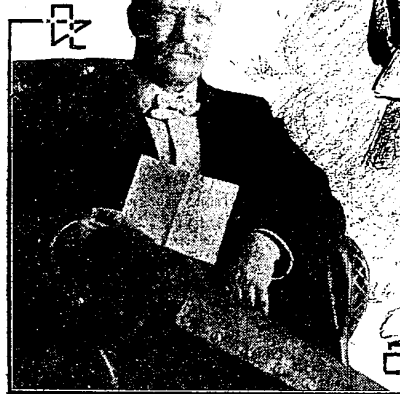


# OUR CAVALRYMEN LEAD THE WORLD

By EDWARD B. CLARK  
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WASHINGTON—The riding test for army officers which was ordered by Theodore Roosevelt has not been discontinued under the Taft administration. From some of the comments that have been made on these "long, hard rides," it would appear that the public believes that the army officers never were given an opportunity prior to the Roosevelt administration to show what they could do in the way of covering long distances in quick time. No army in the world, perhaps,



EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

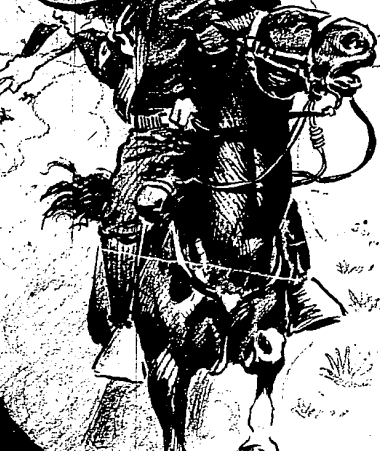
has had the same opportunity to test the endurance of cavalry horses as has the small regular force of the United States.

The long, level stretches of the plains and the activity of the marauding Indian mounted on his tireless broncho have been the conditions which gave to Uncle Sam's cavalrymen, his matchless couriers for long forced marches. Col. Theodore Aymott Dodge, U. S. A., collected the official records of long distance cavalry rides, and has made them public in a book so that they may be compared with the performances of the soldier couriers of other nations. Col. Dodge declares emphatically that he has repeated all "thousand rides," of which there is no end, and has accepted only those proved by official records. Col. Dodge says that "Capt. S. F. Forrester, United States cavalry, in the year 1891, with a detachment of his troops, made 14 miles in eight hours. This record is checked for, and it is better than that once made by the Natal Mounted Rifles for about four hours, the distance being within one mile of that made in south Africa." For actual speed "this record stands perhaps at the head of the American army records, though other rides have been more remarkable."

In the year 1879, when the Utes succeeded in putting some United States troops into what was afterward known as "Bomberg's" "rat hole," several mounted couriers succeeded in slipping through the crevice line of savages. All of them reached Merritt's column, 170 miles distant, in less than 24 hours. The exact time was not taken for, as Col. Dodge puts it, "rescue was of more importance than records."

It must be understood, of course, that all these American rides were made without changing horses. The steed at the start was the steed at the finish. The best rider, according to cavalry experts, is not the man who takes a five-barred gate or who can ride wading, but the man who by instinct feels the condition of his horse, and, though getting the most out of the animal, knows best how to conserve his strength.

Gen. Lawton in the year 1876, rode from Red Cloud agency, Nebraska, to Sidney in the same state, a distance of 155 miles, in 24 hours. He was carrying important dispatches for Gen. Crook, and though the road was bad his mount was in good condition when Lawton, looking five years older than he did the day before, handed over his bundle of papers to the black-bearded general.

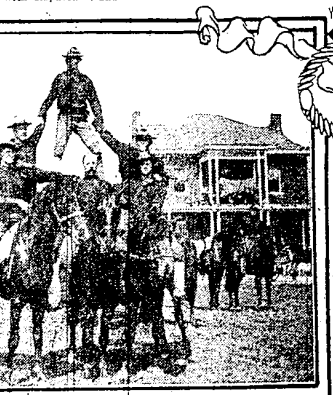


This was not a cavalry achievement it is not used for purposes of comparison. Touching the "performance," however, the military writer says, that "excepting the ass, there is perhaps no creature on earth so stubbornly enduring as the broncho."

Col. Dodge does not think if it tests were made there would be much difference between the records which English and American soldiers would register. He says that a composite picture made of 500 British and 500 American troopers would show that the three lines which establish the "seat" of the rider are practically the same, and that upon this and the proper care of the horse depend largely the matters of distance accomplished and speed maintained.

