

Rogue River Courier.

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER, DEVOTED ESPECIALLY TO THE INTERESTS OF SOUTHERN OREGON.

VOL. XIV

GRANTS PASS, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1918.

No. 52

SMITH & HOUGH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Practices in all State and Federal Courts
Office over First National Bank.
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

ARTHUR P. HARTH,
DOCTOR OF DENTAL SURGERY,
Office over First National Bank,
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

H. C. PERKINS,
U. S. DEPUTY
MINERAL SURVEYOR,
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

Thomas Smith James Holman
Residence F. St. & Gilbert creek
F. St. & Gilbert creek
Residence North 10th street,
near factory.

SMITH & HOLMAN,
UNDERTAKERS,
Parlors 5th street, opp. Court House.
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

Carbon Photo Studio
Opp. Court House

We Make
a Specialty
of Children's
Photos.

All Work
Finished in from
3 to 6 Days.
Regardless of
the Weather.

GRANTS PASS, ORE.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

UNITED STATES.
President.....William McKinley
Vice President.....Garret A. Hobart
Secretary of State.....C. D. Hughes
Secretary of Treasury.....Wm. G. B. Ewing
Secretary of Interior.....C. E. Smith
Secretary of War.....Russell A. Alger
Secretary of Navy.....John D. Long
Secretary of Agriculture.....James Wilson
Postmaster-General.....James A. Gary
Attorney-General.....Joseph McKenna

STATE OF OREGON.
Governor.....Geo. W. McBride
Lieutenant Governor.....Wm. R. Ellis
Secretary of State.....C. M. Johnson
Secretary of Agriculture.....W. P. Lord
Secretary of Commerce.....Phil Metcham
Suppt. Pub. Instruction.....G. M. Irwin
State Printer.....W. H. Lewis

U. S. Senators.....Geo. W. McBride
.....Wm. R. Ellis
Congressmen.....Thos. H. Tongue
.....Wm. R. Ellis
Attorney-General.....C. M. Johnson
Secretary of State.....C. M. Johnson
Secretary of Agriculture.....W. P. Lord
Secretary of Commerce.....Phil Metcham
Suppt. Pub. Instruction.....G. M. Irwin
State Printer.....W. H. Lewis

Supreme Judges.....C. E. Wolverton
.....R. S. Bean
.....F. A. Moore
Justices.....F. A. Moore
.....J. B. Eddy
.....H. B. Compton
Clerk of R. R. Commission.....Lyndell Baker
Clerk Board School Land Comm.....H. B. Compton
FIRST JUDICIAL DISTRICT.
Western Division.....Judge H. K. Hanna
Eastern Division.....Judge H. L. Benson
Prosecuting Attorney.....C. B. Watson
Member Board of Equalization.....T. B. Elliott
S. LAND OFFICE REGISTER.
Receiver.....Henry Booth
Register.....J. T. Briggs

JOSEPHINE COUNTY.
Joint Senator.....C. E. Harmon
County Judge.....J. H. Colby
County Clerk.....Nick Thoms
Commissioners.....Dick George
County Clerk.....Roy Bartlett
Assessor.....A. W. P. Lord
Representative.....J. W. Virtue
Treasurer.....J. T. Briggs
School Superintendent.....J. D. Hayes
Assessor.....G. M. Pollock
Surveyor.....B. O. McCulloch
Coroner.....Dr. J. Myers

PRECINCT OFFICERS.
Justice.....James Holman
Constable.....J. H. Colby
CITY OF GRANTS PASS.
Mayor.....W. T. Coburn
Auditor.....W. Elmer Metzger
Treasurer.....C. J. Johnson
Member Board of Equalization.....T. B. Elliott
Marshal.....F. W. Hoggerth
Dr. Wm. Flanagan
L. L. Jennings
F. L. Coran
W. A. Hastings
Frank Fetsch
Fred Gray

Regular meetings of the city council of Grants Pass are held in the council rooms in the city hall on the first and third Thursday evenings of each month.
CITY COURT.
Meets on the third Monday in April and the fourth Monday in September.
COUNTY COURT.
Probate court meets first Monday of January, April, July and November. County commissioners court meets first Wednesday after the meeting of the county court.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
— OF —
SOUTHERN OREGON.
Capital Stock, - - \$50,000.
Receive deposits subject to check or certificate payable on demand.
Sells drafts on New York, San Francisco and Portland.
Telegraphic transfers sold on all points in the United States.
Special Attention given to Collections on general business of our customers.
Collections made throughout Southern Oregon, and on all accessible points.
J. D. FRY, President.
J. T. TUPPES, Vice President.
R. A. Booth, Cashier

MINING and SCIENTIFIC PRESS
Twenty-Ninth Year.
24 Pages 1 Weekly 1 Illustrated.
INDISPENSABLE TO MINING MEN.
\$2 PER YEAR, POSTPAID.
SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY.
MINING and Scientific PRESS
330 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Local Happenings

Shoes repaired at Haskett's. Blank notes at the Courier office. Bicycle hospital for all repairing at Cramer Bros.

