of her concerning the passing of strange men, but she evaded their questions giving them unsatisfactory answers. It was not known to the officers until later that the girl was Cattle Annie, the one who kept bandits informed about the movements of the officers.

The girl sent a message at once to the hiding places of the outlaws. It warned them that the officers were after them. On the final stretch a rider was sent to tell the outlaws of the approaching officers. The bandits then dispersed, scattered abroad, and met again later at a hiding place un-

known to the officers. The officers found it difficult to trace the bandits for they were invariably warned by someone of the officers' approach, and not knowing that some one had warned the outlaws the officers went on to the Rock Ford and surrounded the place and at a favorable time closed in upon it only to find that the outlaws were gone. But there were five or six other men there, no doubt cattle theives and bad men, but not the men the officers were wanting. Disappointed but not discouraged, after learning from these men and the owners of the ranches—likely they knew nothing to tell—the officers took up the outlaws' trail and went to Ingalls where they learned something of the direction in which the outlaws had gone.

So from this time the three officers determined more and more to accomplish their great mission to which they were sent; so they started a pursuit that would have made thrilling reading to all of our readers if there had been any way of knowing the thrilling experiences of these three officers of the law as they must have suffered every privation that could have come to officers of the law in the early days of the Southwest. But knowing that the Government was behind them and for their oath's sake they were willing to lay down their lives as men who believed in good government, that the land of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory might be a home of liberty loving and law abiding citizens, and not the land only of the heathen Indian, outlaws and bandits. So on they went on their mission or task of capturing or killing the bandits, for they had determined that they would not fail until the last man of the outlaw gang was killed or in the prison cell. Sometimes the officers were only a few hours behind the outlaws, but it was difficult to make rapid progress and stay on the right trail, because so many of those of whom they inquired were afraid to give any information about the Doolin gang. They dared not tell what they knew about these outlaws, for if they did the bandits would kill them or burn their homes and their property.

This made it almost impossible for the posse to make great progress in their work, and even when they obtained information from outsiders, it was not always reliable. A day or two after they had started on the trail the posse

stopped for dinner at the home of an Indian. There they made inquiries about the outlaws and found that they had been there the evening before. The outlaws had eaten a meal with the Indian and told him that another party would come along in a few days and would pay him for the meal that they had eaten with him.

This was only a joke of the outlaws and it also proved that they knew the officers were on their trail. It was about this time that the Doolin gang left the Territories and went to Arkansas. They went to Hot Springs; just why they went there at this time has never been known unless the members of the gang were in search of a chance to rob a bank. They no doubt found several banks in that place with money heaped on the counters and were in the act of robbing one bank when Little Dick, who was a spy for the gang turned a corner and came upon a policeman. The outlaw recognized him as being one of the gunfighters of the Southwest. The officer's reputation for bravery and his accuracy in using a revolver was also recognized by the outlaw.

This likely saved Hot Springs from a bank robbery that day. This officer had not always been a man in a blue uniform; he had in other days been an officer in the open field and had a reputation for being a dead shot with a six-shooter, and after the outlaw saw him the Doolin gang left at once for other fields.

From Hot Springs they went to the southwest part of Missouri where on May 20, 1894, they committed one of the most noted bank robberies in the history of the Doolin gang. It came near being a disastrous one for them. It was, indeed, a narrow escape from death for each of the gang, as they had to fight every foot of the way to freedom. Many citizens and officers united to kill or capture them. Mr. Seaborn, State Auditor at that time, was killed in the fight; he was shot to death by Little Bill, and in this same fight Bill Doolin was wounded in the head.

When the bandits came out of the bank they met a hail of bullets coming from such weapons as the citizens could gather when they learned that the bank was being robbed. It was then that Mr. J. C. Seaborn and his brother hearing the unusual noise, ran out to learn the cause. The brother of

the former state auditor was standing in open view of the outlaw, Little Bill. As he passed with two guns, one in each hand, firing at those on the sidewalk, doubtless he saw the two officers standing and he sent a bullet direct at them. The bullet passed through the body of one of the officers and killed the other one. The fight was kept up until the bandits reached their horses and, mounting them under heavy fire, rode out of town. They crossed the Cherokee and Creek Nations back into Old Oklahoma where they were soon hidden away in the wilds of the Southwest.

When next heard of, these robbers were in Texas where they looted a bank and took $50,000 in unsigned bank notes. Little Bill, who had had some experience in the business world, was the only one of the bandits who knew the money could not be passed without the signature of the bank officials.

Then the reign of terror in the Territories was resumed. Little Bill and George Newcomb, alias Bitter Creek, went to Woodward on one of the most daring expeditions on record in the annals of frontier crimes. Tying their horses in the stock yards, they waited for nightfall and then went to the home of the staion agent, who was also the agent of the Wells-Fargo Express Company. They had in some way gotten information about a shipment of money made by express. After capturing the agent they compelled him to go to the station with them. At the muzzle of a gun they forced him to open the safe, from which they took express packages containing $6,500, received that day for a shipment of cattle. Little Bill and Bitter Creek must have received the largest part of this, but it was supposed that it was divided also among the other bandits. It was learned afterwards they went to the Worlds Fair at Chicago on the proceeds of this robbery. When Little Bill was shot by Marshal Tilghman in a duel in a cattle corral, he had two fine revolvers he had bought during his visit in Chicago. The officers knew all this time that they were prevented from capturing the Doolin gang by some cattlemen and others who found it to their interest to remain on friendly terms with the desperadoes. One case of that kind was brought to light when a cattleman named Isaacs sent a large shipment of cattle to Kansas City and planned with

these bandits to swindle the express company. Isaacs did not take the bandits into his confidence, so it was his intention to double cross them as well as the express company. Isaacs shipped his cattle from Canadian City and went with them to Kansas City. He was paid in cash for this shipment but it was not known at this time. He gave out the information where he knew the bandits would get hold of it, that a shipment of $5,000 would be made by express at a certain time. Then he sent by express a worthless bundle of paper about as large in bulk as the currency would have been, and awaited results.

The holdup was attempted, but the bandits waited until the supposed package reached the depot at Canadian City. During this time the marshals had prepared to protect the depot. When the Doolin gang appeared there was a hard fight at the little station and Sheriff McGee was shot to death. The bandits were driven away and it was then found that the package contained only worthless papers. Afterwards Isaacs was charged with this offense and convicted of an attempt to swindle the express company.

There were also girl bandits in the Doolin gang, and invariably these outlaw girls were the sweethearts of some one of the outlaw gang, but among them all, there was none like the girl that Bill Doolin married. But the love for the outlaw gang affected a number of girls in those days as the girls themselves were largely influenced and had a strong tendency for the outlaw life. It is hard for us to understand, but it is true that girls in the early days of the Southwest had more or less love and admiration for the outlaw and bandit. It was no doubt due to the reputed bravery of the outlaws. It has been said by some of our greatest writers that women in all ages had great respect for fighting men, and the conditions under which they did the fighting, whether honorable or dishonorable, affected the love of these women but little if any. The love of these women in the early days of the Southwest for the bandit and outlaw might have been caused by public sentiment against the outlaw gang. And also the sufferings and privations that they endured at the hand of federal officers and others, that they might live no doubt had much to do in drawing these girls into the outlaw life.

Among those involved was a girl known as Cattle Annie, who was only a girl in her teens when she became the sweetheart of an outlaw. It was said that she was the daughter of a fine and respectable family, and her first meeting with the bandit was at a dance. Well so much for the dance anyhow.

A girl known as Little Breeches was also another outlaw, at seventeen years of age. In her life and character much of the outlaw daredevil spirit was found. When she was later captured it was learned that these two girls followed the outlaws, acted as spies and shielded them when they could.

The girl bandits no doubt gave the officers much trouble, and prolonged the outlaw and bandit operations in the early days of the country, especially the Doolin gang. For they interferred greatly with the officers in trailing them. The girls were as active as the bandits themselves, especially in horse stealing, cattle rustling, directing the officers wrongfully, carrying messages from one outlaw headquarters to another and keeping them well informed as to the movements of federal officers. They also supplied the outlaws with much of their supplies, such as horses, food, guns and ammunition.

