

# THE ART OF FIGHTING INDIANS

BY JAMES H. COOK

WHEN but a young lad I was employed by cattlemen to assist in capturing or gathering wild longhorn cattle in the brush country of Southwestern Texas. We threw them together in great herds to be driven up the trails to the markets of the north, a thousand miles or more away. My companions were nearly all *vaqueros*, or Mexican Indian cowhands, and like their forefathers they thoroughly understood the art of capturing and handling wild cattle. They also knew very well the ways of the bands of wild Indians who, now and then, made horse-stealing expeditions into that country, and were alive to the danger of being killed by them. But they also knew how to protect themselves when attacked by those Comanches and Apaches.

The instruction I received from these *vaqueros* in woodcraft and in the trailing and capture of wild cattle and men, including both Indians and the white desperados who sought refuge from the law in the dense chaparral and cactus thickets of the country, fitted me somewhat for the life I followed later as a hunter of big game, and for the service I was privileged to render to United States soldiers as a civilian scout during their campaigns against hostile Indians.

Stealing saddle horses from the cow hunters in their camps on the widely scattered ranches was the principal business of the Indian raiders in that section of the country. The well-broken horses used in

capturing and handling the wild Spanish longhorns in the thorny Texas jungles were of great value to the Indians in hunting buffalo on their range a little farther to the north. They never hesitated, when opportunity offered, to ambush any cowhunter they ran across and kill him with their arrows and lances.

Every man who lived in or traveled through that country went fully armed, but many were killed in surprise attacks, and their arms and ammunition taken. In case any of us cowboys rode into an ambush and we or our horses were not disabled by the first shower of arrows, we rode away as fast as possible and exposed as little of our bodies as we had to. After getting out of range, if we had the courage left, we would dismount quickly and lie flat on the ground, with our weapons in readiness to fire if we were pursued.

The Indians learned in time that it was very dangerous to follow anyone who escaped from their close-range flight of arrows. They also learned that some of the white men, skilled in the ways of Indians, would, in case they found no one in pursuit of them, start on a still hunt after those who had attempted to kill them.

In the days of muzzle-loading rifles and revolvers the white man had little advantage over the bows and arrows of the Indians, but when the Spencer and Henry repeating rifles, with their metallic cartridges, came into use the superiority of

the white man's weapons was quickly proven. The Indian was then forced to change his method of attack. When only the muzzle-loading rifle was known the first thing he did was to draw the fire of an enemy, and then rush in upon him and drive an arrow or lance into him before he could reload. But when the first Sharps rifles were introduced in the West, old Bull Bear, a Cheyenne chief, after seeing one of his men killed at a distance of nearly a mile by one of these guns, is said to have exclaimed, "Damn white man's gun! Shoot today, kill tomorrow!"

In battle, mass formation was not used by the Indians. Every man tried to leave plenty of room about him. He also took advantage of all the cover afforded by nature. His supply of both food and arrows was always decidedly limited. No arsenals turned out arrows for him by the thousands and no supply trains brought food or munitions to him. Each Indian made his own arrows, and the first thought of any warrior when not engaged in hunting or fighting was to look over his supply and straighten any that had become warped, either with his mouth or with a tool made from the hump bone of a buffalo. The Indians knew they could fight and run away if not disabled. Experience taught them that it was wiser to fight a little and run away a great deal.

No medical corps attending the Indians and no hospital care could be given the sick or wounded, such as the white soldiers received if they could be transported back to an Army post after a fight. A wounded Indian was carried or dragged out of range of the immediate fire of the enemy. Exposure, hunger and filth in his lodge were all he could look forward to, but the recovery of some of the Indians from extensive wounds was often nothing short of marvelous. Perhaps the lack of

organisms of infection, which had not yet arrived from civilization, or the presence of the maggots which always took charge of the wounds, were the salvation of the wounded Indians in most cases.

