

# HOW PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT CAMPELLED OUT

And Some of the Thrilling Stories He Told His Boys Around the Campfire

**B**OYS, how would you like to go camping with a real President?

How would you like to have the President of the United States row your boat five miles down the quiet waters of Long Island Sound in the cool of the evening and then go swimming with you?

And, best of all, how would you like him to gather you all about the fire when supper was over and tell you stories of grizzly bears and elk and antelope and buffalo and mountain lions and coyotes and wolves and all the other wild creatures of the plains and mountain wilderness of the West?

Wouldn't it make your eyes pop out?

Sure!

At least that's what the 11 lucky boys who were President Roosevelt's guests on that memorable camping expedition down at Oyster Bay are telling their friends, says a writer in the New York World.

Why, when one of the boys of Oyster Bay heard all about it next day—he was a shaver of 18—he went straight to his father and said:

"Pop, let me go away for two months all by myself."

"Why, son?"

"I want to get out under God's free heavens and shoot Indians."

Of course, you boys would not ever blame the lucky eleven, now that they go around with chests thrown out and heads carried high. They have been camping out all night with the President of the United States.

You'd do the same, wouldn't you?

This camping party didn't have any of the frills you might see in the Adirondacks or the Rangeley Lakes, or the Adirondacks, or any of the more civilized hunting places of the United States. There were no guides and men to carry things, and to pitch the tents and do the cooking. Here the President wouldn't allow any such thing. Even the Secret Service men who attend the President 24 hours a day, no matter where he goes, were left behind.

It was the President and the boys, and not a soul else.

Who were the lucky eleven? Oh, just boys who stand well with the President, even as you might if you were lucky enough to live around Oyster Bay. There were all the little Roosevelt shavers, of course—Theodore, Kermit and Archie and Jack, Philip and George Roosevelt, sons of W. Emlen Roosevelt, the President's cousin; two sons of Mrs. J. West Roosevelt, cousins of the President's sons; Eben and Harry Landon, who live next door to the boys at Oyster Bay, and a little fellow from New York who is a chum of Theodore.

He was so modest that he wouldn't tell his name. Would you boys have done this if the President had asked you to come along?

No, sir!

It was Tuesday afternoon and a bully day at Oyster Bay. Far across the sound you could see the Connecticut shore shining through the haze, and the big white waters of the sound lapped the pleasant beach that stretches around the foot of Sagamore Hill, where the President lives. There were nice things a-doing.

Four boats lay moored at the water's edge and close at hand lay piles of things in cans and boxes of bread in boxes, and cans of coffee and milk and big packages of bacon and a side of beef and a lot of eggs and things. There was a heap of blankets, too, and axes and knives and tin plates and tin cups and tin frying-pans and a pot and a kettle.

Four o'clock was the hour set, but every boy was there right after lunch. They explained that there might be a put to do, so they came just a little early. It was the first time that the Landon youngsters had been bidden, so they came extra punctual. When the little one saw all the nice things, he had to turn his head aside and smile.

"I just pretended I was smiling at the dog," he explained afterward, "when I saw the blankets and knew that one was for me."

There wasn't a soul there to help but the President and the boys, and he was the last to arrive. He didn't take time



"HIS EYES BURNED LIKE EMBERS IN THE GLOOM," SAID THE PRESIDENT, "AND AT THAT MOMENT I FIRED."

to point out to the boys that there were other things that had kept him at his desk—little things about picking out Ambassadors and arranging for settling the war between Japan and Russia, and deciding whether or not a wicked man in the Agricultural Department had been working a little private graft with Wall Street by disclosing Government secrets. That was why he couldn't come down to the beach and begin enjoying the delightful preparations right after luncheon time.

Being the only grown-up, of course, the President took charge. But he had little to do, so willing were his 11 helpers. Everybody wanted to reach the highest box all alone and do the lion's share of the work. So it wasn't five minutes before they were ready.

