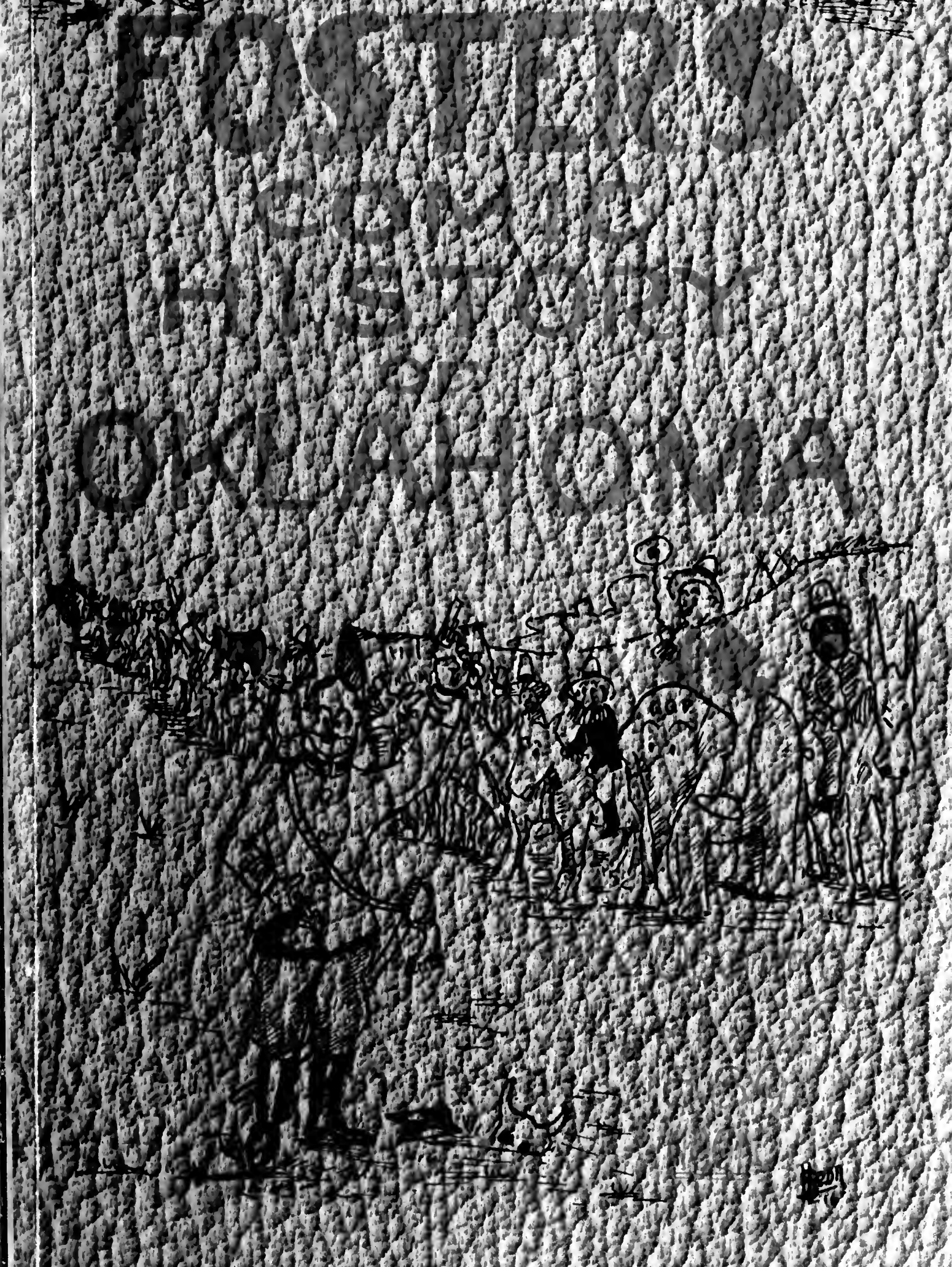


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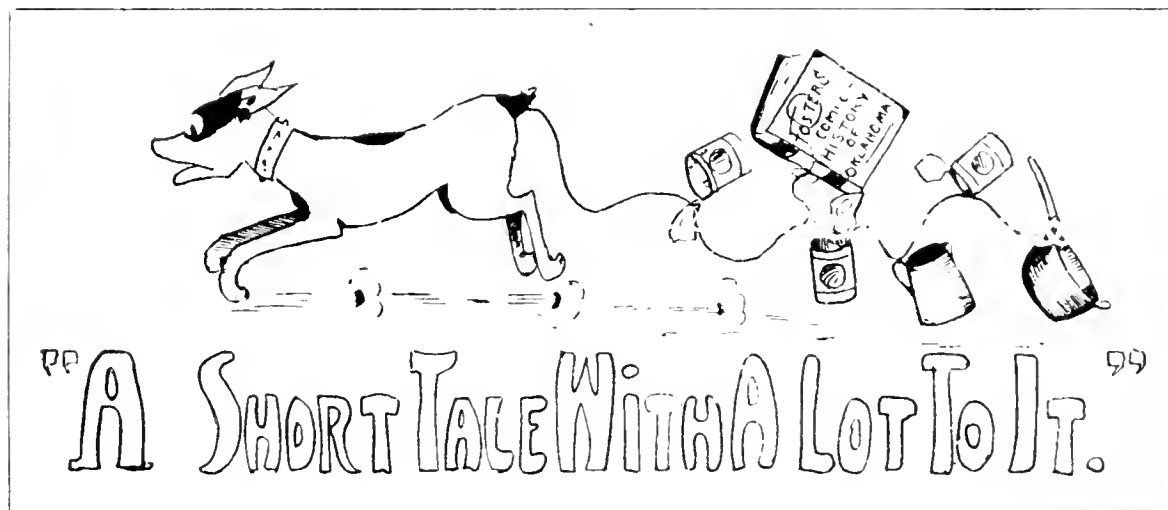
PRICE \$1.00



Foster's Comic History of Oklahoma

By C. D. FOSTER

Cartoons by MERLE St. LEON



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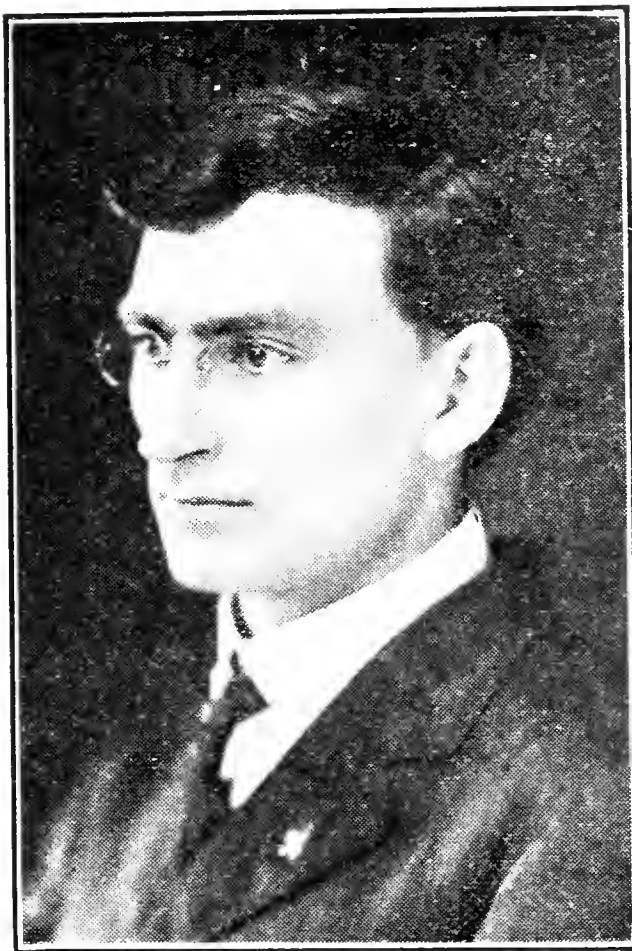


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C. D. FOSTER
Author "Foster's Comic History of Oklahoma"

Get the Habit and Smile

When you feel dam-bad,
 And the world looks blue,
And you're tired of living—that's true.

When your poor heart aches
 Till it almost breaks,
And you think your friends untrue—

Cheer up, my friend;
 Get a smile on your face,
Think of all the good times you've had,

Things might be worse;
 Don't trouble 'bout the hearse;
Get a SMILE on your face—and be glad.

Autobiography of the Author

It was on the 22nd day of September, in the year 1880, in a little shack out on the western prairies in that part of the world known as Seward, Nebraska, that I first saw the light of day. I was very young and inexperienced, in fact I was in a destitute and helpless condition. My parents were very poor, but of a kind and loving disposition, and they being aware of my then helplessness proceeded to clothe and feed me. The food they gave me was very thin, however, and consisted of milk, which I was forced to take in tiny sips for many months.

I often longed for a square meal of pork and beans, but no man gave unto me.

They continued to minister to my welfare for many years afterwards, and this debt I have never been able to pay. They have given up all hope of ever collecting it.

At times they despaired of my prospects for future usefulness and were tempted to end my miserable existence, but they suffered on, and allowed me to do likewise, a fact they have many times since had cause to lament.

Some folks are born rich, some have riches thrust upon them and some are born good looking. Some folks had better never been born at all. My friends say that I belong to the latter class. We will not stop to argue the question with them. "I should worry."

In early life I developed an enormous appetite and my capacity for beans and prunes was almost beyond

understanding. In later life, when I was forced to shift for myself, this appetite was a serious handicap to my welfare, financially.

I was allowed to grow up in ignorance and have been able to hold my own ever since. Although I am naturally of a loving disposition my wife would no doubt tell you that I am a grouch and I have long since learned never to dispute her.

Soon after reaching my majority I kissed all living things on the old homestead goodbye and went forth to revolutionize the universe, a task I have never yet been able to complete satisfactorily.

After beating around over the rough places of civilization for a few years I took unto myself a wife and rounded out a life of misery and privation by raising a family of boys. Through the kindness of my wife's relations I have been able to keep the wolf from the door, though at times his howls were audible in the near vicinity.

On various occasions I have been tempted to give up the ghost, but it takes nerve to do this. (I have, before now, been accused of being "Nervy," but that is a different proposition altogether.)

Early in life it was my ambition to become a noted historian and my first offense along this line was a history of the American Indian, which I stole bodily from the story of Wild Bill, or Leather Stockings, I have forgotten which.

My greatest work is the History of Oklahoma, which will always have a warm spot in my heart, for the truths contained therein are a boon to civilization, and the story will pass down through the ages and wend its way through the libraries of posterity until

the moths and dust shall have finished its useful existence.

With such a past the future is very uncertain and should I get my just desserts, well, I leave it with you, gentle reader ; you may draw your own conclusions, and your solution of the problem will never be questioned by me.

Sincerely,

C. D. F.

Preface

Facts are the framework of history, and history is a record of the past, although some of the makers of history are ashamed of their past record; but this history is no respecter of persons.

The Artist and the Author both have a great regard for facts, and we have never in our lives spoken disrespectfully of them.

History records the doings of individuals, and we have tried to picture these individuals, not as they appeared when posing for their photograph, but as they were seen in the eyes of the general public while they were making history for the "general public" and posterity. The facts in the case are that we got them with their every-day clothes on.

When we began work on this history we had three objects in view:

FIRST: To write the funniest history that Oklahoma folks ever read, and by so doing be able to sell a few of them to the unsuspecting, innocent public, because we needed the dough.

SECOND: Simplicity of style and impartiality of treatment. We wanted to make this history awfully simple, and the result, as you will readily notice, has been simply awful.

THIRD: To put before the people of Oklahoma the truthful story of the building of the greatest state on earth by some of the best people on earth—and a great many other folks.

Our acknowledgment is due to the Hon. Bill Nye for the idea, to Noah Webster for the loan of the vocabulary used herein, and to our many friends who so generously helped us in one way and another; some by heaping insults upon our head for attempting to put such trash on the market for an intelligent public to

read, and others by useful suggestions along the line, all of which we ignored.

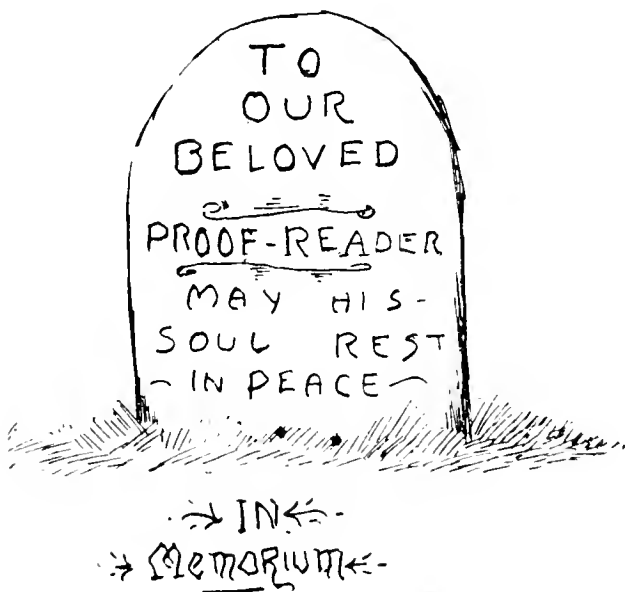
Our final result will bear us out in this statement.

We want to especially thank the proof-reader for his forbearance in wading through this bunch of junk during the hot

weather. We have since erected a monument to his memory and speak of him with the greatest of reverence and respect.

If this history succeeds in driving away the blues from the clouded mind of some hard-working Oklahoma citizen, we will feel well paid for our work, and if it doesn't we will have no one to blame for it but ourselves. We are not going to get mad and swear about it; it will be their loss and not ours.

With this brief preface we submit the work, for better or for worse, and thus we leave it with you.



Our Creed

Who makes this funny world go round
And keeps things going on?
Who holds the best positions—
Will be missed most when he's gone?
Not the one with hoards of gold dust,
Not the plodder, sure but slow—
'Tis the one who spreads the salve on—
He's the one that makes it go.

As you pass along life's pathway,
Fighting for your daily bread,
Take a look at those above you—
Who are they so far ahead?
Not the ones who found the horseshoe;
Not the ones behind the hoe—
They're the ones who spread the B. S.,
They're the ones who have the dough.

Foreword

The history of Oklahoma is unique in many ways. Few of the Oklahoma girls have ever gone outside of the state to marry titles, but some of them have acquired them just the same; for instance, Buckskin Lizz, Ponca Nell and Flat Foot Ann.

Oklahoma has but few idle old maids. As soon as a girl decides that she cannot find a suitable husband among the natives she resigns herself to her fate and gets elected County Superintendent of Schools or Commissioner of Charities and Corrections. Failing in this, she joins the woman's crusade against the bootleggers, or writes stories for the Black Cat or the Comic Section of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The woods are full of them.

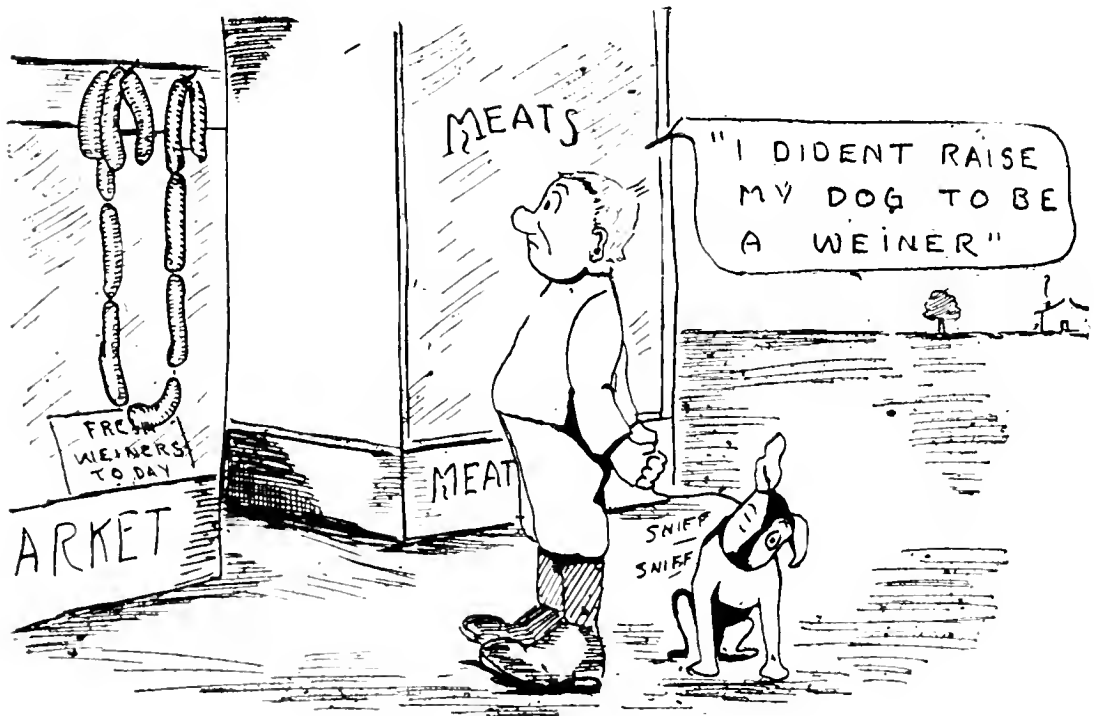
Another peculiarity is that the Indians played an important part in the early development of the state, and in some parts a few of them still survive, but for the most part they have been superseded by the grafters and politicians.

This accounts in a measure for Oklahoma's peculiar citizenship, which is different from that of any other state in the union; it is a conglomeration of people from all over the world, and the jails and penitentiaries are generally full of convicted bootleggers.

The state is the richest one in Uncle Sam's domain in the production of oil and gas, but many a poor devil lives in constant dread of the gas meter in winter and the ice man in summer.

Oklahoma's past is filled with daring deeds of graft and lawlessness; her present is partially controlled by the corporations and the enforcement officers, with a word thrown in now and then by the Corporation Commission; her future is a problem that is taxing the minds of the local option workers, the bootleggers and the get-together clubs of the different political parties; though, taken as a whole, she is SOME STATE.

Those who carefully study this history will not only gain a knowledge of Oklahoma and its builders, but will acquire a measure of intelligence that can never be obtained by reading any other historical publication on the market today, for the facts contained



Prepared for the Weinerworst

herein are altogether different from other facts in common use.

These facts should be treated with all due respect and courtesy. They have been culled by the author,

who has kept them so fresh and green that an unkind word would wither them in a moment; so we ask that you be very considerate and, when you read them, if you feel like swearing, smother your wrath; if you feel like boosting, give a yell; but however you feel, ask your neighbor to buy a copy of the book and refuse to loan him yours. You will, by so doing, confer a great favor on the author, and your neighbor may speak to you afterwards—but I warn you to be prepared for the weinerworst.

First Known Inhabitants

Oklahoma originally belonged to the Indians. That was before the white folks discovered it; after the discovery they soon took it away from the redskins, but gave a part of it back to them to live on until it could be taken away again.

War was the chief business of the original Indians, and most of them never got over it. These original inhabitants treated their women folks as if they belonged to a lower class of beings and fit only to be the drudge and servant of her lord and master, her great warrior.

If one should allow his imagination to have full sway, he might judge from the pleadings filed in the various divorce cases in Judge Hudson's court at Bartlesville in the past few years that a remnant of this former civilization still exists.

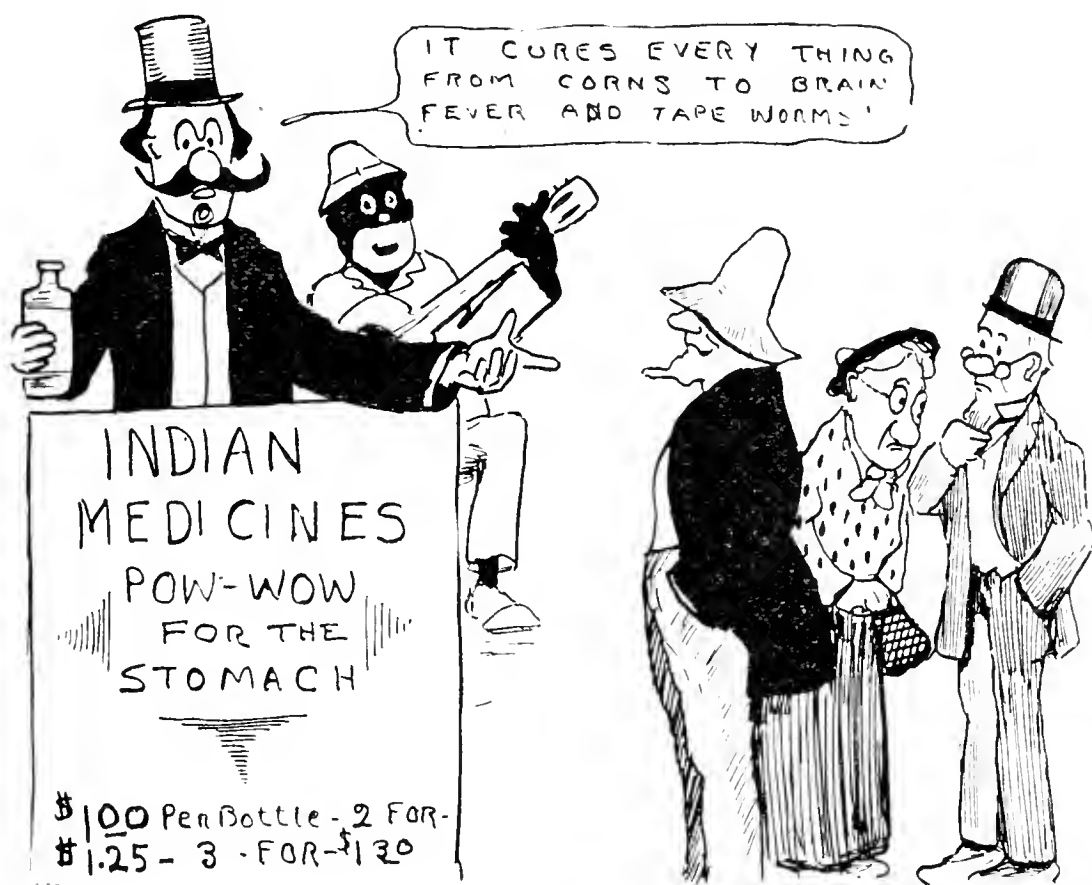
Some folks believe that the divorce evil is an epidemic; that is, they think it is catching.

Most of the early inhabitants dressed in the September Morn costume in summer, but added a buffalo skin in winter—woolly side in. Some of the society leaders of late years, who are habitués of the tango dance halls, have apparently dispensed with a part of this dress.

The principal business outside of warfare was the exchange of valuable skins and beads to the white traders for tobacco and firewater. It was a poor grade of "booze" that they got, but it gave them that funny, fighting feeling, and that was what they were after. "Choc" is used for the same purpose now.

Their God was the Great Spirit; their Heaven a happy hunting ground, where they expected to take all their earthly belongings. A great many of the red men went there before they served their allotted time on Oklahoma soil. It has been hinted that some of them that are left at this late date would have been better off if they had gone on before.

Their bunco business was done by the medicine men, and even now in up-to-date 1916 medicine fakirs ply their trade on the street corners of some of the



"The tapeworm in this bottle is 75 feet long and taken from a 2 year old child, etc"

leading cities and sell their fake Indian remedies to an innocent and unsuspecting public at so much per. Some of their victims have been known to live on in spite of it, but for the most part they are not so fortunate.

Most crimes had penalties that could be met or

settled by the payment of a price (usually payable in ponies), and when the white men came with their civilization and civilized laws they stole this idea from the Indian and incorporated the same notions into the said "laws," so that today, as then, many crimes are settled by the payment of a price, and the bigger the crime the higher the price.

Murder was usually punished by a relative or friend of the victim, who acted as an executioner; and thus many feuds sprang up, and some of them have not died out yet, although most of the original contestants have.

Each tribe had its own peculiar grunts and growls that took the place of a language, and tribes that had not a single word in common could readily carry on a conversation by means of these said grunts and growls, together with a bunch of signs that they used, and "They were much given to oratory and story-telling" (historical quotation).

Their houses were called tepees, and were constructed by drawing three or four poles together at the top like a tripod and then covering these poles with skins and grass or whatever the squaws could find lying around loose. This made moving easy, and when this eventful day came around, as it always does on various occasions, all they had to do was to roll up their house and take it along.

Great events in tribal history were recorded on tanned buffalo skin by means of a crude system of picture writing.

