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From the intermingling of the white and the red blood in the Indian Territory there has grown up a race which for the beauty and grace of its women is not surpassed over the length and breadth of the land. It has seemed almost impossible to divorce the Indian girl of the present, in the mind of the public, from the story-book squaw on the one hand, and on the other from the besotted Indian women whom one sees squatting about the railroad stations throughout Arizona and New Mexico. But the girls of the Indian Territory are of a different ilk from either. They are no more the wild, untamable, dusky beauties of early fiction than they are the rum-soaked beasts of burden of modern fact. They are to all intents and purposes on the same plane with white women of education and refinement, except that some strain of the wild, strong, Indian blood runs in their veins and gives to them a tinge of richer color, a brighter eye, a more lissome grace than their white sisters possess, and it is an undoubted fact that where they come into social competition with the white girls the latter go to the wall—and become wall flowers.

Reckoned in fractions of blood, these Indian beauties are more Caucasian than aboriginal American. All of them, however, are Indians, politically and socially, they hold firmly to their membership in the tribes. Many of them are one-quarter, or one-eighth, or even one-sixteenth or one-thirty-second Indian, but the red strain is the stronger and shows, if not in some lingering richness of color or in the molding of the face, still in an all but indefinable fascination and grace, the heritage of a forest people. Among them one may find perfect blondes, with the Indian strain still salient and palpable. And, although they have succumbed to the corset of an alleged civilization, in almost all cases they have their less trammelled ancestresses to thank for the blessing of well-nigh perfect figures. And one other of woman's best gifts they possess—clear and low voices, with not a trace of the guttural intonation which is common to all original Indian tongues. Raised amidst scenes of the bloodless conquests of their race by the whites, they look without concern upon the destruction of tribal customs and the thinning and dying out of the old blood. To this last they even contribute, for so rarely is it that one of them marries an Indian that such an event is commented upon in the territory as a remarkable thing.

Laws Against Intermarriage.

Before the middle of last century a Cherokee woman one day met a hunter in the forest. She became frightened at his white skin and fled, thinking him an evil spirit. But he was fascinated by her beauty and pursued her into camp, where he learned that she was the daughter of a friendly chief, so this hunter laid siege to the heart of the dusky belle and finally gained her consent to marry him according to tribal customs then in vogue. This hunter and his squaw raised a halfbreed child which was a great curiosity to the redskins. But as the years sped by other hunters invaded the domains of the Five Tribes of the Indian Territory and married other dark-skinned beauties. Intermarriage in the Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, Chickasaw and Seminole tribes has flourished to such an extent within the last quarter-century that the full-blood element is now on the verge of extinction. The old men of the tribes are becoming alarmed and have passed laws against intermarriage, some of which are very severe, almost prohibitive in fact. The young Indian women object to these laws because they do not want, as a rule, to marry the men of their own tribes.

The Chickasaws are the strictest regarding intermarriage. A law recently placed on their statute books requires any white man applying for a license to marry a Chickasaw girl, first, to produce evidence that he has resided in the Chickasaw nation two years, next to furnish credentials as to his good character, and, third, to pay \$1,000 for the marriage license. This must be done if the ceremony is performed according to the Chickasaw law and the girl is wedded according to the custom of her people. Of course, the girl has and sometimes takes the privilege of eloping, at the cost of losing her right in the tribal lands and money and of disgracing herself in the eyes of her relatives. Her "head-right" is something worth considering. A "right" in the Chickasaw nation is valued at from \$5,000 to \$10,000, and in the Cherokee, Creek and Choctaw nations from \$5,000 to \$8,000. The intermarriage laws of all the four nations named are about the same, excepting that the Chicka-

saw nation charges \$1,000 for a license, while the others only ask \$10.

Few Happy Marriages.

There is good reason for these laws. Many fortune hunters, attracted by the wealth of the Indian maidens, have in the past married into the tribes and gained control of large tracts of land, fostered outlaws and raised bad families. There were few happy marriages, and not until the wise men of the tribes met and passed an act making every white man show his credentials before a license was issued was there a betterment of these conditions. The character of each applicant was carefully examined before he was admitted. For several years thereafter respectable and industrious white men married into these tribes and their children married white. It was so on down the line until today the eighth, sixteenth and thirty-second part

on the subject is that \$5,000 is an underestimate for the tribal right alone, while many of the girls have property besides. The Indian girl has generally selected her vocation before she is 20. She marries early and settles down easily to the duties of domestic life. Or, if she is going on the stage, and many of them do, she has completed arrangements for it while still in her teens. Others enter special fields where they believe that their talent will win them fame. All are ambitious, none are sluggish. The wedding of an Indian girl is the crowning glory of her life. She makes much of it and her friends for hundreds of miles around are sure to attend. The ceremony is made as striking as possible, and there is a degree of formality and style not exceeded in the most fashionable of city weddings, though, of course, on a smaller scale.

