

Pershing's Men Resent Retreat After Parral

Orders for Withdrawal After Treacherous Attack by Carranzistas Brings Keen Disappointment to All.

By ROBERT DUNN.

El Paso, June 1.

In reviewing my six weeks with our army in Chihuahua, impressions concentrate in the personality of its leader, Brigadier General John J. Pershing. I was not once out of his sight throughout the active period of the punitive expedition, which closed shortly after the Parral affair of April 12, except for a week on the trail of Pablo Lopez with Colonel H. T. Allen's picked column of the 11th Cavalry.

Two figures alone rise clear and unblemished from the ruck of our last and most enduring Mexican mess. Ill-reported as history usually is, it has a habit of nevertheless distributing its emphasis in the main correctly. The inner mechanism, chiefly political, of this campaign will of course remain as veiled politically as that of its brother, the Vera Cruz fiasco. But it is neither odd nor false—nor even ironic to one who has glimpsed at least a part of the "inside"—that these two personalities should be the bandit himself and the able, often inscrutable, man of iron, of loyalty and of moods, who was so heedlessly set to catch him.

Villa, after all, though I have never seen him, stands out as the one remaining impressive figure of Mexico. A week on the border, a day with the army, is enough to gain a vivid vignette of his being, and one which is so like in the minds of all men that it cannot be far from the mark. And curiously untinted by horror or any impulse of vengeance it is. With the army it often reaches candid admiration. There the idea is largely that his mind is now unseated by paresis or indulgence in blood-lust; but he gets the credit from fellow soldiers of having played not very far from type by the Columbus raid, in revenge for our Carranza intrigue, which caused his Waterloo at Agua Prieta.

Sought to Turn Raiders, It Is Said.

There is the story of his jest, that if he caught Carranza he would not kill him, but would "shave his whiskers instead, baring that chinless despot." Another tale of him told with the army, and, I think, not yet printed north of the line, reveals him in a similar if lighter light. The night before his descent upon the New Mexico village he addressed his followers. To their amazement he counselled returning south, giving up the raid. No one attempts to account for what moved him, whether the instinct of that military genius which none deny him or the underlying fear and admiration for gringos which prompted him to depend so largely upon their individual aid in his campaigns. But Candelario Cervantes, the bandit of Namiquipa, the importance of whose capture only this week has been underestimated, now that interest in the expedition has so fallen into the discard, rose to oppose him. He exhorted the assassins—and Villa. Had they travelled so far only to give up the exploit? He appealed to their boasts, their vanity. Would not the gringos, hearing of their tail-turning, hold them as cowardly and chicken-hearted as they were themselves? And Cervantes won, against Villa. Moodily, yet typically, the ex-conqueror of Mexico shrugged his shoulders and, turning to his troops, said:

"All right, then. As you will. . . . Forward!"

Pershing as Mystifying.
To me, and I think to all his command, both officers and men, General Pershing was at times as mystifying, though in a manner absolutely different. And in trying to recall a few incidents one seems to get no less a glimpse of the man himself than of the whole spirit of the army on its thankless, baffling job. I have called him inscrutable—as he was. One moment you felt that you knew him, like a companion on some long trail in the wilderness, and the next he seemed as remote as some relentless, disciplinary machine. One thing was sure, that he and his staff intelligence officers, Major Ryan, were the army. Decision, initiative, all the strands of the scattered cavalry columns, with which communication was always difficult and often for days impossible, appeared to lie in their heads and hands alone. He was seldom with his staff. I hope I am not doing them an injustice by stating the impression that he always seemed most serene and optimistic when distant from it, at the "front"—sleeping in the open without a tent, boiling his coffee grounds twice and thrice over, as he did all that exciting work at San Geronimo after the Guerrero fight, when no supplies whatever reached us, and we knew that the eyes of the bandits, even of Villa himself, were staring from the live oaks of the surrounding Sierras.

Punishment for Writer.
I remember when we first heard of the Parral fracas. It was at Satevo, eighty miles from its scene, on April 14, two days after the occurrence and the day of its publication at home—the Carranza version of the "mob attack," which, as the first one, has ever since dulled the truth.

