



# GERONIMO TELLS THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

Geronimo, untamed man killer, un-reconstructed, savage, wily, blood-thirsty and cruel, now an aged, hopeless, helpless, dying prisoner, has told the complete story of his life. His autobiography, which has been edited for him by S. M. Barrett, with full permission and consent of the war department, is about to be published. It makes a long, weird and intensely interesting story, as will be noted by portions reproduced here, says the New York Herald.

Mr. Barrett, after gaining the confidence of the old Apache, led him to tell of his birth, his early days and his warfare on other Indians and pale-faces.

Of his battles with Miles and Crook, of what he calls the injustice done to the Indians, the old savage writes:

"Perhaps the greatest wrong ever done to the Indians was the treatment received by our tribe from the United States troops about 1863. The chief of our tribe, Mangus Colorado, went to make a treaty of peace for our people with the white settlement at Apache Tejo, N. M. It had been reported to us that the white men in this settlement were more friendly and more reliable than those in Arizona, that they would live up to their treaties and would not wrong the Indians.

"Mangus Colorado, with three other warriors, went to Apache Tejo and held a council with these citizens and soldiers. They told him that if he would come with his tribe and live near them they would issue to him, from the government, blankets, flour, provisions, beef and all manner of supplies. Our chief promised to return to Apache Tejo within two weeks. When he came back to our settlement he assembled the whole tribe in council. I did not believe that the people at Apache Tejo would do as they said and therefore I opposed the plan, but it was decided that with part of the tribe Mangus Colorado should return to Apache Tejo and receive an issue of rations and supplies. If they were as represented, and if these white men would keep the treaty faithfully, the remainder of the tribe would join him and we would make our permanent home at Apache Tejo. I was to remain in charge of the portion of the tribe which stayed in Arizona. We gave almost all of our arms and ammunition to the party going to Apache Tejo, so that in case there should be treachery they would be prepared for any surprise. Mangus Colorado and about half of our people went to New Mexico, happy that they had found white men who would be kind to them, and with whom they could live in peace and plenty.

"Claims Comrades Were Slain. "No word ever came to us from them. From other sources, however, we heard that they had been treacherously captured and slain. In this dilemma we did not know just exactly what to do, but fearing that the troops who had captured them would attack us, we retreated into the mountains near Apache Tejo.

"During the weeks that followed the departure of our people we had been in suspense, and, failing to provide more supplies, had exhausted all of our store of provisions. This was another reason for moving camp. On this retreat, while passing through the mountains, we discovered four men with a herd of cattle. Two of the men were in front in a buggy and two were behind on horseback. We killed all four, but did not scalp them; they were not warriors. We drove the cattle back into the mountains, made a camp and began to kill the cattle and pack the meat.

"Before we had finished this work we were surprised and attacked by United States troops, who killed in all seven Indians—one warrior, three women and three children. The government troops were mounted, and so were we, but we were poorly armed, having given most of our weapons to the division of our tribe that had gone to Apache Tejo, so we fought mainly with spears, bows, and arrows. At first I had a spear, a bow and a few arrows, but in a short time my spear and all my arrows were gone. Once I was wounded, but by dodging from side to side of my horse as he ran I escaped. During this fight we scattered in all directions and two days later reassembled at our appointed place of rendezvous, about 50 miles from the scene of this battle.

"Fought With Rocks and Clubs. "About ten days later the same

United States troops attacked our new camp at sunrise. The fight lasted all day, but our arrows and spears were all gone before ten o'clock and for the remainder of the day we had only rocks and clubs with which to fight. We could do little damage with these weapons, and at night we moved our camp about four miles back into the mountains, where it would be hard for the cavalry to follow us. The next day our scouts, who had been left behind to observe the movements of the soldiers, returned, saying that the troops had gone back toward San Carlos reservation.

"We went on toward Old Mexico, but on the second day after this United States soldiers overtook us about three o'clock in the afternoon and we fought until dark. The ground where we were attacked was very rough, which was to our advantage, for the troops were compelled to dismount in order to fight us. I do not know how many soldiers we killed, but we lost only one warrior and three children. We had plenty of guns and ammunition at this time. Many of the guns and much ammunition we had accumulated while living in the reservation, and the remainder we had obtained from the White Mountain Apaches when we left the reservation.

"The troops did not follow us any longer, so we went south almost to Casa Grande and camped in the Sierra de Saharipa mountains. We ranged in the mountains of Old Mexico for about a year, then returned to San Carlos, taking with us a herd of cattle and horses.