But the President set of cars himself and paroled out the three other boats to the three eldest of the boys, as captains. He himself took the lightest boat in with him and gave them the time of day.

The President then didn't look like a man who can give advice to a "Car of all the Russians and be the best of friends with the German Kaiser. There wasn't a bit of dog talk about him, and not even the frock coat and high hat of an American aideman or undertaker.

By the way, suppose the President had a rough and ready coat and a flannel shirt, a rough wool coat and old trousers that looked as if they had never enjoyed the society of the tailor's goose.

By the way, suppose the President had told you that his trousers really needed pressing when you got back and asked you to order two for him. Would you have asked for two tailor's geese or two

tailor's geese? Or what would you have said?

Well, so smart boy would have gone to the store and asked: "Have you a tailor's goose? Yes? Well, Mr. Roosevelt wants two right away."

Of course, every boy dressed just like the President. It wouldn't have been etiquette not to have done so, so there were plenty of slouch hats, old trousers and baggy coats along, and not the sign of anything but loose dannel shirts.

"All aboard!" shouted Mr. Roosevelt, and they were off.

They were off indeed!

Not a single youngster got out of the water that could have eaten each other. The fire was just right, and it took only a twinkling to get dressed. Then how the bacon did sizzle and the coffee did bubble! We put the larger one above it. Peter's about for rods around. Mr. Roosevelt was chief cook, and showed the boys just how real woodsmen cook their coffee and fry their bacon and eggs and boil their potatoes.

It was a meal for a King.

Meanwhile the sun was sinking low and the voices of the night were rising high. Supper was over. Dishes were washed and knives and forks cleaned by repeated plungings in the sand on the beach. The President helped himself to a cigar from his pocket and the boys gathered around in a respectful silence from the campfire. There wasn't a cigarette in sight—remember that he, Mr. Roosevelt, was a non-smoker.

Fresh wood was piled on the fire till it blazed up high and lighted the faces of the expectant little company. It was a larger boy moved closer to the fire, and the President, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into his neck. I leaped

to one side almost as I pulled the trigger, and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side blow at me.

"The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself and made two or three jumps toward me, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine—my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muzzle seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound."

And with such true stories as these the boys enjoyed the hour of their lives before time for "turning in." The next was a buffalo story.

It was a sudden descent from bear to bear, and interesting to the boys, even if deep darkness had fallen over everything. He told how he had tracked an old bull and his family of cubs in the wilderness along the Windom River, near where Idaho, Wyoming and Montana come together. He trailed them all day, and finally came upon them in a glade about in by dark pines. He told how a half-melancholy feeling came over him as he realized that they were the remnants of a doomed and nearly vanished race. It did not prevent him, however, from eating the grilled steak of the old bull that night at the camp fire with a hungry man's relish. That bull's head now hangs

over the fireplace at Sagamore Hill. Then a good story about a crack shot—old "Vic"—scout and Indian fighter.

"He," says the President, "can run the muzzle of his rifle through a board as thin as the light, and yet he is quite good shooting at some little distance. He will cut off the head of a chicken at 80 or 90 yards, shoot a deer running through brush at that distance, or drop a grouse on the wing early in the season and knock over antelope when they are so far off that I should not dream of shooting. He firmly believes that he never misses. One secret of his success is his constant practice. He is firing all the time at marks, and small birds and the like, and will average from 90 to 100 cartridges a day. He certainly uses 200 cartridges a year."

Every boy there and then resolved to ask his father for at least 2000 cartridges a year, or more, if he could get them.

