

AMERICAN SOLDIERS ALMOST GET VILLA

Parral Fight and Order of Withdrawal Soon After Saved Bandit Chief.

HORSES AND MEN SUFFER

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.) Field Headquarters, American Punitive Expedition in Mexico, Oct. 7.—Regimental narratives of the five cavalry regiments that participated in the hunt for Villa, which have just been brought up to date and submitted to headquarters, show in detail how near the American troopers came to accomplishing the full purpose of their expedition.

They show that just after the Parral fight, on April 12, less than a month after the expedition had entered Mexico, and immediately prior to the order to withdraw northward from the Parral district, the Americans had run Villa, sorely wounded, to earth, and had cut off every avenue of his escape to the south into Durango.

That Withdrawal Order.

When Major Frank Tompkins' 100 men were attacked at Parral, Villa, disabled, had hidden at Santa Cruz, Major R. L. Howze, with his hard-riding squadron of the Eleventh cavalry, close on the bandit's trail, had run by his quarry. General Pershing was at Satevo, directing operations. Colonel W. C. Brown, with five troops of the Tenth cavalry; Colonel H. T. Allen, with two picked troops of the Eleventh cavalry; Major Tompkins and Major Howze, four cavalry regiments in all, were between Villa and the haven of safety he was seeking in the Sierra Madre, ready to beat the brush for him. Wounded, virtually alone, he apparently had little chance to evade capture or death. Orders for withdrawal came, however, after Parral, and the highwater mark of the expedition passed.

From the beginning of the border trouble it was the cavalry that fell the responsibility of dispersing the Columbus raiders. That this task was accomplished is evidenced by figures showing that, of the 485 men who raided Columbus, 400 have been killed, wounded or captured. Full credit is given in the narratives for the co-operation of other branches of the service, notably in establishing advanced bases and maintaining a line of communication, but the fact remains that it was the cavalry that drove Villa in headlong, panic-stricken flight into Durango, 500 miles from the American border, scattered his band to the four winds and set new records for marches under terrific handicaps. It also fought the four engagements that had an important bearing on this campaign: Dadd at Guerrero, March 28; Tompkins at Parral, April 12; Dadd at Tomoche, April 21, and Howze at Ojo Azules, May 4. It was the victim, too, in the tragedy of April 21 at Carrizal.

Across the Line.

Two of the five cavalry regiments now in Mexico, the Seventh and the Tenth, crossed the line at Culberson's ranch early in the morning of March 16. Their dash to Colonia Dublan has been told and retold. The Thirteenth, which already had spent three and a half years on the border, crossed March 15 at Columbus, where it had been attacked March 9 by Villa. Two squadrons of the Fifth left Columbus on March 29 and were joined by the third squadron April 10 at the Mormon Lakes, near Dublin. The first detachment of the Eleventh entered Mexico March 17 via Columbus.

The Marches of the Fifth may be summarized briefly as follows:

March 16: San Gerónimo, April 23; Lake Itascate, April 24; San Antonio, May 3. About the time of the Scott-Oregon conference the regiment was given a district, with Satevo as headquarters, which it was ordered to search intensively for bandits. Each cavalry regiment was assigned a similar sector of southern Chihuahua. The beating of the brush for Villistas, however, was never fully carried out. The Fifth, on May 10, was made part of a provisional cavalry brigade to cover the withdrawal of the expedition northward at a time when 4,500 Carranzistas were reported to be within thirty miles of the Americans. Since Carrizal it has been encamped at El Valle.

Delay Does It.

The Seventh, after completing its dash to Colonia Dublan with General Pershing's column, proceeded posthaste to San Miguel, where Villa was reported. Poor guides caused delay and the bandit escaped. It then started toward Guerrero. This town was reached by forced marches twelve days out from the border, with a daily average of thirty-two and a half miles. The longest day's march was on March 17, when fifty-eight miles were covered. The route chart shows that the regiment and detachments on reconnaissances covered 5,500 miles. Mention is made that during Dadd's historic ride his men many times had only parched corn to eat. Nearly 300 miles was made in a single file, the troopers leading their mounts and a number of them leaving bloody footprints on the rocky trail, for their shoes had worn out. Officers and men lent their own money to buy food and forage, but it was not until the end of April that clothing could be secured. By that time the men were in a pitiable state. Two fights stand to the record of the Seventh—Guerrero and Tomoche.

