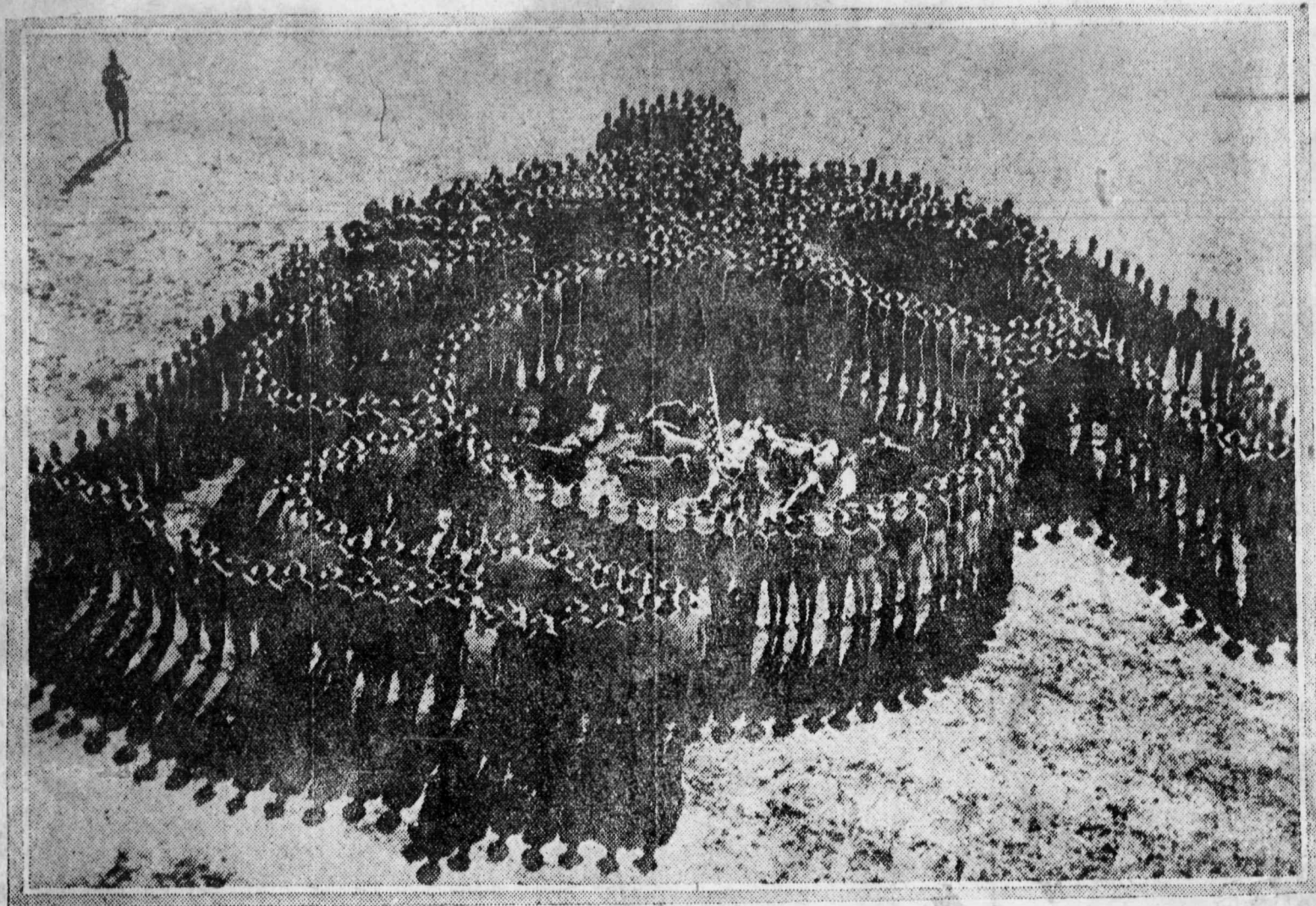


264

THE EVENING SUN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1918.

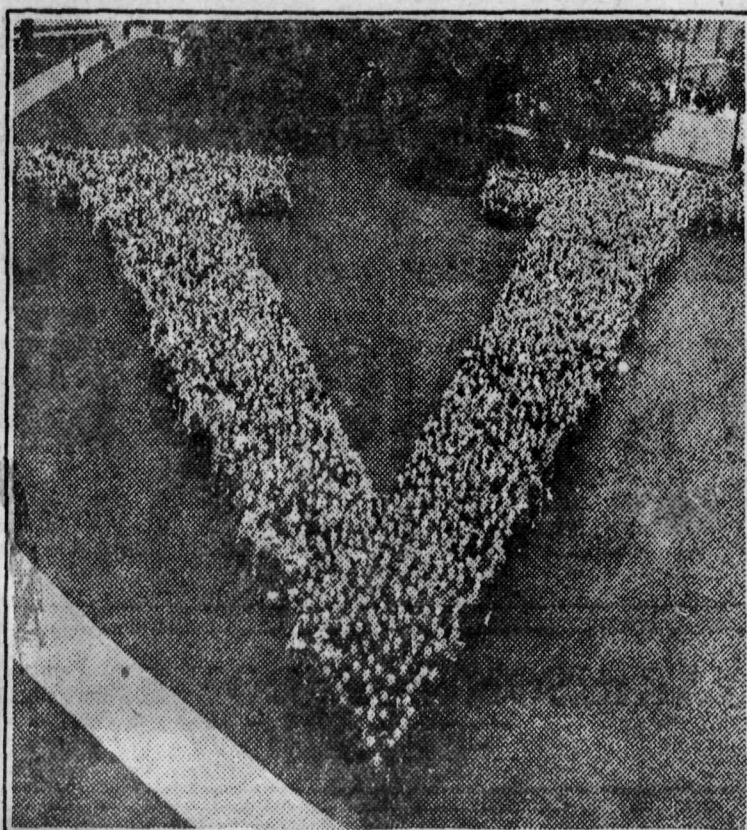
# HERE'S AN EAGLE, UNITED STATES MARINE STYLE.



Spectacular drill at the Mare Island Navy Yard, showing a regiment of sea soldiers in the form of a giant bird of liberty—The exercises were reviewed by Major Small, Commandant of Marines at the Navy Yard —The top forms the eagle with wings outspread over the globe in which the letters "U. S. M. C." appear braced with the anchor, top of anchor at right and claws at left—The men swayed during the making of the picture, giving the eagle the appearance of flying.

*Jersey City Journal Oct. 23/18*

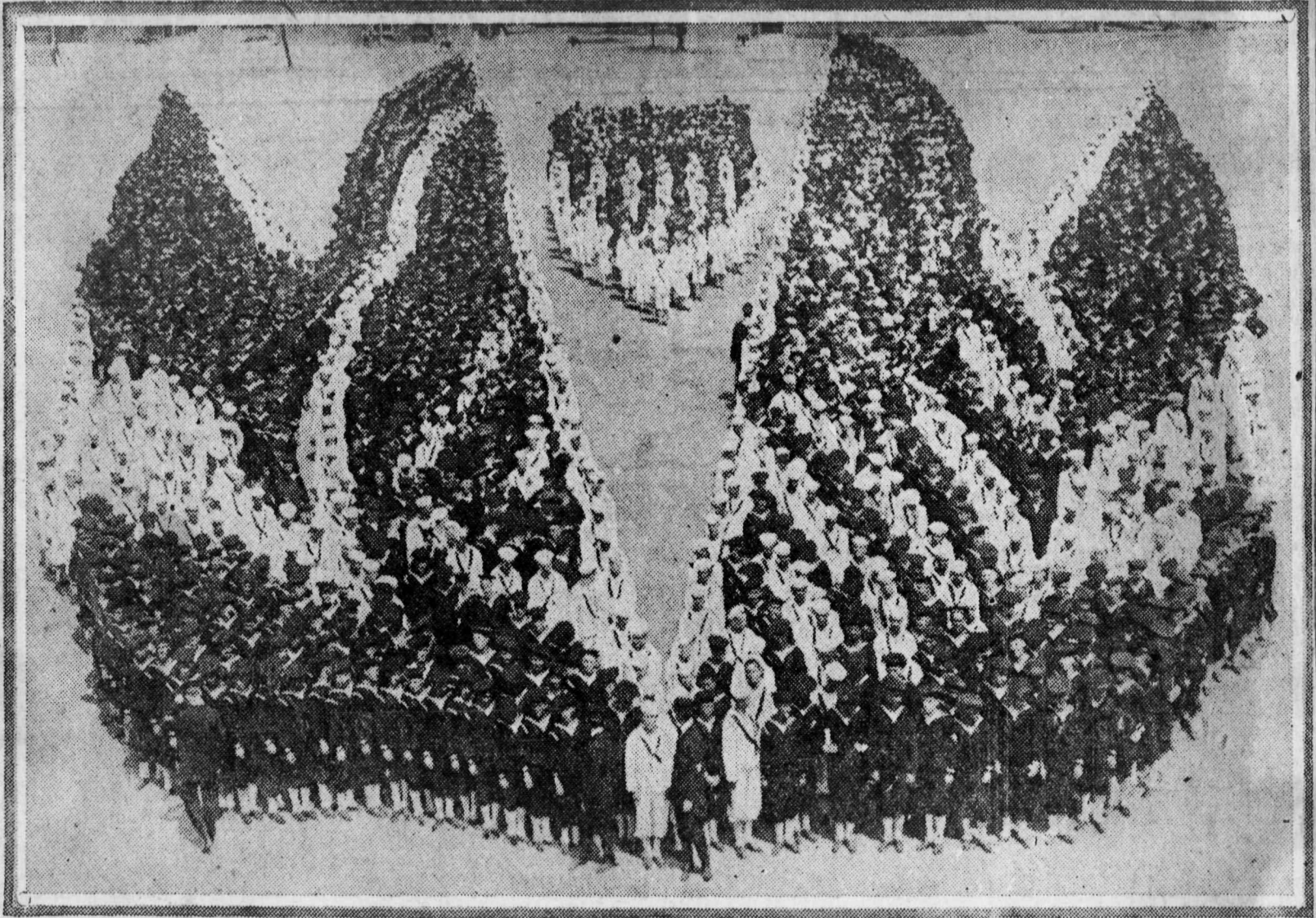
## "V" STANDS FOR VICTORY AND VOLUNTEER



© LINN PHOTO CO



# PELHAM NAVAL RESERVISTS IN A SPECTACULAR FLAG DRILL



*Photo by International.*

France, England, Belgium and America—the flags of all are blended into one here by several thousand naval reserves at Pelham Bay training camp. In the heart of the allied flag the shield of Columbia is shown.

Naval reserves yesterday at the Pelham Bay Training Station were formed into a living symbolization

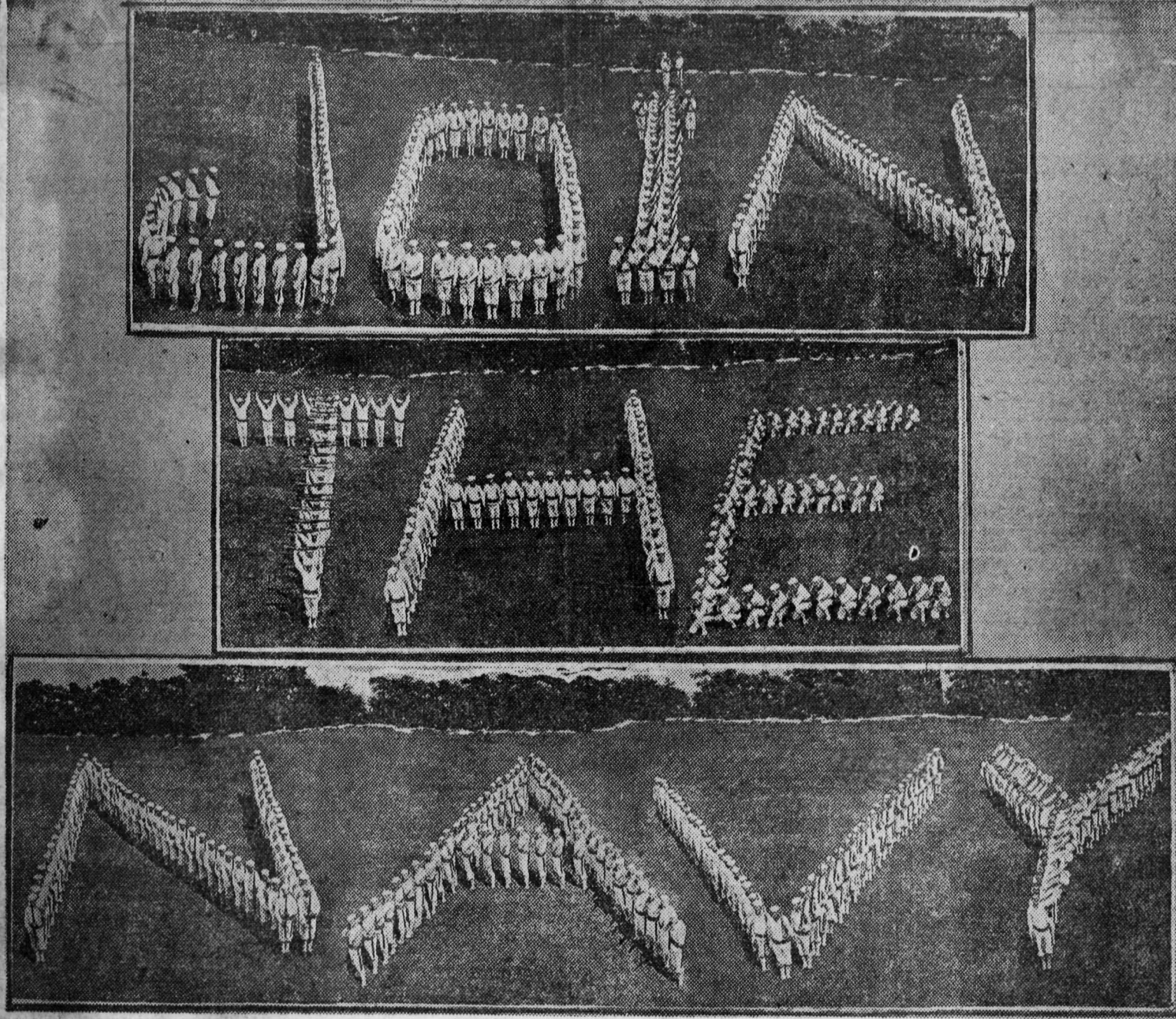
of the Allied flags before Commandant W. B. Franklin and his staff. It took two hours to arrange the

formations, the final design representing the four Allied flags, with the American shield in the centre.



266

NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL • FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1917



© INTERNATIONAL

# TARS IN NOVEL DRIVE FOR MORE TARS.

PHOTO COPYRIGHT BY INTERNATIONAL.

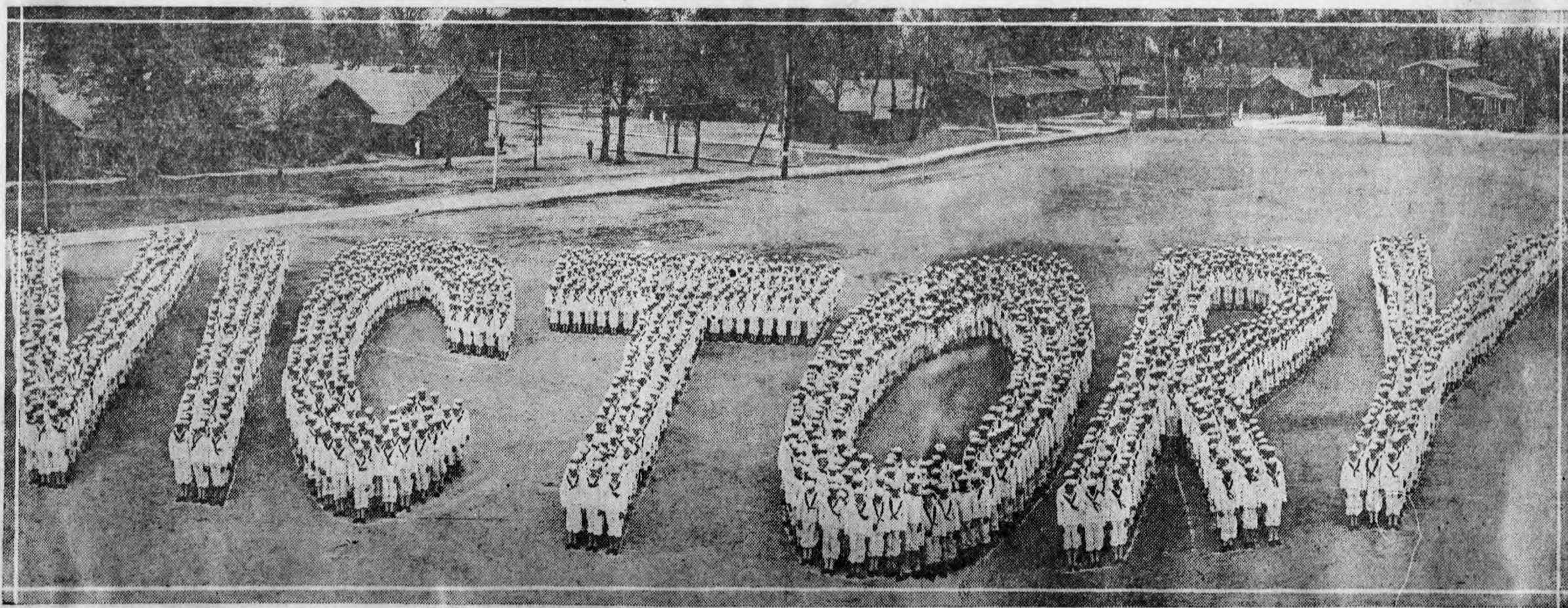
This interesting plea for recruits to Uncle Sam's navy was staged by naval recruits from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Lake Bluff, Ill. There are about seventy men to each letter,

and in each letter the men are in a different position. Note the dot over the i.



NEW YORK AMERICAN—*A Paper for People Who Think*—FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1918

## NAVAL RESERVES SPELL "VICTORY" IN LIVING LETTERS



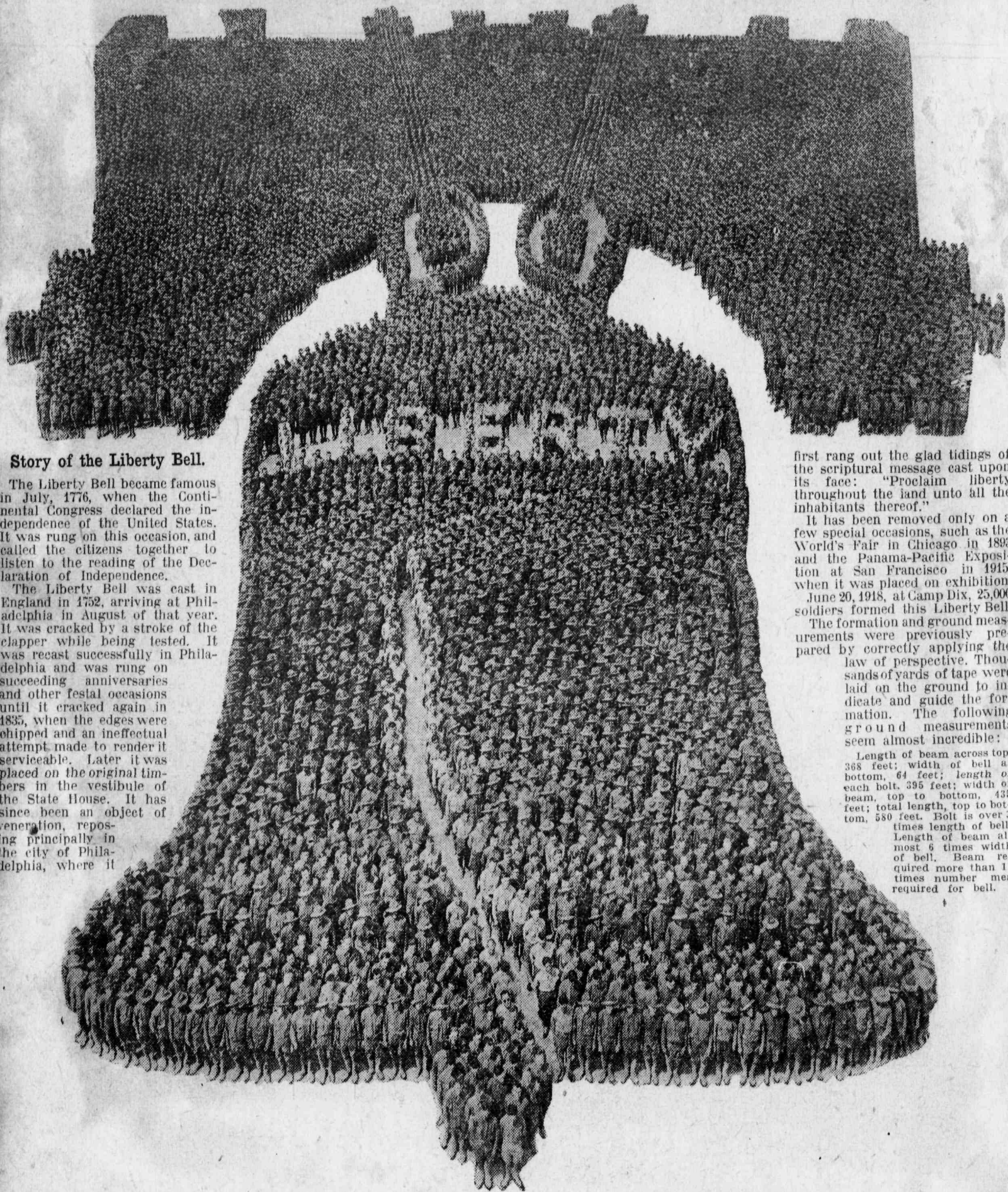
Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

The young men training to be sea fighters at the great Pelham Bay Station put on their new white Summer uniforms on Wednesday. To mark the occasion they had a monster parade. The climax was the formation shown above.

267



## 25,000 SOLDIERS AT CAMP DIX MOULDED INTO HUMAN LIBERTY BELL



### Story of the Liberty Bell.

The Liberty Bell became famous in July, 1776, when the Continental Congress declared the independence of the United States. It was rung on this occasion, and called the citizens together to listen to the reading of the Declaration of Independence.

The Liberty Bell was cast in England in 1752, arriving at Philadelphia in August of that year. It was cracked by a stroke of the clapper while being tested. It was recast successfully in Philadelphia and was rung on succeeding anniversaries and other festal occasions until it cracked again in 1835, when the edges were chipped and an ineffectual attempt made to render it serviceable. Later it was placed on the original timbers in the vestibule of the State House. It has since been an object of veneration, reposing principally in the city of Philadelphia, where it

first rang out the glad tidings of the scriptural message cast upon its face: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

It has been removed only on a few special occasions, such as the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 and the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915, when it was placed on exhibition.

June 20, 1918, at Camp Dix, 25,000 soldiers formed this Liberty Bell.

The formation and ground measurements were previously prepared by correctly applying the law of perspective. Thousands of yards of tape were laid on the ground to indicate and guide the formation. The following ground measurements seem almost incredible:

Length of beam across top, 368 feet; width of bell at bottom, 64 feet; length of each bolt, 395 feet; width of beam, top to bottom, 435 feet; total length, top to bottom, 580 feet. Bolt is over 3 times length of bell. Length of beam almost 6 times width of bell. Beam required more than 11 times number men required for bell.

(Copyright, Mole & Thomas, Chicago, Ill.)

