WASHINGTON MAN VAIN AS WOMAN, SAYS HABERDASHER

Has a Perfectly Dreadful Time Picking Out Shades in Ties and Socks to Match His Suits, and When It Comes to Pajamas—Sssh!

The men of Washington are actually crowding the gentler sex into the background when it comes to personal vanity. An appeal to the local shops, haberdashers, manicurists, florists, and others who cater to the sexes, develops this lamentable fact beyond dispute; while representative clergymen voice their views in no unmistakable manner.

At one of the largest and best equipped shops for men's wear in Pennsylvania avenue was found an assortment of hose alone that would set the heart of any real woman aflame with envy. Such shades of violet and heliotrope, and blue and red and green. And ties to match—and suspenders, and garters—ye gods! Well, it is so beyond anything the poor women have that these poor souls are endeavoring to ape the men in the matter of half-hose now. While The Washington Herald representative was calling there two women came in to inquire whether it would be possible to get men's half-hose in the size required for them. It was not possible it seemed, and the disappointed twain went out, crushed.

Men Are Lovers of Color.

"It is not only woman's privilege, but her place, to make herself as attractive as she can," said the man behind the counter. "She was created to supply the beauty, while men are for use. Vanity therefore, is a woman's perogative, and a man has no right to infringe it. However, there are men who are quite as vain if not vainer, than are women. When the men are taken that way they are so much worse than the women that it is harrowing. Sometimes a man will come in—a 'Miss Jane' as we dub them—and say: 'Now, I want a tie that is something on a gray, and something on a light tan, but not either. It is a very particular shade, you know, to match a suit I have. I would have worn the suit to get it matched, but, you see, I had not a tie that would go with it, don't you know. He selects the tie with the greatest care, probably gets hose to match, and then, maybe, will start anew, 'Oh, I have another suit, that I haven't worn for some time! Something in a sort of drabish blue for that, something very delicate, &c., &c.—' Anyhow, by the time he is waited on successfully the man who had the job is gritting his teeth to keep from betraying his nervous state.

"And the underwear that a man wears, his pajamas of pink and blue and lavendar, all show that he is wild about pretty things, and if custom allowed, he would run riot among all the colors of the rainbow for his clothes. He is restricted, not by choice, but by convention, while women are given all the leeway in the world, which is the only reason that men do not flaunt as many styles and shades as do women."

Robert Berberich says that men are not so prone to pedal adornment as are women. "It is not necessary for a man to match his clothing in his footwear," he says, "whereas a woman, to be up-to-date, must match her gowns. Men usually have a couple of pairs of shoes, a tan pair and a black pair, besides their evening pumps, but women have dozens of pairs, of all fashions and colors. We expect women to be well dressed, to make the most of whatever gifts of beauty they have. Men are not expected to compete with them in this.

"Some men," he goes on to state, however, "who have extra small and neat feet, are very hard to suit, and really vainer of them than a woman would be. But, as a whole, in the matter of shoes, men are not so hard to suit as women. And that is as it should be."

To really observe men's vanity in comparison with that of women, one should be in a florist's place about 8:30 o'clock any morning and watch the business men buying boutonnieres as they go to their offices. The popular flower is the carnation, though some affect the rose or other blossom. One never sees a woman bedecking herself thus for the day, however. She wears her flowers in the evening, or to the matinee, but never—or seldom—during business hours. Again, men are particular about what flowers they wear, being careful to select the color which will go well with their "peculiar style of beauty."

Affect Certain Kinds of Flowers.

"Quite frequently we have men come in and inquire what flower they should wear," said Mr. O. A. C. Oehmler, artist florist at Gude Bros., "but it is very seldom such a query is put by a woman. I am of the opinion that a man has as much right to wear flowers as have women. In fact, I am fond of wearing a boutonniere myself. For ten years I wore a carnation every day of my life.

"Oh, yes, a vain man has a vain women beat every way. A man came in one day wearing a pale pink rose and asked what would be the proper flower for his style. I told him a dark red carnation would be the thing and to this day he comes in every day, lays down the price and takes his 'proper flower.'

"One of our customers is an elderly man whose hair is nearly white. He used to wear red flowers, but one day we did not happen to have what he wanted and he asked my advice. I told him that I thought the proper flower would be a Lawson carnation and when it was pinned on it was so becoming that he is still wearing one daily. Its color? It is sort of a cerise and his white hair and rather ruddy complexion made it most appropriate.

