

# UNCLE SAM'S STAR PACIFIER



GENERAL SCOTT IN CAMPAIGN UNIFORM

**G**EN. HUGH L. SCOTT was just getting the chair of chief of staff of the army comfortably warmed when, the other day, he was hurriedly dispatched to the Mexican border to persuade the turbulent Mexicans to take their civil war out of Arizona's front yard.

That's always the way. Scott never gets well started on an army job anywhere but what he is yanked away to go somewhere and do some pacifying.

He is Uncle Sam's star pacifier. Dark-skinned people, whether they be Mexican or straight Indian, or Cuban or Filipino, take to him as children take to a fond uncle. Sometimes he has to lick them first. When he does, he licks them thoroughly. But that is only on rare occasions. As a rule he has them eating out of his hand within a week.

Two years ago, with a lifetime of experience behind him, he went down to the Mexican border as colonel of the Third United States cavalry. There he remained until last April, when he came to Washington to become assistant chief of staff and a brigadier general. Only a few weeks ago he moved up to be chief of staff.

Those two years on the border made him, obviously, the man to settle the new trouble that has arisen. All through his army career he has made it a rule in all problems with which he has had to deal to "study the personal equation."

So he studied the personal equation of Pancho Villa, for one, and of Benjamin Hill, the Carranza general, who has been making most of the recent fuss near Naco, Ariz. He came to know both men well, and they, in turn, conceived a profound respect for him and even a sincere affection. His hold over them is said to be remarkable.

It is admitted that no man living knows the American Indian more thoroughly than does General Scott. He has fought the Indian and conquered him, but many times more he has reasoned with him and conquered him even more completely. The pre-eminent master of Indian sign language, the author of standard scientific works on American ethnology, General Scott is quite as well known in the field of scholarship as in his profession.

Lacking political influence or powerful friends, General Scott was thirty years in the army before the country at large came to know his name at all. His work, remarkable as it was, was done out of the public eye. He did not have the faculty of pushing himself forward. But in recent years the reward has come. Promotion, so long delayed, while younger men leaped over his head, has been rapid. And now he heads the army.

Observe him at his desk in the war department, his bullet-torn hands, shy several fingers, busy with the multitude of papers presented to him, giving his orders in gentle, conversational tones, his appearance, his manner, his attitude precisely the same as when he was a major of the line those few years ago, modest, democratic, kindly. The erect head, the keen, searching eyes, the strong jaw proclaim the man who is master of himself, fit for command.

Curiously, the dependents of Uncle Sam know him even better than the civilized folk know him. With the Indians of the West and with the savage peoples of the Sulu archipelago the name of Scott is held in reverence. Their faith in him is absolute, their devotion unswerving.

Away back in 1891, when occurred through all the West the last serious Indian outbreak, when, in some mysterious manner the Indians from the Canadian line to the Mexican border suddenly fell victims to the Messiah craze, went to ghost dancing and left their reservations for the war path, the grim jest that was bandied about through the army posts ran:

"The United States army is holding down the Indians in the Northwest; Scott is holding them down in the Southwest."

It was generally admitted that Scott did the better job of the two.

Every since then, whenever the Indians anywhere got restless and trouble starts, both the interior department, which has jurisdiction over the Indians, and the war department set up the cry, "Send for Scott!"

Experience has shown that it is far better, cheaper and more efficient to put Scott on the

job of bringing peace to the troubled Indian souls than to send out a squadron of cavalry, as was done in ancient days.

Back in 1908, when Scott was serving as superintendent of the military academy at West Point, the Navajos in New Mexico and the Mexican Kickapoo, in Arizona started trouble. Scott was yanked away from West Point, sent among the hostiles practically alone, and presently the trouble was all over.

Again in 1911 when the Hopi Indians in Arizona flew the track, Scott went down and brought them back. Only a year ago, when more of these spraddled disturbances started, this time in the Navajo country, Scott had to leave his cavalry command on the Mexican border and adjust matters. These are but a few instances.

How does he do it? Because he knows the savage and the savage mind. He knows how the savage thinks. He has the ability to put himself in the place of the savage.

"Brothers," he begins, when he has to do with a band of Indians who are war dancing, "tell me what troubles you."

And straightway they tell him of this wrong they have suffered at the hands of the officers appointed over them, of that indignity which in their opinion has been put upon them.

"My heart bleeds for you," he tells them. "I grieve that this trouble has been made between you and the great father at Washington, whose soldiers are as the leaves of the trees. I do not want them to come among you and kill you. Is there not some manner in which we can adjust the differences; some way to restore the friendship between you and the great father who wishes you well?"

And then they get down to a settlement. One of General Scott's ancestors was Benjamin Franklin—the general's mother was a great-granddaughter of the immortal Ben. It would appear that some of the genius, the philosophy, the diplomacy and the conciliating powers of this, the first American diplomatist, has descended upon the new chief of staff.