But the story that the boys always enthuse over is the story of the death of old Ephraim, the great grizzly of Montana. It took Mr. Roosevelt to kill that grand old bear. He tells of this way:

"When in the middle of the thicket we crossed what was almost a breastwork of fallen logs, and Merrifield, who was leading, passed by the upright stem of a great pine. As soon as he was in, he sank suddenly on one knee, turning half round, his face fairly aflame with excitement; and as I strode past him, with my rifle at the rear, there came a sharp report; it was the great bear, slowly rising from his bed among the great spruces. He had heard us, but apparently hardly knew exactly where or what we were, for he reared up on his haunches and raised the rifle; his head was bent slightly down, and when I saw the top of the white head fairly between his small, glittering eyes, I pulled the trigger. Half rising up, the huge bear fell over on his side in the death throes, the ball having gone into his brain, striking fairly between the eyes as if the distance had been measured by a carpenter's rule."

"The whole thing was over in 20 seconds from the time I caught sight of the game; indeed, it was over so quickly that the grizzly did not have time to show any fear or concern as he lay toward us. It was the first I had ever seen, and I felt not a little proud, as I stood over the great brindled bulk which lay stretched out at length in the cool shade of the evergreen. He was a monstrous fellow, much larger than any I have seen since, whether alive or brought in dead by the hunters. As near as we could estimate, he was of course well over 1000 pounds, with which to weigh more than very small portions he must have weighed about twelve hundred pounds."

If there are any more old Ephraims in the world, it is likely that West as soon as his parents give their consent.

And so it soon came bedtime, and the blankets were rolled out around the campfire. But the old man, who had been right came quiver noises and the occasional cry of a night bird or the barking of a dog far away. Each youngster rolled himself into his blanket, firmly resolved to sleep with the old man, as Natty Bumppo did, to repel attacks of wild men or wild beasts.

The next day they knew it was morning. There is nothing to fear in the day-

time. There was another swim and a jolly breakfast, when the President helped to cook. At 7 A. M. the "camp" was packed up and the signal was given to start home again. The party arrived at Sagamore Hill at 5 o'clock.

The President at once took up his correspondence with the old Assistant Secretary Barnes, who had come up from the village with a large package of mail. But the boys cared nothing for this, they were all asleep. The package of bears and mountain lions from his own lips, and they now mean death to grizzlies and Long Island.

## Climbing Oregon Mountains for Fifty Years

Cyrus H. Walker's First Climb Was in Company With Marcus Whitman, the Missionary.

The writer of this article is Cyrus H. Walker, of Albany, the first white child born in "The Oregon Territory," and the oldest living Native Son. While he made his first climb at 12 years of age, he has not lost his love for the exercise and its inspiring influence.

THOSE who have not climbed some grand mountain peak are not to be put off by the prospect of having missed the grandest way to look at Nature in her loftiest mood.

While there are many persons who have had more frequent and perhaps grander experiences in mountain climbing than have I, giving mine may perhaps stimulate some others to go and do likewise.

On Friday afternoon, April 11, 1876, Rev. R. H. March, the president of Tufts University, and Pacific University, Forest Grove, Or.; Henry H. Spalding, son of Rev. H. H. Spalding; a pioneer missionary; my brother next younger than myself, Marcus Whitman and I ascended Gates Peak, a few miles northwest of Forest Grove, in the Coast Range. Here we had a fine view of the Tualatin Plains with their scattered settlements.

While Henry and Marcus were making camp and gathering wood for our bonfire, the president and I went in search of water, which we found near the head of a ravine to the west of our camp.

After spending a very pleasant night we ate a hearty breakfast, saw the sun rise, then started for home, which we reached about 8 o'clock that morning.

Coming down the mountain through the dense underbrush, the president's voluminous spectacles were smashed by a twig and we had quite a search before finding them.

All this seems as vivid as though it were but yesterday, but of the four only I am left to tell the tale; a sorrowful memory.

During the summer of 1860, while guarding the emigrant road between Fort Boise and Fort Hall, both in Idaho, and commanding as First Lieutenant a detachment of Company B, First Oregon Infantry Volunteers, when camped at what was then called "Black Butte," but now given on the maps as Big Butte, I believe, two comrades, Marion E. Roberts and Sam Jones, and myself, went to the top of the butte on Saturday, August 5. It was somewhat smoky, but we could make out the timber line along Snake River, distant about 20 miles. To the west were the lava beds. To the north the Lost River mountains, and ten miles distant Lost River itself, where the emigrant road touches and leaves the same, and was our camp the previous night.

