

# \$200 A DAY INCOME OF A GIRL PICKANINNY.

## "I NEVER HEARD OF SO MUCH MONEY," SAYS ISABEL LEWIS, RICHEST CHILD IN OKLAHOMA.



The Lewis Mansion at the time of the Oil Strike.



Isabel Lewis, as she appeared several months ago, before the Oil Strike.



Isabel Lewis, with an income of Two Hundred Dollars a Day.

**I**N a "swayback" little log cabin, chinked with red clay from nearby hills and set well among trees that line the banks of the Arkansas river, lives the richest girl in Oklahoma, and perhaps by this time the richest in the Southwest. When she reaches womanhood she may be among the wealthiest of the nation.

Why, then, does she live in a log cabin? Well, she is just a little negro girl of 12 years and her home was the cabin of her parents before oil, that magician of modern fortunes, was discovered, a short time ago, on land that she owns.

From oil wells already sunk on her "section" of land the income of Isabel Lewis, daughter of a former slave, is nearly \$200 a day. Other wells being hurried to completion will increase this to \$650 a day, more than \$236,000 a year, representing an income on about \$5,000,000.

At present this little negro girl is absolutely ignorant of the value or power of money. "I never knew there was so much money in the world," she says. By the time she reaches woman's estate her fortune may be colossal. What will she do with it; has she any conception of the responsibilities or the possibilities connected with vast wealth?

In the meantime the United States Department of the Interior, which has jurisdiction over the Creek tribe of Indians, through whom the oil land came to Isabel, is seeing that her income is not being spent without judgment.

Isabel Lewis, however, is not the only negro girl in Oklahoma with brilliant prospects. One of the others is Josephine Morrison.

So far there is only one producing well on Josephine Morrison's allotment, but its flow is very nearly as good as those on the Lewis place, and twenty wells will be drilled as fast as the product can be taken care of by the Standard Oil Company.

All of the land around the new famous "Glenn Oil Pool" of the Indian Territory is owned by Creek Indians and their former slaves, who are not able to lease or in any way dispose of it without the consent of the Secretary of the Interior. The most fortunate of them all are Mrs. R. J. Glenn and her daughters, Grace and Mand, each of whom has 160 acres in the very heart of the district, and from whom the pool received its name.

Mrs. Glenn is possessed of one-eighth Indian blood, but under the law received as great a share in the division of the tribal lands as any full-blooded Creek. She has a third daughter, Elma, whose allotment is just outside the oil field. A fourth child is a baby, only a few weeks old.

Mrs. Glenn is a woman of refinement and culture, and of remarkable beauty as well. The first well to tap the "Glenn Pool" was drilled on her allotment, and a large number of them are now in active operation there, producing sufficient oil to give her at present prices an income of \$250 a day, or over \$100,000 yearly.

The greater part of the Indian Territory oil field lies in the Cherokee Nation, to the north of the "Glenn Pool," and, while no wells in that locality have been producing such fabulous quantities of oil, there are many Cherokee Indian maidens whose allotments are now yielding a big production. One very attractive young woman of Cherokee blood, living near Collinsville, has had offers of marriage by the score, but has refused them all.

The first well in the "Glenn Pool" was drilled in last November, and since that time forty-seven wells have been sunk in the district. Two of these are gas producers, three are dry and forty-two are producing from 500 to 1000 barrels of high-grade oil per day.

This is in the face of the fact that the wells have been drilled only to the top of the principal oil sand, which the first drilling showed to be about 100 feet thick. Of the forty-two wells producing, over thirty have been drilled in the last three or four weeks.

Many amusing letters are received by officials of the Dawes Commission and the Union Indian Agency from Easterners who have heard of the wealth possessed by some of the Indian girls and are anxious to marry one of them—it doesn't matter much which one, so long as she has money. Of course, all such communications go at once to the waste basket.

Many and diverse are the means which are resorted to by oil speculators and others to get possession of the allotments that are supposed to contain oil deposits. One notable case of the sort is that of Thomas Johnson, alias Samuel Ford, who is serving a life sentence in the penitentiary for murder, while a dozen oil operators are trying to get his allotment upon a lease. Moreover, half a dozen other freedmen are trying to get Ford's allotment canceled, so that they can file on it, and the courts are trying to determine whether the prisoner really is Samuel Ford, and, if not, who Samuel Ford is.

Thomas Johnson, or Ford, is a "state negro." His mother was a Creek woman. He is on the rolls under the name of Samuel Ford. There was undoubtedly a Samuel Ford legitimately on the rolls, and the question now is, whether Thomas Johnson is really the same as the Samuel.