Explorations

Coronado.

The first white people to visit what is now Oklahoma came here in the early part of the Sixteenth Century. Their object in coming here was not to discover Oklahoma, for they had no use for it; they were seeking for gold, and although more than four hundred years have elapsed since then, many people visit Oklahoma now with the same object in view. Some of them get disappointed, others buy gold bricks and diamonds and still retain their dignity as statesmen.

Coronado was perhaps the first white man to fit out a company of volunteers to seek for the precious metal in this neck of the woods. The nerve of some people!

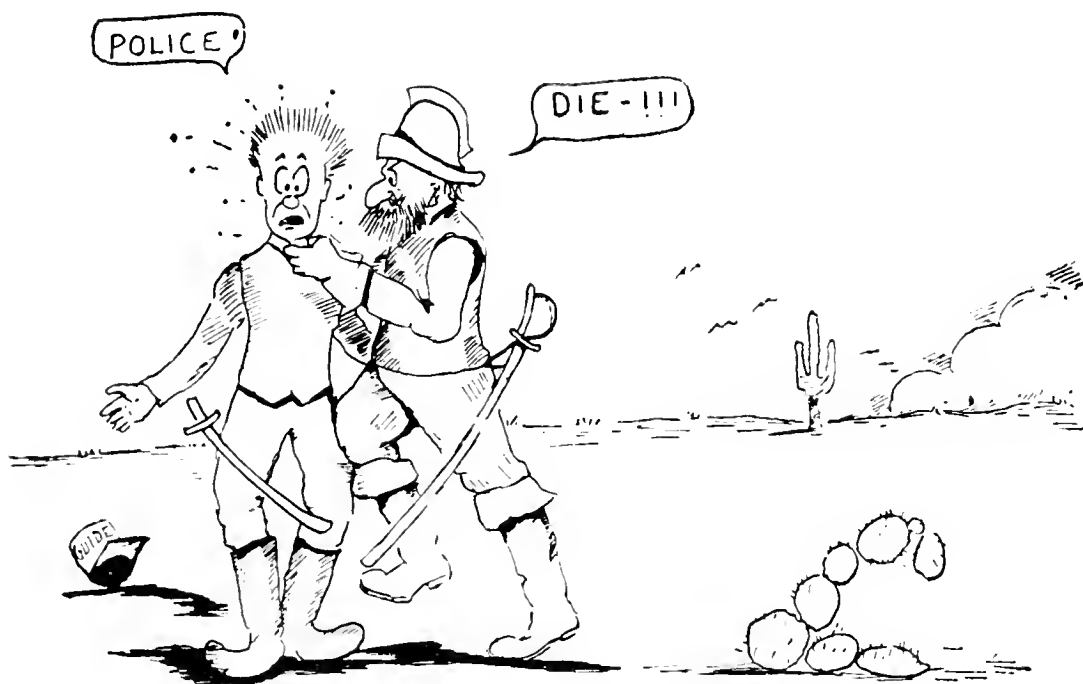
He went almost nutty over the belief that he would find the seven cities of Cibola somewhere within the bounds of the present State of Oklahoma, or Arizona, so he gathered together a thousand naked savages and about three hundred Spaniards and went forth to investigate. He got back!

They crossed a great plain which they named the LLANO ESTACADO, and it has never since changed its name, although few people know how to pronounce it.

He felt discouraged when he crossed the Panhandle of Texas, but he pushed on until he reached the quicksand beds of the Cimarron river. Here he

suffered terribly for want of water, gave up in despair and returned home; not, however, until he had strangled his guide that led him into such a country.

This was the first lynching of record on Oklahoma soil. Two or three towns in the state can vouch for the fact that it was not the last one.



"Killin' is Too Good for Yuh"

Laharpe.

Laharpe was a horse trader and came to Oklahoma soon after Coronado. It is hinted that he was the first member of the A. H. T. A.

The people of Kansas thought so much of him that they named one of their little villages after him. It has never since made much of a growth, due to poor digestion or something of the sort.

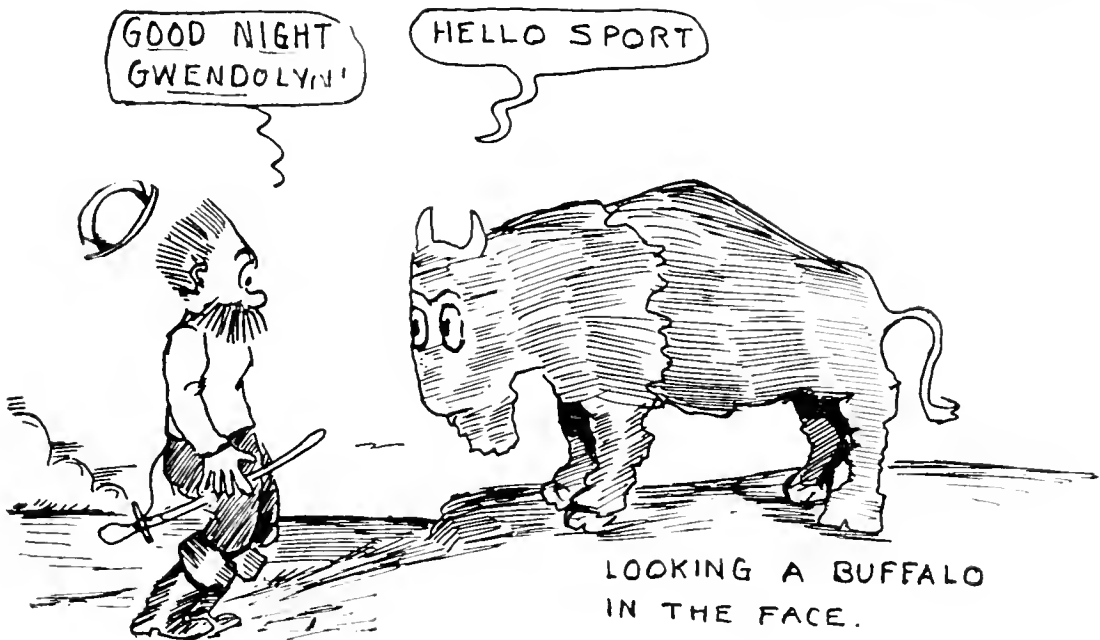


"Oft on a Stilly Night"

Many horse traders have infested these regions since, and some of them found that their business hung heavily around their necks at the last. Some of them were not able to get their feet on the ground again—speaking from a business standpoint, of course. Any way you are a mind to look at it, their hands were tied.

Cabaca de Vaca.

Among other famous explorers who were to take a prominent part in the discovery and exploration of this great country was Cabaca De Vaca, who claims that he was the first white man to look a buffalo in the face.



"And the blow almost killed father"

Sometime after this all the buffalo became extinct in Oklahoma except a few that Pawnee Bill uses in his show.

De Vaca claims that he passed up either the Cimarron or Canadian river valley for many miles, but some of the wise ones shake their heads when they read about it, for they doubt if he had the nerve, and, even if he had, how could his men go so long without water? This depends, of course, on the season of the year.

Bonilla.

Bonilla got it into his head that a certain band of Indians needed spanking, and he fitted out an expedition to do the job up right. He had heard, too, that gold was to be found in paying quantities along some of the streams, and he wanted to see for himself.

He got into a conflagration with one of his captains because he thought that the old fellow was making goo-goo eyes at the Indian girls as they passed the



I'll give you to understand that I'm no flirt

camp on their way to gather buffalo chips for their camp fires.

The captain, whose name was Humana, cracked the old explorer on the bean and he croaked.

The Indians were sore on Humana anyway, on account of his unwelcome attention to the young girls of the tribe, and they fell on the camp one night and almost exterminated the whole bunch.

A few years after this the Governor of New Mexico, assisted by one of the survivors of the old Bonilla expedition, fitted out a marauding party and killed about a thousand Indians.

This eased up matters some and made the white folks feel a "heap" better.

This all happened away back in 1601, and we have forgotten the particulars.

About ten years later the Spaniards pawed all over the Wichita mountains in search of gold. This search was kept up for forty years by the missionaries, who were supported by the folks back home while they were supposed to convert the poor heathen Indians to Christianity (and firewater).

In the latter they succeeded beyond expectations, but they never found much gold.

In 1717 a Spanish force five hundred strong went out to punish the Comanche Indians. This party started out from Santa Fe, New Mexico. They marched to within a few feet of the western boundary of Oklahoma, where they found the Comanche camp. (It is not known at this time why the Indians did not camp over on the Oklahoma side, but tradition has it that the sand was too hot for their bare feet and that the old chief and a few others got cold feet on the proposition; anyway, they were found on the Texas side.)

The Spaniards let their hair down and put a little

red paint on their cheeks, and thus disguised themselves so completely that when they attacked the band at daybreak the Indians thought it was one of their raiding parties coming home to roost.

Those who were not killed at the first rush were soon enlightened, and seven hundred in all were sent to the Queen of Spain as a Christmas present.

When the Queen glued her glims on the old Comanche warriors she threw a fit and ordered them deported to Cuba.

She gave each of them a banana farm down there, but it is said that they would not work it, because their squaws were absent, and in time they all starved to death. This tale has never before been truthfully told.

Thus the country flourished until Jefferson bought Louisiana from Napoleon, and coaxed him to throw in Oklahoma for good measure.

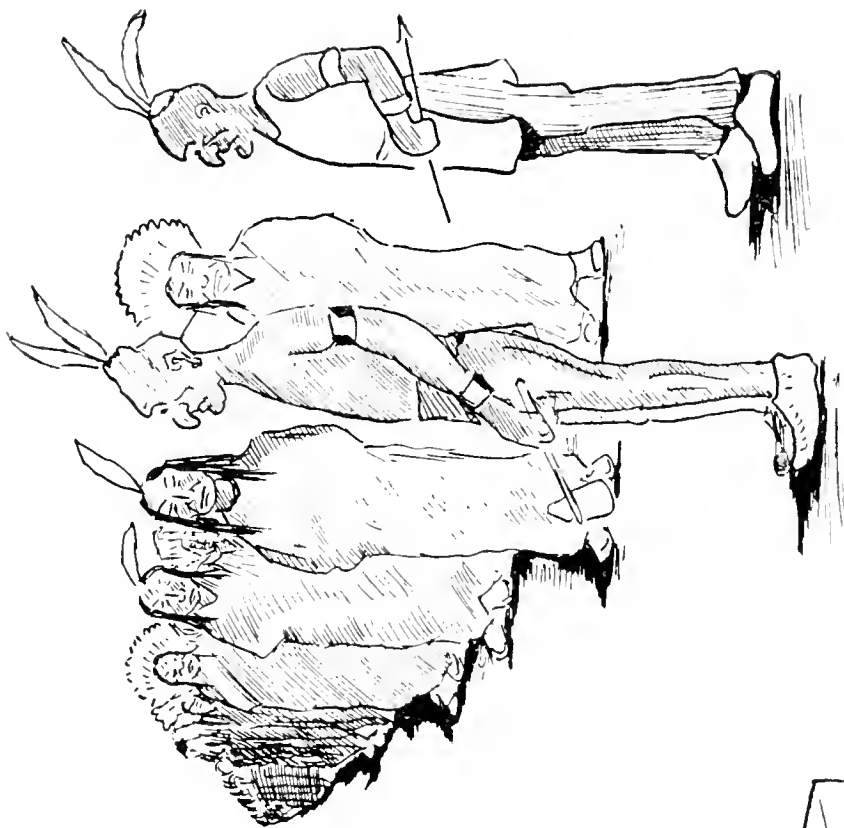
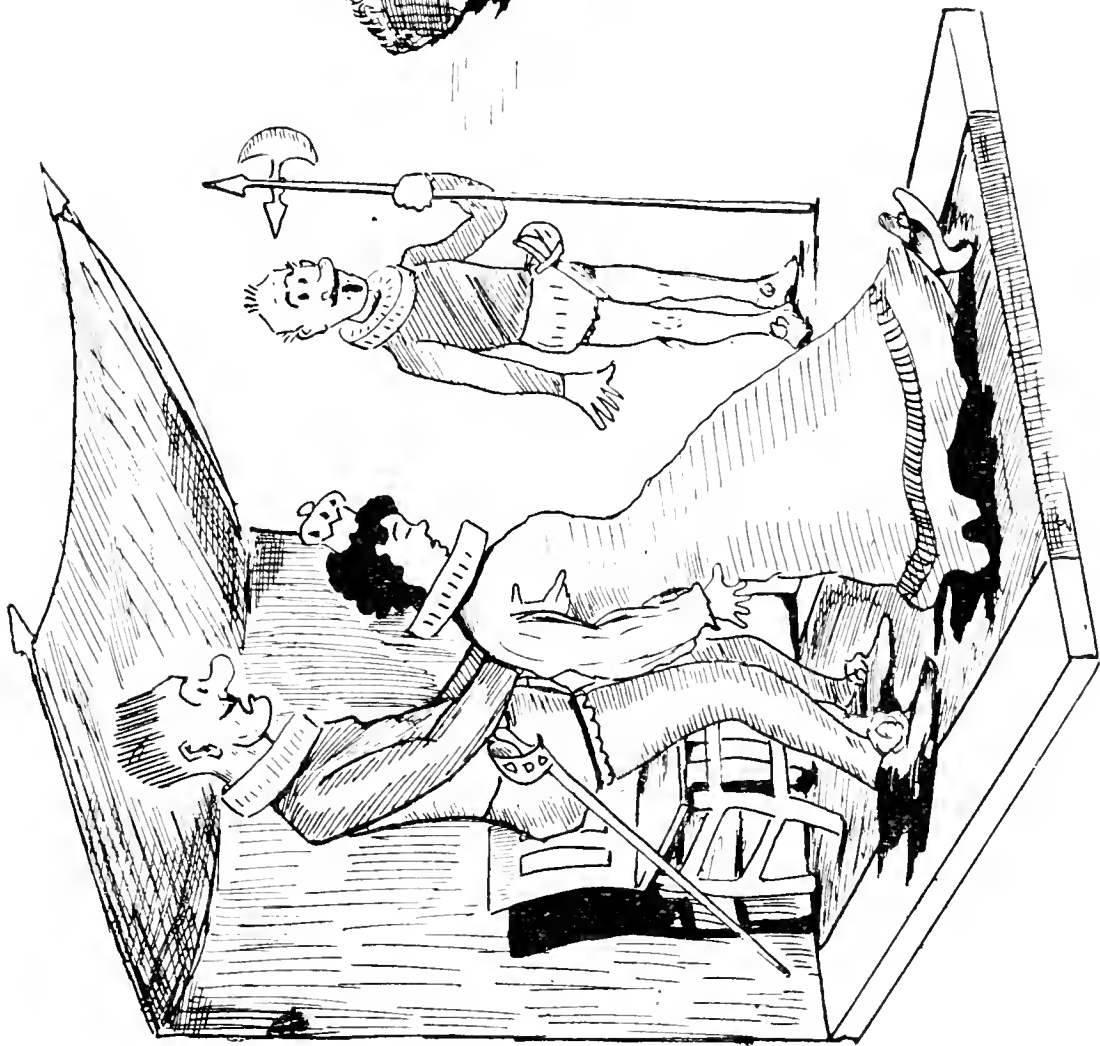
[N. B. Both these men are dead.]

Oklahoma was at this time a barren piece of land sprinkled over with sand and pebbles, fit only for the Indians. It was almost uninhabitable when the hot south winds got to monkeying with the said sand and pebbles. By patience and perseverance it has become one of the leading states of the union in the production of oil and gas and a few other things too numerous to mention.

Questions.

Q. Why did people come to Oklahoma in the first place?

A. They thought they would get rich quick.



THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMES PRESENT

Q. Why did Coronado give up his search for the seven cities of Cibola?

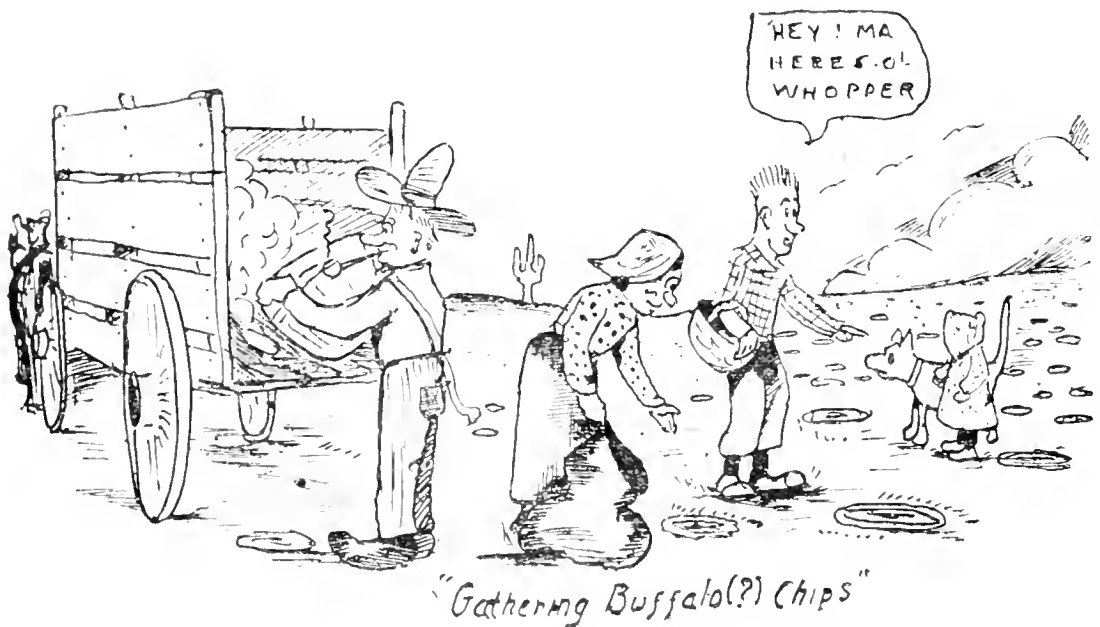
A. He got stuck in the quicksands of the Cimar-ron river and was afraid to go farther on account of lack of water.

Q. How did Uncle Sam acquire Oklahoma?

A. Napoleon threw it in as good measure when he sold the Louisiana country to Jefferson. (Note—Jefferson died before the trick was discovered.)

Q. What are buffalo chips?

A. Ask any old settler of Kansas or Oklahoma.



Back to Nature. No gas meter; no coal bills

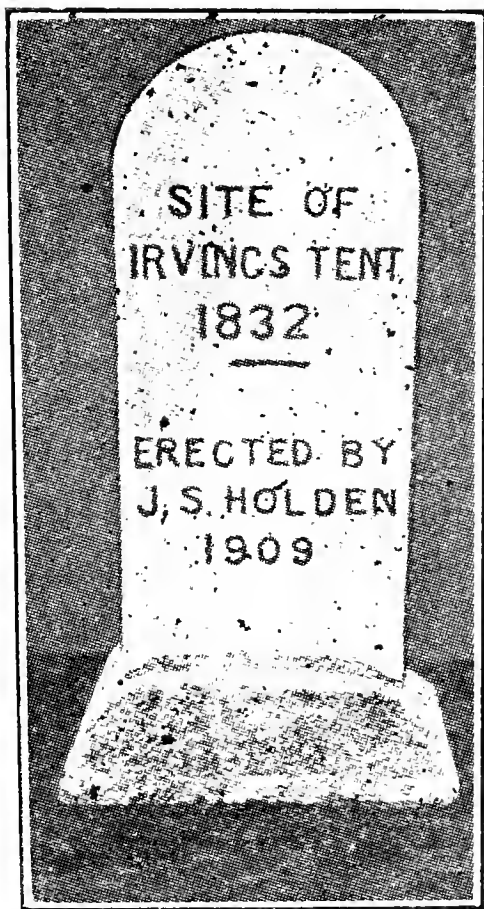
Indian Territory Established

In 1824 President Monroe proposed an Indian Territory, where all the Indians that were in the way in the East could be herded together in one spot, beyond civilization.

They chose Indian Territory for this purpose.

Fort Gibson was the first barracks established and Fort Towson the next. At the former the noted characters of the day used to gather to spin yarns. Among them we might mention:

Washington Irving.



This noted American writer visited Fort Gibson and wrote his "Tales of a Traveler" in a tent just outside of the parade grounds on Garrison Hill.

The commencement of the second paragraph of his book entitled "A Tour of the Prairies" reads as follows: "It was early in October, 1832, that I arrived at Fort Gibson, a frontier post of the far west, situated on the Neosho or Grand river near its

confluence with the Arkansas." It is said that

he got his inspiration for his famous story, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," at Muskogee, a little village a few miles to the west. His description of "Ichabod Crane" produces a life-sized likeness of a noted music teacher of Bartlesville. (Excuse us for a moment; we just dodged a brick.)

John Howard Payne.

John Howard Payne visited Fort Gibson many times and after his first visit there he went home and wrote our National Hymn, "Home, Sweet Home." No one who has ever visited Fort Gibson criticised him for feeling that way about it.

Longfellow.

In 1848 the poet Longfellow, on a tour of observation, visited Fort Gibson, and the next year appeared the finest of all his poems, "Evangeline," where the scenery in the vicinity of Fort Gibson is graphically described.

In this wonderful land at the border of the Ozark mountains, Evangeline sought Gabriel, and met a Shawnee woman who, like herself, was seeking her lost lover. She related a tale of love with its pleasures, until Evangeline's heart was touched with pity for the Indian maiden, and there they wept together for their helpless fate, the white woman and her red-skinned sister.

It was here that Evangeline first began to despair of ever finding Gabriel, and we do not blame her for this. We do not see how she ever had the heart to go on after such an experience, but she did, and after many more years of searching she found—Oh, pshaw! go get the book and read it for yourself.

Jefferson Davis.

Jefferson Davis at one time commanded Fort Gibson, and the house in which he lived is now in ruins, and only the two chimneys mark the site where once the rude hut stood. It seems like everything Jeff undertook went to ruin.

It was here that Jeff stole his bride, the daughter of Zachariah Taylor. Zach did not like Jeff then, for he was an untried lieutenant, and he wanted his Betty to marry some one that had been weighed in the balance, but Jeff and she hiked off to Van Buren, Arkansas, one day and had the knot tied, and then came back to Fort Gibson to get forgiveness.

Soon afterwards Zach was called to the Mexican war and at Buena Vista he got his men into a jackpot, but Jeff came up and turned defeat into a victory for the Americans, and old Zach fell on his neck and wept. After that they were pals.

Jeff was a pretty good boy, but he saw such a mess made of the government in relation to the affairs of the Indian country that when the civil war broke out he cast his lot with the Johnnies, and they liked him so well that they invited him to be the first President of the Confederacy, a position no other man ever filled. Considering his early training, no one has ever questioned his sincerity in taking the job; but from the reports the salary he received never did him much good, and some even question the honorary position as well, because Pat Henry said one time that he would rather be right than be President, and Pat ought to know because, like Bryan, he never was President.

Sam Houston.

Sam resigned the Governorship of Tennessee, left his newly married wife and went west to join the

Cherokees. He lived a number of years at Fort Gibson, assuming Indian garb, and took up his abode with old Chief Johnnycake.

He was at this time addicted to heavy drinking, but we do not know whether this had anything to do with his leaving home.

It is said that he was both honored and feared by the Cherokees, and he seemed to enjoy it, so what difference does it make to us?

Why he left his home in the east is a matter of little consequence, and on the whole it is none of our business. What became of his wife is a matter that no one ever cared to discuss with him, and as the Bible says that it is not good for man to be alone, Sam proceeded to get him an Indian wife. She was Tahilhina Rodgers, and it is said on good authority that she was very beautiful. We never saw her picture, but then the Indian maiden in pictures and the Indian girl in reality are two different girls altogether. We do not know to which of these she belonged.

Sam lived with his Indian wife until the Mexican war broke out and then he went to the front, and indications are that he forgot all about the little Indian wife at home. We hope not.

What happened is a matter of history. Houston joined his strength with the party that was fighting for the independence of Texas, became their general, defeated the Mexican army and won for them their freedom.

He then married again, and this time succeeded in staying long enough to raise a family. Temple Houston, one of the children from this marriage, became a very prominent man in the early history of Oklahoma.

Let us say to the credit of Houston that he tried to get his Indian wife to come to him in Texas, but she thought that she could never stand it to live among the Texas people, so she declined with thanks.

Tahilhina died of pneumonia in 1838, before Houston had an opportunity to come back to see her, but on her tombstone you will find these words, "Tahilhina, Cherokee Wife of Sam Houston, the Liberator of Texas."