It was Mr. J. S. Burke, a federal officer who later in years became a powerfull preacher of the gospel, and William Tilgham that put an end to the operations of the girl bandits. They heard that the girls were stopping at one of their holdout places and went there to capture them. They found where they had taken refuge but upon the approach of officers, they tried to make their getaway when Marshal Burke, guarding the outside of the building, went in, expecting to meet a warm reception, for the girls were armed and their nerve and bravery were not questioned. Cattle Annie leaped from a window and was so stunned for a minute that she was caught by the outside officer. Little Breeches escaped from the building in a way unknown to the officers, mounted her horse and gave them a long hard chase, firing at them over her shoulder as she fled. But somehow none of her shots took effect.

Marshal Tilghman, shooting her horse, brought both crashing to the ground. The girls foot was fastened under

the horse rendering her powerless. But after the Marshal released her, she fought him to the last ditch but he finally overpowered her and carried her away. She was a true type of the Southwest as it was then.

Both girls were tried before Judge A. G. C. Bierer of the Fourth District of the Oklahoma Territory on a charge of horse theft and sentenced to a reformatory at Farmington, Massachusetts. It was said of them that they gloried in the fact, and freely expressed themselves during their trial that they were members of the outlaw gang, but denied ever riding with the outlaws on their raids or being in any of their holdups or robberies, but were members of the gang in every way possible for them to be.

We will only call your attention by the way of a few lines to a very important event. It was in January 1895, a very cold winter day; the whole earth was covered with snow. While still on the trail of the bandits, Marshal Tilghman had an experience that few men ever had and lived. It was at an outlaw headquarters known as the Rock Ford, that the outlaws had a very large dugout. Here Bill Doolin saved Mr. Tilghman's life. Mr. Tilghman and one Mr. Brown left Guthrie in a covered wagon, leading some horses behind the wagon appearing to be travelers as a matter of disguise.

The outlaw dugout was on a ranch known as the Rock Ford Ranch. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon; a cold winter wind was blowing and the snow was falling. Mr. Tilghman saw some smoke coming out of a dugout which he believed to be occupied by the ranchman himself, they stopped in front of the door. Outside of the smoke there was no indication that the place was occupied by any one.

Mr. Tilghman walked down the steps of the dugout and pushed open the door. He noticed a very large fireplace well supplied with blackjack logs and a roaring big fire. It was unusually large room wherein, on each side, beds were built one on top of the other with room enough to accomodate fifteen or twenty men. Only one man could be seen. He sat before the fireplace with a Winchester on his knees while Mr. Tilghman made some inquiry of him about another ranch, and at the same time make a mental picture of the room as he looked it over. "Well, said the

Marshal," I must be going, as I was passing this way with my fighting dog I thought maybe I could get Bill to match a fight," speaking cordially, "he told me while back he though his dog could whip mine." The officer was very cold from riding in the wind, so walked to the fire place turned his back to it. The sight that caught his eyes caused every muscle in him to stiffen. From every bed the muzzle of a gun was shoved out with a dead aim on him. And Mr. Tilghman knew, too, that behind those deadly weapons were ready hands and gleaming eyes that held a bead on his body.

There was no sound except the lonesome whisper of the wind against the lonely dugout. There was not one move or the quiver of an eyelash by the marshal that would indicate he knew that they were there or that he expected to be shot the next moment. He talked on to the supposed ranchman by the fireplace, without the slightest shaking of the voice. "Well I will be going" said Tilghman as he moved toward the door, "which way does a fellow get out of here." "The same damn way you got in," said the ranchman.

The officer walked steadily toward the door, which he opened calmly, and hastened to the wagon and his Indian guide. "Drive ahead," he said but not too fast, the dugout is filled with bandits." It was learned later that there were eight of the most desperate bandits ever known in the Southwest in the dugout that night, all members of the Doolin gang: Bill Doolin, Red Buck, Dynamite Dick, Charley Pierce, Tulsa Jack and Little Bill and two others whose names were not known. Every man knew Tilghman, and recognized his voice as soon as he spoke, and for that reason there in the dark with only the firelight, every bandit had his gun trained on the officer until they were sure he was alone. However, one of the outlaws was determined to kill him, and just why he did not while the officer stood in front of the fire has never been known. It was Red Buck, and as the officer was leaving the dugout Red Buck the desperado was restrained by his comrades from killing Tilghman. He would have shot him in the back as he went out at the door but Doolin and the supposed ranchman held him. "Bill Tilghman is too good a man to be shot in the back he shouted" to Red Buck as he struggled toward the door trying to make his way outside to kill Tilghman. "There

will be no killing here tonight" shouted Doolin. If you kill Bill Tilghman, there will be a hundred men here before morning and there will not be a one of us left living," said he. Red Buck cared nothing about death and would have followed the officer after he drove away if he had not been restrained by force. "You are a lot of cowards", said Red Buck, "I will tell you what will happen to us before morning," "a dozen officers will be here and we will be trapped like rats and now what are you going to do about it." So fearing an attack before morning, although tired and worried from a long journey and very much in need of a night's rest, but knowing it was not safe for them to stay in the dugout, they went out into the night, into a blinding snowstorm, saddled their horses and rode away seeking shelter elswhere with Red Buck cussing and swearing that he would have much prefered sleeping with the officers corpse than to have taken that ride such a night.

But at last Bill Doolin and every member of his gang like all other outlaws and bandits known in modern history met a tragic fate. The study of history as to the outlaw life in all ages, especially in the Southwest, is indeed convincing and proof to all young men living today that the life of an outlaw is and was then, one of hardships and terror. It bears not the slighest resemblance to a life of a hero. But to the contrary a life of lawlessness, crime and degradation and the poorest paid man in all the world ending at last in death or a prison cell. We have not mentioned the name of an outlaw in this book or an outlaw gang that the writer sometime in life has not shaken hands with, and have had hundreds of invitations to become a member of a gang. We said, "no", even under threats of death unless we did join them, and yet we said, "No". We never had one chance in early life to be a man but in our hearts we never craved to be an outlaw and a criminal like some men, but have always believed that a life spent in such sin some day somewhere would end.

Red Buck went to his reward in death from a gunshot wound March 15, 1896. Bill Dalton was the first among the Doolin gang to go to his reward. We have fully described his death in another place in the book.

It was in June 1894 when Bill Dalton went to Ardmore to

buy groceries. This event led to his death. There was some officers in Ardmore the same day who by some chance had information concerning a consignment of liquor. However, they did not know at the time just who the whiskey was consigned to, but the officers kept close watch and when two women appeared and called for the liquor they were arrested and were identified as Mrs. Dalton and her neighbor. They were recognized when they were arrainged in court, and it was then that the officers learned the whereabouts of Dalton himself.

The officers at once started out after him and were soon upon his hiding place, but Dalton saw the officers and while they were surrounding the old ranch house, the bandit jumped from a window to the ground and as he did so the marshals fired a shot that killed the bandit instantly. The body of the dead outlaw was hauled to Ardmore in a wagon and delivered to his wife for burial.

Tulsa Jack was also a member of the Dalton gang to meet death. He was killed May 5, 1895, following the robbing of a Rock Island train near Dover, Oklahoma.

It was in July that Charley Pierce and Bitter Creek met death at the hand of two men armed with shotguns on the Rock Ford ranch. It is understood that two officers, Mr. Tilghman and Heck Thomas, had arranged with the two men to inform them when the outlaws came to the ranch. The officers rode some distance from the house during the night but no signals were given until toward dawn when they heard two shots at the ranch house. They hurried there and found the two bandits lying on the ground near the yard gate.

The two outlaws had come and put up their horses and walked toward the house expecting to find food and a place to lie down and rest, but were met by the two ranchmen with shotguns and as the outlaws approached the gate the former fired, killing both bandits instantly, but after the outlaws lay dead on the ground the men fired another shot into their bodys.

THE CAPTURE OF LITTLE BILL

Little Bill was wounded in a duel with Mr. Tilghman, who captured the outlaw September 7, 1895. Armed with six-shooters and a shotgun Mr. Tilghman went on a hunt for this bandit. During the day Little Bill hid out in the hills and at night went to a small log house on the Sam Moore ranch twenty-five miles northeast of Pawhuska in the Osage Nation. The gang was dispersed waiting for a call for another robbery. Tilghman went to a cattle corral to await their coming. When Little Bill returned to Moore's for supper, he put his horse in the corral and started toward the ranchhouse when Mr. Tilghman stepped out and called to him, "Throw up your hands Bill."

