

This Scout Was Warned of General Custer's Fate

By CLYDE ROBERTS

WITH his praises unsung in the pages of history, and unknown, save to a few of his intimate friends, the last of that famous ring of pioneer scouts who guided the vanguard of civilization through the Northwest, awaits the end of an adventurous life to take the "long trail" in peace at his home in Kansas City. In private life he is Harvey S. Faucett, a small produce dealer at the city market. But in his palmy days his name rang across the plain and through the mountain pass as Arapahoe Harve, the eagle of the trail.

Behind him are adventures crowded one upon another through the twenty-five years of service in Wyoming, Montana, Colorado and Kansas, as a government and professional scout. And gone before him are his friends and associates, Kit Carson, Buffalo Bill, California Joe, Ranger Hank, and a dozen others, any of whom was glad to shake his hand on the plain.

Even the most casual observer who chances to visit the city market cannot help but perceive something unusual in the old man. There is in his step the stealthy tread of the Sioux or Cheyenne brave, and at 76 years he is as straight as an arrow. Only the long, white hair, thinned by the fleeting years, shows as the mark of age, but the numerous scars of the Indian tomahawk, hunting knife and bullet on his body stand as evidence of enough adventures to make up the lives of a dozen ordinary men. Of these experiences he has little to say because they recall to him those picturesque years when the white man pushed the aborigine back against the setting sun.

Among his adventures is one that gives him the distinction as the only white man who had an inkling of the massacre of General George H. Custer and his 276 men on the headwaters of the Little Big Horn River in June, 1876, in what is now the state of Montana. That information imparted to Arapahoe Harve from the lips of an Indian brave was the direct result of straightforward fair dealing with an Indian named Asaganotah two years before. And on the strength of his "tip" the scout rode more than 100 miles in the hopes of warning Custer and his troops.

The foundation of his friendship with Asaganotah was laid in the early winter of 1874, when the scout rode north from old Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory, on a scouting trip for the troops. He encountered a storm from the northwest, which blinded man and horse, and swept down the plain with a bite that drilled to the bone. The winter sun, long since faded by the blinding drift, went down behind the crenelated range of Rockies, and after staking his horse in a gully, Harve took to his cowhide and blankets. In the middle of the night he was startled by the death chant of the Cheyenne, above the wail of the storm. It was the voice of Asaganotah calling the Great Spirit.

Harve answered the call of the Cheyenne tongue and guided the frozen brave to him. In a few words Asaganotah explained that his pony had become lame and could not travel; that he was on his way afoot to an Indian camp when the storm broke, and that he had smelled the scout's horse which guided him there. When they parted the next day, Asaganotah, the Cheyenne brave with a belt of human scalps about him, was a friend forever of the scout.

In the latter part of June, 1876, Asaganotah and Arapahoe Harve met again, but this time under different circumstances. The Indian was a scout for his people. He knew where most of the Indians were massed. The meeting this time was in the north central part of Wyoming, Faucett carrying military dispatches, and Asaganotah messages of his tribe. And the only white man who knew beforehand of the Custer disaster learned it that morning from Asaganotah.

Harve's Desperate Ride

THE Indian told of the thousands of Indians massed on the Little Big Horn, and how Long Hair (General Custer) was pushing them back with his troops. Faucett knew of General Terry's army pressing the Indians advancing along the Little Big Horn River. He learned from Asaganotah that Terry's entire army was inferior in numbers to attack the thousands of Cheyennes and Sioux under chiefs Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse. In the parting exchange of words Asaganotah told him that in two suns the white man's army would meet the unknown fate in battle with the Indians.

History records the famous massacre and gives as its cause that the troopers thought they were attacking only a small band of Indians.

For twenty hours after Harve had learned of the ruse from Asaganotah he rode northward toward Crazy Woman's Creek in the hope of warning Custer and his men. That ride was never completed, for the broncho the scout rode died with the saddle on. And afoot, almost starved, Harve learned of the massacre, a week later. No record was ever made of the scout's ride, because the only substantiation lay with Asaganotah and the carcass of his horse, which had become the prey of the wolf and the vulture.

It is commonly known that the armies pressing the Indians were incensed and horrified at the Custer massacre and how the campaign against the Indians failed through the summer of 1876. It also is general

knowledge that the winter campaign began the same year without giving the Indians a moment's rest. In the latter campaign the knowledge of Harve, the eagle of the trail, played a big part in the location of Chief Dull Knife and his warriors on Crazy Woman's Creek.

In telling of the fight the old scout unconsciously winces as though the two wounds received there are felt. But he is quick to strike the sympathetic tone for the Indian women and children who suffered terribly.

Was Police Chief of Leadville

THE troopers under General George Crook rode into the camp one morning at sunrise in bitter cold weather. Chief Dull Knife and 1,000 Indians did not suspect the attack. Hundreds of tons of frozen buffalo meat packed in skins for the winter and the entire village of lodges and tepees were burned in a few minutes, and the women and children fled to the hills. Six chieftains were killed in the engagement, including two sons of Dull Knife. Harve suffered a knife wound in his shoulder and a gash from a tomahawk in the leg.

"I was back through that country several years later," says the old scout, as his voice softens, "and I saw Indian boys and girls with grey hair. It had been caused by the freezing cold out in the hills."

