

A Real Apache Indian at Harvard College.

Grandson of Chief Cochise, One of the Worst Redskins Who Ever Lived, and How He Has Been Civilized.

FROM PAPOOSE TO COLLEGE BOY

The Cigarette Girl Who Set Two States by the Ears.

Pretty Miss Whitney Couldn't Be a Maid of Honor at Kansas City's Carnival Because She Was a Working Girl.

DOWN a Cambridge street in Boston last week came a drove of Western broncos, driven by a broad-batted imitation of the genus cowboy. The horses were restless and wild and were controlled with difficulty.

On a street corner near Harvard square stood a group of college students. They saw the approaching drove of horses and were interested.

Suddenly one of the young men, with a whoop and a shout of laughter, ran out and sprang on the back of one of the wildest horses in the bunch. The animal reared and plunged and bucked in the most approved cowboy fashion. The young man kept his seat as easily as a traveler in a parlor car. When the horse was tired out, he dismounted, patted the beast on the neck and rejoined his companions.

The rider was Antonio Apache—Antonio, the grandson of Cochise, the great war chief of the Apaches, blood-thirstiest of American redskins. At the sight of the half-tamed horses all his wild nature had flared up, as the dying embers of an old campfire flare at the touch of new fuel.

And Antonio is a Harvard student. Grandson of one of the most savage Apache chiefs in the history of that barbarous tribe, he has made his way from the wigwam to the university, from the prairies to the classic shades replete with memories of Holmes, of Longfellow and Lowell.

There is but little in Antonio as he stands there with his companions that suggest the wild, ungovernable life of the forest of the redskin tribes.

His face is of the tawny hue of copper, his eyes are bright, black and flashing, and his hair is like the mane of a mustang, but the refining influences of civilization have taken away the savage instincts that made his grandfathers famous.

Here is the story of the gradual civilizing of Antonio Apache, as told by army records and by those who have followed him in his later career.

The war fires are lit in the Sierra Madre Mountains. Away up in the mysterious fastnesses, the home of the cruel Apache, there are smokes and smokes. There are long, thin columns that mean "Alarm," and a long single column that means "Attention." These are the telegraph signals of the Indian.

High among the crags, hundreds of black, beady eyes are peering toward the sunrise, where a weary troop of United States cavalry is making its way across a barren, twenty miles away.

A few miles in front of the soldiers a flock of vultures are wheeling above a burned ranch, about which are scattered dead horses and dead men.

The soldiers sight the burned buildings and hurry forward. They pause by the murdered and mutilated remains of the ranchman and his family. Then they raise their eyes to the far away Sierras where the signal smokes are rising.

The Apaches see them coming. The Indians understand that they are to be pursued.

Close to the trail leading down the mountain stands a young squaw peering under her hand at the barren reaches of desert far beneath. By her side stands a sturdy little Apache boy about four years old. He holds in his hand a tiny bow, and over his beaded and feathered back there is a small quiver fringed with bright plumes.

"See," says the squaw, "there are the enemies of the Apache. You must learn to kill them. Do you see away off there beyond the mesquit flats? Do you see the blue things with the iron guns? They are coming to kill us, my little warrior."

"Let us go to meet them and kill them instead," said the boy.

A few moments later the band of Apaches were filing along the dim trail toward the backbone of the Madre range. They left but few indications of their passage behind them. Their ponies were unshod and the tent poles scraped across the flints without leaving a mark that would have been visible to an inexperienced eye.

The Apaches were visibly uneasy, however. Out in advance of the far away soldiers they could see several small moving dots that panned now and then, scrutinizing the mountains long and earnestly.

These were the Navajo scouts of the army and were feared by the Apaches more than the soldiers themselves.

on every side, and the Apaches were swept back. A rough hand grasped the reins of his pony's bit-bridle and a sun-burned mustache face was thrust close to his own.