Extracting arrows from a wounded man, whether Indian or white, was not an easy or painless operation—that is, when the head of the arrow was embedded in the body or a limb. I can testify as to this from personal experience, for I carry a scar on the calf of my leg where a Lipan arrow penetrated the heavy muscles for eight or ten inches in my early cow-hunting days. When an arrow was driven in so that the head protruded the Indians cut it loose from the shaft and pulled out the latter by its feathered end. Red Cloud, the great war chief of the Oglalla Sioux, recovered from a wound received in a fight with some Pawnees when he was a young man, which would have been fatal to one of less powers of resistance. An arrow was driven almost through the center of his body, from front to back, so that the head protruded a couple of inches near his backbone and the feather-end was all exposed. He was rendered unconscious by the shock. The arrow was extracted by one of his warriors soon after he was shot, but for three days he lay unconscious. Without nursing or surgical aid he made a miraculously quick recovery.

Another old Sioux whom I knew very well, on a visit to my home threw off his blanket and shirt and showed me the worst scar I had ever seen on a human body. Years before, in a fight with some Crow Indians, an arrow had been driven into his side between two of his ribs, with the head lodged against his breastbone or a rib on the opposite side of his body from that which it had entered. It being impossible to withdraw the arrow, an old medicine man "made medicine", working

himself into a state of trance by fasting and dancing and praying to the Great Spirit. During the trance he was told by the Spirit to make an incision between the ribs following the line the arrow had taken and so reach into the chest cavity with his hand and extract it. This was done, but what prevented the wounded man from bleeding to death or the wound from becoming infected I cannot tell.

The incision was not sewed up, but the patient could, by leaning sidewise, keep it fairly well closed. In time it healed over, but the warrior, so long as I knew him, walked or rode a horse with his head badly out of line with the rest of his body—somewhat as a pig carries its head when it goes into battle.

## II

The only advantage the Indians had over the soldiers, if it could be called such, was that all the border wars took place in their country, and they knew how to take advantage of the topography as well as how to get grass and water for their ponies and water for themselves. During all the years of warfare comparatively little was known by white men about the region over which the Indians roamed. A few white men who had lived with them and trapped for fur were employed as guides by the soldiers, but by far the greater number of guides, trailers and scouts during the Indian wars were Indians. Usually such Indians were enlisted as scouts for a period of six months, being selected when possible from tribes that were not friendly with the hostiles for which the soldiers were looking.

On a few occasions scouts belonging to the same tribe of Indians as the hostiles were employed. I have known instances of this being done by high-ranking Army

officers for whose skill at dealing with Indians when they were on the warpath I had great respect. Surely it was expecting wondrous fidelity from those Indian scouts to trust them to lead soldiers to battle with their own tribesmen and nearest relatives. Blood is thicker than water, and I have reason for knowing that on more than one occasion ammunition was supplied to the hostiles by such Indian scouts. Beside the cartridges which were issued to them, the scouts could easily secure a few more by theft or otherwise from the soldiers of the command. These scouts were not all expert shots with the guns with which they were furnished, but they knew the ways of their fellow Indians and how to track them to their hiding places.

The white frontiersmen who were employed as scouts during those wars were men who, from long association with the Red Man, had learned his ways and were able to converse with him, either in his own tongue or by using the sign language, which was a highly efficient and expressive means of communication and universally used by Plains Indians in dealing with strange tribes. Such men were all expert shots with the rifle. Their knowledge of the country in which they ranged and of the Indians was such as could not be got at West Point or any other military college. It was obtainable only in the school of the frontier.

All the conflicts with Indians in which United States troops were engaged were not classified as war. As a usual thing the bands of hostiles with which the soldiers or civilians fought consisted of a comparatively small number of the tribe to which they belonged. It was impossible for large bodies of Indians to hold together for long periods of time. Subsisting mainly on game, they were forced to scatter and live

in small villages. So, as a rule, great armies were not needed in warfare with them, though on a few occasions large numbers of soldiers were employed to subjugate them. In the war with the Sioux and Cheyennes in 1876, for example, large forces were engaged and some severe fighting took place. Again, at the Battle of the Washita in the Indian Territory, where the lives of quite a number of Indians and soldiers were lost, a rather large force of soldiers took part. This was the case, also, in the Nez Percé, Geronimo and Ghost Dance Wars.

