

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Our Last War With Mexico

How It Started; How It Was Fought; What It Cost in Lives and Money and What We Gained by It.

By Rev. THOMAS B. GREGORY

This concise history will be completed in six installments, published consecutively.

CHAPTER VI.

The war with Mexico was fought, on the part of this country, with less than 100,000 men, a little over two-thirds of them being from the south, and much of the other third from the west. The number of volunteers accepted by the government and engaged in the service of the United States was 55,500. The number of regular troops was 36,900. The number of naval forces, teamsters and others was 13,000, making all told 96,550 men.

The number of men engaged on the Mexican side was never known with accuracy, but we have data from which to infer that it could not have been less than 125,000.

The infantry on both sides was equipped with the old smooth bore flint-lock musket, high military authorities not being yet persuaded of the advantages of percussion locks. The mounted men of both armies were what were then known as "light" cavalry of "dragoons," armed with sabre and carbine. The larger part of the Mexican cavalry carried the lance in addition to the other arms. In artillery the Mexicans were at a disadvantage in comparison with the Americans, their guns being of the even then antiquated "Gribeauval" type of various calibers and mounted on heavy, rough wheels.

The mortality of the American troops in actual battle was small, about 6,000 but the deaths from wounds and sickness made the total loss in excess of 22,000. The malarial fever killed four times as many as the Mexican bullets.

The battle losses on the side of Mexico will never be known. With characteristic carelessness, they never tabulated their casualties. But their actual killed in battle must have equalled our entire death list—that is, 22,000—to say nothing of the deaths from other causes. It has been estimated that the total Mexican mortality, actual killed, died of wounds, starvation and sickness, was about 30,000—more than double that of the Americans.

Military circles the world over have not as yet ceased to wonder at the fact that Mexicans, in their struggle with the Americans, failed to win a single battle. Not once did they get a taste of victory. The Americans won every fight, and in most cases won overwhelmingly.

This is all the more remarkable from the fact that the Mexicans invariably had the advantage in position and numbers. The Americans were always the attacking party, and always the numerical odds were greatly against them. The odds against them were often five to one. At Palo Alto they were three to one, and the same at Resaca de la Palma; at Monterrey, two to one; at Buena Vista, four to one; at Sacramento, the same; at Sierra Gordo, two to one, and in the final battles around the City of Mexico, the ratio was around three to five to one in favor of the Mexicans.

The mystery is only intensified by the fact, admitted by all, that the Mexicans had plenty of courage and stood up to their work like men, and yet they were always beaten and beaten ignominiously. The only explanation is to be found in the American superiority in sense, coolness and moral courage. The Americans never lost their heads, kept cool and shot, not into the air, but straight at the enemy.

The war with Mexico cost the United States, in money actually paid out, \$100,000,000. Additional to this was the cost of the return of the troops, extra pay and bounties, amounting to \$12,500,000—to say nothing of the pensions which, beginning with the close of the war, ran on for half a century.

If we reckon in the \$1,000,000 paid by way of claims against us by Mexican citizens and the \$15,000,000 paid for the ceded territory, we have, as the grand total of cost to us of the Mexican war, \$130,000,000.

But even this, for the time, enormous sum was a mere trifle in comparison with the immense gain that came to us by way of war.

By the terms of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, signed February 2, 1848, the American people came into possession of a territory equal in extent to 855,000 square miles, equivalent to seventeen states the size of New York.

The territory thus acquired included ten degrees of latitude on the Pacific, and extended east to the Rio Grande, a distance of 1,000 miles. Five thousand miles of sea coast were added to the United States, including the finest of harbors, that behind the Golden Gate, where the masts of all the nations might be sheltered at once.

California alone was worth many times the cost of the Mexican war. To say nothing of anything else, its gold has already put into the pockets of the American people a great deal more money than they paid out in fighting Mexico.

To say nothing about Texas, the present wealth, in real estate and personal property, of the territory won by the war with Mexico—that is to say, of Utah, Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, the half of Colorado, the southwest corner of Kansas and California—aggregates over \$3,000,000,000—three thousand million dollars—a result that amply justifies the expenditure of \$130,000,000 in 1846-47.

And it should not be overlooked that the great states mentioned are but just beginning their career. Irrigation and the "dry farming" idea will eventually make the region which in the forties was known as the "great American desert" blossom like a tropical garden and team with every conceivable form of agricultural and horticultural wealth.

