

The STORY of BRAVE BEAR



RAIN-IN-THE-FACE Underwood & Underwood



MAJ. JAMES MCLAUGHLIN



BRAVE BEAR'S "SELF-PORTRAIT"

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

IT LIES before me as I write—a little old-fashioned book with the word "Autographs" stamped upon its frayed and stained green cloth cover. You know the kind of book it is and you can easily guess its contents—page after page on which are written in the fine Spencerian handwriting of the "Elegant Eighties" some such "sentiment" as "In the present age, boys have grand opportunities; may you improve yours that no regrets shall mar your manhood. Your teacher, Elizabeth—"

Or in a sprawling school-girl hand, signed "Jennie" or "Minnie" or "Addie" is the declaration that my pen is poor, my ink is pale, my love for you shall never fail!

If such were all that this "autograph book" contained, it would be no different from the thousands of others which were once cherished by our fathers and mothers and which now and then come to light again as we ransack an attic or delve into an old trunk. But this particular book contains an autograph (or perhaps I should say, an "autoportrait") which makes it unique. On one of its pages is a pencil sketch, colored with bright purples and reds and blues, and signed by the Indian who drew it, "Brave Bear."

And so as American Indian day (September 28, this year) draws near and as I look at this little autograph with its unique "portrait" of the artist by himself, I am minded to tell again the story of Brave Bear, a warrior of the Sioux. If there be left any who once knew Brave Bear, perhaps it may not seem quite appropriate to make an American Indian day, which is observed in many states "in recognition of the contribution of the American Indian to our national tradition," the occasion for retelling the story of an Indian who was notorious rather than famous. For, from the point of view of the white man, Brave Bear was a "bad Indian." But there were in him some of those qualities, characteristic of the American Indian, which no one, whether he be white or red, can help admiring.

Wapapay (Brave Bear or the Fearless Bear) was a member of the Cut-Head band of the Yanktonal tribe of the Sioux in North Dakota. He first appears in history as the boon companion of the famous warrior, Rain-in-the-Face, popularly (and erroneously) known as the slayer of General Custer at the Battle of Little Big Horn. In his declining years Rain-in-the-Face told the story of his life to Dr. Charles A. Eastman, an educated Sioux, and it is in Doctor Eastman's book, "Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains," published by Little, Brown & Company, that Rain-in-the-Face tells how he, Brave Bear and Hohay, the Assiniboine captive of Sitting Bull, made a daring attack on Fort Totten, N. D., in the summer of 1866. Here is the story as Rain-in-the-Face told it:

How Rain-in-the-Face Was Named

I was about ten years old when we encountered a band of Cheyennes. They were on friendly terms with us, but we boys always indulged in sham fights on such occasions, and this time I got in an honest fight with a Cheyenne boy older than I. I got the best of the boy, but he hit me hard in the face several times, and my face was all spattered with blood and streaked where the paint had been washed

the fort, which was well garrisoned and strong.

Wapapay and I in those days called each other "brother-friend." It was a life-and-death vow. What one does the other must do; and that meant that I must be in the forefront of the charge, and if he is killed, I must fight until I die also! I prepared for death. I painted as usual like an eclipse of the sun, half black and half red.

Now the signal for the charge was given! I started even with Wapapay but his horse was faster than mine, so he left me a little behind as we neared the fort. This was bad for me, for by that time the soldiers had somewhat recovered from the surprise and were aiming better.

That big gun talked very loud, but my Wapapay was leading on, leaning forward on his feet pony like a flying squirrel on a smooth log! He held his rawhide shield on the right side, a little to the front, and so did I. Our war-whoop was like the coyotes singing in the evening, when they smell blood! The soldiers' guns talked fast, but few were hurt. Their big gun was like a toothless old dog, who only makes himself hotter the more noise he makes.

How much harm we did I do not know, but we made things lively for a time; and the white men acted as people do when a swarm of bees get into camp. We made a successful retreat, but some of the reservation Indians followed us yelling, until Hohay told them that he did not wish to fight with the captives of the white man, for there would be no honor in that. There was blood running down my leg, and I found that both my horse and I were slightly wounded.

After that daredevil feat, Brave Bear drops out of sight, at least so far as history records any of his doings. The next written record of him is in the book, "My Friend, the Indian," published by Houghton Mifflin company, and written by the late Maj. James McLaughlin, who as Indian agent on the Devils Lake and Standing Rock reservations in North Dakota had occasion in both places to know Brave Bear. In 1873 Brave Bear and a companion named The Only One entered the stable of a settler named DeLorme near Pembina, N. D., for the purpose of stealing horses. When two of the owners approached the stable, the two Indians shot and killed both and mortally wounded a third man. Then they entered the DeLorme house, shot and seriously wounded two women there and after rifling the place and taking several horses escaped into the Missouri river country, passing through the Devils Lake reservation as they did so but keeping away from the agency. As soon as Major McLaughlin, who was then Indian agent at Devils Lake, heard of the crime, he reported it to the civil authorities of Dakota territory, but they were unable to capture the murderers.

