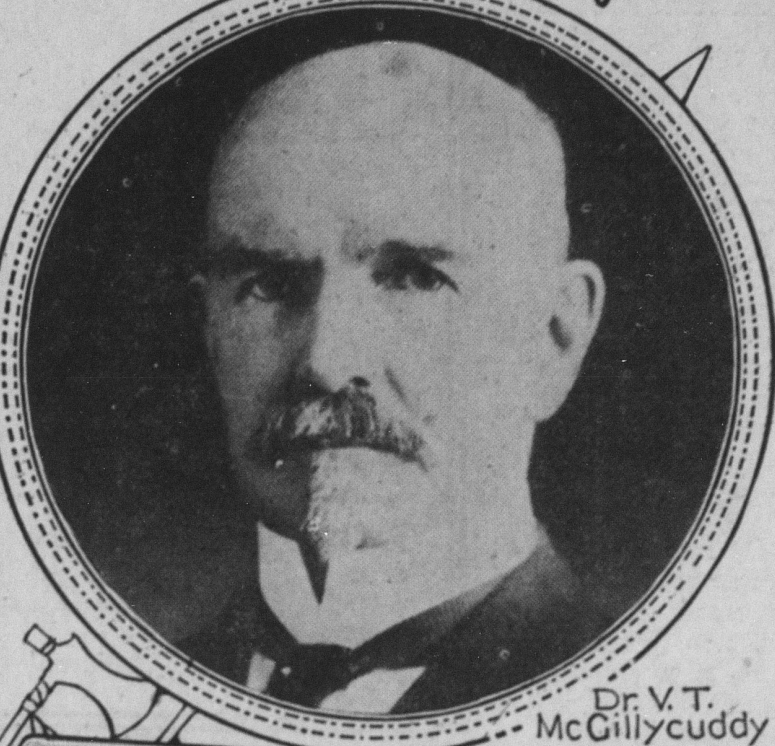


# Crazy Horse, Fighting Chief of the Sioux



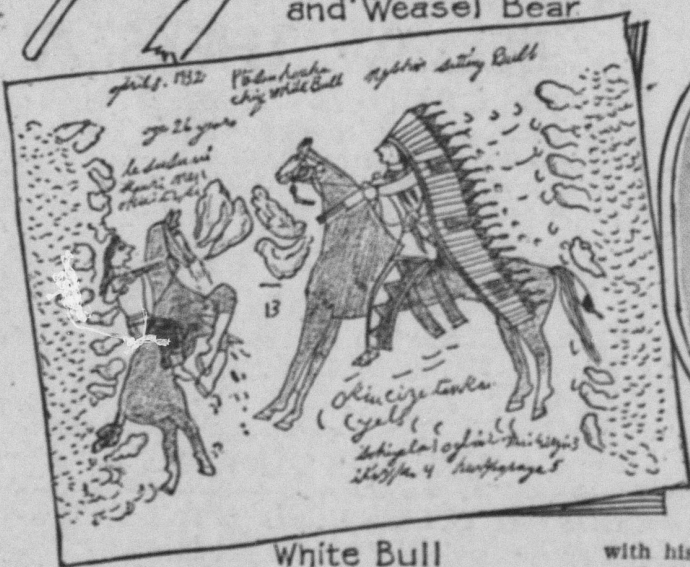
Chief Crazy Horse



Dr. V. T. McGillicuddy



Limpy, Yellow Dog and Weasel Bear



White Bull at the Battle at Rose Bud



White Bull

## NOTES ON THE PICTURES

Picture of Crazy Horse, said to be the only photograph ever taken of the famous chief, from the collections of E. A. Brininstool; Picture of Limpy, Yellow Dog and Weasel Bear, three Cheyenne Indian survivors of the Battle of the Rosebud, courtesy of T. J. Gatchell of Buffalo, Wyo.; Portrait of White Bull and "White Bull at the Battle of the Rosebud" from Stanley Vestal's "Warpath," courtesy of the Houghton Mifflin company.

found refuge under the British flag after the Custer battle in 1876.

"This impression regarding the desertion of Crazy Horse was the result of a purposeful misinterpretation by the government interpreter who was an enemy and feared Crazy Horse. Of this I was informed by Louis Bordeaux, a reliable man who checked the interpreting. The feeling was added to by Red Cloud's jealousy of Crazy Horse's increasing power and importance.