Copyright by Mole & Thomas, Photographers, Chicago, Ill. Used by Hudson Dispatch, Union Hill, N. J., b

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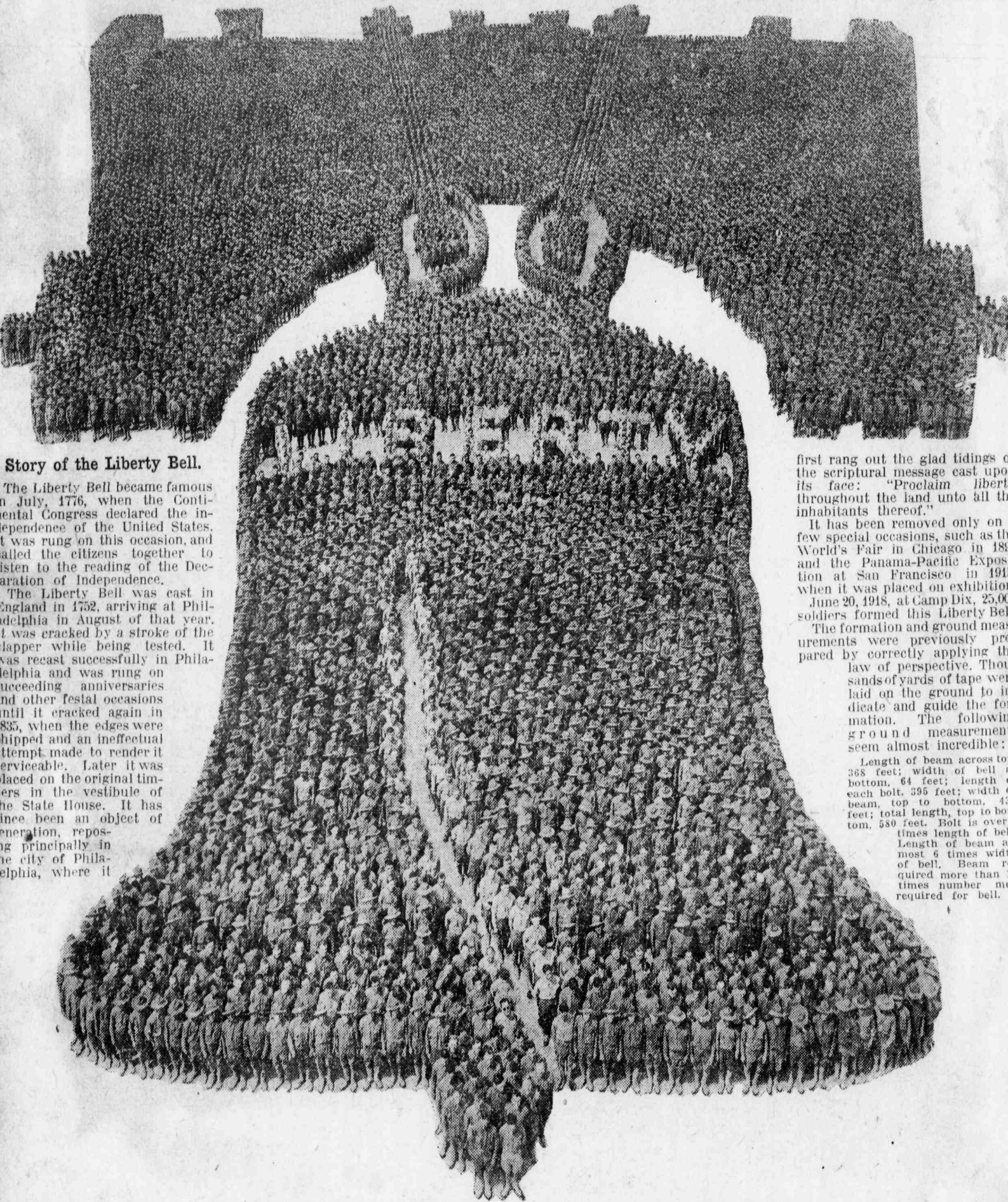
Length of each bolt.....  
Width of beam, top to bottom.....

The bolt over three times the length of the bell itself. The length of the beam is almost six times the width of the bell. The beam required more t

Passed by the Committee on Public Information, Washington, D. C.



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THE LIVING "STARS AND STRIPES," COMPOSED OF 10,000 AMERICAN BLUE JACKETS IN TRAINING AT THE UNITED STATES NAVAL STATION, GREAT LAKES, ILL.

The Staff is Made of 560 Men, the Ball of 290 Men. There are 450 Men in the Top Stripe and 300 Men in the Bottom Stripe. The Staff is 550 Feet Long; the Flag Itself 293 Feet Long at the Top, 73 Feet at the Bottom, 428 Feet Wide at the Left End and 128 Feet at the Right End, the Variations Providing a Correct Perspective for the Whole Picture, Which Was Taken from a Naval Airplane.



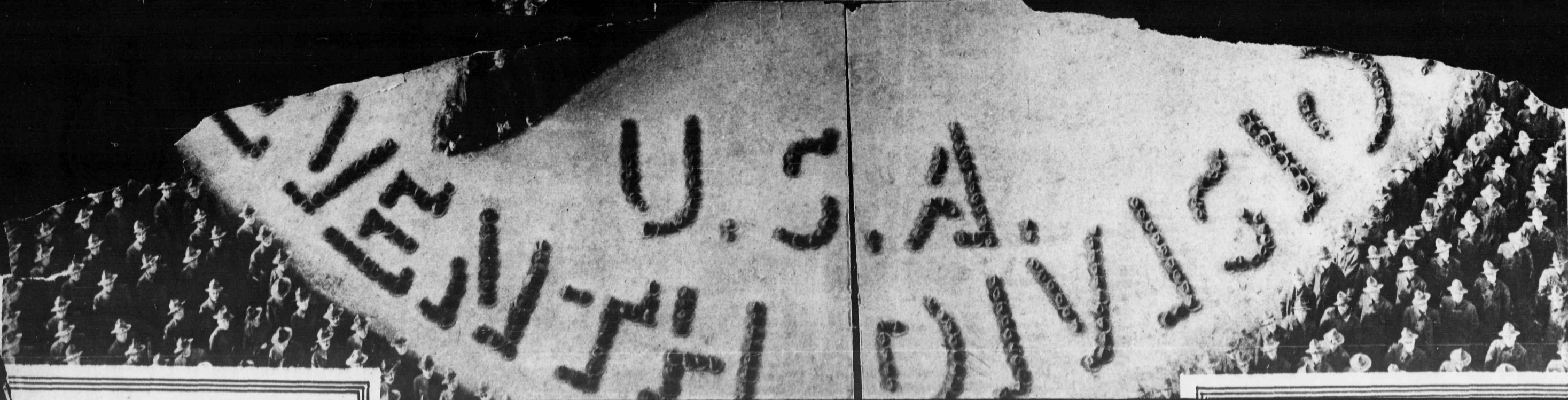
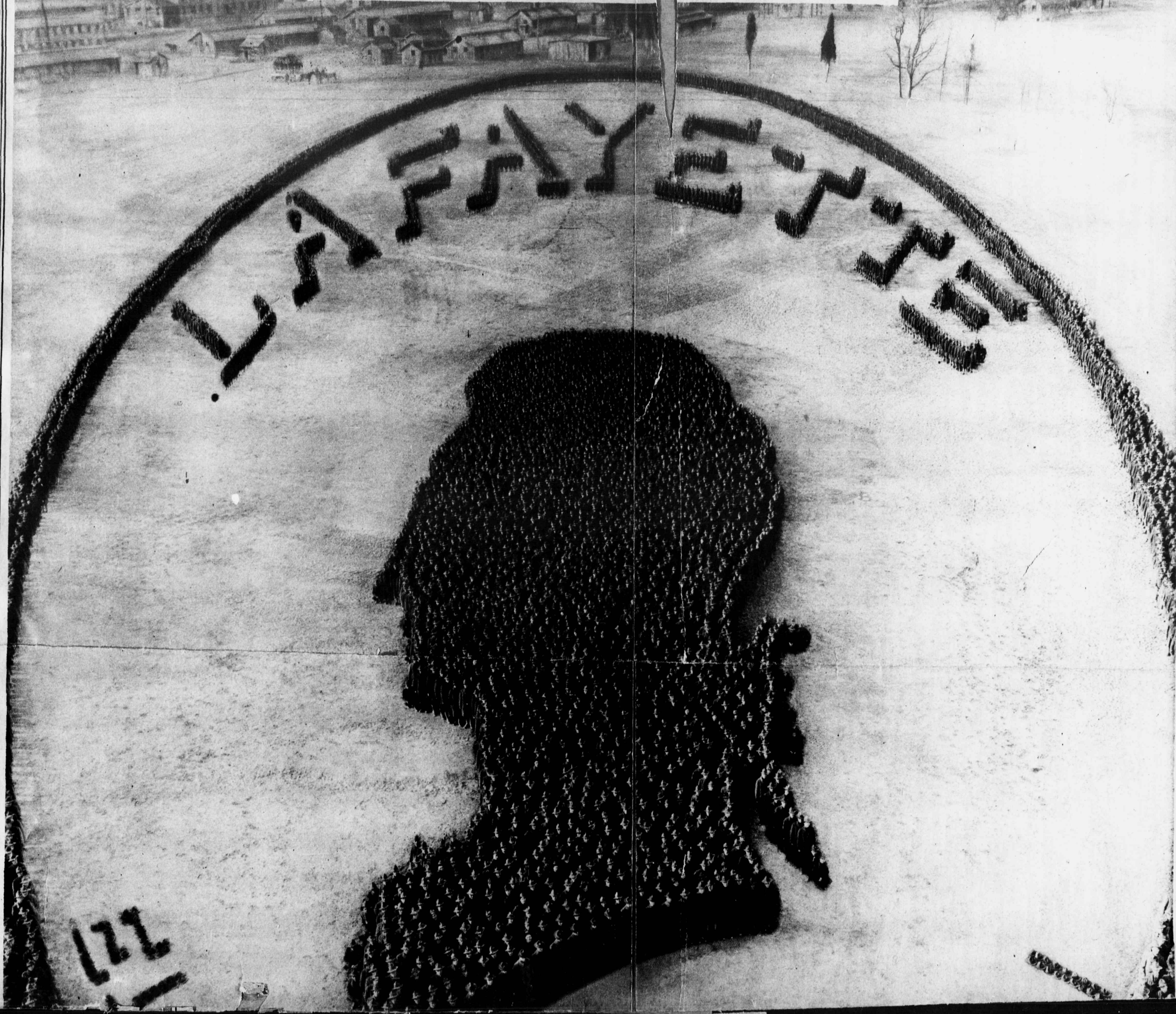
NEW YORK  
**World Pictures**

Supercalendered  
Paper

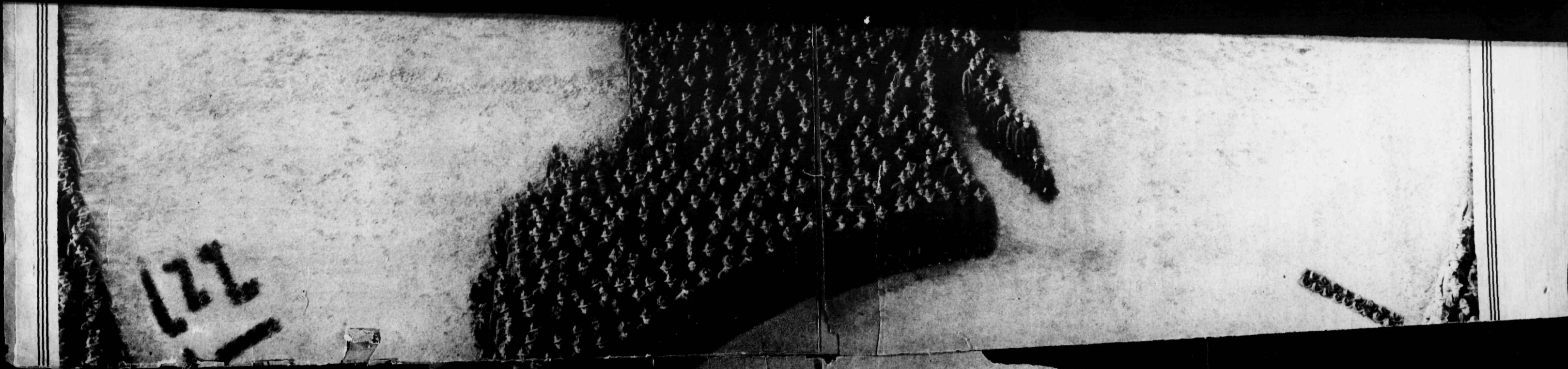


Sunday,  
February 16, 1919

GRAVURE Picture Section of THE WORLD







Fifteen Thousand Soldiers Lined  
Up For Three Hours at Camp  
Made to Make This Remarka-  
ble Military Photograph.

The formation is the official seal of the Lafayette (11th)  
Division, commanded by Maj. Gen. J. McL. Carter,  
who with his staff forms the front row of the bust. The  
photographer, from a specially erected tower, seventy-five  
feet high directed the formation with two sets of field tele-  
phones. The "Y" of men in "Lafayette" is 225 feet long.  
The "H" in the foreground is only six feet long, and is made  
of service hats laid on the ground, thus overcoming diffi-  
culties of perspective.  
Photo (C) E. H. Morrison, from Western Newspaper Union.





INDEPENDENCE  
NUMBER

Copyright by Great Lakes Recruit, 1917



272 Owen Dunn Sept 25 1919

WEARING THE EQUIPMENT OF  
1861.



Photo from Wide World Photos.

Ike E. Tibben, 84 years old, of Philadelphia, has kept the equipment in which he marched to war with the 71st Pennsylvania Regiment, and he is shown wearing it at the G. A. R. reunion at Columbus, Ohio. The umbrella replaces the rifle, which long ago crumbled with rust.



**WORLD WAR I  
GENERAL PERSHING**



Ref  
940.9  
✓ 25892



Pershing - General Life of --- First Pershing comes to America from his native Alsace in search of Liberty. pages 2 to 16 - chapters 1 to 17.

Pershing - General John Joseph --- Life Story of the A.E.F. Commander. page's 32 to 66 chapter's 1 to concluding chapter.

Pershing - General --- Pershing's Home coming. page's 113 to 272

Pershing - General --- General Material. page's 13 to 31 - 67 to 110.



September 16, 1918

# The LIFE Of

## General PERSHING



### First Pershing Comes to America From His Native Alsace in Search of Liberty.

#### CHAPTER I.

(Copyright, 1918, by William Fox.)

A BOY on a galloping plough horse dashed from the market square and down the narrow street.

A shot rang out above the cries of women and the angry shouts of men in the square. The horse lurched, but recovered and kept his pace. Just ahead a squad of Landwehr wheeled into the street. They were too close for the boy to turn; so he used his heels vigorously on the sides of his horse and plunged at them.

Before the bewildered Landwehr could collect their wits the heavy horse was on them, and sent them sprawling in the dust. One, quicker than his fellows, ran at the fleeing boy, reaching out to drag him from his seat. Just in time the boy, a husky lad, turned and with all his strength struck the soldier a staggering blow in the face. Now free, he bent over the horse's neck, expecting a volley from the enraged Landwehr.

An old bewhiskered Sergeant, less hasty than his men, restrained their fire.

"A fine young cockerel, that! He'll make good cannon fodder for Maria Theresa's guns. Wait until to-morrow, when we gather him in, and then, I promise, you will see some sport."

With threats that boded ill for the boy the men returned to their work, and the boy, now at the end of the street, turned into the open road that led down the valley of the Rhine.

Between the sweet-smelling fields and the river, across an old bridge that spanned the stream, and over rolling hills, the good horse, near exhaustion, galloped on. The road turned abruptly into the square of a small hamlet, flanked by low, stone houses.

Just opposite a sign that bore a weather-stained legend, "The Golden Crown," the old horse staggered, dropped to its knees and rolled over, dead. The boy managed to fall clear of the animal, and in a moment was surrounded by the venerable innkeeper and the village loungers.

Such excitement had not stirred the hamlet since Charles had been chosen Emperor of the Germans. The news spread fast, and already the priest and the Mayor were hurrying to the scene.

The fugitive boy, well nigh breathless, had told his brief story in hysterical haste:

"The Landwehr are coming! Maria Theresa has defeated the Emperor and he is calling a new draft!"

"In Kehl they are taking every one from sixteen to fifty!"

"They will be here to-morrow!"

At these dread tidings a silence fell upon his hearers. Too well they knew the meaning of the draft.

For centuries each new king and emperor had drawn the inhabitants of the valley to fill the ranks of his armies. Only a year ago there had been a draft. Then they had taken only the cream of the country's manhood. This time they were to take the children and the fathers of families. It struck terror to the hearts of all who heard it.

With a sinking heart the Mayor urged a respect for the supreme law of the land which he was far from feeling himself. He knew well that this supreme law was vested in a man who believed that those who inhabited the country were created for the special purpose of gratifying his inglorious desires.

The smiling valley in which these people lived was a part of beautiful Alsace—Alsace, the battle ground of the centuries.

The Teuton hand still lay heavy on that part of the fair province which lay nearest the Rhine, although France, to which every inhabitant felt an unbreed loyalty, had retaken most of the domain nearly a century before.

The soldiers of the German rulers stalked about the countryside and on the streets of the towns, pushing the natives from the walks with the insolence of their kind. There was invasion of the very homes. There would be no respite from this persecution until beloved France again could assert her mastery.

Charles, elector of Bavaria, had been elected emperor two years before, in 1742. Immediately upon his assuming the throne he became jealous of the growing power of Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, and had forced a war upon her. The empress, whose influence was great in Hungary, had thrown the hordes of Magyars upon Charles.

Greatly outnumbered by the forces of the Empress, routed in fierce encounters, Charles had ordered every field and every village to be stripped

of its men to meet new advances of the savage Magyars. This was the situation when to the little Alsatian village, in the year 1744, the boy Daniel Pfirsching raced from Kehl with the first news of the new draft.

Daniel lived with his old grandfather, Frederick Pfirsching. His father had been taken earlier by the soldiers of the Emperor, and had given his life in battle. So it was with fear and hatred that Daniel had witnessed the taking of the boys and men of Kehl by the Landwehr.

Barely sixteen years of age himself, he knew he could not hope to escape the grasp of the usurper, and that he was destined for the same fate that had befallen his father.

There was no love for Charles in Alsace. All the love of the people for their native land belonged to France. If the call had come from France every man would have gone forth cheerfully to fight the foe.

Frederick Pfirsching, the grandfather had lived on the west bank of the Rhine for sixty years and more. His ancestors had lived there for centuries. They had seen the time when the Miles of France had flown in the market square. They had seen the invader come and go. Who knew but he might go again?

So the grandfather was content to give his life to the humble craft which was his, and had been that of the Pfirsching family for generations. He knew Daniel was in danger; that the family would end if Daniel were taken; so the old man, in tears, advised the boy to flee from the devastating power of the Germans.

The old artisan was determined that his grandson, reared in the love of liberty and all its traditions, should not spend his life in the shadow of the tyrant's throne. From beneath a stone in the hearth he brought forth a few gold pieces which the watchful tax collector had overlooked.

"It is little, my boy," said he, "but enough to take you far from the Landwehr. Perhaps you will go to that new land, America, which I hear is free from the oppression under which one lives here. It is possible that you or your sons will hear some day the call of our dear Alsace and that you may aid in her deliverance. Goodby, and God be with you."

With his slender fortune Daniel set forth in the night. By morning he was far away from the village and under the sunny skies of France.

Remembering the advice of his grandfather, he set out for Calais. He did chores for farmers, earning a meal here and there as he travelled, for he felt sure he would need all of his little store of money to take him to that wonderful land, America.

At Calais he found it would be impossible for him to obtain passage there for America. Only English ships plied to the English colonies.

A friendly fisherman finally offered the boy passage to Dover. He worked hard for that passage, but each mile brought him nearer to the land of promise.

In England Daniel waited for weeks before he could find a ship sailing for America. When he found one a great disappointment awaited him—the passage would cost several times the sum he possessed. Seeing his dismay, the Captain agreed to take what money he had and let him work his way.

For weeks the ship labored on her way and finally reached Baltimore. Here Daniel nearly lost heart, for the Captain promptly claimed that the work he had performed on the voyage was not sufficient to pay for his passage. In this dilemma, and to avoid return to England, Daniel agreed to be bound to a ship chandler near

the docks in Baltimore for a period of three months—a system of buying the services of a person for a stated period which prevailed in the colonies at that time. The individual thus bound became practically the slave of the purchaser for the term of service.

After three months of service Daniel Pfirsching was free to begin his own life in America—with no money, but with an iron purpose to make his way. The broken English that he had been able to acquire in these few months made it difficult for him to obtain employment; so he returned to the ship chandler whom he had served. Here he found a welcome and wages that permitted him to live while he was becoming more

familiar with the language.

His ability and determination finally brought success and a small interest in the business for which he worked. Finding that among his English speaking neighbors the name Pfirsching was a handicap, he Anglicized it into the more euphonious Pershing, and bestowed it upon a blue-eyed maid of the old colony.

Thus was founded the American family of Pershing, one of whose descendants, Gen. John Joseph Pershing, to-day is leading the hosts of this mighty Nation of the free against the oppressing German.

The spirit of the pioneer possessed Daniel—the finger of opportunity beckoned him westward. Selling out his business, he emigrated to what

was then the Far West—Indiana County, Pa.—with his wife and little family. It was a wild country, full of hostile Indians. Hardly had he created a little farm below the primitive mountain side that resembled so his beloved Alsace when the voice of that Liberty which had done so much for him called—and he was glad to answer.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE news that flew on the wings of the wind was the call of freedom.

From mouth to mouth it spread across the sparsely settled mountains and through the valleys of

the frontier. To the fertile valley where Daniel Pershing, his wife and sturdy boys had made their home together with a few hardy pioneers of kindred spirit came the call to independence in 1776.

The people of Massachusetts had resisted the injustice of taxation without representation. The other colonies had acclaimed the deed. Delegates had been sent to form a Continental Congress, which should speak for the free people of a free country.

The idea that Kings ruled by Divine right obsessed the Teutonic King who at that time sat upon the throne of England, the mother country, and prevented a reasonable adjustment of the dispute, which would have been possible had the saner

minds of England been permitted to speak.

Thus, on July 4, 1776, with the proclamation of independence, America repudiated the yoke of Teutonic oppression.

Daniel Pershing had suffered in the Old World under Teutonic oppression. So when the call came he and his sons answered.

Nearby was an outpost of the enemy. Savage Indians, heretofore the common enemy, were let loose upon the settlers who championed the cause of freedom. Massacres were frequent.

Pershing, a natural leader, organized the men of his region. A block-house was built and they successfully resisted several onslaughts by the savages.

Finally there came their way the vanguard of the Continental Army—the expedition against the frontier outposts of the enemy. Pershing, with his little band, joined the expedition and participated in its success; but the unprotected farm in Indiana County caused him to hasten back to its defense and prevented his taking an active part in the final victory in the east.

The war over and liberty firmly established, the Pershing family resumed their peaceful existence in the little valley. The sons married, and soon grandchildren added to the group.

The years passed swiftly. At length John F. Pershing, a grandson of Daniel, found the farm in Pennsylvania too small. The valley was becoming crowded from the encroachment of civilization during twenty-five years. Possessed of the same pioneer spirit that had caused his grandfather to seek opportunity in the West, he looked to the farther West.

Railroad development was booming. Already the rails were pushing their way into the wilderness. Construction crews were a familiar sight, even to the Indians.