Five years later (in the winter of 1878) Major McLaughlin learned that Brave Bear and The Only One had returned to Devils Lake and were living among their people, the Cut Heads, in the western part of the reservation. Accordingly he arranged to capture them in the early spring before their ponies were in condition to start out on their usual raids against

black, half red. We fought all day in the rain, and my face was partly washed and streaked with red and black; so again I was christened Rain-in-the-Face! We considered it an honorable name.—Statement of Rain-in-the-Face to Dr. Charles A. Eastman in an interview, as reported in Eastman's "Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains." (Little, Brown & Company.)

To good-natured people, to be told that they are good-natured is frequently reward enough.

white settlements. He called a council of their band, feeling sure that they would not dare absent themselves from the council, and asked Capt. James M. Bell, who was stationed with two troops of the Seventh cavalry at Fort Totten to be on hand for the council and make the arrest.

His plan worked well, for as soon as the two Indians had entered the council room Lieut. Herbert J. Slocum with a file of soldiers surrounded them. As they passed out of the building under guard, The Only One made a desperate attempt to escape. He was shot by the soldiers as he bounded across the prairie, but when they approached he sprang up with a knife in his hand and died fighting. Brave Bear was taken to Pembina for trial but escaped from the jail there and made his way to the Pine Ridge reservation. Fearing arrest if he stayed there, he stole a horse and started north. Near Fort Sully he waylaid a settler named Johnson, killed him and taking the man's rifle, escaped into Canada, where he joined Sitting Bull's band of fugitives.

In the summer of 1881 Sitting Bull returned to the United States and surrendered and Brave Bear had no choice but to return with him and take his chances of escaping punishment for his crime. Sitting Bull's band was settled on the Standing Rock reservation. That fall Major McLaughlin took charge at Standing Rock, and Brave Bear, knowing that the major would be sure to have him arrested again, laid his plans to escape. But he delayed too long. A white man who had agreed to help him escape betrayed him and Brave Bear was made a captive for the last time. He was sent to Yankton, then the capital of Dakota territory, placed on trial for the murder of Johnson, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

While he was in the jail at Yankton awaiting execution he was the object of considerable interest for white visitors who had heard much of the Indian desperado. One of them, a rancher named Payne, took his small son, Whit Payne, with him to see Brave Bear and when the boy asked the Indian to write his name in his autograph book, Brave Bear not only did that but also drew the picture which is reproduced above.

The end of the story of Brave Bear is told in Major McLaughlin's book as follows: When Brave Bear was hanged for his crime, his father, an old Indian of the Cut Head band of Sioux, came and sought me at the agency. "Is my son dead?" asked the father. "He is dead," I answered. "Are you sure he is dead?" persisted the old man. "I have a telegram saying that he was hanged yesterday," said I. "It is well," rejoined the old man. "We are glad, his mother and myself, for he was a bad son."

And this frightful declaration was as near eulogium as was ever pronounced on Brave Bear.

No Legal Meaning to the Term "Blackmail"

In the King's Bench division, London, before Justice Horridge and a special jury, Horatio Bottomley was further cross-examined in his libel action against Hurst & Blackett, publishers, and Henry James Houston, formerly employed by him.

Bottomley complained that he had been accused of blackmail in a book, "The Real Horatio Bottomley," written by Hurst & Blackett, and published by Hurst & Blackett, who pleaded justification and contended that Mr. Bottomley had signed a document indemnifying Houston against libel.

The foreman of the jury asked Justice Horridge the legal meaning of blackmail, as some of the jurors did not seem to understand it.

"It is a well-known English term," replied Justice Horridge, "and I should have thought you would have given your own meaning to it. There is no legal meaning to it."—From the Continental Edition of the London Daily Mail.

Basket as Elevator

High seas prevented the use of the companion ladder when passengers wished to board the liner "Llandovery" at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, recently, so a large basket was lowered from a derrick and the travelers swung to the deck without difficulty. The container was fashioned like an elevator car.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Fast Work

Police Captain—Did you get the license number of that hit and run driver?
Patrolman—No, but I handed him a ticket as he went by.

MONARCH QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS

Set the standard. If you paid a dollar a pound you could not buy better food products than those you find packed under the Monarch label.

Raid, Murdoch & Co. Established 1853. General Offices, Chicago, Ill.



The Last Laugh

The Citizen—I thought you never laughed, old man. What's the joke?
Diogenes—More'n twenty flat hunters that used to gey me have had their rent raised on 'em, and have been around here tryin' to hire or buy my tub.

Who's Mistake?

