

Lassoed HIS WAY TO CONGRESS Choctaw Cowpuncher and Bronco Buster a Self- Made Man

Subduing
Bucking
Mustang
Helped Him
Through a
Campaign

the herd some of his cattle that had gotten into it. Guy, the fellow who was in charge, told him he could 'cut out' the next day. The colored man started to ride into the herd, but Guy caught his bridle reins. Then the colored man, without a moment's warning, drew his gun and shot at Guy.

"Guy was enveloped in the smoke and couldn't see where to shoot. While he was beating away the smoke, Russo, one of our fellows, who was standing by, shot the colored man dead. The three other colored men set off at a gallop, and for a space of 700 yards every fellow there was pumping lead after those fleeing three. But they got away without a scratch.

"Russo was a fine fellow. He was a college graduate, with manners as polished as those of a carpet knight. Nobody knew where he came from. But he was such a dare-devil and such a stranger to fear of every sort that he never failed of employment on the ranches.

"Well, when the authorities set up a howl about the colored man being killed, Russo said to Guy:

Shouldered All the Blame.

"That's all right, Guy. I've had trouble before, and one more won't matter. I'll take the blame of all of this, and you won't be mixed up in it."

"He took all the blame, and lived on there with us for a year in defiance of the law. Afterward, when the police got too active, he disappeared and went farther West. I've never heard of him since. He was a remarkably brave man."

Hearing these stories of the adventurous life the man had known and seeing his keen, black eyes, always on the alert, reminding one of the times when eyes had to be alert and fingers ever ready for the trigger, it was hard to say if Charles D. Carter was so pleased with politics after all. But he says he is, and he ought to know. Anyway, the people who sent him to Congress are pleased with him. He beat his Republican opponent by 14,000 majority.

"What are your plans?" he was asked. "Are you coming back to the next Congress?"

He laughed in the quiet, modest way characteristic of him, and said drily: "Well, you see, some other fellow might have something to say about that."

VOCABULARY OF THE ARMY

IN the army there are expressions peculiar to itself. Heard for the first time by outsiders, they need interpretation. Among the most common are "like," for "march"; "striker," for a soldier serving as body servant or house man for an officer; "C. O.," for "commanding officer," and "O. D.," for "officer of the day"; "hop" and "hop room," for "dance" and "dancing room"; "cits clothes," for "civilian dress"; "commisaries," for "groceries"; "coffee cooler," for an officer who is always looking for an easy job in some staff position; "found," when an officer fails to pass his examinations; "shavetail," for a youngster just out of West Point. Among the soldiers the expressions have multiplied until quite a vocabulary of strange words has been established. "Bob-tail" is dishonorable discharge. "Orderly bucket" is a soldier who, when going on guard duty strives by extra neatness of appearance to be appointed orderly to one of the officers. "Dog robber" is the soldier's contemptuous expression for "striker."



REP. CHARLES D. CARTER

One of "Deadeast" Shots
In All Oklahoma
Serves in Lower House
From Baby State;
Proud of Indian Blood

DESCENDED from a white man who marvelously escaped death in an Indian massacre, Charles D. Carter, formerly frontiersman, cow puncher, and bronco buster, but now one of the Representatives from the new State of Oklahoma, has as thrilling a life history as was ever brought to Congress.

When he was fighting for the honor of representing the Fourth district of Oklahoma, one of his enemies made the statement before a big mass meeting that, as he was an Indian, he should not be given the privilege of Congressional honors at the hands of white men. To this argument, Carter replied in ringing tones:

"Under the statutes of the United States I am Indian; but by

the grace of God I am Scotch-Irish."

And in his biographical sketch in the Congressional Directory he has inserted this sentence:

"His nationality is seven-sixteenths Chickasaw and Cherokee Indian and nine-sixteenths Scotch-Irish."

In spite of the ready reply in the debate about his nationality, and the sentence in his biography showing the fractions of his genealogy, Mr. Carter is proud of his Indian blood. He is a black-haired, black-eyed man, with a face of a strongly Indian cast. His figure is strong and thick-set, a product of his early life on the ranch, and, as he moves about on the floor of the House, this handsome, impressive-looking son of a dying race attracts the attention of the galleries.

was in front of them and kept them toward the west pretty well. For the first four or five miles they galloped at an awful pace. They got down a little slower, and finally hit a trot.

"When they slowed down to the trot, I heard a fellow singing away off on the other side of them, and then I knew I was not the only one with the herd. We couldn't stop them and all there was for us was to keep with them. We did that, and in the morning we were in a part of the country we had never seen.

"There were about 2,000 in the herd, and they had stamped a distance of twenty miles. And, although that ride through the night, with the herd panting and wrestling in their gallop, seemed pretty long, it was much longer getting them back to the other thousand."

Fun With Easterners.

Early in 1889, when "old Oklahoma" was to be thrown open for settlement, people from all parts of the country and all parts of the world were drawn up on the Canadian river awaiting the signal to rush into the land that was free as air to the first man who could get to it. The crowd along the line waited and waited three days for the signal to "be off." In the throng there were all manner and kinds of people.

Charles Carter and his friend Bob Cook were there, and Carter had a pony that would stay off the ground all the time if the saddle girths were jacked up tight on him. After a day or two of the waiting, some of Carter's neighbors, notably three from "down East," made his acquaintance, and talked a lot about the country, cowboys, broncos, and cattle. Finally, Cook got tired of the conversation and told one of the Easterners he could ride Carter's pony.