War with the Indians in the early times was different in many respects from warfare under other conditions. There could be but one result. The savages were forced to change their ways of living and adopt those of the invaders of their country. The suffering of these red warriors, as well as of those who fought them, is past description. Those who met instant death in battle were relatively fortunate. As in all wars, there were many horribly wounded men, and they had to suffer untold agony for days or weeks before death came to their relief, or they could be taken to where skillful aid and care could be given to them.

Soldiers badly wounded in battles with the Indians, even with such care as the medical men who, on most occasions, accompanied expeditions, could give them, were forced to endure agonizing pain while being transported by means of *travois* or wagons over the roughest of country for many days, often reaching the post or fort where hospital care could be obtained too late. The soldiers who started on a campaign well knew what it meant for a wounded man to fall into the hands of the foe, so death was preferable to capture. The Indian, being more inured to suffering hardships, naturally weathered

them better. As the campaigns against them were carried on at all seasons of the year and the weather man was never consulted, the rigors of Winter were often added to the other hardships endured by the troops.

All commanders of expeditions were forced to rely upon their scouts for information about the movements of the hostiles. Seldom, if ever, was a command led astray or betrayed by either white scouts or red. Their honesty was unquestioned by the majority of Army officers of the old days. But some of the younger officers probably could not help feeling that the ways of Indian scouts were peculiar. The methods employed by the scout in the way of concealment were various. A little tuft of grass or a yucca plant aided by a cover of sand over the body would hide him most effectively, added to his ability to remain motionless for long periods of time. Motion, when not plainly caused by the wind, always meant life to an Indian scout.

Even in the open plains country scouts could crawl or glide on their bellies near enough to their enemies to ascertain their movements without being seen. An Indian's hair was so very black that it attracted the attention of any watchful eye, and so it was covered by a piece of buckskin or some sage brush or greasewood. The Indians, when hunting for game or scouting for enemies, never rode or walked on the high ridges, or made a show of themselves on an elevation, as some white scouts are depicted as doing in moving pictures. When moving through the country they traveled in the lowest valleys and kept out of sight as much as possible.

The officers who fought Indians on the frontier were, for the most part, men of superior intelligence and with a military training which fitted them for the pro-

fession they followed. As an example, General George A. Crook was eminently fitted for commanding expeditions against Indians. He was familiar with the out-of-door life of the West and loved it. He was always ready to endure any hardship that those under him were called upon to undergo. He knew more about the Indians than the majority of Army officers and was expert at dealing with them when they took to the warpath. The Cheyennes and Sioux held General Crook in great respect as being truthful and a real friend to all of the Indians.

Most Army officers I have known regarded the Indians, even at the time they were waging war against them, as having rights in their native lands that were entitled to consideration. These officers who knew them most intimately, such as General Hugh L. Scott, could not help but feel sympathy for them, and had a keen desire to aid them up to the white man's plane of thought and action, rather than to wipe them off the face of the earth by force of arms. Civilization brought many disease germs to the Indians. Smallpox, tuberculosis and other such ailments were unknown by them prior to the arrival of the palefaces.

### III

The enlisted men of the Army during the campaigns against the Indians were recruited to a large extent from the cities of the East and South or from the more densely populated country districts there. They were totally untrained for warfare with Indians prior to their enlistment. The officers commanding these men thus did not have well-trained, hardened, veteran soldiers under them. Newly recruited men were often sent to Jefferson Barracks in Missouri, or to some other

military post and given their preliminary "awkward squad" training. They were then sent on to a fort in the Indian country, from which, at almost any moment, with but little knowledge gained as to the life of a soldier, they might be called upon for field duty against savages. Forty years or more ago but a small percentage of them could be truthfully called marksmen of the first class. This fact may account for the hundreds of thousands of cartridges fired in the battles with the Indians, with small losses to them.