Hard Marching.

The history of the Tenth cavalry is a record of hard marching and hard luck. Short two troops when it was made part of the column that entered Mexico from Culberson's ranch, it was divided on reaching Colonia Dublan. The first squadron, sent south on the Mexican Northwestern, lost a number of men by injuries when their ramshackle train was wrecked. The third squadron participated in the vain march to San Miguel. It was joined March 24 by the first and both reached Namiquipa March 25. With the first squadron at San Diego de Monte, the second engaged in its first clash with the enemy at Agua Caliente on April 1. Three of the fifty Villistas routed were killed. On April 3 this squadron reached San Antonio and on April 6

it was at Cusi. Ordered on April 10 toward Parral as a flanking force, it arrived at a point twenty miles from that city just in time to reinforce Major Tompkins' squadron, which had retreated from that city. The regiment was concentrated during the retirement and camped at Colonia Dublan on May 19.

Commissary Faulty.

The regiment, on May 5, lost its commander, when Colonel Brown, ill, left for home. Brief mention only is made of the hardships the only negro cavalry in the expedition endured. It received no clothes until May 13. The horses began to suffer early in the campaign from lack of forage and on March 25 they were further disabled when their shoes began to wear out. The first supply of coffee, hard bread and bacon received since March 18 was furnished by the commissary on April 20. During that time the command subsisted almost entirely on beef killed on the range and corn ground in small hand mills. No details are given concerning the scouting expedition in which Troop C from Ojo Federico and Troop K from Dublin were engaged in when cut up at Carrizal.

The narrative of the Eleventh, the most detailed of the five submitted, contains extracts from the war diaries of the commanding officers and furnishes valuable sidelights on the campaign as viewed during its critical period. Arriving at Colonia Dublan on March 22, the regiment was split, four picked troops under Major Howze moving south on Villa's trail, reaching Namiquipa on March 27. Four others, under Lieutenant Colonel H. T. Allen, were later to become colonel of the Thirteenth, left March 30 for Namiquipa with verbal instructions in regard to the pursuit of the outlaw leader. Colonel Allen, at San Antonio on April 8, was ordered to follow Pablo Lopez' trail.

Men Are Ragged.

Major Howze, unable to pick up Villa's trail in the Sierra Puras, into which range he had fled, skirted the mountains, hoping to capture the bandit when he emerged. On April 10, according to his diary, his horses were thin and his men were ragged and had no food or grain was to be had in the country.

Colonel Allen, meanwhile, had been making marching history. Ordered on April 12 toward Parral, he led his men, after sixteen consecutive days of traveling, on a march that lasted to the day of April 14, and the night of the 14th and 15th.

The situation that obtained during the days following the Parral fight, while the cavalry was in the Durango line, between Villa and Allen, is summarized by General Allen in his war diary as follows:

"The story of Parral, the conference between the American and Mexican authorities, the search for supplies during our encampment at this little ranch constitute one of the most interesting, characteristic and peculiarly delicate situations within my knowledge of the punitive expedition. The attitude of the people of Parral, the instructions from General Gutierrez not to go a step farther south, the dictatorial manner of General Luis Herrera at the conference on April 21 and his reply to the request for disavowal of the unprompted attack, ending with 'there is no reason for an apology on my part, all these go to show the character of the co-operation this expedition was receiving from the authorities and the people. The night our column passed through Zaragasa (immediately after the Parral affair) the situation was very tense, and I was expecting an attack as we passed."

Nothing unusual marked the retirement northward of the 11th, save the fight at Ojo Azules. Here on May 4 Major Howze, after an all-night march, surprised 10 Villistas, killed forty-two, saved Carranza lieutenant and four men from execution and scattered the band broadcast. Among the more noted victims were Julio Acosta, Cruz Dominguez and Antonio Angel. All this without a single casualty.