One of the longest and most perilous rides ever made by an American soldier was that of a private in F Company of the Seventh Infantry.

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THE PYRAMID DRILL AT FORT MYER

were told to make the best time possible without killing their horses. The men were on their merits. They made the distance, 840 miles, in the field at the junction of the Big Horn and Yellowstone rivers in the Territory of Montana. Only ten days before Gen. Custer and his squadrons of the Seventh cavalry had perished at the hands of the Sioux under

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mounting a horse he started southeast to the wilderness to look death in the face.

His course took him close to the scene of the Custer massacre, where less than two weeks before 600 Sioux had gathered for the killing. He traveled only at night, and all day long he lay hidden in the timber or in the gulches of the foothills.

Two hours after sunset on the second night he left his day's hiding place and set his course southward along a range of low hills. He turned aside to skirt a bit of timber, and as he came to the edge of the trees his mount showed symptoms of uneasiness.

Bell dropped from his horse and stole forward. He saw not more than 100 yards ahead of him a war party of fully 50 Indians making preparations to camp for the night. They had come apparently from a direction opposite to that taken by the courier, for he had not crossed their trail. He stole back, remounted and made a detour, passing the Indian encampment on the right and without awakening their suspicions.

Notwithstanding the rough nature of the country through which he was passing and the necessity of sparing his horse, Bell made 40 miles in that second night's ride. When it was within two hours of sunrise he struck a small creek with a bottom of sand and pebbles. He knew that if the war party which he had passed the night before should find his trail that it would be followed, and that the reds would not spare their ponies in the attempt to overtake the wilderness messenger.

For two miles Bell led his horse down the bed of the creek, thus completely obliterating his trail, but he knew that the hoof marks showing where he had taken to the water were telltale witnesses of his subterfuge.

He reached a part of the creek where the banks were heavily overgrown with bushes. He pushed the green growth aside from right to left and sent his horse galloping. Then he covered the marks of the passage as well as he could, and finally crawled up on the bank himself, covering his own trail.

He found a hiding place for the day in a ravine about 300 yards from the bank of the creek, and after feeding his horse, and eating his own breakfast he put all thought of sleep aside, and climbing to a hilltop he watched the vicinity of the creek.

Bell believed that the reds could not have found his trail, if they had found it at all, until near sunrise and he knew that if they followed him it would take them the better part of the day to reach his hiding place and that by that time his horse would be fresh and his horses laden.

At three o'clock in the afternoon he saw something that set his heart beating, brave man though he was. The war party was breaking through the underbrush on the bank of the creek and Bell knew that his trail had been followed and that he had but a moment's time to save his life and his message.

He ran down the slope, vaulted on to his horse and shot out into the open around the base of the hill.

The reds chased the courier for five miles, firing now and again, but he distanced them and after two more nights of peril he gave Terry's message into the hands of Crook.

James Bell was given a medal of honor, and for five years he was a messenger in the headquarters of the department of the lakes in Chicago. Few people realized that the quiet unassuming "errand man" in the Pullman building was the courier who had taken on himself a mission that tried plainsmen had not dared to attempt to fulfill.

The Home.

Hope and home life must never become commonplace. The little surprises, the members of the birthday, the unexpected treat, the pleasure earned for one by the sacrifice of another—all these belong under the head of spiritual exercises. Nor is there any hope of life which so demands such exercise as this familiar scene of home, which had to be reset every day. Edward Everett Hale.

TRAINING CAVALRY HORSES TO LIE DOWN AT COMMAND

Sitting Bull. A detachment of troops pushing forward in search of the "yellow-haired white chief" had found the mutilated bodies of the slain, with the little heaps of empty cartridges at their sides, telling neatly the story of a desperately heroic defense. The detachment and joined Terry and the story of the Custer massacre was told.

The whole country to the northeast and the south were swarming with the Sioux not yet sated with a slaughter. To the sounding 200 miles away, near the headquarters of the Powder river, in the Territory of Wyoming, lay the command of Gen. Crook. It was imperative necessary that the situation of affairs just south of the Yellowstone should be made known to the general commanding the southeastern forces.

Between Terry and Crook was an unbroken wilderness inhabited only by wild animals and wilder men. With Terry's column were a few scouts and plainsmen. They knew every inch of the country, every trail, every hiding place in the mountain spurs and every patch of timber on the plains. To these men were entrusted the dispatches of the commanding officer, with instructions to carry them southward to the camp of Crook. The scouts started on their journey. Inside of eight hours all of them were back and the report to Terry was that no one would attempt the journey to Powder river and live.