"Horses and Cattle Seized. "Soon after we arrived at San Carlos the officer in charge, Gen. Crook, took the horses and cattle away from us. I told him that these were not white men's cattle, but belonged to us, for we had taken them from the Mexicans during our wars. I also told him that we did not intend to kill these animals, but that we wished to keep them and raise stock on our range. He would not listen to me but took the stock. I went up near Fort Apache and Gen. Crook ordered officers, soldiers and scouts to see that I was arrested. If I offered resistance they were instructed to kill me.

"That night we held a council of war; our scouts had reported bands of United States and Mexican troops at many points in the mountains. We estimated that about two thousand soldiers were ranging these mountains seeking to capture us.

"Interview with Gen. Crook. "Gen. Crook had come down into Mexico with the United States troops. They were camped in the Sierra de Antunes mountains. Scouts told me that Gen. Crook wished to see me and I went to his camp. When I arrived Gen. Crook said to me, "Why did you leave the reservation?" I said: "You told me that I might live in the reservation the same as white people live. One year I raised a crop of corn, and gathered and stored it, and the next year I put in a crop of oats, and when the crop was almost ready to harvest you told your soldiers to put me in prison, and if I resisted to kill me. If I had been left alone I would now have been in good circumstances, but instead of that you have placed the Mexicans as hunting me with soldiers." He said: "I never gave any such orders; the troops at Fort Apache, who spread this report, knew that it was untrue." Then I agreed to go back with him to San Carlos.

"It was hard for me to believe him at that time. Now I know that what he said was untrue, and I firmly believe that he did issue the orders for me to be put in prison or to be killed in case I offered resistance.

"We started with all our tribe to go with Gen. Crook back to the United States, but I feared treachery and concluded to remain in Mexico. We were not under any guard at this time. The United States troops marched in front and the Indians followed, and when we became suspicious we turned back. I do not know how far the United States army went after myself and some warriors turned back before we were missed, and I do not care.

"Capt. Lawton in the Field. "Soon Gen. Miles was made commander of all the western posts, and troops trailed us continually. They were led by Capt. Lawton, who had good scouts. The Mexican soldiers also became more active and more numerous. We had skirmishes almost every day, and so we finally decided

to break up into small bands. With six men and four women I made for the range of mountains near Hot Springs, New Mexico. We passed many cattle ranches, but had no trouble with the cowboys. We killed cattle to eat whenever we were in need of food, but we frequently suffered greatly for water. At one time we had no water for two days and nights and our horses almost died from thirst. We ranged in the mountains of New Mexico for some time; then, thinking that perhaps the troops had left Mexico, we returned. On our return through Old Mexico we attacked every Mexican found, even if for no other reason than to kill. We believed they had asked the United States troops to come to Mexico to fight us.

"South of Casa Grande, near a place called by the Indians Gosoda, there was a road leading out from the town. There was much freighting carried on by the Mexicans over this road. Where the road ran through a mountain pass we stayed in hiding, and whenever Mexican freighters passed we killed them, took what supplies we wanted and destroyed the remainder. We were reckless of our lives, because we felt that every man's hand was against us. If we returned to the reservation we would be put in prison and killed; if we stayed in Mexico they would continue to send soldiers to fight us; so we gave up no quarter to any one and asked no favors.

"After some time we left Gosoda and soon were reunited with our tribe in the Sierra de Antunes mountains. Skirmishing Every Day. "Contrary to our expectations the United States soldiers had not left the mountains in Mexico, and were soon trailing us and skirmishing with us almost every day. Four or five times they surprised our camp. One time they surprised us about nine o'clock in the morning, captured all

went directly to Gen. Miles and told him how I had been wronged and I wanted to return to the United States with my people, as we wished to see our families, who had been captured and taken away from us. Gen. Miles said to me: "The president of the United States has sent me to speak to you. He has heard of your trouble with the white men, and says that if you will agree to a few words of treaty you will have no more trouble. Go, and if you will agree to a few words of treaty all will be satisfactorily arranged."

"Then he talked with me for a long time and told me what he would do for me in the future if I would agree to the treaty. I did not hardly believe Gen. Miles, but because the president of the United States had sent me word I agreed to make the treaty and to keep it. Then I asked Gen. Miles what the treaty would be. Gen. Miles said to me: "I will take you under government protection. I will build you a house. I will fence you much land. I will give you cattle, horses, mules and farming implements. You will be furnished with men to work the farm, and you will not have to work. In the fall I will send you blankets and clothing, so that you will not suffer from cold in the winter time."

"There is plenty of timber, water and grass in the land to which I will send you. You will live with your tribe and with your family. If you agree to this treaty you shall see your family within five days."