Many such stories are clear in the mind of the former scout, but he would rather pat the farmers' horses on the necks than to recall his experiences. Many farmers are puzzled, too, as to how or when he learned the names of their horses, but he can tell most of the animals by name.

In going over his experiences, Mr. Faucett seldom applies the present geographical names for locations. He talks of mountain ranges, of creeks and rivers for measuring distances and places. He can tell you tricks of the trail by the hour, and how their employment gave the Indian a tremendous advantage over the white man.

His last scouting work was done when the gold rush was on in the Black Hills of South Dakota, when he served as a guide for the United States Government Geological Survey. At the conclusion of this expedition, when the Black Hill country was pretty well settled and the white man passed over plain and through the hills without the need of a guide, he migrated to Leadville, Colorado, then a frontier mining center. Almost upon his arrival he was made chief of police.

If you know him well enough, you may induce him to show you the gold star the citizens gave him for meritorious work during his service there. The star is studded with a large diamond. Once you have obtained a view of the star, a little more coaxing and persuasion may get you a view of a belt made of human scalps he took one night from an Indian camp.



HARVEY S. FAUCETT

One of the old-time Scouts still living in Kansas City. He always has a good word for the Indian.

when he escaped from being shot at sunrise. One other prized gift is a pair of pearl-handled six shooters, presented him by the Leadville Police Department when such weapons were as necessary as clothes.

Harve, now a produce dealer, will pass an evening reviewing his acquaintance with Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Spotted Tail, Yellow Hand, and Two Moons, famous Indian chieftains, but never will a word of discredit for the Indians' bravery or endurance fall from his lips. Although now far beyond another Indian adventure, he still holds the highest esteem for the difficulties the Indian faced.

He can tell you of the difference in sound between the genuine cry of the little prairie owl, the battle cry of the eagle, and the howl of the wolf from the skilful imitation of the Indian. These are the things that are uppermost in his mind because they represent the time when he was in the glory of his work.

Civilization long since has taken his profession and the surveyor and geographer have changed the locations of many of the old landmarks, and as he puts it, the pioneers he helped guide into the Northwest no longer need his work, so his profession has become one of history. While engaged in his business he lives in the present, but at home, with an Indian pipe from the great stone quarry, he lives it all over again in the past and nothing, save death, can obliterate from his memory the days when he held commanding sway over the frontier and her people.

They All Write With an Eye on the Screen

"MY VIEW," said David Belasco, "is that art is not a business, and that you cannot subordinate the inspiration of man, and the workings of his heart and soul to business methods without impairing the quality of his work. That is why I was so greatly astonished, or rather saddened, when I read the other day that even Maeterlinck, the great Maeterlinck, had signed a contract to write manuscripts for a motion picture company, at, of course, a large price per manuscript."

Mr. Belasco was in that famous little office of his above his theater in Forty-fourth street, New York, and we were chatting about the great rush of musical comedies and light, humorous plays that had come with the ending of the war. Never have there been as many plays of this character in New York as this season. The whole town is either whistling one or the other of the sprightly airs from one of these shows, or discussing the latest thing in stage costumes, some of which are very daring indeed. The famous theatrical manager and playwright was defending these productions against the charge that good taste and love of the classic drama had been swallowed up in the "incredibly frivolous" reaction that had taken hold of the people after the signing of the armistice, and from this the conversation had turned to the effect the huge prices paid for plays, especially by the motion picture industry, was having on the spoken drama.

This is a very "touchy" subject with Mr. Belasco, and he said with emphasis that the art of writing for the stage is threatened with grave deterioration because all of the big authors, playwrights and novelists are now doing their work "with a constant eye" on the camera.

"If this sort of thing keeps up," he went on, "we will soon see its effect on literary productions. Plays will deal only with situations available for pantomime, and with conditions lending themselves to portrayal on the screen. There is scarcely a playwright, or a

novelist, but is constructing his productions with the idea of the work ultimately reaching the screen.

"If someone will get up and talk on that subject, instead of about frivolity and morality, we might stimulate a more serious and a more powerful drama."

Having thus expressed himself on the serious inroads which the "movies" unquestionably are making on the "legitimate" stage, the noted theatrical manager relapsed into one of his whimsical moods.

"I am not ashamed to say that every Friday night finds me at some musical comedy, and as near the front as I can get," he said with a slow smile. "I want to get as much enjoyment as possible out of the music, and the bright eyes and laughing countenances of the people on the stage. I listen with relish to their nonsense, and am immensely entertained by the love-making of the handsome tenor and the beautiful soprano. After the antics are over I leave the theater feeling better, and refreshed for the tasks of the next day."

"And I also enjoy going to the circus each spring, and I am disappointed if I miss the pink lemonade."

"It is true that we have a great many light plays, musical comedies, and farces in New York this season, but I deny that we are more frivolous in this respect than they are in any of the large cities in Europe. Here in New York it would seem that we have more, but this is because the theaters are all in one limited district, whereas in Paris, Petrograd, London, and other places across the Atlantic they are spread out."

"If a manager gives entertainments which cause people to laugh, to be merry, to go out of the theaters feeling happy instead of harried and full of gloom, and with a bad taste in their mouths, is he giving them only what is frivolous? If so, life is a grand funeral march, and there must be no sunshine, but only bleak, cold and dreary days, and sadness and pain are the normal and appropriate requirements of the time."