Little Bill jerked a six-shooter from his belt and fired at the officer. Tilghman discharged his weapon at the same time then followed with another shot in a second later. Little Bill was fatally hurt but continued to fire until his six-shooter was empty, then pitched forward on his face, his body pierced by half a dozen bullets. It was not thought he could possibly live, so he was carried into a stable to die. He was a game fighter with a gun and also a game fighter for life.

He was taken by wagon to Elgin, Kansas, where he partially recovered. Still unable to walk, he was placed on a stretcher and taken to the jail at Guthrie. He was tried for train robbery at Kingfisher, convicted and sentenced to ten years in the federal prison at Columbus, Ohio. Little Bill was prosecuted by Thomas McMechan, afterwards a state senator in Oklahoma, and Charles, who later become attorney general of the state, was clerk of the court in wihch the bandit was tried. Little Bill, suffering from the wounds he had received, was granted a pardon before his sentence was served out. He returned to Oklahoma, married, and lived several years, but was always a cripple, and finaly died from the wounds received in the duel in the cattle corral.

On March 15, 1896, the officers chased Red Buck to a dugout near Arapaho, and shot and killed him as he was trying to escape.

Doolin Trying to Reform

Bill Doolin, the notorious leader of a band of outlaws, had a desire to quit such a life and become a peaceful citizen, it seemed. He made two efforts to get away from the scene of his crimes, taking his wife and baby with him. It was thought his love for his family probably awakened the desire in him to become a better man. But when he made the start to get away the officers were hot on his trail. Doolin married Edith Ellsworth, the daughter of a Lawson preacher, and took her to a place where he knew they would be safe from pursuers. Many times, when wooing this girl, he had risked his life to visit her, many times swimming his horses and braving dangers where other men would have turned back. After their marriage, their honeymoon was spent in a quiet place undisturbed. But the call to the bandit for the outlaw life was too strong for him to resist. He took his bride back to her father's home, then rejoined the gang and fled from the officers. At this time a large reward was offered for Doolin dead or alive. But he led the gang in the raids and guided them when they ran to cover. It was not until their baby was born that Doolin was led to abandon the wild life. He was scarcely ever able to visit them as the officers were on his trail every time he came out of hiding. Finally he took his wife and child, bade the members of the band goodby and went into a country where he was unknown, at least that is what he had in mind to do.

Loading their household goods they set out for the west. The first camp was pitched at Burden, Kansas, and there they might have remained for months or even years but for one small circumstance. Mrs. Doolin was acquainted with Mrs. Pierce the woman who kept the hotel at Ingalls. She had left at the hotel a ring that had been given her by her husband when they were sweethearts. She wrote to Mrs. Pierce asking that it be sent to her.

The Capture of Doolin

The whereabouts of Doolin became known to Marshal Tilghman in December, 1895, through a letter written by the bandit's wife. Tilghman went to Burden and for six

weeks watched for Doolin. The bandit's wife was kept under watch, but not once indicated by her actions that she knew the whereabouts of her husband. The officer finally learned that the bandit was at Eureka Springs taking baths for rheumatism. So arraying himself in the clothing of a city man, Tilghman went to this town and leaving his valise and gun at a hotel, went in search of the bandit.

Walking into the parlor of the bath house he saw the bandit with a newspaper in his hands. Doolin saw the officer come in, saw him walk the length of the room and pass through a door at the rear, but did not recognize him in the long coat and high hat. But the marshal knew he had found his man. So after ordering a bath prepared, Tilghman entered the room where the bandit was seated, whipped out his revolver and ordered the bandit to hold up his hands. Doolin jumped to his feet and reached for his gun. There followed a scene which made history in the Southwest. When Doolin reached for his gun Tilghman tried to seize his wrist but missed it and caught his coat sleeve. They struggled about the room, Doolin making every effort to use his gun and Tilghman holding to his sleeve with one hand while in the other hand he held his gun with which he could have shot the bandit in an instant had he chosen to do so. The occupants of the room fled at the sight of the officer's gun, believing that there would be a killing. Several times Tilghman pressed the gun against the breast of the outlaw, and could have easily shot him, but remembered the scene at the Rock Ford dugout. Where Doolin saved his life by preventing Red Buck from shooting him in the back.

"Don't make me kill you Bill," Tilghman said, as he struggled with him. Doolin, reading determination in the officers face, dropped his arm, then the marshal called the proprietor of the hotel and asked him to remove the weapon from the outlaw. The officer went with Doolin to a bank to withdraw some money deposited by the latter under an assumed name. Then they went to the outlaw's room at the hotel to pack his effects. While packing, the officer picked up a little mug, and stood looking at it. "I bought it for my baby boy," Doolin said. "Are you thinking of your boy now?" The officer asked. "Yes," said

Doolin. Tears came to the eyes of the officer, "Your heart's in the right place, Bill," he said to the outlaw, "I will see that the baby gets the mug."

Tilghman took his prisoner to Guthrie, without handcuffs, Doolin promising not to try to escape and the officer telling him he would be killed if he did. Guthrie was filled to overflowing when they reached there. Doolin's reputation as an outlaw was known far and near. The officer was given great credit because he did not want to kill the bandit who had once saved his life. After being placed in jail, Doolin's rheumatism became worse and he was given the liberty of the corridors. So he soon planned his escape, which he carried into execution successfully, also giving all the prisoners in the jail their liberty who cared to escape.

On the evening of July 5, 1896, two guards appeared at the gate of the jail to lock the prisoners in their cells. As was their custom, one man remained at the corridor door while the other man would leave his weapons outside and go in to lock the cell doors. This was done so that there would be no possibility of a prisoner taking a guard's weapon from him.

On this occasion Doolin had the help of a negro prisoner who approached the outer door and reached through the door for a drink. Doolin who was near sprang with all his might against the door. The door, not being locked, swung open, knocking the guard to the floor. Doolin sprang through the door upon him and took his weapons from him. The guard was bound and gagged, then going into the jail he captured the unarmed guard, locked both in a cell and liberated all the prisoners. The prisoners were led to the foot of the outside stair and told they could go in any direction they cared to. The escaped bandit walked down the railroad track, then out on a country road, where he met a young man and girl returning to the city in a buggy drawn by a good horse. This was near midnight. Doolin stopped them, told them to walk home and taking their horse and buggy rode away. After several miles he unhitched the horse and mounted and rode away. He reached Arkansas and found friends who sheltered him.

DOOLIN'S DEATH

Doolin knew that Oklahoma was unsafe for him, for the officers were ever on the watch for him. But love for his wife and baby again caused him to brave the dangers to see them. He went to the home of her father near Lawson, and again the wagon was loaded and made ready for a journey that was to end in safety for the bandit, so he thought. They loaded the wagon at night. Doolin's intention was to drive away before morning. At last the wagon was loaded; it was moonlight and about eleven o'clock; Doolin was to go down the road some distance and there meet his wife and baby in a covered wagon a little later. The outlaw was leading his horse and carrying a Winchester across his arm. He had not traveled more than five hundred yards when a man stepped out and called on him to surrender. The man was Marshal Thomas. Doolin spoke not a word, but fired at the officer, Thomas firing about the same time. They were only about fifty feet apart; Doolin missed. Thomas used a shotgun and the bandit fell with twenty-one buckshot in his body. His wife hearing the shots and knowing too well what it meant, snatched her baby and ran toward the other members of the posse that had gathered around the body. They tried to shield the body from her sight, but she pushed them aside, and kneeling beside the body wailed out the agony of a broken heart. Bill Doolin was an outlaw, but he was enshrined in the heart of the woman he loved.

THE JENNINGS GANG

In August, 1897, a gang was organized known as the Jennings gang by Dick West, alias Little Dick, who the reader will remember was a dangerous member of the Doolin band. This gang was organized at Tecumseh, and consisted of Little Dick, Morris and Pat Omalley, brothers, and Al and Frank Jennings. The Jennings were living at this time at Tecumseh, in Pottawatomie county. While their reputation was bad among the officers, there were no warrants out for them. They were free to come and go as they pleased.