As for California, the "Italy of North America," its future is splendid beyond calculation. Already rich, its potential wealth is such that the rosiest predictions might be more than fulfilled in the result. In this connection it ought to be said that had Jefferson Davis had his way the boundary line of the United States would have been fixed much further south than it was. Davis, with Houston, Dickinson, of New York; Douglas, of Illinois; Hannegan, of Indiana, and one of the Ohio senators, wanted the boundary so fixed as to include the state of Louisiana and Nuevo Leon, the whole of Coahuila and the greater part of Chihuahua, but he was beaten by Calhoun, Benton, Herchel V. Johnson, Lewis Cass of Michigan, and Mason of Virginia. The United States has the same right to those states that it had to the rest, and had Davis been successful the northern half of Mexico, instead of being what it is, the breeding ground of revolutions and conspiracies and the theater of never-ending misery, would today be like California and the rest of the territory that came in along with it—rich, peaceful, happy; integral parts of the great, progressive republic.

Freak Styles in Veils



Fashionable and Suggestive of the Oriental.

Beauty

SIMPLICITY VERSUS DISPLAY AND EXTRAVAGANCE



Two Poses of Miss Dazie.

By MAUD MILLER.

Mademoiselle Dazie is a great devotee of what can be done with a woman, provided she is given the right kind of a wardrobe with a few suggestions as to dress and the understanding of it.

"In short," she said, thoughtfully, "there is nothing like striking a keynote and then never wandering from it to any great extent. Perhaps I might call it simplicity my keynote, but there are so many ways of broadening simplicity that I hardly think it would be possible to keep myself within the confines of that one word. You see, simplicity with no touch of life to relieve it is monotonous.

"Simplicity may be charming, but it must be charming simplicity. People must not decide to be simply dressed, and having adopted this simple style of dress expect to have their friends exclaim in unison, 'What charming taste, how very well you look in those unpretentious clothes!' Not at all. They are probably thinking instead, 'How commonplace Mrs. B. is looking lately; her clothes used to be stylish, but now they are uninteresting, almost dowdy.'"

"You see, it isn't all easy to adopt simplicity for a keynote in dress, unless you understand how to combine simplicity with something else that will call attention to the great charm of the simple. Let us say, then, simplicity, with a touch of the ornate.

"Have your clothes of good material and of excellent cut, but made as simply as you like. Be sure, however, to add something distinctive to your costume. Often it need be nothing more than a tiny color contrast, or a touch of trimming in an unexpected place, just some little thing that will catch the eye of the onlooker and hold it until the entire idea in all its well-thought-out charm is entirely visible.

"Sometimes the entire effect is gained easily by an unusual way of doing the hair. If one's gown is very simple, depending upon line for its beauty, have the hair arranged simply, suggesting perhaps an old-world type of hairdresser's art.

"Can't you make it go?"

"It's all right," I shouted, reaching for the spark, "get inside!" and the engine started with a snort and a howl. The crowd had begun to mutter threateningly, and as I sprang for the other side of the car they jostled me back.

"Murder! some one shouted hoarsely. "Police! police!"

From far down the block came the regular thud of running feet, and the shrill blast of a whistle; and along with it, a stumbling clatter from the tenement hallway, and Carucci, a great smear of blood across his convulsed and swollen face, lurched drunkenly to the sidewalk.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

which will impart its quaint charm to one's entire costume. To acquire the habit of looking into a mirror with the impartial eyes of criticism rather than with self-admiration, will help greatly in maintaining and yet enhancing in some small degree any keynote for dress that a woman may desire to adopt.

There are many keynotes, but none so satisfactory to work on as simplicity.

The more unpretentious the ground work, the more striking the finished picture if the correct additions are made. Always remember, however, to make the additions of sufficient importance to take away from the dull aspect of the too severely simple simplicity in the hands of a novice is often as commonplace as it is charming.



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THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

by WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH COPYRIGHT 1911 BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Prof. Crosby, waiting at a suburban station for a trolley car to take him to the Annelies, where he had a social engagement, encountered Miss Tabor, whom he had met at a Christmas party the winter before. She, too, is invited by the Annelies. When the heated trolley comes, they start off together, to meet with a wreck. Miss Tabor is stunned and Crosby, assisted by a strange man, restores her. Crosby searches for this man and finds it holds a wedding ring. Together they go to the Tabor's, where father and mother welcome the daughter, calling her Lady, and give Crosby a fatherly strained greeting. Circumstances suggest he stay over night, and he awakens to find himself locked in his room. Before he can determine the cause, he is called and required to leave the house. Miss Tabor letting him out and telling him she cannot see him again, Crosby returns to the Annelies, where he again encounters Miss Tabor, who has told her hosts nothing of her former meeting with the professor. The two are getting along very well, when Dr. Walter Reid, Miss Tabor's

Now Read On

CHAPTER IX. How We Escaped from What We Found There.