"Three days later a courier arrived from General Crook who had gone to Fort Laramie, Wyo., with orders to General Bradley, commandant at Fort Robinson, to arrest Crazy Horse. The next morning a force of three troops of cavalry and a field piece and myself as medical officer left the post an hour before daylight for a march of five miles to the camp to make the arrest. We arrived at daylight and found but a deserted camp ground. Crazy Horse and his people, lodges and everything had scattered and gone. That evening a courier arrived from Major Burke, commanding at the Spotted Tail agency 40 miles east, saying that Crazy Horse had arrived alone and was in Spotted Tail's camp.

"An order was sent to Major Burke to arrest Crazy Horse and return him to Fort Robinson. Burke informed Chief Spotted Tail of his orders. Spotted Tail's reply was: 'Crazy Horse is a chief. He is my guest. He cannot be arrested, but if the soldier chief will set the time we will council with him.'

"At 9:00 a. m. next day Spotted Tail and Crazy Horse appeared at Burke's office. Crazy Horse was not informed that he was a prisoner but that General Bradley at Fort Robinson wanted him there for a council. His reply was: 'It is well, I will go.' Entering the waiting ambulance, and surrounded by Indian scouts and a cavalry escort, he started for Fort Robinson.

"At 5:00 p. m. they arrived at the adjutant's office. In the meantime Bradley had issued orders to Captain Kennington, officer of the day, that immediately upon his arrival Crazy Horse was to be confined in the guard house. Anticipating the arrival, I was standing in front of the adjutant's office and shook hands with Crazy Horse on his arrival. He entered and said he was there for council. But instead of meeting Bradley, he was taken charge of by Kennington and was led to the guard house which they entered quietly.

"When Crazy Horse observed the steel bars between the guard room and the cells he gave an outcry: 'This is a prison' and, seizing a knife in each hand from his belt, fought his way to the parade ground where I was standing. Kennington was hanging on one wrist and Little Big Man, an Indian scout, on the other. Then, the chief suddenly fell to the ground, writhing and groaning. I worked my way in between the guard and examined him. He was frothing at the mouth, pulse weak and intermittent, blood trickling from the upper edge of his hip. A private of the Ninth Infantry had transfixed him

with his bayonet and his case was hopeless.

"I then worked my way to American Horse, the friendly chief, who was sitting on his horse and informed him that Crazy Horse was badly hurt and that we would place him in the guard house and I would care for him. His answer was: 'No, Wasicu Wakan, he is a chief and can not be put in prison.' The officers were at their quarters, orderlies had vanished and no one to carry orders. So I tried to arrange matters and advised Kennington to hold the ground while I crossed the parade ground to the general's quarters to explain matters. That resulted as follows: 'Please give my compliments to the officer of the day. He is to carry out his original orders and put the Indian in the guard house.'

"I returned to Kennington and we proceeded to put the Indian in the guard house. As we started to lift him, a tall Sioux grasped my hand and in the sign language said that he did not want to see me hurt and for me to desist. The Indians had begun cocking their rifles. So, another trip to the general to explain matters and I remarked to him: 'General, I know the temper and feelings of these Indians. You may be able to imprison Crazy Horse, but it will mean the death of a good many soldiers and Indians. If you will pardon me for suggesting it, we may be able to compromise on the adjutant's office where I can care for him, for he will die before morning.'

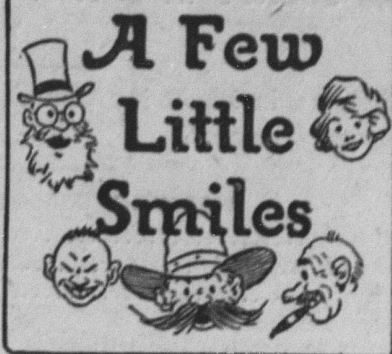
"After much reluctance he acquiesced and I returned to the scene. On being informed of what I had done, American Horse dismounted and spread his blanket on the ground. The Indians placed the chief on it and carried him into the adjutant's office. By administration of hypodermics of morphia, etc., I eased his sufferings. I remained with him until his death at 11:00 p. m. and there were present then Kennington, officer of the day; Lemley, officer of the guard; old man Crazy Horse; and Chief Touch the Cloud (Mahpia Yutan), six foot four in height. When Crazy Horse died this chief drew the blanket over the face of the dead man and standing up, pointed to the body and said: 'There lies his lodge,' then pointing up, 'The chief has gone above.'

"I then returned to my quarters across the parade ground, accompanied by Touch the Cloud, who slept on his blanket outside my door through the night, as there was still danger of trouble. After I retired, word of the death of the chief got out and all we could hear were the wails and death songs from all quarters, as we were surrounded for miles by the Indian camps. The whole garrison of 1,000 men was kept on guard for the night, but matters finally adjusted themselves.

