

FERSHING ROMANCE

(Continued From Another Page.)

CHAPTER IV. Fighting and Studying.

SO the years go for Pershing in the west. There is some fighting, much marching and drilling, with official commendation for duty well performed. But promotion lags. The call of Blackstone and Kent still tries to lure him from the profession of arms, but it is not until 1893, when he has just completed a year's term as military instructor at the University of Nebraska, that he wins his degree of bachelor of laws. He has put in all his spare time in the study of the law. He will make a good lawyer, for his keen mind is used to reasoning out closely the problems that confront him. But he has spent eleven years in the army, including the four years at the Military Academy, and it is hard to break away from long associations. He will remain in the service, for awhile at least, he thinks. His men think well of him, especially the colored troopers of the Tenth Cavalry, in command of whom he has acquired the sobriquet of "Black Jack." He has also served as an instructor at the military academy.

In the meantime his belief that the United States will never become involved in another war is in a fair way to be disproved. For a century or more the black cloud of revolt has hung over Cuba and the Philippines, and the severity of the Spanish government in the "Pearl of the Antilles" has evoked protests from the United States. Then came the destruction of the Maine, the fevered debates in congress, the declaration of war, and every regular army officer is burning to get into the scrap in Cuba. Of course "Black Jack" Pershing was one.

It is on the day of El Caney, one of the hottest fights of the short war, that the colonel of the Tenth Cavalry turns to his orderly. "Who commands those troopers there on the right?" he asks.

"That's Pershing, sir." "By Jove, I thought so! He's the man! See him go up that hill! I've seen through the civil war and I've seen men under fire many a time, but on my word, he's the bravest and coolest man under fire I ever saw in my life! Washington shall hear of this, sir!"

And Washington did hear of it, to such good effect that Lieutenant Pershing, now major of volunteers, went to the Philippines when that bunch of unruly islands needed cleaning up. In the meantime he had shown his fine administrative abilities as organizer and first chief of the bureau on insular affairs. It was hard work, almost like setting up a new department of the



HE FIGHTS AND DEFEATS THE SAVAGE MOROS.

government, and many a time Pershing could be seen nights in Washington stretching his walks for miles and miles toward the outskirts of the city while he wrestled with the problems that confronted him. But he "made good," as he had done in everything he undertook since his boyhood days.

"I have heard of these new white men who have come to our lands to take the place of the Spaniards," said Datto Bangbang of the Moros to his most intimate friend. "They are better fighters than the Spaniards, it is said. But they cannot prevail against us. Are not our knives and barons sharp enough to cut them up? Have we not the great prophet with us, who promises us everlasting bliss hereafter if we die killing the dogs of unbelievers? Let them come!"

"I have heard of these Moros," said "Black Jack" Pershing. "They're rough customers. But they've got to obey the laws and stop their fighting now that our Uncle Sam is their new overlord." "I think we can clean them up, eh, Bill?" And Lieutenant Brewster, his friend and comrade, said, "You bet!"

The days were long, full now for Pershing and his men, and all the other Americans who were trying to install law and order in the fierce Moros. It was a hard task. Some said that it was impossible. They had to fight not only against the savage Moros, but against the malarious climate, ill suited to the white man, even though he is a hardy one. The white man has to do his best now in swamps and jungles, now on the sides of steep mountains, now in the hot tropical sunshine and now in the cool of the evening and the deep tropical midnight against a brave, wild, fanatical enemy it is not to be wondered at that the fight dragged on for years. Even men like Pershing, backed by soldiers brave as any the world ever produced, could not be expected to complete the job in a short time.

The smoking room of the Army and Navy club in Washington was well filled when the news came that "Pershing had done it again." "What do you think of 'Black Jack' Pershing?" asked one member of another. "Jefferson's been up at the secretary's today, and the old man told him that Pershing's not only cleaned up the Moros, but has got the blooming heathen to elect him one of their chiefs. What d'ye call those chiefs? Say, Brown, you've been up against the Moros. What do they call those chiefs of theirs? Oh, yes; datto. Much obliged. We've got a datto among us now, boys. Pershing's a datto. Datto Pershing sounds well, doesn't it?"

And at that minute in the far away Philippines Captain Pershing—he had his two bars on his shoulders now—was walking through a Moro village with brown-skinned Moro midgets strewing flowers in his pathway. Was he thinking of the flowers and the homage that was being paid to him? Not a bit of it. He was rehearsing in his mind the passage from the Koran which he was going to spring on Datto Bangbang to heighten still further that dusky chieftain's respect for him!