"Hi!" I called. "You chauffeur! Leave the car and come up here." Below, a figure detached itself from the shadow of the car. "What, sir?" he shouted up. "Come up here; we want you." The man did not answer, and turned back to his car. I watched him angrily, but after a moment he crossed the sidewalk and disappeared in the hall doorway. "I wouldn't blame her husband too surely," I said, as I turned from the window. "I think the man who struck her was an Italian." Lady started. "What makes you think so?" she asked in a whisper. "I shook my head, but did not answer. "Never mind," said Lady, "but you are right. Her husband is an Italian." It was my turn to start. "What?" I cried. "Was he by any chance a sailor?" She nodded, frightened eyes upon me. And I wondered what it was all about, for the man lying upon the bed in the inner room was the man whom I had seen at the bar inn, the man who had threatened her father, the man to whom her husband had given money. I met the chauffeur in the hall, puffing and evidently disquieted. "A very low quarter, sir. I was afraid for my life below; and this is a dirty, bad-smelling 'ouse, sir." "Well," I said, "there is a woman who

is sick in here, and Miss Tabor has come to take her away in the car. You are to help me carry her down."

"Mrs. Carucci has been hurt," said Miss Tabor. "You are to help Mr. Crosby carry her down to the car."

The man started at the woman on the floor. "Hurt?" he cried. "Mr. Crosby said she was ill." He glanced about the clean little room, disordered by the violence that had passed, and shrunk back against the wall, white and staring. "What's that?" he pointed to the dark stain near the door. "That," I answered lightly, "is none of your business. Suppose you take new feet."

The man turned a sick green. "It's blood," he whispered. "It's murder." "Nonsense, man; the woman is alive. She fell and hurt her head, that's all. At any rate, we are going to take her where she can be cared for. Take her feet. We ought not to leave the car too long."

"The fellow shook his head. "She is dead," he repeated sullenly. "There has been murder done. I'll have nothing to do with it."

Miss Tabor broke in: "Thomas, you heard what Mr. Crosby said. You are to help him this instant." "I am not," he said. "I have done more and seen more than a decent man should, already. A fine district this is for your hour of the night, with cut-throats asleep in the street and a dead woman lying above. I give notice now, and I go now."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," I retorted. "Have you no loyalty?" "I am as honest as the next," he answered. "Too honest, or I should have gone a month ago. 'Tis no place for a decent quiet man, what with a fly-by-night sawbones living in my garage, and all sorts of strange folks going and coming at the house, and calls at all hours, and Lord knows what going on. 'Tis no

decent place. I'm through right now! For the love of God, what's that?" The sound had startled us all, and it was repeated—a sound betwixt a groan and a growl. I glanced toward the door of the inner room.

"My God!" cried Thomas. "There's another of them!" He started across the room, but I was before him. I turned the key in the door, and placed my back against it. From within the growls came with greater frequency. The chauffeur stood before me, shaking with the anger of terror.

"Very well," I said, "you go down to your car and start the engine. I will carry the woman down without you." "The man hesitated. "Go!" I cried, and took a step forward. He whimpered out an oath, and turning, clattered down the stairs as if the devil were after him. I turned to find Lady on her feet, staring at the closed door.

"Carucci!" she whispered. "I nodded and went over to take up the woman. "Wait a minute," cried Lady. "We can't leave the bird loose. She thinks everything of him." "Somehow I did not laugh. "Very well," I said, "but be quick," and even as I spoke there came a muttering in Italian, the bed creaked, the feet came heavily to the floor. Lady stretched out her hand for the bird, but it fluttered off frightened to the geranium plants. A thud came against the locked door, and another drunken mutter of Italian. But now Lady had the bird safe, and I latched the cage top to its flooring, and held open the door for her capture.

"You carry it," I said. "I'll take the woman." "We were just in time; for Carucci began to realize that he was locked in, and the door shook under his fury. It was a weak-looking door at best, and as we left the room, a low panel splintered. We fairly ran downstairs, fearful every moment that the door would not hold long enough for the whole building

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