Uncle Sam's "Prisoner Band"

To Avoid the Anomaly of a Second Generation of Children Being Born "Prisoners of War" the Government Is Preparing to Make Final Disposition of the Followers of the Bloodthirsty Geronimo—Closing Chapter in the History of the Apache Indians

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WAR prisoners, even to the second generation!

Such is the fate of the last of the Apaches, who, under the leadership of Geronimo, took the warpath in '85 and '86 and whose name for many years was symbolical of terror throughout Arizona and New Mexico.

The United States War Department, appreciating the anomaly of a second generation of children being born prisoners of war under the American flag, is now making plans for some permanent settlement of the question, and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs has recommended that Geronimo's band—consisting of descendants of the original prisoners—who are still under the jurisdiction of the War Department, shall be freed.

For military purposes the government is anxious to obtain the land that is now occupied by these Indians, and Colonel Hugh L. Scott, U. S. A., was recently assigned to inquire into the best method of removing them. He recommends that they be permitted to make their home among their relatives in the Mescalero Reservation, in New Mexico. Before this can be done legislation is needed that will provide for the purchase of their cattle and other possessions, and for the allotment of land to those who do not wish to go to the Mescaleros. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has taken the position that land should be allotted at Fort Sill to any who desire to stay there, and that the alternative should be absolutely voluntary with the Indians.

The prisoner band of Indians formerly lived in Arizona, at the San Carlos mission of Fort Apache, in the Chiricuhua Mountains, and also at Warm Springs, N. M. A few of the tribe still live in Arizona, but their longing for their native country is pitiful.

At the time of Geronimo's surrender the tribe numbered over four hundred; now there are only 267 left, and owing to their reservation lines being drawn more and more closely together and to the fact that they are not allowed to mingle with any other tribe this number will rapidly decrease.

In 1895 the Rev. Frank H. Wright, himself half Indian, as his father was a full blooded Choctaw, went out to the prisoner band to see what he could do toward ameliorating their fate. Money was given by the Reformed Church to the Board of Domestic Missions for this purpose, and he says of their condition at that time:—

"The Apaches still maintain their rather high order of intelligence, but the closeness of their confinement is breeding disease and killing them. When one remembers their last battles one hardly knows which to admire most, the wonderful endurance of the American soldiers or the craftiness and generalship of those few warriors, beating a retreat to the faraway mountains of Sonora in Mexico, carrying with them their women, children and all their means of sustenance.

"Geronimo, Naiche and Chihuahua were their leaders, and although Geronimo was not a hereditary chief, or a Medicine Man, he won the ascendency by certain shrewd prophecies in regard to the battles they engaged in.

"When I first came in touch with these people they were still in camp on the north banks of Cache Creek, under the charge of Captain Scott and Lieutenant Allyn Capron, who was killed in the Spanish war. These two officers gave us permission to hold a camp meeting, and the church call was sounded.

"At this time the government was building houses for the prisoners in different villages, twelve in all. Each village was in charge of a scout, who was selected as the most prominent man in each village. In this way responsibility was placed upon the Indians, and their villages extended along a six mile stretch of country.

"The way did not seem feasible to us to continue our work among them, so we turned to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes in Oklahoma and were successful in starting a mission there that was placed in charge of the Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Roe, at Colony, which has since that time carried on the work efficiently. Later we again went back to the prisoner band and found that from the standpoint of material progress they were well on the way to learning the art of self-support. They had a few houses, and the government compelled them to keep these and their premises in sanitary order; they had some small farms, and were raising corn, potatoes and garden vegetables; they had cattle and grew their own hay. "But from a religious and moral standpoint they were degraded, were inveterate gamblers and were immoral. Some had gone East to school, but on their return they almost invariably relapsed into the old habits. Our greatest difficulty lay in reaching the women, for the squaws are more backward and much harder to turn from Indian customs than the bucks."

Throughout the tribes the mission work is the same. It consists primarily in religious instruction, the care of the old and the sick and the teaching of the squaws how to keep comfortable homes in so far as this is possible.

The average Indian is by no means a fool, and those who state with confidence that there is "no good Indian but a dead one" are vastly mistaken.

Several Indians have come East, studied in two of our greatest colleges—Harvard and Yale—and have gone back to their people, taking with them tangible evidences of the white man's power, evidences that their people could understand and against which "medicine" (magic) had but little effect.

