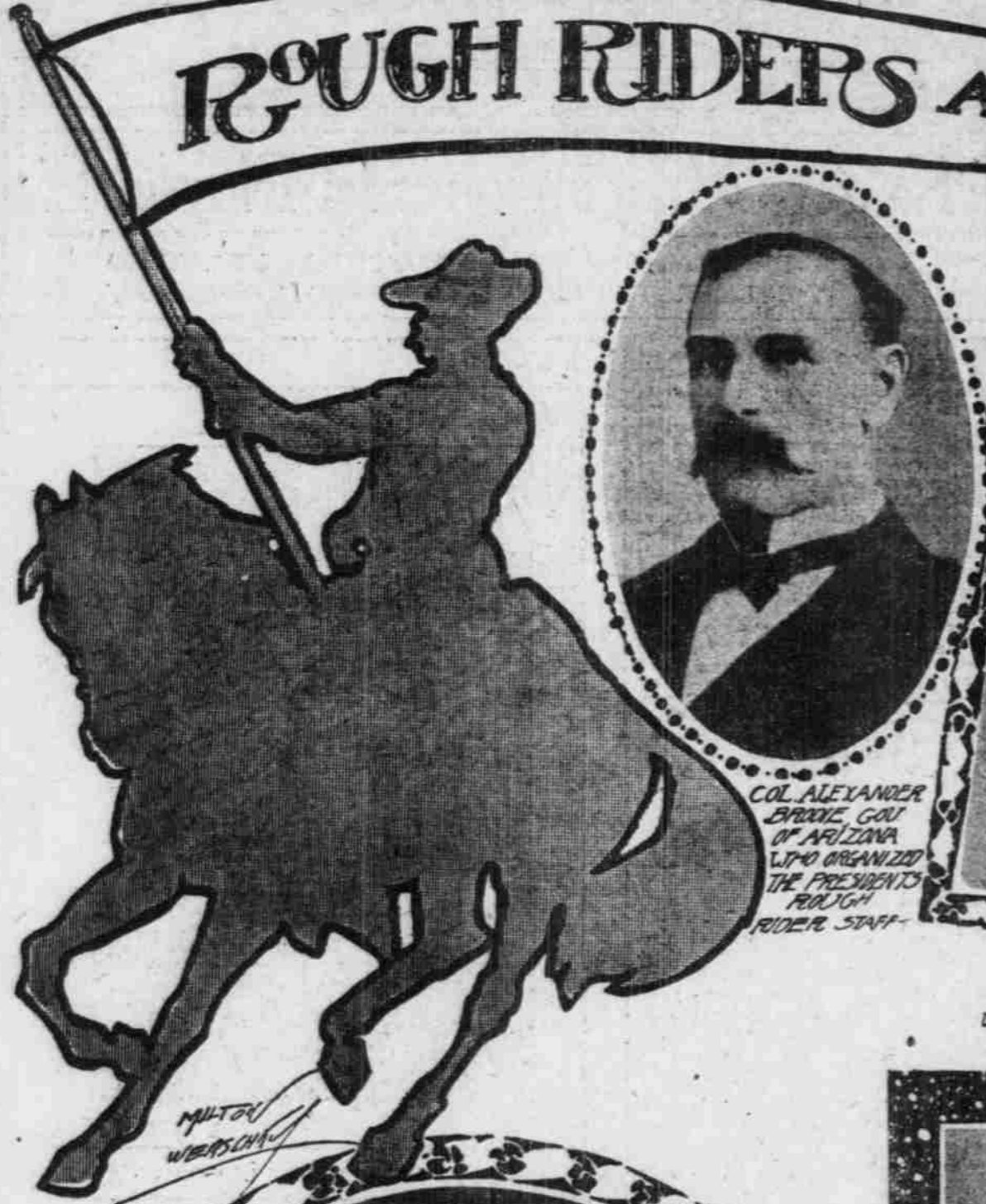


ROUGH RIDERS AT THE INAUGURATION THIRTY OF THEM WILL FORM ROOSEVELT'S IMMEDIATE ESCORT NEXT SATURDAY



LONG before the war with Spain broke out two men used to take stiff walks through the Washington suburbs and discuss the best way of getting into the active fighting as soon as the trouble which was brewing should come to a head.