It was natural, perhaps, that John F. Pershing should be interested in this great work of empire building. It was essentially the work of the pioneer—work that required dogged perseverance to win. He joined one of these construction crews operating in Kentucky and Tennessee. His native force, determination and ability to control men soon made him foreman of the crew.

In the Tennessee foothills he met the beautiful Ann Thompson. A new work was calling him to far Missouri.





THE  
MOTHER  
OF  
PERSHING



OLD "DADDY" HALL,  
SERVANT OF THE PERSHING  
FAMILY WHO HELPED TO RAISE  
THE FUTURE GENERAL.

© 1918 BY  
WM. FOW

THE HOUSE IN LACLEDE,  
MO. WHERE GEN. JOHN J.  
PERSHING WAS BORN.

INTIMATE VIEWS OF PLACE WHERE PERSHING STARTED LIFE, HIS MOTHER AND OLD SERVITOR.

and after a very brief courtship he persuaded her to marry him and spend their honeymoon in a construction camp, with all the hardships that this entailed.

The work upon which John F. Pershing was engaged was that of building a line of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. The rails had been extended to within about three miles of the small town of Laclede, Mo., when it became apparent that a very important event in the history of the Pershing family was about to occur.

There were no conveniences in the construction camp and no doctor nearer than Laclede. So it was decided to remove Mrs. Pershing at once to that town. This was accomplished with one of the rough wagons used to haul supplies for the railroad, drawn by two Missouri mules.

Fortunately there was a house ready to receive Mrs. Pershing. There the doctor was summoned; and in this humble and primitive abode the present commander of the American forces now fighting in France to crush the German and his brutal creed, first saw the light. His proud father and mother decided that he should be known as John Joseph Pershing. He was born Sept. 13, 1860.

His rugged constitution and dogged determination are a heritage from his father. His love of freedom and his hatred of oppression were inbred from his mother's side. His mother sprang from a sturdy stock as was that of her father. There was strength in her character, but with-

al a certain gentleness that created a strong bond of sympathy between her and her quiet though determined son.

Throughout all the years that the boy struggled to gain an education and a start on the highroad of life, the understanding between the mother and son never flagged. There were times when she sought to restrain the ambition that led to excess of study, but in the end she always gave way assured that after all, he was right. Never for a moment was their relation of entire sympathy and affection strained or altered.

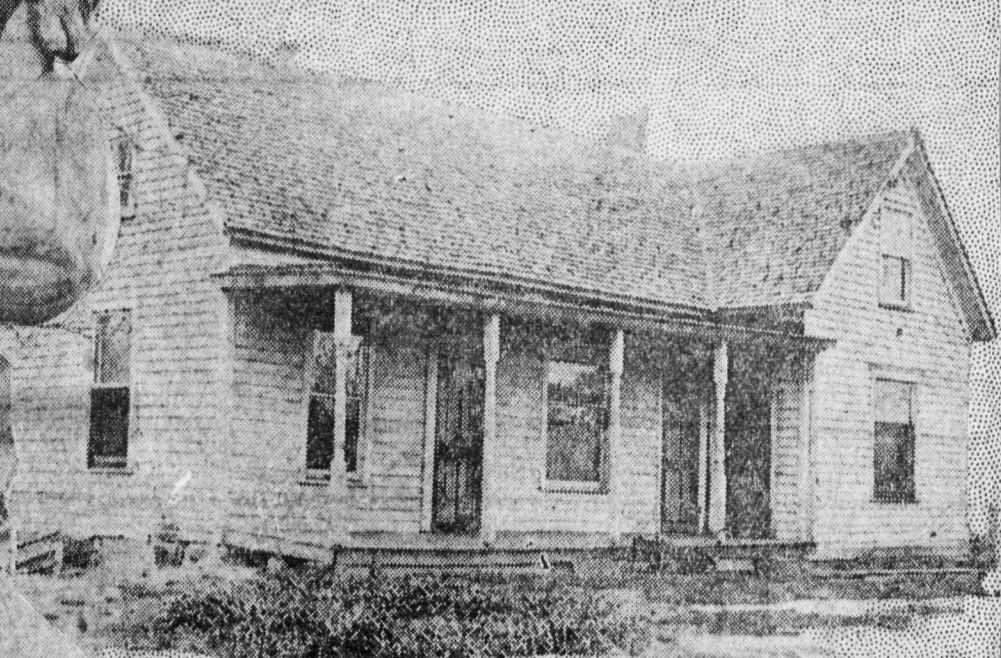
The lives of many really great men of history—especially American history—have had their beginning in much the same fashion. Born amid hardships and privations, a never-ceasing struggle to obtain an education, obstacles to overcome and final victory due to dogged perseverance.

(To Be Continued.)





THE  
MOTHER  
OF  
PERSHING



OLD "DADDY" HALL,  
SERVANT OF THE PERSHING  
FAMILY WHO HELPED TO RAISE  
THE FUTURE GENERAL.

©1916 BY  
WM. F. KIM

THE HOUSE IN LACLEDE,  
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# INTIMATE VIEWS OF PLACE WHERE PERSHING STARTED LIFE, HIS MOTHER AND OLD SERVITOR.

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(To Be Continued.)



# Pershing Spends His Early Years Amid the Border Strife Of the Civil War

This is the first full, authentic life story of Gen. John J. Pershing, America's leader in France. Trained newspaper men spent months to gather the material.

The facts thus obtained have been made the basis of a patriotic motion picture entitled, "Why America Will Win," produced by the Fox Film Corporation.

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. (Copyright, 1918, by William Fox.)

Daniel Pershing, son of Alsatian parents, comes to America in search of liberty in 1744. The name is Americanized into Pershing, and Daniel takes part in the Revolution. John J. Pershing, the future General, is born at Laclede, Mo., Sept. 13, 1800.

### CHAPTER II.

(Continued)

THE future general's father, after establishing the mother and her son in a house in Laclede, went back to his work on the railroad. Finally, the last spike was driven at Hannibal, the terminus. The Hannibal and St. Joseph since has become a small link in the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, one of the mighty railway systems of the country; but at that time it was a very important road. Its terminal at St. Joseph was the gateway to the far West. Here outfits were made up for the great pilgrimage. California was the goal of many of the pioneers, and it is probable that John F. Pershing had that golden country in mind as his final destination when the birth of his son prevented further migration.

Upon the completion of his task the railroad constructor returned to Laclede, and, investing his savings in a general store, decided to make Missouri his home.

The store was a profitable venture. It was the only one in town, and every need of the inhabitants was supplied by it. The business grew and prospered, and Pershing was compelled to employ help in running it and in operating the small farm that he had taken on the outskirts of the town.

In Missouri, during the early sixties, was reflected and magnified the political strife that was beginning to shake the Nation. South Carolina had fired upon the Stars and Stripes, and the great war of the North and South was flaming across the country.

In Laclede a majority of the inhabitants were Southern sympathizers; but, while the elder Pershing openly asserted his allegiance to the cause of the Union, he still held the personal friendship and the respect of the more influential citizens. Indeed, he had their trust to such an extent that by common consent he was the banker of the community, and all the money in town was frequently in his hands.

Notwithstanding that his neighbors respected the political views of

Pershing, numerous bands of bushwhackers, those lawless raiders of the State who professed allegiance to the Confederacy, but actually exercised it toward neither side, sent him warning that they were coming after him to stop "his damned Yankee talk."

Pershing laughed at the warning and waited to see what they would do.

### CHAPTER III.

EVER present about the little Missouri town of Laclede was the flag of the Confederacy. Mrs. Pershing, mother of the future general, could not bear to see this flag and be unable to fly the Stars and Stripes. Nowhere for miles around was there such a flag—nothing but the Stars and Bars could be had.

Mrs. Pershing obtained surreptitiously one of these Confederate emblems, and from it, with her own hands, she fashioned the Stars and Stripes. Her husband erected a tall pole in front of the house and flung the new flag to the breeze as an answer to the warning of the bushwhackers.

That afternoon the young storekeeper saw one of the disreputable characters of the region, known as "Uncle Billy," approaching. Uncle Billy cocked an eye up at the home-made Union emblem.

"I see you-all got a flag up."

"Yes," was the reply; "that is my flag."

"Well, the boys hereabouts don't like that flag. They don't mean no trouble, but they say that flag has got to come down; so if you-all don't take it down they're coming around to-night and take it down themselves."

"Well," was the answer, "it's mighty kind of you to let me know; but you tell those boys that if they come they had better bring their coffins with 'em."

The old man hurried away and Pershing went into the store and called his two assistants. He thought they were loyal to both himself and the Union, but he had to be sure. He put the question plainly to them—told them that very likely there would be a raid that night.

"Of course we'll stand by you," they answered; so, after leaving instructions with them, he hastened up to the house, where his wife and the younger children, who had witnessed his talk with Uncle Billy, were anxiously waiting.

Mrs. Pershing refused to leave her husband's side, and together they prepared the house for a siege.

Little John, now nearly four years old, was out in the village square drilling the children of the town in imitation of the great armies that were fighting in the nearby States. Even at this time the future General was showing the qualities of leadership that afterward made him famous.

The thunder of hoofs on the road called a halt in the drill. There was a loud cry, "The raiders!" and away the children scampered to the shelter of their homes.

Little Jack Pershing was left alone; but, having heard his parents speak of the raiders, he hurried away to carry the news.

His father's men were already at the house when he ran in. The shutters were being put up; Jack may have been in his father's way when he insisted upon having his little gun that he, too, might shoot. His mother nearly broke his heart when she took him and his brother and sister and bestowed them in one of the dark closets for safekeeping.

The raiders rode up with a scattering volley. Capt. Holtzclaw, the leader, called upon the storekeeper to take down his flag.

Pershing replied with a shot that killed the captain.

Discretion being the better part of valor, the raiders retired to the shadow of some great cottonwood trees and began a steady fire upon the doors and shuttered windows of the house. All night long the siege was maintained. The other inhab-

itants of Laclede believed their own safety was the first consideration, and kept fearfully to their homes.

Toward morning the raiders, thinking to take the defenders off their guard, prepared to storm the house. It was the intense darkness just before dawn. Not a shot had been fired for nearly an hour, and each raider, lying in the deepest shadow he could find, awaited the signal.

Just at this time the long, piercing whistle of a train on the Hannibal and St. Joseph road awoke the echoes.

if the reader knows how every dweller in a remote village looks forward to the arrival of a train, how they set their watches by it, and are greatly concerned by its non-arrival; how an unexpected train causes great wonderment and speculation—he can realize the bewilderment that this unexpected train whistle caused in the little town of Laclede nearly sixty years ago. Trains ran seldom at best, and a train at this time of the morning was a thing unheard of.

Even the raiders stopped in their tracks and listened.

The Pershings, their eyes intent on the movement of a shadow, wondered whether this had anything to do with their present predicament. Whether it had or not, it aroused the raiders, who, with a wild rebel yell rushed the house. A stout fence rail in the hands of several men was fast battering in the door.

Pershing knew it would only be a matter of minutes when they would be hand to hand with the foe.

Suddenly the terrific clamor at the door ceased. The little household heard new cries on the road and the noise of their late antagonists hurrying away to the accompaniment of a heavy volley. Knowing that relief had come, they took down the bars to the doors and hastened out.

It was a glad sight that awaited them, for the first thing that met their eyes was the Stars and Stripes in the hands of an officer in the long unfamiliar uniform of the Union forces.

Before Pershing could express his thanks to the commander a little form pushed past him and was saluting the Captain in the way he had been taught. It was little John Pershing, who had escaped from the dark closet. The little voice piped: "Are you a 'merican officer?"

The officer with a smile returned his salute and assured him that his assumption was right.

"Well, I'm going to be one, too, when I grow up," asserted the youngster.

His mother attempted to take him, but Jack clung to the captain until the latter departed with his men.

This troop was the vanguard of that Union Army which was to wipe out the bushwhackers and restore order in the State of Missouri. They had arrived in Laclede that morning upon a train of flat cars. Hearing the shots of the raiders they had investigated and rescued the Pershings. This incident of the raiders was the only one of its kind that the town of Laclede was to experience during the Civil War.

The memory of those days, when the strife of the North and South threatened to disrupt the country,



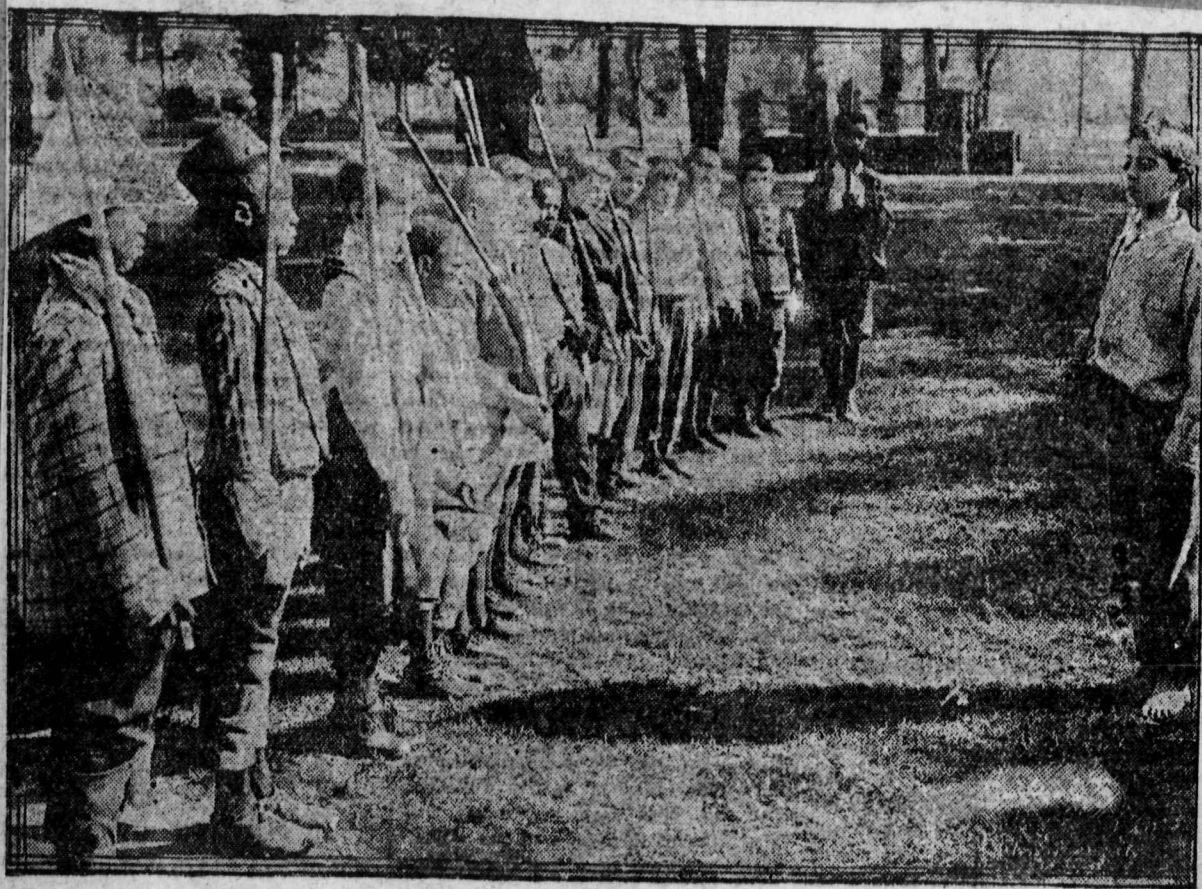


Church Pershing family  
attended at Latrobe, Md.



Gen. Pershing's father

PERSHING'S FATHER, AND METHODIST CHURCH WHERE  
FUTURE GENERAL WENT TO SUNDAY SCHOOL AS A BOY.



GEN. PERSHING REVIEWING HIS TROOPS.



# Pershing Proves a Regular Boy With a Likely Eye For the Melon Patch

This is the first full, authentic life story of Gen. John J. Pershing, America's leader in France. Trained newspaper men spent months to gather the material.

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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Daniel Pershing, son of Alsatian parents, comes to America in search of liberty in 1744. The name is Americanized into Pershing, and Daniel takes part in the Revolution. John J. Pershing, the future General, is born at Laclede, Mo., Sept. 13, 1860. He grows up amid the border strife of the Civil War, imbibing a love of country and the wish to be a soldier.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE day for which John Pershing and his little band of boy scouts in Laclede had long waited was at hand. Here was their sentinel running down the hill crying: "The Indians are coming!"

Their opportunity had come—but it found them wanting. For, with the exception of their dauntless commander, every one of them immediately took to his heels.

"Halt!" shouted the future General, waving his wooden sword. The bravery of their captain shamed the others so that the panic was stopped, though each boy was shaking in his boots. From strategic positions behind the trees they waited.

The enemy came; but not the enemy they were expecting.

It seems that Tom Higginbotham, who was acting as sentinel, had found that waiting for Indians who never came was a tedious job. For sport he had organized a rival company from among the colored children of the town and persuaded them to attack the others. When all was ready he had run down and given the false alarm.

The dark-skinned warriors, armed with broomsticks, advanced. When Jack's company realized the hoax that had been played on them stones began to fly in earnest, and the fight ended in a free-for-all. Hard-hitting Jack himself decided the victory for his company.

The casualties of this historic battle of Laclede were heavy. Not one combatant escaped unscathed. The mothers of the town sat up late that night to mend torn trousers and jackets. Gory noses were proudly displayed. The hero pose never had appealed to Jack, however, and he went home by a roundabout route to escape undue curiosity.

As was natural, many a hickory switch dusted the back of the howling progeny of Laclede. Jack's father, however, was built on different lines. When he saw the torn clothes and the cut face of his son he merely smiled.

"Fighting, eh? Well, it will make a man of you. But never let any one

say that they have licked you."

Upon Jack, who had braced himself for the expected whipping, these words made a deep impression, and the thought of them has carried him to victory through many a fight in the face of serious odds.

Little John Pershing was now about eight years of age, and, with his younger brother, Jim, was a pupil at the "old red schoolhouse." John was a real boy. Mark Twain has painted a vivid picture of the real boy as he lived in a Missouri town at about this period. Jack lived about the same sort of life in general as did Tom Sawyer. He played "hookey" from school. He had all the small boy's troubles and he met them in the same way. He had all the necessary fights, but they were never the fights of a bully. He even raided the orchards and the melon fields of the neighborhood.

A story is still told in Laclede of one of these raids:

Charles Bigger, a schoolmate, approached Jack early one evening.

"Old man Temple has a field of watermelons that are so long," said he, indicating with his arms a melon of stupendous size.

"There isn't a melon on earth that big," returned Jack, unconvinced.

"You come with me to-night and I'll show you," said Charley.

Jack, being from Missouri, was willing to be shown.

That night, after mother had tucked the children in and father had put out the lights and gone to bed, Jack got up very quietly, pulled on his trousers over his nightshirt—no boy in a Missouri town would have dreamed of wearing shoes while the weather was warm enough to go without them—slipped out of the window and jumped off the low kitchen roof.

Charley Bigger was waiting for him in the shadow of the cottonwood trees. Silently they made their way down the moonlit road to the open country. They "shinned" over the snake-fence and tip-toed and crept past the house of the farmer and into the melon patch. The melons, sure enough, were the largest that either of the boys ever had seen, and each selected one of the best.

Now, any watermelon is a good-sized load for a small boy, and these were all they could carry; so, as they made their way back, they could not step as carefully as they had on their way down. A twig snapped with a loud noise just as they passed the

chicken house. Immediately a loud cackling arose among the hens.

"That'll wake old man Temple," whispered Charley; "we'd better run."

And run he did; but Jack, after taking all that trouble, didn't wish to lose his precious melon. Lights appeared in the house and the figure of Farmer Temple in the doorway with a gun.

At that moment poor Charley, not seeing the fence in his haste, crashed full against it. The melon smashed all over him, but the boy managed to scramble over the fence and out of danger.

"Stop!" yelled the angry farmer, menacing with his gun.

Jack, still hugging his melon, stopped. The farmer approached and looked down at the boy.

"Well, if it ain't John Pershing's boy," he exclaimed, "and after my melons, too. I thought it was one of those darned chicken thieves."

He looked over toward the fence where Charley had smashed his melon.

"And the little cuss didn't run, either, when I came with the gun. Well, sonny, you just take that melon and toddle along, and any time you want another you come right to Joe Temple and he will pick a good one for you."

So Jack lugged his melon out on the road where the scared Charley had been watching the proceedings from the shadows. In silence they proceeded to eat the melon. When they had finished Charley, who

seemed to have something on his mind, blurted out:

"Gee! I wish I was brave like you."

Next morning the story of Jack's exploit spread through the school. From the school it spread over town and finally reached the ears of Jack's father.

That night Jack did receive a whipping, for his father never countenanced night raids on his neighbors' property.

Mrs. Ann Thompson Pershing instilled into the minds of her children at an early age deep reverence for the Almighty. The Pershing family were regular attendants at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Laclede and every Sunday it was the custom for John and the other children to attend Sunday school and remain for the regular church service.

These teachings were to remain always a part of the life of the future general. It is probable that his boyish mind idealized some of the more heroic characters of the Old Testament and that he patterned his life after these—together with, George Washington, his favorite historical hero.

Jack never was what is termed a brilliant scholar. That is, he absorbed his knowledge slowly. But what he did learn after hours of study was retained. His mother was the faithful companion of his study. Often she would protest against the persistence with which he kept at a difficult problem. Young Jack, however, never would give up until he

conquered. The same qualities were then displayed that made him the supreme commander of the American army in its most critical hour.

The chairman of the School Board, on a periodical visit to examine the school, as a special reward for proficiency announced that a handsomely bound copy of the life of George Washington would be offered for the best solution of a certain problem. As the offer of a prize was unusual there was great excitement while the teacher wrote the following on the blackboard:

"If sound moves at the rate of 1,142 feet per second, and the pulsations of the human body are seventy per minute, what is the distance of a cloud if twenty pulsations occur between the time of seeing the lightning and the hearing of the thunder?"

A gasp of consternation came from the pupils. This was entirely beyond the comprehension of most of them. Only a few even took the trouble to copy the problem and attempt its solution.

Jack Pershing was one of these. He only smiled when some of his friends suggested that the problem was a hoax and that there could be no solution.

"There must be a solution," he said, "to every problem."

Immediately after supper Jack went to his room and began his work. Bed-time came and Jack was still at it. His mother, now accustomed to her son's determination, did not disturb him.

At midnight there was still a light in his room.

"Just an hour more, mother," was his plea when his mother urged him to stop and go to bed.

*End, Chapter IV*

## CHAPTER V.

IN the morning Jack Pershing came down to breakfast tired but happy. He had solved the problem in that last hour. It was a proud mother who sent him off to school that day. It was the big day of the school year. The Chairman and the Examining Board would be there. Friends and relatives would be present to hear the accomplishments of the pupils.

The customary exercises passed without a hitch. The event of the day, however, was still to come. Every one was eagerly waiting to see who would win the coveted problem prize. At last the Chairman rose.

"As you all know," said he, "there is to be a prize awarded to-day. This prize is particularly significant—a copy of the life of our first President, George Washington. His life was an example of diligence and perseverance. These traits are sure to be possessed by the scholar who wins this prize. I now call upon you for answers to the problem on the blackboard."

In the silence that followed the boys and girls all looked around to see who would have the courage to respond. Jack waited until it was evident that he was the only one who could even attempt to answer. He arose. He had felt so confident before, but now his knees were beginning to tremble as he stood in the presence of the board.

"Please, sir," his voice wavered as he spoke, "I know the answer."

The chairman, pleased that here was one at least who could make an answer, encouraged him. Jack continued:

"If sound travels at the rate of 1,142 feet per second and the pulsations of the human body are seventy per minute, the distance of a cloud if twenty pulsations occur between the time of seeing a lightning flash and hearing the thunder is—five miles two hundred and forty-six feet and eight inches."