CHAPTER V. Making a Record Jump—Romance and Tragedy.

THE news of Pershing's promotion to brigadier general thrilled Washington and sent a wave of astonishment through the nation. From captain to brigadier general! Over the heads of 862 senior officers jumps the man who was once undecided whether he should become a lawyer or a soldier. Unprecedented jump and one not to be repeated, in all likelihood, in the history of the American army. But the former soldier in the White House has followed with admiration and perhaps just a bit of envy the wonderful work of the soldier in the Philippines.

"I've just got to promote that man Taft says the law won't let me make him a major or a colonel. What shall I do with him? By Godfrey, I've got it. I've got it! Hello, hello, give me Secretary Taft at once. Mr. Taft, does the law permit the president of the United States to make a general officer of any officer in the United States army? It is your opinion that it does. Good! Have your man make out a commission for Brigadier General John J. Pershing as soon as you can, send it over to me, and I'll sign it at once. Goodbye."

"Miss Warren," said Major Lampson at a reception at the home of Senator Warren of Wyoming, "will you permit me to present my friend Captain Pershing?"

"I am delighted to meet Captain Pershing," said Miss Frances Warren. "I have heard of his work in Cuba and the Philippines and have desired to congratulate him."

This was the beginning of the romance in the life of General Pershing, a romance that was destined to end in deepest tragedy. Miss Warren was young, beautiful and a belle in Washington society. Her father, senator from Wyoming, was one of the leaders in the national upper house. She had heard the work of Captain Pershing lauded by the senators when President Roosevelt made the captain's record part of an annual message to congress. So, like Desdemona, she "loved him for the dangers he had passed."

They were married on Jan. 26, 1905. Three daughters and a son were born to them, and then came the end in August, 1915. In a fire at the Presidio, San Francisco, Mrs. Pershing and the three little girls were suffocated. The son, Warren, was rescued. General Pershing was then stationed at El Paso. After a few days of bitter grief he returned to his work in the army, more silent than before, with his face deeply graced with lines of sorrow. Only the boy and his army career remained for him.

"Again a crisis faces the United States in relation to Mexican affairs. There have been many serious situations in the past three years, but none quite as bad as this. Villa has broken loose, has raided Columbus, N. M., and has spilled American blood in defense of the little border town. He has swept through Chihuahua, struck his blow and got away in the night. All America is aflame with the cry for vengeance. 'Get him alive or dead!' rings the cry from one ocean to another. Washington turns to Funston, in command of the southern department.

"Send your best brigadier. Let him take whatever force you think needed. Get him over the border as soon as you can. We've got to get Villa!"

"Orderly," says Major General Funston, "tell General Pershing I desire to see him at once."

In a few minutes the little red headed man from Kansas and the tall, broad, haired, sun-browned soldier from the neighboring state of Missouri are in deep conference. The sentry has orders to admit no one. There is work to be done across the border, and Funston, obeying directions from Washington, has hit at once upon the man to do it. It is Brigadier General Pershing, the veteran of fighting in Cuba in the Philippines, the man who served as military attaché with the Japanese army in Manchuria during the electric struggle with Russia, the able soldier, diplomat, lawyer, student of languages and international affairs.

"The president wants you to 'get Villa,'" says Funston.

Who can say that Pershing would not have got Villa if Washington, not desiring to make war on all Mexico,



HE QUESTIONS A SPY IN MEXICO.

had not called off the expedition? Surely not any army man who knows Pershing. When he started after Villa we just knew that Villa's future was settled. But the great war in Europe was threatening to involve the United States, Carranza was bitterly hostile, and Villa displayed the qualities of a will-o'-the-wisp. No one was more disappointed than Pershing when the orders to return were issued and he, the soldier in Mexico, had to bear them and obey.

The great war was devastating the world, and America, after more than two years of waiting, was called upon to "make the world safe for democracy." Foreign countries sent their envoys here to discuss with the president and the government the manner in which America could make its weight tell in the shortest time.

"Send us some of your men, that our soldiers may see them at their side and be heartened in the fight against German autocracy," said Balfour and Joffre to President Wilson and Secretary of War Baker.

"We shall send them," said President Wilson. "Mr. Baker, whom shall we send to command our troops in France?"

