

The sudden outbreak of an Indian rebellion at this late day seems an anachronism. We had thought the days of Indian warfare were over. Yet CRAZY SNAKE and his band have made a very good showing for themselves, and they are still on the warpath, for we cannot credit the wild rumor that the chief is coming eastward to propitiate the Great White Father and seek immunity. There are some unique features in this small but bloody conflict. For the first time in the history of Indian uprisings the troops employed to quell the disturbance are militiamen. The strange anomaly of CRAZY SNAKE'S war—a savage outbreak in the midst of modern civilization—was also illustrated by Deputy Sheriff JONES, when he dropped the body of his companion, shot by the Indians, in a ravine and telephoned to Checotah for help. From TECUMSEH to SITTING BULL the noble savage was not compelled to reckon with the telephone.

After all, though CRAZY SNAKE is a Creek Indian, his murderous band is largely composed of half-breeds and lawless negroes, and though the Creeks have had a grievance since their lands were thrown open to settlers, most of the others are merely cattle thieves whom the Sheriff has been pursuing. The romance of the red Indian is dead and probably CRAZY SNAKE and his lieutenants soon will be in the same safe condition.

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