The answer Jack blurted out and hurriedly sank back into his seat amid the applause of the school.

The Chairman, in another speech, congratulated the boy and ended by presenting him with the book—the life of George Washington. Then, like a bolt from the blue, the youthful winner heard these words:

"John, can't you make us a little speech?"

There is nothing that the average small boy dreads more than to speak in public. John was no exception; but there seemed no way open to a refusal. Slowly he rose. He turned toward where his mother was sitting, and her smile and her moving lips gave him the support he needed. He could see her lips shaping the words that he could use, and, with this to help, he began:

"I'm sorry you all didn't win a prize, too. I—I—I'm much obliged. I'm going to grow up like George Washington."

(To Be Continued.)



# Pershing Faces Responsibility And Proves Himself Equal To the Test

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## CHAPTER V.

(Continued).

THE future General's happy years at school were fast slipping by. The Pershing children at this time consisted of John, Jim, May and Bess. The elder Pershing in his general store had found a gold mine. H. C. Lomax, who was Mr. Pershing's clerk in the store and is still living as President of the bank in Laclede, is the authority for the statement that John F. Pershing was one of the wealthiest men in the State of Missouri. It was estimated that he was worth at least \$100,000—a fair fortune even now, but then an unusual one.

Mr. Pershing was an acknowledged leader in all business enterprises and had the respect of every one in the State. As an investment he considered the fields of Missouri the best that could be found, and he began to extend his holdings in farm lands.

During summer vacations he thought it best that his boys be given a training for their future lives. He had no thought but that they would follow in his footsteps and become small merchants and farmers.

Accordingly he sent Jack and Jim to his farms to work during the summer months. It was the kind of work that builds up the body and makes men. Pershing did not believe in coddling his children.

There was a marked difference between the boys—John was sober, slow and industrious; Jim was always ready for a frolic, always ready at the first opportunity to drop all work and go fishing. John, even then, was beginning to make plans for his future which differed from those of his father. These ambitions he had kept

carefully hidden in his own breast. They were clear, well developed hopes that he had in mind. He had big ideas of life, and the means of accomplishing them by using properly the mental and physical strength that God had given him. The boy who had the potential power to stir the world when the time came—that boy was going to be ready to grasp his opportunity when it presented itself.

The field of opportunity was not large in the small town of Laclede. The boy had had no chance to see the world, the larger method of development. The greatest chance, in his eyes, seemed to lie in the law. With the hope, therefore, that some day, by diligence, he could make a great lawyer of himself, he utilized every opportunity to study.

Working hard all day in the fields and studying at night was John Pershing's record during those summers in the early seventies.

With the coming of fall the brothers came back to town. As in every country village, there were hay rides and parties; and the Pershing boys were getting old enough to be invited to these. Jim did manage to inveigle John into attending several; but John was not a "ladies' man." He was always rather shy in the presence of girls.

Another sidelight on the character of the future General—he had the reputation of being fastidious about his clothes. Not that he was a dandy or that his clothes were unusual in cut or color, but his clothes were always neat and well pressed.

Miss May Pershing, the General's sister, relates the story of how her brother John was accustomed to put his Sunday clothes between the mattresses in order to keep them in their proper creases. Jim, as usual, never was able to keep a suit in shape for any length of time, and, as a result, he was always trying to borrow something of John. But John insisted that he must learn to take care of his own.

About this time a pretty Eastern girl

was visiting relatives in Laclede. She was the belle of the town during her stay, and Jim was one of the most eager seekers for her smiles. At last there seemed an opportunity for Jim to call on the young lady when the

usual crowd of admirers would be absent. There was to be a revival meeting in the Methodist Church, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Sidebotham. The Pershing family, being devout Methodists, expected to attend, as did nearly every one else in town.

It was during the progress of this meeting that Jim was to have the pleasure of calling on the girl.

When he went to lay out his best clothes in preparation for the happy event he found that, as usual, they were in a sad state. He was in despair until he remembered that John would not be at home until late that evening and would not miss his clothes if he should use them.

Carefully he took the suit from between the mattresses, put it on, and cheerfully proceeded up the street to the house where the girl was a guest.

Unfortunately, John did come home. He had finished his work early and had hurried to attend the revival meeting with his mother. Of course it would not do for him to go in his working clothes, so he rushed upstairs to dress. He lifted the mattress—his clothes were gone. It did not take long for him to guess the culprit and the purpose for which the clothes were being used.

With a grim smile he stalked out of the house.

Jim, very self-conscious but happy, was seated on a stiff horsehair chair, awkwardly holding a big family album, while on another chair sat an extremely pretty maid demurely turning the pages of the album in the accustomed manner of entertaining a "gentleman caller" of these days in rural Missouri.

Suddenly, with a loud thumping on the porch, the angry John entered and confronted the startled pair.

End Chapter V

## CHAPTER VI.

JIM PERSHING did not know exactly what to expect, but he knew John, and knew he deserved all he would receive at his hands. At the same time he didn't wish to be shamed before the girl. So he managed to ask in as casual a tone as he could assume:

"Do you want anything, John?"

The answer came with a snap:

"Yes, I want you, and I want my suit—and I want it right away."

And, grasping his brother by the ear, he marched him out of the room. Jim could hear the giggles of the girl as he left, and knew that all chances for her favor were gone.

"Off with those clothes!" said John when they reached home. "Put them away just as you found them, and come down stairs."

Downstairs John was waiting for the culprit. It was too late for the revival meeting—that was nearly over—but John intended to teach Jim a lesson. A severe thrashing impended—but this the arrival of his

parents with the revivalist, the Rev. Mr. Sidebotham, prevented.

The summer of 1875 brought a drought. No rain fell—the black loam of Missouri crumbled to powder. Few seeds that had been put in the earth that spring sprouted, and those that came up quickly withered.

No crops were raised in Missouri or in Kansas that year. Farmers nearly starved, and those in the towns who depended upon the money the farmers spent had nearly as hard a time.

The elder Pershing had many acres of Missouri farmland. Ordinarily they were the best investment he

could have made, even with the mortgages which were on them. The interest on the mortgages was only a small part of what the farms produced, and it was considered better business for a man to have a large acreage with a mortgage than a small farm free.

Consequently, when the drought came Pershing was caught. One after another his mortgages were foreclosed. His general store, which had made his fortune, was sold under the hammer—everything he owned except the home was lost.

John F. Pershing, undaunted by his misfortune, resolved to start anew and make as big a success as he had before. There was nothing in Laclede left for him to do—very little for any one. Pershing took stock of the family resources. There was only \$15 and his watch. He decided to go to Kansas City to look for work.

Young John, big and husky for his age, felt sure that he could find enough work around the town to support the family while his father was away. With this assurance the elder Pershing, leaving \$5 of his little capital, departed for Kansas City and a fresh start in life.

With the determination that he put into his search for work it was not long before he found it; but during that period his funds ran so low that he was compelled to put up his watch as security for his board. The position he obtained was that of a traveling salesman. This paid a very small salary at first, so son John still had his opportunity to aid in the support of the family.

In that part of Laclede known as "Niggertown" there had been a school ever since Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation. The maintenance of this school was required by law, but the post of teacher never was eagerly sought.

Hearing of the school board's difficulty in obtaining a teacher, John resolved to try for the position. He called upon the Chairman and made such a strong application that he was appointed. Never before had a boy so young been considered capable to teach a school, but the board was familiar with the scholarly qualities of John Pershing. They knew he had the determination to win—that he would overcome all the hardships of the difficult post and would make good.

John took charge of his school for the term of 1876-7.

It is to be remembered that young John Pershing was braving public opinion when he undertook to teach

in a negro school. The town of Laclede still had the same Southern atmosphere that it had during the war. It was not considered fitting that a white man should perform such a personal service as teaching negroes. Hence the task called for great fortitude.

He soon began to realize what a difficult problem he had undertaken. His late schoolmates would congregate at the windows and disturb the sessions of the school. They would hang around until school was dismissed and call "Nigger! Nigger!" This petty persecution only made John persevere the harder to achieve the result for which he was striving.

The climax came one day when a certain "rough" boy of the town entered the school while John was conducting a class. Trouble seemed imminent. John felt that he would lose the respect of his scholars were he to enter into a fight in the schoolroom.

The only thing he could do was to try to make the young man feel ashamed of himself, so he said:

"Abraham Lincoln conferred upon the colored race the privilege of education. When every one else refused I undertook to teach them. Please leave and permit me to continue with the instruction that will make these people worthy of the citizenship that has been conferred upon them."

The logic of this was unanswerable, and the bully left the school abashed. John did not have much trouble with the boys after this, but he could tell by the attitude of the public that they still did not approve his position.

However, John remained throughout the term, as the pay, although not large, was sufficient to provide for his mother and the rest of the family. His father was making good as a travelling salesman, and soon began to send home a sum sufficient for their support. Then the mother insisted that John relinquish his position at the end of the term and continue his studies.

During the summer John did study hard, but the love of his work was in his blood. He had had one experience with it and was resolved to work again as soon as he could fittingly prepare himself for it.

There was a normal school at Kirksville, about seventy-five miles from Laclede. A normal school in those days had the same standing as a State college or university. It was the goal of every boy's ambition to go to the Normal.

John hardly dared breathe this ambition to his mother. He did not believe the family finances could stand the additional expense. When Charley Spurgeon, a boy about the same age, who lived directly across the street from the Pershings, came in one evening full of the news that he was going to the Normal that term, Mrs. Pershing saw reflected in John's face his own great wish to go.

Without saying anything to her son, Mrs. Pershing wrote to her husband, and the encouraging letter she received in reply made her resolve to send John to Kirksville at all costs.

It was a happy boy who packed his few belongings and set out for the Normal School on Sept. 15, 1878, with his friend Charley Spurgeon. He felt

that at last he had set his foot on the ladder that leads to success.

Young John Pershing knew the value of application, and he made the best use of his time while at Kirksville. It took him longer to work out a problem to his own satisfaction than it did many of his fellows, but he never quit when he had the apparent solution; it had to be proved from all angles. So at the Normal John had the reputation of being a hard student, and his marks there show that he was.

Kirksville was and still is a co-educational institution, and it was difficult for even so hard a student, and one so shy in the presence of the fair sex, to keep entirely out of the social life.

On Hallowe'en Charley Spurgeon, provoked at John's refusals to accompany him to previous parties, taunted him with actually being afraid of the girls. John, to prove that this was not the case, decided to go to this one.

It was a Hallowe'en party of the old-fashioned kind—with taffy-pulling, corn-popping, and bobbing for apples in a tub of water. At first John's diffidence kept him aloof from the merrymakers, but Charley dragged him to the tub—where stood the pretty Lottie Spencer.



## CHAPTER VII.

WHEN John Pershing went down on his knees with pretty Lottie Spencer before the tub of water bobbing for apples at the Hallowe'en party he was entirely ignorant of the finer points of the game through lack of practice.

Perhaps it was the unaccustomed proximity of the fair face so close to him that embarrassed him; perhaps he went after the elusive apple too strenuously. At any rate, the two heads bumped together, the owners lost their balance, and into the water went the heads.

The pair arose amid the laughter of the others. The incident had broken the ice for John and he entered into the spirit of the festivities. The same incident seemed also to have conquered his shyness with girls—at least for one particular girl, for it was some time later in the evening that the company missed John and Lottie and started a search for them.

Out on the porch in the moonlight they were found.

All things sentimental were subject to jest in that merry throng, who immediately threw cold water on this budding romance of John's. It was to be many years before he permitted his fancy to fix itself again on any particular girl.

For the remainder of his term at the Normal John applied himself industriously to his studies. He was so successful that he was graduated from Kirksville on June 15, 1880, with the degree of B. A.

He returned home resolved to study law at the first opportunity.

(To Be Continued.)

## Pershing Turns School Teacher And Promptly Gets Into Trouble

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## CHAPTER VII.

IT is worthy of note that one of the presents Pershing's father sent to John upon his graduation was a pair of kid gloves—the first he had owned. These gloves were a prized possession. It will be recalled that he was extremely careful about his dress, and the kid gloves fitted in with his idea of what was proper for a young man to wear when attired in his "best."

Wishing to be independent while studying law, John looked around for a position. He heard the town of Prairie Mound, about nine miles from Laclede, would need a teacher for its school the next term. He was already familiar with that work, so he asked "Doc" Spurgeon, the father of his old roommate, Charley, for a letter of introduction to old "Cap" Henley, superintendent of the school there.

"Of course, I'll give you a letter," said the "Doc," though he smiled as he looked at the gloves which John was wearing. "But I'll tell you one thing. Don't wear those gloves when you see the old man. He doesn't like gloves a darn bit."

John promised to take off his gloves before he interviewed the superintendent. The Pershings did not own a horse, but they had a coal-black jackass which they used when they made short trips.

Prairie Mound, being nine miles distant, was too far for John to walk, so he saddled the jackass and, with Charley Spurgeon mounted on a similar steed of different color, he made the journey.

On his way he had to ford what was known as Turkey Creek. This little

stream at the time was higher than usual and there was no bridge. Half way across John's steed balked. Nothing the rider could do would move the animal. It began to slip off into a hole; still it stubbornly refused to move.

The water had reached John's feet and was coming still higher. There was every prospect that he would be drenched before he could apply for his position—and this was an occasion when he wished to appear especially neat.

He climbed on top the saddle and stood there while the water was rising higher and higher. Charley, though highly amused at the predicament of his friend, came to his rescue, tied the bridle of his mule to that of John's animal, and dragged them both from the stream.

With the exception of a few splashes John was as neat as ever. When the steeple of the Prairie Mound Church came into view John, who was still wearing his gloves, remembered "Doc" Spurgeon's advice, removed them and placed them in his pocket.

His interview with "Cap" Henley was entirely satisfactory, and John, when he left the superintendent's office, knew he was to teach the school there for the next term. Just as he was leaving, however, the old man said:

"I'm glad you don't wear any of those new-fangled kid gloves. The last young feller we had here had a sort of partiality for them, and that was one of the reasons we had to let him out."

That winter John Pershing made his home with an uncle, William Griffith, who had a farm near Prairie Mound.

The life of a teacher, even in this school where the atmosphere was so different from that of the colored school in which John had taught in Laclede, was no sinecure, as he soon discovered. The children were very unruly—due perhaps to a lack of

discipline by previous teachers. He saw that he would have to take strenuous measures or he soon would be in the position of submitting to his own pupils.

Among the older boys was one who, by reason of his size and fractious disposition, had assumed the position of ringleader in all the devilry. It took some time, naturally, for the new teacher to become acquainted with this fact; but, when he did, it was easy to put a stop to the lawlessness that kept the school in a turmoil.

It was during a history lesson one afternoon, John, with his inborn love of country, always took great delight in expounding to his pupils the glorious story of how our forefathers fought for and obtained their rights and their independence. In the midst of an impassioned speech the bully of the school saw a particularly good opportunity to create a diversion.

A stray dog had crept unnoticed into the schoolroom. It sniffed inquiringly at several of the children

and made its way to the bully. Grinning like the young savage he was he kicked the mongrel, howling, up the aisle.

Now, if there was anything that John Pershing detested it was cruelty to animals. Dogs especially were his favorites and he could not bear to have them mistreated.

This was the time for action. John called the offender before him. The bully, confident that his size prevented any punishment, replied:

"Come an' get me."

John went and got him. Jerking him to his feet with a grip the young ruffian could not break, the young teacher severely chastised him and put him out of school.

The surprised youth yelled back vindictively:

"Wait till my father gets you and you'll see who's boss."

John proceeded in peace in the now subdued school and thought he had settled the question of discipline.

The bully, however, had a father who was built along the same lines as his son, and the distorted story told by the latter was such as to make him seek revenge on the man who had punished the boy.

As John neared the schoolhouse the following morning he noticed that all of the pupils were waiting outside. This was unusual and he hurried to find out the cause. As he came closer he saw the figure of a big, burly man, whose stiff red whiskers and hair gave him a fierce aspect, seated on a horse with a gun in his hand.

John immediately recalled the threat of the young bully, and rightly concluded that this was the father who was going to "show him who was boss." But he never was one to shirk when there was trouble in sight. The man was several times his size and he had a gun, but odds made no difference to John.

When the red haired man caught sight of the teacher he raised his gun.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THIS was the first time in the life of John Pershing that he, who was afterward to face hostile millions, had a gun pointed at him with murderous intent. He met fearlessly the gaze of the father of the school bully whom he had expelled the day before.

"You're the skunk that licked my boy?" shouted the man, beside himself with rage.

"I don't want any trouble with you, sir," said young Pershing calmly. "I expected your boy because he was unruly, and he can stay away until he learns to conduct himself as a student should."

"Well, I came to show you that you can't boss me and mine around like that," replied the man, still covering the teacher with his weapon.

Then put down that gun and fight like a man," said John, making a sudden spring and twisting the gun from the hands of the astonished man. He knew the effect of a surprise, and the man, bewildered by the unexpected attack, was quickly pulled from his horse.

"Punch him, dad," called the young bully from the outskirts of the crowd, where he was hiding to witness the outcome of the affair.

"Dad," with the bellow of a bull, rushed his assailant and sought to get him in those big arms of his, John, realizing that he would stand little chance at close quarters, avoided the rush and, as the big man lunged by, planted a fist in his face.

Blinded by the blow, the man turned and rushed again—with the same result. Finding he could accomplish nothing by these tactics, he stood up to Pershing, his arms flying like flails as he tried to reach the elusive youth. It was a battle of blind rage against a cool, collected determination to make every blow count; and, as usual, the latter won. Watching his opportunity, Pershing landed a heavy blow on the chin of his antagonist, who sank heavily to the ground, dead to the world.

Pershing was not particularly elated over this victory, save that it proved to him that with determination he could win out in the physical side of life, even against heavy odds. He turned to his pupils, who were eying their teacher with the respectful admiration of the small boy for a hero, and ordered them into the schoolhouse. Nothing could have impressed them more strongly than did this encounter that he was determined to have discipline.

When the last of the children had disappeared into the building Pershing

turned to the man, who was beginning to regain consciousness. He grinned sheepishly as he sat up.

"Well, young feller," he said, "I wouldn't have thought you had it in you. I guess that boy of mine has been pretty rambunctious and I reckon he got just what was coming to him."

He turned to his son, who, seeing how the wind blew, was trying to escape from the scene.

"You go on back into that school, and if I hear of any more cutting up I want the teacher to lick you good, and when you come home I'll whale you myself."

When the young teacher entered the schoolroom there was silence, but upon the blackboard was this sentence:

"Teacher is the boss here."

Pershing pretended not to see this writing, but he smiled to himself with a feeling of security in the knowledge that never again in that school was he to have trouble which would make it impossible to accomplish what he had been sent there to do.

"Cap" Henley and the school board heard of the affair and congratulated themselves upon having secured not only a teacher but a man.

Still John applied himself to his books after the day's work was done. He had begun to read law, and found this one of the most difficult of all subjects to master by himself. It is not unlikely that the world would have lost a great soldier while gaining a brilliant lawyer had not John Pershing seen this announcement in the Laclede Lancet, the little weekly paper that each week was sent to him by his mother:

On July 15 there will be a competitive examination for the appointment of a cadet at the United States Military Academy at West Point. All honest, strong, God-fearing boys of this district may take part.

J. H. BURROUGHS, Member of Congress, Second District.

At first this announcement did not make any particular impression on Pershing. There was no indication then that the United States Government ever would be in need of his services as a soldier. The mantle of peace appeared to have settled over the country for an indefinite period.

The matter stuck in his mind, however; and, finally, he concluded it would do no harm to make inquiries about it. He knew that the Military Academy was a noted educational institution, and this fact alone was interesting to a boy of his temperament.

He went down to Trenton, the home of Congressman Burroughs, to see him. Mr. Burroughs welcomed him and told him many interesting things about West Point. Seeing what a fine, manly fellow this was, the Congressman felt that he would feel

proud to have John represent him there.

He pointed out to his visitor that it was the duty of every man to serve his country if he was able to do so. Instinctively John felt this, but the way of his duty never before had been pointed out in such fashion. He now resolved that, if possible, he would win that examination, go to West Point and give all that was in him to the service of the land of his birth.

With this decision he returned home and began to prepare for the competition.

Mrs. Pershing at first, naturally enough, was reluctant to see him enter the army, as she much preferred to have him near her. At the same time she realized that she, too, owed a duty to the Stars and Stripes—the pioneer woman who had stood beside her husband and loaded the guns with which he defended their home against the bushwhackers of the Civil War. Convinced by reflection, she finally rejoiced in being able to give her son to the flag. The evening of July 14 Pershing went over to Trenton in readiness for the contest next morning.

Seven stalwart boys presented themselves for the examination. One of them, to the surprise of the other six, was a negro. This was the first time that a member of this race had applied for appointment to West Point from that congressional district, and his appearance created quite a stir.

According to the schedule, the physical examination came first.

One by one the boys were led into the doctor's office and given a thorough test. Only two of those husky

boys failed to pass. One was the negro. It was found that one of his feet was what is termed web-footed—that is, as in the case of a duck, there was a thin web of flesh connecting his toes.

The mental test occupied the next day. Pershing found that his experience as a teacher greatly aided him in this part of the competition.

There was only one whom he really feared in the competition—a boy named Higginbotham, who had the reputation of being a brilliant student. However, John purposed to do the very best he could—and, if he did not win, it would be because Higginbotham was a better man.

Higginbotham was first to complete his papers, and he passed from the room with a confident smile. John still had to verify some of his answers before being satisfied that they were correct.

That night was a very anxious one. The whole town, being interested in the event, turned out the next day to hear the announcement of the outcome.

Congressman Burroughs, very impressive in his frock coat, stood up with the important paper in his hand.

(To Be Continued.)



# Pershing Wins Entry to West Point And Begins Life Work For Nation

This is the first full, authentic life story of Gen. John J. Pershing, America's leader in France. Trained newspaper men spent months to gather the material.

The facts thus obtained have been made the basis of a patriotic motion picture entitled, "Why America Will Win," produced by the Fox Film Corporation.

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Daniel Pershing, son of Alaskan parents, comes to America in search of liberty in 1744. The name is Americanized into Pershing, and Daniel takes part in the Revolution. John J. Pershing, the future General, is born at Laclede, Mo., Sept. 13, 1860. He grows up amid the border strife of the Civil War, imbibing a love of country and the wish to be a soldier. At school he shows a capacity for leadership and a quality of learning things thoroughly. The Pershing family meets adversity, but John's mother aids him in attending Normal School, from which he graduates with a B. A. degree June 15, 1880. Then he goes home, resolved to study law. An opportunity offers to stand examination for West Point, and Pershing eagerly enters the competition.

## CHAPTER IX.

AS Congressman Burroughs stood before the waiting crowd on that July day in 1882 to announce the winner in the competition for appointment as a West Point cadet, John Pershing felt a keener anxiety and dread than he ever had experienced. He knew he had done his best; but he did not know whether that best was good enough to defeat his competitor, Higginbotham.

It seemed an age while the Honorable Mr. Burroughs fumbled for his glasses, put them on, and made sundry other preparatory moves. As a further increase to the tension, he entered upon a lengthy preamble which was not unlike a political speech. At last he reached his main deliverance thus:

"After a thorough examination of the papers we find that John J. Pershing of Laclede is the successful contestant, having defeated Frank Higginbotham by one point. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that I shall send the name of John Pershing to the War Department in Washington as my appointment to the cadetship at West Point. In accordance with the usual custom, the name of Frank Higginbotham shall go as his alternate."