Henry M. Stanley.

Stanley used to teach school in Fort Gibson, and the old building is still standing. It is said that he literally taught the young idea how to shoot, because they needed the shooting part worse than they did the three R's.

He never received as much money or as much notoriety from his school teaching business as he did from his hunt for Livingstone in South Africa, but he said he was well fitted for his southern jaunt in Darkest Africa after spending a few years in this neck of the woods.

Many of the citizens of Fort Gibson relate with great pride that they learned their A, B, C's from Henry. They never mentioned it to any one until after he put out his famous book, "In Darkest Africa," which we have had in our library for nearly twenty years, but never have read. It's a good book yet, for it has seen but little use.

George Catlin.

George Catlin used to visit Fort Gibson and put up at the best hotel. The old Indians would come from miles around to get George to draw their pictures, while some of the braves brought their sweethearts to

George and sat behind him while they posed for their pictures in front. These were strenuous times for George.

One day the old chief got jealous of him and he left between acts, and was never heard from afterwards. Some say that he took the princess of the tribe with him, and some say that he didn't, but, anyway, white men from all parts of the east came here in great numbers as soon as George published the first edition of his Indian Portrait Album. Many of them were afterwards dubbed "Squaw Men," and in due course of time they became very wealthy, because every child born to them was entitled to a quarter section of land.

Soon after this preparations were made to move all the Indians from the eastern country into this new Indian Territory that President Monroe had planned.

Some of the older heads of the different Indian tribes did not like the proposition very well. They argued that it was hardly right to expect them to give up their nice homes in the east for a home on the prairie, and then, too, some of the old bucks were suffering with kidney trouble and they were informed by the medicine men of the tribe that the alkali water in some parts of the Indian Territory would not be very good for them. Uncle Sam insisted, however, and some of the Indians still survive, although they are so mixed up with white folks that it is hard to distinguish them, except that the girls are reputed to be much better looking than the pure white stock. Some hold to the theory that it is on account of their greater wealth, while others claim that they are not so much given to the slit skirt and the X-ray dresses as their white sisters are.

The author, being of a very reserved nature, and not well versed along the line of Paris fashions, is not in a position to speak authoritatively on the subject. We do not know that we have ever made the acquaintance of an old maid that could trace her lineage back to the red man of old.

George Guess.

Soon after the removal a Cherokee by the name of Sequoyah conceived the idea that the Cherokee language could be printed if he could just think of a suitable character to represent each word of the language, but he found that this was "heap much" of a task for one poor Indian, so he got out a government patent on enough signs to represent the different syllables of the language, and found that he had in all eighty-four characters.

He then used the letter "S." What he used this "S" for, I do not know, but no doubt it stood for Sequoyah and a few other very prominent characters of that day and age. It is said that some of the old bucks had 'a hard time mastering these eighty-four characters before they could write a letter to the folks back home. Tradition has it that Sequoyah grew up very ignorant and untutored and that he never succeeded in learning to write his own name in "United States." And he never learned to speak the language of the pale faces. He wrote many lengthy articles in Cherokee and succeeded in getting them printed in the home newspaper, and the folks read these articles at times.

In his declining years he was kept busy inventing alphabets for the various Indian tribes throughout the old Indian Territory, as the Indians about this time were very much in need of a language to express their

feelings toward the white intruders. Some of these would not do to print, however; they have never become a matter of history.

Many years after Sequoyah had gone to the happy hunting ground there was a convention called for the purpose of forming a constitution for that part of the world known as the Old Indian Territory.

After they got the constitution to their liking they intended to have it adopted and then apply for admission under the name Sequoyah; this proposition, however, contracted some awful disease and died in infancy.

When the constitution for the joint statehood of Oklahoma and Indian Territory was formed some time later one of the counties was named after the noted chief.



Chief Geronimo and his bodyguard enroute to Ft. Sill.
"There's no place like home"

A few months ago, while the author was out on one of his foraging expeditions in search of facts for use in this history, the train stopped at a small vil-

lage not far from Claremore, and upon investigating we found that we were at Sequoyah. We feel sure that old George Guess, if he were on earth now, would be forever ashamed of the town that bears his name. But poor George is gone.

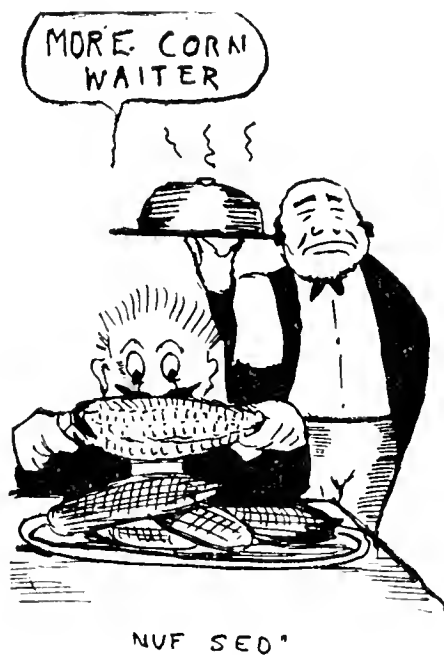
Fort Arbuckles.

This fort was established in 1851 and was no doubt named in honor of Arbuckles Coffee. History tells us that it was afterwards abandoned, and all the folks drank Postum because they had a reason for it. Fort Sill was established soon afterwards and old Geronimo moved his headquarters there, where he remained until his death.

Fort Cobb.

This was another stronghold. This fort took its name from the great piles of corn cobs stacked there by the campers who lived on roasting ears.

Below you see a picture of one of the post commanders and his waiter. Note the satisfied expression on the visible part of his face.



Summary

The period from 1803, when the Oklahoma country came into possession of the United States, up to the time of the Civil War might be termed very peaceable, considering the conditions then existing and the people who inhabited the country that was afterwards to form the great State of Oklahoma.

The Five Civilized Tribes continued to thrive and raise children. They no longer depended on the missionaries for everything but began to shift for themselves, and incidentally to sell a portion of their allotment to their white brothers.

Sequoyah had given them a language of their own and they began to flood the market with yellow backed literature that exploited the daring deeds of the great



"Back To The first Subject

"Everybody works but father"

chiefs of the tribes, and one book especially on "How to Get More Work Out of Your Squaw" was read with great interest.

In 1832 Nathaniel Boone, son of old Dan, marched to the present site of Guthrie, then south between Ok-

lahoma City and El Reno, then back home. They say that he was hunting for a townsite but found nothing that looked promising, so the attempt was abandoned; but in 1843 he tried it again, without success, and he was soon forgotten. Since that time many attempts have been made to build a city in this locality.

In 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War, the Choctaws declared in favor of the Johnnies, as did also the Chickasaws. The Cherokees followed soon afterwards. Several other tribes cast their lot with the Yanks.

Captain Albert Pike had been appointed special agent to wait on the various tribes and hornswoggle them into the Confederacy, which he did. Some of them remained neutral and thus saved their bacon.

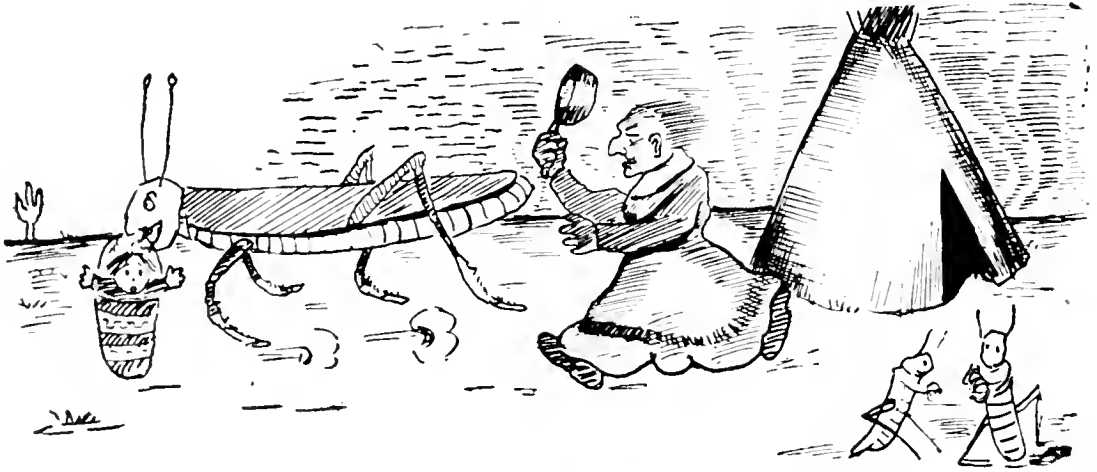
In January, 1835, the location and size of Indian Territory was described as follows:

“By the Indian Territory is meant the country within the following limits, viz:

“Beginning on the Red River east of the Mexican boundary, and as far west of Arkansas Territory as the country is habitable (note this last word); thence down the Red River eastwardly to the Arkansas Territory to the State line of Missouri; thence along its western line to the Missouri river; thence up the Missouri river to the Puncah river; thence westwardly as far as the country is habitable (?); thence southward to the point of beginning.” This includes Kansas and Nebraska, as far west as the country is habitable, and, strange as it may seem, they never went any farther west than the Texas Panhandle. History tells us that what was meant by “habitable” was a country upon which timber sufficient for building, fuel and fencing

grew. If this were true, they should never have settled the country west of Shawnee.

[Note. In 1856 a scourge of grasshoppers visited a part of Oklahoma and destroyed everything in their path, even carrying off the small papooses.]



Kickapoo, Sockery, Pow-wow, Dam

Since that time the people of Oklahoma have been able to cope with all pests that threatened the welfare of the prosperous commonwealth, except insurance agents, domestic servants and solicitors for Collier's Weekly.

Wars

This chapter will be given up to wars, and will, in a general way, take up the bloody part of the history of this great republic.

In some ways they played a very important part in this history by relieving the general congested situation about this time. The penitentiaries were overcrowded and pin-head lawyers were very numerous in some localities. These wars enabled them to come to the front in whirlwind fashion.

The many Easterners who were attracted here on account of these wars soon conceived the idea that there could be a great profit derived from the sale of Indian relics, and many factories sprung up all over the country that manufactured these curios and sold them to the unsuspecting and innocent public at fabulous prices.

The fact that it was necessary to expose the ancient relics to the wind and weather to give them the proper appearance accounts for their general uselessness.

Outside of a few little skirmishes with the Indians, more on the order of family rows, the country was never thrown into a state of general turmoil until the Civil War broke out.

This Civil War was a most unhappy event for the Indian women, for not a few of them owned slaves who did the most of the work. The women of the tribes were thus relieved of much of the household drudgery. As soon as the slaves were freed the Indian

women were again put into the hardest work and were compelled to scrub the floors of their own tepees and carry in the grass and leaves for their own bunks. This was considered very degrading by the society women of the tribes, but they had to put up with it.

Nearly all of the tribes came from the South, and to this day most of them vote the Democratic ticket, and consider work a degrading occupation.

The Caddo Indians had recently been expelled from Texas, and when some of the friendly troops retreated northward from Oklahoma at the outbreak of the war they eagerly followed. During their march northward it is stated on good authority that food was so scarce that all the forces from both sides of the fray gathered in the Red River Valley to keep from starving to death.

General Stand Waitie and General Gano succeeded in furnishing new suits to their soldiers once during the war while they were camped between Tulsa and Eufaula, but the old Indians could not accustom themselves to their new suits and in a short time they cut the seats out of the trousers, because they said the white man's pants were too hot for ordinary wear.



Removed the Seat of trouble

Although these are not all the principal events of the Civil War in Oklahoma, yet on the whole they were not very decisive. The ruin of the country, however, from a financial standpoint, was very com-

plete. Add to this the lawless element, which knew no feeling of loyalty for either side, who plundered and robbed the people as occasion offered. This has been continued ever since by a certain element.

The Indians that remained loyal during the war were dubbed Pin Indians. History tells it was on account of the pins they wore, but in the language of today it would be taken as an intimation that they were pin-heads.

As soon as the Indians got wind that the Confederacy was losing ground they deserted in great numbers and went over to the Union ranks, where their canteens were kept filled to overflowing.

The Civil War in Oklahoma is not one that inspires the white man with a feeling of pride in his race, so we will pass it up and agree with Sherman that in Oklahoma, at least, war was what he said it was.

The ten years following the Civil War are noted in Oklahoma for several reasons. The country was overrun with horse-thieves, whiskey peddlers, gamblers and sharpers that preyed upon the Indians and some other folks. They were the daddies of the present day bootleggers that infest the country in various places.

Finally, after a few years had passed, Kicking Bird, Little Raven and Whirlwind, assisted by a few other big bugs of the Indian country, including Qua-

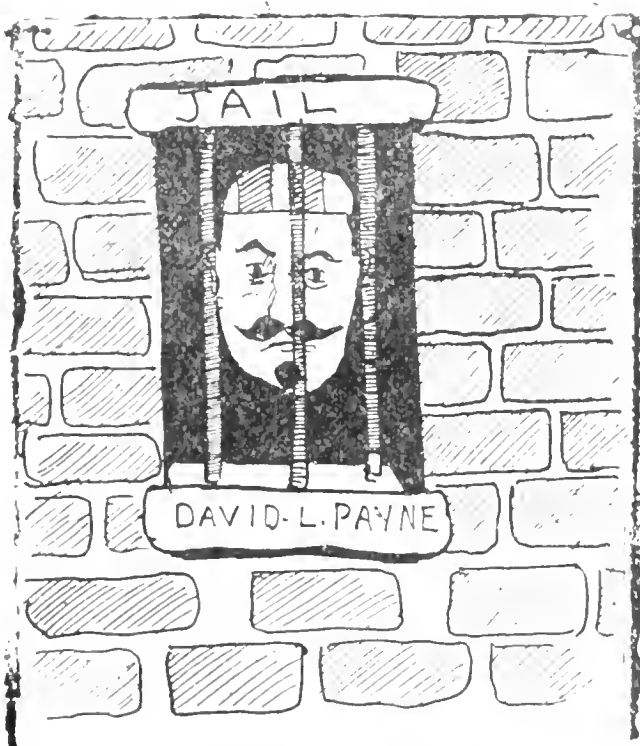


Me no Pin Head; Me
Sap Head

nah Parker, decided to clean up on the white folks. They did—!

Pat Hennesey was burned alive at his own wagon wheel. It is hinted that this outrage was committed by outlaws disguised as Indians. However that may be, the Indians got the blame for it at the time, and Uncle Sam peeped into the matter very carefully and in a short time after this there were fewer Indians in Oklahoma and "peace was restored" (historical quotation).

This ended the Indian wars in Oklahoma until Crazy Snake broke loose a few years ago. This caused quite an excitement among the newspaper men, but they were the only ones that made anything out of it. (More later, see appendix.)



Through the window—Payne

Through the window—Payne said recently that it was his firm belief that they were arrested for attempting to plant a colony in such a forlorn and desolate place as that must have been.

After the Indian wars came the Boomer war. Perhaps the best known name in this boomer war business was that of David L. Payne. He planted a colony near the present site of Oklahoma City in 1880, but the colonists were arrested, some say on account of their attempt to plant a colony in forbidden territory, but a citizen of Guthrie

Dave tried it again after he failed at Oklahoma City. They say it was about two years afterwards. This was also a failure. The next year he appealed to the courts for an injunction forbidding anyone to molest him in his attempt to colonize the Oklahoma country. The Supreme Court postponed his hearing until they caught another bunch of boomers coming into the country and they laid this on Cap and indicted him.

The Standard Oil Company had a very valuable barbed wire fence destroyed about this time and this was laid up against Dave, too.

Now history fails to tell us how it came about that the Standard Oil Company was allowed to do business in the forbidden territory when they would not allow honest homeseekers to squat on enough territory to make them a farm, but we report with great satisfaction that when the Standard applied to the courts for redress of grievances Uncle Samuel told them that there was nothing doing. And if they wanted a fence there they would have to build a new one.

Payne gave up trying to settle this country in droves and advised his followers to sneak in one at a time. Quite a few of them "snuk" and were left here unmolested for a few years, but they were all routed after a while, not by the soldiers with sword and gun, but by starvation. The soldiers never allowed a grub train to reach the settlers and they soon went back to their wife's relations.

Payne died in 1884, and a few days afterwards a bill was introduced into Congress providing for the opening of the country to settlement.

[Note. The reason that the people of Oklahoma thought so much of Payne was that he died before they elected him governor.]

Indians

The origin of the American Indian is not known, but the origin of some of the names will be given here to enlighten the future generations. Taken as a whole the Indians had peculiar names; no more so, however, than the Greeks, Dutch and Polocks that work around the smelters at Bartlesville, in Smelter-town.

The name Arapaho is taken from the Pawnee language and signifies "Trader." They are to the Indian civilization what the Jew is to the dry goods business of the United States, and they are tolerated.

Cheyenne is a French word, taken from the Dakota language, meaning a people of alien speech, and for many years the white folks were unable to understand the Cheyenne Indians and the getting acquainted cost this country over thirty million dollars, besides a thousand soldiers, settlers, freighters and scouts.

The Delawares called themselves in their own language "Leni-Lenape" which meant "real man," and Joe Bartles of Dewey is trying to live up to the standard. It is claimed that an ancient wampum belt owned by the Delawares before the white people came to this country was used in the treaty with William Penn. This belt was adorned with a copper heart, which, like the heart of a Delaware, never changes. The Delawares furnished 170 soldiers to the Union army out of a total able bodied population of 201, but history fails to state how many returned to their teepees after the war was over.

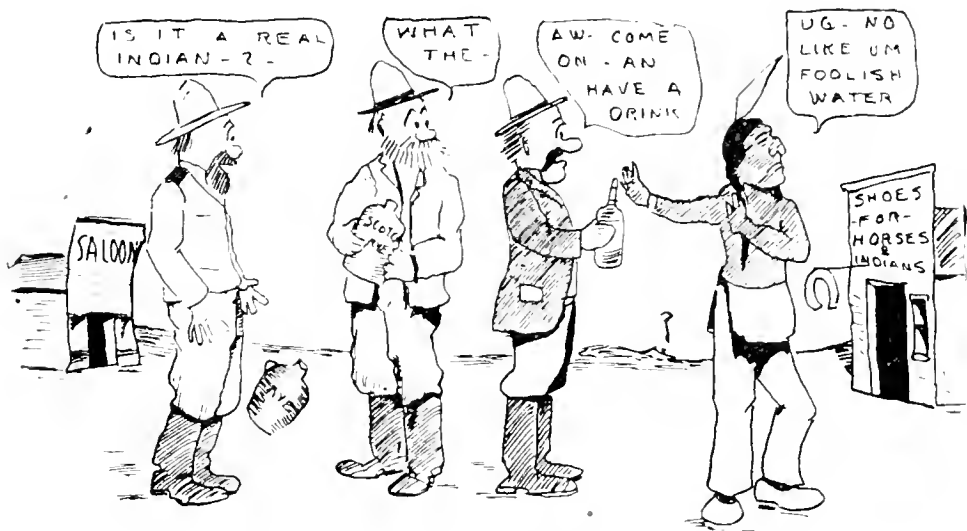
The name Pottawatomie means "Fire Maker," and

during the French and Indian wars they were against the English, and that is where they discovered the "Fire Fly."

The Sauk and Fox (pronounced Sack and Fox) produced a great leader known as Black Hawk, but they finally lost out after they came to Oklahoma, and their lands were thrown open to settlement, and although they were conceded to be as sly as a fox they were left holding the sack.

The name Apache signifies "Enemy" (refer to Geronimo).

Pawnee, in the language of the Red Man, signifies "A Horn"; this name was given to them because there never was a Pawnee Indian known to refuse a horn of good whiskey.



"There hain't no sich animul"

Chickasaw is of unknown origin, but Choctaw, in the language of the old timer, signifies "Flat Head." We have in our time known some Dutch people who were called flat-heads, and then there is a variety of cabbage that still bears that title.

Creek was a name applied to the people of a certain

locality because their country abounded in creeks and streams. They are known in this day and age by their mixture with the freed men of their tribe and most of them are dark complexioned. (See appendix.)

Seminole originally meant "A Runaway." This tribe was divided during the Civil War, and they first acquired the title when that portion of the tribe that was attached to the Southern Confederacy made their get-away at the battle of Bull Run.

The word Comanche means "Snake," and this tribe drifted from the Rocky Mountain region about two hundred years ago. They got peeved at Texas once because she tried to exclude them from their old hunting grounds and they were at outs with all the American people for many years. This grudge hung on until the buffalo became extinct and they were forced to move onto a reservation and draw rations from the Great Father at Washington to keep from starving to death. After that they felt some better and in their disgust with themselves they surrendered to the Government.

Iowa means "Sleepy Ones," but we do not know whether this had anything to do with the naming of one of the states of this great Union or not. We will look it up at our leisure and report in the appendix.

The Osage Indians were known to the other tribes as the "Washash" which no doubt meant wealthy, as they are reputed to be worth, on an average, about \$25,000.00 per head. In later years John Stink has been kept busy on the Lookout for his Bacon Rind and the Uncle Sam Oil Co. finally got the best of the deal.

The Tonkawa tribe were cannibals and the name

signifies "Staying together." You can draw your own conclusions.

There are many other tribes in Oklahoma, but space forbids further discussion at this late hour, so we will close the chapter by saying, "May their souls rest in pieces."

A Red Skin's View of Palefaces

When the railroads first came to Oklahoma the Indian kids used to speak pieces about them. One of them went something like this:

“The Locomotive is a steed most wonderful to view,
He runs on wheels instead of legs.
His joints all turn on iron pegs,
His road is iron, too.
Choo-choo, he says, choo-choo,
Get out of my way, you Injun you, or
Whew, I'll cut you right in two.”

They saw many other curious sights. History tells us that Mow-a-way, a Comanche chief captured by General Getty at the head of a party of young men, was one of those who saw strange things. His name signifies “Handshaker,” and he must have been a politician. We must, therefore, take what he says with a pinch of salt. What he is presumed to have said is taken bodily from another history, and we do not care to enter into a controversy with the author, and Mow-a-way is dead, so all we ask is that this bit of hearsay be taken “as you like it.” His story follows *verbatim et literatim*, according to Thoburn and Holcomb:

“I supposed when we started that the soldiers were taking us away off to be killed, but we traveled on, day after day in the wagons and were kindly treated. When one of the Indians was taken sick I supposed the white men would be glad to see him die,

but, instead, they doctored him and did all they could to cure him.

“When he died they did not throw him out in the grass for the wolves to eat, as I expected they would, but the commanding officer sent some men to dig a grave for him. They made a box and put him into it with all his clothes, his bow and arrows; everything he owned they gave him. The hole that they dug was the nicest one I ever saw (excuse us while we shed a sympathetic tear.) They made a little mound over him, smooth and nice. I could not understand why such mean people, as I thought the white people were, should be so kind to an Indian in sickness and after death.

“When we had traveled many days, we came to where there was a new kind of road that I had never heard of. There was a very large iron horse hitched to several houses on wheels. We were taken into one of them, which was the nicest house I ever saw.

“There were seats on each side of it. As soon as we were seated the iron horse began to snort, and away he went, pulling the houses; our ponies could not run half so fast. It only ran a little while till it made a big snort and stopped at another white man's village.

“The iron horse kept running and snorting, and stopping at the white man's villages, and the villages kept getting larger and larger. I had no idea that the white man had so many villages and that there were so many white men. At length we reached Leavenworth, which was the largest of any of the villages. There were people so many, and land so scarce, that they built one house on top of another, two, three houses high. These houses were divided into little

houses inside. Their houses were built close together on both sides of the road. They were full of people, and the roads between the houses were full of people. I know not where they all came from, but I saw them with my own eyes. I had no idea there were so many white people in the world.

“After we were taken over one of the houses built on top of another, we were taken into a house in the ground right under the other one. There was no one living in it, but there were barrels of foolish water in it. There was some of it offered to me to drink but I saw it made the white men foolish to drink it, and I was afraid to take any, for fear that I would get as foolish as they.

“We were taken into a house that was built on the water, and could swim everywhere. It made no difference how deep the water was it could swim. There is where the sugar comes from. I saw the men rolling great big barrels of sugar out of the house on the water, and so many of them. Nobody need talk to me about sugar being scarce after seeing the large amount coming out of the house that was swimming on the water * * *.”

* * * * *

Now this is history and we do not attempt to dispute it; far be it from us to do such a thing on this auspicious occasion. But the average conversation of the Oklahoma Indian is not along these lines. Here is what they generally say when they are being transported as this old Indian was. You who are familiar with the average Full Blood language can read this conversation, and no one will deny that it depicts the average:

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Grunt.