For it must be understood that "medicine" and the Indians' belief in it is not a matter of mere superstition, but a thing that is bred in the bone, a thing that is so securely fixed in an Indian's brain that the Christianizing of it is an almost superhuman feat. Yet it has been accomplished in a great many cases by the sheer force of kindness and patience.

Knowing these things, then, it is a great pity that we of the Eastern world, which to the Indian is symbolical of all power, should treat such of them that come to us for an education with scant civility.

There is the case of a full blooded Indian who had made up his mind that he would "obey the words of the white man" and gain an education, so that he might help in the work among his own kind.

In this way and that, working on government roads, doing anything he could, he finally earned enough money to come East, and landed with his little cowhide trunk on the railway platform of one of our college cities. He did not know what to do next; all that he realized was that he had at last reached his goal.

A station porter saw a magnificent type of a man patiently sitting on the little trunk and directed him to the college register's office. He was assigned to a room, and he went there, carrying his all. It was a double room, and the other man was unpacking. The instant that he saw the Indian he told him that he would have to get out. So the Indian went back to the register and asked for a new assignment. After some demur it was granted. The same thing happened, but without a word the Indian went to the office for the third time. A long delay ensued, but he once more got an assignment.

This room was vacant when he went in, the other man having made himself quite at home and gone out. The Indian went to bed. When the white man came in and saw the swarthy face on the pillow he made a futor and told the Indian that he would have to "move on."

With all the stoicism of his race the Indian repacked his few belongings, carried them down to the street, and knowing that it was then too late to go anywhere else, he sat on the trunk all night, hungry, tired and cold, as he told of it afterward:—"Feeling that my trunk was the only friend that I had in the white man's world."

Yet the East boasts of its charity, its broadmindedness, its ease of adaptation. The East seems to forget that such men are the men who can do more toward the solving of the Indian problem than all the missionaries put together.

Dr. John R. Mott told the writer that the Rev. W. C. Roe was doing a wonderful work, and that his success among the Indians was remarkable. So it is. But when one sees such evidences of absolute narrowness in one of our greatest institutions of learning one is inclined to doubt the efficacy of the E Pluribus Unum theory.

Dr. Roe explains the situation as it is to-day in saying that by the treaty of February 17, 1897, the Kiowa-Apaches, within whose reservation the military post of Fort Sill was included, because they sympathized with the prisoner band, voluntarily ceded to the United States 26,897 acres, and later added 1,200 "for permanent settlement thereon of the Apache prisoners of war and for military purposes."

This land, in addition to the 23,240 acres that constituted the Fort Sill reservation, was amply sufficient to provide 160 acres each to the members of the band, and was intended for this purpose, but because of the martial spirit that was revived by the Spanish War Fort Sill was enlarged, and the Indians, still captives, never had their lands allotted to them, and have grown discontented, beseeching that they get land and freedom.

At a recent council 137 of them decided to go to the Mescalero Apache reserve in the mountains of New Mexico, and the remaining 95, who are the younger and more educated men, and their families asked that they get the land given them by their friends and that their freedom be granted.

The real industrial work among the Apaches began in 1838 through a gift of $1,250 at one of the Mohonk conferences, and it has steadily broadened ever since.

The Indians' occupation varies with their different allotments of land. In some places farming is the most successful, in others cattle raising, in still others working on government roads, for which the Indian gets about $2.50 a day. But there are other allotments where the land is so poor that the Indians have great difficulty in making a living.

The present system of annuities, that is practically the only money that the Indian sees, varies from $2 a year to $80, and it is in an instalment plan payment for the lands that have been taken from the tribes and thrown open to homesteaders. This is all the help that the government gives. In earlier days there were "rations," but these have been cut off, except for the old and sick. In a tribe of five hundred, for instance, a very small proportion of them will have ration tickets.

In 1904 one of their chiefs came to New York and stayed with a mission worker. He could speak no English, but he was much impressed with the power of the white man. He said, by the medium of the uni-Indian sign language, that he realized that the white man could make anything that he wanted, but that he doubted whether the white man was improving; that the white man had so many things to think about he was superficial in them all, and that he hopped about on all things like a mosquito, whereas the Indian had few things and spent much thought thereon.

The Indian's worship of Nature still continues. Medicine Bluff has been an object of worship for generations. The creek foams and eddies at its foot, the rock is bare, and at sunset the shadows are mysterious and vague. All these are the things that the Indian loves. He worships the material representation of that which he believes to be immortal.

Indians Drawing Rations

Apaches at a Camp Meeting

Notche, an Apache United States Scout

Squaws of Prisoner Band

Missionary's Field Tent

Good Natured Nature Stories.