These talks were big with consequences to each of the two men. Theodore Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, has become, by reason of them, President of the United States, and in a few days to be inaugurated for another term. Leonard Wood, a surgeon with the rank of Captain, is now slated by routine preference to command the Armies of the United States within ten years. For during their long walks both men got tight hold of a rung from which they have shot like meteors up the ladder of fame.

Thirty of these same Rough Riders, chosen by Colonel Alexander Brodie, are gathering from New York, Arizona and all points between, to form the immediate escort of their chief in the inaugural parade at Washington, March 4. Among them are polo players, statesmen, athletic champions and frontiersmen with motley records. But not one of the 30 would miss being present; if it cost him a leg. New Yorkers of the exclusive set and lightning "gun-play artists" of Arizona will meet on a common basis of good-fellowship. They fared together and faced the twin dangers of Mauser bullets and fever in those eventful days in Cuba. The New Yorker has a vision of Ben Daniels climbing like a schoolboy up that bullet-swept hill in front of Santiago, and Arizona sees the cotton leader of Newport washing dishes, doing sentry go in an all-night soaking rain and stopping Spanish bullets with the same uncomplaining good cheer. That is why Captain Woodbury Kane, of the polo and yachting sets; Private Ben Daniels, late of the penitentiary; Sherman Bell, private and General and the best-hated man in Colorado since he crushed the Western Federation of Miners with his iron heel, and Governor Brodie, once of West Point, but for 20 years an Arizona frontiersman, will be proud to ride beside each other at their leader's carriage. It matters not how far apart they were before, nor how widely their roads have

diverged since. Those few weeks in the trenches and the jungles before Santiago made them comrades in arms and they learned to respect the American manhood that was common to all.

Respects the Primal Virtues.
And that is why Theodore Roosevelt, the cowboy President, asked Governor Brodie to choose him an escort from the members of his old regiment. Of politicians and lobbyists and place seekers he sees enough and to spare, but his heart turns back to those soldiers who know what it is to win the plaudits of a society on the polo field or to spend a weary, dusty day in the saddle at the roundup. The President is democratic enough to respect the primal virtues of hardihood, loyalty and physical pluck. When the news of the sinking of the Maine flashed through the country like a bolt from the blue, Congress soon authorized the raising of three regiments among the riders and riflemen of the plains and the Rockies. Secretary Alger offered the command of one of these cavalry regiments to Theodore Roosevelt, who had massed all his influence to get into active service, despite the advice of President McKinley and Secretary of the Navy Long, both of whom thought he was ruining his career. Roosevelt had never been in active military service, so he persuaded Secretary Alger to appoint as Colonel Leonard Wood, who had served for years in General Miles' Apache

campaigns in the Southwest. To Roosevelt was given the position of Lieutenant Colonel. He had been in the National Guard for several years, and had been Deputy marshal of a cow-town in the West, and had been under fire frequently. Besides, it was recognized that Roosevelt was by temperament a soldier.

To have raised a division instead of a regiment would have been an easy task. Applications poured in from all over the country. Whole companies were proffered by various states. The point was to choose the best out of the many thousands available. From the four territories—Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Indian Territory—the bulk of the men were taken. They were a splendid, soldierly type, these Southwesterners—all, little fellows with the sinews of the panther, resolute men who had looked death in the face and laughed a score of times, clear-eyed centaurs who could ride anything that was alive and had four legs.

Ideal Soldiers.
Among the ideal soldiers picked out by Wood and Roosevelt were hunters and miners, wanderers on the face of the earth, men inured to hardship and simple living. They were all men who knew how to shift for themselves, to handle the bronco and the rifle and to meet danger with the exhilaration of a lover seeking his mistress. In a measure they were unused to discipline,

yet even the cowpuncher on the round-up accepts and obeys the leadership of the master of the rodeo whom he has elected. They were ideal cavalrymen, needing only the discipline of drill to form a regiment unique and terribly effective.