"There is another man who comes in every morning to get his flower who never wears but a gardenia when it is to be had, and when that is out of season he wears either lily of the valley or a few violets. Oh, yes; all these men are solid business types. They enjoy this little brightness, and why not?

"It is the old fellow with the spats and the standing collar and the cane—all worn in the morning—together with some sort of a loud vest, who makes a hit with us. He has come to the time when he think he must make an impression or die in the effort, so he meanders in and buys a boutonniere, not of one, but several flowers. It is his last expiring effort and he must spread out to be noticed.

An Incident at a Wedding.

"I went to a wedding not long ago to see that the flower decorations and formalities were au fait. The father of the bride was in the room when the favors were distributed. I gave a boutonniere to each of the ushers, the groom, and best man, and then the groom asked me if I had not brought a boutonniere for his prospective father-in-law. I had not, so I took a rose from one of the bouquets and started to fasten it on. 'Do you think,' objected the father, 'that a rose is the proper flower for me to wear. I think I ought to have lily of the valley.' So I took a spray from the bride's bouquet, and the ceremony was allowed to go on. It always seemed funny to me that this man, the father of several other marriagable daughters, should have kept the whole thing waiting because he wanted to wear a certain flower. The mother would have waived everything in favor of getting the daughter married off all right.

"Certainly, men are vainer than women when they are vain. The men themselves expect women to be vain; that's why they are so. It is becoming to a woman, in a measure, too, but it is not normal for a man to take his looks too seriously. Yes the wearing of flowers shows beyond a doubt that men do love adornment as much or more than women. As I said, I like it myself—always feel better if I know I'm well groomed in all respects, even to a carnation in my buttonhole."

To be perfectly fair to the men, the criticism of men was sought in the majority of cases, but there is one woman, at least, in Washington who should be an authority on the foibles of the male sex from an association of many years' standing with men in professional circles. So Mrs. Belva Lockwood was asked to give her views, founded upon her observation and knowledge of her colleagues.

Men as Vain as Women.

"Almost every one has a certain amount of vanity," said Mrs. Lockwood, "and men have quite as much as women. They show it in a different manner; that is all. I have noticed men come into court, and it is very seldom that one comes who has not the crease of his trousers in perfect condition. Invariably he will adjust his trousers to preserve this crease when he seats himself. Men show vanity in many almost unnoticeable ways—the fashion of wearing their hair, or in the color of their ties, and in many little details.

"And often when a man does not show these indications of personal vanity, you will find that he is vain of his wife, or for her. My first husband was most particular about the tying of his cravat. At that time they wore broader ties, which went around from the front, crossed, and were brought forward, and tied in a bow. He was exquisite in all matters pertaining to his dress, and his ties in particular. And he was as fastidious about my appearance as he was of his own. He would tell me that I might have a new dress for every day in the year if they were necessary to keep me looking perfect. And he loved jewelry, and required me to wear a good bit of it.

"I think too much is made of dress nowadays; it takes the place of many things more worth while, but that is only in the case of those who might not make anything of themselves, anyhow. Men are just as vain as women, and, within certain bounds, I consider that they have as much right to be. I like to see an immaculately groomed man; it is an indication of self-respect."

At the Manicuring Place.

Another woman who comes in contact with men in their pursuit of the beautifying process was interviewed at a hair and manicuring emporium. The lady in charge said that men were much harder to suit than were the women customers.

"They are the vainest things in the world," said she, "when they are vain at all. We have booths at the Willard and at the Shoreham, and the customers are almost entirely men. I think it is well for a man to be neat about his nails, but some of them are so particular that it is a hard matter to please them at all. Here, we have more women than men, but as a rule it is much easier to give satisfaction to a woman than to a man. Some of the girls hate to wait on a man at all. Of course, this is not true of all men, you understand, but usually the men who come in to have their nails attended to are the ones who think a great deal of their personal appearance, and they certainly are a vain lot—much worse than the women we have in for the same purpose."

So much for the laity. The views of the clergy upon the subject do not alter the facts above.

A Methodist Minister's View.

Dr. Reed Shannon, pastor of the Metropolitan Memorial Church, scored the vanity of both men and women.

"When a man is vain," said he, "he is worse than a peacock with its tail feathers all spread—nothing else can compare with him. Usually these men who are very vain, obnoxiously so, are of the type who have plenty of money and leisure to consider themselves above everything else. We see it in the young men about the streets, dressed in the extremes of fashion, ogling the young girls and women, and wasting all the gifts God invested them with at creation. To be sure, they are mostly young, but probably by the time they have arrived at the age to know something, they will have sunk into such a perverted state of corruption that their egregious vanity will be all that is left of their young manhood's traits.