"I agreed to Make Treaty. "I said to Gen. Miles: "All the officers that have been in charge of the Indians have talked that way, and it sounds like a story to me; I hardly believe you." He said: "This time it is the truth." I said: "Gen. Miles, I do not know the laws of the white man, nor of this new country, where you are to send me, and I might break



our horses (19 in number) and secured our store of dried meats. We also lost three Indians in this encounter. About the middle of the afternoon of the same day we attacked them from the rear as they were passing through a prairie—killed one soldier, but lost none ourselves. In this skirmish we recovered all our horses except three that belonged to me. The three horses that I did not recover were the best riding horses we had.

"Soon after this scouts from Capt. Lawton's troops told us that he wished to make a treaty with us; but I knew that Gen. Miles was the chief of the American troops, and I decided to treat with him.

"I sent my brother Perico (White Horse) with Mr. George Whittan on to Fort Bowie to see Gen. Miles and to tell him that we wished to return to Arizona; but before these messengers returned I met two Indian scouts—Kayitab, a Chokonen Apache, and Marteen, a Nedni Apache. They were serving as scouts for Capt. Lawton's troops. They told me that Gen. Miles had come and had sent them to ask me to meet him. So I went to the camp of the United States troops to meet Gen. Miles.

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## At the National Capital

### Interesting Gossip by Our Washington Correspondent—People's Lobby to Be Established—Senator Smoot Will Urge Reestablishment of the Army Canteen.



WASHINGTON.—Everybody except the people seems to have a lobby whenever any important interest is affected by legislation. Now it is proposed to locate here a bureau, headed and managed by men of unquestionable character and repute, which shall watch legislation with only the public interest in mind, analyze it, report on it, publish the facts about it, and employ such proper means as may be required to induce congress to legislate for the popular interest rather than for special interests.

The lobby was proposed originally by Henry Beach Needham, of this city, and has been taken up by such men as Mark Twain, Lincoln Steffens, Benjamin E. Wheeler and William Allen White. The People's lobby will have facilities for watching and studying legislation. Competent lawyers will examine and ascertain what the establishment of the lobby will do for the people. The results of all these inquiries will be given to the public. Publicity is to be the one weapon of the organization. The managers believe it is the most effective weapon, and potent to accomplish all the results.

The lobby will give the people an opportunity to be heard. If its plans prove its practicability, it isn't going to undertake any sensational or startling. It will be a sort of watchdog of popular interests. It will not get tired when popular interest wanes; it will keep on at its work even when there is not a single White House a president with the disposition to wring things from congress.

This is in outline the plan of the people's lobby. The letters which have been received, following the first announcement of the plan, indicate a notable interest in the movement. Ex-Gov. Garvan, of Rhode Island; State Senator Colby, of New York; Gov. Deneen, of Illinois; Winston Churchill, of New Hampshire, are among those who sent appreciative responses to the appeal for cooperation and support.

SMOOTH TO FIGHT FOR CANTEN. While the senate is deciding whether Senator Smoot, of Utah, shall retain his seat in that body the senator himself will be urging upon his colleagues the passage of a bill providing for the reestablishment of the army canteen, which he intends to introduce on December 1.

"I have little reputation to lose among the women of the country," the senator says, "so it seems that I may as well be the champion of interest in the abolition of the canteen, and it is woman's influence that has deterred the congressmen from doing anything in the direction of its restitution as recommended by army officers."

POLITICS MAY SPLIT LABOR LEADERS. Officials of the American Federation of Labor believe that after election a distinct breach will be opened between President Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, and vice president of the Federation.

Friction between them that will develop into a breach is regarded as inevitable for the reason that Gompers is jealous of the growth of Mitchell as a political factor. Mitchell adheres to the school of politics, while Gompers is with the other faction.

There is no question among neutral members of the official body of the Federation but that Gompers' activity in this campaign is due to the fact that Mitchell made a success of his fight in behalf of Roosevelt. Mitchell pronounced the labor field made him the man among organized labor most consulted by President Roosevelt and other public men.

Although Gompers was he was seldom consulted. It was always Mitchell, the vice president, who was called in to express the views of the Federation. He was called to the White House, took lunch there, and on one occasion was a dinner guest. Gompers, so it is said, saw his opportunity to come to the front in this congressional campaign by bringing forward the fact that congress had ignored the recommendation of the Federation, while the president and leaders in congress had given ear to Mitchell. That fact, it is believed, inspired the sudden activity with respect to the eight-hour law and the anti-injunction bills last spring.