Still on top. Phely, the artist, at the Carbon Studio. Take your blacksmithing to Trimble & Baehner for first-class work. For a first-class meal, go to the City Hotel, E. A. Williams, proprietor. The Carbon Studio is the leading photograph gallery and Phely is the artist.

Mr. Ruth G. Sweet and daughter made us a pleasant call one day last week. Mrs. Sweet was on her way to Leland where she will conduct a series of revival meetings.

Judge H. L. Benson has completed his term of court in Coos county for Judge Hamilton of Roseburg and left for Klamath last Monday. The judge is rapidly becoming accustomed to the responsible duties of his office.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has the largest sale of any salve in the world. This fact in its merit has led dishonest people to attempt to counterfeit it. Look out for the man who attempts to deceive you when you call for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.

A Lempie feels greatly pleased with the prompt payment of his fire insurance claim against the Phoenix insurance company who paid the amount in full. Mr. Lempie also wishes to thank those who assisted in saving his goods when the house burned.

More than twenty million free samples of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve have been distributed by the manufacturer. What better proof of their confidence in its merits do you want? It cures piles, burns, scalds, sores, in the shortest space of time. W. F. Kremer.

The many friends of N. P. Dodge will be sorry to hear of the misfortune that befell him one day last week, while out riding in Ashland. Mr. and Mrs. Dodge were riding upon the hillside when the buggy tipped over throwing both out. Mr. Dodge had his ankle badly sprained so that at last accounts he could not touch his foot to the floor. We hope that he may soon recover.

TAKE NOTICE.
I will open at once an agency for
Wanamaker & Brown's
...Celebrated Clothing
They need no further advertising, as they are well known all over the world for SUPERIOR QUALITY AND LOW PRICE.
Give us a call, Ralph Mark, Agt., Grants Pass.

A. K. RUSS,
Bartlett's Old Stand,
Staple and Fancy Groceries, Provisions
FLOUR AND FEED.
Miners' Supplies a Specialty.
Cash Paid for Produce.

Grants Pass Marble and Granite Works
J. B. PADDOCK, Prop.
Having purchased the Marble Stock and Business heretofore owned and conducted by Will Jackson, I am now in position to furnish anything in the line of Cemetery work either in MARBLE or GRANITE. I have had over a quarter of a century of experience in the Marble and Granite Business and can fill your orders promptly and give you the best of workmanship.
Will make a specialty of construction work from your own designs.
J. B. PADDOCK.

SOUTHERN OREGON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
ASHLAND, OREGON.
Located in that part of Oregon which is noted for fine climate, good health, excellent water and large peaches.
This school has a regular normal course of four years. Other lines of study are sub-normal, college preparatory, music and art courses, special studies, teachers' review classes.
The normal senior class practices teaching throughout the year under the direct supervision of a thorough critic teacher.
The training school is graded. Grades accepted from good schools.
The regular normal school diploma is granted, good everywhere in the state without further examination.
Expenses: All expenses for school year, \$125; not including books, \$115. Next school year opens September 5.
For catalogue or information address,
W. T. VAN SCOY, President.

Grants Pass & Crescent City -- STAGE LINE --
Carries U. S. Mails, Passengers and Stage Express.
Stages run both ways daily between Grants Pass Oregon, and Crescent City Cal., passing through the following interior points: Wilderville, Love's Anderson, Kerby, Waldo, Shelly Creek, Patrick's Creek, Gasquet.

TIME TABLE.
WESTBOUND
Leave Grants Pass.....9 a. m.
Arrive at Waldo.....7 p. m.
Leave Waldo.....4 a. m.
Arrive at Crescent City.....6 p. m.
EASTBOUND
Leave Crescent City.....6 a. m.
Arrive at Waldo.....8 p. m.
Leave Waldo.....7 a. m.
Arrive at Grants Pass.....5 p. m.

The scenery through this line passes is beautiful. A delightful mountain road from Gasquet to Crescent City. Excursion rates during summer season.
J. C. HARPER, Grants Pass, Ore., Manager.

