The Life Story of GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

America's Greatest Soldier
BY
H. F. Wheeler

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CHAPTER XIII.

Such is the man who led our men in France!

Likable, lovable, human he is!

Reading his letter, one might naturally ask, who were his classmates, who were they and where are they today? Beneath the class picture accompanyin gtoday's instalment that nfformation may be found, brought is nearly up to the present time as possible.

Jack Pershing passed through the four years—an average cadet in so far as the academic courses were concerned. Elsewhere on these pages are given two tables, showing his standing in his classes and in his studies during the four years he was cadet at West Point and his marks in his final examination before he was graduated.

A glance at the tables suffices to establish that Jack Pershing was not a brilliant cadet. He stood in about the middle of his classes; he was graduated so, ranking No. 30 in a class of 77. But as he stood in his classes, so did those great men, Grant and Sheridan and Sherman. Indeed, studying West Point statistics, one finds even as army men declare, that it is the cadets who stand in the middle of their classes who rise to the highest rank first. They become line officers. The unusually brilliant cadets usually join the engineering or scientific arms of the army where promotion is more slow than in the line.

But it is not indulging in hyperbole to say that in all the days of West Point a finer appearing cadet, finer of physique and bearing, than Jack Pershing never attended the academy. Everyone of his classmates at West Point with whom I talked told me this; everyone who was associated with him at West Point said so.

MAJOR KEENE REMEMBERS.

To quote one of his classmates, a Boston man, Major Henry Clay Keene, commandant at present of the State Guard at the Springfield Armory in Springfield, Mass. Major Keene was severely injured in the Cuban campaign and was retired a captain. Came the war and like all of those West Pointers of the Class of '86, who had retired, he asked permission to do "his bit." So today, though unable to march long distances because of his old injuries, he is commandant at Springfield. It was there, at his post of duty, that I talked with him.

"Jack Pershing," he said to me, "as a cadet at West Point before that time and always since, has been a 'doer of deeds'—a man of action. He was a natural leader of men at West Point, even as he is today. We recognized this—his classmates—then. Cadets in the classes ahead of us and behind us recognized it. Jack Pershing was respected by every cadet in West Point.

"He was an ideal soldier. He had a wonderful physique. That and his great strength have helped to carry him where he is today. He has been able to withstand the hardships of campaigning. At West Point he was picked by the tactical officers as the best cade soldier. He was made senior cadet corporal, then first corporal, then first sergeant, then senior captain. He was an excellent shot with the rifle and with the revolver.

"I recall his voice—deep bass. In chapel, where I used to sit beside him, it was pleasant to hear him sing. He loved music and he loved to sing the chants."

SO DOES MAJOR STEWART.

Another classmate told me much the same in much the same words. He was Major Cecil Stewart, also a Boston man, who lives at 451 Beacon street in this city, and is an artist of national reputation. Major Stewart resigned from the ramy in 1909 that he might give all his time to art. But the war came, and, true to the traditions of his class, he offered his services to his country. He was sent to Camp Devens at Ayer, Mass., and there, as a major, worked so hard his health became impaired. He returned to his home. Soon, even before this appears in print, indeed, he expects to be commissioned a colonel and go overseas in command of a regiment. I talked with the major at his home.

But praise of Jack Pershing, cadet, was not confined to his classmates.

At West Point I talked with Colonel Samuel E. Tillman, the present superintendent of the academy. In the days when Jack Pershing was a cadet, Colonel Tillman was professor of chemistry.

"General Pershing," the colonel said to me, "had exceptional ability as a soldier. As a student in my classes there was nothing especially brilliant about him. He stood about 42 in his section, as I remember."

Lieutenant-Colonel Wirt Robinson has succeeded Colonel Tillman as professor of chemistry. In the cadet days of Jack Pershing, Colonel Robinson was in the class behind—the Class of '87. He knows Jack Pershing well.

"Jack Pershing was a corporal when I entered West Point," Colonel Robinson told me. "I recall him as a steady-going chap. Especially do I recall his wonderful physique, his powerful, square-shouldered form and his square-jawed face. How he could clinch his teeth!