Among recommendations regarding cavalry equipment resulting from observations made during the campaign are:

A lighter saber, if it is decided to keep the saber at all; a light pack outfit of necessary cooking utensils for the men; light hunting boots, hobnailed, instead of the present leather leggings; a butt complement (dried or otherwise), to make room for which the hard bread supply could be reduced to the field ration; horses about fifteen hands high, short coupled and big-barreled.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.—Since the remarkable discovery of organic iron, Nuxated Iron of "Per Nuxate," as the French call it, has taken the country by storm. It is conservatively estimated that over five million people are taking it in the country alone. Most astonishing results are reported from its use by both physicians and laymen. So much so that well-known doctors predict that we shall soon have a new age of far more beautiful, rosy-cheeked women and vigorous men.

Dr. King a New York physician and author, when interviewed on the subject, said: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anemia. Anemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anemic men and women is pale. The flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone; the brain fags and the memory fails and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, dependent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks."

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, eggs, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron from Mother Earth from these staple foods. The iron and silicate methods of home cooking, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss."

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

The Busy Bees

WITH Halloween pranks just over and visions of pumpkin pie, cranberry sauce and turkey hovering in the distance, now is a good time for Busy Bees to devote to learning how children of other lands live. Don't you think it would be interesting to know something about the manners and customs of the little Eskimo boy or girl, or the Indian, Dutch, Swiss, Norse, Italian, French, Japanese—in fact any of the little boys and girls who inhabit other parts of the globe?

While our little boys and girls have their days made up by study and play to a great extent, think of the grave responsibilities that weigh even upon children in the war-stricken countries, for instance. There is no doubt but what the war is weighing heavily upon their little hearts and minds. Which is all the more reason for American boys and girls to be thankful we are not in their boots.

Stories told in your own words of children in other lands would be most interesting for the other Busy Bees to read, I am sure. Lizzie Rath of the Blue Side wrote me this week. Lucile Fure of the Red Side and Barbara Paul of the Blue Side, won honorable mention.

Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story.) Sees Aviator's Fall. By Lizzie L. Rath, Aged 14 Years, Route 3, Box 11, St. Francis, Kan. Blue Side.

There was a base ball tournament at St. Francis not long ago and we all went to see Captain McMillen's flight. Everybody rushed to the ball grounds, where Captain McMillen was to make his first flight. He was to go up after the ball game, about noon, but something was wrong and he didn't go up until after the game in the afternoon. He made two flights Friday and one Saturday, which was his last flight.

The captain was interviewed prior to his start. He stated the conditions were the most favorable for the flight, but expressed determination to make the attempt. Upon leaving the ground the machine seemed to be swaying from side to side more than it should, but took the air better than either of Captain McMillen's two previous flights the day before. After reaching an altitude of perhaps 1,200 feet the plane righted itself and seemed to be traveling smoothly. Veering a little to the southeast on turning north with the wind, the captain evidently developed engine trouble. His exhaust could be heard and was spitting until it finally stopped, after which the machine dropped rapidly until it struck a vacant lot. It came down so fast, in all probability, it caused the captain to lose consciousness and the machine was without a guiding hand. The machine came down head first. The captain was removed from under the debris in an almost unrecognizable condition, the engine falling on his head and chest. I will close, with love to all the Busy Bees.

(Honorable Mention.) Skunk Farm.

By Barbara L. Paul, Aged 12 Years, Cedar Bluffs, Neb. Blue Side.

This will be the first time I have written to the Busy Bee's Own Page. I like to read the little stories or tales in "The Omaha Sunday Bee." I am 12 years old and in the sixth grade at school. My story will be about our skunk farm. Year before last my father received a letter from a man who wanted to sell some scentless skunks. And so we decided to buy some and have a skunk farm. We have twenty-three scentless ones. Some are broad stripe, some are narrow stripe, some pin stripe, some black with a white round spot on their heads and the best with a V shape on their heads.

They eat anything a cat will and they like raw eggs very well. This will be the end of my skunk story for this time. I hope Mrs. Wastebasket is on an errand and will not receive my letter or story. I would like to join the Blue Side, for it is one of my favorite colors.

(Honorable Mention.) Life as a Crow.