Mining bonds and leases for sale at the COBBER office.
Subscribers who do not receive their daily Bulletin regularly should leave word at the office.
Roa Benson and wife left for Klamath Falls last Monday for a visit with her parents for two or three weeks.
Remember the power house at the electric light plant is where you can have your wheat, oats and barley rolled for your stock.
Grocers charge 1 cent a pound for salt; druggists call it chloride of sodium and tax you 50 cents an ounce, yet we are told there is nothing in a name.
A stubborn cough or tickling in the throat yields to One Minute Cough Cure. Throat in effect, teaches the right spot, reliable and just what is wanted. It acts at once. W. F. Kremer.

The Hon. Joe Simon, United States senator elect, was a passenger on Monday's overland going to San Francisco.
For nearly five months have been appearing portraits of the successful naval heroes of the late war and the etologies of their gallantry, skill and courage, all of which is well deserved. It is right and proper that such patriotic effort, energetic skill and daring courage should be given full recognition and grateful prominence. But the officers of the line are not the only ones in the late war who deserve well of their country. Fully equal to them in the point of bravery, skill and courage were the naval engineers. To these latter, no less than to the former, is due whatever gratitude and admiration the country sees fit to bestow. None the less than the officers of the line did the engineers exhibit genius, skill and devotion, and it is but a simple record of a plain fact to note that it was the heroic ability of the engineering staff of the United States navy that made victory assured.—Mining and Scientific Press.

Crescent City and Grants Pass Stage Line Passenger Rates.
From Grants Pass
To Wilderville.....\$.75
To Love's or Anderson.....\$ 1.00
To Selma.....\$ 1.25
To Kerby.....\$ 2.00
To Waldo.....\$ 3.00
Excursion rates good for 60 days from date, from Grants Pass to Crescent City: To Crescent City and return.....\$ 15.00
Two persons, each.....\$ 12.00
In companies of 3 or more, each.....\$ 10.00

The many friends of N. P. Dodge will be sorry to hear of the misfortune that befell him one day last week, while out riding in Ashland. Mr. and Mrs. Dodge were riding upon the hillside when the buggy tipped over throwing both out. Mr. Dodge had his ankle badly sprained so that at last accounts he could not touch his foot to the floor. We hope that he may soon recover.

That "truth is stranger than fiction" may be, but politics is stranger than either. The talk of some politicians around Washington about the campaign for Indiana is proof of this assertion. For instance, it is asserted by some republicans that there are some in their party who desire Col. Roosevelt to be defeated for governor, because, if he wins, he might be a troublesome candidate for the presidential nomination in 1900, and it is equally as strongly asserted by democrats that their party in the South and West want Roosevelt to win because, if Van Wyck wins, the New York delegation to the next democratic national convention would suppose themselves to have prestige enough to keep the silver issue out of the platform just as it has been kept out of the New York platform, and to insist upon the nomination of an anti-silver man for president.

Reading Whipple of Minnesota, who is attending the Episcopal convention at Washington says of the Indiana uprising in his history: "The Indians at Bear Island have always been refused civilization. The whole difficulty has been due to fire water which has been smuggled to them. The Indian police are good fellows, but they seem to be unable to prevent the introduction of whiskey among their brethren, and when these Indians are drunk they are veritable devils. The punishment for smuggling should be made more severe, and then the practice might be broken up. There is not the slightest cause for the belief that a general uprising will occur. There are 6000 Chippewas in Minnesota, and they have always been friends of the whites, and as a rule they are honest and law abiding." War department officials say the trouble is now all over.

President McKinley has shown upon more than one occasion that he has moral courage of a high order. Just before the war began an order was prepared exempting several thousand positions placed under the civil service rules, by Mr. Cleveland's blanket order, but the war came on and the order was laid aside, because the president had more important affairs to look after. Several days ago several prominent representatives called on the president and asked him to issue that order at once, to help his party in the congressional election. The president told them that he has made up his mind to issue the order, but could not do so until after the congressional election, because he had no intention of engaging in such small politics as many would consider the issuing of the order in the midst of a campaign. A politician deserves more credit for displaying moral courage than an ordinary man, because such displays are rare.

Truth wears well. People have learned that DeWitt's Little-Emery is a reliable little pill for regulating the bowels, curing constipation and sick headaches. They don't gripe. W. F. Kremer.

Washington Letter.

(From our regular correspondent.)
Washington, October 10, 1918.—The presidential train left Washington this morning for the Omaha exposition, but the president was not aboard of it. The president and Mrs. McKinley left Saturday night for Canton to attend the funeral of Mrs. McKinley's brother who was killed. After the funeral, the president will join the Washington party, consisting of members of the cabinet, other officials, and ladies of the families, and proceed to Omaha, in accordance with the published program, but when she left Washington, Mrs. McKinley expressed her intention of remaining at Canton.

