

AN ELOQUENT EULOGY UPON A "DEAD GAME SPORT"

Some years ago Riley Grannan, one of the most famous of race track plungers, died in Rawhide, Nevada. Poor in money, but rich in friends, at his funeral, held in an old variety theater, H. W. Knickerbocker, once a clergyman, delivered one of the most remarkable and beautiful of eulogies. An account of the funeral and of the eulogy as published at that time reads as follows:

RAWHIDE, April 15.—Half shielded under an all-epoch blanket, lodged in a common express wagon, the casket of Riley Grannan was carried recently down dusty Rawhide avenue and along Nevada street from the tented establishment of the camp's undertaker to an improvised memorial chapel, a variety theater at the rear of a saloon.

There congregated a throng in silks and corduroys, women of metropolitan costumes, miners covered with high-grade grime, prospectors tanned, brokers, bankers, merchants, promoters, owners of saloons, bartenders, gamblers, rouders. Tears that were shed dropped from the eyes of all. Again, as always in mining camps, class was forgotten. All men were equal.

A solemn hush came down upon the little playhouse where last night and tonight jostling crowds drank and smoked while listening to doubtful wit from the coarse jesters, men and women, on the variety forum. Hoveled about the pier of Riley Grannan, race-track plunger of national renown, was as solemn a group of sincere mourners as ever gathered to pay final tribute.

Former Actress Sings Solo. Solos were offered by Mrs. Hendricks, once an actress of wide fame, now wife of the editor of a Rawhide daily paper, and by Jack Hines, miner of Alaska, and lesser of Rawhide. Punctuations came with resounding blasts from a score of mines on the mountains just above. Saloons were closed and the streets were silent throughout the service. At its end a solemn cortege trudged, with the remains, destined by automobile to travel 20 miles to Schurz, there to go aboard the cars to Riley's brother in Kentucky.

Unique beyond experience and dramatic beyond compare was the eulogy pronounced by H. W. Knickerbocker, once a clergyman, then a mine operator of Goldfield, later a Rawhide pioneer. Hardly orthodox, but wholly in keeping with the scene and the mute desires of the dead, was the orator's appearance. The once pulpit exponent stood beside the ily-laden bier, his eyes bedimmed with tears, his voice choked with a fraternal emotion, he was shod in high boots

and clothed in the rough garb of a miner. A stenographic report of the eulogy follows:

"I feel that it is incumbent upon me to state that I now occupy no ministerial or clerical position. I am only a prospector. I make no claims to moral merit whatever or to religious authority except it be the religion of the brotherhood of man. I wish to be taken only as a man among men, feeling that I can shake hands with and-style as my brother the most humble of you all. If there may come from me a word of moral admonition, it springs not from a sense of moral superiority, only from the depths of my experience.

"Riley Grannan was born at Paris, Ky., about 40 years ago. He cherished all the dreams of boyhood. Those dreams found their fruition in phenomenal success financial. I am told that from the position of a bell-boy in a hotel he arose to be a celebrity of world-wide fame. Riley Grannan was one of the greatest plungers the continent has produced. He died day before yesterday at Rawhide.

"That is a brief statement. We have his birth, and the day of his demise. Who can fill the interim? Not I. Who can tell his hopes and fears Who knows the mystery of his quiet hours? Not I.

"Riley Grannan was born in the sunny southland of Kentucky. He died in Rawhide. That is the beginning. That is the end. Is there in this a picture of what Ingersoll said at the grave of his brother. Whether it be near the shore, or in mid-ocean, or among the breakers at the last, a wreck must mark the end of one and all?

"Born were brooks and rivers run musically through prolific soil, where magnolia gladiolus, like white stars, flow in a firmament of green, where lakes, the green ward and the softest summer breeze dimple the wavelets, where the air is resonant with the melody of a thousand sweet-voiced birds and redolent of the perfume of blooming flowers, that was the beginning. Riley Grannan died in Rawhide where in winter the tops of the mountains are clothed in garments of ice and in summer the blistering rays of the sun beat down upon the skeleton of the desert.