The troops, when starting out to look for Indians, would, whenever possible, be accompanied by a medical officer and some hospital supplies. Indian runners or other carriers were used in communicating with other commands in the field, or with the forts from which supplies or reinforcements could be obtained. Few of the comforts of home were enjoyed or expected by those who participated in such warfare, although some of the enlisted men complained when hot coffee was lacking, even near the scene of action. Officers and enlisted men, as well as civilian employes such as teamsters or packers, all shared the hardships incident to the service. If a man was badly wounded death was almost preferable to being hauled in an Army wagon over a trackless country to some fort where hospital treatment could be had. Still worse, in case there was no wagon, a wounded man was transported on a *travois* made of two poles, one end dragging on the ground and the other end fastened to the saddle of a mule or troop horse.

Tactics such as are used in wars with civilized armies could hardly be employed on a still hunt for hostile savages. Now and then bands could be taken by surprise by sending bodies of troops from different directions into their country and

making long and rapid forced marches with the aid of scouts, who kept in touch with the trail and encampments. In so far as I have any knowledge of the matter, no pitched battles ever took place between forces of soldiers and Indian warriors meeting on equal terms, anywhere in the West. Not infrequently large forces of Indian warriors attacked small groups of soldiers, as at the Forsythe Battle on the Arickaree, in Colorado. This was not caused by the lack of bravery on the part of the Indian; it simply showed that they had some discretion and good sense. They could not hope to beat the soldiers in open battle. Their equipment, resources and reserves were too limited.

Every engagement between troops and Indians presented a special problem in tactics, and the methods of procedure employed were worked out by the officers in command on the spot, utilizing all available information as to the topography of the country, the location of the Indians, and all the contributing conditions. In attacking an Indian camp by surprise it was possible, in a few instances, for cavalry to charge in military formation through the camp, but in very few other cases were pitched battles fought between the soldiers and the Plains Indians in which the conditions were such that it was possible to utilize the usual military tactics. As a rule it was necessary to resort to methods more closely approximating those of the Indians themselves, particularly when fighting on rough ground, to which the Indians would invariably resort if the opportunity offered.

Mounted troops with shod horses could hardly surprise an Indian encampment in a rocky country. When a large camp was to be attacked by cavalry, divisions of the command were sent to various points on all sides, led by Indian scouts and keeping

far enough away not to alarm the Indians. The officer in command of all the troops engaged would, after giving the other units time to get into position, move his command forward until it was discovered, or the conditions were considered favorable, and then give the order to charge. The other portions of his command, upon hearing the bugle call or the firing as the soldiers charged into the village, would then go into action.

In trying to flee from their camp, the Indians were very apt to be killed or captured. In the midst of such a battle it devolved upon each individual to govern his own actions. With rapid short-range firing going on all about, added to by the yells of the Indian warriors and the cries of their women and children, verbal commands or bugle calls could not be understood.

Outriding Indian scouts and the picket guard kept by the troops protected them usually from surprise attacks. When prisoners were taken they were placed under close guard for conveyance to the nearest military post. On some occasions, when a considerable number of prisoners was taken, they were transported to a place far distant from their own range and there placed in confinement under guard. The Indians did not surrender in the manner of civilized people. They simply "made peace" by ceasing to fight.

They did not take kindly to the food the white man offered to them at "feasts" for the treaty-making after peace had been made. When it was in the form of flour the sacks were cut open and the contents scattered to the four winds: the sacks themselves were accepted and put to use. When great slabs of salt pork, or "white man's bear", were given to the Indians, they were thrown away. Sugar seemed to appeal to all the tribes from the time they



got their first taste of it. Coffee, the "white man's black medicine," they took to quite readily.

#### IV

The Indians were regarded by the majority of the white people as implacable foes who could not, or would not, listen to any peace terms offered them, and as creatures of such a savage nature that mercy could not be expected from or extended to them as enemies. Consequently, when hostiles were hunted down by the whites, their extermination was the primary object.