"Have you ever noticed a coachman's physiognomy? I don't mean the army mule driver who can swear at his mules when they are unruly. I mean the old-fashioned coachman who drives his master and mistress and has to control not only his horses but himself, who cannot swear when his horses are unruly. That man comes to have a certain physiognomy I think of such a physiognomy—such a type—when I recall Jack Pershing's jaw. He could control men. And at the same time he could control himself."

Incidentally, cadets at West Point had need for self-control in the old days. The West Point of '86 was not the West Point of today. Today the barracks are equipped with running hot and cold water. In Jack Pershing's cadet days the only water came from two faucets out of doors in the area of the barracks, and from those faucets, winter and summer, had to be drawn all the water for toilet purposes. It does not require much imagination to picture the scenes about those faucets on winter mornings when the mercury hovered close to zero and Arctic blasts swept down the Hudson river, winds always piercing and sometimes snow-laden.

West Point ended at last, though. Came one of those rare days in the June of 1886, such a June day as perhaps inspired the poet Lowell. It was graduation day. Jack Pershing ceased to be a cadet. He became a second lieutenant in the United States army. Ambitions were realized. He held in his hand a commission. He was a second lieutenant of cavalry—soon to be detailed to Troop L of the Sixth United States Cavalry. But that is another story to be told later.

Second Lieutenant Pershing!

Second Lieutenant John Joseph Pershing of the Sixth Cavalry, United States Army!

Such did Jack Pershing become on July 1, 1886, following his graduation from the United States Military Academy at West Point. Never at any other time in his life, not even when, on Oct. 6, 1918, he was given the highest honor the United States army offers, a full four-starred generalship, has a commission meant so much to him.

Dreams of childhood, dreams of boyhood, dreams of early manhood—all had come true.

His ambition was realized at last.

He was an officer in the army of his country.

How the event was celebrated!

West Point custom — an unwritten fiat of the academy—decrees that the very first affair after graduation shall be a class dinner. Thus it was a day or so later found the entire Class of 1886—all of its 77 members, and those 77 all second lieutenants—gathered in a hotel in New York City.

Jack Pershing—Second Lieutenant Pershing now, if you please—as president of the Class of 1886, presided. What a dinner! Into the next morning it continued—such a dinner as the Class of 1886 had never held before, such a dinner as the Class of 1886 would never hold again.

THE MEMORY OF "SUKE" MOTT.

And so it has always been with the classes of West Point; and so it always must be with them. The first class dinner and all of the class are present. Such, alas, can never be again. There will be other class dinners—many, many of them. But there will never be another when reading of the class roster brings the answer "present" to every name on the roster.

Perhpas it is the knowledge of this that gives to those first class dinners, despite the riotous jollity, the uproarious hilarity which reigns, a touch of sadness. West Point has given much to these young celebrants of the first class dinners. West Point has demanded much of them. Now West Point is going to demand more.

For, with the commisisons which West Point, through the war department, had given to the class of 1886, West Point, through the war department, had also given orders—orders that her newest second lieutenants, on this date or on that date, report to this organization or to that organizations, stationed in this place or in that place.

And these orders meant, the dinner ended, that these second lieutenants of the class of 1886, after four years of life together, four years during which such friendships had come as only West Point can engender, must separate and scatter to all four points of the compass, some of them, perhaps, never to meet again. Indeed, there was one at that '86 dinner, Second Lieutenant Seward Mott or "Suke" as his classmates affectionately called him, who was never to attend another dinner of '86 men. Only a few months later, on March 9, 1887, Lieutenant Mott gave his life for his country—the first man of the class of 1886 to die for West Point's shibboleth—"Duty! Honor! Country!" The young lieutenant was shot while on duty with his troop of the Tenth cavalry, near Nogales, Ariz., by an Indian named Nah-diz-az, and died the next day.