"I never could understand why a woman would deform her figure and bedraggle her head in an effort to conform to an ugly fashion. It is necessary to conform somewhat to the decrees of style, unless one would be conspicuous, but any right-thinking person—any one having brains, it would seem—could strike the happy medium which would insure a becoming garb, which would also be in fashion, while insuring originality. It is only the empty-headed ones who follow fashion blindly, going to the extreme. It is poor creatures who have absolutely nothing besides vanity—who have no ambitions, no aspirations—who are making the others ridiculous. For the men and women who really think and aspire do not bedeck themselves like savages for the sake of being seen.

"Men who amount to much like to be neat, but they do not make themselves targets for derision and contempt; the same is true of the real women."

When seen at the Ninth Street Synagogue, Dr. Simons expressed himself in no measured terms upon the subject of the relative vanity of the sexes. He said, "Vanity itself is a human trait merely. When woman was created she was endowed with graces of face, mind, and figure, with which to attract men. Of this she is always conscious, and the consequence is she is constantly doing things to augment her natural charms—adding, as it were, artifice to art. A little vanity in a woman is often cute and attractive, and is never repellant.

"So much for the woman. Vanity in a man is never cute, nor attractive, and it is always most obnoxious. An excess of vanity in either sex is disgusting, arguing emptiness—etymologically, it is interesting to know, the words 'vanish,' 'vanity,' and 'vaunt' are of the same family, which would show that the word 'vanity' means 'empty,' or something synonymous.

"Rostand has made the Chantecler the figure of the vainglorious, but, after all, the pheasant's plumage is quite as attractive. It is a matter of the mutual effect, or influence, of the man and woman upon each other. If the woman was not so very conscious of the attractiveness of man, or man were less alive to the woman's charms, there would be no vanity other than the natural amount necessary to our nature. Vanity is human, but vainglory is detestible. A vain woman is to be pardoned because man expects it of her, but a vain man is beyond all consideration."

An Episcopal clergyman, who declined to be quoted, saying that he "valued his head too highly to start anything like that in his parish," said that the "vanity of man was beyond expression." He said that it would take not one, but several, sermons to classify its different phases and its results. In his opinion it was man's vanity alone that causes half the trouble of the world. Probably the other half, he said, was caused by the vanity of women.

But whether he meant the vanity of bright hosiery and neckwear that is worn to arouse the admiration of the gentler sex, or the vanity of conquest he declined to specify. The point is, women have nothing on the men regarding this trait, according to those who know whereof they speak.

Woman Makes Long Ride.

Nijni Novgorod, June 10. Mme. Kudscheff, the widow of a Cossack colonel, who is riding on horseback from Harbin to St. Petersburg, has arrived here safe and well. Her mount is in excellent condition. From Harbin to Nijni Novgorod is about 3,600 miles, and it is some 500 miles more from Niji Novgorod to St. Petersburg.

U. S. S. ALBATROSS BACK FROM INTERESTING TRIP

Government Scientists Report from San Francisco Important Discoveries Along the Southern California Coast.

The U. S. S. Albatross, with a corps of scientific men on board, has just completed an unusually interesting expedition down the Southern California coast, around the peninsula, and back to San Francisco.

The results of this voyage of discovery and research were satisfactory to all concerned. The party, in addition to the chief, Dr. C. H. Townsend, acting director of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, included Dr. J. N. Rose, of the National Musuem, zoologist; Waldo Schmidt, assistant naturalist of the Albatross, and Messrs. Anthony and Osborn, well-known West Coast collectors. The cruise lasted from March 1 to April 28.

The party cruised along the coast of Lower California, stops being made at Guadalupe Island, San Benito, San Bartolome Bay, Bay of San Cristobal, St. Roque Island, Point Abrojos, and many other places, and then passed into the Gulf of California, going as far a Tiburon and Angel de la Guarda Islands.

Several of the adult elephant seals were killed at Guadalupe Island, brought aboard the ship, and put in brine, while six of the younger animals (four males and two females) were captured alive. The adult elephant seal is about twenty-two feet long, and has a snout or nose closely resembling the trunk of the elephant, from which it derives its name.

Some Queer Discoveries.