"Ho! my little Pash; fighting yet, are ye? Why, kid, the fight's been over ten minutes. Shoot, would ye? Gimme that bow, and be a good boy. Little Mescalero, sure as yer born."

When the squad of soldiers rode away a little spotted pony trotted alongside the Colonel's horse and on the pony's back sat the "little warrior" bowless, arrowless, tearless and still a savage from his moccasins up.



CHIEF COCHISE

The manly bearing of the little fellow soon made him a prime favorite with the rough soldiers, and his silent fortitude won their constant admiration. They learned to love the little Indian brave, who was so strong and daring and who showed such evident traces of his good blood without the evil ingredients so conspicuous in his race. For want of a better name they called him "Antonio." The great General Crooke himself learned to know and to admire him.

After a time the soldiers sent him to Fortrose Monroe, where he could be better cared for. Here the young redskin was sent to school along with the children of the white folks. He was surprisingly apt and quick to learn, and early showed a remarkably retentive memory.

A child of nature in the real meaning of that term, he grew strong, agile and handsome, quick and true of eye, a born huntsman and an adept horseman. He became the pride of the soldiers, and was always a favorite wherever he went. He tried his hand at various things, farming among them, and then attempted to learn some trade, but his nomadic tendency and his taste for books and civilization, which were constantly growing stronger and stronger, kept him from settling down to anything for any length of time.

Antonio drifted East about seven years ago and learned the trade of a leather worker in Boston. There it was that he met Professor Putnam, of Harvard. This seemed to be the turning point in his career. He frequently dropped into the Peabody Museum, and the Professor became interested in the boy. When Professor Putnam went to Chicago to take charge of the ethnological department of the World's Fair he bethought him of his young Indian protégé and conceived the idea that he might be of value in the important work of collecting material for this interesting feature of the fair. He made the proposition to Antonio, who eagerly accepted it.

Antonio was made one of the seventy-five assistants who scoured the country for the material for the Indian village. He collected a mass of valuable material, and when he returned to Chicago was rewarded by being given the position of superintendent of the Indian camp. Here he was in his element, and was a great success. Antonio soon became one of the best-known and most popular men at the fair.

It was while he was working in this department that he was christened. Professor Putnam in providing him with funds during his work of collecting was obliged to send him checks. He explained to the boy that he couldn't very well make a check payable to "Antonio." The Indian replied that that was the only name he had. Professor Putnam suggested that this was a good opportunity for him to perpetuate the name of his tribe aside from its significance as a clanish title.

"Make it your family name, Antonio," he said. "I christened him then and there," said Professor Putnam, "and that's how his name became Antonio Apache."

After the fair was over he was engaged in the Field Columbian Museum, making several trips through the West and South while in its employ.

But it is not in peaceful life alone that Antonio has won success. He has smelt powder, young as he is, and has gratified his natural warrior tendencies on the battlefield. During the operations of the Federal troops against the Bannock Indians the young Apache was placed in charge of the scouts by General Coppinger and served with honor and distinction. While scouting he did his first literary work, trying his hand with considerable success at newspaper correspondence, his letters being published in several leading papers.

A year ago Antonio came to Exeter to prepare for Harvard. He remained there

until last Spring, when he came to Cambridge and put himself in charge of a tutor to prepare for the entrance examinations.



Found on the Plains by U.S. CAVALRY AS A GOVT. SCOUT

and the dice are of Indian style. He has secured patents and copyrights and is soon to put the game on the market. He hopes to make enough money out of it to pay his way through Harvard.

For years Antonio has cherished the hope of sometime realizing the height of his ambition—going to Harvard—and how he is about to realize his fondest dream. He is a bright, intellectual, refined youth of only twenty-four, handsome as an Apollo, in spite of his copper-hued skin and broad, flat nose. He is bound to create a sensa-

tion in the university city, for he has been lionized wherever he has been during the last few years.