A look at the personnel of this command is sufficient evidence of the fighting edge which made the Rough Riders such a powerful factor. There was Allyn Capron, Captain of Troop L, fifth in direct line of descent in his family to serve in the United States Army. Roosevelt has described Capron as his ideal of a soldier, bar none. An athlete from top to toe, he never asked his men to do as much as he performed himself. He was the very embodiment of the ideal cavalry leader, this yellow-haired and blue-eyed Captain, who fell at Las Guasimas, pierced through the lungs within a week of the time that his gallant father, in the Regular Army, also paid his last debt.

Another gallant cavalry leader was Bucky O'Neill, of Troop A. He had more than any other man in the regiment, the spirit of the old searovers. No man was ever put together of stranger elements than this post-soldier. For years his name had been anonymous in the Southwest with desperate courage. No chance was ever too great for him. If it carried with it the thrill of adventure. An sheriff, gambler, fighter of Indians and desperadoes, he had been for long a marked figure, and, strangely enough, he had been



no less notable as an incorruptible judge and a shrewd politician. Bucky O'Neill, in short, was a born leader of men. He died just as he would have chosen, to die standing in the trenches before Santiago, smoking a cigarette and making light of the Mauser bullets that plowed up the dirt about him. He was a fatalist, and, if there is anything in his philosophy, the bullet that struck him in the mouth had been molded for that very purpose months before. He was dead before the smile had left his face, and the rest on his lips mingled with the death rattle in his throat.

England came Cook, who had seen South African service. There was a soldier of fortune from the French army in Southern China, and there were four Baptist and Methodist parsons in the ranks. Whenever the call of coming battle reached them turned with enthusiasm toward the Rough Riders.

Not all the men were from the wilds. Dudley Dean and Bog Wrenn, both quarterbacks on Harvard eleven, and the latter, twice tennis champion of America, learned, the most brilliant tennis-player this country has produced; Craig Wadsworth, the society steeplechaser; Hamil-

Sherman Bell, a Cripple Creek mining man, was another recruit of desperate valor, enlisted as a private. Bell had a hernia which opened several times during the campaign. He was slated to be returned home, but absolutely refused. When the ambulance came for him he crawled away into the jungle and hid until it had gone. The other troopers shielded him, carried his kit, and helped him along. More dead than alive, Bell reached the front. But he would not give up, and on the final day of the charge there was no blithering billetdoper than "Sherm" Bell. Men of the frontier type poured into the regiments in droves. There were McClintock and Darnell, the bronco-busters, the former so dimwitted that he could not keep step when on foot, but who was one of the greatest bronco-busters in the command; Darnell, passed through the campaign, only to be killed later in a Western brawl. There was Smith, the big game-hunter of Wyoming; Crockett, of Georgia, an internal revenue officer, who was "death on moonshiners"; Ben Daniels, once Marshal of Dodge City, worst of all "bad" towns; and Holderman and Adair, Cherokee Indians. From Australia came Osborne, an officer of the New South Wales Mounted Rifles, and from

ton Fish, a former captain of the Columbia crew; Joe Stevens, Woodbury, Kansas and Horace Devereux, well-known polo-players; John Greenwood, of Yale, famous both on the gridiron and the diamond; Dave Goodrich, twice captain of the Harvard crew—these were some of the men who came in either as privates or with a commission.

Getting to the Front.

To choose, equip, organize and set the Rough Riders to the front in time for active service was a herculean task. Hundreds of regiments were being formed, each of them needing much in the way of equipment, which the War Department was ill-prepared to furnish. Roosevelt and Wood hung all their influence into the scale, worked like beavers, pulled all the strings they could, and so were ready to move before most of the other new regiments had approached anything like order. King Jorgensen, once secured for the men, and the regiment was brigaded with the fighting regulars. Right up to the last minute officers and men worked like Trojans to become efficient, and such was the excellent material in the command that the Rough Riders took their places beside the regulars who were

go to Cuba, while other volunteer regiments remained behind in a gnawing impatience and jealousy.

Good fortune, combined with the energy of the officers, enabled the Rough Riders to reach Cuba's shore first. In the course of landing two colored troopers in another regiment sank helplessly when a boat overturned. Instantly Bucky O'Neill in full uniform dived after them, but he could not reach the men.

Colonel Wood hurried his regiment forward as fast as he could up the steep