Menace Brought Into Light.
An action had taken place, and we had liberty down to the last detail in naming individual commands, usually prohibited—to tell everything. Either the general or Major Ryan kept coming over to our breakfast fire, showing or reading to us the little pencilled slips of yellow paper from the dispatch books of majors and colonels which the returned automobile had brought in. We were swamped with news, with pregnant facts, all proving conclusively the deliberate Carranzista attack. It made intervening, as we then thought, but a matter of hours. We were told we could "go the limit." But something, perhaps the newspaper man's instinct, warned us to go easy. This end and overturning of the Villa punitive party, as such, made whether we should march on Parral and Chihuahua, if Carranza dared repudiate Lasso and Herrera (his officers at Parral), matters far more burning than what had happened there two days back. Besides, with time and length of writing always so limited, we asked: Would not all these details, every official report, on a matter so vital and revolutionary to the country, be given out in San Antonio and Washington?

"Certainly they will," said General Pershing. "As I see it now, nothing of this can be withheld. What has gone on under cover for weeks has merely now reached its climax. I can assure you that I am sending in every word of this in my reports. It must be made public—of course."

Sure, above everything, he was, that he and his troops would be backed up.

And we took the advice as earnestly—and simply—as it was offered. In our stories we gave only the pith and high lights of the episode. But when finally we got newspapers of corresponding dates we read only of "Fears for General Pershing's forces" or about the "ominous veil of silence hanging over events at the front." Washington had given out nothing. In stating this, free of the censorship, I do not think that I in any way violate its spirit. I merely wish to show what utmost vigor and enthusiasm and looking forward, as a trained military man must, has to reckon with under our form of government and politics. I recollect that when I left the army I asked General Pershing what was to guide us scribes in writing after we were out of Mexico.

"Why, nothing," he answered quickly, "except your own patriotism and sense of honor." I do not think I violate it. Only just as in the European war you instinctively took sides with the nation whose military forces you accompanied, so, when with our army, its viewpoint, against all others, becomes the natural

and human creed. With me it remains so. Nothing I might write further could amplify the tried spirit of the army in Mexico down to the greenest dough-boy for the next two weeks than General Pershing's own continued silence. It had never sought war or intervention. It had merely played the military game according to the rules of soldiers and men with living blood. Cause had been arrested and disarmed. And that family, remember, our "little" army there, are, as I have before pointed out, the only men to date who have ever entered that country and treated its natives of every degree like human beings, neither robbing them of their property and resources nor flattering them with vain platitudes on "equality" and "justice."

GEN. GALLIENI BURIED; FRANCE PAYS TRIBUTE

Business Halts for Funeral of Man Who Saved Paris.

Paris, June 1.—The funeral to-day of General Joseph Simeon Gallieni, former Minister of War, began with a religious ceremony in the Hotel des Invalides, where the body had lain in state. Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of the Court of the Invalides by Pierre Auguste Roques, Minister of War, and a military procession followed, the route of the cortege being packed with a vast multitude. The ceremonies were attended by President Poincaré, the Cabinet, the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, the diplomatic corps, the highest officers of the army and navy, Academicians and savants. The military included regiments that were in the battle of Ourches when General Gallieni turned back the German rush on Paris. All business and amusements were suspended during the ceremony. The body was taken to St. Raphael for burial.

DEATH MYSTERY UNSOLVED

Passaic, N. J., June 1.—An autopsy performed late to-day on the body of Mrs. George Osur, who died suddenly yesterday after her return from a shopping trip in Paterson, failed to reveal the cause of her death. The stomach has been sent to an expert chemist for examination. Mrs. Osur with Patrolman George Osur, her husband, returned from Paterson at 5 o'clock. She sat down at the piano, played and sang for half an hour, then dropped to the floor unconscious. She died before physicians could arrive. It was learned that she had eaten some ice cream while in Paterson, but the fact that her husband had eaten with her in the same store without being affected precludes the possibility of poison from this source, authorities believe. Medicine which Mrs. Osur had been taking for a cold will be subjected to a chemical analysis.



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