"Send Pershing," said Mr. Baker. "All America knows what Pershing can do. We know him to be not only a brave, resourceful fighter, but a man of high administrative ability. We must send our French and British allies a man who will be able not only to lead our men in the field and show that he is conversant with the latest advances in military science, but also a man who can manage our soldiers before they get into the battle line. He must represent us to the French and the British worthily, as we should want to be represented."

"You are right, Mr. Secretary," said President Wilson. "And from what I have heard of Pershing and seen of him he is the man to send."

With absolute secrecy, without the bare of a single bugle note or the roll of a single drum, Pershing sailed for Europe. Not until he landed in England did the American public know that the commander of the southern department, summoned to Washington ostensibly for a consultation, had left for the European battle front.

From the farthest Scottish headlands to the Mediterranean coast Britain and France were aflame with interest, excitement and curiosity when the announcement of Pershing's landing was made. "Who is this man Pershing the Americans have sent us?" asked one Londoner of another. "Blessed if I know!" was the reply.

The newspapers ransacked their reference departments and scanned their files for material for writeups of Pershing. They told as much as they could about his career, but it was all too little to satisfy the public's curiosity. Then the crowds flocked to learn about Pershing at first hand. Seldom in Europe's long history has any man received so wonderful a reception. Here was American aid in the great war, which had lasted almost three years, presented in tangible form in the person of the tall, straight, soldierly figure of a fighting general. The crowds went literally wild over Pershing.

And all of this was expressed in heaped up measure when the American reached Paris. "The deliverer has come! Vive Pershing! Vive Joffre!" rang the cries when the two famous generals appeared side by side in the French capital. "This man has come to France to repay the debt owed to Lafayette, to Rochambeau, to the other Frenchmen who risked their lives that America might be free. They will help to deliver France from the German invader," said the crowds, and they cheered Pershing until the boulevards rang.

NUMBER PUT IN CLAIMS

(Continued From First Page.)

- Reuben Washington, accepted, exemption claimed.
Furman Peebles, accepted, exemption claimed.
G. W. Reeves, accepted, exemption claimed.
Henry Williams, accepted.
H. L. Robertson, accepted, exemption claimed.
Blake Branham, accepted, exemption claimed.
James Jackson, failed to appear.
L. S. O. Roberts, accepted, exemption claimed.
Lemon Butler, accepted, exemption claimed.
John Reynolds, rejected.
Lewis Loman-ky, failed to appear.
Fred Perkins, accepted, exemption claimed.
Hamp Boyd, accepted, exemption claimed.
William Brown, accepted.