But, like old Ben, whose phrase on the signing of the Declaration of Independence, "We must all hang together, or we shall hang separately," is immortal, General Scott knows when to abandon pacific measures and to fight.

So it was when, in 1903, he became governor of the Sulu archipelago he determined that this was no time and no place to "brother" the belligerent natives. The Malay mind he mastered as he had mastered the Indian mind. A licking first and brothing afterward plainly was the course marked out for him.

And such a licking he gave them! Then came the task of breaking up the slave trade in the islands of the archipelago. Alternately "brothering" and punishing, Scott achieved his purpose. He wiped out slavery absolutely.

And when, in 1906, he came to leave, the people wept. Here was a man they could understand; a man whose word always was kept. They asked, through their chiefs, that he remain to rule over them, but his tour of duty was ended.

Back he came to the states to instill other lessons as superintendent of the military academy at West Point, for a period of four years.

Adaptability, that is one of his qualities. He is adaptable because he knows men, civilized men as well as savage men. Is it any wonder they made him a doctor of the humanities?

Seldom does it occur that a young officer just out of West Point—"a shavetail" as the army knows such an officer—gets his baptism of fire within a few weeks of his graduation. Scott is one of the few.

Born in Kentucky in 1852, he was graduated from West Point in the class of 1876. That summer Custer had gone out with his regiment, the famous Seventh cavalry, as part of General Terry's column, in the expedition against the Sioux. Custer and five companies of his command were cut off and wiped out to the last man on the Little Big Horn river in Montana.

Scott and a number of other graduates of his class were hurried West to take the places in the regiment of those killed. He joined his regiment at Fort Abraham Lincoln, on the Missouri river, in Dakota territory, and he, with five other officers, slept their first night in the room formerly occupied by Custer.

Then to the field. Through all the Northwest country the Indians were in arms. The Seventh was sent down the Missouri to disarm and pacify the Indians. It was bitter, trying work, a mixture of pacific and warlike measures; here a tribe to be won to peace by palaver; there to be whipped into docility.

As his fellow-officers tell it, Scott had not been in the field twenty-four hours when he became fascinated by a study of the Indian, and particularly of the Indian sign language. He was forever talking with the Indian prisoners, learning from them, gaining an insight into their mental processes.

The next year—1877—came the Nez Perce uprising in Idaho and that wonderful retreat of Chief Joseph from Idaho 1,500 miles through Montana and almost to his goal, the Canadian line. Howard and Gibbon pursued from behind; Miles, from the east, attempted—and finally succeeded—to head off the wily Indian strategist before sanctuary could be found in Canada. The Seventh cavalry was in the front, but just before Joseph and his band were caught at Snake Creek, and just before that two-day battle in which Joseph was forced to surrender, Lieutenant Scott was detached for special duty.

In 1878 Lieutenant Scott's regiment was at Camp Robinson, Neb., and participated in the Cheyenne expedition. Then, until 1891, the young officer served continuously on the plains, fighting and studying and learning. And presently he became the acknowledged Indian authority in the army. So when the ghost dancing craze of 1891 came along he was sent alone to do the work which ordinarily a column of cavalry would have been called upon to do—and he did it.

You have heard of old Geronimo, the famous Apache warrior, who gave the government so much trouble in the days when the Apaches were on the war path in the Southwest? Well, General Scott and Geronimo for three years came near being "buddies."

You see, after Lawson and Wood and the rest of them had brought in Geronimo and his band of Chiricahua Apaches, the problem of what to do with them was difficult. Finally, they were held as prisoners at Fort Sill, and in 1891 General Scott was sent to take charge of them. He remained on that duty three years, 1894-97.

Here was a first-class ethnologist's laboratory ready to hand, a bunch of the wildest Indians ever assembled on the continent, herded together, unable to get away, offering a fruitful field for study and observation. The keeper and the kept became fast friends, and the Indians imparted all their plains lore to the studious but extremely military person who had them in hand.

Then, naturally, General Scott was ordered to Washington for duty in the division of military information, and assigned to the bureau of ethnology in the Smithsonian institution, where he proceeded to write his famous report on Indian sign language.

But then came the Spanish-American war. General Scott closed the door on that portion of his mind devoted to abstract science, and opened up the military section to its fullest. Once more he was the fighting cavalry man. As Ludlow's adjutant general he went to Cuba, and presently, after the fighting was over, he was adjutant general to General Wood, commanding the island. For three years, from 1898 to the evacuation May 20, 1902, he was General Wood's right-hand man in doing in Cuba that historic work that has reflected so much credit on the nation.

Higher in rank now, he was just as eager and enthusiastic in his study of the Cuban people as he was in those shavetail days of 1876 away off on the Northwestern plains in studying Indians. And, as General Wood tells it, very much of the success of American administration in the island was due to the thorough understanding of the people possessed by this hard-working adjutant and to that adjutant general's sympathetic attitude toward them.

