

# THESE INDIAN YOUNGSTERS ARE "FULL BLOODS," FAST GROWING RARE.



COMANCHE.



ARAPAHOE.



PONCAS.



APACHE SQUAWS AND BABIES.



WICHITA INDIAN BABY IN REED CRADLE.



CADDO.



KIOWA SCHOOL CHILDREN.



IOWA.



APACHE.



KIOWA SQUAW AND BABY.



CHEYENNE.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Wichita, Kan., June 28.—Perhaps there are no races of children so interesting and nearly extinct as the Indian babies. In a few more years, on account of the intermarriage of the Indians and the whites, there will be no more fullblood Indian babies. Indeed, it is said by students of the Indian race, that the young babies now fast growing up will be the last generation. Fullblood women and men are marrying halfbreeds and white people all the time, and the marriage of two fullbloods is an event of much interest and great surprise. It seems that the fullblood Indian of to-day is so dissatisfied with his own race that his one view is to make it extinct as soon as possible. The talk about the Indians dying because their race is going out is said to be all a mistake. There are very few Indians, except the medicine men, who do not relish the onward march of civilization in their midst. It is a boon rather than a burden. That is why the little fullblood Indian has grown to be a curiosity.

Fullblood babies, such as are found on the reservations of the Southwest, are a peculiar lot of infants. They are healthy, fat lot of youngsters and despite their rough usage grow up strong boys and girls. The little baby is born without any medical care. It never sees a doctor until they come to visit the family, when it is perhaps several years old. With the assistance of sev-

eral of her relatives the mother raises the little child. It is fed on milk and animal and vegetable food until it is old enough to relish vegetables and meats. Then it is allowed to eat as much as it can and will. From the time it is strong enough to stand the outdoor air, the mother puts it in a little cradle on her back and there it stays day and night. Every morning and evening it is taken out to be given a bath. For, much to the surprise of the whites, these Indian papooses are kept very clean.

The doctors say this is one reason why they are so healthy. A cold bath twice every twenty-four hours, and plenty of fresh air, rough food and little petting, is the treatment of the Indian child until it is three years old. It is carried about on the back of its mother while she does her work during the day, and at night it sleeps in the same cradle where it has spent its day. These cradles are made of buckskin and in the shape of a sack tied on two boards.

This sack is fixed so that it can be laced so as to fit the child, and they are said to be very comfortable resting places. At least, a baby who is perched on its mother's back for a whole twelve hours would generally make a deal of noise if it were not comfortable, and the Indian baby will cry and cry, as perfect strangers. They sit in their beaded sack and survey things as the

mother goes about town making her purchases, or take an interest in her cooking as she bends over the camp-fire preparing a meal for her dusky lord. The babies have a bad temper, and when things do not go to suit them they have to be dealt with carefully and kindly.

At three years they are turned loose around the tepees, and after that, until they are ready to go to school, little attention is paid to them by their parents. The

mother scarcely ever notices the child from the time of its birth until it is five, and the mother does not know she has a child from three to five. So these two years of its life are spent in playing with the other children of the household and those of the same age who live in adjoining tepees. Miniature tepees, wild frogs, pupes, beads, little tomahawks and scalping knives are some of their playthings. A doll or a toy train would frighten them into spasms. At

this time they also learn to ride on ponies, with the aid of some of their big brothers, and if given a chance will play at making medicine and having dreams.

If at 5 the boy "puts his ear to the medicine talk" of the older Indians and the father sees him, he will at once announce that his young son is to be a great medicine man and after that he is greatly honored among the tribe. The father buys him a yellow pony, which is the crowning thing in

an Indian boy's life, and he is taken into the hills and taught the meaning of the various medicines and at 10 he is called a first-class doctor. The little girls are never paid much attention to. If some of them have good voices, they may have many dusky wooers, but otherwise she is doomed to be sold as a slave to some buck when she has reached the age of marrying.

Of course, on the reservations nowadays the Indians are forced to attend school. They do not like to be confined in the schoolroom, but after a year or so they become satisfied and are quick to learn. The girls learn more rapidly than the boys. While they are in school the parents come and set their tepee near the schoolhouse. They are afraid the children will study too hard and every night the old mother gives her children advice as to how much they shall learn the next day.