On August 18, 1897, the gang was accused of an attempt

to rob a Santa Fe train at Edmond. Hiding at the water tank, they boarded the blind baggage when the train started and drawing their guns on the engineer, they compelled him to run the train down the tracks a mile where a man was waiting with their horses. They battered on the door of the express car, but the messenger refused to open it. In the excitement they had forgotten to capture the conductor and he came toward them with a lantern in his hand. "What are you doing here?" he called. The robbers, whoever they were, gave proof that they were only amateurs, for they hurriedly mounted their horses and rode away. Two weeks later they attempted a train holdup at Bond Switch, twenty seven miles south of Muskogee by putting a pile of ties on the track of the M. K. & T. but the engineer ran the train through the obstruction at full speed. Not having any success in these holdups, they were thought by the officers to be the ones that attempted the holdup on the Santa Fe passenger train at Purcell. At this time all the express matter was transferred at Purcell, which made it a favorable chance for seizure. The night watchman discovered five men hiding behind a box car in the railroad yards. When he approached, they ran around the car and disappeared, but he saw their guns and heard the jingle of spurs. He reported this to the agent who promptly telephoned to the city marshal, who came down at once with a posse of twelve men. They made an investigation but the would-be robbers had disappeared as silently as they had come.

The United States Marshal's office had received information that a holdup had been planned at Purcell, and Marshals Tilghman and Thomas were on the train with some other men. Another report was received that the Al Jennings gang would attempt to rob the bank at Minco, but a telegram was sent to the president of the bank warning him. A strong guard was immediately stationed around the bank. As we have stated above a member of the gang was sent to reconnoiter, and when he reported to the others the attempt was abandoned. By that time, the members of the gang were desperate, being penniless and having only occasional meals, such as they could get at the scattered ranch houses. It was a precarious way of living, but to at-

tempt another train holdup seemed out of the question, for the marshals were very active. The Rock Island had been running special guards on its night trains for several weeks and no effort was made to rob them. There could be much more said concerning Al Jennings and his gang as to their operations but we will not take space to say any more about these bandits and outlaws, but we truly trust and feel that all those, especially young men, who read this book will readily see that a life spent in the outlaw and bandit operations is certainly a life of failure, shame and disgrace, and all those who have in the past engaged in such a life or those who may aspire to achieve to be one of those gunmen or outlaws of the early days will go as all others—they will die in the electric chair or in a prison cell. You must remember that the outlaw life has always been of less profit financially speaking or otherwise than any life spoken of upon the sacred pages of the world's history.

A SHORT STORY OF HENRY STARR'S CAREER AS A BANDIT AND OUTLAW

He was born at Fort Gibson December 2, 1873; killed Floyd Gibson railroad detective at Lenape in 1893; saved many lives in the jail at Fort Smith by disarming Cherokee Bill after he had shot and killed the jailor. Henry Starr took the gun off of him, and threw it out of the cell into the runround. For this deed Henry Starr was later pardoned by President Roosevelt. He was convicted and sentenced to serve twenty four years in the federal penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, after his arrest in Colorado on a holdup charge, was pardoned by Roosevelt; returned to Tulsa; married and entered the real estate business. He was arrested in Colorado Springs on a bank robbery charge in 1909, convicted and sentenced to Colorado penitentiary; pardoned in 1913 by the governor of Colorado; captured in a battle after a bank robbery at Stroud, Oklahoma, March 27, 1915; he was severely wounded but recovered; he was tried, convicted and sentenced to twenty-five years in the state penitentiary; pardoned by Governor Robertson, March 15, 1919; last heard of by pardon and parole board

in Kansas City November 1, 1920; shot in a bank robbery in Harrison, Arkansas, February 18, 1921.

In all, Starr has served seventeen years and eight months in prison according to his own figures. Three times before he was shot to death February 18, 1921, he faced what appeared to be certain death. He was twice sentenced to be hanged and his life saved by commutation to prison sentences.

Henry Starr's father was George Starr known as Hop Starr, and was a half breed Cherokee Indian, and his mother a quarter breed Cherokee. Henry Starr grew up in the Cherokee Nation, and at about the age of seventeen he began working on a ranch, and after some years became an outlaw. He often made the statement that officers and the courts drove him to a desperate life.

Starr's first notable crime was when he killed Floyd Wilson in 1893. Starr has always said that he would die with his boots on; in fact it was the way he wanted to die. And heaven knows he took plenty of chances to make it come true, and it came true March 18, 1921, when he was shot to death in a bank at Harrison, Arkansas. But we must say just here that Starr, indeed, was a bad man. He was believed to be the greatest outlaw in the Southwest. None ever excelled him in robbing banks to the personal knowledge of men who have known him thirty years. He has robbed more banks than any one man who ever lived. There are men living today in Oklahoma who have known Henry Starr since he was sixteen years of age. He was a bandit then at heart. Henry Starr was a different breed of outlaw from the present day city crooks, neither was he the outlaw that he was ten or fifteen years ago, or they never would have got him as they did. His record as a bank robber will show that he never was caught before in the act of robbing a bank. He did many things that no other bank robber or bandit ever did in the history of that heinous work. He always succeeded in double bank robbery in one town at the same time. He succeeded at Stroud, Oklahoma, in a double bank robbery; he was shot and wounded but it was after it was all over.

There is no doubt but what Henry Starr was a natural born bank robber as some people are singers or musicians.

There is one thing that can be said of Henry Starr that may be one good feature to his credit and that is he never killed a man during his long life as an outlaw while robbing a bank. This is no doubt one reason why he will go down in history as the greatest bank robber who ever lived. There is a saying true in life "Be sure your sins will find you out. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

BELL STARR

Bell Starr was a woman who no doubt was one of the most fearless, daring outlaws in all the country of her day. Bell Starr was the daughter of Judge Shirley who was a life long citizen of Missouri. She was no relation to Henry Starr, the noted bank robber killed March 18, 1921, in an attempt to rob a bank at Harrison, Arkansas. However, she was connected with the family of Henry Starr but not in a way that made her in the least related to him. Her operations as a bandit and outlaw were largely confined to the Southeastern part of the territory along the line of Texas and Arkansas. Among the most noted desperate characters, such as the Daltons, Doolins and many others there never lived a braver, more courageous, or fearless character than Bell Starr. The writer has been several times in a little log hut built by her in 1887, near the top of a little mountain known as the Bell Starr mountain in the southeastern part of the Choctaw Nation.

It was on this mountain and in this little hut she took refuge and killed and wounded a number of officers that attempted to arrest her.

Several times during her desperate career, she was attacked while in this little log hut by officers and invariably made her escape. It has been said that but few women ever lived but what weakened when facing death, but not so with Bell Starr. Her record as an outlaw shows when others with her had fled to make their escape when the moment had come that seemed to portend death, she never retreated until she, with her Winchester or six-shooter opened the way for her certain escape.

A number of years ago we were sitting on the bank of a

small stream in the eastern part of the Choctaw Nation. We were talking with an aged Indian, he asked us if we would like to see the spot of ground upon which Bell Starr died. I told him I would.

Now about the distance of a half a mile there was a small field of about fifteen acres which was one time owned by Bell Starr. It was fenced with rails. He took me within about twenty feet of the fence. We stood on the spot of ground her own cornfield on which she was shot to death with a shot gun from ambush.

It has been said that her own son took her life, but we cannot say as to the truthfullness of this statement, but she paid the penalty as have all those who have violated the law.

HODGE DESPERADOES

Now there was also another band of desperadoes known as the Hodge gang. They numbered from five to six and operated largely along the line of Kansas, through the Osage and Cherokee Nations, and into Arkansas.

These men were considered by all officers that knew them or knew of them, as being dare devils and gunsmen that seldom missed their mark. During their career they robbed a number of trains and banks through Kansas and Arkansas. However their lives and operations were short. Some Kansans ended their career in the streets of a little town in the Cherokee Nation in the year of 1889. In this skirmish one officer was killed and two wounded, four bandits killed, and two captured.

Now, if it be possible let us bring to our reader some very interesting and important events and facts, as we have written at some length in other chapters of this book, on the life and customs of the wild and modern Indian. We now want to call your attention again to the conditions that existed in the early days of the Southwest and the growth and developments of the country.