Mr. Burroughs reached down and shook John's hand, warmly congratulating him on his victory. John replied:

"I believe this to be the greatest

opportunity a man ever had. Although it seems hardly possible that this nation will draw the sword for a hundred years or more, I shall do my best to fit myself for any service our glorious flag may require."

Tearing himself from the many eager hands thrust toward him, he first sought his mother. There was a great pride in her eyes when she put her arms around him and whispered:

"My boy, I knew you would win."

Just then the winner saw his late antagonist, Frank Higginbotham, on the outskirts of the crowd, hurrying away to hide his disappointment. John ran over to him and held out his hand.

"I'm sorry—awfully sorry—that we both could not have won. I know how I would have felt had I been in your place. I don't want you to feel unkindly toward me, for I want to be your friend."

Frank took his hand with a hearty grasp and wished him the greatest success in his new career.

This competitive examination was only for the purpose of selecting the candidate for appointment. John discovered that he would have to pass another and harder test at the Military Academy itself before he could actually be admitted.

The examinations at West Point were held in June and in September. Those admitted on the early tests had the advantage of the training at the summer camp. John was not appointed until too late to take the June examination. It was in September, 1882, that he reported at West Point. He found that very few were to be

examined with him, the majority having reported in June. Many of those with him were the alternates of men who had failed to pass earlier in the year.

John had not been idle, and the stiff examination given by the army officers had no terrors for him. He passed with flying colors.

A cadet entered in September was at a great disadvantage, as John soon found. He not only had to apply himself to the hard curriculum of the institution, but he had to learn in a very brief time those soldierly duties which most of his classmates had spent all summer in practicing.

Then, too, he had a feeling that he was an "outsider." Friendships had been formed among the men of his class at the camp which did not include him. Against these difficulties he had to strive.

The lowest class at the Point is called the "plebe" class, and John quickly found that a plebe was regarded by the upper classmen as somewhat lower than the floors they walked upon. Hazing was officially frowned upon, but young Pershing probably had his share of all forms of hazing that were practiced during the 80's at the Point.

The instructors found that in him they had a cadet who was worth watching. The academy never was a place for one who shirked his studies. The thorough confidence with which John prepared his papers and his complete grasp of the subject in hand commanded the attention of the officers and it was realized, even during his plebe year, that he would rise far in his chosen career.

At the end of the year he was one of the leaders of his class. He was now what was termed a "yearling." For the first two years a cadet was required to remain at the academy. No leave or vacation was given until the end of the second year—when he was given permission to return home for three months, unless he was so far behind in his studies that it was necessary for him to remain and catch up.

With the prospect of returning home the next summer, John applied himself industriously. Cavalry instruction was not given until the second year. He interested himself particularly in this branch of the service. He loved horses, and the more he knew about them the more he loved them. A circus rider has no better training in equestrianism than has a West Point cadet.

Before the outbreak of the great world's war the cavalry was the preferred branch of the service, and John Pershing, while in his "yearling"

class, set his heart upon having the crossed sabres of the cavalry on his collar after graduation. He knew he would not be given the privilege of choosing the branch in which he would serve, and all such assignments were made according to scholarship; so he had an additional incentive for study.

John was given his furlough the following summer and arrived home



GEN. PERSHING AS HE LOOKED WHEN HE GRADUATED WITH RANK OF SECOND LIEUTENANT.

in all the glory of his gray uniform on the 4th of July, 1884.

His mother was waiting on the steps for him, with the trace of tears in her eyes as she kissed her big soldier boy. The neighbors did not give her much opportunity to have her son to herself that first day, for they insisted upon overwhelming him with admiring attention. They were most curious about his life at the academy, and marvelled at the striking uniform he wore.

All too soon the vacation was ended

and he was back on the bluff overlooking the Hudson, hard at work again.

The next two years passed very swiftly. As a first classman John Pershing was made a cadet captain, and given command of A Company. This was the highest honor that any cadet could receive during his course, and is further proof that he was considered by his superiors to be of exceptional worth not only as a student, but as a soldier.

At last graduation day came. John knew that his name was high on the list and that he probably would be assigned to the cavalry. His determination had won again.

As he sat in Cullum Hall that day and listened to the commandant and to the Secretary of War he realized fully the lofty purpose to which he now had dedicated his life. That day he received his commission as a second lieutenant in the cavalry. This commission, signed by Grover Cleveland as President of the United States, is one of Gen. Pershing's most valued possessions.

With the rest of his classmates he rushed back to the barracks to find what orders awaited him.

## CHAPTER X.

THE newly commissioned lieutenant, John J. Pershing, hurried to his quarters in the old barracks at West Point, eager to learn where he would be stationed. In the orders from the War Department posted there he found that he was assigned to the Sixth Cavalry, then in the southwest, operating under General Nelson A. Miles, against the famous Apache warrior, Geronimo.

It was concededly a great honor to be immediately assigned to a regiment really in action, and Pershing fully appreciated this.

The young lieutenant found life in Arizona quite different from that at West Point. No longer was there need to put in the long hours of study which had been customary since he was a child; but there was plenty of work to do of another kind.

There was continuous action against the Indians in those days. The different bands would attack suddenly some detached point and as quickly disappear. The troops were constantly at the call of settlers, and for weeks at a time Pershing was in the saddle almost continuously with his

troop, pursuing some of the elusive reaskins.

In one of the army records of that period is a note of one of these incidents in which Lieut. Pershing figured.

Supplies were urgently needed at one of the posts in August, 1887. The commandant selected Pershing to convey the pack train which would carry these necessities. The young officer, with his troop and the pack train, set forth.

Their way led through a desert. Hardly had they entered this when they became aware that there were Indians about. They could see the smoke signals all about them. Pershing pushed on with added speed.

Every mesquite bush seemed to hide an Indian sniping at them. Several times a band circled them, attempting to pick them off. Pershing successfully fought off these attacks with no casualties to his troop. For forty-eight hours he and his men held their way through that desert at top speed, with the ever present expectation of being attacked in force. They knew that, if that should happen, they would stand no chance of breaking through.

The little band finally reached the

fort, exhausted, but without the loss of a man or a horse.

Gen. Miles, when he heard of this feat, officially commended Lieut. Pershing as having accomplished a particularly fine piece of work.

The young lieutenant later was transferred with a part of his regiment to Fort Wingate.

One afternoon a wounded cowboy fell from his horse at the entrance to the fort. Soldiers rushed to his assistance, but before he would permit them to attend to his wounds he insisted that they send aid to his friends.

It appeared that, with a band of cowboys from his ranch, he had gone in pursuit of several cattle thieves. They rode hard on the trail all night, and in the morning overtook and captured the band. On their way home with their prisoners they were attacked by more than a hundred Zuni Indians on the warpath. They took hasty shelter among the rocks and for hours held off the assailants, with the assistance of their captives.

It was a long, losing fight. Several of the cowboys were killed and not one was without a wound of some sort. They knew that at nightfall the Indians would rush them and all would be lost. He told how he, under cover of a heavy fire, had made his way over the rocks and had hastened to the fort.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

*End of chapter IX*



# Pershing Shows Skill as Leader In Frontier Fighting Against Indians

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## CHAPTER X.

(Continued.)

**W**ITH not a moment to lose, Pershing took the few men who could be spared—about ten—and dashed to the rescue. Night was falling, but they could hear irregular shots in the distance. Pershing, fearing he would not be in time, speeded up his party.

When near the scene the firing increased. It must be that the Indians were beginning the rush that was to end the battle. Down the hill came Pershing and his little troop and burst upon the astonished savages from the rear with his few men so scattered that the redskins could not estimate their number. The blue uniforms, however, gave them the impression that here was a force to be reckoned with; and with a few scattering volleys the Indians withdrew and soon were in full flight.

In 1890 came the Sioux wars in the Dakotas.

Gen. Miles selected Lieut. Pershing because of his knowledge of Indians and of Indian fighting to command the Indian Scouts. These were made up of Indians and were used chiefly to find and follow the slight trails left by the wily raiders.

In this position Pershing was constantly in the fray and figured in many thrilling fights and ambushes. He was the idol of the men serving under him, and for this reason was able to get the best results from them.

It was not long before the last of the fierce tribes of the West were

forced to a realization that they never could successfully combat the forces of the white race. One by one the tribes submitted and were placed under the paternal hand of the Government on reservations, where their welfare was closely guarded.

In the early 90's Lieut. Pershing was assigned as military instructor at the University of Nebraska, and about the same time—in 1892—was promoted First Lieutenant. Here again he found himself in the position of teacher. This time, however, he was teaching an art which by experience he was best qualified to teach. It is probable that his success in this position led the War Department to transfer him to that institution where he received his own war training—West Point. He was detailed as tactical officer. This position at the academy is not a popular one. The very nature of the work—being of a disciplinary character—is not pleasing, and it was with full understanding of this that Pershing reported.

There was little reverence paid to the "tack," as the tactical officer was called by the cadets. They could appreciate, probably, the need of strict discipline, but they could not appreciate the man who administered it.

There is a story that on one occasion Lieut. Pershing upon opening one door to his room received the contents of a bucket of water which had been carefully balanced there for that purpose. Probably he himself had helped to play the same sort of trick when a cadet. At any rate, there is no record that any one was punished for this offense.

Several years of service in an official capacity at West Point is proof that his work there was exceedingly efficient. No officer could remain there in that work for any length of

time who did not produce the most satisfactory results.

Early in 1893 the United States battleship Maine, lying at anchor in the harbor of Havana, was blown up. For years the tyranny with which Spain governed her island possession of Cuba had cast a shadow on the flag of liberty. This act of defiance furnished the spark that was to light the fire of freedom for the oppressed island.

The United States declared war. Great preparations were necessary for training an army of invasion. Every officer and every man was needed.

Lieut. Pershing could not endure remaining at West Point while there was fighting to be done. He therefore applied for transfer to active service. His application was approved, and he was transferred to the Tenth Cavalry, which was expected to be among the first troops to go to Cuba.

It is interesting to note that the Tenth Cavalry was a colored regiment—one of the best—with a brilliant record. This was the second time that Pershing had come in close contact with that race, and each occasion proved that he was capable of leading them.

*End*

## CHAPTER XI.

**T**HE Tenth Cavalry was one of the first to be sent to Cuba, and Lieutenant Pershing was again on the firing line. His regiment, unlike others, did not suffer from the great heat of the Cuban summer, and for this reason could be used most advantageously.

Theodore Roosevelt, who had been Assistant Secretary of the Navy, had been instrumental in organizing a regiment, of which he was Lieutenant Colonel, composed principally of cowboys and hard fighters. They were popularly known as the Rough Riders.

With the Rough Riders and several other regiments the Tenth Cavalry was thrown against the hill of El Caney, near San Juan. The Rough Riders were deployed and advanced. A terrific fire from the block house swept over them. On the unsheltered hill they were in danger of being cut off, when the gallant Tenth came tearing up the hill. The united strength of the two regiments carried the hill, and the Stars and Stripes were firmly planted on the island of Cuba.

It is said that in this captured block house Pershing first met Colonel Roosevelt. Meeting under such circumstances may account for the warm admiration that Roosevelt has always shown for Pershing. It certainly gave him some knowledge of the ability of the soldier—a knowledge that he afterward acted upon.

There was a serious shortage of trained officers in the large volunteer army that had been hastily raised for the occupation of Cuba, and many younger officers of the regular army

were transferred to the volunteers and given higher rank. Pershing was one of these. He had already been promoted a Captain in the regular army for bravery at El Caney; now he was commissioned as Major in the volunteers and served as such throughout the remainder of the Cuban campaign.

Ordered to Washington, after his services in Cuba and the defeat of Spain, to take charge of the newly created Bureau of Insular Affairs, he was there but a short time when he received orders to proceed to the Philippines, in 1899, as Adjutant-General of the Department of Mindanao. Fate decreed that he was to be in those islands for eight years—a most important period in his life.

The Moros, that fierce tribe which the Spaniards, former owners of the Philippines, never could subdue, had proved as untractable when the United States took possession of the islands. Captain Pershing—he had resumed his regular army rank after the Cuban campaign—was detailed against these savages.

The Moros were the mighty people of the Philippines. They were by far the largest tribe among the many that inhabited the islands. They were separated into innumerable "nations," each under the rule of a petty sultan. Each of these sultans made individual war against the United States, with the result that they had to be separately subdued. And it often happened that as soon as the last had been subdued the whole programme had to be repeated.

Capt. Pershing served in several campaigns with success against various tribes until 1902. In April of that year he was ordered to report to Col. Baldwin of the 27th Infantry at Camp Vicars, in Mindanao. Col. Baldwin had just completed the conquest of the Bayans under their sultan. Soon after the arrival of Pershing Col. Baldwin was promoted to be a Brigadier General in recognition of his services and was appointed to the command of the Department of the Visayas.

Capt. Pershing was left in command of Fort Vicars.

On Sept. 9, 1902, he reported to the War Department that there was danger of another revolt. There had been twelve desultory attacks since the Bayans had been subdued, and matters were rapidly coming to a head.

The Sultan of Maciu was the reputed leader of these new attacks, and Pershing decided to carry the war into his country.

The Macius had their stronghold on a promontory on a lake. Heavy swamps shut off the promontory from the mainland, so that their fort practically had all the advantages of an island. In fact, the Sultan of Maciu often had boasted that his fort was impregnable.

Capt. Pershing thoroughly reconnoitred the position and came to the conclusion that it was not so secure as the sultan believed. Discarding

the idea of using boats to reach the point, he bridged it from several directions and attacked in force. The army of Maciu quickly recognized the superiority of the American forces and surrendered.

Things were fairly quiet at Fort Vicars that winter. Several minor attacks were suppressed, with no loss. In February, 1903, the Sultan of Bayan made a call of state at the American fort. He wished to inspect for himself the headquarters of the force which had conquered his people, to

see if he could discover the sources of their success. Pershing recognized the importance of the visit and made it one of great ceremony—such as was due a royal personage.

The Sultan was greatly impressed and swore eternal friendship to the American flag. However, he made a strong protest to a suggestion by Pershing that the latter visit the Sultan. As he cleverly put it, he didn't believe it would be advisable, as his people were very excitable. Pershing, disregarding the advice of the Sultan, made the visit the very next month. He was courteously received by the Sultan when that dignitary saw the force of seven infantry companies and the battery of artillery with him.

The only entrance to the fort commanded by the Sultan was by means of ladders, so Pershing and his officers climbed these ladders and paid their respects at the oriental court of the monarch. As a part of the ceremony the Stars and Stripes were raised over the fort and the artillery fired a salute of twenty-one guns.

It happened that there were no blanks in the caissons of the artillery and the salute had to be made with shrapnel. It was the first time the natives had ever seen this kind of ammunition, and they were much interested as they watched its effect on the trees of the jungle.

The Sultan had a surprise for the American army officer, however. With all the love of the Oriental for ostentation he created Capt. Pershing of the United States Army one of his Dattos.

A Datto of the Moro people is not only a prince, but he has certain religious and judicial duties which are very important in their eyes. Pershing had the unusual honor of being the first person not a Mohammedan to have this honor conferred upon him. He did not care particularly about the honor, but it gave him a certain prestige with the natives of which he could make use in his capacity as Governor of that province.

The Moros had not recognized the authority of the United States to govern them. All officers intrusted with executive powers worked, therefore, at a disadvantage.

Here was an officer, however, empowered by the United States to govern the natives who at the same time was one of their own Dattos. Hereditary laws compelled their obedience to him, and they recognized his authority as their judge.

Such a condition was bound to produce beneficial results. The territory controlled by Fort Vicars became one of the most law-abiding in the islands. The majority of the natives soon learned that they could secure more real justice from their American Datto than from one of their own race and religion. They came for miles around to let Capt. Pershing decide their cases.

With the exception of a few of the outlying tribes the region had been conquered. Acting upon orders, Capt. Pershing set out thoroughly to pacify these.

## CHAPTER XII.

**I**N April, 1903, there remained only one tribe of the Moros who had not been conquered by Capt.

Pershing in the district controlled by Fort Vicars on the Island of Mindanao. This tribe, ruled by the Sultan of Anparugano, was in the Taraca country on the eastern shore of Lake Lanao. It was farthest removed from the influence of civilization, and its members firmly believe they were more than a match for the American forces.

There had been many reports of disturbances in this part of the district, and Capt. Pershing resolved to teach the agitators a lesson which they would not soon forget. He marched upon Lake Lanao with the greater part of his force.

There was no chance of his surprising the enemy. Their scouts could follow closely the American force as it cut its way through the dense jungle with no danger of being observed. Any American force that moved through the Philippine jungle did so with the knowledge that at any time a bolo, hurled by a native, might whistle through the air.

After driving off several scattered attacks in the jungle Pershing arrived at Lake Lanao, where he found the enemy in force. On April 10 he cleaned out the town of Bacolod by a heroic charge against the natives. It was a case of bayonets in the hands of his soldiers against the krissees of the Moros. The stamina of the white race was predominant, but the battle was so fierce that very few natives escaped with the news to their Sultan.

Making his way around the lake, Capt. Pershing fought a decisive battle with the entire force of the Sultan of Anparugano on the east shore of Lake Lanao and utterly defeated him—115 Moros were killed and seven wounded.

Making forced marches, Pershing hastened to the other strongholds of the natives, and in a short time had captured ten forts which occupied formidable positions on the Tarac River. These he dismantled and returned to Fort Vicars with the satisfaction of having pacified for the first time the Taraca region of the Island of Mindanao.

(To Be Continued.)



# Pershing Is Named a Brigadier For Conspicuous Service To the Nation

This is the first full, authentic life story of Gen. John J. Pershing, America's leader in France. Trained newspaper men spent months to gather the material.

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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Daniel Pershing, son of Alsatian parents, comes to America in search of liberty in 1744. The name is Americanized into Pershing, and Daniel takes part in the Revolution. John J. Pershing, the future General, is born at Laclede, Mo., Sept. 13, 1860. He grows up amid the border strife of the Civil War, imbibing a love of country and the wish to be a soldier. At school he shows a capacity for leadership and a quality of learning things thoroughly. The Pershing family meets adversity, but John's mother aids him in attending Normal School, from which he graduates with a B. A. degree June 15, 1880. Then he goes home, resolved to study law. An opportunity offers to stand examination for West Point, and Pershing eagerly enters the competition. He wins the contest, goes to the Point and is graduated Second Lieutenant, with a cavalry assignment. This carries him to the Southwest, where he soon wins distinction in the Geronimo campaign. He next fights in Cuba and the Philippines.

## CHAPTER XII.

(Continued.)

**P**ERSHING was appointed to the General Staff of the army and ordered to Washington in recognition of his notable services in the Philippines. This new post was much sought after by army officers.

On Sept. 16, 1904, he was selected by the Chief of Staff to take a course of instruction in higher manoeuvres at the Army War College in Washington. This course was for the benefit of officers who were considered especially efficient in the art of war and was usually preliminary to advancement to an important post.

It may be worthy of note, particularly in view of later events, that about the time Pershing was stationed at the Army War College the Kaiser, believing that he could impress this country with the military greatness of Germany, presented to the United States Government a bronze statue of his warlike ancestor, Frederick the Great. This statue was accepted by the nation and a place was found for it at the Army War College—at the point where the Anacostia River joins the Potomac. Within the past few months this statue has been torn down, relegated to a basement, and may be turned into ammunition for use against the Kaiser. It is doubtful if the future commander of the American forces against the Emperor of Germany found this tribute to Teutonic autocracy and militarism any inspiration in his work.

About the time of his appointment to the Army War College President Roosevelt, in the course of a message to Congress, spoke highly of Capt. Pershing's exploits in the Philippines. That day is a memorable one with Pershing. In the evening he received an invitation to dinner from Miss Millard, daughter of Senator Millard of

Nebraska, who was prominent in Washington society. He accepted, little thinking that this dinner was to change the whole course of his life.

He found that he was expected to take in a Miss Frances H. Warren. He knew Senator Warren of Wyoming, who was on the Committee on Military Affairs, and surmised that this was his daughter. He found in Miss Warren a charming girl, and expressed a wish to see her again.

Later in the week there was a dance at Fort Meyer, across the river from Washington. Capt. Pershing was there, of course, and so was Miss Warren. After that there were many meetings. The young woman was quite a belle in Washington, and Pershing, captured by Cupid, found he was not alone in his suit for her hand.

There are rumors that before Capt. Pershing finally won her a young naval officer was high in the favor of Frances Warren. The army was victorious, however, and Senator Warren announced the engagement of his daughter to Capt. Pershing on Jan. 10, 1905.

Hardly had the engagement been published when the prospective bridegroom was ordered to proceed to Japan as military attaché to the American Embassy. The happy pair decided that Tokio would be a delightful place to pass their honeymoon, so preparations for the wedding were hastened, and on Jan. 27 they were married at St. John's Church in Washington. President and Mrs. Roosevelt were among the occupants of a front pew and were the first to offer their congratulations. The same afternoon Capt. and Mrs. Pershing left for the Orient.

The first of the great modern wars was impending. Russia was becoming deeply involved with the empire of Japan.

Upon Pershing's arrival in Tokio the war was already in progress, and he was to have the privilege of being

the first American officer to watch the mighty preparations for conduct of a war by modern methods. He was assigned as an observer by the Japanese Government to go with the army commanded by Gen. Kuroki. He went through the whole campaign with that victorious General.

His observations on this occasion were to be of great advantage in his future work. He made a complete report to the War Department which was remarkable for the insight and care with which he analyzed the campaign. As a recognition of his services the Emperor of Japan presented him with the Order of the Sacred Treasure. As no American officer could accept a decoration or any mark of favor from the ruler of a foreign country, Secretary Root asked Congress to grant special permission for the Captain to retain this distinction.

President Roosevelt for many years had taken a personal interest in Pershing. He had noted many instances of the sterling worth of the man. The American Army in those days was notably slow in the matter of promotion. Each advancement, according to custom, was made in the order of seniority.

Capt. Pershing stood well up in the list of Captains, but in the ordinary course of events several years would probably elapse before his promotion to higher rank.

President Roosevelt was not authorized to make promotions except by the regular method. He was authorized, however, to make appointments, even from civil life, to two ranks—that of Second Lieutenant and that of Brigadier General. That the Nation might have the unusual qualifications that Pershing possessed, the President, in a way that was customary with him, shocked the country and many hide-bound officers of the army, by sending to Congress on Sept. 15, 1906, the nomination of Capt. Pershing to be a Brigadier General.

## CHAPTER XIII.

**H**AS was to be expected, many protests were entered against the confirmation of President Roosevelt's nomination of Captain Pershing to be a Brigadier General. There were 852 officers who were his superiors in rank, and most of them had been longer in the service. Although many regarded Pershing as the most competent officer in the army and fully deserving of promotion, they felt that this should be brought about in the regular way and not by special preferment.

A lobby was organized to combat the confirmation of this appointment by the Senate, and the fight continued several months. It grew very bitter, and several ridiculous charges were made reflecting upon Pershing's

character. These were shown to be absolutely without foundation, and on Dec. 6, 1906, the appointment was confirmed, and Pershing was commissioned a Brigadier General.

His first assignment as an officer of this grade was to the command of the Department of California. This post was selected for him before his confirmation by the Senate and he had not yet been commissioned when he was ordered to take command of the Department of Viscaya in the Philippines on Nov. 15, 1906.

There was prospect of further trouble in the islands, and Gen. Pershing was the best man they could select for the task of firmly placing them under the American flag for all time.

While in the Philippines on this assignment three beautiful children came to bless the General and his wife. It is probable that the happiest days of his life were spent there.