Mitchell is so closely identified with the Republican organization that activity on his part would have brought him into conflict with many of his closest friends.

HUMORS OF RURAL DELIVERY SERVICE. The establishment of new rural free delivery routes in various sections of the country is frequently attended with laughable incidents, and the narration of these tales from real life has been known to afford material for more than one after-dinner speaker.

One such story has been related by members of a party of vacationists recently returned from the environs of Bucksport, Me., and those responsible for telling the incident claim now to be in full understanding of the reason for Denham Thompson choosing his character for "The Old Homestead" from this old-fashioned region in the shade of Mount Katahdin.

It seems that a rural free delivery system was recently started with Bucksport as the center, and on one of the routes a member of the "Smith" family was the first to put out a receptacle for his mail. The box happened to be a beehive, and Mr. Smith cut a slit in the top for letters and papers and nailed the whole on the upper step of an old stepladder.

On the face of the "letter" box he inscribed his name in this fashion: "B. B. Smith"—and so stood ready to receive communications from his friends. Unfortunately it happened that Mr. B. Smith had borrowed the beehive from a neighbor some two years before, and it goes without saying that the owner was not slow in claiming his property when it thus came to light. Now "B. B. Smith" is without a mail box, but it is stated on good authority that he has never been known to receive a piece of mail oftener than once in six months, and that only an advertising circular.

WIPING OUT THE GOVERNMENT DEFICIT. Probably the happiest man among the department officials in Washington at this time is Assistant Secretary James B. Reynolds of the treasury. Mr. Reynolds is a Massachusetts man, and his duties as assistant secretary give him an especial charge of the customs branch of the government. Under the direction of Mr. Reynolds, the customs revenues are collected, and the intricate details of the operations of the tariff are directed, in order to bring the greatest possible returns and safeguard the public interest, as well as domestic industries, from the attacks of ingenious and ambitious foreign traders.

It is that his branch of the government is pretty nearly the whole thing at this time. The much abused tariff law, under the direction of the customs experts, is producing revenues sufficient to pay the nation from a deficit. Last year the result was achieved following a year in which the balance on the wrong side of the ledger was upward of \$30,000,000. Starting with the present fiscal year, a deficit of \$6,000,000 or \$7,000,000 showed up within a month as a result of an extraordinary draft for congressional appropriations. This deficit has already been practically wiped out and the indications are that Uncle Sam will have a surplus balance at the end of the present fiscal year.

It is the customs business that is producing these desirable results. The duties upon imported commodities have brought into the treasury within a little more than two months \$10,000,000 more than came in during the same period a year ago. This is the fact that causes happiness to Assistant Secretary Reynolds. He is able to show that while other receipts of the government have increased only two or three million dollars, a handsome showing is made by the customs branch under his management.



## THE HISTORY OF POLICEMAN FLYNN

### HE STOPS AN AUTOMOBILE.

"Whoa!" cried Policeman Flynn. "Whoa, I tell ye! Shtop!"

"The man with the automobile slowed up, and finally came to a full stop. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Matter!" ejaculated Policeman Flynn. "D'ye think this is a speedin'-tra-ack? Ha-ave ye th' idee that th' people on th' cross-walks is hur-r-dies, an' that 't is fr' you to show th' kind iv a jockey ye are? Are ye iv th' opinion that ye're doin' th' cha-arge iv th' Light Brigade all be ye-ersill? I'll ha-ave no autumobile goin' out after th' record where I'm wearin' a po-lis-he-ades."

"This isn't an automobile," asserted the man who had been stopped. "I can't afford anything so aristocratic as that. This is only a horseless carriage." "May-be 't is so," returned Policeman Flynn; "but 't is wr-wrong ye are if ye think this is a copless boovar; an' if ye pers' in v'adin' th' la-w, I'll r-run ye in, I will that."

"I'm violating no law," replied the man, in a quiet tone. "Oho! ye think ye're smar-r, don't ye?" exclaimed Policeman Flynn. "Ye'd go to shtippin' hairs with a po-lis-man an' thryin' to come over him with th' ol' joke. Iv coorse ye're v'lavin' no la-w a-aw now. 'Fr' why? 'Fr' because I shtopped ye. 'T is not th' likes iv you that can throw down Barney Flynn on that gag."

"But I haven't been violating any law," insisted the man. "Ye ha-ave-n't!" cried Policeman Flynn, his breath fairly taken away by the calm assertion. "Ye ha-ave-n't! Oo, no, iv coorse ye ha-ave-n't. Ye've only been creepin' along like ye was washin' a ba-aby's go-ant. Why, ye gasyeen iv'neer, ye've been makin' twinty miles an hour."

