

Pershing's First Fist Battles and the Bushwhackers' Raid

Four-Year-Old Boy Saw Two Men Shot Dead in Confederate Raid on Laclede; Stood His Ground Like a Man, Unafraid, and Helped His Father Carry Wounded Man Away; Was Boy Commander of the Town Boys and Carried Wooden Sword; General Grant His Boyhood Hero.

The general's first battles were fought near the stockade. Traces of it still remain. There he first learned tactics, storming the stockade with his "gang." The civil war was just over. He led the "Yanks." The enemy—the other "gang"—were the rebels. Snowballs was the ammunition.

And sometimes the casualties were great, necessitating applications of beefsteak to blackened eyes and arnica to bruised mouths and hands.

The school that John Pershing attended in the 60's was a wooden building, hardly more than a shanty. Today there is a brick school of which any city might be proud. But—

To pick up the thread of the general's life.

"No Angel, No Devil; Just Boy."

John was almost 3 when his father returned from the war. And a healthier boy could not have been found west of the Mississippi—east of it, for that matter. He was a tow-headed youngster, even as his only son, Warren, in Lincoln is today. He had bright, blue eyes. He was a keen, alert, wide-awake boy. "No angel; no devil; just boy," old Allen says.

First Taste of War.

A year later, when he was 4 years old, the general's life may be said to have started. Then it was, at 4 years old, that the boy who is leading armies now in the greatest war of the world's history, received his first taste of war. He heard shots ring out, smelled powder. He saw two men meet their end. And he saw it all and never flinched. He stood his ground then, at 4, in Laclede, even as he stood it in France, where he fought to crush the Hun and win victory for civilization and restore Alamo the land of his forefathers, to the French.

Mr. Lomax, the banker, tells of the general's first taste of war—in a bushwhacker raid on Laclede.

Lomax Tells of Raid.

Mr. Lomax is an old man now, 77 years of age. But, like all Laclede people in the eighties or close to the eighties, he seems younger. Even his hair, snow white, does not make him seem old. And as he tells of the raid, reliving it as he becomes interested in his narrative, he is young again. His eyes sparkle. The dignity of the banker is laid aside. He is a boy.

He told the story sitting in the parlor of his home. On the wall close to him was a picture of the Pershing family and more than once the old banker, passed, his glance strayed to that picture. It seemed as if he were asking the pictured image of his old employer to corroborate the story.

"Bushwhackers Coming!"

"It was about the middle of June, 1864," Mr. Lomax began. "I think it was Saturday. I was working for Mr. Pershing, sr., a clerk in his store. John was playing about, now running into the store now out. Suddenly a shout rang out.

"The bushwhackers are coming!" the voice called.

"A moment later 18 or 20 men armed with revolvers and shotguns galloped into town. There were many persons on the street—that's what makes me think it was Saturday. They had come in to buy their provisions. There was intense excitement. People rushed hither and thither. Little John—he was a bit excited. But he was not afraid. No. He stood his ground like a little man.

"The raiders were Captain Holtzclaw's command.

Guns Were Unloaded.

"I stepped back into the store after I had seen them and told Mr. Pershing. He walked back where there were some guns. The guns had been loaded, but, oddly, that very morning we had discharged them to avoid having loaded guns about where John so often played.

"Just then some of the bushwhackers entered the store.

"And by the way," the banker interjected, "I should have told you that Mr. Pershing was postmaster. He was appointed by President Lincoln. Well, in our store we had a safe. The people of the town used it as a general safe deposit. At the time bushwhackers came into the store there was between \$5,000 and \$8,000 in the safe.

Pershing Locked the Safe.

"Mr. Pershing locked the safe and put the key in his pocket. He

walked out the back door. His son was with him.

"A moment later two of the bushwhackers stepped up to me. They pointed their guns at my head and demanded the key to the safe. I told them Mr. Pershing had it. They looked as if they were going to eat me up. They didn't touch me, however. They took a few articles and walked outside.

"Meantime tragic events were happening outside. And little John, who had slipped away from his father, actuated by childish curiosity, was witnessing them. A soldier named Dave Crowder fired a shot from a window. Lt. James Nave of the bushwhackers was wounded. Another bushwhacker returned Crowder's fire. Crowder was hit. He crumpled and fell dead.

"Squire John H. Jones, a lawyer, started to run. Others followed him. They were ordered by the bushwhackers to halt. Jones kept on running. A bullet struck him and he pitched forward. Mr. Pershing picked him up. Little John tried to help. Mr. Pershing carried the wounded squire into the store. John toted along beside him. The squire died a few minutes later.

Two Men Escape.

"There was much commotion now. Captain Holtzclaw ordered all the people in the square to gather about him. He addressed them. He said he was sorry the two men had been killed. He had come to Laclede, he told us, to get two men who had mistreated southerners.