"Is there in this a picture of universal life? Sometimes, when I look upon the circumstances of life, there comes to my lips a curse. I relate to you my views only. If these run contrary to yours, believe what I say is sincere. When I see the ambitions of man defeated, when I see him struggling with mind and body to accomplish his end, when I see his aim and purpose frustrated only by a for-

titutious combination of circumstances over which he can exert no control, when I see his outstretched hands about to grasp the flag of victory, and to seize instead the emblem of defeat, I ask, 'What is life?' Dreams, awakening, death. Life is a pendulum betwixt a smile and a fear. Life is but a momentary halt within the waste and then the nothing we set out from. Life is a shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more. Life is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound, signifying nothing. Life is a child-blown bubble that but reflects the shadow of its environment and is gone, a mockery, a sham, a lie, a fool's vision, its happiness but Dead Sea apples, its pain the crunching of a tyrant's heel.

"Dead Game Sport," Says Speaker. "If I have gauged Riley Grannan's character correctly he accepted the circumstances surrounding him as the mystic officials to whom the universe had delegated its whole office concerning him. He took defeat and victory with equal equanimity. He was a man of placid exterior. His meteoric past shows him invincible in spirit and it is not irreverently that I proclaim him a dead game sport. When I use that phrase I do so as philosophy as it will hold. Riley Grannan fully exemplified the philosophy of those fugitive verses, 'It's easy enough to be happy when life goes along like a song; but the man worth while is the man who will smile when everything goes wrong; for the test of the heart is trouble, and it always comes with the years; and the smile is the smile that smiles throughout tears.'

"There are those who will condemn him. They believe that today he is reaping the reward of a mis-spent life. They are those who are dominated by medieval creeds. Them I am not addressing. They are ruled by the skeleton hand of the past. They fall to see the moral side of a character lived outside their puritanical ideas. Riley Grannan's goodness was not of a type that reached its highest manifestation in ceremonious piety. It found its expression in the handclasp of friendship. It found its voice in the word of cheer to a discouraged brother. His were deeds of quiet charity. His were acts of manhood.

"Riley Grannan lived in the world of sport. My words are not minced, because I am telling what I believe to be true. It was the world of sport, sometimes of hilarity, sometimes worse.

"He left the impress of his character upon us all and through the medium of his financial power he was able with his money to brighten the lives of all who knew him. He wasted his money, so the world says; but did it ever occur to you that the men and women of such class upon whom he wasted it are yet men and women? A little happiness brought into their lives means as much to them as happiness carried into the lives of the straight and good. If you can take one ray of sunshine into the night and thereby carry a single hour of happiness, you are a benefactor, Riley Grannan did this.

No Sunbeams Wasted. "God confined not his sunbeams to the nourishing of potatoes and corn. His scattering of sunshine was prodigal. Contemplate. He flings the auroral beauties round the cold shoulders of the north. He hangs the quivering picture of the mirage above

the palpitating heart of the desert. He scatters the sunbeams like shattered gold upon the bosom of a myriad of lakes that gem the robe of nature. He spangles the canopy of night with star jewels and silvers the world with the reflected beams from an high. He hangs the gorgeous crimson curtain of the Occident across the sleeping-room of the sun.

"God wakes the coy maid of the sunbeams. Are they? I say to you morning to step timidly from her boudoir of darkness, to climb the steep of the Orient, to fling wide the gates of morning and to trip o'er the landscape, kissing the flowers in her flight. She arouses the world to herald with their music the coming of her king, who floods the world with effulgent gold. These are wanted

by. For the friends and loved ones not here to say the word let me say goodbye, old man. We will try to exemplify the spirit of your life as we bear the grief at our parting. Words fall me here. Let the flowers, Riley, with their petaled lips and perfumed breath, speak in beauty and fragrance those sentiments too tender for words. Good-by."