The Easterner accepted, little knowing how little pleasure that ride had in store for him, and how much fame for Carter. Cook put the girths on tight and the pony, in one "buck," had the Easterner lying in a crumpled heap several yards from the center of things.

"That looked very entertaining to the watchers, and they began to speculate and make bets among themselves as to whether anybody could

ride the pony. Then Carter spoke up with:

"I'll ride him."

Subdued the Bronco.

The girths were still tight and the bronco's blood was up because of his success in throwing the Easterner. Men who saw what followed said that pony put up the finest article in hump-backed, stiff-legged bucking that Oklahoma had ever seen. He wasn't off the ground a minute. His body was thrown into every shape and angle conceivable. He reared, he tossed, and he bucked. Finally he ran away. Carter never lost his balance once. He sat on that pony as if he had been a part of him. When he came back, he said to Cook:

"Cook, you can ride him now." Cook was a good rider himself, and thought he might just as well show his skill in the saddle. But before he was well in the saddle the pony was off toward the Canadian river like a shot. He went swift as the wind to the edge of the river bank, which is about six feet high. Then he stopped—and Cook went on, uninterruptedly, into the river.

The great thing about this story is that it has a sequel, which Mr. Carter tells well, as follows:

Sequel to the Story.

"Last summer one of my opponents in a joint debate tried to make a lot of fun of me, as is the rule sometimes, and ridiculed me because, he said, I had never done any hard work. He boasted that he had done a job of it, and specified that he had driven a delivery wagon and cleaned out a fellow's office for him. I replied by telling them about my work as a farm-hand and cow puncher, and around up with that bronco riding on the banks of the Canadian as an example of what real hard work was. I hadn't finished the story when a gentleman in the audience sprang up, and cried out:

"That's right! That's right! I was there and I saw him do it. It was eighteen years ago, but I remember him. And it was hard work, all right!"

After that Carter had no more trouble with the man who had talked about his hard work in driving a delivery wagon.

But this Indian, who now sits in the high council hall of the Paleface Capital, has done a lot more in addition to punching cattle and breaking

broncos. Shortly after the riding feat on the banks of the Canadian, he took a position with the mercantile firm of Munzshelmer & Daube in the town of Ardmore, which is now his home. There he worked as clerk, bookkeeper, cotton buyer and cotton weigher until 1892, when he was appointed auditor of public accounts of the Chickasaw Nation. As auditor, he paid out more than \$2,000,000 during the two years he served in this office. He has been superintendent of the Chickasaw schools, a member of the Chickasaw council, and served as mining trustee of Indian Territory under President McKinley.

Entrance Into Politics.

In 1907 he began writing fire insurance, a pursuit that gave him a wide acquaintance among all classes of people. He was also secretary of the first Democratic executive committee of the proposed State of Oklahoma.

It is a great tribute to this man, who learned his lessons in honesty and the great motto of fair play in the life of the frontier, that, in all the places of trust he held, there was not the slightest breath of suspicion among the Indians when he was connected

with their institutions, nothing inimical to the honor or reputation of Charles Carter was ever voiced.

He is especially dear to the Indians because of his work for them. They love him because of his work in removing all land and other restrictions so that they may own their own homes in peace and comfort. Delegations of Indians visit him at the Capitol almost daily, and he converses with them in English, or Choctaw, or Chickasaw, whichever they prefer.

Out of the 3,000 voters in his district 5,000 are Indians, and of these 3,000 he got pretty much all there were.

Faced Death Times Innumerable.

To detest all the experiences of danger and adventure this Scotch-Irish Indian has known would take a book. He has looked death in the face times innumerable, and has seen men killed before him. Although a "dead" shot himself, he never had to kill a man. He tells this good story of how three colored men "caped" death when twenty-five of the "dead" shots were pumping lead at them every minute.

"A lot of the fellows had charge of a big herd, and a colored man, with three colored helpers came up one day and said he wanted to 'cut out' from

HE has done things that remind one of Cooper's novels of Indian and frontier adventure. His left shoulder is in bad shape today because of the fracture it received when he was thrown from a horse. On another occasion a horse threw him and stepped on him, injuring him internally so severely that his life was despaired of for four weeks. He has raced through the blackness of night for twenty miles trying to stop a stampeded herd of 1,000 head of cattle. His feats in riding are still the talk of Oklahoma, and he is known as one of the "deadeast" shots in his State.

Charles D. Carter is descended from Nathan Carter, a man who captured when a small boy by the Shawnee Indians in the Lackawanna valley massacre. All the other members of Nathan's family, except one sister, were put to death. The Shawnees traded Nathan to the Cherokees, and later he married a full-blood Cherokee woman. The man who is now Charles D. Carter is the son of Benjamin Wisnor, a captain in the Confederate army. Captain Wisnor's wife was Serena J. Guy, a one-fourth breed Chickasaw woman, a sister of Governor William M. Guy, who was chief of the Chickasaws.

To complete the Indian side of the story, Charles D. Carter was born August 26, 1858, in a little log cabin near Boggy Depot, an old fort in the Choctaw nation. He speaks the languages of the Chickasaws and Choctaws.