First the condition of the country, caused by the life and operations of bandits and outlaws, was indeed terrorizing to the early settlers. Men of every description and character and nationality, men who had committed many des-

perate, inhuman and heartless crimes, fugitives from every state in the union who had escaped their just and due reward, that they should have suffered by law, fled to the Southwest, a country uninhabited and desolate for shelter and safety. The Indian Territory and Oklahoma were thought of and looked upon by all people of every state in the Union as the land and home of the heathen Indian, outlaw and bandit, which was to a great degree true. In the early days Oklahoma no doubt was a country of refuge for criminals and fugitives from justice from every state in the Union, and let us remember, too, that the condition of the country made it almost impossible for an officer to apprehend an outlaw after he once entered the territory, for it was a country in which anyone might travel for days and never see a house or a human being. There were no roads through the country; those who traveled by horseback or otherwise traveled trails or by directions. For citizens or officers to travel these trails was indeed dangerous, as they were created or cut out by outlaws and bandits. The trails through the country generally led out of Texas into Kansas or Arkansas leading to the West.

Many places near these trails could be found outlaws' headquarters especially in the mountain regions of the country. We might take space just here to give the names of some of these trails and their location. We have in mind the trail very famous to all the Southwest, known as the trail of the Dead Man's crossing, on Red river leading from Texas through the western part of Oklahoma, Colorado and into the Rocky Mountains. The next famous trail crossing Red river out of Texas leading through the eastern portion of the Indian territory was known as the Beasley trail; it was this trail that the desperadoes and outlaws, known as the Miller gang and Hodge boys, traveled in their operations from Texas into Kansas. The famous cave in the Pushmaline mountains was used as headquarters for years.

The condition of the country was such that it made it almost impossible for an officer to find an outlaw, unless by chance he happened upon him in camping or otherwise, and when he did, such conditions gave the outlaw all advantages of the officer. In this way a number of federal officers,

men of high reputation who respected law and believed in good government, gave their life trying to rid the country of bad and desperate men. Many times officers entering the territory in pursuit of such men by the way of these trails, had no possible chance to get information concerning the whereabouts or location of such men, because, as I have stated above, one might travel for days without seeing a human being except a savage heathen Indian, and there was no way to gain any information from an Indian; he would not reveal anything he knew to a white man. For this reason, many officers after entering the territory wilds were never heard of again.

However, the early settlers of the Southwest, especially those who settled in the central part of the country, were not molested or terrorized by the outlaws as much as those who lived near the line of the states, as the bandits and outlaws would stay as near the states as possible. In this way, it was not so difficult to secure food and other comforts of life, as they would do their robbing and stealing in the states, and escape to their hiding places in the territory. But after the opening of the country it was settled more or less in colonies, often a number of families settling on claims as near together as possible forming a small community, the early settlers protected their properties, such as live stock, by cooperating against the invading enemy: the outlaw and the horse and cattle thieves.

However, as the country settled, the outlaw began to move and establish headquarters in and near these communities, which made it very dangerous and difficult for the early settlers to travel at all, especially in marketing their products or securing food out of the states. So such conditions did exist until the settlers resolved that they would no longer tolerate the presence and operations of these outlaws; so every few days saw a desperate struggle, a fight to a finish and a swap-out between the two classes, for these early settlers resolved in their hearts, after they had suffered so many things and privations in order to live and improve their claims, that the outlaw would not steal and destroy that for which they had labored and suffered so many things. The early settlers of the country suffered

untold hardships such as the people of our day cannot describe or appreciate.

To give proper credit for what Oklahoma is today, let us remember that while our brave and valiant officers of the law did much to rid the country of the outlaw and bandit organizations, the early settlers did as much or more toward this noble work as the officers. There has been no little discussion as to the right or wrong on the part of the government in opening the country for settlement. We must say, and we trust that it may once and for all time settle this question in the minds of those who read this statement as to this question, that we believe it was indeed a great work and a defense on the part of the government toward every state that surrounded or joined the Indian Territory or Oklahoma, when the government, by an act of Congress, declared the country open for settlement over the protest of the Indians, and also in violation of the treaty providing they should own and control the land as long as grass grew and water run, made with the Indians by the government when they emmigrated from the various states to the Southwest. But we may ask the question: why did the government break this treaty with the Indian? First because the Indian was not intelligently capable in his wild and savage condition of life of taking care of himself; the Indian could have never risen above his untutored, cruel and brutish nature without help from the outside world. Because he lived in an environment, and had for centuries, that contributed to his brutish nature, help could only be given him by surrounding him with an external condition or influence eminating from his civilized neighbors, the white race, and this could only be accomplished through the government by throwing the two races together, that the Indian would have to absorb into his very nature high ideals of life and civilization, and this was done when the Indian Territory and Oklahoma was opened for settlement. The United States government never bestowed a greater blessing upon a race of people or did a greater deed, than when it opened the Southwest for settlement. For the Indian race of people would have never been the beloved race they are today, neither would the two races have ever understood each other and become united in fraternal love and friendship if they

had been kept separated from each other. Oklahoma and the Indian territory would have been a dumping ground and a refuge to the civilized states around it for all time and the one great state today with its millions of people and great wealth would have never been.

Let us remember that it was the opening of the country for settlement that gave the strong arm of the law a chance to reach out after the outlaw and bandit and bring them to justice, and make him only a faint memory in the minds of those who live today. Once upon a time I thought and looked upon the act of the government in opening the country as a cruel deed, for it seemed that the Indian "Poor Low" had been run and hounded by the white race until he had at last laid his head upon the rock for a pillow, and the earth of Oklahoma his bed, his last resting place; but as we have stated before, the Indian was not a builder of cities, or a pathfinder to civilization; he did not have in his nature a constructive element, but was indeed a savage, heathen, and could have never been civilized without missionaries and school teachers, the elements that make life worth while and that in all ages of the past have been found and furnished to the heathen nations of the world by the white Caucasion race.

Dear reader let us think a moment. It has only been a few short years since it was almost impossible in Oklahoma to operate even a small mercantile business of any kind, on account of the operations of the outlaw and bandit. The owner of the little business and all employees could be found with weapons where they could be had at a moments notice. The country was full of such men as the Daltons, and the Doolins, Hodges, the Miller gang, the Christian boys and the Al Jennings gang, and Cherokee Bill, who died the death and paid the penalty of a real demon in the jail at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

There came another very dangerous period in the early days, and that was when the country began to settle rapidly. The outlaws began to scatter throughout the country, and when it became possible for officers to obtain information from the settlers as to the location and whereabouts of the outlaw, the country was soon filled with officers in

search of these bad men, not altogether because they wanted to do away with the outlaw, but for the sake of the reward offered for them, and this, too, added a still greater danger as to the settlers, outlaws and officers.

For this reason, neither the settler nor the outlaws and officers would run any chance whatsoever. If a man was sighted at a distance more than likely, if he was an officer, he was fired upon without warning by the outlaw; and this was true with the officers towards the outlaw. And the same dangers had to be undergone and experienced by the early settlers. It is a matter of history that many of those killed in the early days by officers, outlaws and citizens, were innocent parties. Those who committed such crimes would often take their victims and bury them or throw them into some stream of water, or otherwise destroy them so that no trace could ever be had by anyone.

Let us also remember that the early days were indeed very critical between the citizens and outlaws, for, as we have stated above, there was no friendship between them, they would not trust each other; the outlaw would take the life of a citizen almost as quickly as he would some federal officer, for they believed that there did exist a cooperative plan between the officers and citizens to capture or destroy the outlaw organization, and to a great extent this was true.

Now the foregoing information that we have given as to the condition of the country will give to our readers a clear understanding of just why it was so hard and difficult for the early settlers to stay with their homesteads and develop the country. As they had to seek a market for their farm products in the adjoining states many miles away, often business trips had to be made afoot or on horseback, especially messages and information conveyed from one colony or a community to another, which would often mean death to the messenger, for the messengers or those who traveled from one community to another did it by the way of a trail cut out or created by bandits and outlaws.

So we can readily see and understand why the Texas Rangers and soldiers stationed at all military posts, at crossings on Red river out of Texas entering the territory,

plead so earnestly with those entering the territory wilds in those days to abandon their expedition and stay out of such a country, for true information and statistics showed that there were but few who entered the territory in those days that were ever heard of again. There were many who listened and heeded the advice of the rangers and soldiers; others proceeded on their journey and were never heard of, but were lost and destroyed, just how will never be known.