Secretary Alger has gone to Omaha, and he left Washington in an excellent humor. Whatever may have been his expectations of the evidence that would be given before the commission that is investigating the war department on the whole to the war department, the witnesses thus far examined have said. There isn't the slightest doubt that the general public has been greatly surprised by the evidence. It was expected that some mismanagement would be shown by the testimony of almost every witness, but such has not been the case, and the witnesses have included men, who certainly should have known of the existence of anything that was very bad—such men as Generals Lee, Wheeler, Boynton, and Greene, the last of whom said that he thought the only trouble was caused by the army regulations, which had been adopted in time of peace, not being adapted to the exigencies of war.

The difficulties in the way of securing any mutually satisfactory tariff arrangement—reciprocity—between the United States and Canada, have been strikingly brought to the front, while the joint commission, which has been sitting in Canada, and which after a short recess, will reassemble at Washington, Nov. 1, has been dealing with the subject. First it was the lumber men who were alarmed at the favors that were being asked of the commission by Canada, and now it is the coal men who have become frightened and called upon their congressional friends to save them from Canadian free coal. Chairman Dingley and Representative Grosvenor of Ohio, who represent a coal mining district and who have their heads together devising means to impress upon the minds of the United States commissioners that Canadian coal must not be admitted free, no matter what is offered at the offset. It is just as well to bear in mind that the work of the joint commission will not bind this country until it has been approved by the president and ratified by two thirds vote of the senate.

"Bishopville" is the name that has been given to Washington since the assembling of the triennial general convention of the P. E. church in America, last week because of the large number of bishops in attendance upon the convention.

That "truth is stranger than fiction" may be, but politics is stranger than either. The talk of some politicians around Washington about the campaign for Indiana is proof of this assertion. For instance, it is asserted by some republicans that there are some in their party who desire Col. Roosevelt to be defeated for governor, because, if he wins, he might be a troublesome candidate for the presidential nomination in 1900, and it is equally as strongly asserted by democrats that their party in the South and West want Roosevelt to win because, if Van Wyck wins, the New York delegation to the next democratic national convention would suppose themselves to have prestige enough to keep the silver issue out of the platform just as it has been kept out of the New York platform, and to insist upon the nomination of an anti-silver man for president.

Reading Whipple of Minnesota, who is attending the Episcopal convention at Washington says of the Indiana uprising in his history: "The Indians at Bear Island have always been refused civilization. The whole difficulty has been due to fire water which has been smuggled to them. The Indian police are good fellows, but they seem to be unable to prevent the introduction of whiskey among their brethren, and when these Indians are drunk they are veritable devils. The punishment for smuggling should be made more severe, and then the practice might be broken up. There is not the slightest cause for the belief that a general uprising will occur. There are 6000 Chippewas in Minnesota, and they have always been friends of the whites, and as a rule they are honest and law abiding." War department officials say the trouble is now all over.

President McKinley has shown upon more than one occasion that he has moral courage of a high order. Just before the war began an order was prepared exempting several thousand positions placed under the civil service rules, by Mr. Cleveland's blanket order, but the war came on and the order was laid aside, because the president had more important affairs to look after. Several days ago several prominent representatives called on the president and asked him to issue that order at once, to help his party in the congressional election. The president told them that he has made up his mind to issue the order, but could not do so until after the congressional election, because he had no intention of engaging in such small politics as many would consider the issuing of the order in the midst of a campaign. A politician deserves more credit for displaying moral courage than an ordinary man, because such displays are rare.

Truth wears well. People have learned that DeWitt's Little-Emery is a reliable little pill for regulating the bowels, curing constipation and sick headaches. They don't gripe. W. F. Kremer.

Roosevelt and His Men.

There was a thunder of hoofs on the road that descends the slope from Camp Wikoff to the Life Saving Station, and a squad of horsemen swarmed over the hill. A stocky, strongly built man on a big horse was in the lead. In his worn uniform and gray hair he had suggested irresistibly, as he swept by, Sheridan on his wild ride to "Winchester, twenty miles away." They were gone like the wind, leaving the muddy ford at the foot of the hill and galloping manly across the sands. My horse, that had been joggling along sedately enough till then, caught the spirit of the rush and made after them, hard as he could go. On the beach we caught up with them, riding in and out the surf with shouts of delight, like so many centaurs at play. The salt spray dashed over them in showers of shining white, but they yelled back defiance at the ocean. Their leader watched them from his horse, and laughed loudly at their sport.