By Lucile Tuma, Aged 11 Years, Eiba, Neb., Box 74. Red Side.

All I remember was that I was beside my mother in the nest up high in a tree. When I was a few weeks old a bad boy climbed the tree; first he took my brother and dropped him down, for there were some big boys down on the ground trying to catch us. But they couldn't catch my brother for he fell on the other

Steps On Bull Snake.

By Stella Rogert, Aged 11 Years, Herman, Neb. Blue Side.

Once upon a time some of my folks went fishing. We went after dinner and we were down there a long time, but we did not catch any fish. So we were going to a different place. I was walking along the edge of the creek and all at once I stepped on a large bull snake. I was also barefooted, and, of course, I was very scared. I screamed very loud. The folks asked me what was the matter. I told them. When I stepped

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manded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the arena; while many another has gone down in ignominious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, another New York physician, said, "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of my Nuxated Iron I feel that I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such great variety and so often, is not a medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by all physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not irritate the stomach, and, on the contrary, it is a most pleasant remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron, that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who takes Nuxated Iron for four weeks, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by Sherrin's, Connell Drug Stores and all good druggists.

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:-: Their Own Page

ICE-SKATING BEAR ENTERTAINS SOCIETY—Something of a novelty has been introduced in a New York ice-skating rink in the shape of an ice-skating bear. The picture shows Bruin having his skates strapped on preparatory to an exhibition of his skill.



FIXING BRUIN'S SKATES © INTL. FILM SERVICE

side of where they were. They caught me and took me home with them. Then they put me on the porch in a box and tried to tame me. Then they put me in the corn crib where there was some corn and every day some children brought bread and milk to me. One day they could not find me for I was drowned in the tank.

How Pansy Came.

By Hazel Wickenberg, Aged 12 Years, Omaha, Blue Side.

Cupid, the god of love, was a mischievous little fellow. One day he was walking through heaven and looked to see if he could find anyone foolish to do. When he came to Odin's chair he sat down and looked over the earth, but found nothing that interested him, until he happened to look into the garden of a rich man.

Likes Prize Book.

By Glen Thomas, Aged 11 Years, Clarks, Neb. Red Side.

I thank you very much for the book which I received. I like it fine, the name of it is "Danforth Plays the Game." I have won two books. I'm very proud of them. I'm very glad you saw fit to award me the book. I have a baby brother that is 3 months old. He weighs eight pounds. I suppose when he is large enough he will write to the Busy Bee page, too.

Lost Dog Returns.

By Maude Alweta Wiley, Aged 10 Years, Carleton, Neb. Blue Side.

I would like to be a new Busy Bee and would like to be on the Blue Side. As I like blue very much. I live in town. I like to go out to the coun-

One day when I was out in the country I went out with my brother to get a load of hay and we took the dog with us. When we got ready to put the hay into the front of the rack we couldn't get the dog out of it. So my brother had to take and carry him out of the rack, and he went off running and playing. When we were ready to come home we couldn't find the dog, so we went off without him, and when we got home I looked out the door and saw him coming across the cornfield. I like to read the Busy Bee stories and enjoy them very much. As my story is getting long now I will close. I hope my letter will be printed. This is a true story. Goodbye, Busy Bees.

The Pet Pigeons.

By Hildur Lundberg, Wakefield, Neb. Blue Side.

One day as Rollo was playing in the farm yard his father called him in the barn. When he reached the barn his father was holding something in his hands. "What could it be?" "Look here," said his father, "you can have these pigeons to tame if

you take care of them and feed them every meal." "Surely I will," said Rollo, and he ran off to make a house. One day as Rollo was playing he saw the door of the pigeon house was opened, but none had gone out. After a while he went over to it and the pigeons came out. One flew on his head and the other on his shoulder. My, but they scratched him. "See here," said Rollo, "I'll not give you any supper tonight." He went to bed without thinking about them. During the night the pigeons went out and went to the mother in the barn. When Rollo went out to see them he found that they had gone. Rollo never tried to tame birds again because it was no use. This is all, and I wish the Busy Bees would write to me.

Helps With Sugar Beets.

By Joyce Ayres, Aged 8 Years, Mitchell, Neb. Red Side.