Guadalupe Island offers excellent opportunities for exploration and zoological research. Here also was obtained a collection of fine specimens of many rare birds, mollusks, and plants. The island has peculiarities of its own, and the party found animal and marine life not closely related to that on the mainland.

In the Bay of San Cristobal, formerly a home of the elephant seal, another effort was made to locate more specimens, but none of the animals was seen.

Following along the coast, landing frequently, and making in the course of the trip twenty-five deep sea hauls, ranging from 400 to 1,071 fathoms, many interesting kinds of fish, crustaceans, mollusks, and sponges were brought to the surface. Brought up with the depest haul, that of 6,426 feet, were seven species of deep-sea fish, five kinds of crimson prawn, several with blue eggs, one large pycnognid, many worms living in soft tubes, one great star fish, several brittle stars and numerous other specimens.

In Magdalena Bay were found many interesting species of marine invertebrates. Here the scientists collected a quantity of shallow water specimens. At Angel de la Guarda, Tiburon, and St. Esteban Islands, they found many lizards of the genera Sauromalus and Ctenosaura.

On Carmen Island they encountered a wonderful salt pond, on which was a coating between four and five inches thick. This crust is removed in large cakes, which are ground to the fineness of ordinary commercial salt. The salt is shipped from the island in large quantities.

What is believed to be a new species of mountain sheep was discovered on the west side of Conception Bay. The scientists, however, were unable to get close enough to capture any of the sheep, but three sets of horns were obtained from local hunters.

Explore Tiburon Island.

Near Angel de la Guarda Island a stick of dynamite was exploded in the water, killing or stunning a large number of fish, which floated to the surface. So many came to the top of the water that it proved a big task to gather in the different specimens.

Tiburon Island also proved a fertile ground for investigation. Many things of unusual interest were found there, the island never having been explored since Admiral Dewey years ago made the original survey. He was then a captain in command of the U. S. S. Narraganset. Important investigations were also made at La Paz, the great gathering ground and shipping place for pearls.

On the way back to San Francisco the ship touched at Santa Catalina Island, and at San Jose and many other points along the coast.

The Albatross, which belongs to the United States Bureau of Fisheries, is furnished with every facility for an expedition of this kind. Large specimens were easily brought aboard the boat, crated, and shipped for packing. Almost no trouble was experienced in taking care of the young elephant seals. It was not found necessary to keep them in a tank or other receptacle.

One carload of these specimens has arrived in New York and the others are expected in a few days.

After the ship reached port, Dr. Bartsch, under orders from the National Museum, started for the Isthmus of Panama to pursue further research work, but on account of the insurrection in Mexico he was obliged to abandon the attempt and return to Washington.

The botanical collections obtained on the voyge are to be divided between the National Meseum and the New York Botanical Gardens. Although more than 900 herbarium specimens were gathered, chief among these being the cacti, many of which were of considerable size and unusual interest.

ROMANTIC STORY OF SENATOR ROBERT L. OWEN

The Indian name of Robert Latham Owen, Senator in Congress from Oklahoma, is Oconostota. By right in blood, he is the head chief of the seven vanished clans of the Cherokees.

Without any serious attempt at the miracle of heart-searching, it may have occurred to some persons that Oconostota, hereditary prince of his lost tribe, hopes some day to be President of the United States. His ancestors, through his talented and extraordinary mother, were minor kings of America. By his own gifts of speech, and by the peculiarities of his own thinking, he has become the active leader of Democratic radicals, and the rhetorical and agitational understudy of William J. Bryan.

As McKinley specialized with protection, Reed with parliamentiary rules, Blaine with reciprocity, and Bryan with free silver, so Owen specializes with the people. Every speech of Oconostota, whether it be pitched to the tariff, the post-office, or cost of living, burns with a savage love for the electorate as a whole. Thus "the people will not sell out," they are "safe and sane, conservative, and sound, honest and intelligent and would vote for the public interest alone." Nor would "the people deprive any persons of their just rights."

Moreover, "the people know more than their representatives do, are less passionate, and are worthier to be confided in than any individuals trusted with temporary power." Therefore, government by paid and elected agents being a failure, almost, if not entirely, Senator Owen would give the people the initiative, the referendum, and the recall—he would make them the legislature, would "gather them under a tree," as another Senator has said, "if a big enough tree could be found."