The Indian maiden who has the reputation of being the belle of the territory is Miss Tookah Turner, whose Indian name is Pretty Whirling Water. She has not only beauty, but possesses all the accomplishments of the finished product of a fashionable school. In another sense she is the greatest catch in the Indian matrimonial market, for she will come in for a large slice of the fortune of her father, W. C. Turner of Muskogee, a millionaire cattle man. Miss Turner is a Cherokee and is said to be well versed in the traditions and legends of the tribe, wherein she is different from the majority of the Indian girls. Another Cherokee belle is Mrs. Rachel Davis-Brady of the Georgia Cherokee branch. She came to the territory only ten years ago, but she belongs there by ancestry, as she is of the famous Ross family, the head of which, Joshua Ross, was for forty years chief of the tribe and was one of the most intelligent and progressive Indians of his time. The Ross family is said to be the richest Indian family in the

Two Crises in Life of Roosevelt

(Copyright, 1901, by Edward Marshall.)
Theodore Roosevelt's latest book is called "The Strenuous Life." He is the man to write such a book, for his own life is fitly described by the adjective. It has been my good luck to have seen him during two of his most strenuous moments.

When he was first under fire in warfare. When he was inaugurated governor of New York state.

I had gone to Cuba as the correspondent of a New York daily and learned that the Rough Riders were to go to the front the day after I landed. I also learned through the horrified profane remarks of an officer that Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt had no saddle, although he had a horse. I had no horse, but had several saddles. It was my privilege to send a saddle to the colonel—which I have never seen since. Perhaps that may have had its effect on the fact that I was permitted to go to the front with the regiment and be present at its first fight. At any rate I went.

It occurred the next morning. There were only a few men who knew just when we would be fired upon. I had a shrewd guess of it, and, of course, the colonel did also. Certain signs—a dead Cuban and some abandoned campfires—were salient. We found these signs, but for a while there was no shooting. Colonel Roosevelt stood in a breach in a barbed wire fence. I was lying in the grove on the other side of the trail, resting, as I watched him. The temperature was above 100 degrees. No one knew just what was

of wounded men were lying under a big tree. The group constituted the so-called "field hospital." I was one of the victims. Roosevelt came around, and he was infinitely tender and kind. The men worshiped him. He went among us as we lay there on blankets in the damp, sweet smelling grass, and gave us a little Scotch whisky which he had in a medicine bottle. For every man he had a pleasant word, and he knew each one's name. His sympathetic syllables were cut off as closely by those characteristic teeth as were the words of his railroad car speeches during the recent campaign, but they meant a lot to us.