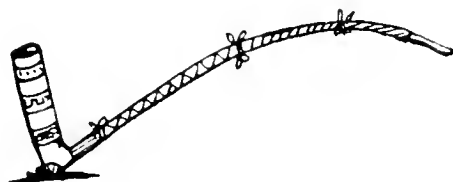
Then, besides, who ever heard of an Indian refusing foolish water? But this is history and as we are personally acquainted with the authors we do not want to dispute their claim. Look at the picture of Mow-a-way and then tell me, gentle reader, will Jeff ever be as long as Mutt?



'Chief-Mow-A-Way'

Believe me, Jeff, some Buck

Indian Scraps



The Peace Pipe

The Indians used to fight among themselves like naughty school children. The last scrap between the Cherokees and Osages took place at the Claremore Mound in September, 1828.

Tachee, or "Dutch" commanded the Cherokees, and the Osages were led by Chief Claremore.

The tribes finally got together (meaning, reached an agreement) in their councils. The delegations of Delaware, Cherokee, Seneca and Osage Indians took an active part, urging that their brethren of the plains listen to the white man's words and turn into the paths of peace.

It is but fair to state that the vote on the ratification of the various treaties showed barely the requisite two-thirds majority.

After they decided on peace among themselves, some of the tribes joined and made war on the settlers who journeyed along the Santa Fe trail. It is said that in 1847 the total loss from Indian raids on this trail was as follows:

Number of persons killed, 47.

Number of wagons destroyed, 330.

Number of horses, mules and oxen stolen, 6500.

History fails to relate, however, the number of redskins that failed to answer roll call in 1848.

Whirlwind, the great Cheyenne war chief, claims that one time every feather of his war bonnet was shot off by the bullets of the enemy, but they never touched him.

It is rumored that his hide was so tough that the bullets glanced off.

The Caddo Indians were never hostile to the whites but they "kept company" with other Indians who were and the white folks got suspicious.

A force was organized to exterminate them. The Caddos were forced to flee from their country, and we as white folks must point with pride (?) to the success of the undertaking.

In 1865 the Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes decided to call in all the Indians, smoke the pipe of peace, drop all old differences and become parties to a peace compact.

The following is the peace compact drawn up and duly signed:

"Whereas, The history of the past admonishes the red man that his once great and powerful race is rapidly passing away as the snow beneath the summer sun, our people of the mighty nation of our forefathers many years ago having been as numerous as the leaves of the forest or the stars of the heavens; but now, by the vicissitudes of time and change and misfortune and the evils of disunion, discord and war among themselves, are but a wreck of their former greatness; their vast and lovely country and beautiful hunting grounds, abounding in all of the luxuries and necessities of life and happiness, given to them by the

Great Spirit, having known no limits but the shores of the great waters and the horizon of the heavens, is now, on account of our weakness, being reduced and hemmed into a small and precarious country that we can scarcely call our own, and in which we cannot remain in safety and pursue our peaceful avocations, nor can we visit the bones and graves of our kindred, so dear to our hearts and sacred to our memories, unless we run the risk of being murdered by our more powerful enemies; and,

“Whereas, There still remain in the timbered country, on the plains and in the mountains, many bands of our people which, if united, would present a body that would afford sufficient strength to command respect and assert our rights.

“Therefore, We, the Cherokees, Choctaws, Muskogees, Seminoles, Chickasaws, Reserve Caddos, Reserve Osages, Reserve Comanches, comprising the Confederate Indian Tribes, and allies of the Confederate States of the First Part, and our brothers of the plains, the Kiowas, Arapahos, Chicagos, Chochotekas, and the Tenewetts, Yampankas, Mootches and Jim Pock Marks band of Caddos and Anadarkos, of the Second Part, do, for ourselves and for our peace and happiness and the preservation of our race, make and enter into the following league and compact, to-wit:

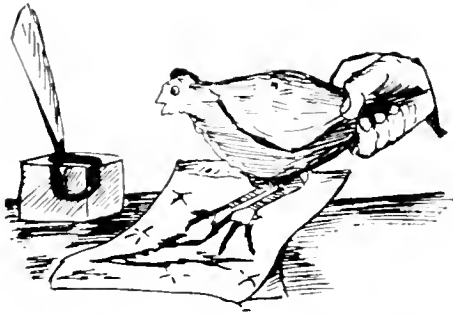
“Article One: Peace and friendship shall forever exist between the tribes and bands, parties to this compact. The ancient council fires of our forefathers already kindled by our brothers of the timbered country shall be kept kindled and blazing by brotherly love until their smoke shall ascend to the spirit land to invoke a blessing. The tomahawk shall forever be buried. The scalping knife shall forever be broken.

The war path heretofore leading from one tribe to another shall grow up and become as the wild wilderness. The path of peace shall be opened from one tribe to another and kept open and traveled in friendship, so that it may become white and brightened as time rolls on, and so that our children in all time may travel no other road and never shall it be stained with the blood of our brothers.

“Article Two: The party to this compact shall compose (as our undersigned brothers of the timbered country of the first part already have done) an Indian confederacy or band of brothers, having for its object the peace, the happiness and the protection of all alike and the preservation of our race. In no case shall the war path be opened to settle any difficulties or disputes that may hereafter arise between any of the tribes or bands, parties to this compact, or individuals thereof. All the difficulties shall be settled without the shedding of any blood, and, by suggestion of the chiefs and head men of the tribes, bands and persons interested. The motto and great principle of the confederacy shall be ‘An Indian shall not spill any Indian’s blood.’

“In testimony of our sincerity and good faith in entering into this compact we have smoked the pipe of peace and extended to each other the hand of fellowship and exchanged the token and emblem of peace and friendship peculiar to our race, this 26th day of May, 1865.”

We have not appended the signatures to this compact for the simple reason that there is no white man living today who could decipher the hieroglyphics used by the old warriors when they put their John Henry to this contract so many years ago.



Putting on the John Hancock

Kindly imagine that you have taken an old hen by the tail just after she has waded through a mud hole and hurriedly dragged her across the paper, at the bottom, where the signatures should be, and you will have a better idea

than could be portrayed by ink and type.

It might be in order at this time to give a brief biography of a few of the noted Indians that helped make Oklahoma what it is today.

We have previously pointed out many of the noted points in the character of our old friend George Guess. George's right name was Sequoyah and he is said to have been born in 1760 and died in 1844. His dad was a white man, his mother a Cherokee.

Tradition has it that Nathaniel Gist, a son of Christopher Gist, who accompanied George Washington on his mission to Fort Du Quesne, was his pa, but they never succeeded in proving it on him and the subject was never brought up in the homes of the best people in after years. Read about George and his alphabet in the fore part of this history.

Stand Waitie was born in Rome, Georgia, in 1815 and died in 1877. He was a full blood Cherokee and was colonel of the first Cherokee regiment (Confederate) ; was later made brigadier general in 1864.

Jesse Chisholm was born in 1806 and died in 1863. He was a brother of Tahilhina Rodgers, the Cherokee wife of Sam Houston. He could speak fourteen different languages and the Chisholm Trail will long be remembered by the old settlers of Oklahoma.

Satanta is said to have been a noted speaker and a

notorious liar. When a raid was made into Texas in 1871 the agent, a Mr. Tatum, asked what Indians had made the raid.

This is the way he told it to the agent:

“Yes, I led that raid. I have often asked for arms and ammunition, which have not been furnished. I have made many other requests which have not been granted. You do not listen to my talk. The white people are preparing to build a railroad through our country, which will not be permitted. Some years ago they took us by the hair and pulled us here close to Texas, where we have to fight them. More recently I was arrested and confined for several days, but that is played out now. There will never be any more Kiowa Indians arrested. I want you to remember that. On account of these grievances a short time ago I took about a hundred of my warriors to Texas to teach them how to fight. I also took the chiefs Satank, Eagle Heart, Big Bow, Big Tree and Fast Bear. We found a mule train which we captured and killed seven men. Two of our men were killed, too, but we are willing to call it even. It is all over now, and it is not necessary to say much more about it. We don’t expect to do any raiding around here this summer, but we do expect to raid in Texas. If any other Indian claims the honor of leading that party he is lying to you. I led it myself.”

This has always been considered “some speech.” We expect some day to see it translated into many languages.

History would not be complete if we did not give a short account of the life of Quanah Parker. His mother was Cynthia Ann Parker, a white woman who, at the age of nine, was captured by the Comanches. She became the wife, or squaw, of the great chief. She was

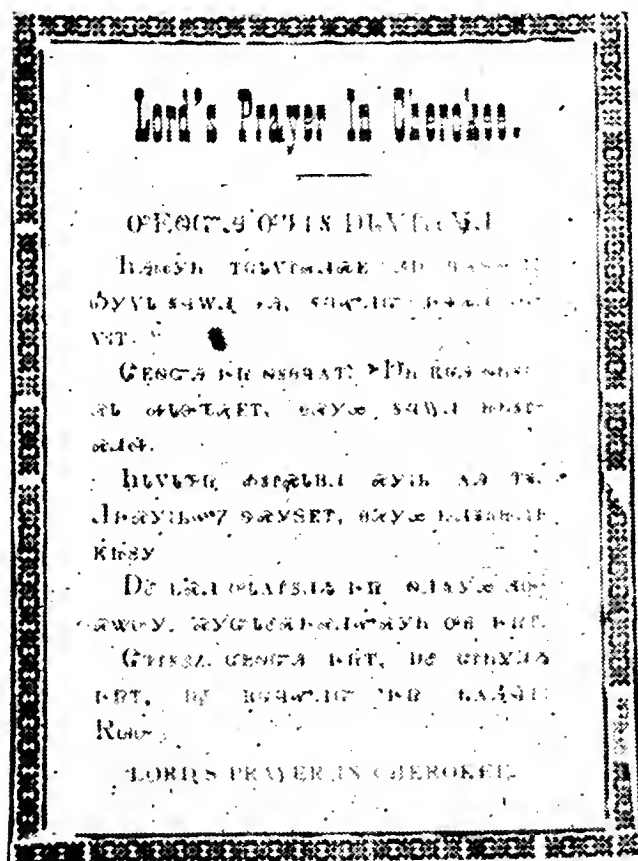
captured by the Texas rangers in 1860 and restored to her relatives but she was never satisfied and died of a

broken heart. Quanah was eleven years old when his mother was captured by the Rangers. He afterwards became a great warrior and was very hostile to the whites. He finally changed and in later life was a great worker for peace and happiness among his own people and their white neighbors as well.

We reproduce the Lord's Prayer in Cherokee. Read it,

dear friend, it may do you good. Even in the event you cannot understand it as it is written, you may get as much good out of it as some of the poor heathen Indians did.

[Note. The following books not only added spice, but truthfulness, to the foregoing chapter: "Oklahoma Charlie," by Marion Hughes; "Between Drinks," by Carrie Nation; "Why I Am Not a Red Skin," by Walter Ferguson; "Why They Moved the Capital," by Leslie Niblack, with notes by C. N. Haskell and introduction by Harvey Maxie.]



The Opening

At twelve o'clock, noon, on the 22nd day of April, 1889, the signal gun was fired that gave the people permission to hike over the line and get a home if they could beat the other fellow to it, and seeing a chance for future misery and privation, many people were on hands early to avoid the rush.

A few days before the opening some of the more energetic fellows eluded the officers and had already made their selection. Later some of them were removed by the soldiers, some by the undertakers, and a few remain to this day. They are called sooners, because they would sooner starve than work the land they stole from Uncle Sam, and the places bear evidence to prove this statement.

Most of the people landed at Guthrie or near about there and proceeded to build a town. Guthrie was a flag station on April 21st, 1889, but before the sun went down on the next day it was a tented city of between ten and fifteen thousand people of all kinds and descriptions.

There was no semblance of law or order but, strange as it may seem, there was little lawlessness. Later, however, after a full set of officers had been selected one could not say so much in its favor.

Some of the white folks soon moved on to Oklahoma City, and a few other outlying villages, but a remnant of the original civilization still remain and in-

habit the country on the south bank of the Cimarron. They are engaged in raising cotton.

The descendants of this first influx have built several flourishing little cities throughout the state. Among them we might mention Muskogee, the home of Crazy Snake and C. N. Haskell; Tishomingo, where the wife of Bill Murray holds forth when he is off at Washington; Tulsa, made famous by the Reuter case and the fact that Tate Brady and all his friends down there wear cotton sox; and McAlester, the home of the State prisoners.

Other towns, like Boley, Langston, Dewey and Skiatook, came into prominence during the capital location fight, because they wanted the New Jerusalem located within the city limits.

Shawnee at one time had the same bee in her bonnet, but it is not safe to mention it in the presence of any of her citizens since Harve Maxie left. We will give a more detailed description of the various towns later on. (See appendix.)

After a while the country began to settle up in earnest and a call was made for a convention to meet at Guthrie for the purpose of forming a Territorial Government. This gathering reminded one of a Populist convention and it broke up in a great row because every delegate wanted to be the first Territorial Governor.

Two or three other conventions were called later on, but the delegates finally gave up in disgust and went home after first drinking the town dry.

Some time afterwards they did meet again in earnest and drafted a memorial to Congress. The Sec-

retary wasn't much interested in this Territorial business and he forgot to make a report on it.

After about a year President Harrison appointed George W. Steele Governor of Oklahoma Territory. Now, Steele was a Hoosier and the Oklahoma folks thought that they had some one among the home folks who was good enough to be Governor, therefore this appointment did not give general satisfaction, but the people had to stand for it anyway.

About the only thing he did of interest during his term was to veto the Capital Removal Bill that came before him that fall. Oklahoma City never did like George after that. Later on in this history you will find where another First Governor of Oklahoma failed to veto a Capital Removal Bill, and thereby hangs a tale.

Be it said to George's credit that he never did like the job of being Governor, so after eighteen months of strife he did the whole thing up in a neat package and handed it to A. J. Seay. It was at this time that Dennis Flynn came into prominence. We do not know whether this had anything to do with it or not, but anyway Grover saw fit to remove the Governor, so he paid him off and hired W. C. Renfrow.

Renfrow come from Norman, and some time after this the State asylum was located there. Bill was not interested in this asylum business, however, for he owned the bank. The principal event during his reign was the opening of the Cherokee outlet and people came from far and near to see the "Cherokee Strip." Many of them went back home sorely disappointed.

Note the sentiment of the times as expressed in this little poetic gem. The children used to sing it to the tune of "After the Ball." Try it on your piano.

“After the strip is open,
After your money’s all spent,
Sorry I have to leave you,
Sorry I ever went.
Many’s the sucker’ll be wailing,
Many will lose their grip,
Many a man will wish he’s hung,
When coming from the strip.”

This was the first spasm of the spell, and it is hard to say what would have happened if there had been another spasm. Some say that McCabe wrote this song, but we are not sure on that point.

[If you do not know who McCabe was, see appendix.]

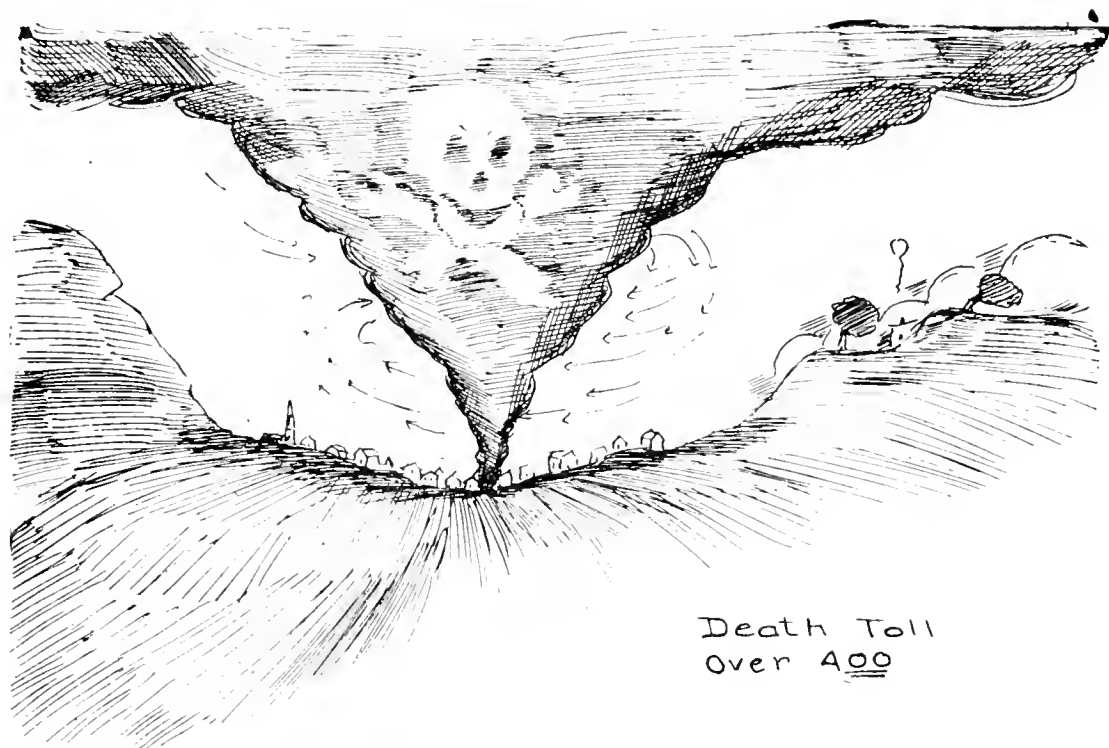
In spite of all this trouble, Renfrow held his office for the full term of four years, then C. M. Barnes for four years. Barnes’ administration is responsible for the oil find in Oklahoma, and many farmers now have barns who had none before.

He soon turned the business over to W. M. Jenkins. This was during the reign of the “Big Stick,” and it fell heavily on Mr. Jenkins, and Teddy then appointed Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Ferguson as governor.

Just before this awhile, Colonel Roosevelt was down in this neck of the woods looking for rough riders and picked troops D, L and M from Oklahoma and Indian Territory. Thus the Oklahoma boys in blue helped to make a Governor of New York, a President of the United States and a “heap” of trouble for the Republican party when the Bull Moose baby was born. As it is not our policy to speak disrespectfully of the dead, we will say no more about this Bull Moose baby in this history.

During the reign of the Fergusons, Snyder was

visited by a violent windstorm that wiped the town almost off the map.



Death Toll
Over 400

Some of the inhabitants blamed this on the Governor and others blamed it on the President, but they never proved it on either of them and they both held on to their office longer than they were expected to. Finally Frank Frantz succeeded in jarring Tom loose.

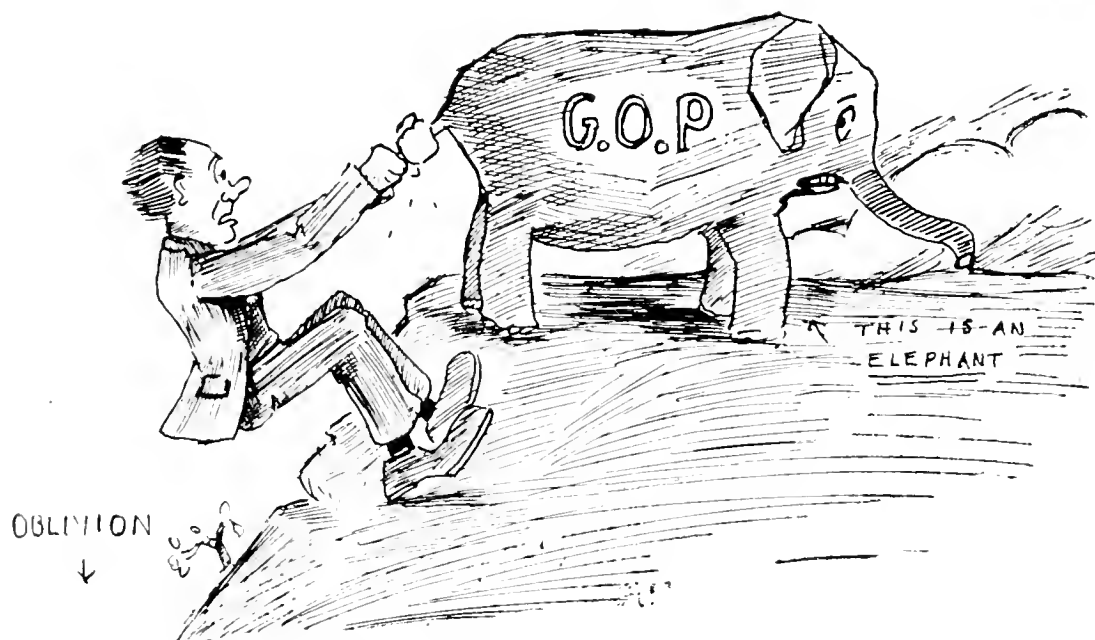
Frank was a Rough Rider, but a good fellow in spite of it. He stuck to the job until there was nothing left to hold to.

After this hold slipped he tried to be the first real Governor of Oklahoma, but "nothing doing" because Frank was a Republican. I say *was* because when the Bull Moose baby was born he—But there, I promised not to say any more about that kid.

During the first few years of Oklahoma statehood the Republicans had no more show of electing a state

officer than the proverbial snow ball had of not melting. You know very well that was a hot chance.

Associated with Frank Frantz was Amos Ewing,



While there's grip, there's hope

the best looking poker player that ever came down the pike. Charley Filson was secretary of state and he used to beg Frank for weeks to go on a hunting trip so that he could be acting governor and on such occasions he used to swell up like a poisoned puppy and pass us common dubs up cold.

We first hear of Marion Hughes about this time. He came to Oklahoma when he was younger and somewhat better looking than he is now, but he moved to Arkansas soon afterwards, where he lived in the sticks for three years and when he returned he wrote the history of his sojourn while there and called the book "Three Years in Arkansas." He tried to get this book adopted by the state for use in the public schools as a guide for morals and manners, but when the matter came up for consideration the Society for the Pre-

vention of Cruelty voted against it and it was never adopted.

Bird McGuire came to Oklahoma in 1895 and has held office ever since. He is the only Republican that has been able to fool all the people all the time. The only way to get rid of him will be to dispense with the office.

Thus ends the story of the Territory during the eighteen years just prior to statehood. It is to be hoped that those who read this story will believe every word of it, for we are reminded right here and now to stop and thank our friend John Golobie for his little volume entitled, "What Makes the Stink Bug Stink." Many of the facts in the foregoing chapter were taken bodily from this valuable and truthful volume.

Another valuable asset that gave us a vast fund of information was Bill Murray's pamphlet on "Why is a Nigger."

Summary

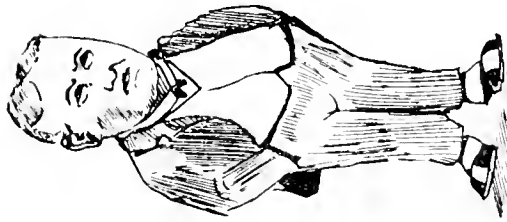
GOVERNORS OF OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.

Name	Term Began	How Terminated
George W. Steele	May 15th, 1890	Resigned
A. J. Seay	Jan. 18, 1892	Removed
W. C. Renfrow . . .	May 6, 1893	Resigned
C. M. Barnes	May 12, 1897	Term expired
T. B. Ferguson . . .	Nov. 30, 1901	Term expired
Frank Frantz	Jan. 10, 1906	Statehood

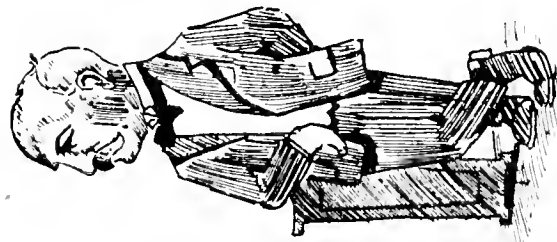
On the opposite page you will find the pictures of these noted statesmen as they appeared while they were acting as Governor.