While in Washington Senator Owen lives at a fashionable apartment house. On the table of his library, which is hung with red draperies and contains a beautiful painting of Psyche by his mother, are all the muck-raking periodicals of the day and also a handy collection of other "progressive" literature. A statue of Carrara marble, three feet high and chemically colored, stands on the desk of his private room in the Senate office building. It represents an old man with a long beard—a Jew of the time of Moses, it would seem by the antiquity of his dress. The statue is as visible as Oconostota himself. Indeed, it is the first object one sees on opening the door and walking into the room.

Story of the Magic Ring.

"Did you ever hear the story of Nathan the Wise?" Senator Owen will ask in a solemn tone of voice, bowing his head toward the image.

If the caller is at all like Nathan, he will give an evasive answer, even though he knows Lessing's great poem by heart.

"Saladin, Sultan of Egypt and Syria," Senator Owen will say, "was confused by the various religons he heard taught in his court. So he summoned Nathan the Wise and begged for his advice. Nathan told him a story. A beloved king lay dying. On his finger there was a magic ring, that had brought him the confidence and esteem of his subjects, it was thought. His three sons, coming to him separately, asked for the ring—the first, because he was heir to the throne; the second, because he was not heir to the throne, and the third, because he was the king's favorite.

"The father gave his promise to each. Then he had his goldsmith make two faithful copies of the enchanted ring. Mixing the rings, he secretly gave them to his sons. A year after the king's funeral the sons came together for the first time. All had won the respect and personal attachment of the people, magnanimous, and magnanimous. The sons discovered the loving deception of their father and each learned, as Nathan the Wise truly remarked to Saladin, that his own heart and his own conduct, and not the magic ring, had gained him the trust and affection of the public."

Thus repeating the story of Nathan the Wise and the Egyptian Sultan, Oconostota will pause to observe if the moral has taken root within the intelligence of his listener. Many Indians from the Southwest, coppery and taciturn men in neat ready-made clothing, visit Senator Owen in his office during the sessions of Congress. Doubtless they look upon Nathan the Wise, gorgeous in a purple robe and having what seems to be a ring of gold on his finger, as one of the thrilling and slashing old gods of Olympus, if they ever heard of Olympus. Anyway, he is a very big man, the Great Father of somebody or other. In the meanwhile, Oconostota is their own Senator, thirty-one parts white and one part Cherokee, but an Indian for all of that and a chief in his own rights.

Three Movements for "Freedom."

Three concurrent movements among "progressives" are now in operation. A number of magazine editors and writers, assisted by doctors, professional farmers, single-taxers, and miscellaneous reformers, are running a "nonpartisan progressive federation," and are calling for "freedom in 1912" and declaring that "the people are against the special interests." The second movement is diligently at work among Republicans, and is headed by Jonathan Bourne, the Senator from Oregon. Democratic "progressives," at the same time, are being organized by a committee of thirty-four members, with Senator Owen as chairman. Chamberlain, of Oregon, and Newlands, of Nevada, also Senators, are assisting him. Eighteen members of the House of Representatives are on the committee, as are Charles W. Bryan, the "peerless leader's" brother, and Richard L. Metcalf, editor of the Commoner.

The Owen movement is officially called the Democratic Federation. Its purpose is to restore the "people's rule." While it is especially busy with organized farmers and organized wage-earners, any Democrat is eligible to enjoy all the privileges and suffer all the penalties of the combination. The three movements are similar in purposes. Each is laboring to establish the initiative, or legislation at the ballot box; the referendum, or the veto of laws enacted by legislatures, and the recall, or the ousting from office of any man who betrays the people to the special interests or is otherwise faithless to the commonwealth.

Tabulating his reformatory conclusions into a string of sixteen items, Senator Owen demands a secret ballot; the registration of voters; the nomination of candidates by direct primaries; the election of United States Senators by the people; the printing of pamphlets at public expense giving a history of the men running for office and explanations of their personal platforms; the instruction by the voters of the President of the United States, of the members of Congress, of governors, and of the delegates to national conventions; the initiative, of course, also the referendum and the recall, and several other incidental measures restoring to the people the "rule" that has been taken from them by big business and nefarious interests. Furthermore, Senator Owen would begin next year "to question by mail" all the Democrats who hope to be nominated and elected to serve in the United States Senate or the House of Representatives. He would interrogate them and pledge them, and then have the federation elect them if it can.

Even Coffins Are In a Trust.