Gen. Pershing ruled over the department with an iron hand, and no serious trouble resulted—although there was a continuation of guerilla warfare that made it dangerous to attempt much for the development of the islands. The idea of conferring self-government upon the Filipinos was seriously considered even at this time. Pershing opposed this proposition. He held that, since the natives never had been accustomed to take care of themselves, if they were suddenly placed in a self-governing position the sequel would be disastrous not only to the United States, but to the natives themselves.

President Taft had given orders not to press any campaign against the Moros; therefore, Pershing, in compliance with these orders, merely held in check an open rebellion.

After three successive years in the tropics, Gen. Pershing's health failed, and he obtained a three months' leave to return home, arriving in this country on Jan. 17, 1909, with his family. He was soon back at work in the islands, however, and in 1910 was in complete command of the Department of the Philippines after Major Gen. William P. Duvall retired and until Gen. J. Franklin Bell, his successor, arrived.

Upon the occasion of the celebration in Hong Kong of the coronation of King George of England, in June, 1911, Gov. Gen. W. Cameron Forbes of the Philippines named Gen. Pershing,

then in command of the Department of Mindanao, and Justice Charles D. Elliott, member of the Philippine Commission, to represent the Philippines. This was one of a series of celebrations that were held in each of the many countries under the dominion of Great Britain.

The next year, in August, 1912, Pershing again was chosen to represent the United States, being appointed special attaché of the commission headed by Secretary of State Knox to attend the funeral ceremonies in honor of the late ruler of Japan, Emperor Mutsuhito.

These two missions were only incidents in the career of the Military Governor of the Province of Mindanao. His chief work in the Philippines was yet to be accomplished. The non-aggressive policy of the Administration was called to a halt when the Moros, under the Sultan of Jolo, began to wage active war against the American forces.

Gen. Pershing had always held that, once these ignorant people had been thoroughly taught not only that the United States was stronger than they, but that under its rule they would prosper and be well cared for, they would cease this continuous warfare. A lesson of this kind would undoubtedly be a severe one, but to accomplish its purpose it should be strong enough to make it well remembered.

The lax rule of the civil government of the Philippines was the cause of much of the trouble in the islands. Some of the more isolated tribes, indeed, had come to believe that the United States was afraid of them when it did not seek to punish their misdeeds.

When the serious outbreak came Gen. Pershing was given a free hand. The Moros that he was called upon to bring to terms had mobilized in the crater of an extinct volcano called Bud Dajo, on the Island of Jolo. To drive this tribe out of the crater had been a task with which the army had contended vainly since 1906.

Pershing told his officers that the Moros would come out of that crater if it took him ten years to do the job. There were 600 of them—every one a Mohammedan fanatic—in the crater fortification when the General started to "clean out the mountain hole." Without Bud Dajo safely and securely in American control the Moro problem never would be solved.

With 1,000 men, half of them his

own trusted troopers and the others picked Filipino scouts, the campaign was opened. The Americans and the scouts had to proceed through miles and miles of dense tropical jungle, opposed almost every yard of the way by the hidden Moros. But Pershing kept on and finally fought his way to the foot of the mountain.

His jungle fighters cut a trail around the mountain, and, fortifying themselves against attack from above, began the siege. He formed a complete cordon about the old volcano and calmly instituted a campaign of watching for the first sign of a move by the Moros to leave the crater—waiting for his chance to get them if they tried to cut their way through the cordon.

In their retreat to the crater the Moros had been so hotly pursued that for once they had been unable to take with them the supplies that would make possible a long stand. At last the iron ring began to make itself felt, and in small detachments the Moros tried to gain the open by dashing through the American lines. Every dash was frustrated, the fanatics rushing forth to certain death.

Finally, on Christmas Day, 1911, the 400 Moros still left in the crater did something that a Moro seldom had done; most of them marched down the mountain and surrendered. A few broke to the jungle, but the regulars pursued these, and in the end they paid the penalty of their daring.

With Bud Dajo captured, Gen. Pershing set forth to finish his job. On Jan. 11, 1912, there followed, on La Seit, a stiff engagement which resulted in the death of eighteen Moros and the serious wounding of two Americans. For nearly eighteen months more the campaign lasted. Every few days there was a skirmish of some sort, but Pershing was determined not to pause until the Moros had been completely subdued and the authority of the American flag recognized. That task may be said to have been accomplished when he won the battle of Bagaag in June, 1913. The Moros had made a last stand and the Sultan of Jolo, who commanded them, had told them that he would become lord of the United States as well as of Jolo in the event of American defeat.

At dawn on June 12 Gen. Pershing ordered his artillery to open fire and followed this by a charge of his cavalry and infantry forces.

(To Be Continued.)

on next page



# Pershing Is Sent to the Border With Orders to Protect American Interests

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## CHAPTER XIII.

(Continued.)

THE engagement with the natives ended in a complete victory for Pershing's forces, and the Moros and all the unruly tribes of the Philippines soon learned their lesson. On December 11, 1913, Pershing was ordered home.

Early in 1914 the political situation in Mexico became so chaotic that the United States could not afford to overlook it. For several years a reign of terror had existed within the borders of that republic. At times there was some promise of a stable government, but in every case the promise lasted only until some new bandit was able to obtain a sufficient following to overthrow the existing authority.

Madero, the President from whom great things were expected, had lately been slain by the ambitious and unscrupulous Huerta, who had assumed the Presidency and was attempting to rule a small portion of Mexico by the force of his outlaw soldiers.

There was a suspicion even at that time that a mighty nation across the Atlantic was the guiding hand behind Huerta. It is now known that, even before the outbreak of the great world's war, in August of the same year, Germany had her agents in Mexico and was conducting a strong propaganda against the United States.

Germany long had maintained a keen watch for attractive commercial opportunities. Mexico was rich in metals so necessary to Germany, which lacked an adequate supply. Mexico had some of the richest oil fields in the world. The United States and Great Britain had developed these resources, and they were most important. Germany had a strong belief that if she could instigate trouble between the United

States and Mexico she might be in a position to seize some of the concessions and privileges that had been enjoyed by this country.

It is known that Germans did aid in the financing of Huerta's revolution and advised him in some of the steps that were taken under his direction. Controlled by these influences, Huerta offered a grave insult to the Stars and Stripes.

The United States had stood for much during the turbulent times in Mexico because it knew it was dealing with an irresponsible people, and that a nation as great as this could afford to overlook many things. An impressive lesson must be administered, however, to prevent a repetition of the offensive acts.

As one of the first measures Gen. Pershing was ordered to take command of the 8th Brigade, with headquarters at Fort Bliss, near El Paso, Tex. No one knew then whether Mexico could be induced to make suitable reparation for the insult or the United States would find it necessary to force such reparation.

Gen. Pershing arrived at Fort Bliss on April 23, 1914, and after an inspection of the forces at his command made this statement:

"I am ready to take the field on five minutes' notice."

But the time for an invasion of Mexico with the armed forces of the United States had not yet arrived. Gen. Funston, who was in command of operations in that region, placed Gen. Pershing at the head of the important border patrol, which had supervision of all imports and exports. It was his duty to see that neither Huerta nor any of the various leaders received arms from this side.

Pancho Villa at this time was in control of the rich Mexican state of Chihuahua. He had defied the power of Huerta and set up a nominal government of his own at Chihuahua

City. As a means of obtaining sufficient revenue to operate his government he had established a miniature Monte Carlo.

Things flourished in Chihuahua after this. With plenty of money Villa grew stronger, and our Government, not realizing the true character of the man, seriously considered recognizing him as the ruler of Mexico.

Gen. Bliss, chief of staff of the army, went to El Paso and had several conferences there with Villa, in which Gen. Pershing, in his official capacity, took part. Nothing definite came of these conferences, however, and the disturbances continued.

Villa, although very prosperous, was not able to secure enough arms and ammunition from the American side to hold his state against his rivals. Huerta was finally deposed, but Carranza, who had been growing stronger, stepped into his place and declared his former ally, Villa, to be a bandit.

It was at this critical stage that Gen. Pershing received a telephone call at headquarters on the morning of Aug. 27, 1915. The operator asked if he should read a telegram for the General which had just arrived. Requesting that this be done, the General heard a dread message that Mrs. Pershing and her three children had been suffocated in a fire that consumed their house at the Presidio.

Gen. Pershing had prepared a home for his family at Fort Bliss and expected to send for them as soon as the heat of the summer was past. Mrs. Pershing and the children meanwhile had been occupying quarters at the Presidio. Many of these houses were of light frame construction and extremely inflammable.

Mrs. Boswell, wife of Lieut. Boswell, and a relative, were occupying the house with Mrs. Pershing. Mrs. Boswell was awakened by the roar of the flames, and with her maid awakened her two children and then called to Mrs. Pershing. She then opened the door to the hall. A gust of smoke drove her back and she saw flames in the hallway. She took her children to the stairs, but saw that they were cut off by fire, and retreated through her room to the roof of the porch.

The noise of the fire had by this time aroused several of the officers and men, who broke in the doors of the house, but were forced back by the flames.

Mrs. Boswell, from the porch roof, called to them and threw her two children to them safely, then jumped herself.

The officers understood that Mrs. Pershing and the children had escaped, but Johnson, the Pershings' aged negro servant, whom they had found in the Philippines and brought with them to America, did not see any of the family in the little crowd that surrounded the house, so he dashed through the smoke and flame to search for them.

He found little Warren Pershing on

the floor of his room unconscious and carried him from the house. Other rescuers found the mother and the remaining two children in that part of the house most damaged by the flames. All were dead.

Warren was hurried to the hospital at the Presidio and tenderly cared for. He quickly revived and moaned for his father.

Gen. Pershing was completely stunned by the blow that had fallen upon him. He hastened to the Presidio to be with Warren and to take the bodies of his loved ones to Wyoming. Mrs. Pershing had always claimed Wyoming as her home, and had expressed a desire to be buried there.

After the sad journey Gen. Pershing decided to leave Warren, his little son, in the care of his sister, Miss May Pershing, who lived in Lincoln, Neb., as he could not personally care for the child.

His duties meanwhile were calling, and, heavy of heart, he hurried back to the border.

Villa was being hard pressed. Carranza's forces were taking his strongholds one by one, and he was fast becoming the bandit he was called.

Desultory attacks were made on American citizens residing in Mexico. It is known that the German agents again were at work, this time with Villa, endeavoring to precipitate trouble between the United States and Mexico.

Villa had managed to obtain some arms and ammunition through agencies in this country. These, however, were not in sufficient quantity to make it possible for him completely to regain his power. It had been intimated to him that if he could force the United States to intervene in Mexico the overthrow of Carranza would establish him at the head of a popular government.

Villa seems to have grasped readily at the bait.

One morning in March the country awoke to the news that the Mexican bandits under Villa had actually made a raid on an American town, the little city of Columbus, N. M.

With a fusillade the Mexicans had dashed through the place, murdering inhabitants as they went, before an alarm could be given. A few had made a desperate stand, but had been overwhelmed by force of numbers. When the troop of American cavalry which had been hastily summoned

reached Columbus the Mexicans had vanished.

*End of Chapter 13*

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE United States called for the punishment of the Mexican bandits who had raided Columbus. Immediate orders were issued for an expeditionary force to follow Villa and put an end to all raids on our southern border.

Gen. John J. Pershing was given command of this force and he decided to use Columbus as a base. He arrived there in mid-March, 1916, and three days later had mobilized 12,000 picked troops, forty mountain and field gun batteries and several regiments of cavalry—among them was the 10th, his old regiment. He immediately set out with this force in search of Villa.

Across the burning sands of Northern Mexico he forced his march. In forty-two hours he covered 110 miles—a record-breaking march in that country with so large a force.

At Casas Grande he formed a base from which to conduct his operations. Thence he sent his cavalry in all directions in search of the bandits.

Villa had escaped to the mountains with only a few followers. Most of his men deserted him when they realized that this time the United States was in earnest, and that if they remained they would probably be wiped out. In the remote mountain passes, practically alone, it would be extremely difficult to locate Villa.

While the Carranza Government had nominally granted permission for United States troops to cross the border in this case, German propaganda had been so active that the Mexicans felt exceedingly bitter at the occupancy of their country by Pershing's army. Several attacks were made on detached troops by Mexicans who were believed to be under the command of Carranza. He disclaimed all responsibility for these acts, but said he was not always able to control his men. He realized, if none of his countrymen did, that intervention in Mexican affairs by the United States would be disastrous—at least to those Mexicans who had any personal ambition to gratify.

In April the effects of the propa-

ganda had reached such proportions that Carranza followers and civilians of the town of Parral made an unprovoked attack upon unarmed American troopers.

A party of men from the 10th Cavalry had approached the town seeking to purchase food. The townspeople demanded that they leave their arms behind when they entered. This the troopers did, not suspecting any trick. Once within the town, a murderous fire was opened upon them from the houses. Two Americans were killed and the remainder retreated toward their camp.

Those in the camp, hearing the shots, advanced and fired several volleys into the Mexicans, killing forty and dispersing the remainder.

Gen. Pershing immediately sent additional troops to Parral and demanded an explanation. Carranza declared that none of the men who participated in the attack were of his army, but were irresponsible townspeople. It was impossible to verify this statement, but Pershing demanded that Carranza make good his promise to use his troops in aiding him to clear the district of all Villa forces.

On June 25, notwithstanding Carranza's assurances, two troops of the 10th Cavalry were attacked. They were on a march and had approached the apparently deserted village of Carrizal.

An ambush of Mexicans had been arranged among the ruins of the adobe houses.

Waiting until the Americans were close at hand, they poured a withering fire into their ranks. Quickly recovering from their surprise, the troopers prepared for action. A vastly superior force was in the ruins, equipped with machine guns, with which they were able to mow down the troopers.

Notwithstanding these odds, a band of forty-three were able to cut their way through the surrounding Mexicans and make their way back to the American camp. Twenty-four troopers were captured and placed in a filthy Mexican jail.

Gen. Pershing, upon hearing of this outrage, notified Carranza that, if he did not see that these men were returned to American soil immediately he, himself, would take measures to have them returned. Carranza, after many excuses, at last had the men returned.

(To Be Continued.)

*on next page*



# Accept the German Challenge and Pershing Is Picked to Command

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## CHAPTER XIV.

(Continued.)

On Dec. 25, 1916, Pershing received his promotion to be a Major General. He was the youngest officer of this exalted rank on the army list and the only American officer who had commanded a division in actual warfare.

The great European war had been raging for two years. Germany was in difficulties. She despaired of winning the United States to her side, as had been thought possible during the early days of the conflict.

Always ruthless, Germany decided that she must be still more ruthless. The policy of an unrestricted submarine campaign was adopted.

After diplomatic relations with Germany were broken it became a matter merely of weeks or months before there would be a declaration of war.

The General Staff of the army and all officers of high command were consulted about the method of raising and training an army that would be large enough and sufficiently well trained to be able to cope with the great war machine of Germany.

Gen. Pershing was in favor of resorting to a draft as the only fair way to create an effective army in a reasonably short time. This was as near to universal service as was practicable.

Accordingly a general registration was ordered and all the young men of the country who were physically sound and had no dependents were inducted into the army of the United States.

Arriving in Washington, Gen. Pershing was informed of the secret plans of the Government, and drafted an outline of operations in conjunction with Marshal Joffre, commander of the French army, who was here on

a special mission for his Government.

On May 24 Pershing was summoned to the White House. The President wished to give him certain instructions. What these instructions were never will be definitely known; but in view of later events it is to be presumed that President Wilson mapped out the war policies of the Government and intrusted him with the vitally important task of winning the war for America.

Gen. Pershing was regarded as the only logical man for this work. He had a long list of military victories to his credit. He had the reputation of never attempting a task in which he did not succeed. He had the stick-to-it-iveness that always wins. He had the essential ability to lead men and to make them love him. In short, he was the ideal commander—who will take his men through thick and thin, always looking out for their welfare before considering his own.

Four days later, on May 28, with his entire staff and a number of enlisted men from engineer regiments, he sailed for England on his way to establish general headquarters near the front in France. Great secrecy was maintained about this sailing, for it was evident that Germany would be willing to sacrifice any number of U boats to prevent the arrival of this distinguished officer in Europe.

On June 6 the ship was met by destroyers flying the Stars and Stripes, which conveyed it through the submarine zone. On arrival in port a special train was awaiting the party, and soon they were in London.

Pershing's arrival in England marked the dawn of a new epoch. It brought high encouragement and hope to the nations that had been suffering and giving their all for three years in the grim struggle of democracy against autocracy. America's entry into the conflict meant a new and mighty weapon against the Kaiser. Her army, under Pershing, would be the deciding factor in the victory that was sure to follow.

At the earliest possible moment King George received Gen. Pershing and his staff. Simplicity and cordiality marked this reception at Buckingham Palace. Gen. Lord Brooke, commander of a Canadian brigade, presented the American commander. With a warm handclasp the King greeted Pershing.

"It has been the dream of my life to see the two great English speaking nations more closely united," said the King. "My dream has been realized. It is with the utmost pleasure that I welcome you at the head of the American contingent to our shores."

He talked at length concerning the plans of the United States, and took occasion to become acquainted with each member of Pershing's staff.

Leaving the palace, Pershing motored to the American Embassy, where he had a conference with Ambassador Page, who later took him to the British War Office for a series of important meetings with the General Staff of the British Army.

The General was deluged with invitations of a social nature while in England. Many of these he was able to avoid on account of important business, but his hosts would not accept all declinations, and every free moment he was feted as a hero.

On June 13 he had an opportunity to inspect British fighting methods at first hand. He was taken by army officials to a training camp to watch the intensive instruction in trench work and other branches of modern warfare.

General orders issued by Pershing, that the visit to England might be regarded in the light of a holiday, were generally disregarded, and much

work was accomplished by both the General and his staff before they left for France.

If the General had been hailed with delight in England, words cannot express the reception accorded him by the French as soon as he set foot upon their soil. Gen. Dumas, commanding the northern region, met him at the pier in Boulogne, and expressed the feeling of all France as he greeted him:

"I salute the United States of America, which has now become united to the United States of Europe," he said.

It was the first time in history that a soldier wearing the American uniform had landed on the European Continent with sword in hand for the purpose of using it against an enemy. It was an historic moment.

Drawn up on the quay was a detachment of French infantry in battle uniform. They had come only recently from the trenches. As the American chief greeted their colors they came to salute and stood like statues as he passed slowly down the lines.

It was with great emotion the General reviewed these grizzled and middle-aged veterans. There was not a youth among them—that little detachment of the army of France. Each face showed an eagerness of welcome, and the few Americans present felt a heart throb of pride at the splendid way in which the American commander fitted into the picture. His whole bearing reflected energy, determination and a sympathetic understanding. Even Frenchmen in the crowd—those who had seen warriors by the million during the past three years—declared that they never had seen a finer looking soldier.

The news of the arrival spread rapidly, and before General Pershing could get into his car to drive to the station, a great crowd had congregated along the streets in response to the cry, "The Americans have come!"

Thunderous cheers greeted the General as he passed along and, turning to the French commander at his side, he remarked:

"This reception is of great significance. It makes us realize to the fullest the importance of American participation. America has entered the war with the intention of doing her share, no matter how great or how small that share may be. Our allies can depend upon that. From the

present moment our aims are the same."

The towns along the route from Boulogne to Paris had been advised of his coming, and at each station crowds had assembled to greet him.

At Paris he met with the greatest reception that had been given to any one since the outbreak of the war.

From the moment the fortifications were reached every housetop, wall, and window was filled with cheering French—men and women.

At the Gare du Nord special cordons of troops lined the platforms while ranks of soldiers flanked every street for blocks and patrolled the route of the party all the way to the Hotel de Crillon in the Place de la Concorde, which had been placed at General Pershing's disposal as his headquarters.

Paris turned out by tens of thousands, and it seemed that every one was waving an American flag. Cries of "Vive Pershing!" became a sustained roar all along that densely crowded way.

Among the many prominent officials who greeted Gen. Pershing upon his arrival were Marshal Joffre, Gen. Foch, the American Ambassador, and M. Painleve, Minister of War.

The masses in the streets, as they followed the automobiles from the station, seemed to regard the coming of Pershing in the same light as they would view the advent of the army itself. He was a living, concrete proof that America's gigantic resources and boundless reserves of man power were at last definitely coming to the aid of France. They forgot the sufferings of the past three years; they forgot the rumors that some of the Allies were making a separate peace; they forgot the menace of the submarine. Here at last was America to help them—America, which had always stood in popular imagination as the symbol of limitless greatness.

In the person of the simply dressed American commander they were cheering the whole American army—millions strong it need be—to carry the war to victory. They saw the Stars and Stripes, emblem of liberty, at last going forward beside the tricolor to the battle fields of France.

As Gen. Pershing stood on the balcony of the Hotel de Crillon that warm July day and looked down upon the cheering multitude, a thrill came to him like that which must have possessed the great Lafayette when

he arrived at the headquarters of the little Continental Army and was greeted by the first American soldiers in our great struggle for freedom.

As in the case of Lafayette, his presence was a promise of aid in the time of need. He realized that, although France was giving him her greatest token of appreciation, these cheers were intended for the mighty nation, a sister republic, whose uniform he wore.

He was exalted in the name of the United States; but he would not have been human had he not felt also a personal satisfaction in being the representative of the nation for whom the cheers were intended.

It was not possible for the General to refuse acknowledgment of this reception. In a few words he told of his mission:

"As a man and as a soldier, I am profoundly happy—proud indeed of the high mission with which I am charged. It is important to announce that we are the precursors of an army that is firmly resolved to do its part on the Continent for the cause the American nation has adopted as its own. We are conscious of the historic duty to be accomplished when our flag shows itself upon the battlefields of the Old World. It is not my role to promise or prophesy. Let it suffice to tell you, we know what we are doing and what we want."

End of chapter 14



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Thus the United States was to supply all the food for the troops. There was a world shortage in food in the summer and fall of 1917. The enormous armies maintained by the Allies had made a stupendous drain upon all kinds of foodstuffs. The use of all the available man power by these same nations had created a shortage of labor for the fields, and the supply of grains and other foods was less than ever before.

The United States, before entering the war, had been sending England and France all the supplies that could be spared. Now that America was raising a huge army of her own she had an additional call upon her resources, and some way had to be devised to provide for the world's food supply.

Upon the request by Gen. Pershing that the food situation be taken in hand, the United States Government appointed a Food Administrator, and the whole country set out upon a policy of food conservation. All available food was sent to Pershing and his army and to our allies. After America's food reserves had been thus applied the people saved enough out of their normal consumption to supply the American and Allied armies until the following harvest.

Since vast numbers of ships were required to transport troops and food, and the number of ships was constantly decreasing owing to the submarine activities of the Germans, Gen. Pershing put in operation a plan by which many of the supplies needed by the army could be manufactured in France out of raw materials brought from America. The raw material would take up only a small percentage of the space that the manufactured goods would occupy.

Artillery and ammunition was needed at once and in large quantities. The United States had no immediate facilities for turning out guns in the quantities needed. The French Army had a large number of the best guns that could be devised, and facilities for turning them out in vast numbers. Pershing decided it was better that the United States purchase these guns from the French Government than to wait upon the American factories.

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Every moment that could be spared from his organization work he spent at the front observing the tremendous operations of the opposing armies. The first of these visits to the front was on June 20, 1917, when he visited Sir Douglas Haig, the British commander-in-chief. After this he was frequently at the front—especially when the forces of either side were engaged in some large offensive movement.

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Nearing the trenches, they passed another silent line marching in the opposite direction. It was the French battalions whose places they were taking on the front line. The flashlight of a French officer revealed that here were the long expected Americans, and soft greetings of "Vive l'Amerique" came from the poilus, who forgot their weariness at the sight.

