



# STUDIES OF WOMEN

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
CLARENCE H. WHITE





■ AUTUMN ■



❏ TWILIGHT ❏



☐ MORNING ☐

# *In the Political Field*

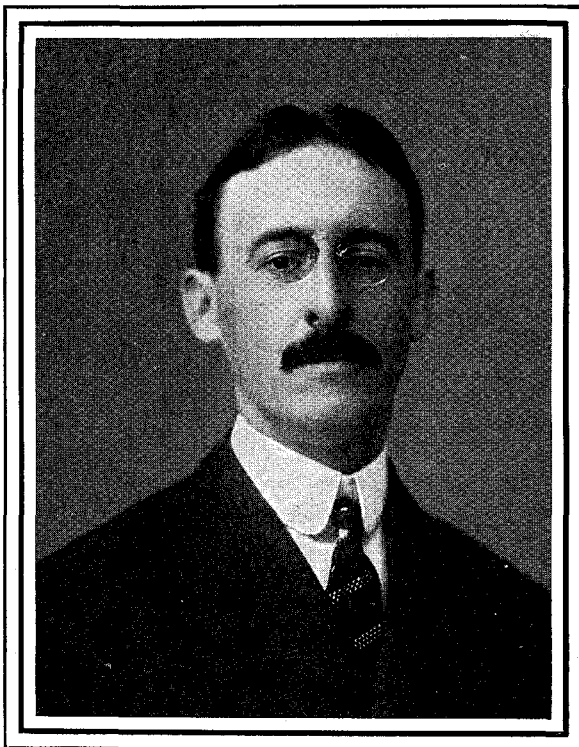
## *Sergeant Stimson, a Good Soldier*

Several years ago, during the Administration of President Taft's predecessor, a young New York lawyer went to Washington on business. Finding himself unemployed in the afternoon of a dull and drizzly spring day, he took a horse and rode out into the Rock Creek Reservation. As he was riding along alone on the road which follows the bank of Rock Creek he suddenly heard his name dropped apparently from the skies. He looked about and could not discover any one, but heard his name called again. He then discovered two figures standing on the opposite bank of the creek.

Again a voice hailed him, "Stimson, come over here," and a second voice, high and thin, added, "The President of the United States directs Sergeant Stimson of Squadron A to come at once to his assistance, by order of the Secretary of War." Squadron A, it might be added, is New York's crack cavalry troop; and it was in the law office of the Secretary of War that "Sergeant" Stimson gained his first legal experience.

Drawing himself up and giving the most soldierly salute of which he was capable, Sergeant Stimson quietly replied, "Very good, sir," and put his horse at the wall which lines the bank of the creek at that point, hoping, as he afterward confessed, that the horse would refuse to take it, for the creek was in full flood, its waters loaded with mud and débris. The horse, however, proved obedient, and in a moment Mr. Stimson found himself and his horse beyond their depth in the rushing current and being whirled and tumbled about. They were being

swept swiftly downstream when he saw the President standing on the bank, his face white and his arms upraised, adjuring him to go back. There was precious little chance, however, for horse or rider to go any way but where the stream carried them, even if the wall over which they had leaped had not been impassable. In a few minutes they had been carried well downstream and swept in toward the shore, where they found a break in the wall through which the horse was able to scramble. A little below there was a bridge, which Mr. Stimson crossed. Riding up the opposite bank, he was met by the two men running rapidly toward him and looking like a pair of school-boys who had been caught in some naughty act. Again drawing himself up and saluting, he said, quietly, "Sergeant Stimson begs to report that he is here ready to offer assistance." The President, a little at a loss for once, hesitated a moment, and



HENRY L. STIMSON