Their games are very rough. Going on the war path, which is but a war in miniature between two bodies of the children, is one of their principal games. The boys only engage in this rough practice. They fight each other with clubs and knives. The punishment of the game is severe, but they can stand plenty of knocks. The little girls have small tents erected in which they play at cooking the different kinds of Indian dishes. In their childhood the horned toad, a species of yellow toad found among the sand rocks on the prairies is a great pet. Not infrequently these toads become pets and sleep in the sack cradles with the papooses. Nothing but an epidemic or an accident takes them off. They are proof against croup and diphtheria. But measles, smallpox and scarlet fever deal death among them. The Indian mother is quite proud of the infant while it is under three years of age, and takes much interest in fixing up fancy beaded ornaments for its rough dresses.

W. H. DRAPER.

## JACK WATKINS, LONE ROBBER OF THE LIMITED EXPRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

When Jack Watkins lost his job on the P. & E. for running the limited express into the rear end of a freight train, between Greenville and Winters' station, one stormy night, he realized that he was up against a desperate game, for he knew that the company would blacklist him.

At any other time this misfortune would not have fallen so heavily upon him, but with his wife and their two children down with diphtheria, the prospect was indeed bleak. The division superintendent was acquainted with the condition of affairs in Watkins' family, and sympathized strongly with the engineer in his affliction, but as he told him: "It's orders from the office, Jack, and I can't do anything else."

For a week Watkins stayed at home, nursing his sick wife and children, watching by their sides at night, and sleeping only an hour or two each day. The little money that he had saved was fast being consumed in the purchase of medicines and what dainties the stricken ones craved and were allowed by the physician to have. To look for work in Harrison would be futile—its inhabitants were all railroad men, and aside from the shops of the P. & E. there was no place to seek employment. The

friends of the two brakemen who were killed in the caboose of the freight train that rainy night, from which Jack dated his streak of bad luck, were not too kindly disposed toward him, and altogether was a miserable man. But for the sickness in his family the problem would have been easy—he would have begun life over in some far-away city or town where no one would know him to point him out as the engineer who had smashed a freight and blotted out two lives.

There was no change for the better in the condition of the sick ones, and only a few dollars remained with which to pay expenses. The thought of going in debt haunted him and nigh drove him mad. He racked his brain in an effort to devise some scheme which would offer a solution of the situation, but he could think of nothing.

Fearfully depressed with a sense of his own helplessness he sat on the stoop outside the kitchen door of his home one night, his face buried in his big, rough hands, and his elbows resting on his knees—the picture of dejection. Tears trickled down his scrawny cheeks when he gazed up at the stars, which, somehow, held no hope for him. While he looked he heard the sound of a locomotive whistle in the distance, and his eyes lighted up, for he recognized the deep note, whose music he

had so often sent forth at his touch—it was No. 99, the engine of the limited express, making her first trip after a general overhauling in the shops, made necessary by the damage sustained the night she poked her steel nose into the back end of the freight.

As Watkins listened the expression of despair vanished from his face, his jaws were firmly set and in his eyes shone a strange light. In a moment the express whistled for the road crossing and then shot into view—a beautiful sight for any man, with the long line of brilliantly illuminated coaches and at their head the big ten-wheel locomotive, a picture of pent-up power. A quick stop at the station, a half minute to get orders and the express was off again in its race against time.

As it disappeared around the bend at the foot of the hill, Watkins slapped his hand on his knee, in a manner indicating that he had settled some important question in his mind, and then got up and walked nervously to the front of the house and out into the road. For an hour he strolled about in unfrequented portions of the town, muttering to himself and working out the details of the plan he had formed. Then he returned to the house, entering quietly by the kitchen door, so that he would not disturb the sick ones. He was busy until midnight, oiling and loading the six-shooter he had carried during the strike, ten years before, binding a piece of red cloth about the globe of his lantern and filling the oil tank, manufacturing a black mask out of one of his

work shirts and then hiding all these in a box under the house.

That night he did not close his eyes. When the gray light of dawn came in through the cracks in the shutters he was still sitting there by the bedside of his wife, holding her wasted hand in his and scanning her pale face for some sign that would indicate a change for the better.

When the limited express stopped at the little railroad town, at 9:30 in the evening, only one passenger got aboard. It was the division superintendent. He did not seek a comfortable seat in the chair car or a berth in the sleeper. It was his hobby to ride on the engine, and he was particularly anxious on this occasion to ride there, because he wanted to see how Wilson, the man who took Watkins' place, handled the express.

Down the hill they sped, and around the curve at its base, then into a stretch of woods, and for two miles on a roadbed as straight and level as the civil engineers and construction gang could make it. Wilson and the division superintendent exchanged few words. The rush and roar of the train made talking hard and hearing even more difficult.