The plight of the people, as Senator Owen pictures it, is very bad. Their government—local, State, and national—has been usurped by strong and predatory hands. "Organized monopoly," he says, "controls the retail prices of beef, mutton, pork, and every other kind of meat. Organized monopoly fixes the selling prices of bread, pies, cakes, candies, and preserves; of canned vegetables and fruits, of china and glassware, and the breakfast table itself; of furniture, carpets, draperies, and rugs; of coats, dresses, hats, and shoes; of lumber, iron, steel, bricks, plaster, marble, stone, tile, slate, and cement; of pans, pots, and kettles on the pantry shelves, and of milk, butter, and cheese. Organized monopolies," he exclaimed in finishing his picture of woe, "control everything needed by man, from the cradle which receives the baby, and the toys with which the child plays, to the casket and the cerements of the grave."

Still, Owen himself is a capitalist and the owner of 5,000 acres of land. As a lawyer among the Indians he was paid three fees aggregating $320,000. He organized a national bank in the town of Muskogee, where he lives. He is an Episcopalian, a thirty-second degree Mason, a doctor of law and literature and a master of arts. When he lectures in Boston or New York, reporters describe him as being a young man. And he looks like a young man, although he was born in February, 1851. He is tall, athletic, and erect. His hair is black, his eyes are dark, and his skin is a modified red and brown. The elder Owen, a Virginian, and a civil engineer, had blond hair and a thick blond beard. Physically, therefore, Senator Owen is a Cherokee. He dresses in the best of clothing and rides to the Senate in an automobile.

There are three Indians in Congress—Curtis, the Senator from Kansas; Carter, a member of the House of Representatives from Oklahoma, and Owen. Curtis is a Kaw, in part, and looks like a modern Indian, being small-featured, round, and compact. Carter is seven-sixteenths Chickasaw and Cherokee and nine-sixteenths Scotch-Irish, so he says. But Owen, less of an Indian than the rest; reserved, except when making a speech; slender, alert, and graceful on his feet; big-jawed and large-mouthed, a handsome man in fact, could instantly fit into a war party if he were given a bow and arrow, some paint, a head-dress of feathers, and a horse.

Not a Tragedy, but a Comedy.

"Is the disappearance of the American Indian one of the tragedies of history?" I asked him.

"No," he immediately replied, "it is a pleasant domestic comedy. He marries a white woman and is happy for the rest of his life." Thus speaking, he looked and smiled at his wife.

The inspiration for his political ideas came to Senator Owen, probably, from two sources—Thomas Jefferson and the Cherokees themselves. "Our system of society and government," Gov. D. W. Bushyhead wrote in his Thanksgiving proclamation to the Cherokee Nation in 1886, "will not allow of excessive individual wealth nor its sure attendant—excessive poverty—for which let us give special thanks and hold fast to that which is good."

The Cherokees, through Senator Owen, or Oconostota, their hereditary chief, and his Democratic Federation, have been transmitted and introduced into current events. The Owens have discovered—principally Narolssa, the mother—that seven brothers founded the Cherokee nation. They were Long Hair, Blind Savannah, The Painter, The Deer, The Wolf, The Acorn, and The Holly. Sir Walter Raleigh found them growing corn, beans, tobacco, and potatoes. He carried some of the potatoes he found in America back to Ireland and had them planted in the province of Munster. Thus the Irish were given their staple article of diet.

The seven Cherokee brothers lived together in peace and affection until after they were married and had children. When their wives began quarreling, the brothers separated, but kept together in a loose confederation, meeting annually to consider the welfare of the nation and to renew their brotherly relations. Long Hair was chosen head chief over the seven clans and settled the disputes that were brought to him at the yearly conferences and reunions. Centuries have passed, but Senator Owen has come down in a straight line to the chieftaincy from Long Hair, or Arni Kilawhi, as he was called in the Cherokee language.

The laws of the seven brothers formed a drastic but an intelligent jurisprudence. Children of the same clan were prohibited from marrying among themselves. Theft, if it were the first offense, cost the culprit one of his ears. Both ears were cut off at the second offense, and the end of the nose if theft were proved the third time. Murderers were executed by the relatives of the slain. The bones of those who died were taken to the annual meetings and buried in a sacred mound, one of which can be seen to-day in Georgia. Senator Owen says that it is 75 feet high and 600 feet in circumference and is covered with trees 500 years old.

Senator Owen's Missionary Ancestor.