Any large village wherein the Indians felt fairly safe from attack was pitched, as a rule, where the nature of the ground adjacent would prevent mounted troops from charging into it. There were exceptions to this rule, of course, notably the Winter encampment on the Washita river in the Indian Territory, which General Custer and his command charged so successfully. The success of his tactics on that occasion may have caused the general to think it could be repeated when he attempted to wipe out the big encampment of Indians on the Little Big Horn and met with such disastrous defeat.

No matter in what form an encampment might be approached by soldiers, whether mounted or on foot, opening fire upon the occupants of the encampment, regardless of the age or sex of those fired upon, was the usual procedure. To capture the horses of the band and kill as many of them as possible, and to secure some women and children as prisoners, was regarded as a most successful termination of a campaign. A highly intelligent Indian, such as Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés, could be consulted by arrangement and a "peace talk" made between him and

his white foes with some hope of success. But some of the old Indian chiefs most prominent in the wars against the whites were lured, under the pretext of making a "peace talk," into the camps of soldiers and then placed under arrest or killed before they could escape.

Owing to the nature of the country in the immediate vicinity of the Cheyenne Indian village attacked and destroyed by soldiers and Pawnee Indian scouts in what is known as the Dull Knife fight on the Red fork of Powder river, Wyoming, the soldiers were able to charge into the village. But they were soon forced to dismount and the Indians fled to the surrounding cliffs and opened fire on them in order to give their women and children a chance to secure cover in nearby ravines and escape into mountains. That surprise attack was a success, in so far as killing some of the hostiles and destroying all of their camp equipment and food supply was concerned. The Pawnee scouts, under the command of Major Frank North, rendered most efficient service both in locating the camp of hostiles, who were old enemies of the Pawnee people, and in leading the troopers to it. What suffering was endured by those Indians, driven out of their camp in the dead of Winter without a bit of food or any protection from the elements, has never been told in full. Little Wolf, a war-chief among the Cheyennes led the retreat of the survivors.

On some occasions, as in the great Sioux campaign of 1876, the soldiers were forced by the vastly greater numbers of the Indians either to retreat or await reinforcements before they were able to fight. When at last large divisions of soldiers under the command of generals such as Terry, Gibbons, Custer and Crook, took the field, the Indians, through their informants, (often white traders with whom

they had dealings) were warned that to avoid death or capture they must seek safety north of the boundary line between Canada and the United States. This fact accounted for the large encampment of hostile Indians on the Little Big Horn river into which General Custer pounced with his command, before the Terry and Gibbons commands could reach positions where they could take a hand in what might have been the greatest Indian roundup of warriors in the entire West.

Major Reno was only attempting to carry out his orders when he set the ball of battle rolling by charging the end of that long encampment of Indians and so stirred up the hornet's nest of warriors which so quickly and completely annihilated General Custer and his immediate following, and caused the Indians to break camp and either scatter in small groups or continue on their way to the boundary line, beyond which the soldiers could not follow. There is no doubt that General Custer felt that no force of Indians could withstand a charge made by the troopers of the Seventh Cavalry, but he could not have realized that instead of being able to lead such a charge his position would be charged by such a force of Indians that he and his men would be swept off the earth.

Some humorous incidents occurred even in the thick of battle during the Indian wars. One that I recall was recounted to me by my old friend Baptiste Pourier, or Big Bat as he was known, scout and interpreter for General Crook on the expedition against the Sioux in 1876. A war correspondent of the *Chicago Times* named John F. Finerty accompanied the expedition. During an engagement at Slim Buttes, when the firing was very heavy, Bat, Finerty and another scout called Buffalo Chips, with a few others,

were trying to take advantage of some low banks to protect themselves from the fire of the Indians. Finerty stuck pretty closely to Big Bat in times of danger, for he evidently thought that Bat knew best how to take all the advantage possible in case of attack. Often, when Bat told some of his experiences while they were riding together, Finerty would pull out his notebook and say, "Wait a moment while I make a note of that."