Some years ago, when the Indian roll was being pruned at Okmulgee, the name of Samuel Ford was reached. The Indians in charge of the roll asked who Samuel Ford was, and a man from Ford's town stated that he was on the ground.

He brought Johnson in, identifying him as Samuel Ford, and he was accordingly placed on the new roll. Shortly after being enrolled Johnson killed James Ellis. For that crime he was arrested in 1903 and sent to the Federal prison at Leavenworth, Kansas, for life. The chief of counsel for the Dawes Commission recently made a trip to Leavenworth to take the testimony of Johnson and also that of some of the other prisoners who knew him when he lived in the Territory. His case is still held under advisement.

### PROTECTED FROM WEALTH

The Morrison girl does not take her good fortune as philosophically as does Isabel Lewis, but makes extravagant statements as to what she will do with the money that is to be hers. As in the case of all minors among the Indian tribes, her money is also safeguarded by the officials of the Indian Department, and will be carefully husbanded for her.

Occasionally also a man comes to the Territory to prosecute his search for an Indian wife in person. A case of that kind occurred at South McAlester only a few weeks ago. The man was probably 50 years of age.

While standing on a street corner in the evening, he got into conversation with a dusky-skinned maiden, who admitted that she had land and money to burn and that a matrimonial alliance would not be displeasing to her.

The old man at once decided that his search was ended right there. Before the hour set for the ceremony, however, he found that his promised bride was altogether too dusky; that it was African and not Indian blood that was responsible, and that her stories of wealth were all romances. After that he gave up his search and went home.

### WIFE SEEKERS NUMEROUS

Several of the fish short of the legal length. The anglers declared that, when he caught them, they measured six inches or more, each, but that they had shrunk through exposure to the sun.

A number of expert anglers testified that fish shrank when exposed to the sun, and upon such evidence Justice Elbert discharged the accused.

Over a year ago Tweed Benson, an enthusiastic angler of Granville, Pa., made a similar defense, when charged with the same violation of law, and his novelty attracted widespread attention from fishermen.

Captain J. T. McDonald, of New Orleans, broke the world's bass-catching record last summer by landing at Pass Christian, with rod and reel, a black bass, 2 feet 1/2 inches long, which weighed 46 pounds.

To that time the record had been held by B. M. Llewellyn, of Chicago, who caught a 35-pound bass at Catalina Island, California, a few years ago.

Almost as game as the tarpon, the black sea bass affords regal sport. Captain McDonald was nearly two hours landing his record catch.

Even more startling and decidedly gruesome was a catch made by Samuel Young, of New York, while fishing from a stringpiece of a North river pier.

His line grew suddenly tight, and Young sprang to his feet, crying to his companion that he had hooked a big one.

When, a few moments later, the heavy catch rose to the surface, Young found that his hook had fastened to the clothing of a drowned man.

As the frightened fisherman peered down, the swimming tide turned the dead face upward, and Young risked a gasp back with a cry of horror. He saw below him the white face of his life-long friend, Gustav Johnson.

Young was unaware that his friend had disappeared from home a few days before, and was completely unnerved by the shock when his hook brought the body to the surface.

Herbert Ingham, an Englishman who lives in South Manchester, Conn., concluded that he would enjoy spending his day off on a fishing expedition.

For bait he secured what he supposed was a colony of wasps' nests, expecting that the eggs would prove attractive to the fish and lure them to capture.

The nests were placed in a bureau drawer. When Ingham opened the drawer to take out the eggs, several days later, sat came a swarm of yellow hornets, which stung him severely on his face and hands.

He spent the remainder of his day off killing the insects and reducing the inflammation caused by the stings.

Entirely unexpected sport and large catches of fish were enjoyed recently by farmers along the banks of Benson's creek, near Frankfort, Ky.

A few hours before, the lake stand at the Fitzgerald distillery broke, emptying more than 12,000 gallons of whisky into the stream. It seemed that all the fish in Benson's creek became intoxicated.

Thousands of the fish were caught in baskets set out by people along the banks. The fish came to the surface in droves, signalled around in an aimless way and sported around in the most fantastic manner.

They seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves, and to have lost all fear of their human captives, and to be richly rewarded.

Nearly every man and boy in the neighborhood cured enough fish for several fine meals.

## WONDROUS FISH YARNS FROM FAR AND WIDE



The Deer Swam away with their Trout Past to his Horns.

**W**HEN the fishermen of the country put away their reels and rods for the season and gather about crackling fires for the usual aftermath of reminiscences they will find some entirely new and unique tales of the water over which to ponder.