They were Roosevelt and his men. "Roosevelt's Rough Riders" belong to history now with the war in which they held such a picturesque place. Even as I write, the first steps are being taken toward mustering them out, and likely before this meets the eye of the reader the famous regiment will have been disbanded, and its members—those who survived the campaign before Santiago—will have stepped back with their chief into the ranks of a people intent upon the arts of peace whence they came at the call of their country almost in a single day. I had seen them go, full of youthful spirits, spoiling for a fight, and it was my privilege to hear the last speech their Colonel made to them on the night when the news of the disbandment came. He had ridden up from the Commanding General's quarters with the message, and, calling his men about him in the broad street facing the officers' tents, told them of the coming parting.

"I know what you were in the field," he said. "You were brave and strong. I ask now of you that every man shall go back and serve his country as well in peace as he did in war. I can trust you to do it."

They tried to cheer, some of them, but they had no heart in it. The men went quietly to their tents with sober faces, and I saw in them that which warranted the trust their Colonel put in them.

The Rough Riders were not, as many have supposed, a product of the war with Spain. On the contrary, the mounted riflemen were the historic arm of the United States from the earliest days of the Nation. In the War of the Revolution they came out of the West and killed or captured the whole of the British forces at King's Mountain. A descendant of two of the three Colonels who commanded them then fought with Roosevelt at Las Guasimas and on the St. Juan hill. They furnished the backbone of Andrew Jackson's forces in the war of 1812. As the Texas Rangers they became famous in the troubles with Mexico. They conquered the French towns on the Illinois, and won the "body" from the Indians in a hundred bloody fights. In the Civil War they lost, to a great extent, their identity, but not their place in the van and the thick of the fight. Theodore Roosevelt as a historian knew their record and value; as a hunter and a plainsman he knew where to find the material with which to fill up the long-broken ranks. It came at the counting-rooms and colleges of the East, wherever the spirit of adventure had sent young men out with the rifle to hunt big game or to engage in the outdoor sports that train mind and body to endure uncomplainingly the hardships of campaigning. The Rough Riders were the most composite lot that ever gathered under a regimental standard, but they were at the same time singularly typical of the spirit that conquered a continent in three generations, eminent American. Probably such another will never be got together again; in no other country on earth could it have been mustered today. The cow-boy, the Indian trader, the Indian himself, the packer and the hunter who had sought and killed the grizzly in single combat

They tried to cheer, some of them, but they had no heart in it. The men went quietly to their tents with sober faces, and I saw in them that which warranted the trust their Colonel put in them.

The Rough Riders were not, as many have supposed, a product of the war with Spain. On the contrary, the mounted riflemen were the historic arm of the United States from the earliest days of the Nation. In the War of the Revolution they came out of the West and killed or captured the whole of the British forces at King's Mountain. A descendant of two of the three Colonels who commanded them then fought with Roosevelt at Las Guasimas and on the St. Juan hill. They furnished the backbone of Andrew Jackson's forces in the war of 1812. As the Texas Rangers they became famous in the troubles with Mexico. They conquered the French towns on the Illinois, and won the "body" from the Indians in a hundred bloody fights. In the Civil War they lost, to a great extent, their identity, but not their place in the van and the thick of the fight. Theodore Roosevelt as a historian knew their record and value; as a hunter and a plainsman he knew where to find the material with which to fill up the long-broken ranks. It came at the counting-rooms and colleges of the East, wherever the spirit of adventure had sent young men out with the rifle to hunt big game or to engage in the outdoor sports that train mind and body to endure uncomplainingly the hardships of campaigning. The Rough Riders were the most composite lot that ever gathered under a regimental standard, but they were at the same time singularly typical of the spirit that conquered a continent in three generations, eminent American. Probably such another will never be got together again; in no other country on earth could it have been mustered today. The cow-boy, the Indian trader, the Indian himself, the packer and the hunter who had sought and killed the grizzly in single combat

They tried to cheer, some of them, but they had no heart in it. The men went quietly to their tents with sober faces, and I saw in them that which warranted the trust their Colonel put in them.