There was another method inaugurated by the early settlers or communities in sending messages in order to defeat the bandit or outlaws. They used the Indian or the Negro, for in so doing it removed all suspicion from the mind of the outlaw. This method was very successful for a time, for both the officers or bandits paid little attention, if any to them, until an Indian in some way was suspicioned by the outlaws and was captured, searched and a message found on him to officers revealing the information as the location and headquarters of the outlaws, which was indeed a death blow to the early settlers as to sending messages by Indians or native Negroes for such a thing will happen but once to the Indian.

Now, I have in mind an incident that happened under my observation, and at the door step of my little log hut, and that was, a couple of outlaws whose names were never known were camped a short distance from our little home. One morning very early as they stood in the yard one of them for some reason had gone behind the house while the other one stood watching a man riding on horseback, the animal was beautiful and very large. He came up with a few rods of the building and as he stopped, the outlaw appeared upon the scene from behind the house and spoke something to the man on horseback. I have never known just what he said but have believed he called him by some, which might have been his real name. The man on horseback drew his gun, killing the man instantly, he fell dying at the door step; the man turned and rode away, disappearing to the east in the thickness of the timber.

So the next question or problem that confronted us and his comrade was burying him, and I want to say, too, that

this funeral or burial was one of the most peculiar ones ever attended by the writer.

Now there was a short distance away a hillside and some ravines or gulches, caused by water flowing down the hillside. We took the man just as he fell and threw him into one of these ravines, which must have been four or five feet in depth and covered him with rocks and dirt. This lonely grave is located near the place known now as Stewart, Oklahoma.

Now I must take space and write at some length the life and operations of some of the outlaws and bandits that I was most familiar with and knew likely as no other man living today. I want to call our reader's attention to the outlaws known as the Christian brothers, who no doubt became some of the most daring and famous outlaws in the world's history; and also the outlaws known as the Miller gang, who operated largely in the Eastern portion of the Indian territory, traveling a trail out of Texas through the Osage, Choctaw, Creek and Cherokee Nations into Kansas. This trail was known to the early settlers as the Beasley trail. It lead through some of the most desolate and mountainous parts of the Indian territory. The mountains over which this trail led were the Jack Fork and Pushmaline mountains. The Pushmaline mountains were located nearly half way between Texas and Kansas. The hiding place and headquarters of these outlaws for a number of years was in a very large cave in the Pushmaline mountains. There was but few standing timber, if any, on these mountains, especially near this famous cave. This chain of mountains extended for a number of miles north and south; a short distance to the east was the beginning of a valley of many miles, covered in a dense forest. Under the foothills a number of caves can be found which once no doubt was the daylight home of many wild beasts and animals.

One of the caves was very large; this one was used as we have stated above by the outlaws as headquarters. In the cave a number of horses were kept concealed. There is but little doubt that the Miller outlaw gang and those who operated with them were the largest horse and cattle-thief organizations of the Southwest. The organization was so

perfectly perfected it was almost impossible for officers to apprehend or capture them, or to regain stolen property after it had once entered the territory upon this trail, for outlaw headquarters could be found many places along this trail in the Choctaw, and Cherokee Nations. The work and operation of these organizations was run as follows: some stationed in Texas would rush stolen property into the territory, others would rush it to headquarters in the mountains and there it was kept for a time until the search for it had died out, it was then taken into Kansas or Colorado and sold. Such organizations were known by federal officers and the early settlers to hold a reunion once or twice a year, taking inventory of their year's work and dividing the spoils with each other.

This work continued for a number of years even after the country had opened for settlement. Many federal officers who loved their country and good government sacrificed their lives somewhere along this trail, just where and how, it will never be known, but doubtless at the hand of these brutish and heartless outlaws.

This trail was indeed dangerous for anyone to travel. We are not certain, but likely it is true, that the hardest fought battle between officers and bandits was at this famous cave, the outlaws' headquarters. A number of officers surrounded the cave in which were eight or ten outlaws with good guns and well supplied with ammunition. The officers surrounded the cave, then sent a message to the bandits to surrender; the answer to the message was for them to go to a hotter climate, and for one week the officers closely guarded and waited for the appearance of the bad men. The determination manifested to the outlaw by the officers caused the outlaws at last to come out and face death and take a chance for their lives. Now, there were two entrances to the cave: its mouth fronted the east running directly under a small hill, coming out upon the west side. The officer had no knowledge it seemed of the two entrances to the cave, and when the outlaws emerged and the officers realized it was a fight to death, they grouped themselves as near together as possible along the hillslope where they had some protection, behind rock and the slope

of the hill. The outlaws took their position on the north slope of the hill; they had the protection of a few rocks set on edge and a few small pines; otherwise it was a fight in the open with both officers and bandits, and they fought to a finish. The actual time of the fight it was said by those who escaped death was several hours. A number of the bandits were killed, several were wounded,—Miller himself the leader of the gang escaped slightly wounded—and several of the officers were killed and some wounded.

Miller, a few years later, was killed by a U. S. officer, one Mr. Davis, sent by the government from Texas to these parts of the territory for the purpose of capturing and killing these outlaws and bandits, and we want to pay a high tribute to this officer by saying he did his work well, for he killed and captured a number of the very worst men of the Indian territory. Miller was killed a short distance west of Wilburton, Oklahoma, in the year 1903.

A few years ago the writer had the pleasure of visiting this famous cave and battle-ground. We explored every foot of the cave and the hillside on which this never-to-be-forgotten battle was fought, and there can be seen many signs and bullet marks on the rocks and pine trees. Upon exploring the cave, we found that there yet remained signs of the campfire, and the most marvellous thing witnessed by us was the fact that for several rods they had built a rock wall along the wall of the cave, to the mouth of the rear entrance forming a complete flue, for the smoke from the fire to escape. There were a number of shelves formed in the cave on which doubtless meat had been stored away, for there yet remained signs of salt and grease. A number of bones of wild hogs, deer and other animals were scattered about in the cave. We also found a sock that contained quite a quantity of salt. We found a pair of spurs of fine quality, very rusty, from which leather had rotted away.

I wish to call our readers' attention to the wonderful contrast of the condition of that portion of the country in those days and the condition of it today. As we have already mentioned, the beautiful valley that spread out to the east from these mountains was covered with great timber in

which, in those days could be found many different kinds of wild beasts and animals and thousands of wild turkey. But, dear readers, what about these valleys today with their rich deep fertile soil? It is where many families are today making their home, living in mansions worth thousands of dollars; hundreds of acres in cultivation with a great wealth of production each year are enjoyed by these families.

Now I have already called your attention to the life and operation of the outlaws known as the Christians Brothers. Many who read this splatter of history will well remember them. In the days of their life and operation most every daily paper had something more or less to say about them. The native home of these boys was Texas. They came to the Indian territory in 1895 with their parents who were beloved and respected by all who knew them. It was said of Mr. and Mrs. Christian that two persons could scarcely be found who were more refined in their life and lived more godly and righteously than they. This family settled in Old Oklahoma near the line of the Indian territory a short distance from a saloon, the first saloon in all the Southwest, owned and operated by Bill Carr originally from Texas, also, known today as Sacred Heart, Oklahoma. The place was known to the early settlers as the Violet Springs saloon. It has been said that more men lost their lives around this place and at it than any place in all the country.

Bob and Will Christian were brothers, Bob being the older of the two; they were from a family of people of great reputation insomuch that it would have been the least expected that such desperate men would have sprang from such a family. Bob Christian was about the age of twenty when be began his desperate and outlaw life. He operated many months alone before his brother Will joined him. Will was still in his teens when he began his desperate, bandit operations. The writer never had a better friend than these boys; we were together for many years and were comrades in the wild days of the Southwest. We would have given our lives in friendship for each other; we thought of each other as brothers in the flesh. The bandit and outlaw life of Bob and Will Christian will go down in history never to be fully understood by those who knew them best. Their

lives greatly affected their parents and hurried them to their grave, for they did not live long after the boys began their desperate life. They died and passed on to their reward and their bodies sleep somewhere today on the lone prairies near the places named above, while their boys passed out of the knowledge of any one; passed away as the dream of the midnight hour. After several years of bandit and outlaw life, no one has ever heard of them, and it cannot be truthfully said by one who knew them, whether or not they are dead or alive.