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308 X YES IS A VOTE FOR YOUR CHILDREN

SQUARE DEAL FOR EASTERN OREGON

If you are in favor of a square deal for the country East of the Cascades you will vote for and work for THE PROPOSED EASTERN OREGON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT PENDLETON, OREGON. Oregon has but one Normal School. This school is located at Monmouth and is not able to supply more than TEN PER CENT of the teachers required in the public schools of Oregon. Of the more than six thousand teachers in our public schools, BUT 12 PER CENT are graduates of Normal Schools. It is a matter of simple justice to the country East of the Cascades to establish a Normal School East of the mountains to furnish thoroughly trained teachers for the schools of Eastern Oregon.

TRAINED INSTRUCTORS WANTED

Every resident of Eastern Oregon has a vital interest in the passage of this measure for Eastern Oregon pays HIGH SALARIES to her teachers and is entitled to the services of TRAINED INSTRUCTORS.

ONLY COSTS 4 CENTS PER \$1,000

The annual cost of maintenance of the proposed State Normal School amounts to BUT ONE 25TH OF A MILL OR 4 CENTS ON A THOUSAND DOLLARS of taxable property. Isn't it worth this to you to have your children trained to become USEFUL AND PRODUCTIVE citizens?

STRONG ENDORSEMENT

J. A. Churchill, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction voices the sentiment of the educators of the state when he says:

"Oregon's greatest need for its rural schools is the teacher who has had full preparation to do her work. Such preparation can best come through Normal School training.

"I trust that the voters of the state will assist in raising the standard of our schools by establishing a State Normal School at Pendleton. The location is central, the interest of the people of Pendleton in education most excellent, and the large number of pupils in the public schools will give ample opportunity to all students to get the amount of teaching practice required in a standard normal school."

The educators of the State insist that Standard Normal Schools be located in towns of 5000 population or more and having ENOUGH GRADE PUPILS FOR TEACHER PRACTICE.

BE LOYAL AND VOTE RIGHT

Show your loyalty to the best interests of Eastern Oregon and of the whole state by working for this measure and by voting YES FOR NO. 308. By voting YES for No. 308 you will help to GIVE TO THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF OREGON THE SAME ADVANTAGES ENJOYED BY THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF OUR NEIGHBORING STATES.

Eastern Oregon State Normal School Committee
By J. H. Gwinn, Secy., Pendleton, Ore.

(Paid advertisement)

The Real Thing

Off in my dreams have I pursued
Across the plains the snorting deer,
And though in frantic fear it "moosed,"
I roped the brute and bit his ear,
With perfect skill I threw the rope
And sent it hurtling through the air.

Oh, when it came to cowboy dope,
Believe me, kid, I was a bear—
Ne'er for excitement keen I pined—
I had the wild west in my mind.

The wildest broncho in all the bunch,
Boldly bestriding, I would spur,
Spite of its flip-flap, dive or hunch,
And stieg upon it like a burr.

I never pulled the leather yet,
But always beat the pony out.
At riding buckers, kid, you bet,
I was a moose without a doubt—
The woolly west, in wildest type—
I had the whole thing in my pipe.

In many a game I sat o' nights,
And played a reckless hand, indeed,
And when it came to guns and fights
Believe me, kid, I had the speed.
"Bank! Bang!" It was a furious sight

The way I got my guns in play,
And pulled a while, kid, in my way,
Always to war I was inclined—
In this great wild west in my mind.

But since I've seen the Round-Up show,
And watched the way that things are done,
And how the bucking bronchos go,
And steers are thrown in Pendleton,
The truth has got the fiction thrown."

I murmur, as I watch them there,
"Now, that I've seen the real thing shown—
I am a piker, kid, for fair,
There's lots of things here I don't find
In that big wild west in my mind."

—Dean Collins.