The Rough Riders were not, as many have supposed, a product of the war with Spain. On the contrary, the mounted riflemen were the historic arm of the United States from the earliest days of the Nation. In the War of the Revolution they came out of the West and killed or captured the whole of the British forces at King's Mountain. A descendant of two of the three Colonels who commanded them then fought with Roosevelt at Las Guasimas and on the St. Juan hill. They furnished the backbone of Andrew Jackson's forces in the war of 1812. As the Texas Rangers they became famous in the troubles with Mexico. They conquered the French towns on the Illinois, and won the "body" from the Indians in a hundred bloody fights. In the Civil War they lost, to a great extent, their identity, but not their place in the van and the thick of the fight. Theodore Roosevelt as a historian knew their record and value; as a hunter and a plainsman he knew where to find the material with which to fill up the long-broken ranks. It came at the counting-rooms and colleges of the East, wherever the spirit of adventure had sent young men out with the rifle to hunt big game or to engage in the outdoor sports that train mind and body to endure uncomplainingly the hardships of campaigning. The Rough Riders were the most composite lot that ever gathered under a regimental standard, but they were at the same time singularly typical of the spirit that conquered a continent in three generations, eminent American. Probably such another will never be got together again; in no other country on earth could it have been mustered today. The cow-boy, the Indian trader, the Indian himself, the packer and the hunter who had sought and killed the grizzly in single combat

They tried to cheer, some of them, but they had no heart in it. The men went quietly to their tents with sober faces, and I saw in them that which warranted the trust their Colonel put in them.

The Rough Riders were not, as many have supposed, a product of the war with Spain. On the contrary, the mounted riflemen were the historic arm of the United States from the earliest days of the Nation. In the War of the Revolution they came out of the West and killed or captured the whole of the British forces at King's Mountain. A descendant of two of the three Colonels who commanded them then fought with Roosevelt at Las Guasimas and on the St. Juan hill. They furnished the backbone of Andrew Jackson's forces in the war of 1812. As the Texas Rangers they became famous in the troubles with Mexico. They conquered the French towns on the Illinois, and won the "body" from the Indians in a hundred bloody fights. In the Civil War they lost, to a great extent, their identity, but not their place in the van and the thick of the fight. Theodore Roosevelt as a historian knew their record and value; as a hunter and a plainsman he knew where to find the material with which to fill up the long-broken ranks. It came at the counting-rooms and colleges of the East, wherever the spirit of adventure had sent young men out with the rifle to hunt big game or to engage in the outdoor sports that train mind and body to endure uncomplainingly the hardships of campaigning. The Rough Riders were the most composite lot that ever gathered under a regimental standard, but they were at the same time singularly typical of the spirit that conquered a continent in three generations, eminent American. Probably such another will never be got together again; in no other country on earth could it have been mustered today. The cow-boy, the Indian trader, the Indian himself, the packer and the hunter who had sought and killed the grizzly in single combat

They tried to cheer, some of them, but they had no heart in it. The men went quietly to their tents with sober faces, and I saw in them that which warranted the trust their Colonel put in them.

The Rough Riders were not, as many have supposed, a product of the war with Spain. On the contrary, the mounted riflemen were the historic arm of the United States from the earliest days of the Nation. In the War of the Revolution they came out of the West and killed or captured the whole of the British forces at King's Mountain. A descendant of two of the three Colonels who commanded them then fought with Roosevelt at Las Guasimas and on the St. Juan hill. They furnished the backbone of Andrew Jackson's forces in the war of 1812. As the Texas Rangers they became famous in the troubles with Mexico. They conquered the French towns on the Illinois, and won the "body" from the Indians in a hundred bloody fights. In the Civil War they lost, to a great extent, their identity, but not their place in the van and the thick of the fight. Theodore Roosevelt as a historian knew their record and value; as a hunter and a plainsman he knew where to find the material with which to fill up the long-broken ranks. It came at the counting-rooms and colleges of the East, wherever the spirit of adventure had sent young men out with the rifle to hunt big game or to engage in the outdoor sports that train mind and body to endure uncomplainingly the hardships of campaigning. The Rough Riders were the most composite lot that ever gathered under a regimental standard, but they were at the same time singularly typical of the spirit that conquered a continent in three generations, eminent American. Probably such another will never be got together again; in no other country on earth could it have been mustered today. The cow-boy, the Indian trader, the Indian himself, the packer and the hunter who had sought and killed the grizzly in single combat

They tried to cheer, some of them, but they had no heart in it. The men went quietly to their tents with sober faces, and I saw in them that which warranted the trust their Colonel put in them.