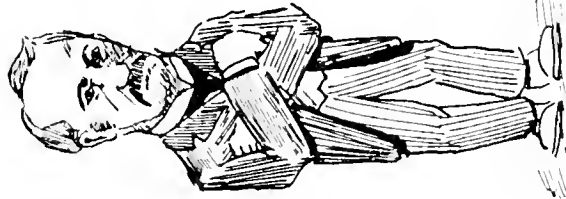
GOV. GEO. W. STEELE



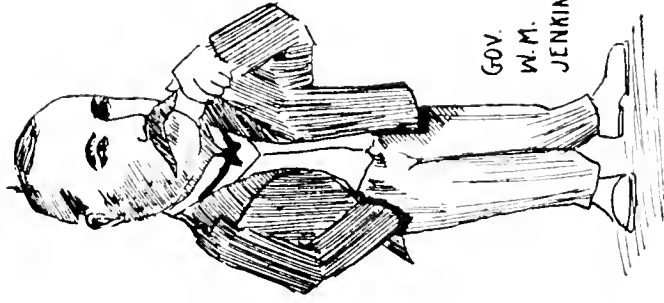
GOV. A. J. SEAY



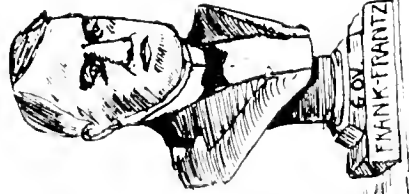
GOV. W. C. RENFROW



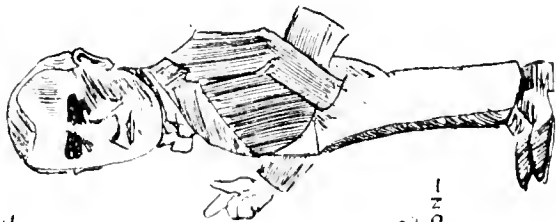
GOV. C. M. BARNES



GOV.
W. M.
JENKINS.



GOV.
T. B. FERGUSON



Statehood

After fourteen years of turmoil and strife, Congress finally passed what is known as the Omnibus Bill, but it died in infancy. Some say it was crowded out by extreme pressure of business, and some say it was sold out, but everybody knows that Oklahoma continued to stay out.

In 1905 the Five Civilized Tribes decided to make a state of their own out of the old Indian Territory and ignore that part of the world known as Oklahoma Territory. They intended to call the new state Sequoyah. A constitution was framed alright, but on the day that it came up before the people for ratification the fishing was good, and many of the voters could not get to the polls so it failed to receive the necessary number of votes to make it binding and the whole blamed thing went by default.

Now, the only thing that ever came of this Sequoyah convention was that it brought many an unknown "Hill Billie" out of the sticks and put him to the front politically. (See appendix.)

In June, 1906, Congress passed an Enabling Act that would allow the people of both Indian Territory and Oklahoma Territory to form a constitution and make application to come into the Union under one head. As all former constitutions failed to pass to the third reading, there was a little hesitancy on the part of some to undertake the job again.

Now, this Enabling Act provided that no booze could be sold in that part of the country known as Indian Territory for twenty-one years. This made the

people on the east side so peeved that when they got a whack at it they voted the same hardship on the people of the west side; this made Oklahoma so dry that in some parts of the state it hasn't rained since.

There was another clause in the act locating the capital at Guthrie until 1913. Now, as far as the capital was concerned it needed no locating, for it had been at Guthrie for some time, but anyway they located it, or thought they did, but every one with common sense knows that thirteen is an unlucky number and there was more or less contention on the capital question for some time.

There were a few other clauses in this Enabling Act, but no one paid much attention to them and they have been forgotten.

An election was called soon after this to choose delegates to a convention to write a constitution and everybody wanted the job. Some of the aspirants were sorely disappointed after the ballots were counted and have never been heard from since, while the scattering few who were successful were heard from occasionally after they landed in the convention.

This convention met in the city hall at Guthrie and chose the Honorable William H. Murray of Tishomingo as chairman. Some of the good people of Oklahoma know him better as Cockle-Burr Bill, and some as Alfalfa Bill, but he is the same good-natured Bill by any other name. His father, they claim, was a noted Confederate soldier, but during the last few years of his life he wore a Union Suit. This made no difference with Bill, however, and he is not a bit stuck up.

His first official act after he was chosen president of the convention was to order a sign, which he tacked

on the door of the official water closet, barring the niggers from using it in conjunction with the white delegates, especially those of Democratic faith.



The First Jim Crow sign in Oklahoma

The convention then got down to business and the first two or three weeks was taken up in a discussion as to whether they should use the words "Almighty God" or "Supreme Ruler of the Universe" in the preamble. After this was finally settled they proceeded to draft the Jim Crow law and a few other clauses; also, some good, some bad and still others indifferent and it is charged that one of the Republican delegates voted for the Jim Crow law, but he never wanted his name to be known in the deal.

During the progress of the work they had many

warm discussions and on one particular occasion they tossed ink bottles back and forth at each other. They claim that the trouble started when Haskell sounded the Fire Alarm. Anyway, Baker resented something Haskell said and the big thing came off right away.

Taken as a whole, though, they might be considered a very tame bunch.

After they completed their work they sent it to Teddy to sign, and put on his stamp of approval, but he pronounced it "punk" and said that what his opinion was would not do to print.



Dis---Gusted

He signed it, anyway; some say that he thought that it would fail to pass muster when it came before the people for adoption but they put one over on him that time and adopted it by a large majority.

Henry Asp, one of the dozen Republicans that had no say in the forming of this constitution, had submitted a minority report in lieu of the regular constitution, but this red book did not prove very popular and he never received much on the royalty when it was put on the market.

The original document was discussed pro and con, and there were many things brought up both for and

against it. Some thought that it had been hurriedly written. They argued that a document of such enormous length could hardly be properly written in such a short space of time by only one hundred Democrats and twelve Republicans, but as the members of the convention had been working overtime, anyway, for several weeks, without pay, they submitted it as it was and all the Democrats and some of the other people voted for it with the result as above stated.

As the eastern part of the State was to be dry for 21 years anyway, the most important question on the western side was prohibition. Some thought that it would be better to have it as it had been, that is, to continue the open saloons; others thought that it would be better to have it as it had been on the east side for so many years and let the booze business continue in the hands of the bootleggers and others who could secure a government license.

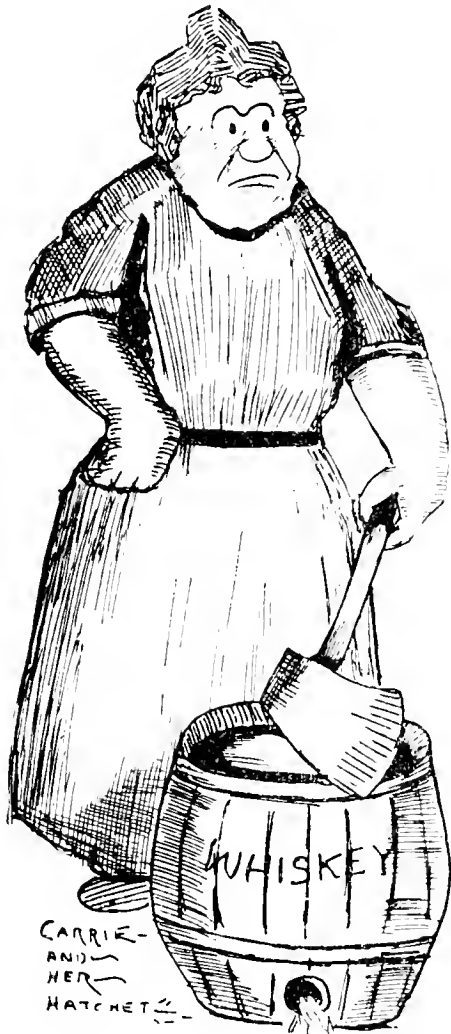
In this way, they argued, we could do away with the saloon keeper who was continually flaunting his ill-gotten gains in the face of his poor unfortunate neighbors, and put the business in the hands of a class of individuals that were no good to the community, anyway. This would help keep the jails and prisons full, and besides it would give a number of citizens a good chance to break the law. When the people wanted a drink they could get nothing but rot-gut whiskey or hop ale, and this ought to be enough to make any right-minded citizen quit drinking.

The country wide was divided on the issue, those in favor of the saloons were dubbed the "wets" and were headed by Jake Weinberger of Guthrie and the brewery at Oklahoma City.

Those who were in favor of the bootlegger propo-

sition were called the "drys" and were headed by Carrie Nation of Guthrie (since deceased).

It was a bitter fight, but the "drys" won out, and on the night that the drought went into effect some of the boys tried to lay in a supply that would do them during the dry spell that was slated for twenty-one years.



"It's no lie. I did it with my hatchet"

As soon as they had disposed of a part of the booze that was on hand, they saw what an enormous waste of liquor would result if the same policy was continued, so they created what was known as a morgue for contraband liquor. Some of the people dubbed this a dispensary because they claimed that the officers sent out a few barrels to the different drug stores throughout the country that had secured a government license and then pro-

ceeded to dispense with the rest of it themselves.

Thus after the dispensary employes had dispensed with the most of the stuff in the dispensary, the governor was asked to dispense with the dispensary, which he did, and then in a year or so the people dispensed with the governor—and this put an end to the dispensary business, but it had no such an effect on the booze business.

It has been known to make its appearance in some localities at Christmas time, but as we are not posted on the subject we will refrain from discussing it at length in this chapter. (See appendix.)

[Note. It is with gratitude that we acknowledge information for the foregoing chapter from "The Chickasaw Indian and Her Chicks," by Frank Frantz, ex-Governor of Oklahoma; "How We Get the People's Money," by S. H. Kress & Co.]

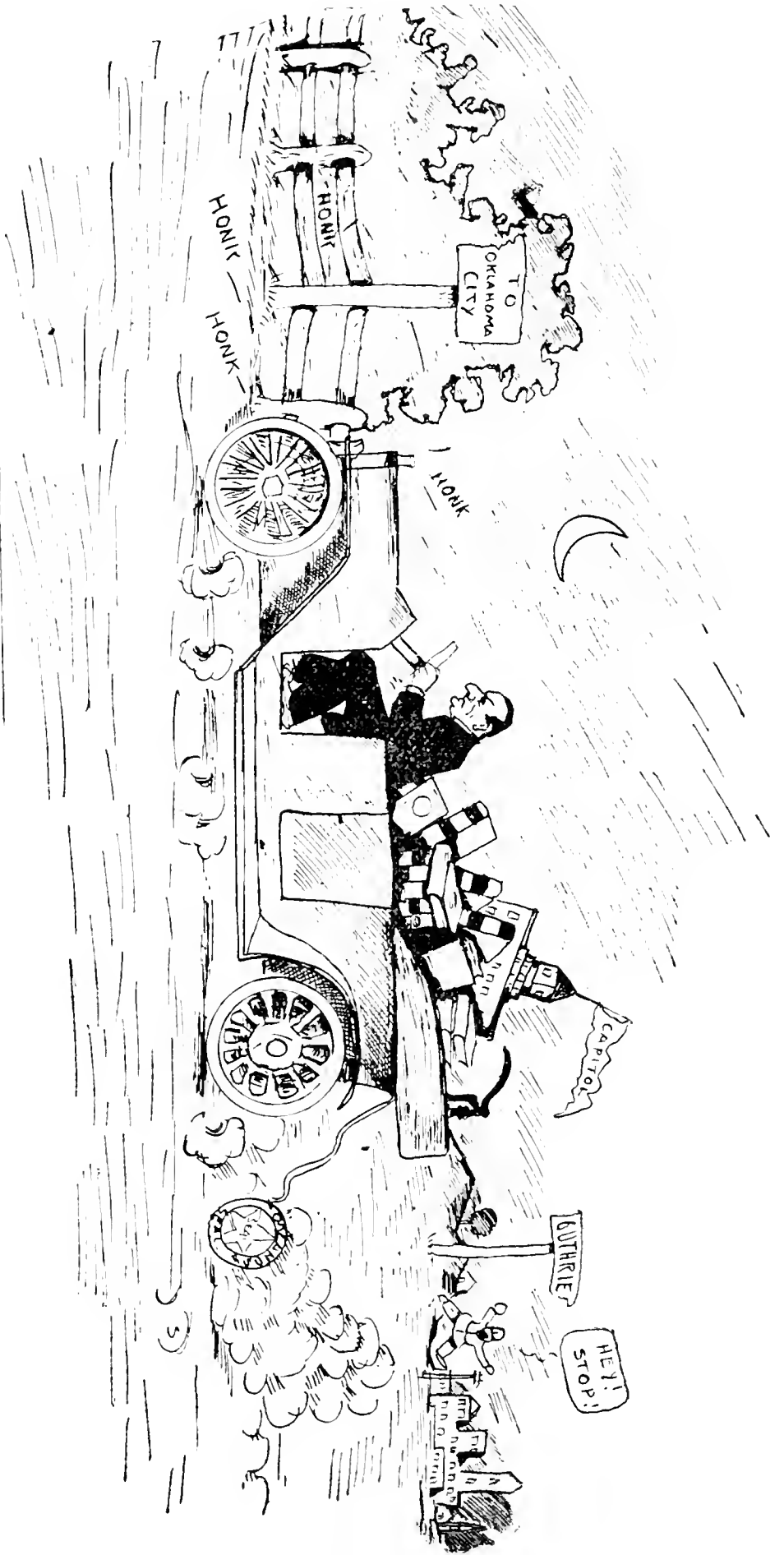
The First Legislature

Charles N. Haskell was elected Governor, defeating Frank Frantz, the Republican nominee, by a large majority (the reason has already been given). He made a fairly good Governor, but Guthrie never did like him and to this day they are not on very friendly terms. Some say it is because Haskell never liked Guthrie on account of the complexion of most of the Republicans about the time he was elected. That seemed to get on his nerves somewhat and he gave the town a dig every chance he got; the best chance he ever got was when the people voted the capital to Oklahoma City. When the votes were counted after the capital location election it was found that Oklahoma City had received 192,261; Guthrie 31,301, and Shawnee 8,382.

Haskell got in a hurry as soon as he heard the news and moved his office and the state seal to Oklahoma City.

The good people of Guthrie insisted that although they had lost the capital by popular vote, the Enabling Act had designated the location in their burg until 1913, and that no difference what might be voted by the people, the change could not be made until that time. Whether they were right or wrong, the capital was moved between days, and for a time a part of the offices were at Guthrie and the rest of them at Oklahoma City. In time things settled down somewhat and the entire state force was moved to the city. They are still there, cooped up in rented quarters in different parts of the city and the state is still pay-

HASKELL MOVING HIS OFFICE



ing rent. You will hear more of this state capital business later on.

The two chosen senators found it necessary to decide between themselves which should hold office for the short term and which one of the two should have the long term. The decision, so we understand, was left to the length of a straw, and as Gore could not see as well as the other senator, he of course got the short straw and the short term.



GORE GOT THE
"SHORT TERM"

"Heads I win; tails you lose"

It is needless to say that Bob denies the charge. Gore succeeded in fooling the people, as he says, and was re-elected to succeed himself.

He says he would rather be senator from Oklahoma than from any other State in the Union, because the Oklahoma people are the only ones that have the good sense to send him to Congress.

He points out the fact that he has secured sufficient appropriations to pay his salary for more than

a hundred years, and promises faithfully that he will resign at the end of that time, or secure other appropriations.

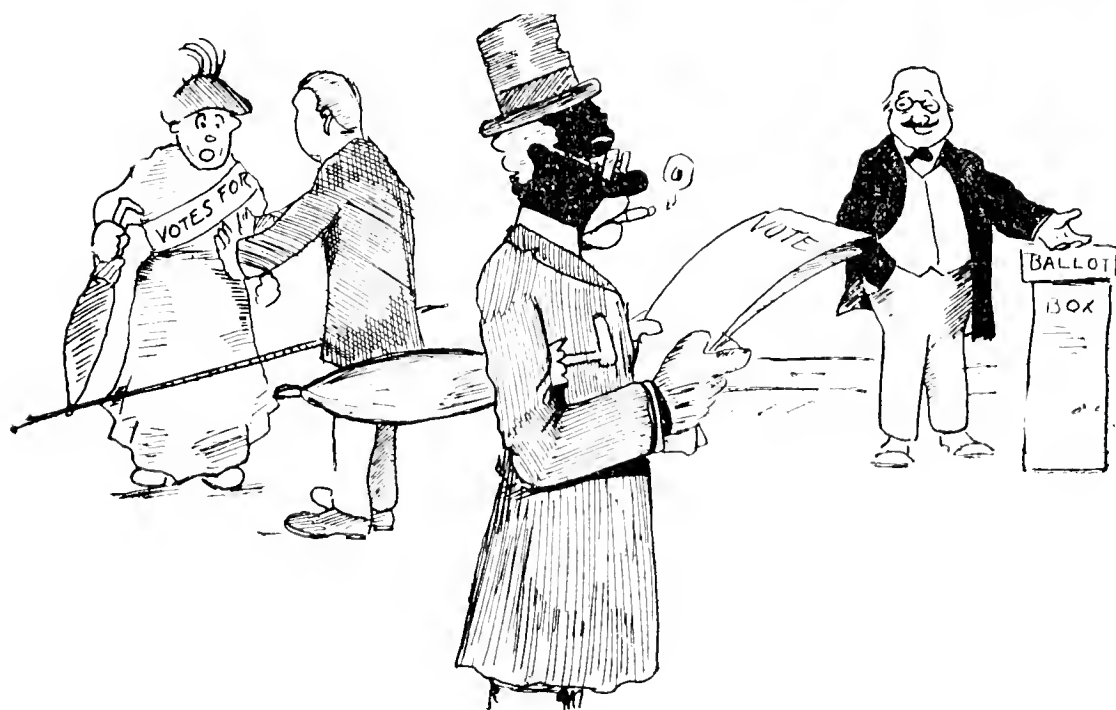
Some folks would rather have him resign than take chances on him any longer.

The First Legislature extended over a period of five months. No one remembers what they did except originate a school book steal, and ever since there has been more or less trouble with the people in charge. A few years ago they attempted to make another change in the school books, and Bob Wilson put a chunk of dynamite under the proposition and the thing blew up.

About this time the state was overrun with real estate men. They platted Oklahoma City for thirty miles beyond civilization and sold the lots to eastern speculators at fabulous prices, and then tried to fool the people into believing that they were going to pool the boodle and build a capitol building. To those who are not well posted on this issue we will state that they failed to connect, but other arrangements have been made and the capitol building is well under way at this time. The money is coming from a different source, however.

We must give the real estate men credit for one thing, and that is, they brought much capital into Oklahoma and allowed very little of it to get away again. Very few of them have ever dared to come before the people seeking office, but we have it from the records that a great many of them get their mail at McAlester since Statehood, for the term real estate dealer, in Oklahoma, is a synonym for grafter, and the specie is not extinct at this late date.

The Grandfather Clause of the Constitution was born about this time, and a great many Republican voters were affected thereby. Many of them were forced to give up their franchise because they could neither read nor write or because their granddaddy before them had never exercised the right of franchise. Some of the good people of the State contend that this is not right, while others say that some of the white women have just as much voting sense as a few of the colored brothers who are allowed to vote. The suffrage question is a hard nut to crack.



Back, female specie, how dare you intrude. "Twenty-three for you"

By redistricting the State and disfranchising some of the colored population, the Democrats were enabled to carry things with a high hand and to their entire satisfaction, but Oklahoma continued to prosper in spite of it.

Fishing and hunting was a favorite sport during the First Legislative period. Some of the politicians have been kept so busy at this occupation that they

have had time for very little else and at times it looked as if the things would go to the bowwows or some other seaport, but we have weathered the blast and the divorce mills have been kept busy most of the time, and the high cost of living has taken hold with a firm grip, and race suicide looms up in the foreground.

About this time Crazy Snake attempted to re-establish the old Creek customs. He and his nephew each carried concealed weapons and were a menace to the peace and dignity of the commonwealth.

This gave the sensational newspapers a chance to fill their coffers with filthy lucre and they so excited the people back East that they were afraid to go to bed at night without covering up their heads.

Colonel Roy Hoffman, with something less than a million men, well armed and equipped with all the other



"Me for the tall timber"

accoutrements of war, was hurried to the seat of trouble. He had orders from the Governor to surround Crazy Snake and his crazy nephew and carry them off into captivity. Roy surrounded the whole Creek Nation and then allowed the Crazy Snakes to crawl away unmolested before the audience were fairly seated.

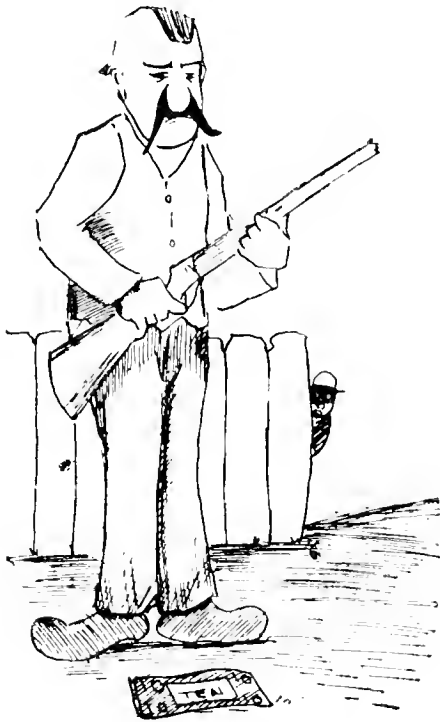
Some time after this Roy was threatened with a law suit by the moving picture concern that was to take a picture of the battle scene.

Crazy Snake's real name was Chitto Harjo, but he was registered on the rolls as Wilson Jones.

And thus the story of Oklahoma goes on, nearly

everybody having fun about the country except the people who have to live here. They have been kept so busy paying their taxes of late that they have had very little time for anything else, and a part of the country has suffered thereby.

In 1907 there was a money panic, and those who had money in the bank could not get it out, and those who had none in there made the most fuss about it. Business conditions were therefore not materially affected—neither was the author.



"Coin of the Realm"

Shin plasters were used for money, and the man who had a ten-dollar bill had to guard it with a shotgun.

After the people got reconciled to the way that Haskell was running things they settled down to business and soon the country was agitating a new set of officers. The Constitution of Oklahoma provides that no Governor may succeed himself, and so the honor is passed on every four years.

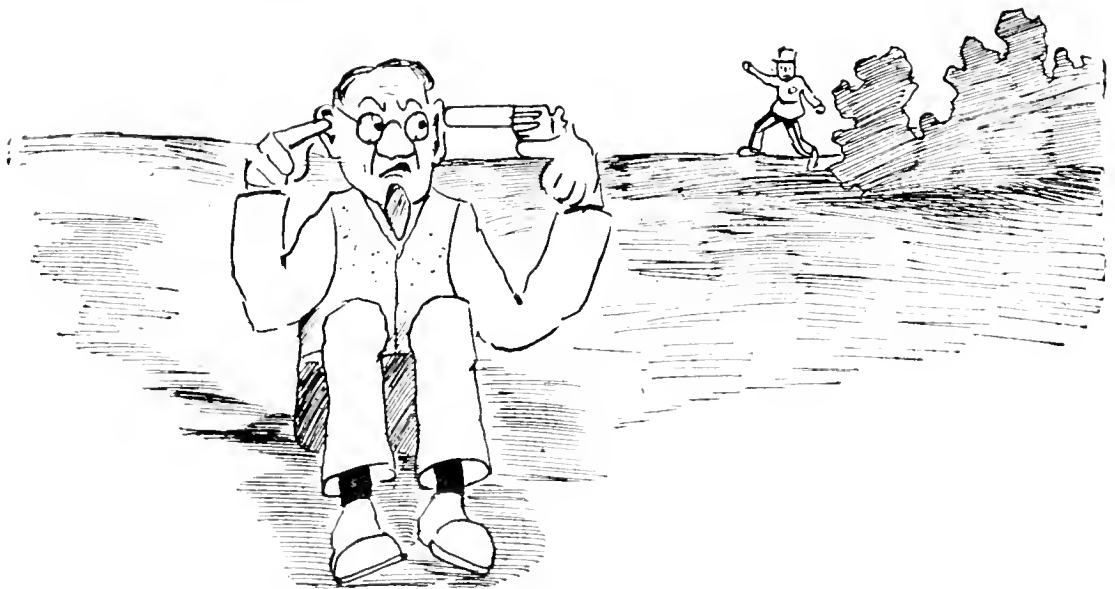
Cruce was nominated by the Democrats after a hard-fought battle in the primaries, for to get the Democratic nomination meant almost certain election, and the Republicans nominated Joe McNeal, better known as "Uncle Joe," of Guthrie.

Now, as we have before stated, there were but

very few Republicans left in Oklahoma after the Democrats got the Grandfather Clause and a few other tricks to working to their satisfaction, and Cruce won out by a large majority, and it is said on good authority that he made the most ladylike Governor that Oklahoma ever had.