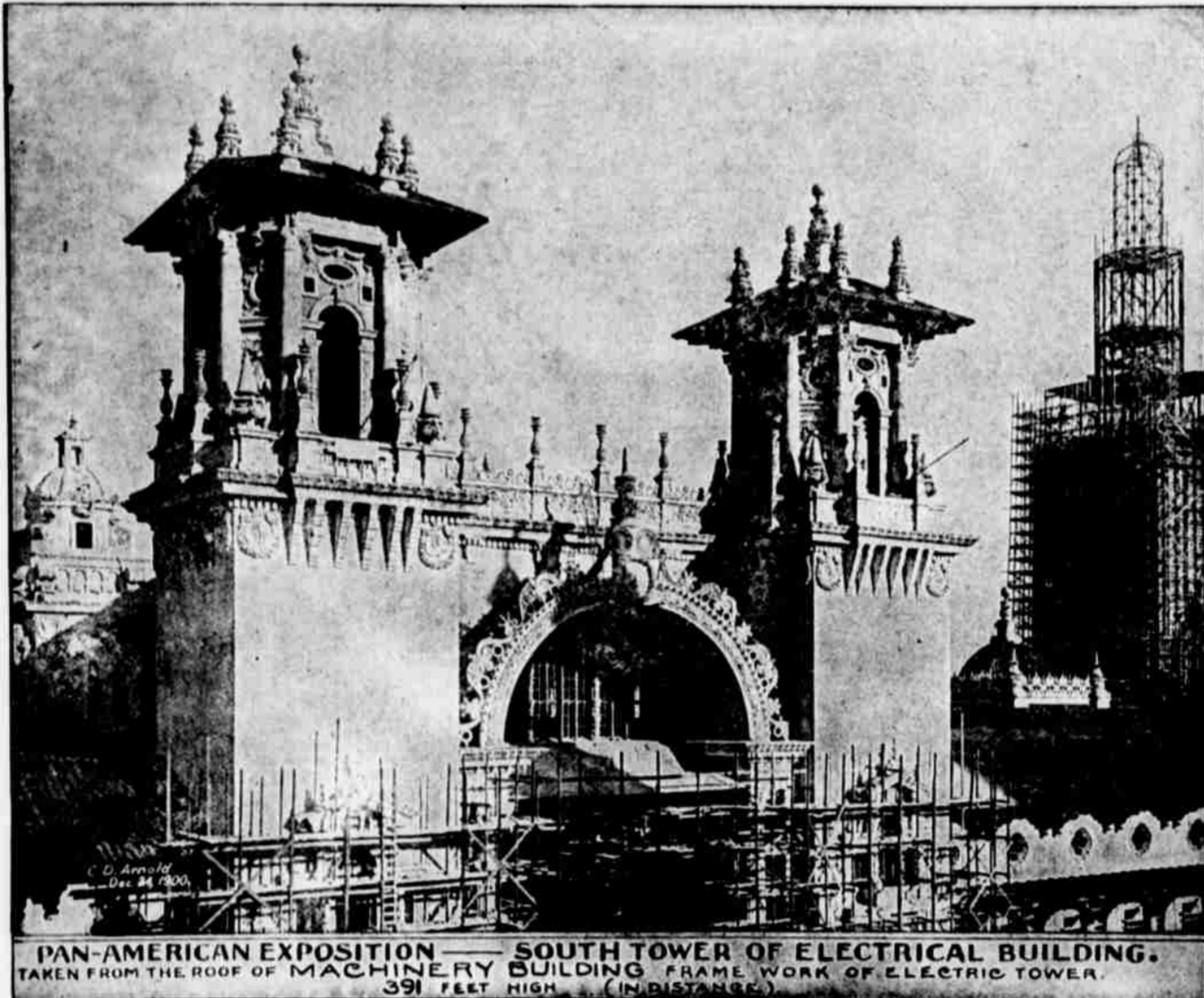
To several men he paid more attention. The hospital corps was overworked and Roosevelt, as well as Colonel Wood, went among us, straightening the blanket of this man and rearranging the cartridge belt on which another rested his head. When he found an empty canteen he saw to it that it was filled, and, as the little group of dead men on the knoll grew, certainly no face showed more real distress than his.

One illustration of that composure which came to him at the first firing attracted my attention during the fight. He was tired and leaned against a small palm tree. Three times, while he stood there, this tree was hit and once his eyes were filled with dust driven out by the impact of the bullet. But he did not change his position.

And that was the man under fire!
Young Roosevelt's Part.
When he was inaugurated governor of New York state the episode was less interesting because it lacked the element of chance. The ceremony was arranged beforehand and he expected everything that happened—except one thing. Several days before the formal inauguration he had taken the oath of office. The function in the big room there in New York state's elephantine capitol was purely formal, but up over the band in the gallery and half behind a pillar there was a small boy who was not. The background of the ladies' gowns and the officers' uniforms in that great chamber in Albany was more varied, but less impressive than had been the somber green of the Cuban jungle. Roosevelt's black frock coat stood out as vividly as his brown uniform had on the other occasion. I was too badly crippled to get through the crowd and close to him. But it would have been difficult no, to notice that youngster up in the gallery. The small boy was almost a reproduction of the man who was being inaugurated governor of the richest state in the union. He had the same big eyes covered with enormous glasses like those the new official wore—and always will—his teeth were like those of the distinguished man below, and when he cried out "three cheers" and gave them, he bit the words off, exactly as his father does, with snaps. It was Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. His father waved his hand at him and grinned. He was thinking more of the small boy just then than he was of being governor, there is no doubt of that.

Appropriate

Rimer (finishing the reading of his poem)—There! Now what would you suggest for a title?
Kandor—Call it "The Boomerang."
Rimer—What!
Kandor—Sure. No matter where you fire it, it'll come back to you.



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Indian predominates. Of pure bloods there will be none within a few years.