To the eastward were Middle Butte and Eastern Butte, and a vast expanse of arid plain, beyond which the Tetons and other peaks of the Rockies were seen.

For a time we were busy again, and amused ourselves rolling huge boulders of the mountain top and hearing them go crashing through the scattered, stunted wood growth on the northern slope and

toward our camp below. One of the comrades, one Christian, called, Master P. Roberts, paged from earth to heaven long years ago. The other, Sam Jones, I lost all track of after we were murdered at Fort Vancouver, W. T., on the morning of 1861. I would like to hear from him if he is still alive.

Thursday, October 29, 1874, I stood alone on top of Crater Butte, 12 miles northwest of Prineville, Crook County, Oregon. I could see the then small village of Prineville, northwest the Agency Plain, northeast the few settlements on the Upper Deschutes Valley, with the Hay Stack country, with then not a settlement, and Hay Stack Butte itself on the western border of this section. Southwest was the Three-Fingered Jack, Southwest was the Upper Deschutes Valley, with the Three Sisters, snow-capped, for a background. To the north of them Jefferson and Hood were conspicuous. Far southward were seen other snow peaks, probably Mounts Thielsen and Pitt, of which one is now called Mount McLoughlin. Little did I then think of the possibilities of the Upper Deschutes Valley, where is now the stirring town of Bend and other settlements.

**Read Christ's Sermon on the Mount.**

Thursday, August 17, 1874, Harvey E. Crocker, of Bend City; Richmond Weston, and D. Farrer, of Damascus, Clackamas County, Oregon, and myself, started from the snow line (and timber line as well) on the south side of Mount Hood at 3 A. M. and reached the summit at 9:45 A. M. Here, figuratively speaking, we saw the "kingdom of this world and the glory of them" in a moment's time. This was the grandest view of all my life.

Southward peak after peak of our towering Cascades, with here and there mountain prairies. Above all but beneath us were Jefferson and the Three Sisters. Westward in the hazy distance were seen the golden grain fields of the fertile Willamette Valley, too hazy to make out Portland with our small spy glass. The Hood River Valley seemed almost beneath our feet, as we stood near the edge of the precipitous, the northern side. Here and there we could catch glimpses of the lovely Columbia, and in the farther distance Mount Adams, St. Helens, Rainier showed their snow-capped summits. Eastward extended the arid plains of middle Oregon, stretching away to the Blue Mountains, with their perhaps not a settlement save those near some water course, but looking like one vast grain field, as covered with bunchgrass and well ripened wheat, it glittered under the August sun. We had to cut steps in the icy snow with a small ax we carried. The summit was bare. Thermometer, 36 degrees above zero. Returning camp was reached at 1 P. M. A full account of this trip was given in The Daily Oregonian of about the 24th of the same month from my write-up. While on the summit I read aloud Christ's sermon on the mount from a pocket Bible my mother had given me.

On August 21, 1882, Mr. A. R. McCoy and myself, then both employes at the Warm Springs Indian Agency, but now both of

Linn County, with much of Benton County. The peak is nearly 1500 feet above the sea, giving a view that might only be excelled by Mary's Peak in the Coast Range, over 4000 feet high, and southwest from Corvallis. From this peak it is said the ocean can be seen. With our field glass the towns along the Southern Pacific railroad from Harrisburg to Albany were plainly seen. On the summit is a Government station, and a platform about 8x8 feet, in the center a place for a flagpole. A small flag fluttered in the breeze. The larger one above it, Peter's on the hill, is the highest point in the Willamette Valley apart from the mountain ranges.