Soon after the election of Cruce, several of the Rough Riders visited Cuba and camped on the old stamping ground where Teddy led his charge up San Juan Hill, and they say that the civilization of Cuba has lurched forward wonderfully since the boys in blue visited it the first time, and that the American soldier left his imprint on the customs, manners and complexions of the future generations of natives wherever the flag was carried.

In 1910 the population of the State was 1,657,155, and taken as a whole the Oklahoma citizens compare



"This world, and then another, and then comes the fireworks"

favorably with those of other States. Some try to live *on* their reputations, some try to live *down* their reputations, and some of them try to live up to their reputations, while some of them have nothing to live

for at all, and shoot into their heads to let the trouble out. They very seldom live to tell the story.

During Cruce's administration the country was overrun with punch boards and slot machines. They came from far and near and appeared in all sizes, shapes and previous conditions of use and misuse. They were to be found on the counters of every little store in every little village and hamlet in the entire State.

To work one of these machines, known to the world at large as a slot machine, the citizens, old and young, have their weekly pay checks changed into nickels, and they then form a circle around the slot machine and drop their nickels in, one at a time.

The first man who disposes of all his nickels is considered out of the game, and he goes home to his starving wife and children and explains how he was held up and robbed. So the game continues until everybody has dropped in all his nickels, and in time the owner of the slot machine becomes very rich.

Those who are crowded out punch on the punch board, which is a game "after me own heart," as some might say. Now, for the benefit of an innocent public, I will endeavor to explain the way in which this punch board game is conducted.

You take a thin board about a foot wide by two feet long and punch or bore a thousand holes in it, about the size of a lead pencil.

Now, take a piece of polkadot paper and paste over the front, being sure that the dot on the paper comes directly over a hole in the board. From the back you stick in a few numbers in some of the holes, and then fill the rest of the holes with blank pieces of paper.

Cover the back with a piece of blank paper.

To play the board, the victim walks up to the proprietor of the establishment and plunks down a dollar, and then he literally punches the stuffing out of ten of the holes. Then, if he has another dollar, he punches out ten more holes, and so he continues until all his money is gone.

After awhile the next sucker arrives on the scene and punches out a number that wins a lead pencil, and he then gives his place to another who is attracted by his good fortune. This guy plunks down a thin dime and pokes out the number that wins the September Morn pennant the first crack. He is considered a lucky dog, and is forced to stand treats to all the boys in the house. The punching is then in full blast and the game continues until some one punches out the number that wins the Ingersoll watch, and everybody goes home for the night.

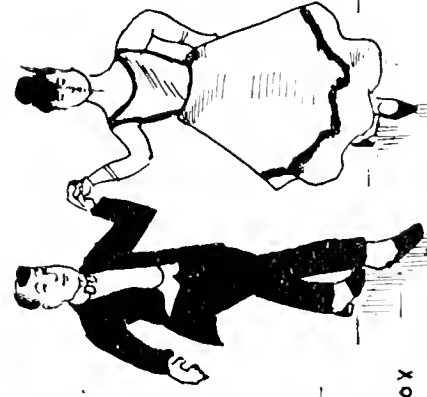
This was one of the greatest sports known to the inhabitants along about this time, but the Governor ordered all the above mentioned contrivances hid under the counters during the time that the grand jury was in session, but they were brought out again as soon as that scare was over, and, as the old saying is, "The old world still wags."

Early in 1914 the dancing craze broke loose in the State, and in a very short time nearly the entire commonwealth was exposed to the tango bug. It looked for awhile as if he had bitten the entire population.

The artist was very fortunate in getting a snapshot of one of the modern ballrooms last Christmas, and we give you the results of the exposure without comment.



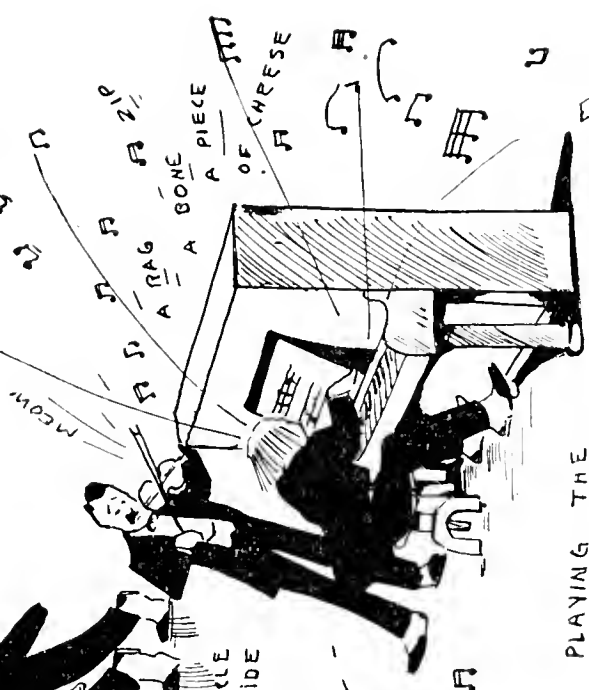
CHICKEN-POX
WHIRL



BABOON-TWIST-



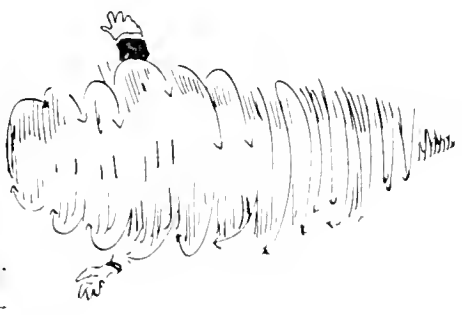
TICKLE TICKLE
WASH-GLIDE



PLAYING THE
"T. BONE RAG"



ZIP BOOM DIP



"CYCLONE-WHIRL"



THE OTHER
MUSICIANS LEFT

ARTIST'S NOTE.
"WAS UNABLE TO GET THE
BABOON-WAY-AS THEY-DUCKED
BEFORE I GOT THERE—"(A) —

When the Mexican war was just getting well under way the Universal Peace Commission had a heated discussion in the Eastern Hemisphere and declared a universal war.

This war did not affect the people of Oklahoma directly, as few of them were drafted, but oil had gone down without any apparent reason, and this war business gave the "Standard" and its allies the excuse they were looking for, and they immediately laid the price reduction at the door of the Eastern War Department.

Cotton was almost unsalable, and cotton socks were a mark of distinction, for, "buy a bale of cotton and make it into socks" was the cry of our friend, Tate Brady, and in every little village in the State cotton clubs were organized to keep the people from selling for less than ten cents.

This war had a different effect on sugar and other articles of food. Sugar had been selling at twenty pounds for a dollar, but it went to ten cents straight; beans sold by the dozen, and onions by the smell.

The hens got peeved at something the people said about them and refused to bear fruit, and in a short time eggs were served for dessert, but only at the highest priced cafes. At most houses grub was scarce, and clothing thin, but, strange as it may seem, at some of the highest toned places the clothing was the thinnest.

What it was all about was the question, and we have solved it in this way: The first thing was that a Servian Socialist got drunk and killed an Austrian nobleman and his escort (or maybe it was his consort); anyway, it was some sort.

Austria then got hot under the collar over the incident and said to Servia:

"See here, now, we don't want any of that rough stuff. I want to be a father to you. Come into the woodshed."

Russia was peeking through the fence when she heard the conversation, and seeing what was going on, said to Austria:

"Don't you dare touch that ch-ei-ld; he's my kid, and, anyway, you'd make a hell of a lookin' daddy."

"You've got another think a-coming," answered Austria. "I don't like the color of your eyes, anyhow, and your feet don't track besides, and I can lick you with one hand tied."

"Bully boy!" says Wilhelm to Austria. "If you can't lick him I can, and, by gosh, I'll do it. I can lick anybody; I can lick everybody. We'll take him on together." So Germany slips up on France when she ain't looking and lands with both feet in the middle of Belgium.

"Get off'n my belly," says Belgium, "or I'll bite your leg off!"

"Ouch!" says Germany, "but I'll get off when I get ready."

"That's not fair," said France. "Take that, you slob!" handing Germany a hot one on the snout.

"I hate a scrap," says England, "but I can smash the jaw of the guy that slaps my friend."

"You don't hate it worser nor I do," says Japan, as she squares off for a hand in the game.

"Well, I guess you started it, anyhow," says Wilhelm to Nick.

Just then everybody begins to yell: "You started it yourself," and each one sticks out his tongue at the other fellow and they all clinch, and the little fellows begin to dance around watching for a chance to get

in a punch and run, and that is what started all the trouble.



By gosh, I believe that's the right dope

Taken altogether, Cruce's administration was a thoroughly upright and honest one, so far as it was possible for it to be, after his party had drifted into corruptness owing to the "security in office" slogan that had been adopted soon after Statehood. His platform was useful in helping the party to get aboard, but was of no use after they landed a seat.

In the spring of 1914 a terrible calamity was narrowly averted when a bunch of Oklahoma horse traders broke loose in Tulsa and wanted to bet on a horse race that was going to be pulled off one day. The Governor sent out almost the entire militia force of the State to prevent pulling off any stunts like that. His brave soldiers in blazing uniforms and well oiled carbines prevented the horrible disaster without losing a single man. Many a good old deacon praised the Governor for his manly stand, while they drank his health to the tune of bootleg whiskey.

In the fall of the same year about a dozen of Oklahoma's most prominent citizens decided that they would enter the race for the Governorship. The contest in the primaries was very close. Mud slinging was a favorite pastime among the Democrats, and it is said upon good authority that all classes of people

were represented among the candidates. Bankers, lawyers, farmers, train robbers and old bachelors. Each of them promising, if nominated, to carry the banner of Democracy to victory. The Honorable Robert L. Williams was the successful candidate.

In the fall election he won over the Republican candidate by a somewhat smaller majority than the former Democratic candidates on previous occasions of this character; but, however small the majority, "Our Bob" was successful.

On January 5, 1915, the Fifth Legislature of the State of Oklahoma convened in Oklahoma City, with the Hon. M. E. Trapp presiding in the Senate after January 12. On that day

"Our Bob" was presiding in the "Old School House," then used for the Governor's office, in the absence of the promised capitol building.

The results of this administration can not be determined at this time, but we predict that he will be at least the third best Governor that the State of Oklahoma ever had. On this topic it is time for us to shut up, so we will close this chapter. Let us raise our voices in praise of Oklahoma and its future.



"EVEN WHEN BUT A BABY
I WAS NOTED FOR MY VOICE"

"The voice that raised father"

Summary

Prosperity attracted no attention whatever during the fore part of 1914; oil had gone from 42 cents to more than a dollar per barrel. Wheat and corn brought a good price, and cotton soared far above the high-water mark.

Rot-gut whiskey sold for a dollar a pint and hard to get at that. Blue Ribbon was worth 35 cents a pint, and, on the whole, everything was booming.

Race suicide had been almost entirely wiped out in some localities, and babies were "still born."



A grist from the divorce mill

The divorce evil was fast becoming a thing of the past, but there were a few more that should have been issued, and in time they will be.

Crime had been dealt a crushing blow by the strong arm of the law, but it had survived the onslaught and bid fair to break out in a new place worse than ever. The country wide was soon awakened to the fact, however, that the high cost of living was a serious proposition, and then the fall election and the war in Europe landed all at once and at the same time. The outcome has been very disastrous to many.

[Note. It is with heartfelt sympathy that we inform the reader that a part of this chapter was taken bodily from "The Ways of the Tumblebug," by A. S. Koonce of Bartlesville, Oklahoma. The rest of the chapter was taken from a little pamphlet entitled "The Hen and Her Husband," by T. A. Latta of the Oklahoma City Times.]

Counties and County Seat History

ADAIR.

Adair County was named after an old Cherokee family. Stillwell used to be the county seat, and the first county weigher was the Honorable J. B. Johnson; he was a good democrat and may be yet and if he had not been, he could never have been elected.

In 1907 the county seat was changed to Westville. We forgot to mention that J. B. Johnson was also County Superintendent. We are not sure whether the two offices were one and the same or not, but will investigate and report in the appendix, but some folks say that we had better cut out the appendix.

ALFALFA.

Alfalfa County was named in honor of a weed of the same name, and it is hinted that this weed was discovered by a prominent statesman of Oklahoma who afterwards bore the name.

There is another county in the State named Murray, or this history would no doubt relate that this county was named in honor of the president of the Constitutional Convention.

Cherokee is the county seat and the seat of intelligence is in the office of the Cherokee Republican.

ATOKA.

Atoka County was named after Captain Atoka, a full blood Choctaw. Their principal crops are coal and asphalt, but they have no paved streets and the citizens burn wood. They had a hotel there at one time,

but the bedbugs carried it away, and then they built another near the depot and this one has proved much better.

BEAVER.

Beaver County was originally a part of "No Man's Land." Beaver is the county seat, named after Beaver Creek, which in turn was named so from the fact that there never was a beaver in that part of the country and some feeble minded citizen, desiring to perpetuate the name, called it Beaver Creek.

It is said that some of the people who live in Beaver County have to work like beavers to make a living.

BECKHAM.

Sayre is the county seat of Beckham County..

The county was named in honor of a Kentucky Governor and since then the county has always gone Democratic. The old Governor has never visited his namesake since prohibition went into effect.

BLAINE.

Watonga is the county seat and the home of Ex-Governor T. B. Ferguson. It was named in honor of James G. Blaine, and the records show that he died a short time afterwards. His heirs never instituted a damage suit, and the county still prospers.

Whether or not this had anything to do with Mr. Blaine's demise, was never threshed out by the courts.

BRYAN.

Durant is the county seat. Some say this county was named after a noted Nebraska lecturer who would rather talk than eat.

Durant is not a healthful place for the descendants of the African civilization of "befo de wah" times and

the republicans are all lily-white. Once upon a time —But there, we promised not to mention it.

CADDO.

Anadarko is the county seat of this thriving little community and Nettie Daniels, a good Democrat—although she never voted the Democratic ticket—was the first County Superintendent after statehood.

The people of Caddo County are mostly farmers and the country is therefore comparatively wealthy, and is noted for its honesty.

CANADIAN.

El Reno is the county seat. The whole country is watered by the Canadian river, and at times the people suffer terribly for want of pure water. Clyde Mathews used to be Register of Deeds, but he has a better job now.

CARTER.

Ardmore is the capital.

The county was named in honor of the father of the Diamond X Ranch of the Chickasaw nation many years before this.

The home of the Ringling Brothers' Circus in winter is located near here, which helps to keep the town on the map. At one time Governor Cruce claimed this town as his residence.

CHEROKEE.

Tahlequah is the county seat. It was for a long time the old Indian capital, but the white folks besieged it many years ago and have now taken it.

The county was named in honor of the Indian tribe that inhabited the country for years.

The "Cherokee Advocate" was born here many years ago.

CHOCTAW.

Hugo, the county seat, has had a strenuous time keeping this distinction, but at last reports all was quiet along the border.

The county was named in honor of the Indian tribe of the same name.

CIMARRON.

Boise City is the county seat.

Cimarron county is the very west-most part of Oklahoma, and was the last slice taken from "No Man's Land." Gold mining has never been one of the principal businesses.

The farmers raise a few cattle, but like their neighbors of Beaver county, they wish it had been left as "No Man's Land," but it is too late to kick now.

CLEVELAND.

This county was named after Grover. Norman is the county seat, and the State Asylum and the State University are both located there. Thus Cleveland county is well equipped to take care of its population, both young and old.

COAL.

Coalgate is the county seat.

The county derives its name from a dark colored substance resembling coal that is shipped out from Coalgate by the train loads.

Most of this mineral is sent out of the State and sold at an enormous price, after the long and short freight haul is added to the cost of production.

This coal could be used in Oklahoma; in fact it is needed here, but the Interstate Commerce Commission has made it almost impossible to deliver this coal within the limits of the State.

COMANCHE.

Lawton is the county seat.

This county was named by congress, and as the county is well adapted to stock raising, you will find a few of the citizens are what folks back east call "cow-punchers." They are tame now and might be considered trusties.

Fort Sill is located near here and has been the home of old Geronimo for many years, but he died some time ago and the old timers who used to know him in his boyhood are resting easier.

CRAIG.

Vinita is the county seat.

Craig County was named in honor of a rich banker of McAlester and it takes after its namesake, in that it is one of the richest counties from a farming standpoint in that part of the State.

CREEK.

Sapulpa is the county seat; commonly pronounced Sap-a-lou.

This county was first named Moman, in honor of Moman Pruitt, a lawyer of Oklahoma City, but some folks got sore at him over some trivial matter and had the name changed. Moman Pruitt has never consented to live in the county since and the community has suffered thereby.

CUSTER.

Arapaho is the county seat.

The county was named after General Custer, and the Republicans elected a man by the name of Smith as county weigher in 1907. His principal business was to weigh kaffir corn and sorghum, the main crops of this locality.

DELAWARE.

Jay is the county seat; at least it was on the day this chapter was written, but we will not vouch for the truth of the statement now.

Civil war broke out in that territory a few years ago, and for a time it looked as if the whole country would be involved, but after the Mexican war broke out the attention of the warring element was attracted in that direction, and in time the old Jay and new Jay county seat troubles were forgotten, but it is expected to break out again in a new place any time.

Grove claimed the honor of holding the seat of government during the year 1907.

DEWEY.

Taloga is the county seat and principal seaport.

The county was named after the hero of Manila Bay and there is a town in Oklahoma that bears the same distinction. For particulars, see the appendix.

ELLIS.

Arnett was the first county seat, but was later changed to Grand, where it still remains.

The county was named after the second vice president of the convention and from the last reports he was still boasting about it.

GARFIELD.

Enid is the capital and a right smart little village.

A Republican by the name of Winfield Scott was the first county judge. We are not sure whether this is the same Scott who won renown in the Mexican war, but will investigate and report in the appendix.

GARVIN.

Pauls Valley is the county seat.

This county was named after an old freighter, but there is a railroad or two there now and freighters are no longer tolerated.

Freight has been delayed to a certain extent, however, since the Oklahoma Central took charge, and some of the merchants long for the good old freighting days, when goods always arrived on time unless they were captured by the Indians.

GRADY.

Chickasha is the county seat and Bob Wilson, our present State Superintendent of Public Instruction, came from this burg.

Chickasha has been so dead for the past few years that we were unable to find anything of interest to relate at this time. The Girls School is located there and since that time the town has been very pious.

GRANT.

Medford is the capital.

Many people gathered here at the opening of the Cherokee outlet and it was here that many of the Cherokees got stripped. This happened many years ago, and they have recovered somewhat of late and are about as well dressed as any of their neighbors.

GREER.

Mangum is the county seat.

This county has a history that is unique and little in common with other counties of the State.

In the treaty of 1819 with Spain the Red River was made the boundary between the Spanish possessions and the United States. Texas became an independent nation in 1863.

If Frank Greer had been born at this time, we would contend that this county had been named in his honor, but he wasn't.

Now the old nesters that drew up this agreement failed to state which branch of the Red River was intended and the trouble was finally carried to the Supreme Court and in the course of something like seventy-five years it was finally decided that this portion of the world known as Greer county belonged to the United States.

The principal crops are gypsum and gyp water; some stock and horned toads are raised and a few of the general farm products are planted each year.

HARMON.

Hollis is the county seat.

This is a slice of the old original Greer county and the same history applies.

HARPER.

Buffalo is the capital. No doubt named after a buffalo that was seen there once upon a time before Pawnee Bill cornered the market.

The county was named after a clerk of the constitutional convention. We do not know how much it cost him, if anything, but will investigate and report in the appendix.

HASKELL.

Stigler is the county seat.

Everybody knows who this county was named after, but as we want to sell some of these histories in Guthrie, we will not say anything about it right now.

HUGHES.

Holdenville is the county seat.

We believe that this county was named after W. C. Hughes, a lawyer of Oklahoma City, but some people claimed it was named after Marion.

The county is watered during the rainy season by the Canadian River, but during the dry season the people haul their water in barrels.

JACKSON.

Altus is the county seat.

This is another slice of old Greer county and was named after Stonewall Jackson. History fails to state whether it was named for his nickname or his real name. At any rate stone is found here in paying quantities.

JEFFERSON.

Waurika was the county seat, and she still wants it, but Ryan claims that distinction at the present writing; however, it is very uncertain, to hear Waurika tell it.

We are of the opinion that this county was named Jefferson because all the citizens were in favor of the constitution that was written by a man of that name many years ago.

JOHNSTON.

Tishomingo is the capital, the home of Bill Mur-

ray, who helped put the Jim Crow Law in the constitution of Oklahoma, but never was elected governor.

Johnston county raises more cockle burrs than any other county in the State.

KAY.

Newkirk is the county seat.

This county was named in honor of the eleventh letter of the alphabet and was originally spelled "K."

Later on, after the N. E. A. met and modified the English spelling, it was changed to K-A-Y.

KINGFISHER.

Kingfisher is the county seat.

The county was named after the town, and the town was named after a stream and the stream was named after a bird, and it is hinted that Noah gave the name to the bird, therefore the history of this county dates away back, but space forbids a full discussion at this time. (See Appendix).

KIOWA.

Hobart is the county seat.

J. L. Burk was at one time the coroner, but it is such a healthful place that he has never had much to do, and they claim that it is almost impossible to raise a disturbance with a six-shooter and a bottle of booze.

LATIMER.

Wilburton is the county seat.

The county was named after Jim Latimer, who made himself famous in the constitutional convention.

LE FLORE.

Poteau is the county seat.

The county was named in honor of a mixed blood Choctaw.

The county is exceptionally mountainous, and we were therefore unable to gather much of its history.

LINCOLN.

Chandler is the county seat. This is the home of J. B. A. Robertson, who was a candidate before the Democratic primaries for governor in 1914. He was defeated by Bob Williams.

LOGAN.

Guthrie is the capital (of the county). It was at one time the capital of Oklahoma, but during the reign of Haskell the capital was moved very suddenly, three years before Uncle Sam intended to make the transfer.

The capital is no longer in this county, but is located at Oklahoma City, near where the State is building a statehouse and will quit paying rent.

LOVE.

Marietta is the county seat.

This county was named after Bob Love, but Jack contests the claim at times.

McLAIN.

Purcell is the county seat.

This county was named after Charley McLain, who was a member of the constitutional convention from that neck of the woods.

McCURTAIN.

Idabel is the county seat.

History tells us that sixty percent of the county is mountainous and hilly and that ninety-five percent of it is forest land, while but five percent of the tillable

land is in cultivation. Some history. The people live on dried grasshoppers.

McINTOSH.

Eufaula is the county seat.

The county was named after the old chief by this name; he signed the treaty that moved the Indians to this country and was never very popular afterwards.

One of the old bucks cracked him on the bean, and thus appeased his own wrath somewhat.

MAJOR.

Fairview is the county seat.

This county was named after their representative in the constitutional convention.

MARSHALL.

Madill is the county seat.

It was named after Justice Marshall. At one time he made a decision that "The Indian Nation has rights with which no State can interfere." It seems as if this decision was reversed afterwards.

MAYES.

Pryor Creek is the county seat.

This county was named after a noted Indian chief and Miss Archer was the first county superintendent. As she was an archer herself, Cupid had a hard time trying to outdo her.

MURRAY.

Sulphur is the county seat.

This county was named in honor of the president of the constitutional convention, and the town of Sul-

phur is a noted health resort where Oklahoma Charlie spent his declining years.

The people were at one time engaged in raising alligators.

MUSKOGEE.

Muskogee is the county seat, the home of Crazy Snake and Charles N. Haskell.

The word means "Low Land Dwellers," and Ledbetter, the present sheriff of the county, chased Al Jennings, the noted outlaw, all over these low-lands before he captured him.

Afterwards this same Al Jennings made the race for the nomination for Governor against the present governor, Bob Williams, but nothing ever came of it.

NOBLE.

Perry is the county seat.

Perry is surrounded by a fine farming country and is known far and wide for the honesty of the people, due no doubt to the overruling majority of farmers in that district.

NOWATA.

Nowata is the county seat; the name signifies welcome, and any sojourner is welcome to all he can make off of a Nowata citizen.

OKFUSKEE.

Okemah is the county seat, and has no history to relate.

OKLAHOMA.

Oklahoma is the county seat.

This town is situated on the Canadian between

Shawnee and El Reno, and is known far and wide as the best boomed town in the State. Few people of prominence have ever lived there, to hear Guthrie tell it, but many have gone there at various times to transact business. Al Jennings claims to have been elected to some high office there at one time, but he claims that they counted him out.

We are not sure about this, but will look it up and report.

OKMULGEE.

