

"COWBOYLAND" WAS FOUND BY THE LATE COL. ROOSEVELT TO BE PEOPLED BY MEN WHO WERE BRAVE, RESOLUTE AND TRUTHFUL; HE HAD SOME VIVID WESTERN EXPERIENCES

His Foreman Once Grew Mad Because a Visitor Said He Had Given Him a Runaway Team to Drive; "That Could Not be" Said the Foreman, "Because That Team Had Not Been Driven Before."

Versatile in the things he thought and wrote and did and in the matter of his friendships, the real opinion of the late Theodore Roosevelt is one that is of surpassing interest.

One thing that should be borne in mind when reading the great American's account of his acquaintance with the cowboy is that he was on the plains many years ago, and some of the observations he made then, while true as a matter of history, no longer apply to the present; or at least there are comparatively few places in the West where they are now true.

No one would question Roosevelt's right to say what he thought of the cowboy. He was one himself, he lived many of them on his ranch, he was the commanding officer of a regiment composed of cowboys and other western men in the Spanish-American war, and his acquaintance with them, even if he had not been a very keen student and observer, would have qualified him, in case of having knowledge of their ways of living and their philosophies of life.

In his volume entitled, "Hunting The Grizzly," the final chapter is devoted to the subject, "In Cowboy Land," and under this head, Roosevelt assembled many experiences, both amusing and tragic, which had come under his observation. For those who love adventure the story is one richly deserving reading. It follows:

The Elemental Life

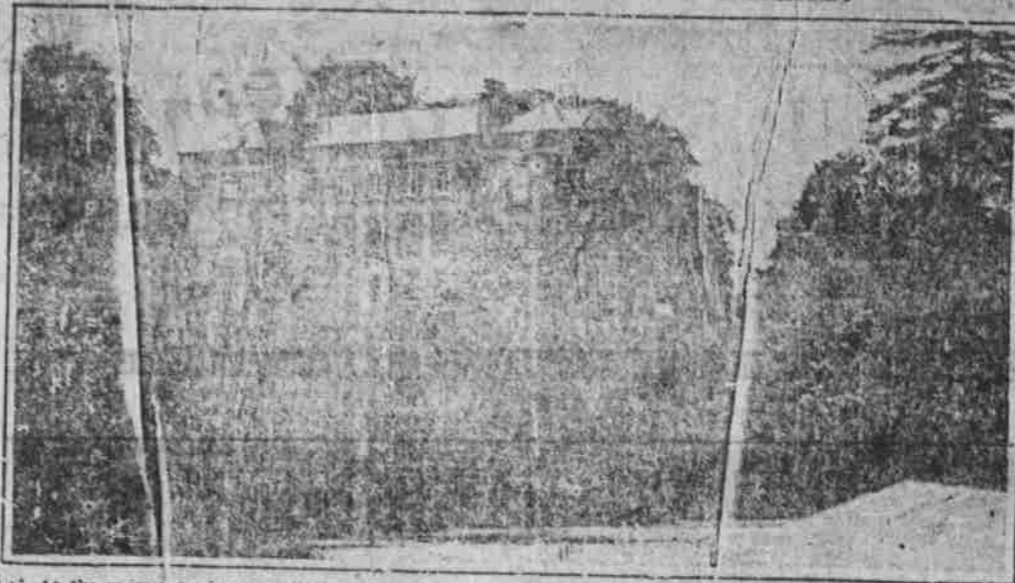
Out on the frontier, and generally among those who spend their lives in, or on the borders of, the wilderness, life is reduced to its elemental conditions. The passions and emotions of these grim hunters of the mountains, and wild rough-riders of the plains, are simpler and stronger than those of people dwelling in more complicated states of society. As soon as the communities become settled and begin to grow with any rapidity, the American instinct for law asserts itself; out in the earlier stages each individual is obliged to be a law to himself and to guard his rights with a strong hand. Of course the transition periods are full of incongruities. Men have not yet adjusted their relations to morality and law with any niceness. They hold strongly by certain rude virtues, and on the other hand they quite fail to recognize even as shortcomings not a few traits that obtain scant mercy in older communities. Many of the desperadoes, the man-killers, and road agents have good sides to their characters. Often they are people who, in certain stages of civilization, do, or have done, good work but who, when these stages have passed, find themselves surrounded by conditions which accentuate their worst qualities and make their best qualities useless. The average desperado, for instance, has, after all, much the same standard of morals that the Normal nobles

had in the days of the battle of Hastings, and, ethically and morally, he is decidedly in advance of the vikings, who were the ancestors of those same nobles—and to whom, by the way, he himself could doubtless trace a portion of his blood. If the transition from the wild lawlessness of life in the wilderness or on the border to a higher civilization were stretched out over a term of centuries, he and his descendants would doubtless accommodate themselves by degrees to the changing circumstances. But unfortunately in the far West the transition takes place with marvelous abruptness, and at an altogether unheard-of speed, and many a man's nature is unable to change with sufficient rapidity to allow him to harmonize with his environment. In consequence, unless he leaves for still wilder lands, he ends by getting hanged instead of founding a family which would reverse his name as that of a very capable, although in not all respects a conventionally moral, ancestor.