"Next day the body was removed to the Spotted Tail agency and placed on the usual platform. Later in the fall when we moved the Indians 300 miles to the Missouri river, it accompanied us. In the fall of 1878 when the Indians were moved back to the present Pine Ridge agency, the body was brought back and concealed there."

To this day the last resting place of the chief remains a secret among the Sioux and, since it has never been marked, it is altogether fitting that there should be some memorial to him, such as the monument recently dedicated at Fort Robinson, in the land he loved and for which he fought so valiantly. For, as Burke, writing of the chief's first sepulcher at the Spotted Tail agency—a simple one of plain pine slabs—has said: "Just as the grave of Custer marked the high-water mark of Sioux supremacy in the trans-Missouri region, so does the grave of Crazy Horse mark the ebb from which no tide has ever risen."

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## SCORE ONE FOR HUBBY

Young Wife (looking in the window of a jeweler's)—George I'd love that bracelet.

The Husband—I can't afford to buy it for you, dear.

"But if you could, you would, wouldn't you?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Why?"

"It isn't good enough, dear."

"Oh, you darling."

## Overstudy

"A man must be a student all his days to hold a position like yours," remarked the admiring constituent.

"That is very true," answered Senator Sorghum, "and, like a student, I get so weary of hard lessons that I am going to organize a movement to include a sports page in the Congressional Record." — Washington Star.

## Immune to 'Em Now

"Your daughter is very modern isn't she?" remarked the visitor.

"Yes," sighed the mother; "I have reached the point now where I doubt if I could even be shocked by a live wire, no matter what the voltage was."

## Dining to Discard

"Society," said Miss Cayenne, "reminds me of a minstrel show."

"Where they say 'Gentlemen, be seated?'"

"Yes. Only they say, 'Ladies, be seated.' And then the 'music' starts!"

## His Idea

Sunday School Teacher—Why was it that David said he would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord?

Bright Boy—So he could go outside if he didn't like the sermon.—Pathfinder Magazine.

## THE BRUTE



Mrs. Smith—My club has asked us to take part in the pageant of the '60s that they're giving.

Mr. Smith—What do they want us to do, impersonate the Civil war?

## Charity Begins at Home

Newsboy—Sir, my beautiful sister is dying of starvation. Will you buy the rest of my papers?

Gent—No, but I'll take your sister out to dinner.

## Just a Vacuum

Frosh (knocking at senior's door)—You told me to call you in time for your first class, but I didn't wake up myself. It's ten o'clock now, your class is over, and you can sleep as long as you want.

## Even Up

Dorothy—It must be quite three years since I saw you last. I hardly knew you, you have aged so!

Doreen—Well, I wouldn't have known you either, except for that dress.

## Too Much to Expect

Wife—Will you love me if I get fat?

Husband—No, I promised for better or worse—not thick or thin.—London Answers.

## Easily Satisfied

"But I couldn't give you enough work to keep you occupied."

"Missus, you'd be surprised wot a little it takes to keep me occupied."—Sydney Bulletin.

## Why Not?

Wife—I can't afford an operation now.

Hubby—No, you'll just have to talk about the bill for another year.

## For Morning or Afternoon Wear

Pattern 1795

Here's the latest in feminine chic for morning or afternoon wear. Ruffles to accent the smart line of the yoke are irresistibly flattering, and the sleeves have puffed-up charm. A white yoke to top a sprightly silk or cotton print would be ever so lovely. The cost of pattern and fabric is so nominal that you could make this frock without imposing on your budget. A perfect model, too, for the beginner because of its utter simplicity—the front and back are without waistline seams and the yoke is just



Pattern 1795

no trouble at all to set in place. The sleeves may be omitted.

Pattern 1795 is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 16 takes 3 1/4 yards 36-inch fabric and five-eighth yard contrasting. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly your name, address and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

Address orders to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth Street, New York.

## JUST PRACTICING

"But I've been told that you have proposed to three other girls quite recently," said the maid.

"Oh, mere rehearsals in view of proposing to you, dear," said the man.

## CROWDING HIM



Customer—Are your eggs fresh? Waiter—I don't know, sir. I've only been here a month, sir.

## Third Ingredient

Prof. Albert Einstein gave recently what he considered the best formula for success in life. I should say the formula is a equals x plus y plus z, x being work and y being play.

"And what is z?" inquired the interviewer.

"That," he answered, "is keeping your mouth shut."

## Who's Afraid?

These cigars make me feel like the Three Little Pigs' straw house. "Wyzzo?" "One puff and I'm all in."