I am going to tell you about sugar beets in the west. When the harvest is on grandpa takes the beet puller and pulls the beets out. Then the toppers come along and throw them into piles. When the beets are all topped they cover them up with the tops. In the morning when my uncle goes out to load up to go to the dump I go ahead and uncover them. When they are all uncovered I get up on the wagon and drive the team. My letter is getting long, so I must close.

Hallow'een.

By Lucile Burke, Aged 11 Years, Farwell, Neb. Red Side.

Once there was a lady and a baby about 1 year old. There were two boys and one girl. The boys went out in the field and got a large jack-o-lantern and two black cats made witches out of rags and two broomsticks. They went outside and put them all in a window. They scared the girl and the baby out. Their mother gave them \$2 each for making that trick. They were glad because they got \$2. I wish someone would write a letter. I would answer.

The Snowstorm.

By Lois Davis, Aged 7 Years, Hartington, Neb. Red Side.

This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. I am going to tell you about the first snowstorm of this year. It came October 19, and it was very cold. It was too cold for me to go to school. It snowed all day and all night. The teacher let the children out at 3 o'clock. I missed two days of school.

Receives Prize Book.

By Lucille John, Aged 10 Years, Elmwood, Neb., Route 1. Blue Side.

I received my book a few days before our paper came. The name of my prize book is "The Sapphire Signet." I have read part way through it and like it fine. I thank you ever so much for it.

Thanks for Book.

By Ruth Ranney, Aged 11 Years, Weeping Water, Neb. Red Side.

I have been busy reading my book. I like it fine and want to thank you for it. It was a big surprise when I got it. I hope Mr. Wastepaper Basket is away playing hide-and-go-seek.

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Prohibition vs. High License

W. J. Connell, who came to Omaha with the birth of Nebraska as a state and has witnessed the growth and development of Omaha from a town of less than 15,000 people to a magnificent city of over 160,000 inhabitants, upon being interviewed as to his views of prohibition, responded that he had come to feel a good deal like the old Quaker who said to his better half, "Wife, I do believe everybody has gone crazy except me and thee! and at times I have my doubts if we are not a little bit off in the upper story." Notwithstanding these doubts, Mr. Connell's views are as follows:

"I favor the present high license system over proposed absolute prohibition for the following reasons:

"First—Our present high license law is in effect a local option law.

"Second—Under the present high license system, where public sentiment will sustain prohibition, you can have prohibition. This is true of every county in Nebraska, under existing law. Where the sentiment of the people in any city or county does not sustain prohibition, this attempt to enforce it will be a dismal failure.

"Third—It is better to have regulation of the liquor traffic than bootlegging, which is certain to follow attempted prohibition.

"Fourth—Certain evils have existed from time immemorial, and will continue to exist in some form for all time to come. They can be regulated, but not wiped out by law or constitutional amendments.

"Fifth—There is less danger from an open fire that can be seen and kept within proper control than from a concealed or smothered fire.

"Sixth—What a person wants, they will have.

"Seventh—To be denied anything only creates the desire and increases the determination to have it anyhow.

"Eighth—You can't legislate goodness into anybody.

"Ninth—It is education, not legislation, that makes people better. The teaching of the ill-effects of alcohol on the human system, as now taught in our public schools, is doing more for the cause of temperance than all the prohibition agitators in America.

"Tenth—It is excess in the use of anything, not the thing itself, that cause injury.

"Eleventh—More people are injured and greater harm is done the human race by over-eating than by over-drinking. Is the next move to be a regulation of our diet by law? Where are the personal rights of the individual to commence and where will the fanatical movements now under way and in prospect end?

"Twelfth—Revenue from the authorized regulation of the liquor traffic is far better than the burden of taxation under a non-enforceable prohibitory amendment.

"Thirteenth—We should first get out from under the harrow of existing debt and taxation before making this jump to prohibition.

"Fourteenth—We should not vote unnecessary and crushing burdens on ourselves, where no compensating benefits will result.

"Fifteenth—Omaha has prospered under the present high-license system, and Nebraska under existing conditions has grown to a magnificent State. Why sand-