On its eastern slope, between the timber and the open space, was covered with a luxuriant growth of velvet grass. Our broad prairies, the broadest in the Willamette Valley, dotted with green meadows, and a charming landscape, beneath the bright July sky.

I will not attempt to describe all the heights. Visitors from abroad would do well to trace their way from this towering glory. The Commercial Club of Albany would no doubt gladly enable them to do so.

As I sat and gazed for a long hour and which covered the past, with all its changes and disappointments, I thought of Moses as he viewed the promised land from the heights of Pisgah, and these lines from "The Burial of Moses" came into my mind:

Of lonely grave in Moab's land,  
O'er dark desert, where the  
And teach them to be still.  
Of his by mystic grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell.  
He sees them sleep, like the secret sleep  
Of him he loved.

CYRUS H. WALKER,  
Albany, Or., July 29, 1905.

**ORIGIN OF THE KISS.**

(Inspired by the many kisses of welcome and adieu at the depot.)

Fraternities from the German.  
Come all ye lovers great and small  
And all ye maidens, too,  
The history of kissing, now  
I will unfold to you.

Old Adam lay, in Paradise  
A-snoozing, near a rose.  
The fragrance of a thousand flowers  
Was wafted near his nose.

And at his side dear mother Eve  
Reposed in slumber deep;  
In admiration sweet he gazed,  
The while she lay asleep.

With all the world they were content,  
Naught could their joy surpass;  
When a tiny bee buzzed busy  
Upon Eve's rose lip!

And Adam (then erect cautiously  
(As anybody would)  
To find what Eve had on her mouth  
That seemed to taste so good!

The bee, on seeing Adam near,  
Made haste away to fly,  
But on Eve's lips left in his flight,  
A drop of honey lie.

When Adam pressed his lips to hers  
Most wondrous sweet it seemed,  
For he had found a nectar there  
Of which he had no dream.

And all the world, from that time forth,  
Has revelled in the bliss  
Taught by a little honey bee—  
The rapture of a kiss!

So that's "the way it came about"—  
"What do you believe it's so?"  
Well, my old granny told it me—  
I guess she wasn't wrong!

ELLA M. LEGRAND,  
Portland, Or., August 4.

**The Oldest Temple at Thebes: B. C. 2500**  
High Artistic Development in Architecture of the Eleventh Dynasty in Egypt.

WE have now cleared two-thirds of the temple of King Mentuhotep III., of the Eleventh Dynasty at Thebes. The discoveries of this colony have raised important questions as regards the development of Egyptian art and architecture, says the London Times.

We have unearthed the remains of a building, which at present is unique in its type. It consists of a rock platform, which was reached by means of a ramp, like the terraces of the neighboring temple of Queen Hatsheput, of the Eighteenth Dynasty. At the top of the ramp a granite doorway (of which the threshold only remains) led to a triple row of octagonal sandstone columns. The columns formed a double peristyle, which ran along the four sides of a central construction, the nature and purpose of which are not yet absolutely settled. This construction is a rectangular block, the outside of which was formed by a casing of large limestone slabs, beautifully joined and resembling those of the facing wall of the court discovered last year. Behind the casing is a wall of rough and heavy nodules of flint, and the middle is filled with a mass of loose stones, some of the whole was compact mass.

What is most probable is that it was a basement or platform, with the usual Egyptian cavetto cornice and a torus and angle block at each corner (of these we have found fragments), on which was raised a further construction of some kind. This cannot have been an altar or a sanctuary, as in this case we should have found remains of a stepway giving access to the top. But on the basement may have stood a small pyramid, which gave to the building the appearance of a funerary monument of the type which we often see in the papyri. This monument may have marked the presence of a tomb chamber at a great depth below in the rock, which could not be reached except by a shaft, or by a side passage opening some way off, or it may have been merely an architectural survival, a kind of atrophied pyramid retained in the design of the funerary temple, and indicating no tomb. This supposition that a small pyramid stood on the central erection squares best with the Egyptological evidence, which demands a pyramid here, but the effect of the whole must have been peculiar, since we have also an absolutely unusual arrangement; the pyramid base was surrounded by a triple row of columns, which certainly supported a ceiling and formed a hypostyle passage, or colonnade, which must have been quite dark, or nearly so (like the ambulatories surrounding the shrines in full temples), for the outside was closed by a thick wall, the wall which was decorated with the sculptured reliefs found both last year and this. It would seem, judging from the appearance of the columns, that the ceiling corresponded to the height of the platform, but the ruined state of the temple does not allow us to assert this