"While the captain talked the two men he sought escaped. They slipped out of town and to Brookfield, where they notified the railroad militia. An engine, with steam up, was waiting in the sidetrack. A car was coupled to it. Militiamen were ordered aboard and the car was started for Laclede.

"The bushwhackers evacuated the town before the militia reached it. The wounded lieutenant was placed in a hack. The soldiers pursued it and the man driving it was wounded. But the men escaped. A few days afterwards one of them was captured.

Soldiers Catch Treasurer.

"The man turned out to be the treasurer of the gang. About \$1,000 worth of jewelry and other property that had been stolen was recovered from him. A mass meeting was held. No one claimed the property and it was divided between the widows of Crowder and Jones."

Such was the opening incident of General Pershing's military career.

Wooden Stick for Sword.

The earliest recollections Laclede folks have of General John Joseph Pershing picture him as a tow-headed boy, a pretty, blue-eyed, light-haired child, a wooden stick for a sword, a disphpan for a drum, leading "his army" of similarly accoutred children against an imaginary enemy entrenched in the old stockade of Laclede's park.

He has always been a leader. He will die a leader.

First impressions, conscious or unconscious, even as early environment, are compelling and determining factors in any man's life.

His Weakness and Strength.

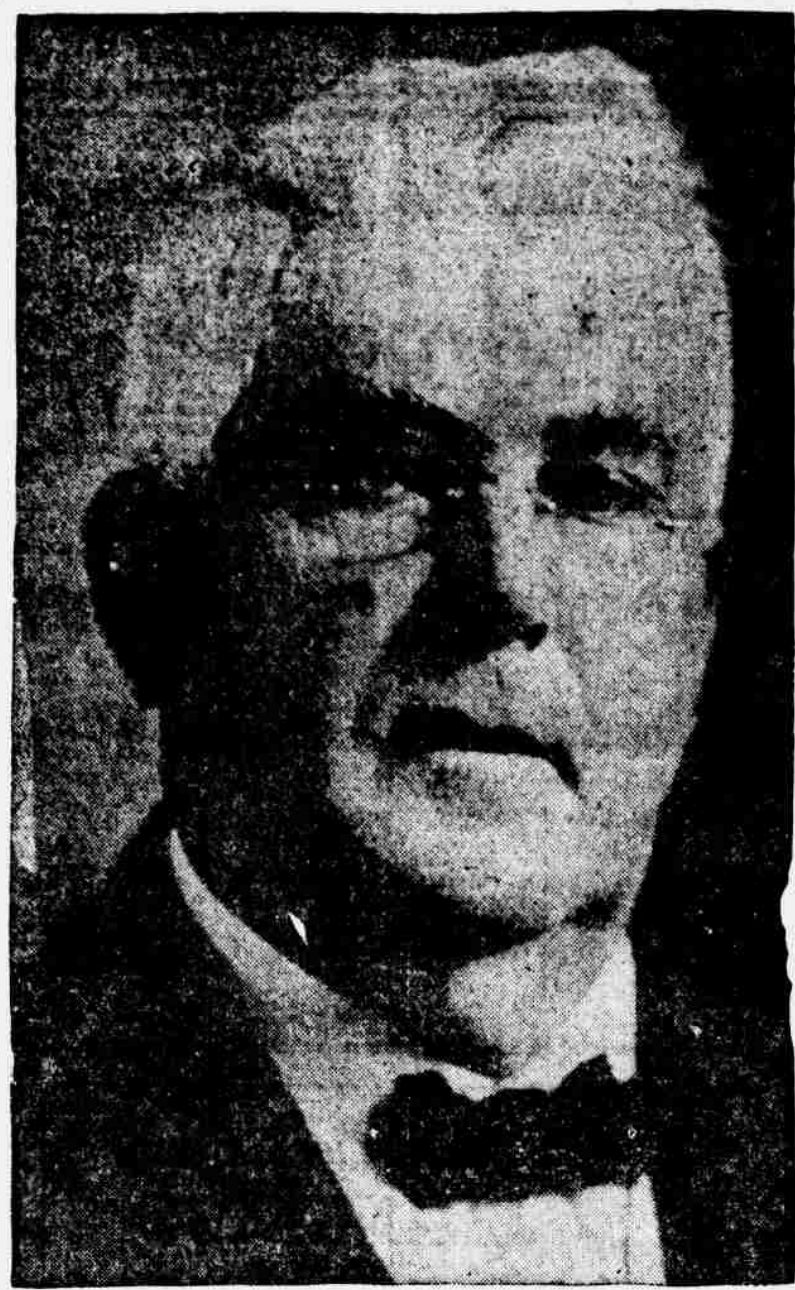
The truths of this receipt are strikingly established as one traces step by step from birth the life of General Pershing and realizes that life guided through the paths of it by those who knew the general—his weakness, his strength.