They began their outlaw life in the year 1900. Bob Christian first began his career by peddling or bootlegging whiskey from this saloon among the Indians in the Seminole and Creek Nations. This was his first offense, at that time each Indian in these nations was paid by the government a sum of money, about sixteen or seventeen dollars a head monthly. So the Indians generally had some little money and they purchased their whiskey from Bob Christian. Much of every week was spent by him among the Indians and we boys were then employed by the chief of the Seminole tribe in a very large merchantile establishment owned and controlled by the chief, who was known throughout the country by his own race and the white race as Governor Brown.

So it was only a short time until a warrant was issued by the courts of Oklahoma county at Oklahoma City for the arrest of Bob Christian, charged with peddling or bootlegging whiskey in the Indian Territory. Conviction meant a penalty, of from one to five years in the penitentiary. The warrants were sent to every officer throughout the country, making it practically impossible for Bob to stay or live anywhere except with the wild animals and beasts of the forest among the brush of Little river. However, for the first few months, he engaged in several fights and running skirmishes with officers but he invariably made his escape to his hiding places named above.

Will, his brother, up to this time, had not violated the law in any way, but as we associated with him and talked to him, it was to be seen that he was day by day being drawn into this terrible life, the end of which has proven

to be the gallows or a prison cell for life. It was because of his love for his brother that he each day came nearer and nearer until at last he broke over by taking the life of a U. S. Marshal in the defense and protection of his brother.

Now before Will had fully decided to join his brother in the outlaw life, I could see that he grew desperate each day and I felt that something had to be done, and done quickly. So one afternoon I mounted my pony and rode to the home of his good parents in search of Will, seeking a conversation with him, and when I found him I proposed to him that we go in search for Bob, as I wanted to talk with them both together. We decided to ask Bob to give up, stand his trial and take the punishment inflicted upon him. So we mounted our horses, made off to the northeast and were soon in the neighborhood of his hiding place. There were several Indians and negroes living in this section of the country who, we learned later, were friends to Bob and did all possible for his comforts, and to protect and shield him.

His brother and I did not search his exact hiding place, but near the place there were located a number of Indian and negro huts. We learned later that the Indians and negroes did all they could to shield and comfort him by, furnishing him every possible necessity of life. In extreme cold, stormy weather he would often shelter with the Indians in their huts. Now as we were entering the timbers of a river bottom, we were following the trail that would have led us to a crossing known to the early settlers as the Bruner crossing which took its name from some slave negroes who were desperate characters and who committed a number of heinous crimes. Many of these Negroes died with their boots on, as did all others who defied the law and lived the outlaw life. We had gone only a short distance into the timber when we noticed, tied near the path, a beautiful horse saddled. We stopped and paused for a minute. Will, my comrade, spoke to me assuring me that the horse belonged to his brother; so we proceeded and drew alongside the horse, and just at this time Bob Christian emerged from behind a large tree a few rods away with a Winchester in his hand. Of course he had no doubt seen us and had alighted from his horse, took the tree for a shield and was ready for a fight to the finish, for the man never lived who

was gamer and possessed more of the daredevil spirit than did he.

Coming out in the open, he recognized us at once and was greatly surprised and filled with joy and gladness. We sat down on a log nearby and began to talk matters over, and I said to him, "Bob, old comrade, you know we have been together for a long time, and you have known me as a friend and not a traitor, and I have brought your brother with me that we all might council together as to the best thing for us boys for future life. I think your decision as too your own life will not only shape the destiny of your life but your brother's also, and I trust that you will appreciate my coming to you for this heart to heart talk concerning this all—important question. I said, "Bob, I know you are a good old scout, and a man as game as God ever made, but you will die as do all others of the outlaw life, with your boots on or in a prison cell. I therefore entreat you to give up this awful life." Just here his Brother, Will, interrupter by saying, if he was going to continue in such life he would not leave him to fight the fight alone, but would immediately join him. I said "Boys, that will never do, for you know that every man, it mattered not how game he was, or how good his marksmanship, the strong arm of the law sooner or later reached out and got him, either by death or prison cell." I advised him to go to Oklahoma City and give himself up and suffer the penalty that might be inflicted upon him, but he interrupted by asking me if I was a traitor, and his countenance and action in that moment led me to believe that he had just as soon shoot me as not, but I said, "Bob, you do not believe that, you have known me too long; I am not a traitor to you, but have always despised a traitor or a liar; I am not only trying to befriend you but your brother and father and mother." He was indeed a desperate man and you could see in the countenance of his brother the same marks of the outlaw. And for this reason I was deeply interested in them both and felt that I could see the end of such a life—death or the prison cell.

He finally agreed to write a letter to the judge of the courts and beg clemeny of the court telling the judge that if he would clear all records of charges against him, he would

return home to his father and mother and would not in any way commit another crime against law, but would as far possible obey the law and make a good citizen.

He received an answer in a few days with the following information; when he was arrested or surrendered himself to the courts a jury of twelve men, would hear his case and pass upon his guilt or innocence; the judge would then talk to him about clearing the court records of the charges against him, and a chance would be given him to make a good citizen but if convicted, he would have to serve or suffer the penalty inflected upon him.

Upon receipt of the letter from the judge he informed, the latter that he would never surrender or give up to the courts, but would die with his boots on. So it was only a few days later when Will, his brother, disappeared from home, and no one knew his whereabouts. For several weeks he was exiled from everyone, no knowledge or trace could be had of him.

Much anxiety was manifested by friends and relatives as to his whereabouts; many inquires were made by citizens and officers.

It was only a short time until some fine horses were stolen in the community and the Christian brothers were accused by the owners, of this theft. There was quite a sensation throughout the country and many people took their stand for and against the boys in this matter, but it was finally proven and known by the people that it was true that the boys had stolen the horses. Much had been said by the owner of the horses about this incident but it was all imaginary on his part as he knew nothing for certain and in the course of time the boys returned to the country and, by chance, met the owner of the horses, and questioned him concerning the accusation. He told them he had accused them of the deed and they confessed their guilt but had taken the horses in self defense to make their escape from the approaching officers that were in search of them. They agreed to tell him where the horses might be recovered if he would pledge to them his word and honor that he would forever keep secret and never betray their guilt. He agreed, and promised that he would not; but would be a true friend to them. They shook hands and departed and in a few

hours he was on his way to recover the stolen animals. They were kept on a ranch, owned and controled by an Indian in the Creek Nation, and were in good condition—it was said, much better than when stolen.

Within a few days he returned with the stolen animals and on coming to a saloon known as the Four Corner Saloon and located in the community where the Christian boys were best known, he entered the saloon where a number of men were drinking and gambling, and where many more had paid death penalty, men who knew the Christian boys and close friends, and began at once to relate the story of the stolen property, and who had stolen it. He boldly and above board gave the names of the two boys in violation of the very thing that he had staked his word and honor that he would not do.

A few days passed and they met again, coming face to face only a short distance southwest of the saloon; the boys were both riding on horseback while the man was afoot, they approached him and asked him if the reports were true that he had broken and violated his scared promise to them, and he said it was true. Then the eldest of the boys Bob drew his gun and began swearing and said he would make him dance until he would never again commit such another act, and his music would be the sound or report of his sixshooter and the inspiration or stimulation would be the bullets playing about his feet. So he began firing at his feet and the man began dancing; several times he was wounded but was not allowed to cease his efforts until the report of the gun was heard at the saloon by one Mr. Turner, a United States federal officer, who had in his possession a warrant for the arrest of Bob Christian. Hearing the gun shot he mounted his horse and hurried to the scene and when he arrived and saw what had happened, finding the man to be his own brother-in-law, Mr. Yoakum, he demanded the two boys to surrender and consider themselves under arrest, for he had a warrant and was going to serve it. Bob resisted the officer by saying, "You may go to a hotter climate and eat your warrant also." With this reply, the officer drew his gun and fired. The bullet took effect just over Bob's left eye, glancing around the skull. Will, his brother, being a gunsman true to type drew his gun

in a flash and took the life of the officer who fell headlong from his horse into some tall grass. The officer's horse fled from the scene as the former fell with his gun in hand. Strange to say, the gun was never found. The boys turned from the scene and fled in a southwestern direction, crossing a stream know as the Canadian river into the Choctaw Nation.