- James Beckham, accepted, exemption claimed.
Richard Chestnut, rejected.
Will Perry, rejected.
S. H. Hunter, accepted, exemption claimed.
Ell Kirkland, rejected.
Frank Motley, accepted, exemption claimed.
Nick Jones, rejected.
Leroy Johnson, rejected.
Joel Hough, rejected.
Lithaniel Roberson, rejected.
Charlie Harris, accepted, exemption claimed.
L. M. Gifford, accepted.
Bristow Rawls, rejected.
Nathan Holley, accepted.
Edward McCain, failed to appear.
W. F. Redfern, accepted.
Frank Kelly, accepted, exemption claimed.
J. M. Deas, accepted, exemption claimed.
J. M. Herbert, accepted, exemption claimed.
Levi Taylor, rejected.
Douglas Smith, accepted, exemption claimed.
J. W. Z. Hearon, rejected.
Frank Charles, accepted.
Eddie Lee, accepted, exemption claimed.
George Reynolds, accepted, exemption claimed.
E. W. Hurst, Jr., accepted, exemption claimed.
Fletcher Jackson, accepted, exemption claimed.
Leonard Truesdell, accepted, exemption claimed.
Davis Smith, accepted.
Isaiah Scott, rejected.
James Dixon, failed to appear.
Matthew DeBruhl, accepted, exemption claimed.
Ed. Gee, failed to appear.
H. W. Thomas, accepted, exemption claimed.
L. C. Branham, rejected.
William Ellis, accepted, exemption claimed.
B. I. Mattox, accepted.
W. S. Cauthen, accepted.
Loverly Simpson, rejected.
Mason Barker, accepted.
Cornelius Boykin, accepted, exemption claimed.
Matthew Brown, accepted, exemption claimed.
Benj. Batts, accepted, exemption claimed.
J. D. Pitts, accepted.
H. E. Estridge, accepted.
Henry Bowers, accepted, exemption claimed.
Alfred Atkins, rejected.
Robert Johnson, accepted.
Isaac Thompson, accepted, exemption claimed.
George Knight, failed to appear.
Joe Samuels, rejected.
Mint Boykin, rejected.
L. M. King, accepted, exemption claimed.
Willie Bowman, accepted.
Willie Williams, failed to appear.
Sam Martin, accepted, exemption claimed.
J. M. McLain, accepted, exemption claimed.
F. L. Jordan, accepted, exemption claimed.
Edward DuBose, accepted, exemption claimed.
T. J. Horton, accepted, exemption claimed.
Henry Taylor, rejected.
Albert Hinson, accepted.
E. B. Alexander, rejected.
W. T. McDonald, rejected.
F. L. Truesdell, accepted, exemption claimed.
Luther Truesdell, accepted, exemption claimed.
Dixon Wood, accepted, exemption claimed.
D. H. Bekk, accepted.
Julius Carter, rejected.
Frank Ross, accepted, exemption claimed.
G. A. Creed, accepted, exemption claimed.
Luther DuBose, accepted, exemption claimed.
J. E. Smith, accepted.
J. W. Wood, rejected.
C. R. Little, accepted.
Martin Jacobs, accepted.
Abraham Segars, transferred to Petersburg, Va.
Tillman Matthews, accepted, exemption claimed.
J. F. Arnett, rejected.
Joe Bent, accepted, exemption claimed.
Selvin Stover, rejected.
James Scott, accepted, exemption claimed.
W. W. Mungo, rejected.
Thomas Brown, rejected.
B. J. Truesdell, accepted, exemption claimed.
W. E. Lenoir, enlisted in Machine Gun Co.
Richard McDonald, accepted, exemption claimed.
J. T. Hornsby, accepted, exemption claimed.
Robert Gatewood, accepted.
C. W. Sims, accepted, exemption claimed.
Ed. Jackson, accepted, exemption claimed.
G. H. Jones, accepted.
Richard English, accepted.
J. K. DeKay, Jr., accepted.
T. Lee Little, accepted, exemption claimed.
Hazel Curry, accepted.
Edward Carolina, accepted, exemption claimed.
Gary Branham, accepted.
Frank Drakeford, accepted, exemption claimed.
W. L. Stover, rejected.
Lonnie Morrison, accepted, exemption claimed.
John Coleman, examined in Charleston, accepted.
Henry Mack, accepted, exemption claimed.
Leonard Scott, accepted, exemption claimed.
Ransom Mitchell, accepted, exemption claimed.

- Allen Richardson, failed to appear.
A. C. King, rejected.
David Moore, rejected.
W. J. McNaughton, rejected.
J. L. DeBruhl, accepted, exemption claimed.
John Chestnut, failed to appear.
Jordan Watts, rejected.
M. P. Owens, accepted, exemption claimed.
Moses Brunson, rejected.
Simon Williams, accepted, exemption claimed.
Early McCaskill, accepted, exemption claimed.
D. J. Polson, rejected.
Samuel James, accepted, exemption claimed.
W. G. Wilson, Jr., rejected.
Shelie Gardner, accepted.
Charlie Bradley, failed to appear.
Andy Drakeford, accepted, exemption claimed.
Charlie Wilson, failed to appear.
Grover Owens, rejected.
Dan Nelson, rejected.
Will Duren, accepted.
Douglas Aldrich, accepted, exemption claimed.
G. C. Joyner, rejected.
Annie Gardner, rejected.
Charlie Broughtin, rejected.
J. L. Nelson, rejected.
Gus Hayes, accepted, exemption claimed.
J. C. Newman, rejected.
James McCullough, rejected.
L. L. Campbell, accepted, exemption claimed.
G. C. Trantham, failed to appear.
William Baston, accepted, exemption claimed.
Belton Tidwell, accepted, exemption claimed.
Billie Matton, rejected.
L. P. Rose, accepted, exemption claimed.
J. F. Stegars, rejected.
L. J. Ballard, accepted, exemption claimed.
Sam Bufford, accepted, exemption claimed.
Boyd Wilson, failed to appear.
O. A. Fletcher, accepted, exemption claimed.
Nelson Watkins, accepted, exemption claimed.
D. W. Blackwell, rejected.
Joseph Hostie, rejected.
James Allen, failed to appear.
C. E. Jones, accepted, exemption claimed.
Carter Missouri, accepted, exemption claimed.
Carl T. Roseboro, accepted.
James Johnson, accepted, exemption claimed.
Luther Caldwell, accepted, exemption claimed.
G. N. Jones, accepted, exemption claimed.
I. J. Holland, rejected.
A. M. Campbell, accepted, exemption claimed.
Solomon Drakeford, accepted, exemption claimed.
L. L. Hasty, accepted, exemption claimed.
J. T. Napper, rejected.
Guy Crow, accepted, exemption claimed.
J. L. Smith, enlisted in Co. G., First S. C. Regiment.
Giss Huckabee, accepted, exemption claimed.
John Robinson, accepted, exemption claimed.
James Cantey, accepted, exemption claimed.
Carlo Restivo, failed to appear.
Waddle Belton, rejected.
Aaron Peay, accepted, exemption claimed.
Oscar Sullivan, accepted, exemption claimed.
John Cunningham, accepted, exemption claimed.
James Outen, accepted, exemption claimed.
Preston Kirkland, accepted, exemption claimed.
Harrior Major, rejected.
R. B. Clarkon, rejected.