In the battle at Slim Buttes, Bat warned Finerty to lie close to the ground and close up to a little embankment, but Finerty, not being accustomed to remaining in an uncomfortable position for any length of time, began to shift about. Bat shouted at him: "Keep down or you'll get your damned head shot off!" In spite of the warning Finerty exposed a portion of his head above the embankment for a moment or two and immediately a bullet from the rifle of an Indian struck the ground a few inches from his head and drove gravel into his ear and hair rather forcefully. Bat, seeing this, shouted, "Make a note of *that*, Finerty".

On the march returning from the campaign Finerty's horse became fagged out and he was compelled to walk a great share of the time. His shoes were so nearly worn out that they gave his feet little protection. He complained bitterly to Bat about the torture of having to walk barefoot over any and all sorts of rocks, weed stubble, and dwarf cactus. Bat, who was accustomed to wearing moccasins and even to going barefoot, was also walking and leading his horse, but his feet had become so toughened that he did not suffer so much, although little was left of his moccasins. Finerty exclaimed, "I can't go any further!" whereupon Bat cheered him on, saying, "Just make a note of that and come on, Finerty".



## V

During the Geronimo campaign in 1886 I was associated with two troops of the Eighth United States Cavalry following the trail of some hostile Apaches in the Mogollon mountains down in Southern New Mexico. The trail was fresh but none too plain, for the Indians we were after were on foot, having killed their mounts as fast as they became fagged and lame from traveling over the rough volcanic rocks so common in that section of the country. We were so close upon their trail that they had to travel rapidly. One evening, just as the trail could no longer be traced, a halt for the night was made by the command. Lieutenant W— chanced to be officer of the day. Orders were given that no fires were to be made for any purpose, which meant no supper for anyone. No tents were erected. Every person not on guard could curl up on as soft a rock as he might find handy and try to get a cat nap.

Everyone was extremely tired by the long chase and needed no bugle calls to make him snuggle down. Lieutenant W— instructed the sergeant of the guard to notify him at once should any evidence of Indians appear, such as a signal fire, or should the odor of fire or roasting meat be wafted on the breeze to the command. Lieutenant W— then sat down near where Lieutenant F— and I were lying.

Becoming tired of sitting he thought he could keep awake lying down just as easily and so stretched himself out on the ground. Before long he fell fast asleep, lying flat on his back. Not being able to sleep myself that evening, I kept my eyes and ears open in the moonlight. Scrub mountain oak and cedar grew all about the spot. Thinking I saw some object

move in the direction of Lieutenant W—, I raised my head carefully and got a good, fairly close view of a big skunk climbing over his chest. I heard the lieutenant give a loud snore and saw the skunk turn toward the place whence the sound proceeded, and prepare himself for action. In another moment or two another snore caused the skunk to strike with his front foot several rapid taps on W—'s chest, after the common habit of skunks when preparing to do battle. Another snore followed and more tapping. I heard Lieutenant W— say, "All right, Sergeant, I'm awake"! This caused still more tapping.

The lieutenant was awake by this time and telling the sergeant what a blankety-blamed fool he was to think that he had been asleep. Raising his head he saw the skunk. Fortunately, he ceased speaking instantly and the skunk, having business elsewhere, cantered off into the brush. I lowered my head and pretended to be asleep, but the lieutenant looked all around carefully to be sure he had not been seen. Days afterward, when riding with him, I asked him if he had ever met a real skunk in the Mogollon mountains. He remarked that it was his treat.

Oft on a stillly night, after a long forced march had been made by the troops in order to get within striking distance of an Indian encampment at the break of day, some trooper's horse would catch the scent of the Indian pony herd and whinny so loudly that all the precautions taken to prevent the Indians knowing they had neighbors were useless. In case they were not alarmed by the whinny of the horse the incident could be laughed off, but otherwise, if the Indians broke camp and, scattering, struck out for parts unknown, that horse was the target for all sorts of bad words. The mules which were used

with the wagon trains or as pack animals often gave serenades of braying that jarred the earth for miles around. What good then came from the order that no bugle calls should be sounded, or that sabers were to be left with wagon or pack supply train, to prevent their clanking?