"What of it?" asked the man. "There's no law against it." "Sa-ay," cautioned Policeman Flynn, with a solemn shake of his head, "a joke's a joke, an' I can ta-ake wa with th' neo ma-an, but don't be after pushin' me too far, or I'll ha-ave ye before th' po-lis court, I will so."

"On what charge?" demanded the man. "Fa-st dhrivin'," answered Policeman Flynn. "I haven't been driving fast," asserted the man. "I haven't been driving at all. The law says 'ridin' or driving any horse or horses or other animals,' and that doesn't affect me."

Policeman Flynn scratched his head. He wasn't sure that the ordinance was correctly quoted, but neither was he prepared to deny it. It certainly sounded right. "Luk at that, now!" he said at last. "Tis like thim gazabos that makes th' la-w fr' to 'ave a-cha-ance fr' th' ma-an that v'lates it to skin out iv it. Here I am thryin' to do me juty, an' no cha-ance fr' anything but th' wor-rit iv it, whatever I do. Th' la-w is made fr' th' good people, but 't is r-read be th' coorts fr' th' other wans. If they's a hole in it, th' lawyer shticks a crow-bar in, an' th' judge gives a bit iv help, an' bechune th' two they ma-ake th' op'nin' big enough fr' to put a locomotive ivine through. If iv'er I had th' ma-akin' iv th' la-w I'd ha-ave first iv all in th' big book a shtence r-read like this: 'Th' la-aws hereina mane what they mane, an' not what they sa-ay.' 'Tis th' only wa-ay, fr' now when a ma-an draws up a la-w he knows what he's after, an' iv'erbody else knows what he's after, but th' coorts takes two fa-alls out iv it, an' they get that he doesn't want, or the th' la-w is broke into sma-alled bits."

"Well," remarked the man with the automobile, "if you're through talking to yourself I'll atove along."

"Not so fast, now!" interposed Policeman Flynn. "Ye may be wr-wrong, but they's wan p'int I want settled. D'ye intind to keep down to th' la-awful speed?"

"There is no lawful speed for me," answered the man defiantly. "I can go as fast as I want to."

"M-m, now," said Policeman Flynn to himself, as he drew his hand thoughtfully across his chin. "I wiah th' ad-th' good man here fr' to tell me what to do. 'Tis a mighty puzzlin' thing; but," he added, addressing the man with the automobile, "if ye're goin' to ma-ake th' pe-destrians give exhibitions iv ge-round an' loffy tumblin', I'll take th' sht-art an' r-run ye in."

"Come on!" returned the man, making room for the officer on the seat beside him. Policeman Flynn hesitated for a moment, and then climbed up. "Go shlow," he cautioned, "or 'twill be th' wor-rse fr' ye."

"You don't suppose I'm going to take myself to the station, do you?" retorted the man. "You'll have to take me."

"Iv coorse I'll take ye," said Policeman Flynn. "Tis fr' that I'm here, 'Gwan, now."

"What He Wanted Out. The Barber—Hair cut, sir? The Victim—Yes, and conversation. Out both!—Yonkers Statesman.

## How the Britisher Feels Towards Americans

By HON. MOBERLY BELL, Manager of the London Times.

THE general feeling in England toward America it is difficult to write briefly because I think it is so generally misunderstood. The popular feeling in America, I believe, that until recently there was a strong anti-American feeling here, and that it has now been removed.

So long as that idea remains there will be misconceptions. The fact is that there never was anything but a friendly feeling on this side, though I quite admit it was difficult for an American to realize this.

on the father's nerves by 50 little tricks—the son getting irritated and bored by his father's old-fashioned ways and perpetual lectures? Yet at heart each is proud of the other, and each would back the other against the world.

That is the secret of our relations for a hundred years. What is the change? Only that the father has at last realized that the son is grown up and must no longer be treated as a child, and the son realizes that with all his irritating old-fashioned fussiness and irritability the old man is a real good sort—because his own sort.

Instead of family affection accompanied by the dignified stand-off of the older man to the young and rather pushing boy, there is family affection accompanied by a full recognition of equality. Instead of man and boy, it is man and man.

The average Britisher has a contempt for the "foreigner." By a "foreigner" he means a man who talks a language that he doesn't understand. He doesn't regard any man who talks English, (whether it be Scotch, Cockney, Devonshire or American English) as a foreigner—he's just English. He doesn't gush over him; he just sticks to him.

Living for God. No life is a failure which is lived for God, and all lives are failures which are lived for