Okmulgee is the county seat.

The county was named after the city, which was in turn named after a stream in Alabama, which in the language of the natives signifies "Boiling Water." This perhaps meant "Fire Water." Anyhow, any one can have a hot time in Okmulgee.

OSAGE.

Pawhuska is the county seat.

It is the largest county in the State and the total wealth of the natives far surpasses any other county.

Pawhuska is known far and wide, in story and song, as the home of John Stink.

OTTAWA.

Miami is the county seat.

Zinc and Jack are the leading products and many a poor sucker has dropped his wad there, but a few still survive and are making money there. Among them we might mention Jim Maybon, formerly of Guthrie.

PAWNEE.

Pawnee is the county seat.

This is the home of Pawnee Bill, and here we find the finest herd of buffalo now in existence, but few hunters are ever allowed on the premises.

PAYNE.

Stillwater is the county seat.

This county was named in honor of David L. Payne, as he is supposed to have made the first settlement.

If Payne had lived to be Governor of Oklahoma, they would not have named this county after him.

PITTSBURG.

McAlester is the county seat. Here we find the home of the State prisoners and also the founder of the town, J. J. McAlester, who trades in diamonds and gold at various times and has a large interest in one of the best banks there.

North and South McAlester were united in marriage recently and they are now spoken of as one city.

PONTOTOC.

Ada is the county seat and in an old barn back of the hotel several years ago the people—wait a minute—nothing doing.

POTTAWATOMIE.

Tecumseh is the county seat, but we have failed to find anything of interest in Tecumseh. We might mention that there was once a great chief by that name. He died or got killed, I forget.

PUSHMATHA.

Antlers is the county seat.

We could not pronounce the name of this county so we will pass it up.

ROGER MILLS.

Cheyenne is the county seat.

The county was named after a Texas statesman, but it is said that he never took much interest in his namesake and nothing ever came of it.

ROGERS.

Claremore is the county seat. This place is a noted health resort and people who never take a bath at home often go there to get one. Most people look better when they come back.

SEMINOLE.

Wewoka is the county seat.

The county was named after an Indian tribe who left their homes in Alabama and were termed by the other Indians "Wanderers."

Anyone who wanders off to Wewoka will wonder why he wandered so far into wonderland.

SEQUOYAH.

Salisaw is the county seat.

The county was named after the Cherokee who invented the Cherokee Indian alphabet.

STEPHENS.

Duncan is the county seat.

Stephens county is noted for its beautiful girls and homely men. It is the home of Leslie Morris, the Texas Poet, whose little book, "The Story of Jesus," is sold on every train running in the state. He gave us a copy for "nuthin."

SWANSON.

Mountain Park is the capital and on our visit there we failed to find anything of interest to relate.

TEXAS.

Guymon is the county seat.

This county was carved from "No Man's Land" and was so named because all the first settlers came from Texas.

TILLMAN.

Frederick is the county seat.

This county was named after old Pitch Fork Ben, and all the inhabitants vote the Democratic ticket.

TULSA.

Tulsa is the capital.

The name is of Indian origin and the town is located on the old stomping grounds known as Tulsa Lochapokas. Most of the town belongs to Tate Brady, but some folks do not want it to get out.

Tate wears cotton socks now.

WAGONER.

Wagoner is the county seat.

The county was named after the town and the town was named after a railroad promoter, but of late years Wagoner does not boast of its railroad facilities.

WASHINGTON.

Bartlesville is the county seat, made famous by being at one time the home of the author and Emmett Dalton.

The county was named after George, and the town after Jake, but Joe is the leading figure in the county at this time.

Foster's Business College used to turn out more good looking stenographers than any other school in the State.

WASHITA.

Cordell is the county seat.

The county derives its name from the Washita river and when it was first organized it was known as "H" county.

WOODS.

Alva is the county seat.

Woods county was named thus on account of the lack of timber in that part of the country. Some say that a Kansas lawyer claims that this county was named after him, but we doubt it. He has never pushed the claim, however, and the whole thing has gone by default.

WOODWARD.

Woodward is the county seat.

The county was named Woodward in honor of one of the stockholders that put the first railroad through that country.

Most of the towns in the state do not honor the stockholders of the railroads and Woodward has been talked of considerably on account of this strange freak.

General Topics

The first time Oklahoma was given away was in 1665, when the Crown Prince of Great Britain made a grant for the colonies of Carolina, embracing all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific between 30 degrees and 36 degrees and 30 minutes north latitude. This grant included all the lands of Oklahoma except those lying north of the line formed by the westward projection of the southern boundary of Mississippi. This was the first time that a white man had anything to do with Oklahoma, but it remained an unknown country until a century and a half afterwards. What was going on in Oklahoma these many years will perhaps never be known; still tradition has it that these were strenuous times.

In 1763 France ceded Louisiana to Spain to keep England from getting it. Spain kept it for thirty-one years, then gave it back; thus Oklahoma changed hands twice within a century, for in 1800 Spain gave Louisiana back to France. It still included almost all the present State. In 1803, when the country was bought by Jefferson, we paid two dollars and fifty cents per acre on an average, with Oklahoma thrown in for good measure.

During the early days of Oklahoma the people were exposed to the lodge bug, and on most of them it took the first time. The general herd has never been able to vaccinate successfully against it. Many of the poorer classes are working night and day to pay their insurance, yet but few of them have been known

to die while their insurance was in force. If perchance they are fortunate enough to do this, their widows soon marry again and the insurance money passes rapidly into circulation. Thus many an Oklahoma widow has been able to round out a life of misery and privation by marrying a second time.



Many of the business men of Oklahoma join some other lodges on purpose to violate the liquor laws of the State, and in this they have been very successful.

As soon as Statehood was ushered in the people thought it would be better to have more than one political party. Before Statehood all the political business was done by the Republicans, and after Statehood all of it was done by the Democrats.

The peculiar thing about this political proposition is that the party in power is always the corrupt one, and the party out of power is the one that could do such great stunts if they only had the say so. The

rule of the game is that the longer one party is in power the rottener it gets. Some people seem to think that there should be a change at this time, but we are not authority on this subject. If you think so, stick to your convictions and vote the Prohibition ticket at the next general election.

L. W. Baxter was the first baldheaded man of any consequence in Oklahoma; he served the people as Territorial Superintendent of Schools in the early days. It was during his term of office that the author taught school in various parts of the State, and but for the kindness and consideration shown during that period we would not have this part of our career to point to with pride.

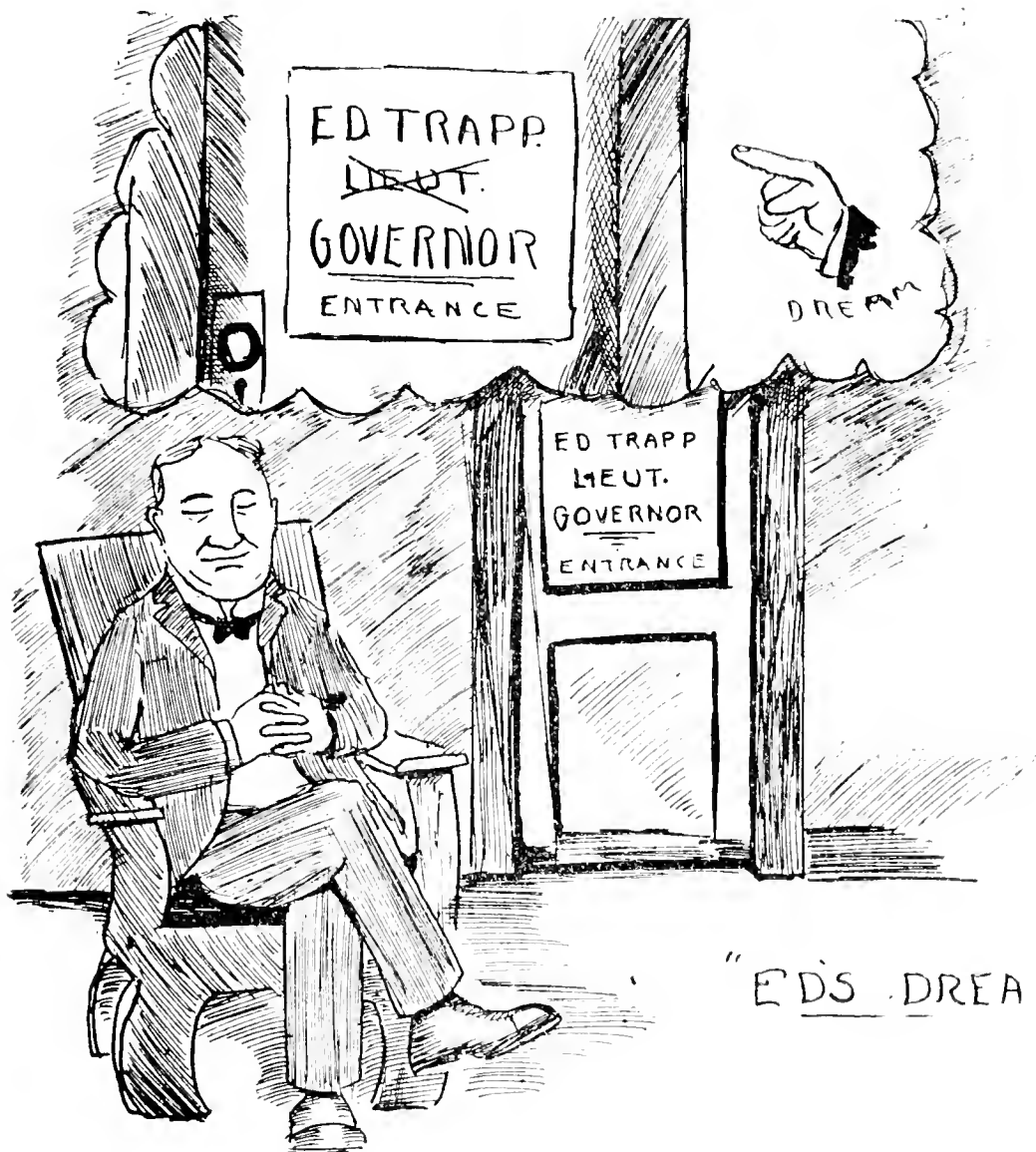
Mr. Baxter is now cashier of a thriving bank in Tulsa, and some day we hope to be able to borrow enough on the copyright of this history to tide us over a few weary months.

With him in this enterprise at Tulsa is the Honorable J. W. McNeal, who was defeated by Cruce for the honors of Governor. Uncle Joe said just after the election that he never knew that there were so many Democrats in the world as there were voted against him at the election. He says that he encountered all kinds of danger during the campaign, including a stop at Osage for lunch. The Katy stops at Osage twenty minutes for lunch on each trip, and a photograph and a cup of mud will cost in the neighborhood of six-bits.

Ed Trapp was the first State Auditor. He had for several years been County Clerk of Logan County and he advised the First Legislature to provide the

State with a public debt as soon as possible, which they did by assuming the expenses of the Constitutional Convention, and ever since this we have had to bear the brunt.

Thus the State was thrown into trouble, but Ed soon saw the necessity of curbing the more ferocious ones, and many of the newspapers were very sore at



"It's still a long way to Tipperary"

him for some of his criticisms when he caught them trying to work their rabbit's foot on the innocent taxpayers.

It is reported that he had some strenuous times, but we cannot truthfully say what it was all about, and, as we are dealing with facts exclusively and do not base our contentions on hearsay, we will pass this up.

There is an old saying that it is impossible to keep a good man down, and as we go to press we find Ed has climbed the ladder and is now the Lieutenant Governor of this great State, and in a few years more we will no doubt have a chance to see him filling the G—but wait a minute, this is not yet a matter of history.

The New Jerusalem was a plan concocted by several real estate men who expected to reap a harvest. They wanted the State to buy a thousand acres of land and divide it into city lots and sell them to the highest bidder for cash. Then the said real estate men would build a shack on this land and call it a capitol building, and get an architect to draw a beautiful picture of a building, and pass it around for the unsuspecting public to examine before they paid for their lot. As soon as the matter was looked into the State decided not to do it, but made the same proposition to Oklahoma City, and they accepted it.

Our new State capitol building has been located half way between Oklahoma City and Guthrie, and future generations will point with pride to a massive structure only a few hours' ride from the heart of the city. It is reported that while Guthrie citizens failed to keep the capitol where they decided to put it, they will not be so very much farther away, counting from the postoffice building, than the folks at Oklahoma City are.

Oklahoma has about 1,883 postoffices, and the people get mail at all of them.

At some of these postoffices they have stores, and before Statehood some of them are supposed to have sold booze, but we do not believe it. Some of the postoffices were moved so often that they were supposed to have "joints," and that is the way the rumor started, no doubt.

Whether or not there were ever any joints in the postoffices we are unable to say, but we do know that nearly every one of them furnished a candidate for office in 1914.

Justice is one thing in Oklahoma and getting it is altogether a different proposition.

A clipping from the Bartlesville Enterprise of July 21st, 1914, will, perhaps, illustrate the feelings of the people better than in any other way.

"Charles Miller, a nineteen-year-old boy, was sentenced to twenty-five years in the penitentiary at Muskogee the other day for stealing forty-two cents from a man," and the paper goes on to say that this happened in Oklahoma, where political grafters belonging to the Democratic machine have looted the State of hundreds of thousands of dollars and escaped without the slightest molestation.

Needless to say that the paper publishing this was a Republican organ, but nevertheless the truth remains unshattered.

Still we find men willing to assume the great responsibility of enforcing the law, and telling the people of the great things they expect to do.

Side Lights and Shadows

Railroads.

During the Civil War the Federal Government was greatly hampered in sending supplies to the troops in the Territory. The United States insisted on railroads entering the Indian Territory (1886), but according to the treaties made with the Cherokees and Creeks only, two railroads were to be given right of way. One was to be from north to south and the other from the east to the west.

There was no limitation in the treaties made with the Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles.

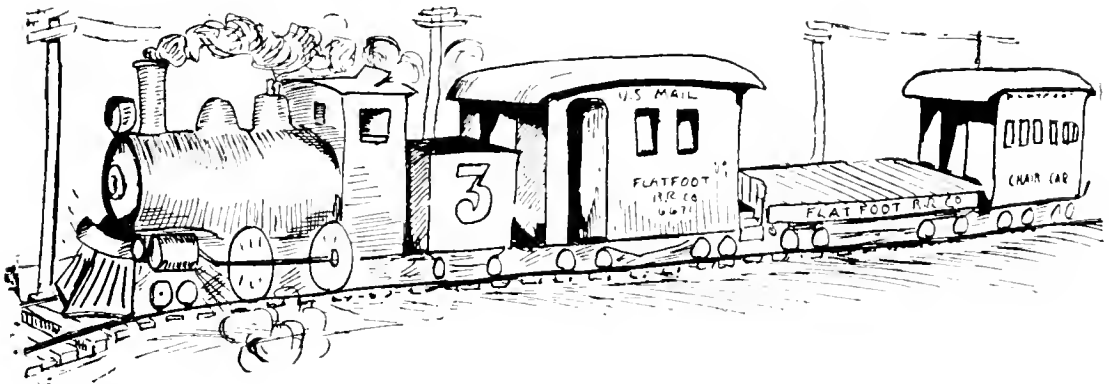
The first railroad to enter from the north was to have passing right of way and each alternate section of land for ten miles on each side of the track, if this land should ever become public lands of the United States, and you can readily see that several of the railroads were anxious to get a bite, although about this time land was not selling very high.

Uncle Sam made a deal with the Creeks that was a stunner. You see, there was a little of their land wasting away for want of tenants, so the Creeks agreed that Uncle Sam might move some of his good Kansas Indians down here and they would let them settle on the western half of their territory if the White Father at Washington would cough up thirty cents per acre for it. There proved to be 3,250,560 acres and brought the total amount in dollars up to over a million and a quarter. Then the Seminoles decided they would like to sell a few acres, so Uncle

Sam bought that, too, but could not see his way clear to give them more than fifteen cents per acre, but as they had over two million acres to sell it netted them quite a nice little sum (1866).

The Katy reached the line first (June 6, 1870). The first one to enter the Territory from the east was the Atlantic & Pacific, now known as the Frisco. This road was to receive the same grant of land, but, as the land never became the property of the United States, they are still waiting.

The Santa Fe built into the Territory in 1885; the Rock Island in 1889; the others following later. Just a few years ago the Oklahoma Central was built between Chickasha and Purcell, and for a long time they had to run flat cars between the passenger coaches to keep them from butting the ends out of each other.



A necessary precaution

The road is wearing down a little smoother now and is running a close second to the Midland Valley.

At Pawhuska, on this Midland Valley, they have a go-devil that meets the Katy passenger at Nelogony, and people going across from there to Pawhuska will pay six-bits to ride the seven miles on this contraption rather than wait for the "Midland Flyer."

Gangs

The Dalton gang, the James boys, Cherokee Bill and his outfit, Wesley Barnett, Henry Starr, Al Jennings, St. Lapsky, a Creek Indian who used to kill white men just to see them fall, and Old Bill Doolin and his Swamp Angels were among the leading lights in the early days of Oklahoma in keeping Oklahoma on the map.

It has always been conceded that Bill Doolin was the best-natured outlaw that Oklahoma ever produced; he could laugh all through a fight and never know when he was whipped, but Heck Thomas finally wound up his little ball of yarn.

These early days were very strenuous times for the marshals and their deputies. Perhaps the best known ones were Bill Fossett and his brother, Jack. Bill Tilghman, Joe McNally and John Abernathy were, however, not far behind. John is perhaps better known to the people of Oklahoma as "Catch Them Alive" Abernathy, since his "stunt" when he was showing off before Teddy when he was down in this neck of the woods hunting wolves a few years ago.

The Dalton gang was broken up at Coffeyville many years ago, but the youngest member, Emmett, is now a respected citizen of Bartlesville.

The last of the James boys, Frank, died last year in Missouri, but for many years he was a prosperous farmer near Fletcher.

Al Jennings has for many years been a noted lawyer of the State and came very nearly being elected

to an important office in Oklahoma City, and made a good run for the nomination for Governor in the Democratic primaries in the fall of 1914. He is now touring the country as an evangelist, and says he can make more money holding up a congregation of sinners than he could robbing trains. Al has many friends in Oklahoma who wish him well in his new field.

Henry Starr is in the pen at McAlester. His last stunt at Stroud did not prove very successful and a lad with a blunderbus winged him while he was making his getaway, and he will be a star boarder at the expense of the State for some time yet.

Thus we might go on for many pages, but we must hurry on, and thus we leave this part of Oklahoma to your imagination.

Trails



"On the trail of the lonesome prairie

Jess Chisholm laid out what was perhaps the oldest trail. It was the highway to Southwestern Oklahoma for many years. The starting point was the Wichita-Caddo Agency, where Anadarko is now located, and the most northern point was Wichita, Kansas. Camping grounds along the way were afterwards known as towns and have since grown into thriving cities.

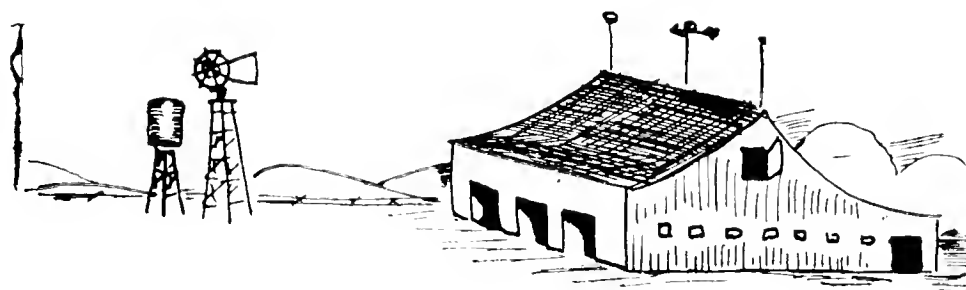
During the twenty years that this trail was in use Texas cattle drovers used it, supply trains used it and the soldiers and Government officers used it when passing from agency to agency.

The Santa Fe trail has perhaps a wider known history than the others. There was many an exciting battle fought along this trail, and in another place in this history you will find something interesting about this bloody trail.

Other trails worthy of mention are the Dodge City trail, then the Wichita trail, afterwards the Caldwell trail.

Of late years we have heard very little about trails, except the Trail of the Lonesome Pine.

Ranches



To give a description of the ranches of Oklahoma would be an impossibility, and we will not attempt it here. A few of the best known and their brands might be of interest.

Billie Malalley, on Pond Creek. Brand, the running W.

The Hamilton Ranch, a little farther east. Their brand, the open A.

Hutton & Cobb, on Black Bear, near Perry.

Cocoanut & Miller, west of where the 101 Ranch is now located. Cocoanut sold out to Miller, and that is when the brand was changed to 101, since known all over the civilized world. Sylvester Fitch was one of the best known foremen on this ranch in the early days.

The old Bar X Bar was owned by the Fairmont Cattle Company. It was located near Pawnee in what was known as the Triangle country.

The Four D, owned by Wyeth Brothers of St. Joe, was located just above Perry.

The ranches have been turned into fields of grain; the cowboys into the best citizens the country affords; the cow pony has given place to the draft horse, the tractor and the automobile, while beef to feed the babies is selling for thirty cents per pound that could be bought in those good old days for five, and still make the producer rich and allow the consumer a few clothes to cover his nakedness. But times do change!

Shows

Pawnee Bill is a white man, and the town where he lives is named after him. This will prove to you that he is a very prominent man in his own home town. He had a great show one time, and it attracted quite a little attention, both at home and abroad, because Bill had a corner on the buffalo business in the country.

Joe Miller and his brothers of the 101 Ranch branched out in the show business also and the 101



The 'Injuns' ain't what they used to be

boys are known wherever civilized people patronize circuses. The only difficulty in this wild west show business is in getting the wild Indians.

Joe A. Bartles, a native of Bartlesville, but now

of Dewey, pulls off a show each year, unless it rains, that beats them all. Joe is certainly there when it comes to a round-up, and he has made the show a success in every way (unless it is financially), and he says that if he can just get one more swipe at it under favorable conditions he will make a cleaning yet.

Now, the man with the B. S. that puts this show before the people is Hugh Amick, and folks say that his dope is great. His little book, "Kidder to a King," is before me as I write, and if this article is not up to expectations it is because of the blinding tears shed in sympathy, to think that this little book was given away, when it should have sold for four-bits.

Fred Woodward of Dewey claims that Hugh got his idea for the book from the one he put out a little while before, called "Oklahoma Tales and Jingles." We do not care to enter into their conflagration, so we will not pass an opinion at this time. (See appendix.)

Cowboys

Perhaps the best natured cowpuncher allowed to run loose at this late date is Colonel J. W. Hunter of Bartlesville. He is an old Government scout, having joined the Indian service of the Government in 1874. His father was a trader, but anyone can skin Jack when it comes to a horse trade.



One of the bunch

He was in Oklahoma at the time Pat Hennessey was killed, but no one ever blamed that on him.

Ben Windom was another old timer and worked as a Government officer in the early days, when not busy on the ranch.

Frank Stephens worked for the Four D folks and in after years moved to Montana, where he keeps a Cowboys' Home for stranded cowpunchers.

Earnest Lewis was another Four D boy, but was afterwards killed by Fred Keeler in Bartlesville.

John McLean, now an insurance man at Tulsa, was an early days foreman of the Bar X Bar ranch.

Perhaps Al and Cal Dean had more to do with the civilizing of the Osage Indians than anyone else.

The Colonel holds the record for establishing the quarantine lines.

Let us be thankful that in spite of political strife and cowpunchers the State (geographically speaking) has been preserved.

Newspapers

The first newspaper to gain much prominence in Oklahoma was the Oklahoma War Chief. It moved its place of publication so often that the subscribers could not tell where to send their subscription money, and in time it was forced to suspend publication.

Soon after this the Cherokee Advocate, a paper printed half in English and half in Cherokee, came out at a dollar a year. Those who could read only the Cherokee part of the paper paid but fifty cents per year.

This paper is still being published, but for some time it has been known as the Fort Gibson Era, and is published by J. S. Holden, who can give us all cards and spades when it comes to Oklahoma History and Indian Folk Lore.

Next, perhaps, was the Oklahoma State Capital, with Frank Greer at the helm; The Oklahoma City Times, The Oklahoman, The Guthrie Daily Leader, The Muskogee Phoenix, The Tulsa World and The Oklahoma State Register.

Space forbids comment on the various newspapers of the State, but they are perhaps responsible for the advancement of the State both educationally and financially.