"Brave, Resolute, Truthful"

Most of the men with whom I was intimately thrown during my life on the frontier and in the wilderness were good fellows, hard-working, brave, resolute and truthful. At times, of course, they were forced of necessity to do deeds which would seem startling to dwellers in cities and in old settled places; and though they waged a very stern and relentless warfare upon evil-doers whose misdeeds had immediate and tangible bad results, they showed a wide toleration of all save the most extreme classes of wrong, and were not given to inquiring too curiously into a strong man's past, or to criticising him over-harshly for a failure to discriminate in finer ethical questions. Moreover, not a few of the men with whom I came in contact—with some of whom my relations were very close and friendly—had at different times led rather tough careers. This was accepted by them and by their companions as a fact, and—nothing more. There were certain offenses, such as rape, the robbery of a friend, or murder under circumstances of cowardice and treachery, which were never forgiven; but the fact that when the country was wild a young fellow had gone on the road—that is, become a highwayman, or had been chief of a gang of desperadoes, horse-thieves and cattle-killers—was scarcely to weigh against him, being treated as regrettable, but certainly not shameful, trait of youth. He was regarded by his neighbors with the same kindly tolerance which respectable medieval Scotch borderers doubtless extended to their wilder young men who would persist in raiding English cattle even in time of peace. Of course if these men were asked

Does This Mean Peace in Ireland?



At the moment when negotiations for Irish peace seemed deadlocked, the Sinn Fein started bargaining for this beautiful mansion as the official residence of the future Irish Prime Minister. It is St. Woolston's, one of the oldest mansions in Ireland. It is situated at Coleridge, Kildare county and is known as Scala Cool, "The Ladder of Heaven."

outright as to their stories they would have refused to tell them or else would have lied about them; but when they had grown to regard a man as a friend and companion they would often recount various incidents of their past lives with perfect frankness, and as they combined in a very curious degree both a decided sense of humor, and a failure to appreciate that there was anything especially remarkable in what they related, their tales were always entertaining.

In Search Of Horse

Early one spring, now nearly ten years ago, I was out hunting some lost horses. They had strayed from the range three months before, and we had in a roundabout way heard that they were ranging near some broken country, where a man named Brophy had a ranch, nearly fifty miles from my own. When I started thither the weather was warm, but the second day out it grew colder and a heavy snow-storm came on. Fortunately I was able to reach the ranch all right, finding there one of the sons of a Little Beaver ranchman, and a young cowpuncher belonging to a Texas outfit, whom I knew very well. After putting my horse into the corral and throwing him down some hay I strode into the low hut, made partly of turf and partly of cottonwood logs, and speedily warmed myself before the fire. We had a good warm supper, of bread, potatoes, fried venison and tea.

My two companions grew very sociable and began to talk freely over their pipes. There were two bunkies, one above the other. I climbed into the upper, leaving my friends, who occupied the lower, sitting together on a bench recounting different incidents in the careers of themselves and their cronies during the winter that had just passed. Soon one of them asked the other what had become of a certain horse, a noted cutting pony, which I had myself noticed the preceding fall. The question aroused the other to the memory of a wring which still rankled, and he began (I after one or two of the proper names):

The Stolen Pony

"Why, that was the pony that got stole. I had been workin' him on rough ground when I was out with the Three Bar outfit and he went tender forward, so I turned him loose by the Lazy B ranch, and when I came back to get him there wasn't anybody at the ranch and I couldn't find him. The sheepman who lives about two miles west, under Red Clay butte, told me he seen a fellow in a wolfskin coat, ridin' a photo-branco, with white eyes, leadin' that pony of mine just two days before; and I hunted around till I hit his trail and then I followed to where I'd reckoned he was headin' for—the Short Pine Hills. When I got there a rancher told me he had seen the man pass on toward Cedartown, and sure enough when I struck Cedartown I

found he lived there in a 'dobe house, just outside the town. There was a boom on the town and it looked pretty slick. There was two hotels and I went into the first, and I says, 'Where's the justice of the peace?' says I to the bartender.

"There ain't no justice of the peace," says he, "the justice of the peace got shot."

"Well, where's the constable?" says I.

"Why, it was him that shot the justice of the peace!" says he; "he's skipped the country with a bunch of horses."

"Well, ain't there no officer of the law left in this town?" says I.

"Why, of course," says he, "there's a probate judge; he's over tendin' bar at the Last Chance Hotel."

"So I went over to the Last Chance Hotel and I walked in there. 'Mornin', says I.

"Mornin'," says he.

"You're the probate judge?" says I.

"That's what I am," says he. "What do you want?" says he.

"What kind of justice do you want?" says he. "What's it for?"

"It's for stealin' a horse," says I.