more definitely. In any case, we have found an interesting fact in Egyptian architecture.

Between the inclosure wall of this colonnade, or passage, round the pyramid, most of these tombs have been found intact, but their shape and size are evident from the traces left by them on the pavement. It contains a cemetery of a peculiar kind; tombs excavated in the rock platform below the pavement, each consisting of a pit about 12 feet to 15 feet deep, leading to a small rectangular chamber, in which had originally stood a limestone sarcophagus. These sarcophagi, several of which were found intact, were not always monolithic, but made of several pieces lowered separately into the tomb and put together when the mummy was buried. Most of these tombs have been rifled; some of them were reoccupied by deceased persons of later time, usually of the Twenty-first Dynasty. Originally they were made for a number of women all of whom bore this title: "The royal favorite, the only one, the priestess of Hathor, N." All were Queens or Princesses belonging to the Kings of the Eleventh Dynasty; they were attached to the worship of the chief goddess of the place, Hathor, represented as a cow. Close to the tombs, small shrines dedicated to the priestesses had been made in the thickness of the inclosure of the colonnade. In them we found beautiful fragments of colored sculpture, showing the remarkable development of art under the Eleventh Dynasty. The priestesses or Princesses are represented in relief in various scenes; offerings are being made to them, and the holy cows and calves of Hathor are also represented.

**Disgrace to the Family.**

"Philadelphia Press."

"That brother of yours, Lucy," said the man of the house, "seems to be a pretty tough character."

"'Deed he is, sah," replied the colored maid. "He jes' natchally seems to be a white sheep ob our family, sho' nuff."

It is worthy of remark that in each tomb was placed a skeleton of a cow, the sacred animal of the goddess to whose service the favorites of Mentuhotep had been devoted during life. Two breeds of cows seem to be represented, the black and white horned, the other dappled and hornless.

For these priestesses were made the limestone sarcophagi mentioned above, of which three were found intact. One of these which was made in six separate pieces, is most beautifully sculptured, but not quite finished, since it is evident that color was intended to be added to the engraving. The Princess for whom it was made, known by name, is seen in the representations on its sides, living what was supposed to be her life in the other world. Offerings are being made to her, while an attendant dresses her hair, and an artistically inserted into the coiffure. A priest brings a cow for her and afterwards brings her the cup, saying: "This is for thee, drink and be merry." On a finely sculptured and colored slab from the shrine of another Princess named Sakh, a priest or courtier, brings the deceased lady a bowl of beer, saying: "Beer for thy shooting." This is the first time that a sarcophagus has been found sculptured with scenes of this kind. This beautiful and unique monument, the finest of its kind in the Middle Kingdom period, and probably the finest relic yet found of the Eleventh Dynasty, is now in the Cairo Museum.

**Woman's Nightmare**

No woman's complete can be complete without children; it is her nature to love and want them as much as you and it is to love them beautiful and pure. The critical ordeal through which the expectant mother must pass, however, is so fraught with dread, pain, suffering and danger, that the very thought of it fills her with apprehension and horror. There is no necessity for the reproduction of life to be either painful or dangerous. The use of Mother's Friend so prepares the system for the coming event that it is safely passed without any danger. This great and wonderful remedy is always applied externally and has carried thousands of women through the trying crisis without suffering.

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