Jack Pershing's orders called for him to report on Sept. 30, 1886, to Troop L of the Sixth cavalry at Fort Bayard, in Grant county, New Mexico, 90 miles northwest of Messila. Fort Bayard was in the department of Arizona, and even as Jack Pershing received his orders, General Nelson A. Miles, the commanding general of the department, was leading the campaign against Geronimo and Natchez, the Apache chiefs, and their bands of renegade, marauding Indians who for years had terrorized the settlers of New Mexico and Arizona and those parts of Mexico across the border.

The territory roamed over by these Indians was at least 600 miles in extent north and south, and 350 miles east and west. More barren, desolate territory than parts of it do not exist on this continent. The territory lies within the Rocky and Sierra Madre Mountains, and the fastnesses in which the Indians took refuge after raids upon the early settlers were practically impenetrable.

There were various bands of Apaches led by Geronimo and Natchez — Yuma, Mohave, White Mountain, Chiricahua and other branches. And more cruel Indians than the Apaches of Paris, the most cruel robbers in the world, get their name. A few instances of the fiendish torture to which these Indians subjected their victims were cited to Jack Pershing when he reached Fort Bayard. They give some conception of the Apache atrocities which, barely a quarter of a century ago, stirred the whole world.

MR. SCHIMIZENE, INDIAN TERROR

There was an Indian named Schimizene, whom Jack Pershing is said to have met. For a number of years this Indian had been in the habit of traveling past a certain white man's dwelling. On these occasions the Indian was always treated kindly, and was given food and made comfortable whenever he wished to tarry. One morning after having had breakfast at the dwelling he levelled his rifle at his beenfactor and killed him. The Indian boasted of the crime afterward in these words:

"Why," Schimizene declared with a grunt, "a weak man or a coward could kill his enemy or anyone who had done him an injury, but it takes a man of strong heart to kill a friend or one who has always treated him kindly."

Such was Apache reasoning, Jack Pershing learned.

This same Indian, at another time during Indian hostilities, so Jack Pershing discovered, captured an unfortuante white man and buried him, all but his head, in proximity to a large black ant hill such as are found in the New Mexico country. The victim lived for two days, suffering the most excruciating torture while the ants slowly ate away the flesh from his head.

Jack Pershing, however, was not to reach Fort Bayard in time to take part in the capture of Geronimo and Natchez. Before joining his command on Sept. 30 he first visited Washington, his old home in Laclede, Mo., and the new home which his family had established in Lincoln, Neb. When at last he reached Fort Bayard, Geronimo and Natchez had surrendered and with a large number of their bands were on their way, under guard, to Florida, where they were placed on a reservation.

The story of his visit to Washington is worthy of recording, Brigadier-General Charles C. Walcutt, Jr., the chief of the insular bureau in Washington, told me somewhat of it. And Jack Pershing himself, a in a letter written after he had reached Fort Bayard—written by a strange coincidence on the very day that "Suke" Mott was shot—tells more of it and of his journey to his 'first post." Mott was with him on that journey.

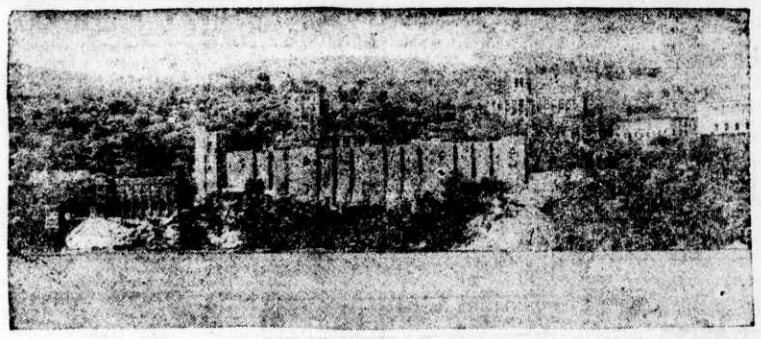
"When we reached Washington," General Walcutt told me, "Jack and the others who were with us decided that while the army offered much, civil life perhaps offered still more. We talked over a plan where one of us should resign from the service and go west, there to make a fortune in a development scheme in Oregon. The man who went west should be supported by the rest of us while he was making money for us. Then we would all resign. Needless to say, the scheme never materialized."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the great French actress, will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the beginning of her stage career next year.