The blanket has given way to the creation of the perfect tailor, and the thirst for blood to the desire for knowledge. For already this child of the forest has become a polished gentleman, and dresses with scrupulous care and neatness, to say nothing of fashion.

He has earned with his own hands the money to pay for his preliminary training and will work his way through Harvard.

scathing sarcasms indulged in that almost wither the wheat of Kansas and the corn of Missouri.

The central figure of all this is Miss Edna Whitney, of Chillicothe, Mo., a pretty cigarette girl. Because of her occupation the society people of Kansas City, Mo., through their chosen representative, refused to associate with her. And because of this all Kansas is craving the honor of worshipping at her shrine.

Every year Kansas City and Topeka have carnivals. The great social feature of Kansas City's celebration is the Flower Parade, and the presiding genius is known as Kween Karnation. After the fashion of all queens, she has maids of honor, who are selected by the leading towns of the State, each town being represented by a maid.

Chillicothe, Mo., is one of the favored towns. The young woman who received the majority of votes was Miss Edna Whitney, and forthwith her name was forwarded to the Executive Committee of the Flower Parade at Kansas City. But there were murmurings in Chillicothe. Although Miss Whitney was beautiful, and as good as she was charming, she was a cigarette girl—an employe of a tobacco factory! There were girls in Chillicothe who were not pretty, and who elevated their noses at the factory operatives. That one of these should succeed in gaining the coveted social honor was simply unbearable, they declared. And thus, by aid of Uncle Sam's mail service, a protest in the name of the Chillicothe society girls who were not chosen came before the Flower Committee.

Now, the chairman of Kansas City's Flower Committee is Mrs. John Kenny Craven, so whom society bows down, and whose smile fills ambitious parvenues with appreciative bliss. Mrs. Craven declares her skirts are clear of what followed, but in this instance, as before, there are others who say differently. In any event, a few hours afterward a telegram went over the wires to Miss Whitney at Chillicothe. This was the telegram:

Miss Edna Whitney, Chillicothe, Mo.:
Your occupation is a barrier to your acting as maid of honor.
W. S. HOLLIDAY,
For Flower Parade.

Miss Whitney's blue eyes snapped, and every separate brown hair of her pretty head shook with indignation. Then she told the story to her friends, and in two hours Chillicothe had its first real sensation since the war.

"So she 'snt' good enough?" said the people of Chillicothe—barring the society girls who were not selected.

"Well, we'll see about that."

They sent no protest by mail, but voted it at Kansas City. Every girl or woman who worked, every member of the labor organizations took up the cry. The society people listened with frozen indifference at first, and said the storm was merely socialism and would subside.

It did not subside. It is growing yet. And, worst of all, Kansas is no longer bleeding, but prosperous. Kansas has taken it up. President O. K. Holliday, Jr., of the Kansas carnival knights, and a son of the millionaire founder of the Santa Fe Railway system, jumped on his chair at a meeting called to consider the matter, and proposed that an invitation be tendered to Miss Whitney to come to Kansas with the title of Princess Lorena, and become first maid of honor to the queen of Kansas.

"This State," said Mr. Holliday, "honors a girl who makes an honest living for herself and her widowed mother by honest toil, and I propose a recognition of the nobility of labor."

A PRETTY cigarette girl has created a war between two States that has shaken society therein to its very foundations. Governor is arrayed against Governor. The one has offered the Senate Chamber of the Capitol of the State to the cigarette girl, to be used as her apartment while the guest of the people of the State. The other elevates his proboscis and sides with the society people who have scorned the pretty young woman who earns her own living.

Not since war time has society in Kansas and Missouri—for these are the States—been so convulsed. Family skeletons are being dragged out into public view, and

signed by the knights and the queen-elect of Kansas. She accepted, and one hundred knights will be placed at her disposal as an escort and guard while she is in Kansas. The young men of Topeka have guaranteed to find her a royal carriage, with \$500 worth of flowers in it, and the young ladies of the State will loan her a wardrobe and jewelry that will be worth \$150,000.