So the Cherokees lived and fought, farmed and hunted, until the coming among them in 1830 of John Beamor, a young missionary from England. Caulunna, meaning The Raven, was then head chief of the seven clans. Beamer married Quatris, sister of Caulunna. She was sixteen years old; Beamor was twenty-three. The missionary and his Indian wife had several children and became the great-great-great-grandparents of Senator Owen.

The second son of Caulunna was named Chic-sa-te-he. He was the nephew by marriage of the Rev. John Beamor. Becoming intoxicated, emulating the example of some of the whites, he rumpled his scalp lock and then lay down to sleep. Other Cherokees, seeing him, laughed and passed on, while a wit among them said that he was not Chic-sa-te-he at all, but Bushyhead, as could be seen by his hair. Thus was named a famous family, springing from the man snoozing on the ground. Bushyhead, the governor, whose Thanksgiving proclamation I have quoted, was educated at Princeton. There are many rich and conspicuous Bushyheads now in the Southwest.

Among the children of Rev. John Beamor and his Indian wife were three daughters. Peggy, one of the daughters, married Col. Holmes. Martha Holmes, the daughter of Peggy, became the mother of Thomas Chisholm, the last of the heriditary chiefs of the Western Cherokees. Thomas Chisholm was the father of Narcissa Owen, and the grandfather, therefore, of Senator Owen. Accordingly, Senator Owen is a prince of the blood and would have full authority to rule to-day if the Cherokee Nation were still in existence.

A son of the Rev. Mr. Beamor was named Oconostota. Historians have confused their dates, but it is supposed that Oconostota came to the Cherokee throne about 1740, succeeding his uncle Caulunna, who was killed in a battle near the present city of Pittsburg. Oconostota ruled the Cherokees and their allies, the Creeks. He led an army against the English when the settlers charged some of his braves with horse stealing. During the American Revolution, however, he fought on the side of Great Britain. It is said that he commanded 10,000 warriors. John Sevier, later governor of Tennessee, with a handful of men, defeated him repeatedly.

How Oconostota Lost His Throne.

After the war, Oconostota was deposed, and Rayetayah, a more peaceful Indian, became head chief of the Cherokees. The old chief was alive as late as 1809. Return Jonathan Meigs, the hero of Sag Harbor, was appointed Indian agent of the Cherokees in 1801 and lived among them in Georgia. He wrote in his diary that his daily readings of the classics were often interrupted by the appearance in his tent of "the greasy old Oconostota," who came to complain about the glories he had lost to Rayetayah, his successor. Senator Owen was named by his mother after this famous character in Indian history. Among the Cherokees, who are now farmers, merchants, lawyers, and doctors, and are scattered throughout Oklahoma, he is Oconostota the Second, head chief of the seven clans that disappeared as a nation within the civilization of the white invader.

The mother of Senator Owen was educated at mission schools in Indian Territory and at academies in Arkansas and Indiana, and became a teacher of music at Jonesboro, Tenn., having her own piano. She met Robert Latham Owen in Jonesboro and they were married. At that time he was engaged in surveying a route for the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, now known as the Norfolk and Western. Senator Owen grew up in Lynchburg, on the banks of the James River. Speaking of his boyhood, he said:

"My grandfather, Dr. Owen, practiced medicine in Virginia for sixty years. He was beloved by all who knew him, being a clean man bodily and mentally. He never talked scandal and never listened to it. My uncle gave me spending money, which was a bad practice and distressed my mother, who believed that every cent I spent should be earned by some task at school or at home. When my father died—he was then president of the railroad he had helped to survey—his estate was in great confusion. My mother surrendered her dower, saying that the debts of a husband were the honorable debts of his wife. She taught music and supported her two sons. With her help and by means of scholarships, my brother and myself got through college. William O. Owen, my brother, studied medicine and entered the army as a surgeon. I read law and, accompanied by my mother, who was a member of the Cherokee Nation, emigrated to Oklahoma, where both of us taught school and where I practiced law and edited the Indian Chieftain, a weekly newspaper. Later, I was made Indian agent of the Five Civilized Tribes. When Oklahoma was admitted to the Union, I became a candidate for Senator and won the nomination at a State-wide primary, receiving a plurality of about 10,000 votes."

The Greatest of All Cherokees.

"Who," I asked, "was the greatest of all the Cherokees?"