24 and 25 are the Capital News telephone numbers.

VIEW OF UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY AS IT APPEARS TODAY FROM THE HUDSON RIVER



WEST POINT

As Brigadier General Looked When at West Point

Charles C. Walcutt

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Women who are in Mrs. Bowers' condition should not continue to suffer from weakness and pain—but profit from her experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

For suggestions in regard to your condition write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years' experience is at your service.

THE "BLUES" Caused by Acid-Stomach

Millions of people who worry, are despondent, have spells of mental depression, feel blue and are often melancholy, believe that these conditions are due to outside influences over which they have little or no control. Nearly always, however, they can be traced to an internal source—acid-stomach. Nor is it to be wondered at. Acid-stomach, beginning with such well defined symptoms as indigestion, belching, heartburn, bloat, etc., will, if not checked, in time affect to some degree or other all the vital organs. The nervous system becomes deranged. Digestion suffers. The blood is impoverished. Health and strength are undermined. The victim of acid-stomach, although he may not know the cause of his ailments, feels his hope, courage, ambition and energy slipping. And truly life is dark—not worth much to the man or woman who has acid-stomach!

Get rid of it! Don't let acid-stomach hold you back, wreck your health, make your days miserable, make you a victim of the "blues" and gloomy thoughts! There is a marvelous modern remedy called EATONIC that brings, oh! such quick relief from your stomach miseries—sets your stomach to rights—makes it strong, cool, sweet and comfortable. Helps you get back your strength, vigor, vitality, enthusiasm and good cheer. So many thousands upon thousands of sufferers have used EATONIC with such marvelously helpful results that we are sure you will feel the same way if you will just give it a trial. Get a big 50 cent box of EATONIC—the good tasting tablets that you eat like a bit of candy—from your druggist today. He will return your money if results are not even more than you expect.

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FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

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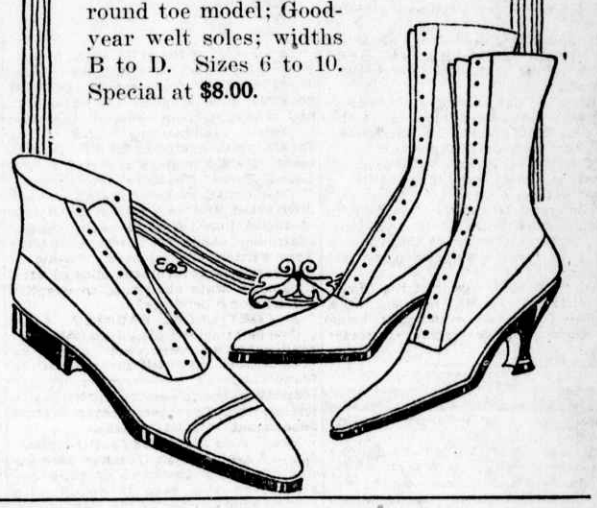
For Men—Laced shoe, English last; good quality, black gunmetal calf uppers; oan soles, Goodyear welted; all sizes, at $8. No. 3015 is another special; dark tan calf, blucher style; medium round toe model; Goodyear welt soles; widths B to D. Sizes 6 to 10. Special at $8.00.



What Is Rheumatism? Why Suffer From It?

SUFFERERS SHOULD REALIZE THAT IT IS A BLOOD INFECTION AND CAN BE PERMANENTLY RELIEVED.

Rheumatism means that the blood has become saturated with uric acid poison.

It does not require medical advice to know that good health is absolutely dependent upon pure blood. When the muscles and joints become sore and drawn with rheumatism, it is not a wise thing to take a little salve and by rubbing it on the sore spot, expect to get rid of your rheumatics. You must go deeper than that, down deep into the blood, where the poison lurks and which is not effected by salves and ointments. It is important that you rid yourself of this terrible disease before it goes too far. S. S. S. is the blood cleanser that has stood the test of time, having been in constant use for more than 50 years. It will do for you what it has done for thousands of others. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable, it will do the work and not harm the most delicate stomach.

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