Army mules sometimes gave some interesting exhibitions, as in the case of a pack mule belonging to Tom Moore's train, when he was chief packer of the U. S. Pack Train Service and had some of the most expert packers and diamond-hitch throwers in the West under him. This mule had a habit of unduly expanding his boiler when the cinch which made him fast to the cargo he carried was being tightened. Before going far he contracted his muscles until the corset he wore was less painful, and the pack cinch loosened to the point where the *apparajo*, or pack saddle, turned, with its precious cargo of coffee, beans and flour, under his abdomen, despite the efforts of the *cargadors* or packers, with their ready words, boots and quirts. His muleship then proceeded to see what could be done in the way of scattering his pack all over the plains and mountains of the West, no matter how much he was hampered by the pack

ropes, which soon became festooned about his legs. The sight of the last berry of their supply of coffee or the last grain of flour being dispersed in a white cloud by the mule's active hoofs was not a pleasant one for troopers on a prolonged Indian campaign, but years afterward the funny side of that mule's joke could be seen by the most ornery old-timer.

The wars waged between Indians and soldiers, in so far as numbers of combatants are concerned, pale into insignificance when compared to the great war of recent years. Those of today, who make their homes in the West, however, and those who take pride in its development as a part of the nation, should not forget to honor the vanguards of civilization that made that development possible. The soldiers, both officers and men, who saw service in campaigns against the Indians on the frontier are justly entitled to the credit which brave men who follow their flag anywhere should receive.

The most pleasant thought in connection with the battle scenes during the wars with the Western savages is that such scenes will never be reenacted. The curtain has been rung down on them forever.

# AMERICANA

## ALABAMA

LAW ENFORCEMENT news from Montgomery:

The Alabama Legislature has taken note of the short pint being sold by bootleggers, and by resolution has called upon the Governor to appoint a commission to "remedy matters, or issue a proclamation" forbidding its sale. Representative Massey Edgar of Washington county on Friday introduced the resolution in the House, and Speaker Tunstall immediately referred it to the temperance committee. The resolution sets forth that the "bootleggers of this State have taken advantage of a helpless and financially embarrassed public" and directed that copies be forwarded to the "recognized bootleggers" with the admonition that a full, standard, sixteen ounce pint must be served.

## CALIFORNIA

THE celebrated Los Angeles *Examiner* on the training of a pastor:

Prospective opera singers, talkie stars and orators—Here's how to develop your voice: Call hogs! That's the way the Rev. Homer Hammontree got his start. And now he's reputed to have one of the most pleasing singing voices of any church leader in the country. With the Rev. Mel Trotter, Mr. Hammontree is conducting a three-weeks' revival for the Church of the Open Door in the Bible Institute Auditorium, 540 South Hope street, and has charge of the music in connection with the meetings.

ADVERTISEMENT in the *Filipino Nation* of the same marvelous town:

*We Buy and Sell New and Slightly Used Clothing*

DR. T. MURAKAMI  
Surgery—Genito-Urinary—Skin Diseases  
245½ EAST FIRST STREET  
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## FLORIDA

MORAL dithyrambs from the celebrated *Ocala Morning Banner*:

A TALENT USER, OR, HENRY FORD

Henry Ford: this name alone,  
It gives our hearts a thrill,  
To think of all the money  
He has to spend at will.

While we count our pennies,  
He counts his great income;  
While he was thrilled at his experiment,  
Others said it just couldn't be done.

He visioned the days were soon to come  
When most of women and men  
Would own and ride in a Ford  
And he would be patient until then.

When he had his car invented  
Twelve years he used it and it run,  
But in all of this long time  
He hadn't sold a one.

Did he back down? No, not he;  
He didn't vision such defeat;  
Most of us couldn't wait that long  
Before taking in the treat.