Guest—Who is that awful-looking frump over there?
Host—Why, that's my wife.
Guest—Oh—er—beg pardon. My mistake.
Host—No; mine.—Yorkshire Post.

Voices of the Night

"Static?" asked Alfred.
"No," answered Eloise, "that's the electric refrigerator tuning up."

PEXEL is the last word in jelly making

PEXEL always makes jelly jell. Absolutely colorless, tasteless, odorless. Unlike other products, Pexel is a pure fruit product—100%. Doesn't change taste or color of most delicately flavored fruit.

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BARE TO HAIR

If you want to grow hair on your bald head, save the hair you have, stop falling hair, dandruff, etc., write for literature and information.



Scottdale, Penna.

Catalogue of Notables

The Almanach de Gotha is a French almanac which was first published in 1763, and gives genealogical particulars concerning all the sovereign houses of Europe, the mediatized families of Germany and many of the European princely and ducal houses not of sovereign rank. It also contains valuable information regarding officers of administration and statistics of the principal political divisions of the world.

Many-Legged Frog

Arnold Miles, son of W. E. Miles of Biddeford, Maine, is thinking of taking orders for frogs' legs. He almost decided to go into the business when he was catching frogs for pickered bait and caught one with seven legs. He placed it in a large glass jar and now has to catch flies and bugs each day for meals for the captive.

Face to Face

"Do you experience stage fright in speaking over radio?"
"No," declared Senator Sorghum. "I feel as if I were speaking man to man. I classify many of my constituents as morons, who have about the same facial expression as a microphone."

That Settled It

Aviator—The engine's stalled and a wing's off.
Passenger (on first flight and nervous)—Thank goodness! Now we can go down.

Real Earnestness

"So she's given up all animal food?"
"Yes, she won't even eat horse-radish."

GENERAL STORE—RUMFORD, VA. Same ownership 18 yrs.; receipts \$1,000,000 yr.; acc. death in family will sacrifice bus. and property for \$2,500. Fully equipped; must be seen to be appreciated. Refer File J-1312. GROCERY AND MEATS—RICHMOND, VA. Sales \$100,000; rent \$50; A-1 location; well equipped; price \$2,500. Bargain. File J-1311. AUTO ACC. GAS AND OIL STORE. Most prominent location in Richmond, Va.; receipts \$100,000 yr.; rent \$125; handles complete line of tires, accessories; same ownership 11 yrs. Price \$11,000. File J-107. HOTEL—RICHMOND, VA. Prominent cor.; beautiful 3 story brick bldg.; 40 rooms; commercial-tourist trade; big demand; owner will take partner; 4 interest; use money to install more private baths and other improvements; \$15,000 req. File J-1711. DEPARTMENT STORE FOR SALE. In one of Georgia's most progressive large cities; old est.; average receipts \$1,000,000; \$250,000; profit \$30,000; 100% location; 1st time offered; owner retiring. File J-2131. THE APPLE COLLY COMPANY. 22 Union Square - - - New York City.

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W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 37-1928.

Ode to Bossie

"What rhymes with zephyr?"
"Heifer."
"Do you think I am writing a poem to a cow?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Qualifying

"Can I rent a flat? I have three fretful children."
"That part will be all right. How loud is your loud speaker?"

Muttering Mazuma

From a Serial—After all, what does money mutter?
Good-by, usually.—Humorist.
The Prophets and Pharisees are always conservative.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Of course you're going to hear Hoover and Smith

THANKS to radio, they expect to talk directly to every voter in the United States. Where is the family that can afford to be without a good radio set in this most interesting of Presidential years?

When Smith and Hoover go on the air, you can count on Atwater Kent Radio. Its reliability, its power, its range, its simplicity of operation, as well as its clear tone, have made it the leader everywhere. It comes from the largest radio factory, where workmanship is never slighted. It is not an experiment. You don't have to take it on faith. It is the fruit of twenty-six years' manufacturing experience—six years of radio.

Nearly 1,700,000 owners know that the name Atwater Kent on radio means the same thing as "sterling" on silver. Whether or not your home is equipped with electricity, there is an up-to-date Atwater Kent model to carry on the Atwater Kent tradition of giving the finest reception at the lowest price.

The Atwater Kent electric sets require no batteries. A cord from the compact, satin-finished cabinet plugs into any convenient lamp socket and the current costs only about as much as the lighting of one 40-watt lamp.

BATTERY SETS \$49-\$68



On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Radio Hour—listen in!

Price slightly higher West of the Rockies.



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MODEL 60 A. C. set. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Requires 4 A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, \$77. Also Model 42, with automatic volume regulator, \$85, and Model 44, an extra-powerful "Distance" set, \$110.

The Atwater Kent battery sets have won their reputation for fine performance in 1,400,000 homes—and now both models are again improved for 1929.

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