The troops entered the trenches safely unit by unit, passing quickly to the positions assigned to them by the French liaison officer, who had re-

ceived in advance the location of the positions and the special instructions of the liaison officer to his own division.

The positions were found to be admirably suited, but of constant observation. The Americans settled down to their new quarters, and at daylight got their first view of the trenches from the distance away for miles under the dripping clouds.

General Pershing kept in close touch with the front that night. As he sat in his headquarters surrounded by his staff, with the clicking of telegraph instruments, the voices of telephone operators momentarily reporting orders, the dull booming of big guns, and the occasional flash of a star shell brightening the night, he could fully realize the great responsibility that had been placed in his hands.

He was the first officer of the United States Army in more than fifty years who had been entrusted with the lives of a great Army of citizens. He knew that these men taking their places on the front line of the great battlefield were but a small representation of the millions to follow them. It would mean much if good fortune should be with these men.

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## CHAPTER XV.

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15  
CHAPTER XVI.

THE day was at hand when the soldiers of Gen. Pershing were to tackle the greatest task at arms the American nation had ever known. The little army that had begun to arrive in France in July, 1917, by January, 1918, had become a force of nearly half a million men, and tens of thousands were arriving weekly. The half million that Pershing had at his command were nearly all trained men, capable of taking their part in the mighty conflict that had been raging for three years and a half.

Gen. Pershing knew that Germany would put all her available forces into a huge drive in the spring. Her resources were fast ebbing, and this would probably be her last chance to force the issue before she was placed wholly on the defensive. Pershing felt that the American troops should bear their share in withstanding this great drive.

Mountains of supplies had been collected by order of the General in preparation for this day. A railroad system that would rival many in this country had been constructed and equipped by Pershing's engineers. Supply depots covering acres of ground had been located in three base towns back of the American lines.

New ports had been opened and put in operation to facilitate the handling of millions of tons of shipping arriving to supply the army.

In short, Pershing had "accomplished the impossible." In this short time he had taken the raw men that were sent to him, and made a trained army of them.

(To Be Concluded.)



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Daniel Pershing, son of Alsatian parents, comes to America in search of liberty in 1744. The same is Americanized into Pershing, and Daniel takes part in the Revolution. John J. Pershing, the future General, is born at Laclede, Mo., Sept. 13, 1860. He grows up amid the border strife of the Civil War, imbibing a love of country and the wish to be a soldier. At school he shows a capacity for leadership and a quality of learning things thoroughly. The Pershing family meets adversity, but John's mother aids him in attending Normal School, from which he graduates with a B. A. degree June 15, 1880. Then he goes home, resolved to study law. An opportunity offers to stand examination for West Point, and Pershing eagerly enters the competition. He wins the contest, goes to the Point and is graduated Second Lieutenant, with a cavalry assignment. This carries him to the Southwest, where he soon wins distinction in the Geronimo campaign. He next fights in Cuba and the Philippines, then follows the Japanese Army operations in Russia. Afterward he returns to the Philippines and wages war against the Moros. His next experience led him to Mexico. Then came the war with Germany and Pershing started for France as Commander-in-Chief. There he began to perfect plans for the big drive ahead.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

**A**BOUT the middle of July the fourth great German drive of 1918 began. It was directed against that part of the line held by the American forces under Gen. Pershing, between the River Aisne and the Marne.

The enemy hordes seemed to run into a stone wall when they hit the American line. They were hurled back after the first onslaught with great loss, and numerous guns and men were captured.

It is evident that the German high command believed the Americans were untried and weak and that a tremendous offensive would stand the greatest chance of breaking through their line.

At Chateau-Thierry, the apex of the salient held by the American Marines, they launched their utmost powerful assault.

The German Crown Prince, in command of the Teuton forces, soon realized, however, that his great General Staff had made a most serious blunder. These Americans who

were expected to retire so readily stood more firm than any army the Germans had yet faced.

Immediately behind the line was the tall, gaunt figure of the American commander. The men in the front line could feel his presence inspiring them to victory. Gen. Pershing had his hand on the very nerves of that great struggle—which resulted in the first signal victory for the Stars and Stripes.

It was a contest not only of men—it was a contest of the brains and stamina of an American General against the egotistical operator of a German machine.

It was a contest of the Almighty God of right against the visionary god whom the Kaiser boasts is with him.

Instead of waiting for the enemy to complete their drive, a great counter-attack was made at once by Pershing, co-operating with the French.

On the 18th of July, without the customary preparation by artillery, he launched his counter-attack on a front of thirty miles. The lack of artillery preparation before such an

attack made the action one of complete surprise to the Germans, and their artillery reaction was weak.

In the short space of six hours as much territory was retaken as the Germans had spent six days in capturing. Twelve towns were taken by the Americans, and 6,000 prisoners, great quantities of military supplies and important plans fell into their hands, for their advance had been so rapid that the Germans had not time to remove these before the Americans were upon them.

Gen. Pershing had begun to make his presence felt upon the western front. A signal victory had marked the entrance of the Stars and Stripes in the first battle of importance in which it had appeared.

Up to this time the German Kaiser and his commanders had belittled the effect the entrance of the United States would have on the ultimate outcome of the war. Now they had tangible proof that America was not only in the war, but in the war to win.

Not longer could the Kaiser keep from his subjects the fact that American forces were in the battle and that they were there in numbers large enough to turn the tide of battle against that perfect military machine which the German people had been taught to believe could not be beaten. The Germans had been told that their redoubtable warriors could force the issue and a favorable peace before Pershing could put enough trained men in the field to turn the tide. Here was a time when this confidence would be shattered.

Germany was on the verge of a collapse. The only thing that prevented this was a carefully fostered confidence in ultimate victory. With this confidence gone, it was believed that shortly the great Teutonic empire would crumble internally from the pressure applied by America and her allies.

General John J. Pershing was given the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath by King George of England on July 17, 1918. This most signal distinction was concrete evidence of the recognition of his services by the British government. It is doubtful, however, if General Pershing appreciates this distinction as much as he did the winning of the life of George Washington at the school contest of his boyhood days nearly fifty years before.

Ever since that time he has been working for something definite. He is working for something definite now. His task is of broader scope than was that of our first President, Washington. Washington was the builder, the founder of his country; he was working for the freedom of that country. Pershing to-day is working for the freedom of the world.

No army commander can expect to have the confidence of his men without being just. Pershing has a reputation of being just to a fault. His men know that if they have a grievance Pershing will adjust it for them

if it has any foundation. He will take their part against their officers as readily as he will reprimand a private for some infraction of regulations.

A story is told of Pershing, based upon a flying trip of inspection. He passed a weary column of troops on march, with their sixty-pound packs on their backs. Their Colonel had ordered them to turn out for long lines of empty motor trucks which were passing, headed in the same direction. Pershing saw the envious looks the men gave the passing trucks; he stopped his car and sternly reprimanded the Colonel.

"An American soldier will fight harder," he told him, "live on less food and accept more hardships than any other soldier on the face of the globe; but he can see no reason why he should have to walk when there are empty trucks going in his direction. Neither can I."

The Colonel swallowed the reprimand with the best grace he could muster, and thereafter permitted his men to ride when there was an opportunity.

American soldiers appreciate a man of this calibre. They are willing to fight through the regions of warm repute for him. They know he is always looking out for their welfare, and if at times they suffer from the lack of anything they know it is because it is not possible to obtain that thing, or because Pershing is unaware of the situation.

Ever since that day when, as a boy, he was called upon to make a speech in school, Pershing has disliked to speak in public. As Commander of the American expeditionary force and as member of the Allied War Council he has been in positions where he has had to speak, not only directly but diplomatically. He has represented his Government in these conferences and he knows it is essential that anything he says be construed only in the way it is meant. Hence he speaks very little, but to the point.

The General works harder than any of his staff. He familiarizes himself with detail in a surprising degree—so much so that if a subaltern making a report stumbles, the General is able to correct him. It is as though he were not after information so much as confirmation when he listens to a report.

The general impression that Pershing gives is that matters are safe in his hands. There is no Napoleonic

magnetism in this American, but something better and more enduring. He earns confidence.

It is usually the quiet and unostentatious way in which he does things that gains for him this confidence. A trooper, utterly exhausted, rode in with an important report and begged the officer for something to eat. The officer conducted him personally to the mess tent, ordered the cook to give him a good meal, and left him there.

The cook obeyed in open-mouthed amazement and turned to the trooper. "Do you know who that was?" he asked.

"No," answered the man; "who is he?"

When told that the officer who had ordered his dinner was Gen. Pershing himself the trooper would hardly believe it; but such consideration won him, as it has won thousands of other soldiers in the American expeditionary forces.

The General is a believer in personal neatness and "smart" appearance as a good thing to uphold the morale of the army. He himself is neat almost to a fault. Witness how, as a young man, he always took great pains with his personal appearance—how he had a custom of putting his trousers under the mattress of his bed to keep them in press. He has carried this trait all through his life and into battle-torn France.

His officers, and their men as well, must follow carefully the regulations he has issued in regard to uniforms. They must shave and keep their belongings clean, and unless a man has recently come from the trenches—where it is impossible to follow the regulations—or has been doing other similar work, woe betide that man if Gen. Pershing happens to see him in disordered condition.

It is of great interest to know the real Pershing. It is from his life and his character that America knows she is going to win. A knowledge of the real man was the principal factor in causing President Wilson to choose him to bear the Stars and Stripes to victory. It was his fine character that led the Chief Executive of the nation to intrust the lives of millions of American young men to his hands—not only to lead them but to safeguard them in every possible way for the sake of the American mothers and wives at home. The President had confidence in Pershing, and America has confidence in Pershing; and Pershing will win.

(THE END.)



Herald Jan 30, 1919

World  
Feb 23, 1919

## PERSHING SQUARE NOW EASY TO FIND

Just Look at the Light and  
Street Corner Posts and  
Read the Signs.

Those persons who have gone to the vicinity of the Grand Central Station looking for Pershing Square will not have to ask policemen and porters and passersby where it is any more. Signs labelled "Pershing Sq." now adorn the ornamental electric light and street corner posts in the Grand Central Station zone.

The square that bears the name of the General in command of the American armies abroad is not yet exactly a beauty spot because of the many improvements under way there and the work on the new Hotel Commodore, of the Bowman group, which is to be opened Jan. 28. But the contractors are hustling the work so that as soon as possible Pershing Square may be wholly pleasing to the eye.



ONE OF THE GUIDE POSTS  
AT PERSHING SQUARE.

## PERSHING'S TOAST TO THE DOUGHBOYS

PARIS, Feb. 22 (Associated Press).—Responding to a toast to the American Army at the American Club's Washington's Birthday luncheon to-day, Gen. Pershing expressed his thanks to the American people for the support they had given to the expeditionary forces. Of the soldiers he said:

Whether keeping lonely vigil in the trenches, whether attacking machine gun nests or performing the drudgery of the rear or supplying the front line, each man has done his duty, and he has felt that he had behind him the support of the whole country.

By his courage, his indomitable will, his splendid organization and his tenacity, the American soldier has turned impending defeat into overwhelming victory. I drink to the American soldier, than whom there is no better in the world to-day. Long live the American soldier.

N.Y.A. July 23, 1917

## Pershing Portrait in French Hall of Fame

By CHARLES F. BERTELLI.

International News Staff Correspondent.

Paris, July 10.—Flanked by portraits of such illustrious soldiers as Napoleon, Turenne, Conde, Koch and MacMahon, the picture of Major-General John J. Pershing now hangs on the hallowed walls of the French Army Museum at the Invalides. Executed in a week by Jean Boucher, the official army painter, it is a striking portrait of the American commander, and worthy too as a memento for generations to come of the chief of the first body of American troops to set foot on French soil.

Already thousands of Parisians have stood before the picture lifting their hats in homage to America, their sister Republic.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1917

## HIS STAFF, WITH HIS SON AND IN ACTION



PHOTO BY TROWBRIDGE

A new photograph of General Pershing with his son gives a "close-up" of the fighter's features in



COURTESY BY W. D. DARTWOOD and UNDERWOOD

General Pershing on an inspection trip, accompanied by members of his staff, crossing a turbulent Santa Maria stream in Mexico.



Herald, Sept 15, 1918

## LEADING THE ALLIES TO VICTORY



GENERAL FOCH and GENERAL PERSHING. © COM. ON PUB. INF

Latest photograph of the French marshal and the American commander-in-chief.

### GEN. PERSHING GETS A SERVICE MEDAL

In Presenting It, Gen. Bliss Tells Commander of Message From Wilson.

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN EASTERN FRANCE, Nov. 16 (Associated Press).—The Distinguished Service Medal was conferred upon Gen. Pershing at his headquarters to-day by Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, representing President Wilson. The ceremony was witnessed by the members of the Allied missions and Ambassador Sharp and Admiral Benson.

Gen. Bliss, in presenting the medal, read the order by the Secretary of War, which stated:

"The President directs you to say to Gen. Pershing that he awards the medal to the commander of our armies in the field as a token of the gratitude of the American people for his distinguished services and in appreciation of the successes which our armies have achieved under his leadership."

After reading the order, Gen. Bliss called to mind that when the first division went away many doubted if it would be followed by another for at least a year.

"But," he added, "you have created and organized and trained here on the soil of France an American army of between two and two and a half million men. You have created the agencies for its reception, its transportation and supply. To the delight of all of us you have consistently adhered to your ideal of an American army under American officers and American leadership."

"And I know that I speak for our President when I say that as to those who have died the good God has given eternal rest, so may He give to us eternal peace."

### PRONOUNCING PERSHING.

Try the Natural and Simple Sounds and the Result Will Be Correct.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: In reply to "C. C. W.'s" request as to the proper pronunciation of General Pershing's name, I beg to repeat that it is in the simplest possible way, short sound of "i" in the second syllable and without noticeable accent on either, just as one would say "pushing."

WILLIAM H. TRIPP.

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, June 27.

### PERSHING PAYS TRIBUTE TO SOLDIERS' MOTHERS

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Sept. 23.—Mrs. Gertrude Schulz, acting head of the War Mothers of America, during their first convention here, received the following from Gen. Pershing:

"The splendid example of patience and bravery which American mothers have set for their sons is a tremendous inspiration to the American expeditionary forces. In the name of these troops I thank you for a message which assures us of this courageous spirit."

### CHILDREN PLACE FLOWERS ON MRS. PERSHING'S GRAVE

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Sunday.—Too poor to buy Thrift Stamps as other children did in observing General Pershing's birthday, three little girls begged garden flowers from neighbors and covered the graves of the General's wife and three children in Lakewood Cemetery here.

"We wanted to do something," one of them said, "and that's all we could think of. We hope General Pershing won't mind."

APRIL 26, 1918.

## PERSHING AND FOCH ACTING IN HARMONY

General Pershing's brilliant career began in the Philippines. A captain when ordered there, he rapidly rose to brigadier general. In 1916 he commanded the punitive expedition sent to the Mexican border. Last year, though fourth on the list of major generals, he was the immediate choice to command the American expeditionary force in France. At the beginning of the present great German offensive he went immediately to General Foch and placed the American army at his disposition, backing this action up with



GENERAL PERSHING.

the offer of the entire resources of the American people. This magnificent exhibition of unity of purpose led to the appointment of General Foch as generalissimo, the appointment being announced the following day. The two commanders are acting in the closest harmony.

General Pershing urges the people at home to buy Liberty Bonds and back up the soldiers at the front. "Every dollar subscribed to the Liberty Loan is a dollar invested in American manhood," is his message to the American people.

## PERSHING NOW FULL GENERAL

Major-Gen. Bliss Gets Same Rank—Others to Be Lieutenant-Generals.

Special Despatch to THE SUN.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4.—The ranks of General and Lieutenant-General were revived to-day by the unanimous action of the Senate, which adopted an amendment to the war risk insurance bill whereby both grades were added to the establishment of the United States Army.

Hereafter, under the terms of the amendment adopted to-day, the commander of the United States forces in the field will enjoy the rank of full General. So also will the Chief of the Army General Staff, with headquarters in Washington.

This means that Major-Gen. John J. Pershing, commanding the United States overseas force in France and Flanders will be elevated to the rank of General and that Major-Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, Chief of the General Staff, will also receive the same grade with its emoluments.

The restoration of the grade of General is designed to meet a very general demand that the commanders of the United States forces in the field shall have rank equivalent to that of the commanders of the armies of their allies with whom they come into intimate touch. With the elevation of Gen. Pershing to the full grade the only officers superior to him at the front will be Field Marshals Petain (French) and Sir Douglas Haig (British). The American army has never had the grade of Field Marshal.

In elevating Major-Gens. Pershing and Bliss to the grade of Generals these two military men will hold a rank in the military service of the United States heretofore held by but four other soldiers. George Washington was a General in the Revolutionary War. When he resumed military office in anticipation of a clash with France in 1797 he was made a Lieutenant-General. Ulysses S. Grant, William Tecumseh Sherman and Philip Henry Sheridan were the only other Generals. Sheridan, who had served from 1870 to 1888 as Lieutenant-General, was advanced to the full grade by an act of Congress while on his death bed.

The adoption of the higher grades of general officers for the army marks the acceptance of the system of field ranks adopted by the Confederate States at the outbreak of the civil war. In the system of the Confederacy armies were commanded by Generals. There were Gens. Albert Sidney Johnston, Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston. Army corps were commanded by Lieutenant-Generals such as A. P. Hill, James B. Longstreet, "Stonewall" Jackson and Jubal A. Early. The United States never until now has recognized the superiority of the Confederate system.

Under the new provisions written into the law by the Senate to-day all commanders of units larger than a single division in the field will be graded as Lieutenant-Generals. It is expected that at least half a dozen officers will be elevated to this grade by the War Department, as the provision of the bill is elastic enough to give the Secretary of War discretion in this respect.

The war risk insurance bill, which passed the Senate late to-day by a vote of 71 to 0, provides for the issuance of insurance to soldiers and sailors of the United States up to \$10,000 total assurance against death. The minimum amount of insurance for which a soldier may subscribe will be \$1,000. The House had amended the bill to make the high limit \$7,500, but the Senate deemed this insufficient. The bill was sent at once to conference.



# Pershing Third Full General in U. S. History

THE American Army has had three full-fledged Generals in its history—Grant, Sherman and Pershing. It has also had eleven Lieutenant Generals, the next highest in rank.

George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War, was the first of these.

Winfield Scott took command in 1811. For many years he was an artillery captain, and later put in command of a camp of construction at Buffalo. At the outbreak of the Mexican War Scott was in command and it was his shrewd military tactics that whipped the Mexicans and brought the war to a speedy conclusion.

Next in line was Ulysses S. Grant. He was graduated from West Point in 1843, and served under Taylor's army in Texas and Mexico. At the beginning of the Civil War he had resigned from the army, but later offered his services in any capacity. His ability soon won him promotion, from the grade of Colonel to Brigadier-General. After the Civil War he was raised to the rank of General,

the first man to hold that rank in the United States Army.

William Tecumseh Sherman was in command of three armies in the Civil War, and also served in the Mexican War. He was a brave and daring general and author of the phrase, "War is hell." Sherman was named after the famous Indian chief, Tecumseh. When Grant became President, Sherman was promoted to Lieutenant-General and held the supreme command for fourteen years.

Phillip H. Sheridan was a dashing cavalry officer, and his brilliant and effective work brought the army to a high standard in drill and discipline. He served in the Civil War with Grant and Sherman.

John M. Schofield became commander-in-chief of the army on the death of Sheridan. During his command a corps of Indians was enlisted in the cavalry as scouts, with distinctive uniforms. He retired in 1895.

Nelson A. Miles has been a Lieutenant-General since 1900. He has distinguished himself as an Indian fighter, and was one of the youngest of the Civil War officers. He kept up the training that brought the army to

its highest efficiency, and also saw service in the Spanish-American War.

Samuel B. M. Young succeeded when Miles retired in 1903. He held office only a short time. He had seen service in the Spanish-American War.

Adna R. Chaffee was appointed Chief of Staff in 1903, in Gen. Young's place. He served in the Civil War, Indian campaigns, the Spanish War and Chinese expedition. For his meritorious work he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant General.

In 1906 John C. Bates was given the rank of Lieutenant General and Chief of Staff. He was a Lieutenant in the Civil War and reached the rank of Colonel at the outbreak of the Spanish War.

Next and last man to hold the rank of Lieutenant General was Henry C. Corbin. He was a Civil War veteran, cited twice for gallant services during that conflict. In 1900 he was Adjutant General.

Provost Marshal General Crowder for his service in the Selective Draft was offered the rank of Lieutenant General for the duration of the war, but he refused, saying that it was not only him but hundreds of others that helped make the draft possible.

THE EVENING WORLD, FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1918.

## GEN. PERSHING'S FIELD HEADQUARTERS



©INT FILM SER GEN. PERSHING'S FIELD HEADQUARTERS ST. NAZAIRE

### Pershing Commands "Army of Occupation"

PARIS, Nov. 17.—The American Third Army has been designated as "the Army of Occupation." It will be under the immediate direction of Gen. Pershing, the Commander in Chief, who will be in command of the American positions in occupied territories.

The Third Army will consist of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Twenty-sixth, Thirty-second, Forty-second, Eighty-ninth and Ninetieth Divisions, which, divided among the Third and Fourth Corps, will consist for the present of about a quarter of a million men. It will be commanded by Major-Gen. Dickman.

### Pershing Wins 10 Francs for Naming Paper

By Universal Service.

PARIS, Sept. 20.

FROM the American front came this story to-day:

General Pershing was visiting the wounded at Red Cross Hospital No. 5, where a contest was going on for a name for the hospital paper. Some one mentioned the contest to the General.

"Heaven, Hell or Hoboken," said the American general, without a moment's hesitation.

He got the prize—ten francs. Smilingly he pocketed it, and smilingly he went away, amid great cheers.