Now, this incident in the life of the boys created a still greater sentiment for and against them among the people and largely shaped or formed the destiny and life of these boys, as outlaws. Day and night they were run and hounded by officers from one end of the country to the other; they engaged with many officers in running fights and skirmishes, but it seemed that all times Providence was in their favor, and they invariably made their escape when it seemed at times that it was impossible for them to do so.

But after many months had passed and doubtless they had grown more desperate each day, their friends at last influenced them to consider surrendering to the authorities and stand trial and take the punishment inflected upon them. I never understood how this work was ever accomplished, I would have thought it would have been the last act of their lives to give up, but they did it. Doubtless it was brought to bear upon them in some way that they stood a fair chance of being acquitted as the officer had fired the first shot, which took effect over Bob's lift eye. So they surrendered and were tried in the court of Oklahoma county, Oklahoma before a jury of twelve men who rendered a verdict of guilty assessed the following penalties. Will, ten years; and Bob, fifteen years in the penitentiary.

They being in prison behind the bars, we would think their outlaw life was finished, but in fact, dear readers, it had just begun. The morning sun was just rising touching the lives of these boys. Bob Christian for years had a sweetheart, Miss Emma Johnston, of Texas, who proved later to be one among the most daring, desperate women of the Southwest. She followed him to this country. At the time of their trial and imprisonment her home was at Sasakwa, Oklahoma, cooking for a crew of men running a grist mill. Bob paid her several visits while at large and in hiding in the timber and brush of Little River.

After the sentence was imposed on the boys, the girl left immediately for Oklahoma City, and became an active member and worshiper in the Salvation army. The army would generally conduct services in the jail Sundays in the afternoon. None of the members of the army or the jailer knew anything of the girl; neither was she suspicioned in any way of knowing anything whatever about these outlaws. In some way she secured a couple of U. S. army guns, the same guns that were used at this time at Fort Sill, Oklahoma by the soldiers. She also, in some way, secured two forty-five Colts revolvers together with belts, scabbards and ammunition. She took the Winchesters, and in some way unknown to the jailor, concealed them under the jail near the door, she concealed the revolvers underneath her garments. When they came into the jail for services she took her position and sat down near the cell occupied by the two boys and another outlaw known as Buttermilk John. She managed to slip the weapons into the cell. This was about the hour of three in the afternoon. It was summertime and the days were long; and about the hour of five the jailor came in with their meals, and of course the moment he appeared they covered him with their guns, demanding their release.

He obeyed and released them. They took his keys locking him in their cell, and fled by the way of the front door of the jail, Bob securing one of the Winchesters that had been placed by the girl near the door. There was a federal officer standing near the gate of the jail yard on a beautiful horse, the outlaw fired at him and killed him instantly and rushed out, caught the horse, mounted it and fled through the city in an easterly direction. He crossed the river and disappeared, leaving his brother and one other criminal known as Buttermilk John behind to fight their way through and I will say too, that it has always been a mystery to me why he left his brother alone in the most critical hour of their outlaw life unless he felt sure of his brother's escape.

So within a few moments Will and his comrade also got into the street. There came down the street an aged woman driving a horse to a two wheeled cart, he seized her, threw her into the street, took the horse and cart and fled, and in his flight he was wounded in the neck narrowly escaping

death. However, wounded as he was, he deserted the cart, leaving it near the Canadian river, and swam the river and made his escape although he was closely pursued by officers and bloodhounds. In a short time he was safe in the hills and mountains of the Seminole Nation.

The third prisoner, Buttermilk John, was left alone to die or to make his escape, so he, too, attempted to take a horse and buggy belonging to an aged man, by entering the buggy and attempting to throw him out into the street, but the man in some way held the prisoner until the officers arrived. Being excited they fired on him and killed him and at the same time wounded the aged man.

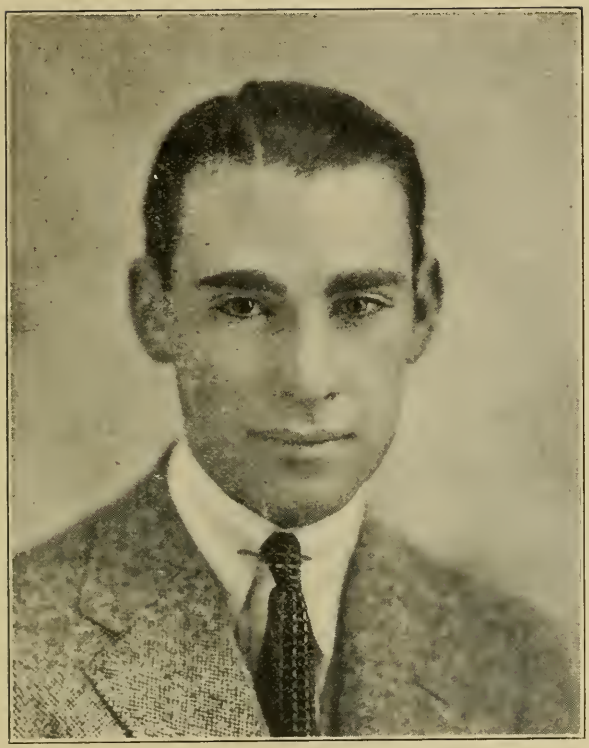
Now the same evening that the outlaws made their getaway, the girl, who had assisted them and who had no doubt furnished the weapons, disappeared from the city and joined the outlaws at the former home where they had taken refuge and were being treated for their wounds. At this time the writer was living with an aged Indian who lived near Little River. I was assisting the Indian in building a log hut. While at work in the timber one morning about the hour of ten, I noticed three persons coming on horseback, and as they drew near I recognized them to be two men and a woman. Each man had a Winchester in his hand, the woman had a belt of catridges an empty scabbard and a large sixshooter in her hand, and as they drew near, to my great suprise I recognized them to be the two Christian Boys and Emma Johnston, the girl I had formerly known at Sasakwa, Oklahoma. I asked them how came them there, and they told me that a few days ago they had been sentenced to the penitentiary at Leavensworth, Kansas, and that the authorities had given them permission to go through on horseback.

So we all sat down upon the ground and they related to me the whole story of their escape and experience. As I sat there, there came to me a vision of their future life. I knew what it all meant and what the end would be; however, it did not prove to be just as I thought of it in those moments.

Forty-eight hours had passed since their escape and they had nothing whatsoever to eat. The home of the old Indian with whom I was living was only a short distance; he had

some wild meat cooked and a little Sofaka corn, which I went and brought to them and they ate; and it seemed to me that they enjoyed it as much as any meal that I had ever seen eaten. It was growing late in the afternoon when they took their departure, all riding in Indian file, and soon disappeared in the thickness of the forest. They were no doubt on their way to the Jack Fork mountains in the Choctaw nation where they stayed in hiding for months.

In a few months they appeared again engaging three federal officers in gun battle, in which one officer lost his life another one wounded. Bob Christian barely escaped death, only having the protection of tall sage grass, after his horse had been shot from under him while the fight was on. The officers had no knowledge of the location of the girl but she stood near a quarter of a mile away with her gun resting along the side of a tree from which position she sent a bullet on its deadly mission which no doubt rescued her sweetheart from death or capture. Now, after the fight was over, the officer lay on the ground in a dying position, and the outlaw came to him, took his gun and his horse and at the same time told him he would, on the next night return the horse and saddle to his widow, who at that time lived at Purcell, Oklahoma. The officer at Purcell, having some confidence in the outlaws promise, kept close guard until an early hour in the morning but giving up all hopes that the outlaw would make his promises good and reurn the horse, they went to their homes. To their great suprise, when the sun arose, the horse and saddle were in the lot. Much more could be said of the outlaw life of the early days and even of the Christian boys and their operations, but we will close by saying that the Christian gang was the most noted of all outlaws for the reason that they committed many robberies and killed a number of men. They have escaped the penalty of their just and due reward until this day.



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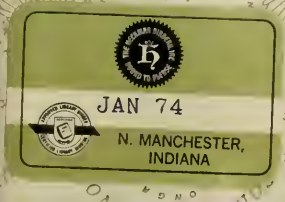

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