Driver and Four Mules Killed. Shelby, Aug. 2.—During a thunderstorm yesterday afternoon, lightning struck the wagon train of Stamey Brothers, merchants of Fallston, on the Shelby-Fallston road, instantly killed the driver, Charlie Canipe, and the team of four fine mules.

Acts For 1917 Received. Clerk of Court Jas. H. Clyburn requested us to state that he has received the Acts of the General Assembly for 1917 and are now on file. All magistrates are requested to call at once and get their and sign for same.
Mrs. Schlosburg has just returned from Hendersonville, N. C., where she has been stopping for the past few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Schlosburg leave for New York next Wednesday to make the fall purchases for their store.
Wants—For Sale. FOR RENT—Storeroom No. 1234 St. Has two rooms in rear, to 3206 6th Ave. Broad.
WANTED—Two experienced clerks. Good salary to right person. Apply to H. I. Schlosburg, 1717.
FOUND—A pair of Bi-focal specs in W. Robin Zemp's Drug Store.
WANTED—Piano in good condition rent by the month. State Address "Responsible" care of Chronicle.
FORD OWNERS Attention—We ordered for stock roller for your front wheels. This is the same style used in high class cars and will relieve your wheel bearing trouble for all time in and look at the W. O. Hay's Garage. 1718.
WANTED—Lady of refinement help keep house in town for catering to winter tourists. "Responsible" care of Chronicle.
FOR SALE—Chickering piano, been tuned and worked over roughly into first class condition. Good as new. Will sell cheap cash. Address piano care of Chronicle.
WANTED—A number of boys pigs. Prefer Durocs. I have bred Durocs, all ages for sale. M. Bryant, Matthews, N. C. 16-17-18—pd.
STARTING MOTOR and Generator brushes—We have in stock for electrical repair department and assortment of brushes to fit any generator or starting motor. O. Hay's Garage, South Broad Camden, S. C. 15-16-17.
Power! Power!—Let us rebore cylinders, fit over-size pistons, rings. Any make of automobile shops are equipped equal to no matter where located, for hauling and rebuilding. We do all the modern time saving that money can buy. An expert equipped shop for Ford work which we make a specialty. W. Hay's Garage & Machine Shop Camden, S. C. 15-16-17.
REMOVAL NOTICE—On and August 1st our Bicycle Repair shop will be located in the Main Building, one door South of G. W. O. by H. E. Beard & Co. 15-16-17.
WANTED—Fifty plumbers and fitters, wages five dollars and a (eight hours). Take receipt at railroad for transportation and will be returned to you when report for work. Walker Electric and Plumbing Co., United States Cantonment, Columbia, S. C.
FOR SALE—No. 1 yellow pine shingle plastering cement, high grade being material. Kershaw Lumber, Phone 340.
WANTED—Prices on 100 to cords 4 ft. split pine wood stored at Camden. Address "General Delivery, Camden, S. C."
FOR THINGS ELECTRICAL. Frank L. Zemp, Phone 237-J. Camden, S. C. 15-16-17-pd.

DAY-DREAMS BY ED WHITE. ©1916 NATIONAL CARTOON SERVICE CORPORATION. Illustration of a man in a field with a speech bubble saying "GEE! WHEN I GROW UP...".