The Rough Riders were not, as many have supposed, a product of the war with Spain. On the contrary, the mounted riflemen were the historic arm of the United States from the earliest days of the Nation. In the War of the Revolution they came out of the West and killed or captured the whole of the British forces at King's Mountain. A descendant of two of the three Colonels who commanded them then fought with Roosevelt at Las Guasimas and on the St. Juan hill. They furnished the backbone of Andrew Jackson's forces in the war of 1812. As the Texas Rangers they became famous in the troubles with Mexico. They conquered the French towns on the Illinois, and won the "body" from the Indians in a hundred bloody fights. In the Civil War they lost, to a great extent, their identity, but not their place in the van and the thick of the fight. Theodore Roosevelt as a historian knew their record and value; as a hunter and a plainsman he knew where to find the material with which to fill up the long-broken ranks. It came at the counting-rooms and colleges of the East, wherever the spirit of adventure had sent young men out with the rifle to hunt big game or to engage in the outdoor sports that train mind and body to endure uncomplainingly the hardships of campaigning. The Rough Riders were the most composite lot that ever gathered under a regimental standard, but they were at the same time singularly typical of the spirit that conquered a continent in three generations, eminent American. Probably such another will never be got together again; in no other country on earth could it have been mustered today. The cow-boy, the Indian trader, the Indian himself, the packer and the hunter who had sought and killed the grizzly in single combat

They tried to cheer, some of them, but they had no heart in it. The men went quietly to their tents with sober faces, and I saw in them that which warranted the trust their Colonel put in them.