"Then by God you'll get it," says he. "Who stole the horse?" says he.

"It is a man that lives in a 'dobe house, just outside the town there," says I.

"Well, where do you come from the mornin', rather than with referencin' yourself?" says he.

"From Medory," says I.

"Fitt that he lost interest and settled kind of back, and says he, 'There won't be Cedartown jury hang a dead-arsed man for stealin' a horse,'" says he.

"Well, what am I to do about my horse?" says I.

"Do?" says he; "well, you know where the man lives, don't you?" says he; "then sit up outside his house to-night and shoot him when he comes in," says he, "and skip out with the horse."

"All right," says I, "that's what I'll do, and I walked off."

"So I went off to his house and I hid down behind some sagebrushes to wait for him. He was not at home, but I could see his wife movin' about inside now and then, and I waited and waited, and it grew darker, and I began to say to myself, 'Now here you are lyin' out to shoot this man when he comes home, and it's gettin' dark, and you don't know him, and if you do shoot the next man that comes into that house, like as not it won't be the fellow you are after at all, but some perfectly innocent man a-comin' there after the other man's wife!'"

"So I up and saddled the bronc and lit out for home," concluded the narrator with the air of one justly proud of his own self-abnegating virtue.

"Mushroom" Towns

The "town" where the judge above mentioned dwelt was one of those squalid pretentiously named little clusters of makeshift dwellings which on the edge of the wild country spring up with the rapid growth of mushroom towns, and are often no longer lived. In their earlier stages these towns are frequently built entirely of canvas, and are subject to grotesque calamities. When the territory purchased from the Sioux, in the Dakotas, a couple of years ago, was thrown open to settlement there was a furious rush of men on horseback and in wagons, and various ambitious cities sprang up overnight. The new settlers were all under the influence of that curious craze which causes every true westerner to put unlimited faith in the unknown and untried; many had left all they had in a far better farming country, because they were true to their immemorial belief that, wherever they were, their luck would be better if they went somewhere else. They were always on the move, and headed for the vague beyond. As miners see visions of all the famous mines would-be city founders saw future St. Pauls and Omahas in every forlorn group of tents pitched by some muddy stream in a desert of gumbo and sage-brush; and they named both the towns and the canvas buildings in accordance with their bright hopes for

the morrow, rather than with referencin' to the mean facts of the day? One of these towns, which when twenty-four hours old boasted of six saloons, a "courthouse" and an "opera house," was overwhelmed by early disaster. The third of its life, a whirlwind came along and took off half the opera house and half the saloons; and the following evening lawless men nearly finished the work of the elements. The riders of a huge trail-outfit from Texas, to their glad surprise, discovered the town and abandoned themselves to a night of roarin' and lethal carousal. Next morning the city authorities were lamenting, with oaths of bitter rage that "them hell-and-twenty flyin' A cowpunchers had out the court-house up into pants." It was true. The cowboys were in need of shape, and with an admirable mixture of adventurism, frugality, and ready adaptability to circumstances, had made substitutes for the shape of canvas, out from the roof and walls of the happy temple of justice.

An Unconventional Philosophy

One of my valued friends in the mountains, and one of the best hunters with whom I ever traveled, was a man who had a peculiarly light-hearted way of looking at conventional social obligations. Though in some way a true backwoods Donatello, he was a man of much shrewdness and of great courage and resolution. Moreover, he possessed what only a few men do possess, the capacity to tell the truth. He saw facts as they were, and could tell them as they were, and he never told an untruth unless for very weighty reasons. He was pre-eminently a philosopher, of a happy sceptical turn of mind. He had no prejudices. He never looked down, as so many hard characters do, upon a person possessing a different code of ethics. His attitude was one of broad, genial tolerance. He saw nothing out of the way in the fact that he himself had been a road-agent, a professional gambler, and a desperado at different stages of his career. On the other hand, he did not in the least hold it against any one that he had always acted within the law. At the time that I knew him he had become a man of some substance, and naturally a staunch upholder of the existing order of things. But while he never boasted of his past deeds, he never apologized for them, and evidently would have been quite as incapable of understanding that they needed an apology as he would have been incapable of being guilty of mere vulgar boastfulness. He did not often allude to his past career at all. When he did, he related its incidents perfectly naturally and simply, as events, without any reference to or regard for

(Continued on page 3.)



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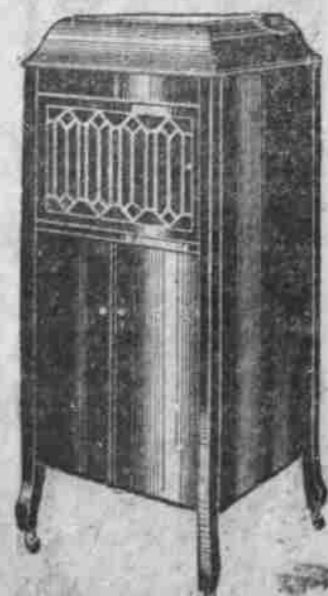
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