At the close of business on December 31, 1915, Oklahoma had two and a half million dollars cash on deposit in the state depositories, but we are personally acquainted with a few of her best and some other citizens who were a little shy on that same date.

The President, wishing, no doubt, to take time by the forelock and head off leap year proposals, had married during the latter part of December. His policy had been for some time, "Peace at any price," and he wanted to take no chances.

Teddy has been dubbed by some unscrupulous pencil pushers "The Battle HIM of the Republic," and at various times during the year 1915 had differed somewhat with the President on the war issue and had "bawled him out" several times. All this had nothing to do with Oklahoma and we simply mention it in passing.

The safety first craze was the general topic of discussion during the early part of 1916 after the excitement of the President's marriage had died down somewhat.

The object of the safety first movement was to get the public to take the blame for whatever happened and thus relieve the manufacturers and corporations of their proper share of the high cost of safety.



"The pin of our fathers"

It is working well at this time and bids fair to become one of the main planks in the Socialist party platform this fall.

During the winter of '15 and '16 furs of every conceivable shade and color and previous condition of servitude made their appearance on the ladies' dresses, even adorning the tops of their boots which were all the rage at that time.

The slit skirt had lost its place in the fashion sheet and a very poor imitation of the old hoop skirt had taken its place; this skirt is gradually getting "fuller and fuller" and in time may be able to successfully rebut the argument that "figures won't lie."

The new capitol building had at last been dedicated. This dedication was witnessed by many people who came from far and near to see the job done.

In the cavity of the corner stone, reserved for that purpose, they placed many documents, including Masonic records of all kinds, a list of the state employees, a list of the Capitol Commissioners, copies of various newspapers and some of the most enthusiastic citizens

suggested that a sample of each piece of the "coin of the realm" be placed in the box, but several spectators insisted on putting in checks in lieu of specie and the plan was not favorably considered.

After the corner stone was put in place work was resumed during the lull in strikes and is continuing to the present time (July 1, 1916).

On February 1st, Uncle Sam took the post office funds away from Guthrie and gave them to Oklahoma City, but as the taking away process has been going on for a long time now there was nothing much said about it.

The interurban is now being finished and what Oklahoma City thinks is there that can still be taken away is a question; there surely must be something



"Fording" the Atlantic

they have their eye on or there would be no reason for building this road.

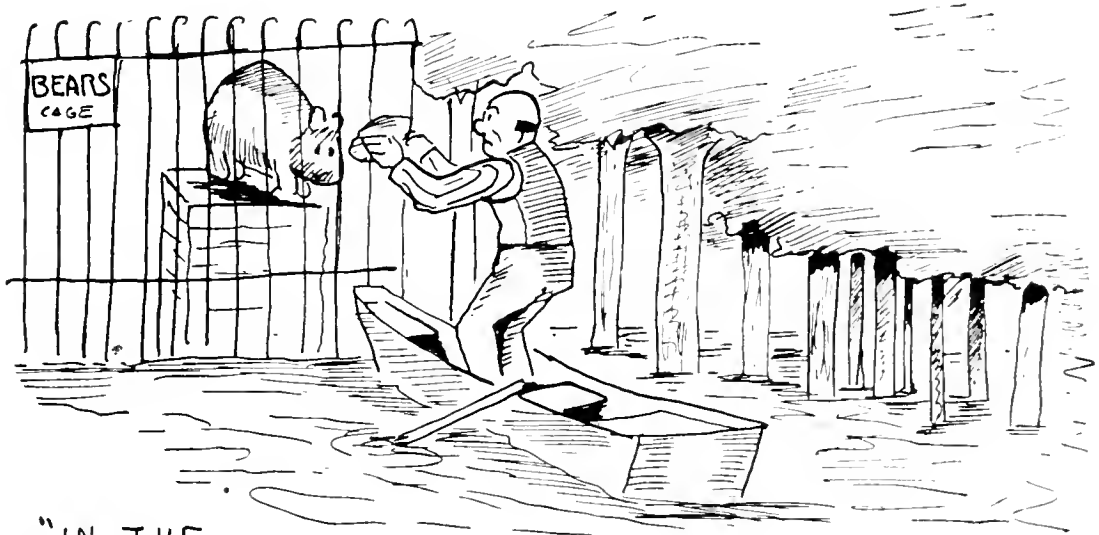
When Henry Ford returned from Europe, where he had gone to stop the war, he decided to build a Ford incubator in Oklahoma City and hatch out his ma-

chines right here on the ground floor, because he could not ship them in fast enough for home consumption. The city gave him the glad hand and the thing was done.

Gasoline has gone up from 10c per gallon to 25c and its now up to Henry to get as good a substitute for gasoline as he did for an automobile.

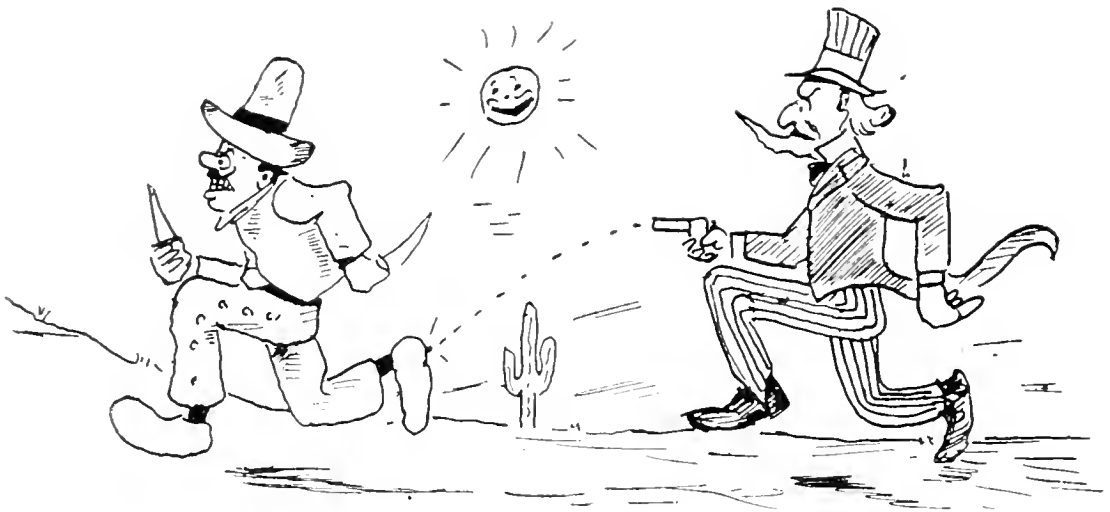
As soon as he had established his plant in Oklahoma he adopted his peace plan among his workmen and sent forth an edict that every married man had to get along with his wife, get a divorce or get another job. This brings to our mind the old saying, "The women, God bless them; man could not get along without them nor can he get along with them," so some of the men were bound to lose their jobs because they had not worked long enough to have enough ahead to enjoy such an expensive luxury as a divorce.

Another thing we forgot to mention was that Henry has been busy filling orders from the Allies for war trucks since he returned from his peace mission (this is only hearsay).



"IN THE
ZOO AT WHEELER"

The Canadian river went on a rampage early in June and the farmers along the bank adjoining Oklahoma City cut the dam and turned the water into Wheeler Park, the city's leading pleasure resort, and the zoo was flooded. In the picture above you see the keeper of the zoo feeding one of the bears during the high tide and it is said on good authority that the ducks had more fun than a box of monkeys.

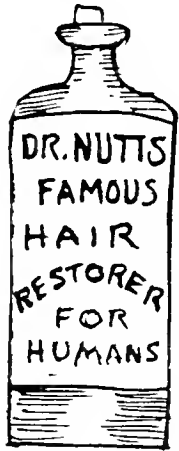


Vamos pronto

Nineteen sixteen still views with alarm the situation in Mexico. Villa is still at large and hurls cuss words at the gringos. On June 19th the Oklahoma soldier boys were called out to investigate the Mexican situation. Personally speaking, however, we have never lost any Mexicans and we would much prefer that our friends would say of us, "Didn't he run like the dickens," than to have them say, "Don't he look natural?"

The Democratic national convention met during June and Wilson took everything by storm as far as popularity was concerned. The voice of the people cried out for four more years of peace and preparedness.

The Republicans nominated Hughes and their allies offered the place to Teddy, but up to date there has been no decision reached.



Hughes



Teddy



WOODROW

Look 'em over

The howl of the G. O. P. and her allies was "Anything to beat Wilson." What success they had in choosing cannot be entered on the docket at this time, but it makes very little difference to the people of Oklahoma and will not change the history materially.

That Special Session



Peace at any price

Governor Williams called a special session of the Legislature to meet at 9 a. m. January 17. The purpose was as stated in his message, which contained forty-four long typewritten pages, was divided into six subjects, but we will deal with but three of them here.

The slogan of the Governor was "Cruel Economy"; the session, therefore, was limited to thirty days. They couldn't do it.

The first question taken up was the usury law, which was thrashed out to the satisfaction of all concerned except the bankers.

Then the election law that was to take the place of the Grandfather clause that had been declared unconstitutional was taken up.

The democrats held that Oklahoma must safeguard the purity of the ballot and place some kind of a restriction on the rights of the "niggers" to vote or they might perchance be driven in droves and in herds to the polls on election day and be voted by an element that would cause the party in power much trouble and humiliation.

Many of the legislators were of the opinion that the prisoners at McAlester should be made to earn their board and room during their visit there, and by and with the consent of the Governor they wanted to buy or lease a coal mine and put them to digging coal for a living.

This proposition was clothed in the following language so that very few people understood the nature of the thing, it was known as the authorization of the installation of business enterprise among the state convicts.

Is it any wonder that the people failed to understand the special session?

As soon as the session met the fun began.

There was war in Europe. There was war in Mexico. The war spirit was abroad in all the land, and on Friday, the 18th, one of the republican members of the house from the northeastern part of the state got peeved because a democratic member called him a liar, and

bedlam broke loose right now. It is hard to tell what might have happened, which it would be our painful duty to relate in this history, if one of the saner members had not started singing that old familiar hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." This suggestive music quieted the parties to the conflagration and in a short time peace and quiet was restored. Yes, we said for a short time, for the sound of battle had hardly died away when slap! bang! biff! thud. The chief of Bigheart had landed a crushing blow on the jaw of the republican committeeman and all because of that substitute for the Grandfather clause. Yes, this was a strenuous day, but everybody lived through it and nothing more of interest happened until the house threw one of the ex-state officers bodily from the session. At least the lady says she was forcibly ejected.

There was a rumor on the streets soon after this that the reporters from one of the leading papers had been barred from the session, but they got back later.

After thirty-three days of warfare the legislators called on the Governor for their pay checks and he promised them that if they would draft a bill appropriating ten thousand dollars for expenses of the members and employes he would sign it.

The Senate adopted this house bill unanimously and the members were paid off and they went home, leaving the results of their labors as a matter of history for posterity, and the question now is, was it worth the wear and tear?

Search Questions

Q. Who carried the constitution of Oklahoma around in his pocket for several days after it was completed?

A. Forget it!

Q. What is known about the Red Book controversy?

A. Too much to suit the printers of the thing.

Q. Why isn't Guthrie the capital of Oklahoma?

A. Opinions differ.

Q. Where does Oklahoma get her rot-gut whiskey?

A. They ship it into the state in bottles, barrels, cocoanuts and coffins.

Q. Who is known as Everett True in Oklahoma?

A. Everybody knows this one.

Q. What noted statesman was married the latter part of 1915?

A. President Wilson.

Q. Who followed suit?

A. Lyon, Secretary of State.

Q. Who must follow suit or trump?

A. Our Bob.

The Hind End-Gate

TO THE PUBLIK:



Office Kid

"Garsh durn"

Writin this book has bin sum job, believe muh. I hooked up with this outfit for offis boy when they first started to writin this history book and things went alrite for the furst munth and then the boss he begins to git bizzy and he rings me in on all kinds of jobs I hain't bargened fur.

As soon as the furst edishun got skattered round he handed me a bunch of letters he'd just got and sez, sez he, "Take these down to the cement plant and open them, keep them from all combustable stuff for they are purty hot ones."

He told me to diktate the answers to the stenograffer, but when I got to readin these letters I soon seen that it wouldn't do to try and diktate the kind of a speel that I wanted to hand them to the steno we had fur she want that kind. So I kud not get akshun there.

In one of these letters the feller let out a roar like a jassak and the first thing he sez right in the first perygraf was that he wanted his dollar back. Well I didn't read eny more of that letter fur I seen he was purty sore. I looked at a few more of them letters

and they was all about the same so I set down and wrote the same blamed thing to all of them, I sed:

“If you-all don’t like what is writ in this history, you know what you kin do, you kin get sum of your enemies to buy a copy. The price is one bone and you don’t never see your bone agin after the boss gits his hooks on it.

“If you think you hain’t gettin as much fur your dollar as some one else would give you, just call round to the office and the boss will hand you a pound or two of soft soap. One thing sure, someone will hand you something.”

After this the boss sed to me one day, “if biznus keeps on gettin better I will have to make you general factotum.”

“Whatinthehell is that?” sez I to him and he sez, “the book is havin such a sale that we will have to have some one that hain’t got nuthin else to do, to carry the checks to the bank and deposit them, he sez that everybody who sees the book wants it cose everybody’s readin’ it.

Yours as B 4

THE OFFIS KID.

Irish Confetti

Police Station, Bartlesville, Okla.

My Dear Foster:

I have just read a few advance sheets in manuscript of your forthcoming "History of Oklahoma," and I am glad to say that I am still able to be around, although I do feel sick at the stomach.

If the sample pages show what the book is to be, believe me, it will be the only living giraffe with two humps on its back now in captivity, and you know there "hain't no such animule."

The City Dads are going to buy a thousand copies of the first edition for use in the police department. It is planned to use them on the prisoners hereafter, who, instead of receiving the customary \$31.75 and thirty days in jail, will be given the fine and compelled to read a copy three times through of "Foster's History of Oklahoma." It is believed by the City Fathers that this will have a tendency to reduce crime.

The one fear is that after reading the book once through, they will commit suicide rather than endure the torture again.

This would add needless expense to the city.

Respectfully yours,

A. S. KOONCE,

Desk Sergeant.

Brickbats

Dear Mr. Foster:

Your book "Foster's Comic History of Oklahoma" reached my desk today. It is certainly worth all it cost me.

I thank you for sending it to me prepaid, with your compliments.

Yours truly,

Chief HOG-SKIN

Dear Old Friend Foster:

I have just finished reading your great book, the History of Oklahoma.

After carefully perusing the pages, I said to my son, Frank, "Son, if you could write a book like that, I would be willing to have you die—Yes, anxious."

Very tearfully yours,

JOE RITCHIE.

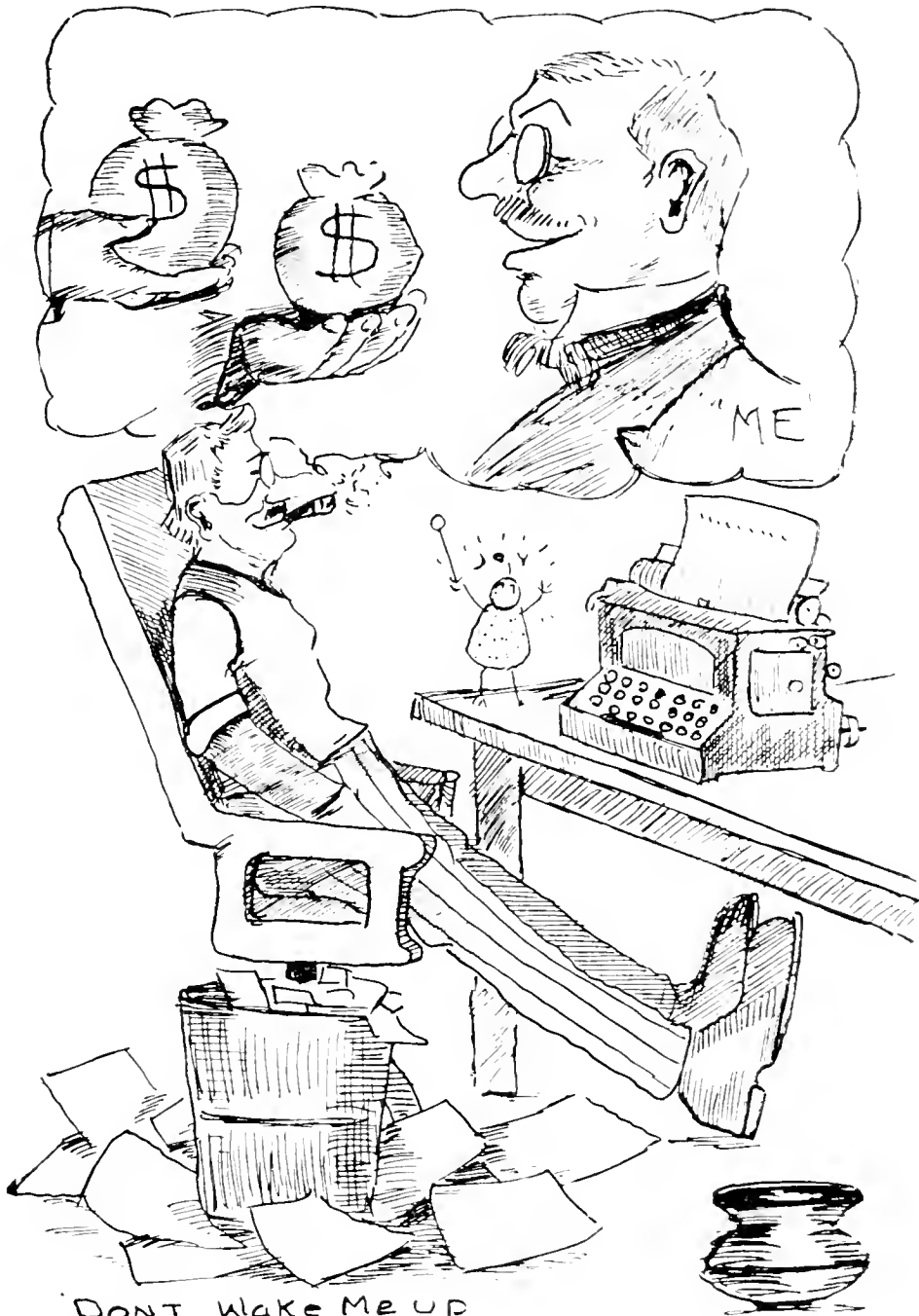
Dear Mr. Foster:

For the past ten years I have been compelled to sit in my wheel chair on account of rheumatism.

I want to thank you for sending me your book. I read it through at one sitting and while I do not see that it helped my rheumatism any, yet it made it no worse and I am truly thankful,

Yours,

ABBIE DOLITTLE.

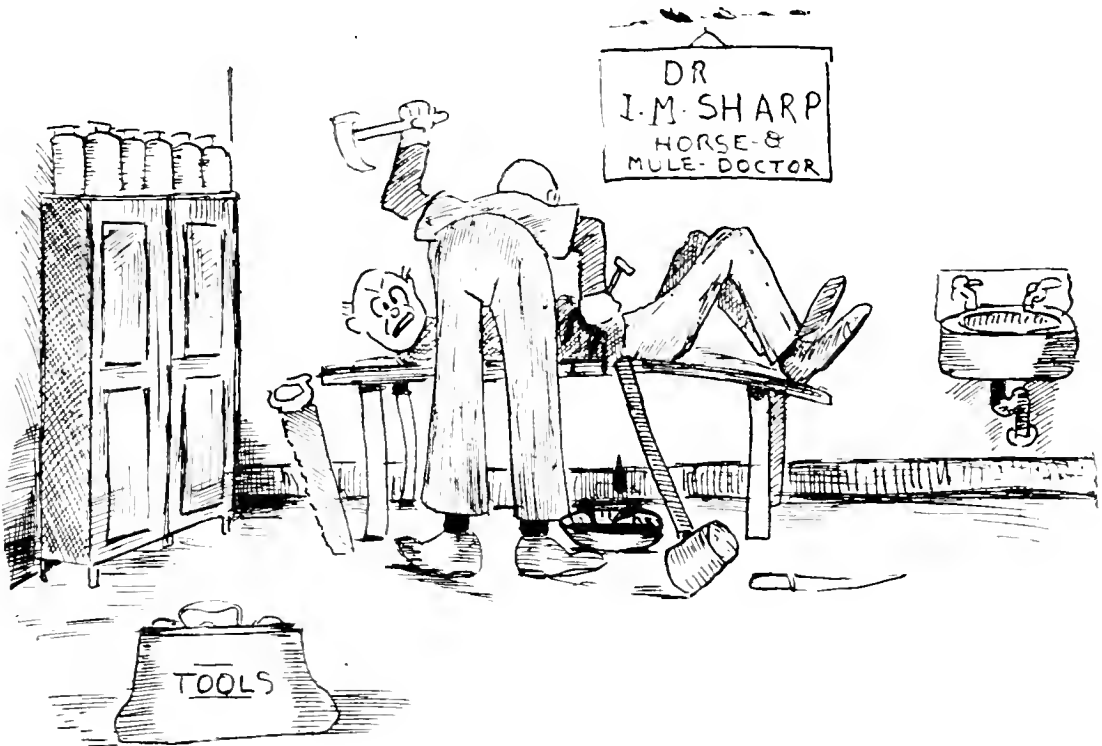


DONT WAKE ME UP
I'M DREAMING

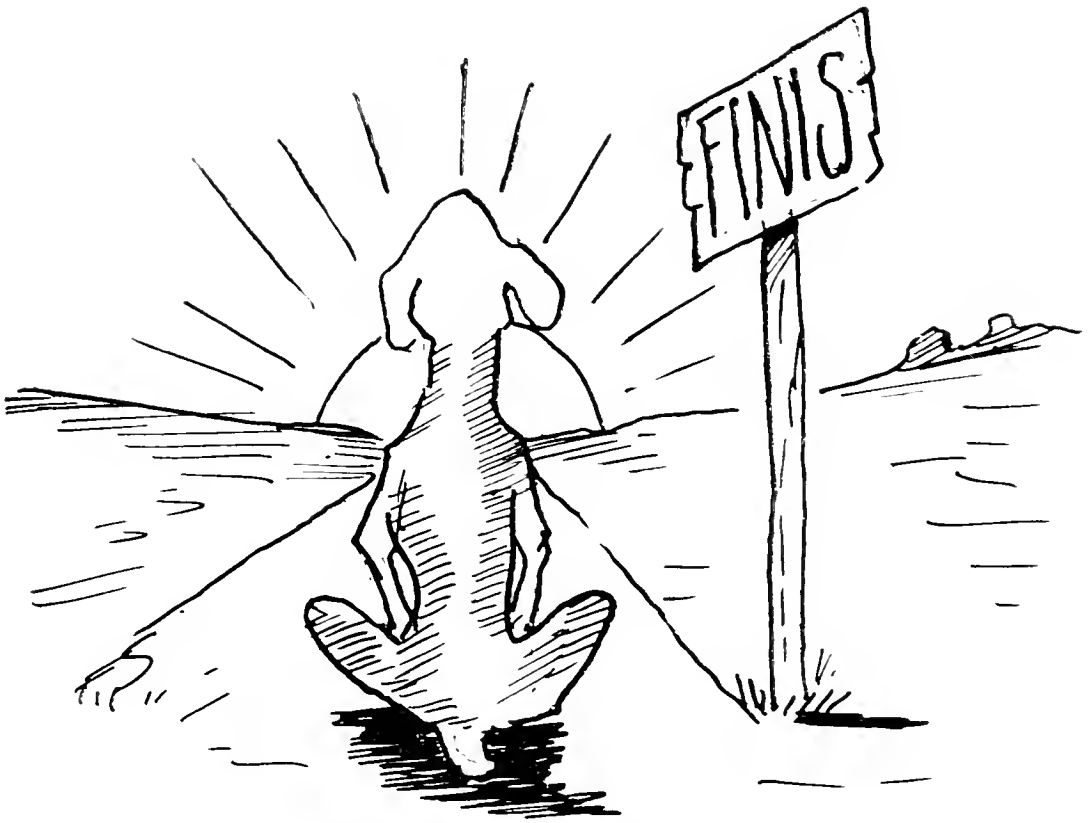
"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"

Appendix

The many citations to the appendix were given with the best of intentions, but this said appendix finally got so congested that a consultation of the best and most learned citizens of the country was called for, and, after due deliberation, their diagnosis indicated the necessity of an operation, which was successfully performed, and the appendix was immediately removed.



"Ah! cut it out"



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