Sum  
Nov. 8, 1918

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GENERAL JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING

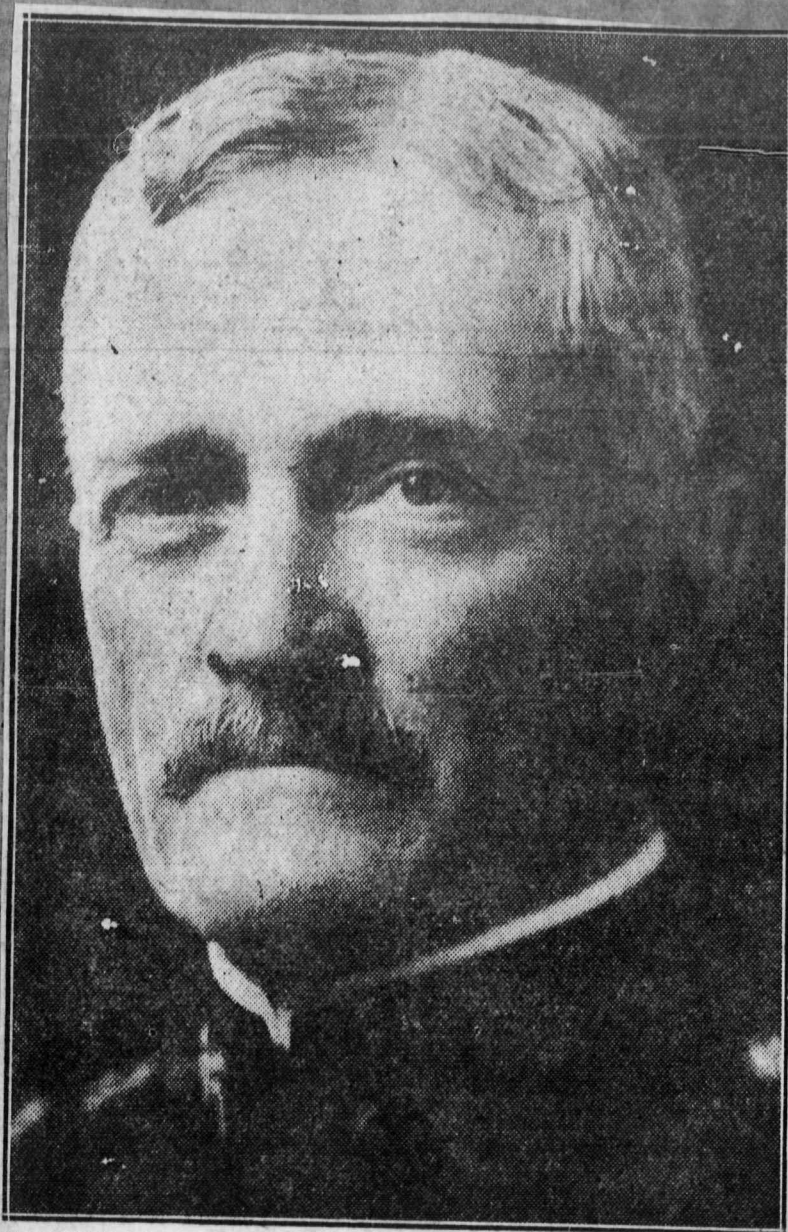


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**Pershing at Work in  
Offices in France**  
*U. S. Commander Busy  
Preparing for Coming  
Campaign.*



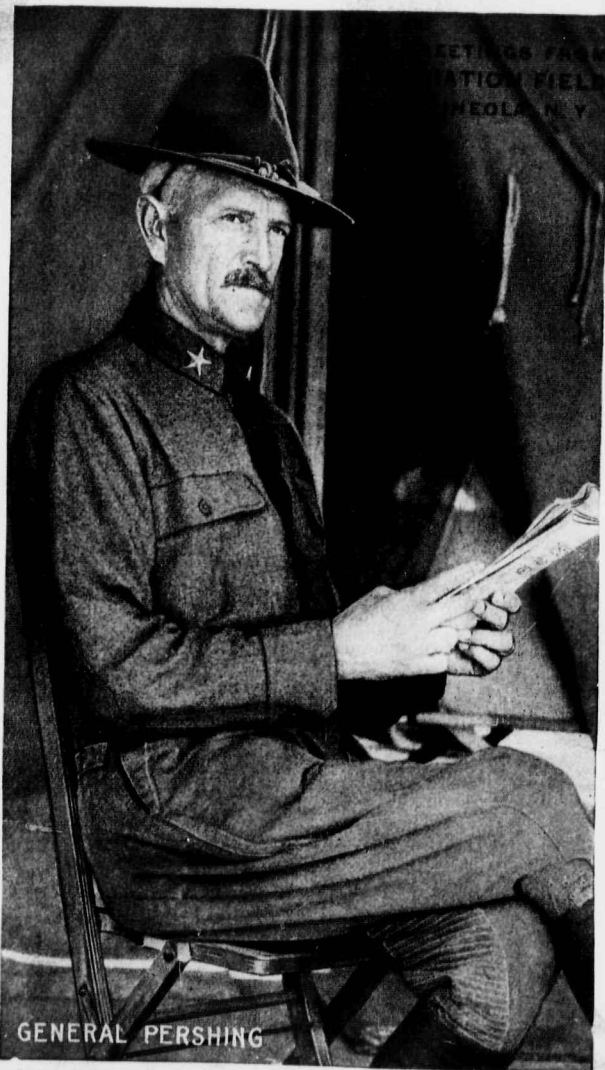
(Copyright by International Film Service.)

**General John Pershing.**



Copyright by Committee on Public Information Supplied by International.

There is no busier man in United States military uniform to-day than General Pershing, commander-in-chief of the American troops in France. What with directing the training of his forces for front-line trench duty, taking over the command of new-arriving detachments, and getting his supply system in order, he finds plenty of work for his head and hands every hour of his long day. This photograph affords a view of the general at his headquarters' office desk. It is one of the few pictures he has had taken indoors and without his service cap on.

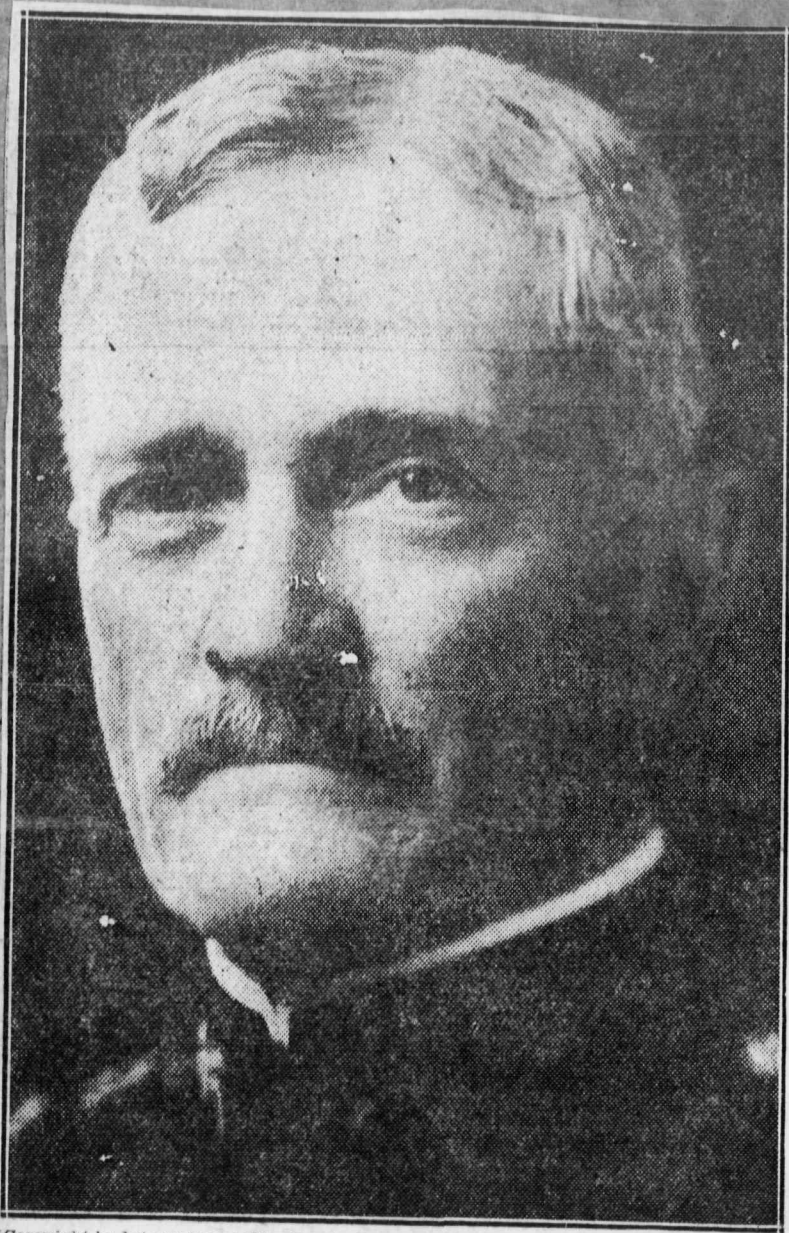


**GENERAL PERSHING**

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.



**Pershing at Work in  
Offices in France**  
*U. S. Commander Busy  
Preparing for Coming  
Campaign.*



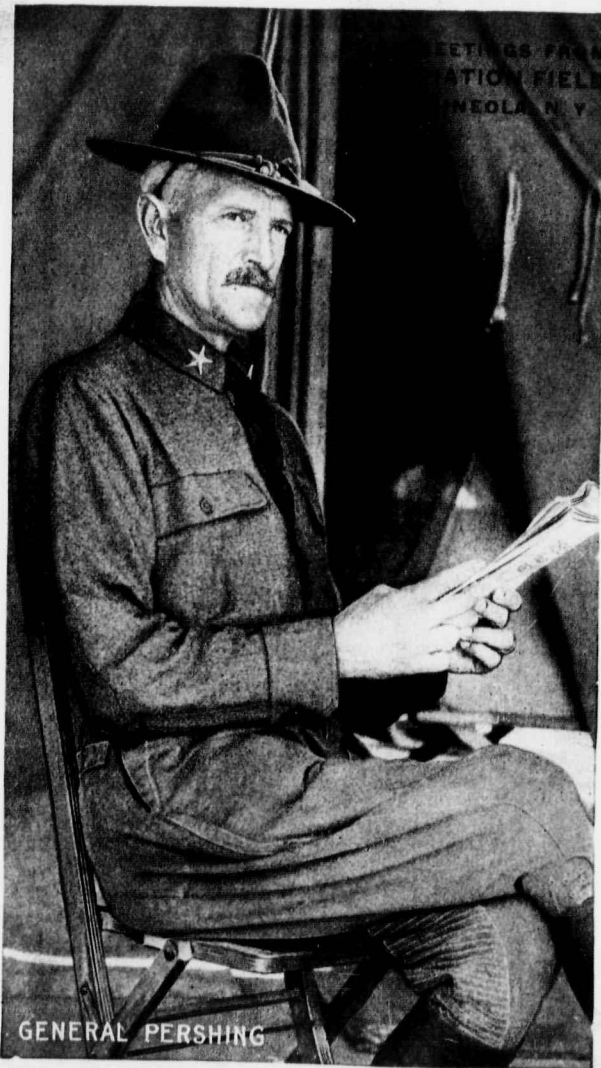
(Copyright by International Film Service.)

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**GENERAL PERSHING**

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.



# General Pershing Fifty-Eight To-Day

ALMOST THE FIRST WISH OF AMERICA'S WAR LEADER WAS TO BE A SOLDIER—NOW HE COMMANDS THE GREATEST ARMY EVER MUSTERED BY THIS NATION

GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING is fifty-eight years old to-day. If the cares of war permit him to look back a half century he may see himself as he was then, bent on growing up to be a man like Washington. America's first great offensive effort in the present struggle began just one day short of his fifty-eighth year—a kind of birthday gift to liberty.

Pershing had the soldier spirit early and was always leader in planning to repel Injun raids. As there were a good many real Indians in the neighborhood of the Pershing home at Laclede, Mo., this martial ambition led to complications.

The future General was born the son of well to do parents, but adversity befell the elder Pershing and his son was forced to shift for himself at an early age. He taught school for a while, and then gained admission to West Point, graduating in 1886. It was not long until he had won distinction in the chase after Geronimo.

The Spanish-American War found him at the head of the famous Tenth Cavalry, which did such notable things at San Juan. Then Pershing went to the Philippines and taught the Moros a few things about fighting that even those savage warriors were forced to acknowledge. During the Russo-Japanese War Pershing followed the Japanese arms

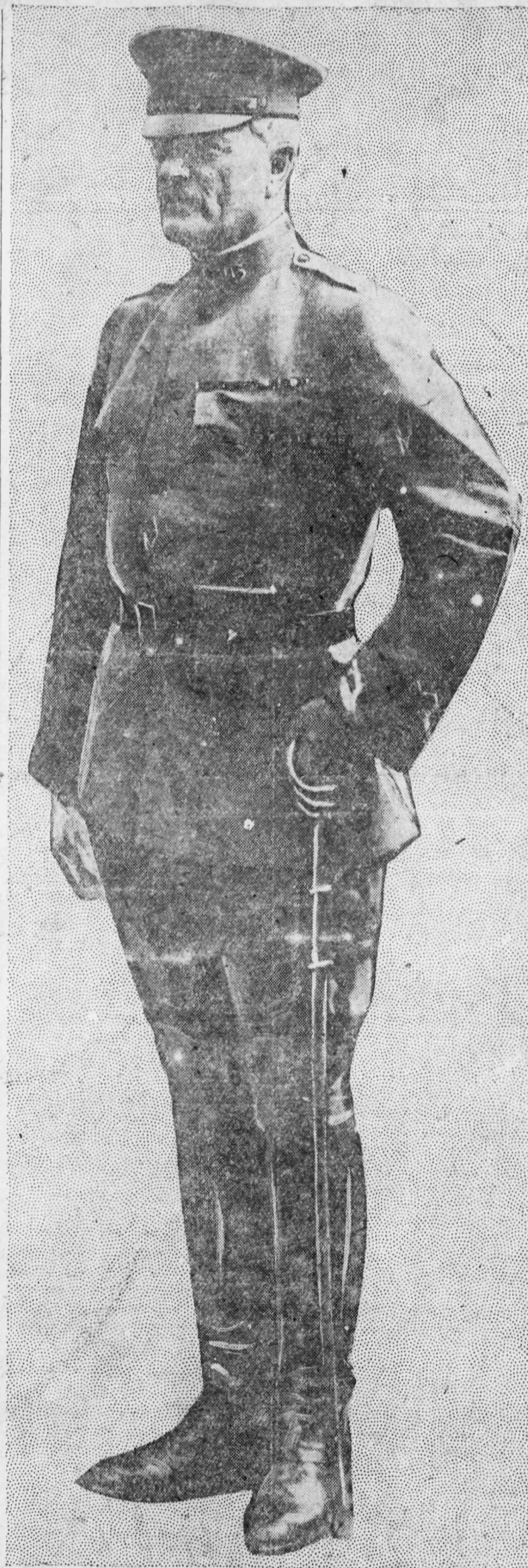
throughout the sharp campaign that brought Russia such ill fortune.

Ex-President Roosevelt stirred up a mare's nest by promoting him to be Brigadier General, back in 1906, over the heads of many men who had grown gray in the service. Everybody admitted that Pershing was a most capable officer, but—said the critics—it was not ethical to put a youngster of forty-six in such a job. Nevertheless Pershing got the job and set about making good on it. He was a student of arms as well as a leader who had seen the rough and tumble of real warfare.

All of us will recall how he went into Mexico after the picturesque Villa. And the Mexican's days would have been numbered had not Pershing been called back for other things.

When we took up Germany's gauntlet and sent the vanguard of our millions across the world, there was only one man who might be accepted as logical leader—Pershing. And this fifty-eighth birthday of his finds him running things in the same efficient way that has come to be expected from the man.

Beginning Monday The Evening World will print a complete, detailed life story of Pershing. Perhaps less is known to Americans about his boyhood and early life than any other man prominent in the world war. This is the real story, now published for the first time.



## This Is Friday the Thirteenth

"I AM not superstitious, but"—is a frequent remark by quite intelligent people, and so a number of things will be put off till to-morrow, for to-day the unlucky number and the unlucky day fall together. In short, this is Friday the 13th.

That the superstition is taken seriously is shown by the great decrease in weddings on a Friday the 13th. In practically all the "civilized" countries the clerks who make out the marriage licenses might as well take a day off, for there is rarely anything for them to do. Of course, Governments cannot afford to be superstitious, especially at this time in the world's history, and it is unlikely that shipping will be held up to-day. But before the war there was many a ship's master who would rather have lost his job than sail on a Friday, and as for sailing on Friday the 13th—well, it was not to be thought of.

The Friday superstition is doubtless based on the Crucifixion, and the prejudice against thirteen from the Last Supper of Jesus, when one of the thirteen guests at table proved to be a traitor. Many eminent people have clung to this belief, and it is related by Sir Henry Lacy that the late Queen Victoria once refused to dine until another person was called to make the number at table fourteen.

BEGIN PERSHING'S LIFE STORY MONDAY IN THE EVENING WORLD.



# Close Up View of Gen. Pershing at Work

## American Commander, Calmly Confident, Inspires All With His Masterful Grasp of the Situation

"WHEN this war is over and the defeated Hun has retreated to his last fastness I shall be able to correct my notes and fill in the names and dates purposely left blank to comply with the laws of the service. Until then I implore you to call it anything but a diary, for we are forbidden to keep such a thing. You may do what you like with these pencil marks otherwise."

This is the answer sent back to the writer, who had asked his old friend Lieut. Blank of Pershing's Corps of Interpreters for permission to compile certain notes of his which had passed the censor in the form of the running story that follows.

In almost his earliest letter he had explained his being in this branch of the service.

"Long before the draft," he wrote, "and wishing to volunteer where I might best be of service, I went to Washington to pass examinations for the Intelligence department. Three languages are required: English, French and German or Italian. I possessed in a colloquial way all the four. Having passed the exams successfully I returned to my home to wait for an appointment."

### Waited Long for Assignment.

"Days went by, then weeks, then months. Under the minutiae of a tremendous undertaking like a draft my small affair had been submerged. When I had well nigh forgotten all about it I received my commission and a telegram from the War Department giving me three days to get ready and ordering me to a certain port to take passage on a transport, my ultimate destination being Gen. Pershing's headquarters in France. Early in September of 1917 I set out from America for a port in France."

Some of the Lieutenant's notes follow:

SEPTEMBER—On board are two other men holding rank like myself and attached to the Intelligence. The others in khaki are the best type of youth of our country, many of them country bred, ranging in age from mere lads to men nearing 30, all of them courageous, adventurous, high spirited, light hearted, cool headed. A few were shrewd observers of the times and men, and with our keen national sense of humor. An uneventful voyage and a quiet landing at a port in France.

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GENERAL PERSHING

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OCTOBER—Cordially received by Gen. Pershing's aid and informed that by good fortune I should not be billeted but could take up quarters in a small hotel.

At reveille reported for duty at headquarters. Detailed to Major W—, and journey in his company to a small city to the south of A—, where a rest camp and hospital preparations were making. Our purpose was to meet the Mayor and City Councillors in a discussion of means for installing a chlorination plant for purifying the water.

OCTOBER—I have had my first view of the wounded being taken in ambulances to base hospitals. I appreciate for the first time that the dull, continuous roar I hear is not the grumbling of the elements, as it very well might be under the leaden and threatening sky, but the roar of distant big guns.

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I see for the first time too soldiers coming out of the trenches on a relief. They are French, bluish in complexion, covered with dust or caked mud, their legs tied about with rags or wisps of straw. They march with a dog tired air and seem almost too tired to be alive, except for their eyes. These have a far away look, seeming not to see what is in front of them, but glinting like metal when a ray of the sun strikes it. No, these soldiers are not lifeless!

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In company with the staff I ride to the place, bordered by plane trees, now leafless, where we line up to await the arrival of the visitor. The word passes that he is Petain. It is followed by his appearance at the farther end of the place.

As he rides under an archway of twined French and American flags with

groomed and mounted, Gen. Pershing rides in from the other side attended by a half dozen of his immediate military family. The two Generals meet midway and salute each other ceremoniously. The French band plays "The Star Spangled Banner" and the American band follows with the "Marseillaise." The citizens, mostly collected from adjoining villages, shout and wave their handkerchiefs. Then the Generals ride off to headquarters and we follow.

NOVEMBER—Every American General has his own personal interpreter attached to his staff. Once when Gen. Pershing's man fell ill it seemed that I should replace him and for a short time I did part of his work. Then I saw Gen. Pershing frequently. As far as it was possible his workroom has been made to resemble an American office. A flat topped desk, a cabinet or two for papers, a long table covered with maps, another holding specimens of grains, vegetables (dried), coffees, &c., maps on the wall—it is possible to picture it as being without a conventional army air.

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My function while under his eye was to stand as a buffer between him and visitors. In his stead I received important Americans, important officers of the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A., also French officers and civilians of rank. It was my business to judge whether any of these was entitled to a few minutes of the over-occupied commanding General's time. This kept me busy from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M.

DECEMBER—Toward Christmas I began to see our American soldiers going by

## Interpreter's Notes Reveal Absolute Realization of the Task and the Ability to Handle It

and at length entering the trenches. Gay, courageous, redhot for the fray, they constituted a genuine reinforcement. Before they began passing through I had seen as many French and English wounded. I never saw a man of either nation so badly hurt that he would not assert, sometimes in husky whisper, all the voice left to him, his perfect confidence that the German armies would be overthrown.

I talked with many German prisoners. The privates to a man are glad to get out of the fighting; they say they expect to be well treated and fed as prisoners. With the officers it is different. I spoke to one to-day; sullen was he, and surly, looking revenge he was powerless to act. He accepts every bit of kindness as his right. The German arrogance begins where one would naturally look for it, at the top.

### How Christmas Was Spent.

CHRISTMAS—Spent the day before Noel in the vicinity of a sector held by our own fellows. I met a good many of them in the Y. M. C. A. huts. Some of these boys have already received Christmas gifts and letters from home—comfort kits, sweaters, socks, candy, a victrola. They are a happy lot, feeling the interest of their countrymen deeply and bound to be worth it. They like the French and the French like them. As one New Yorker said to me: "It's great sport being an American boy in France; he can have most anything he wants."

JANUARY—After the holiday season I am ordered on a tour to the west and north of T—. I spend nearly every night near the lines with American soldiers in the Y. M. C. A. huts looking at moving pictures. The Y. M. C. A. are doing a wonderful work in general and the movies is not the least part of it. But they overlook the comedy film. The pictures to send are those which evoke honest laughter. A good funny film is worth ten dozen that tell sad stories of death and unrequited love.

### Americans Wholly In It.

MARCH—The big drive so long threatened is on. Our Americans are in it and more are going. They are going in all the time to replace dead beat French and wounded Britishers. I met an ambulance full of Americans whom I had seen at T—. All were wounded, some of them seriously. One boy whispered to me—his voice was gone: "If the Kaiser hopes to lick the good old U. S. A. he's a nut!"

Nothing has happened to me that hasn't happened to thousands of others; my own adventures are not worth this note keeping. At headquarters we are busy all the time, busy when he's here (I mean the General), busier when he is away. There is no gossip; we know very little more of what they are thinking at home than we do of what they are think-

ing at Berlin. What we want is ultimate success, and we have confidence from Gen. Pershing's very simplicity of expression and ing confirms it in us. His words are pointed but polite, his manner is perfectly calm and firm. A lesser man would have sunk beneath half of his burdens; he could carry more than he has to—in fact, we think he is the right man on the job.

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THE story is told of a Scottish composer who fled from Edinburgh to London in order to escape the brain exhausting ordeal of deciphering Carlyle's hieroglyphics and putting them into type. He had been at work in London some time, when one day a "take" of Carlyle's copy was given to him to set up.

The sight of it appalled him. "Is that man here too?" he exclaimed. Whereupon he laid down his composing stick, put on his coat and hat and vanished.

Balzac's copy was also a nightmare to composers. According to one authority, the failure of the establishment that printed his works was the direct result of the enormous labor spent in making cor-



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PICTORIAL  
GRAVURE  
SECTION

New York American

SUNDAY  
DECEMBER 22  
1918

## General Pershing Souvenir Number



The General  
as a  
little boy  
of six  
© Kochne,  
from  
Underwood

**GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING**  
Commander-in-Chief of the American  
forces in the field  
Photo © Harris & Ewing

Church at  
Lawrence,  
Mo.,  
which he  
attended  
as a boy  
Photo by  
Greene,  
Brookfield,  
Mo.



Pershing  
as a

Cadet at  
West Point



GENERAL PERSHING and the  
scene of his campaigns as  
an Indian fighter

Geronimo, the war-like chief of  
the Apaches, in whose capture  
young Lieutenant Pershing  
assisted when he was  
under General Miles

*Photos by Press Illustrating Service  
and Underwood & Underwood*



Pershing at the head of his cavalry going through the sage brush of the Mexican plains.  
© International



General Pershing with his staff plunging across the Rio Grande in pursuit of Mexican bandits  
© Underwood & Underwood



Pancho Villa and his bandits, who were chased into the heart of Mexico by General Pershing

Snapshots of Gen. Pershing in front of his tent at Colonia Dublan, Mexico

© Underwood