Still this open-door marriage policy, while it admitted no bad characters, was fraught with many evils. Any well-appearing man, with a gift of love-making, could go there and win a bride and a handsome fortune at the same time, provided his record was reasonably good. The women there were not as highly cultured as they are now. But they possessed a desire to marry white men, hence it was easy sailing for fortune hunters. This class of men fenced in large tracts of the public domain, or land belonging to the redskins in common, used the land for cattle ranches, and converted the minerals into cash. Many men became millionaires at the expense of the tribes. They were known as "galvanized Indians" or "squaw men."

Five years ago the evil was partly remedied by the tribal councils disfranchising all "squaw men" who thereafter married into the tribes. This checked the influx of money-seekers for a time and then it became as bad as ever. Early this year the Chickasaws took another hitch in the intermarriage situation by raising the licenses to \$1,000 each. They now expect only true love marriages to occur.

Average Girl Well Educated.

The average Indian girl of today is possessed of an excellent education. All the shrewdness of the Indian, combined with a thirst for knowledge belonging to the whites, has filled these girls with a desire to advance. The federal government spends nearly \$400,000 annually in educating the youth of the five tribes. The Cherokees and Creeks have the best schools, while the Chickasaws spend the most money with least results.

It is difficult at this time, when the affairs of the Indians of these tribes are in such an unsettled condition, to make a correct estimate of the wealth of each of these girls, but the opinion of government officials

country, and the aggregate of their wealth mounts well up into the millions. Another of the Ross family who is notable for beauty is Mrs. Dr. Thompson.

Noted Creek Beauties.

Of the Creek beauties, the young granddaughter of Pleasant Porter, the present chief, is an excellent example. She is also an heiress to considerable wealth besides what her tribal right and land inheritance will give her. Miss Leota Crabtree, Chitto Mekko in the Indian nomenclature of her tribe, is another pretty Indian girl. Though she is tribally a Chickasaw, she has Creek blood in her veins, being a granddaughter of Isparhecher, called the Grand Old Man of the Creeks, who has for years been chief of the Creek council and is still one of the most influential members of the tribe. All of this family have been noted for prowess in war, wisdom in council and beauty of person. Miss Crabtree is highly cultivated. She shows less trace of her aboriginal blood than almost any of her compeers. Other noted beauties of the tribes are Mrs. G. A. Cox, Miss Belle Meagher and Miss Susanne Barnett of the Creek. Miss Gertrude Rogers and Miss Mary Pearl Davis of the Cherokee tribe, Miss Lucy Shannon and Mrs. P. K. Morton of the Choctaw tribe and Miss Anna Kaufman of the Chickasaw tribe. Nearly all of these girls are more or less closely related.

The Indian girl of this type when she is visiting in the east, where everyone is of the opinion that there are no Indians but those who wear blankets and live in teepees, is sensitive about her blood. A cultured member of the Cherokee tribe not long ago expressed herself in this way:

"I am not ashamed of my blood, but when I am surrounded by those who I know do not understand that I am an Indian I never disclose my race. It only leads to notoriety and half of the people I meet would not believe that I was of Indian extraction if I were to tell them so."

coming, but we were all waiting for something to break loose.

I have never seen a man more apparently nerve-racked than Roosevelt was. It showed on his face and in every motion of his body. He twitched. His khaki-clad figure had for its background the superb green of an almost impenetrable Cuban jungle. The trail was narrow. Evidently it had been used for years merely as a bridle path. Back of us for a long distance it was filled with the soldiers from the west, most of them lying down as I was, because of the awful heat and the effects of the hard march. They did not know, I had been told, but scarcely believed it. Roosevelt knew and realized.

As I have said, he was extremely nervous. He was not frightened, but every fiber in his body was tense with excitement. He was waiting for the crack of Mauser rifles. If anything else had come it is hard to figure out what he would have done. I earnestly believe if some one had got behind him and said "Boo!" he would have jumped and might have run. That would have been unexpected and the surprise would have disconcerted him. But no one did. What he had expected happened. Some men had been sent in advance and they "got it." That first volley sounded like the crackle of a brushwood fire greatly magnified. While the soldiers were jumping to their feet and orders were being rapidly given a strange metamorphosis occurred in the expression of Roosevelt's face. He was no longer nervous. He became as calm as any man ever was in combat with the first song of the first bullet. He led his men into that jungle and he led them well. It was a strange example of the nervousness that will come with expectation and the tremendous self-control which may belong to the strong man with the coming of realization.

Another Phase of Character.
Later during that day another phase of Roosevelt's character showed. A number



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