"Oh, Sequoyah, or George Guess, as he was called in English," Senator Owen answered. "He was a half-breed and the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. Born in 1770, he died in Northern Mexico in 1842. He had owned a small farm in Georgia and was known as a silversmith of unusual taste and ability. When he was fifty-six years old, he invented a syllabic alphabet in eighty-five character, each character representing a sound. The alphabet is said to be 'the most perfect ever devised for any language.' Although Sequoyah could not speak English, he employed the characters he found in an old English spelling book. His alphabet was used to print a part of the New Testament and a newspaper.

"With other Cherokees, he moved West at the point of the bayonet. By a treaty, in 1835, many of the Cherokees surrendered their lands in Georgia, and agreed to move beyond the Mississippi River. John Ross was one of the chiefs of that day. About 1,200 of the Cherokees, however, refused to leave Georgia. They remained and became known as the Eastern band. Ross and 15,000 of his tribe also objected to the treaty, declaring that it was obtained by fraud. The government in Washington sent a body of troops under Gen. Winfield Scott to compel the Indians to keep their word. The journey of 700 miles was made in the heat of midsummer. Four thousand of the Cherokees perished on the way.

"My grandfather, Thomas Chisholm, left his property just as it was and went to Arkansas. Sequoyah, the inventor of the alphabet, also moved at that time. Sixty-five years afterward, I was one of the lawyers to bring suit against the government for a misapplication of the funds—stocks and bonds held in trust—of the Eastern Cherokees. I worked seven years on the case and recovered $5,000,000 for my clients. The lawyers were paid $750,000 in fees, $200,000 of the amount being paid to me."

"Were the Indians as cruel as the whites have represented them to be?" I asked.

"They were no more cruel than any people of the same degree of intelligence at the day in which they lived. When they went on the warpath it was with a purpose to kill—it is the same with the white man, of course. They were trained to be brave, to fear no one, and courage so created and stimulated often got them into serious trouble."

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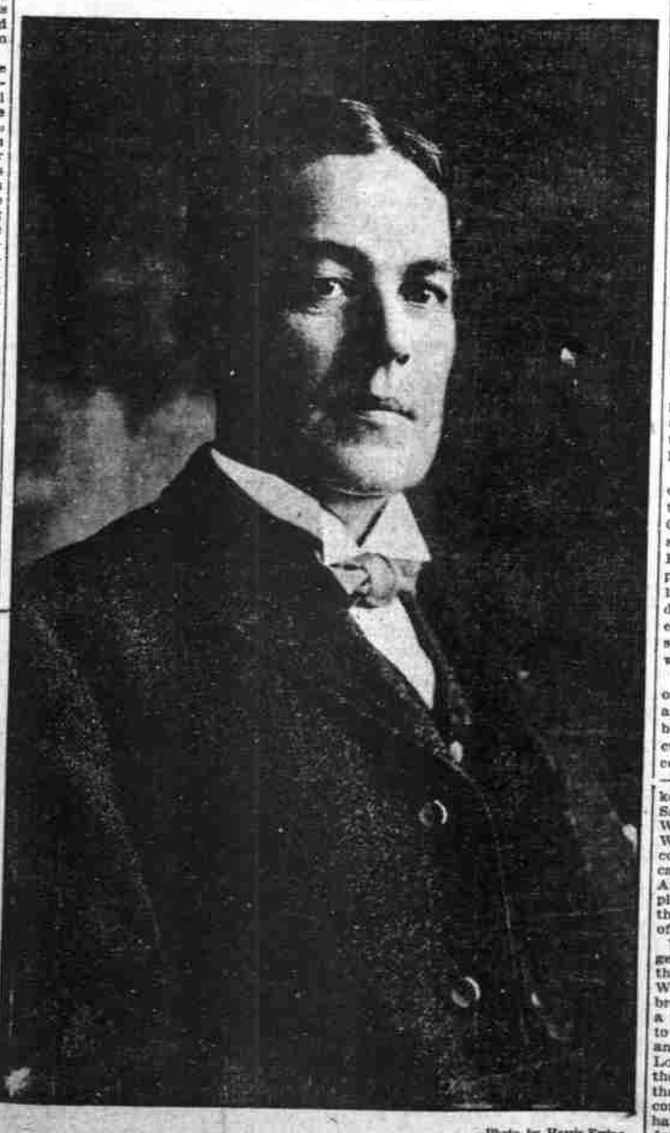
OCONOSTOTA, BIG CHIEF OF CHEROKEES.



—Photo by Harris-Ewing.

OTHERWISE KNOWN AS

ROBERT L. OWEN, SENATOR FROM OKLAHOMA.