Then to the Philippines as major of the Third cavalry went Scott, there again to justify his reputation as "the greatest little pacifier in the army." Equally apt in pacifying with a machine gun and with sympathetic acts and words, Scott once more demonstrated his many-sidedness.

It is given to few men to be able to shoot up a country and make the people like it. Scott is one of the few. He did that very thing in the Philippines.



GEN. HUGH L. SCOTT, CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE ARMY

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHEREFORE

## SOUTH CAROLINA'S EXECUTIVE



Richard Irvine Manning, who has succeeded Cole Blease as governor of South Carolina, is a product of the state he now rules. He was born at Homesley Plantation, Sumter county, on August 15, 1859. His father died when he was only two years old and when he was a mere lad he assumed the responsibilities of the plantation. This gave him lots of outdoor exercise and he grew up a strong, healthy boy.

He attended the primary schools, then was for two years a student at the Kenmore university high school and later at the University of Virginia, which he left in 1879 before completing his course of study. When twenty-two years old he started farming with three plows on poor, sandy, unimproved soil. In 1881 Mr. Manning married Leila Bernard Meredith, a daughter of Judge Meredith of Richmond. For several years he had a hard struggle and then had some success. In 1892 he was elected to the state legislature and in 1898 was chosen a state senator. In 1906 he was a candidate for governor in the primaries against ex-Governor Ansel, but was defeated.

Mr. Manning has been president and treasurer of the Masonic Temple association, president of the Sumter Cotton Warehouse company, president of the Home Building and Loan association, president of the Bank of Sumter and director of the Sumter Telephone Manufacturing company.

## NEWSPAPER MAN HONORED

When President Wilson named Louis P. Brownlow a commissioner of the District of Columbia, to succeed Frederick L. Siddons, he made a nomination that seemed to be wholly acceptable to everyone. Mr. Brownlow is a newspaper man and a popular one. For ten years he has been a resident of Washington, and in 1903 he married the daughter of Representative Thetus W. Sims of Tennessee. He has been Washington correspondent for southern papers and a representative of the Haskin Syndicate. He is a member of the Monday Evening club, the Cosmos club and the National Press club.

Mr. Brownlow has been a consistent Democrat, a close student of politics and has taken an active interest in local affairs.

He was born in Missouri in 1879 and entered newspaper work when he was thirteen years old, starting on a country weekly paper, and he has been at newspaper work ever since. His first daily newspaper experience was on the Nashville Banner at Nashville, Tenn., in 1900. Two years later he went to Louisville on the Courier-Journal, and in 1903 was made city editor of the Louisville Times. He went to Washington in February, 1904, as Washington correspondent of the Nashville Banner and the Louisville Post.

After staying in Washington for a year Mr. Brownlow went to Paducah, Ky., to succeed Irvin Cobb as editor of the Paducah News-Democrat. He remained there a year and went back to Washington in 1905.



## WOMAN IS ASSISTANT GOVERNOR



For the first time in the history of Colorado the executive of the state has appointed a woman "assistant governor." That is what Gov. George A. Carlson has done with Mrs. Carlson. On all measures affecting women and children that may reach the legislature or the governor in his official capacity Mrs. Carlson's conclusions will be held paramount.

Mrs. Carlson as "assistant governor" will play no mere perfunctory part. She says she will spend many hours daily at the state capitol and will meet all women interested in sociological questions and legislation of the humanitarian kind, especially as it may affect women and children.

During Governor Carlson's term as district attorney for Weld, Boulder and Larimer counties Mrs. Carlson was his assistant. In that time she studied law in her husband's office. It was well understood in northern Colorado that Governor Carlson owed politician to Mrs. Carlson's advice and counsel. Mrs. Carlson, prior to her marriage, was a school teacher.

## TO FILL BIG MAN'S SHOES

"I've got a big man's shoes to fill," said George Huddleston when informed that he had been elected to succeed Oscar Underwood as representative from the Ninth Alabama district. And with this idea in mind he at once set about fitting himself to fill those shoes so far as might be possible. On December 7, the very day that the present session of congress opened, George Huddleston made his appearance on the floor, and though his own term was not to begin until March 4, he has been unremitting in close attention to everything congress has done.

The apprentice congressman from Alabama is known among those who were acquainted with him in Birmingham, his home, as a hard worker, a man of retiring disposition and self-made fortune. He is about forty years old, a bachelor, and his smoothly shaved face carries lines of determination. Yet, in spite of his reputation for being self-effacing, it is said that he knows more people "down home" whom he can call by their first names than any other man in his district.

Huddleston is not an Alabamian by birth. He came to Birmingham a poor young lawyer, but did not long remain either poor or unknown.