When Governor Leeder, of Kansas, was informed of the matter he tendered the working girl the beautiful Senate Chamber of Kansas for her apartments during her visit to the State. "I am delighted," he said. "In Kansas a girl who works is as good as any other girl, and generally a great deal better. Those society people in Missouri who rejected this girl are not a generation removed from the livery stables and the pig pens, and the father of the snob who sent her the telegram stating that 'her occupation was a barrier' was a plasterer in St. Louis only a few years ago."

"Away such snobbishness. I am not individually interested in the carnival, but if I can do anything to show honor to this humiliated poor working girl I will do so. I would rather give welcome to an honest girl who works to our State than any princess of the blood royal I ever heard of."

Kansas City's social leaders simply swelled with indignation at this remark. To be talked to this way by a lot of Populists, they said, and all because of a poor cigarette girl. How could she expect to be a maid of honor to Kween Karnation, who in private life is Miss Craven, daughter of the chairman of the Executive Committee, and John Kenny Craven, Esq. Ridiculous. They also made divers remarks concerning the lineage of the Kansas partisans of Miss Whitney, as well as the few members of Kansas City's smart set who boldly declared that the young lady's occupation was no bar at all, and to work was not disgraceful.

Meanwhile Miss Whitney is continuing at the occupation which is a bar in Missouri, but not in Kansas. When the time comes she will go to Topeka, and in jewels and fine gowns looks as radiant as becomes the first maid of honor to a queen.

Some strange results develop under the influence of unseemly notes, but none is more remarkable than that in the case of a Harlemite who has become a human time table for the New York Central road, which has its tracks along Park avenue, through which trains come and go in and out of New York.

From One Hundred and Tenth street to Mott Haven the tracks are laid along a wide iron trestle which rises from the street some twenty feet, passing along on a level with the windows of the second story in the tenement houses on either side.

A swift train in flight over this structure makes a sound like the discharge of continuous artillery rolling up from the distance and bursting like thunder as it passes a window. People who live along the line are accustomed to the sound and sleep on peacefully under the influence of its strange crescendo. But there is one man near the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station who is so completely controlled by it that he has become a human time table, and when any of the swift flyers that do not stop in the neighborhood of Harlem come along the least bit late he awakens from his slumber and cannot again pass into the land of dreams until the flyer has whirled past his apartment.

For three years he has lived in the neighborhood and during that time he has been awakened on an average once a week and has leaned toward the window to catch the low rumble of the belated train. The time the gam burst at Matamoras and swept six hundred yards of the track toward the Hudson River the human time table got no sleep at all, because the Boston and New Haven trains could not get through before daybreak, and he lay awake all night listening. The accommodation trains have no effect upon him, but a tardy express disturbs him to full wakefulness every time.

Rare Crab That Acts as a Door-keeper.

In the West Indies the natives train a rare species of crab to act as a servant. This animal is about the size of a football. One of its claws is nearly as big as the rest of the body. The crab has a fashion of raising this limb in such a way as to give the impression that it beckons or threatens.

In appearance it is a very formidable brute, possessing enormous eyes and feelers. It takes up its position at the front door of the house, and acts in every way as a watchdog, and every bit as faithfully. It is possessed of wonderful strength, speed and stamina, easily overtaking an enemy not possessed of sprinting powers.

Its instinct is very acute, and it is rarely at fault in spotting a person who approaches the house with any evil intention. Woe to the intruder if he gets into the clutches of the merciless doorkeeper! It will require a sledgehammer to extricate him from the embrace.

This crab is of a very affectionate disposition toward members of the household, and plays with children with the gentleness of an English retriever. It is highly prized by natives on account of its usefulness as a house defender, and is very costly to buy.



Miss Edna Whitney, the Pretty Cigarette Girl, Who Has Caused an Interstate Social War.

Human Time Table in a Harlem Flat.

Rare Crab That Acts as a Door-keeper.