Clams That Drown Men.

THOSE of us whose acquaintance with clams embraces only the Little Neck variety are slow to think evil of any members of so delightful a family, but the inoffensive Little Neck has some big brothers who vigorously resent any attempt to pry into their personal affairs.

Men have accidentally stepped into the open jaws of these huge clams at low tide, and the clams, closing their jaws, have held them fast until the tide rose, when the men were drowned. Other men have reached for a lure in the form of a luminous spot. The instant they touched it the shells of a clam closed on their arms and in a few minutes the men were drowned.

Some of these clams that trap men are found embedded in the coral reefs of the Pacific and Indian oceans, and the men captured are pearl divers. The flesh of one of these huge clams sometimes weighs twenty pounds, and added to that is the five hundred pounds or more of shell. The shell is sometimes five feet long by two and three-quarters wide.

An Elephant's Roll.

THE spectacle of an elephant rolling down a precipice head over heels must be a rare and exciting scene. Such a sight came within the experience of a British officer in India charged with the conduct of an establishment which included the capture and care of elephants

This officer and a large body of native servants were taking a herd of elephants through the country when they came to the foot of a steep ascent in which was a pass where they could go only in single file and which took much time to get over.

The officer saw that they should be kept for hours if this were the only way up, but he felt sure that the opposite side of the spur around which the "nullah" wound must be at least as easy as this; so, leaving his chief assistant and half the following to get up by the first route, he took all the elephants and the rest of the men along the "nullah" and around the spur, where they put the elephants at the steep ascent, the unloaded ones taking the lead and breaking down the bamboos and the long grass. After a tedious climb under the hot sun the party reached a level saddle on the top at twelve o'clock. At the same time the chief assistant brought up the last of his detachment.

The men now preceded the officer along the narrow saddle, while the elephants rested to cool and feed after their climb, and the officer and his men followed in an hour. The saddle was exceedingly narrow and obstructed with bamboos and grass. A mishap occurred in the worst part of the way.

One elephant, Bunda, was leading, the officer's beast being second at the time, when a large portion of earth over which he was passing suddenly gave way and, with a bellow of fright, the unlucky Bunda slid down some yards and then rolled over and over five distinct times down the steep grass hill and stopped short just by a deep ravine at the bottom.

As Bunda made no sound when he got to the bottom the officer feared that he must be killed. There was a great smashing of pots and pans during his roll, for Bunda carried the native doctor's effects, among which were his live stock, consisting of eight ducks.

Looking down the long lane of grass, the officer was relieved to see Bunda getting to his feet; his gear was left half way, the girth ropes having broken. His mahout, like many natives when suddenly confronted by danger or difficulty, had quite lost his senses and now commenced to beat his breast and exclaim that his elephant was dead. The officer pushed him aside, sending him flying down the slippery lane after his elephant, which he nearly reached before he stopped. The officer followed, holding on by the grass, and the two men tried to soothe the unhappy beast. After some difficulty Bunda was got on the path again and the party proceeded.

The Raccoon as a Surgeon.

FOXES and wolves, and probably a few other animals, have been known to release themselves from the jaws of a trap by cutting off with their teeth the leg which was caught, but it has been asserted very often that the raccoon does not perform any such heroic surgery. This statement is, however, a mistake, as is evidenced by a well authenticated occurrence in the South.

Not so long ago, on the banks of the Mississippi River, a number of men were engaged in cutting sawlogs. They had felled a large sycamore, about three and a half feet in diameter, and while cutting it through at a point about thirty-five feet from the ground the saw came upon something which operated on the teeth exactly like iron, and the workmen could go no further.

They removed the saw and cut the tree through a few inches further along, when they found it was hollow and that the entrance to the hole was still higher up the trunk. At the bottom of the hollow they found the obstruction which had stopped the saw, a foot or so of small chain attached to a rusty old steel trap, which was clinched tight upon the full set of bones belonging to the right hind foot of some animal about the size of a raccoon. No other bones were found in the tree, and therefore the little creature could not have died there. When the trap was shown to a naturalist the bones were still held in its jaws. When the naturalist observed that the animal must have been a raccoon, he was met at once with the answer, "The raccoon never cuts its leg off."

A few days afterward, about a mile from the spot where this tree was felled, a hunting party killed a raccoon with only three feet, the right hind one being gone. This was doubtless, in the opinion of the naturalist, the raccoon whose foot was found in the trap.

Some Odd Corners in Coins.