In his mountain fastness, touched elbow with the New York policeman who, for love of adventure, had followed his once chief of the war, with the college athlete, the football player and the oarsman, the dare-devil mountaineer of Georgia, fresh from hunting moonshiners as a revenue officer, and with the society man, the child of luxury and wealth from the East, bent upon proving that a life of ease had dulled neither his manhood nor his sense of our common citizenship. They did it in a way that was a revelation to some who under other circumstances and in a different environment would have called them "dudes." In the fight they were the coolest and in the camp (frequently the hardest of the lot. One whose name is synonymous with exclusiveness in New York's "smart set," and who for bravery in the face of the enemy rose to command of his troop, achieved among his brother officers the reputation of being handiest at "washing up" after "grub," when they had any. And it happened more than once on the long marches through the Cuban jungle, when "Roosevelt's Rough Riders," compelled to campaign on foot, in humorous desperation had taken the more fitting title of "Wood's Weary Walkers" to themselves, that some Eastern-bred man with normal manners of languid elegance was able to relieve his harder Western neighbor who had never walked five miles on foot in his life. When at the end of the march the college chap came trudging up cheerfully carrying two packs beside his own and then sneaked back into the back among the trees and gave his rifle and canteen. So fitted out, he fought on until his comrades charged forward and he could no longer shoot without danger of hitting them. The annoyance man found him and took him to the hospital in the rear, deeming his wound mortal. In the camp he was supposed to be dead, until, a week later, he came limping out on foot. He had got tired of the hospital and started for the front where "something was going on." So with the carpenter Powland from Santa Fe, who was shot through the side and sent back by Colonel Roosevelt, who saw the blood dripping from the wound. He went obediently until he was out of sight, and then sneaked back into the back among the trees and gave his rifle and canteen. So fitted out, he fought on until his comrades charged forward and he could no longer shoot without danger of hitting them. The annoyance man found him and took him to the hospital in the rear, deeming his wound mortal. In the camp he was supposed to be dead, until, a week later, he came limping out on foot. He had got tired of the hospital and started for the front where "something was going on." So with the carpenter Powland from Santa Fe, who was shot through the side and sent back by Colonel Roosevelt, who saw the blood dripping from the wound. He went obediently until he was out of sight, and then sneaked back into the back among the trees and gave his rifle and canteen. So fitted out, he fought on until his comrades charged forward and he could no longer shoot without danger of hitting them. The annoyance man found him and took him to the hospital in the rear, deeming his wound mortal. In the camp he was supposed to be dead, until, a week later, he came limping out on foot. He had got tired of the hospital and started for the front where "something was going on." So with the carpenter Powland from Santa Fe, who was shot through the side and sent back by Colonel Roosevelt, who saw the blood dripping from the wound. He went obediently until he was out of sight, and then sneaked back into the back among the trees and gave his rifle and canteen. So fitted out, he fought on until his comrades charged forward and he could no longer shoot without danger of hitting them. The annoyance man found him and took him to the hospital in the rear, deeming his wound mortal. In the camp he was supposed to be dead, until, a week later, he came limping out on foot. He had got tired of the hospital and started for the front where "something was going on." So with the carpenter Powland from Santa Fe, who was shot through the side and sent back by Colonel Roosevelt, who saw the blood dripping from the wound. He went obediently until he was out of sight, and then sneaked back into the back among the trees and gave his rifle and canteen. So fitted out, he fought on until his comrades charged forward and he could no longer shoot without danger of hitting them. The annoyance man found him and took him to the hospital in the rear, deeming his wound mortal. In the camp he was supposed to be dead, until, a week later, he came limping out on foot. He had got tired of the hospital and started for the front where "something was going on." So with the carpenter Powland from Santa Fe, who was shot through the side and sent back by Colonel Roosevelt, who saw the blood dripping from the wound. He went obediently until he was out of sight, and then sneaked back into the back among the trees and gave his rifle and canteen. So fitted out, he fought on until his comrades charged forward and he could no longer shoot without danger of hitting them. The annoyance man found him and took him to the hospital in the rear, deeming his wound mortal. In the camp he was supposed to be dead, until, a week later, he came limping out on foot. He had got tired of the hospital and started for the front where "something was going on." So with the carpenter Powland from Santa Fe, who was shot through the side and sent back by Colonel Roosevelt, who saw the blood dripping from the wound. He went obediently until he was out of sight, and then sneaked back into the back among the trees and gave his rifle and canteen. So fitted out, he fought on until his comrades charged forward and he could no longer shoot without danger of hitting them. The annoyance man found him and took him to the hospital in the rear, deeming his wound mortal. In the camp he was supposed to be dead, until, a week later, he came limping out on foot. He had got tired of the hospital and started for the front where "something was going on." So with the carpenter Powland from Santa Fe, who was shot through the side and sent back by Colonel Roosevelt, who saw the blood dripping from the wound. He went obediently until he was out of sight, and then sneaked back into the back among the trees and gave his rifle and canteen. So fitted out, he fought on until his comrades charged forward and he could no longer shoot without danger of hitting them. The annoyance man found him and took him to the hospital in the rear, deeming his wound mortal. In the camp he was supposed to be dead, until, a week later, he came limping out on foot. He had got tired of the hospital and started for the front where "something was going on." So with the carpenter Powland from Santa Fe, who was shot through the side and sent back by Colonel Roosevelt, who saw the blood dripping from the wound. He went obediently until he was out of sight, and then sneaked back into the back among the trees and gave his rifle and canteen. So fitted out, he fought on until his comrades charged forward and he could no longer shoot without danger of hitting them. The annoyance man found him and took him to the hospital in the rear, deeming his wound mortal. In the camp he was supposed to be dead, until, a week later, he came limping out on foot. He had got tired of the hospital and started for the front where "something was going on." So with the carpenter Powland from Santa Fe, who was shot through the side and sent back by Colonel Roosevelt, who saw the blood dripping from the wound. He went obediently until he was out of sight, and then sneaked back into the back among the trees and gave his rifle and canteen. So fitted out, he fought on until his comrades charged forward and he could no longer shoot without danger of hitting them. The annoyance man found him and took him to the hospital in the rear, deeming his wound mortal. In the camp he was supposed to be dead, until, a week later, he came limping out on foot. He had got tired of the hospital and started for the front where "something was going on." So with the carpenter Powland from Santa Fe, who was shot through the side and sent back by Colonel Roosevelt, who saw the blood dripping from the wound. He went obediently until he was out of sight, and then sneaked back into the back among the trees and gave his rifle and canteen. So fitted out, he fought on until his comrades charged forward and he could no longer shoot without danger of hitting them. The annoyance man found him and took him to the hospital in the rear, deeming his wound mortal. In the camp he was supposed to be dead, until, a week later, he came limping out on foot. He had got tired of the hospital and started for the front where "something was going on." So with the carpenter Powland from Santa Fe, who was shot through the side and sent back by Colonel Roosevelt, who saw the blood dripping from the wound. He went obediently until he was out of sight, and then sneaked back into the back among the trees and gave his rifle and canteen. So fitted out, he fought on until his comrades charged forward and he could no longer shoot without danger of hitting them. The annoyance man found him and took him to the hospital in the rear, deeming his wound mortal. In the camp he was supposed to be dead, until, a week later, he came limping out on foot. He had got tired of the hospital and started for the front where "something was going on." So with the carpenter Powland from Santa Fe, who was shot through the side and sent back by Colonel Roosevelt, who saw the blood dripping from the wound. He went obediently until he was out of sight, and then sneaked back into the back among the trees and gave his rifle and canteen. So fitted out, he fought on until his comrades charged forward and he could no longer shoot without danger of hitting them. The annoyance man found him and took him to the hospital in the rear, deeming his wound mortal. In the camp he was supposed to be dead, until, a week later, he came limping out on foot. He had got tired of the hospital and started for the front where "something was going on." So with the carpenter Powland from Santa Fe, who was shot through the side and sent back by Colonel Roosevelt, who saw the blood dripping from the wound. He went obediently until he was