Of course, no one ever denounces a fish yarn as untrue. The samples of this season's crop given here are submitted without comment.

**N**OT many persons have the luck of a fisherman on the Arrow Lakes, British Columbia, last summer. At the same time he captured a 200-pound deer and a ten-pound trout.

The fisherman was trolling for trout, when several



The Sun Shriveled their Trout Into Illegal Jigs.

deer swam past his boat. The man managed to catch hold of an old buck as he was going by, and, having no gun, attempted to kill the animal with a clasp knife.

Struggling violently, the deer got away, and as it swam off it carried the fisherman's line upon its horns.

Picking up his oars, the man started in pursuit, but was unable to bring the deer to bay and kill it until after about two hours of pursuit and fighting.

Most amazing, however, was the fact that then developed. The fishline was still fastened about the deer's horns, and hanging on the hook was a fine ten-pound trout, that had seized the bait as the deer dragged it through the water. The fisherman bore home in triumph both fish and animal.

The story of a big fish that went a-fishing came from Pittsburg. One afternoon a crowd of boys were swimming in the river, when a gigantic sturgeon dashed in among them.



A Sturgeon Held onto a Boy's Leg until Chubb'd to Death.

Wilderness, aged 19 years.

Before he could get out of water the fish seized him by the right leg and was dragging him under water.

It has not been fully determined whether the fishermen about Pittsburg develop man-eating tendencies in the fish that swim the Ohio river.

When Frank Borupough, of Pittston, Pa., was arrested by Game Warden E. V. Campbell on a charge of catching trout that were below the legal length of six inches he made the successful defense that the sun, and not himself, was the real lawbreaker.

Several of the fish short of the legal length. The anglers declared that, when he caught them, they measured six inches or more, each, but that they had shrunk through exposure to the sun.

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**"I** SURE don't know what I'll do with all that money," she said, when asked in regard to what disposition she expected to make of her fortune when it came into her control.

"My school teacher, she says it will be millions of dollars. I never heard of that much money before, and that's why I want to go to school, so that I can know what to do with my money when I get grown up."

Four or five months ago she was just a barefoot pickaninny in a calico dress that reached to her knees. Today she is as expensively dressed as almost any girl in Oklahoma.

Isabel's parents have no more conception than she of the responsibilities attaching to wealth. They are of the care-free, happy-go-lucky type of the Southern colored people.

How did this little negress acquire such wealth? Simply through oil—that wonderful magician of Aladdin's lamp possibilities, that has lifted many a poor person into sudden affluence.

Back of her sudden accession to fortune lies a story that reaches to the heights of sheer romance, and which, perhaps, can only be duplicated in this country and age of astounding possibilities.

Years ago the father of Isabel Lewis was a slave among the Indians of the Creek Nation. When human bondage was abolished by the Civil War, the elder Lewis found himself standing upon his rights as a man.

Such rights, however, meant little to him. Nevertheless, he took up, almost mechanically, such land grants as were made to his family later in the territory of the Creek Nation, the former slaves of that tribe having been treated as members of it.

For years these grants were considered as only idle prairie lands. The elder Lewis did not attempt to till the acres given over to him by the government; he was content to dwell in his log cabin, to fish in the adjacent river and "scour" along the thousands of other settlers in the Indian Territory did.

Among the allotments of land accorded his family was a "section" of 160 acres accredited to his daughter Isabel, now 12 years of age. It is this section that has recently developed such possibilities of wealth.

Only a few miles south of the point where the boundary lines of the Cherokee, Creek and Osage Nations converge lies the famous "Glenn Pool"—probably the richest deposit of oil on the continent. The wells so far drilled have demonstrated that the pool underlies at least eighty acres of Isabel's allotment.

Three wells owned by her are each producing 1000 barrels daily, and could be made to double that output if pumped to their capacity. It is announced by the assessors that seven more wells will be sunk at once.

If they prove to be as good as the ones already drilled—and there is no reason to doubt it—her royalty, at one-eighth of the production, would, at the present price of oil, give her a daily income of \$50, or \$125,000 a year, representing the annual income on a capital of nearly \$5,000,000.

The child has as yet no conception of what her wealth really means. No more have the ignorant negroes of the neighborhood, although they have gathered from the conversation of the oil men who have visited the family that the girl is the possessor of more than an unusual amount of money, and are beginning to look upon her with a degree of awe.

Income from the wells already drilled is more than sufficient to supply Isabel and her family with what they now consider the luxuries of life, and their means of spending money will have to be increased before they will be able to make a start on the income which the girl will have when she is of age.