THERE have occurred from time to time in various countries all manner of "corners" in coins, traceable to all manner of queer origins.

Some years ago an individual named Peterson established in a "boom" town of Oklahoma a bank that was a branch of a larger institution elsewhere. As, for special reasons, the people of the new town would have nothing to do with the new bank the outlook for Peterson was a gloomy one.

After reflection he hit upon a happy expedient. He sent out men commissioned to go to all the stores of the place to get change for greenbacks and bank notes. In a little while he had all the coined money in the town, the result being, of course, that the good people of the coming metropolis were flush of greenbacks, but had no "change."

Some one suggested that Peterson's bank might possess some of the coined pieces, and accordingly a rush was made there, where every one was obliged with silver. The ruse of the wily Peterson had the desired effect, as the next morning his bank was filled with depositors.

Superstition has frequently been the basis of a corner in coins of a particular denomination. A remarkable case of this kind occurred in Southern Russia in 1903. There appeared at Berdiansk, on the Sea of Azov, a person proclaiming himself a prophet, and as such he announced his intention of redeeming the world. Among the queer doctrines advanced by this individual was included the decree that all his followers must retain all five kopeck pieces issued in the year 1861, the year of the emancipation of the serfs. They were by reason of that event held to be holy.

It was not long before the ignorant peasants in the vicinity became convinced that all pieces of that denomination should be taken to the prophet for preservation. The heaven-sent one further announced that should the fatherland get into difficulty every one of the coins in question would "turn to gold" and thus save the Empire.

And so it happened that over an area of three hundred miles Russian peasants were feverishly collecting the "holy" pieces and turning them over to the prophet. When he had gathered a goodly number of the coins he decamped.

In a way the Russian government may be said to corner its own coins of one denomination. Each year it mints a limited number of bronze pieces of the nominal value of one-fourth of a kopeck, about one-eighth of a cent. As these coins are practically not in circulation only a few are issued.

It is really an easy matter in small towns to corner a particular coin. At a Welsh holiday resort members of the local band became so indignant at the large proportion of halfpennies in their "silver collections" that they locked up every halfpenny received. The consequence was that in a few weeks there was hardly a halfpenny in the town. Then the band reaped a harvest of coins of higher value.

Cornering gold coins demands a capital that few men possess. Some years ago, however, at Dieppe, there occurred a sudden scarcity of ten franc and twenty franc pieces, due to the operations of an eccentric Britisher, who, for some cryptic reason, had the day before changed several hundred bank notes of high value into gold. Laden with the coins, he left for Paris, and a week elapsed before the town regained its normal amount of gold.

An attempt to corner the Maria Theresa dollars, used in parts of Northern Africa, collapsed by reason of a queer circumstance. An Abyssinian, Ras Makoppo, conceived the unique scheme of collecting all specimens of these coins extant in his district. As they were old coins, he reasoned, they would rise in value. When he had possessed himself of about three thousand of them he found that the country was as well supplied with them as before.

While he had been busy collecting them modern Maria Theresa dollars, made in Germany, were being imported by the thousand. The result was that the coin fell in value, and the too astute chief lost half his wealth.

JOHN SMITH EVERYWHERE

THE good old name of John Smith does not suggest in English any great degree of aristocracy, but transferred to other languages it seems to climb the ladder, so to speak.

Thus, in Latin it is Johannes Smithus, the Italian smooths it off into Giovanni Smithi, the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus, the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt, the French flatten it out into Jean Smeet and the Russian says Jonloff Smittowski.

When John Smith gets into the tea trade in Canton he becomes Jovan Shimmit; if he clambers about Mount Hecla the Icelanders refer to him as Jahne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras he becomes Ton Qa Smittia; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmittiweiski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains they talk of Jihon Schmidd; when he goes to Mexico he is called Jontli F'Smitti; if of classic turn he lingers among Greek ruins he turns to 'Ion Smikton, and in Turkey he is utterly disguished as Yoe Seef.

STAINING GLASS.

THE art of coloring glass has been lost and refound, guarded and stolen so many times during the history of civilization that it seems almost impossible to say anything new on glass staining. Yet a process has been discovered for making the stained glass used in windows which is a departure from anything known to the old timers.

The glass first receives its design in mineral colors, and the whole is then fired in a heat so intense that the coloring matter and the glass are indissolubly fused. The most attractive feature of this method is that the surface acquires a peculiar pebbled character in the heat, so that when the glass is in place the lights are beautifully soft and mellow.