In F. Com. any of the Seventh Infantry was a private named James Bell. He had acquired a knowledge of the country in the campaigns in which he had served against the Sioux. His knowledge, however, was but a title of that which he possessed by his acquaintance with the ways of the Indians was as nothing to him, yet Private James Bell went to Gen. Terry's headquarters and volunteered to carry the "dispatches" through the heart of the hostile country and to deliver them to Gen. Crook, or else, if it must be, to forfeit his life.

Terry asked the man if he knew fully the danger of the undertaking. Bell's answer was: "The scouts came back." In the four words he expressed the whole thing, for the scouts never before had turned in their tracks.

Private Bell took his rations, a full supply of ammunition, his rifle and his revolver, and

## PATIENT SUFFERING.

Many Women Think They Are Doomed to Backache.

It is not right for women to be always ailing with backache, urinary ailments, headache and other symptoms of kidney disease. There is a way to end these troubles quickly. Mrs. John H. Wright, 808 East First St., Chicago, Ill., S. D., writes: "I suffered ten years with kidney complaint and a doctor told me I would never get more than temporary relief. A nagging pain and lameness in my back almost disabled me. Dizzy spells came and went and the kidney secretions were irregular. Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of these troubles and I feel better than for years past." Sold by all dealers. Price, a box. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## FOR WET FEET.



The Chick—What's the matter? The Duckling—You'd cry, if your ma made you wear overboots when you went swimming.

Consumptives Need Not Leave Home. Consumption can be cured, or arrested, in any section of the United States, and the percentage of cures in the east and the west is nearly the same. Any physician, therefore, who sends a person to the southwest without sufficient funds, or in an advanced or dying stage of the disease, is guilty of cruelty to his patient. Reassured efforts are being made to stop this practice, and to encourage the building of small local hospitals in every city and town in the country. Attempts are also being made in Southern California and in Texas to exclude indigent consumptives or to send them back to the east.

Not Ambiguous at All. The donkey has been associated with party politics in other countries besides our own.

In one of England's elections a candidate for parliament, the late Lord Balfour, called attention to himself by means of a donkey over his back. Two panthers were along, bearing a ribbon band on which was printed "Vote for Papa."

It must be added, however, that in each manner stood one of Lord Balfour's daughters.—Youth's Companion

Brooklyn Flag Factory. One of the biggest official flag factories in the world is in the Brooklyn navy yard. Between eighty and one hundred women work there all the year round making flags for the use of Uncle Sam's fighting ships.

They use up 120,000 yards of bunting a year and fashion 418 different kinds of official flags. The flags cost \$46,000 a year.

SENSE ABOUT FOOD. Facts About Food Worth Knowing.

It is a serious question sometimes to know just what to eat when a person's stomach is out of order and food foods cause trouble.

Grape-Nuts food can be taken at any time with the certainty that it will digest. Actual experience of people is valuable to anyone interested in foods.

A Terse Hante woman writes: "I had suffered with indigestion for about four years, ever since an attack of typhoid fever, and at times could eat nothing but the very lightest food, and then suffer such agony with my stomach I would wish I never had to eat anything."

"I was urged to try Grape-Nuts and since using it I do not have to suffer myself any more, but I can eat it at any time and feel nourished and satisfied, dyspepsia is a thing of the past, and I am now strong and well."

"My husband also had an experience with Grape-Nuts. He was very weak and sickly in the spring. Could not attend to his work. He was under the doctor's care but medicine did not seem to do him any good until he began to leave off ordinary food and use Grape-Nuts. It was positively surprising to see the change in him. He now better right up, and naturally he had no but words of praise for Grape-Nuts."

"Our boy thinks he cannot eat a meal without Grape-Nuts, and he learns so fast at school that his teachers and other scholars comment on it. I am satisfied that it is because of the great nourishing elements in Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason."

It contains the phosphate of potash from wheat and barley which combine with albumen to make the gray matter of the brain and nerve centers.

It is a pity that people do not know what to feed their children. There are many mothers who give their young ones almost any kind of food and when their bodies begin to show the medicine down them. The real way is to stick to proper food, be healthy and get along without medicine and expense.

Every one of the above letters is a true story as appears from the time to time. They are true, and full of human interest.