As they approached the deep-cut, through which the road curved for a quarter of a mile before the long tunnel was reached, Wilson saw a tiny red speck ahead, and instinctively shut off steam and applied the brakes, bringing the train under control.

The division superintendent was leaning out of the fireman's window, while the fireman stood between the cab and the tender and all peered into the darkness and at the red ball, whose dull light shone on the track 100 yards in the distance.

"It's a signal!" spoke up the engineer. "Maybe No. 23 has had trouble in the tunnel."

The division superintendent made no reply. He was observing the figure that was now dimly outlined against the dark background, and in whose hand was held the lantern. As the train grew nearer the man with the red light moved it slowly from right to left, and Wilson brought his train to a stop. Even as he did so the man raised the lantern high in the air and smashed it on one of the rails; a second later he was in the cab, six-shooter in hand, masked and determined looking. The division superintendent started violently.

"It's Watkins!" he whispered to Wilson. "I hope you won't try to leave the engine," spoke up the man with the six-shooter, addressing the division superintendent and the engineer.

Turning to the frightened fireman he commanded him to climb back over the tender and uncouple the engine. The poor fellow shook all over while he hastened to obey; the man with the revolver crouching low at the rear of the tender, where he could cover the men in the cab as well as the fireman. Having accomplished his task the fireman clambered back on to the

engine. The conductor and brakeman, attracted by the sound which accompanied the uncoupling of the airhose, hastened to the scene and were met by the masked man, who ordered them into the cab. Understanding the situation at once, but not knowing how many robbers there were in the party, the trainmen obeyed—without the slightest show of resistance.

"Now pull out!"

The command was addressed to Wilson, who lost no time in opening the throttle and "giving her sand." A moment later and No. 99 had disappeared in the tunnel on her wild run to Monroe, the nearest telegraph station, ten miles distant.

It took the lone man less than eight minutes to go through the three sleeping cars. He demanded money only and spurned the gold watches and diamond rings, which some of the terrified passengers were only too willing to surrender, just to get the barrel of that big Colt's revolver out of line with their heads. He did not speak roughly to his victims, but there was that in his voice which told his hearers that he was not to be trifled with—that for the time being at least, he was a desperate man.

Less than ten minutes after that red light had stopped the train, the job was done and the figure which had swung the lantern had vanished in the woods on the east side of the track.

The division superintendent knew the state of things in Jack Watkins' family and it did not require an extraordinary exercise of his intuitive faculties to understand the motive that had prompted the discharged engineer to rob the passengers of the limited express. That he was surprised to the point of physical shock goes without saying, but he did not stop to ponder on the why and wherefore. He was figuring on how to capture Watkins.

"Open her wide up!" he said to Wilson. The engineer gave the great engine the full blast of steam and the speed which she attained was terrific. It was a mile a minute all the way to Monroe. A few hun-

drated instructions to the operator and the division superintendent sent this message to Harrison:

"Express held up by Jack Watkins in the big cut. Hold all northbound trains at Harrison. Watkins will probably go home before he tries to leave the State. Watch the house."

The operator at Harrison almost fell off his chair when he received the wire from Monroe. He notified the Marshal and in a short time a posse had been organized and was on the way to Watkins' house. The news spread like wildfire and the town was soon in a fever of excitement.

When the posse came in sight of the house they saw a man jump from a horse in the open field at the back of the place, run through the gate and into the house by the kitchen door.

"Watkins, as sure as I'm alive," said the Marshal.

Surrounding the house, their revolvers and shot-guns ready for instant use, the posse prepared for a battle with their man. Cautiously the Marshal approached the back door, opened it and entered the house.

The door into the bedroom was open and the man was kneeling beside the bed, holding his wife's hand in his, was Watkins, his shirt and trousers covered with foam from the mouth of the horse he had ridden so hard. The Marshal raised his pistol and stepped forward to the bedroom door. Watkins must have heard him, but he gave no indication of it. He was kissing the woman's thin hand and sobbing as only a strong man can sob. On the other side of the room, near the bed in which lay the children, was the old negro, who had been Watkins' faithful assistant, in nursing his sick ones. She, too, was crying.

The Marshal advanced and laid his hand on the kneeling man's shoulder. Watkins looked up, the agony of grief pictured in his face. He recognized the Marshal.

"I won't try to get away," he said. "Just let me stay here with her for awhile. I thought I could make it more comfortable for her, although it cost me a penitentiary sentence. But it's too late. She's dead."