The bushwhacker raid, probably, was soon forgotten by John Pershing, boy—baby, rather. But it left an impression. It instilled in you a love of soldiery. There was that about Captain Holtzclaw, the bushwhacker leader, which stirred the child's imagination. Indeed, there was that about the times in which the boy began life which could not help but stir his imagination.

General Grant His Hero.

He came into being with the civil war. Boom of cannon was heard length and breadth of the land almost immediately after he was born into it. War was then tearing our country asunder even as it tore Europe asunder. In Laclede, a border town, the war made itself strongly felt. There were other raids. Men went away and never returned. Men went away and did return—returned to tell stories of the war.

So it was only natural that the war should play a vital part in the lives of the children of that day as our war today is playing a vital



Henry C. Lomax, leading banker of Laclede, Mo., who saw General Pershing in his first battle. (Photo from an old album of the Lomax family.)

part in the lives of our children. The war entered into the playtime of Laclede's children. Popular heroes of the war became their heroes and in their play they emulated their heroes.

Who was John's hero? Grant.

And, in later years, a cadet at West Point, John was to see his hero alive and he was to honor him dead.

Sister Tells of Pershing's Boyhood.

The general's sister, Mrs. D. M. Butler, born May Elizabeth Pershing, but known to Laclede folks as "Bessie," the third child of the Pershings, told me much of this part of his life. Sitting in her home at 1748 B street, in Lincoln, Neb., her brother's only surviving child snuggled up against her, she recounted it.

"I was born June 10, 1864," said Mrs. Butler, "and my earliest memories go back to John. As I see him, a boy again, he was very much like this boy, his son, is today." And Mrs. Butler reached up a hand to stroke the blond head nestled in her shoulder.

"I recall him as boy—all boy. He was mischievous as all boys who are real boys are mischievous. What stands out most clearly is our mother's tenderness towards him. She was a remarkable woman. John owes much to her.

His Mother, His Sweetheart.

"All through her life she was his sweetheart. They were sweethearts together. The lessons of life he learned at her knee have guided him. I recall as if it were yesterday the day my mother made the first American flag ever flung to the breeze in Laclede. John and I sat beside her as she made it. With each stitch she explained to us what the flag stood for; what each star meant, what each stripe meant.

"Then, too, John owes much to his father. I remember distinctly as clearly as I recall the flag—observance of the first Memorial day in Laclede. Our father was sponsor for the observance. He got most of the children together. You know many of our people frowned upon our Memorial day. But he did not care. With John and I on either side of him, one of us by each hand, the other children following behind, all carrying flowers, he led us out to the cemetery where our soldier dead were buried. He told us why we should honor the memory of these soldiers, and why we should pay reverence to them. He told us why they died—to preserve the Union. Then, at his direction, we laid the flowers on the graves.

"Those recollections so clear to me today, must be as clear today to John. They must be guideposts in his life.

Mrs. Butler ceased speaking and Warren, a trifle restless, slipped from her arms. He ran to a table near which we were sitting and caught up a photograph in his hands. He brought it to me.

Today's General As Daddy.

"See! he exclaimed. "A picture of my daddy!" It was an unusually fine picture of the general, taken only a few weeks before in Paris. And, written just below the picture in the general's hand, were the words: "With love to my son, Warren, from Papa."

Warren waited while I read, then spoke up again. "I get a letter from daddy every week," the child said. "He writes and tells us what he is doing. I write him, too."

A moment more the child had left the room—gone to play, perhaps at soldiers even as his father played at soldiers more than half a century ago, never knowing that in later life that he was to become one of the greatest soldiers history knows, the first American general to lead an army of Americans on foreign soil in the greatest war of history.

"His father over again," Mrs. Butler remarked as the boy departed.

And he is his father over again. (To be Continued Tomorrow.)

Sure Relief



Doesn't Miss a Day From Work Now, Chance Says

Could Stay On Job Only About Half Time Before Taking Tanlac.

"I used to have to lay off from my work two or three days a week on account of my trouble, but since I took Tanlac I have gained eight pounds and am back on the job every day," said Albert E. Chance, a sheet metal worker, residing at 2021 Kensington Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

"I was just about 'all in' from suffering several months with stomach trouble," he continued. "Everything I would eat would lay like a ball of lead in my stomach and sour. Then gas would form that puffed me up until I could hardly breathe and I would get so dizzy that I thought many a time I would just faint away. Hardly a day passed that I wouldn't have a splitting headache behind my eyes and the pain would almost drive me distracted. It seemed like something was pushing my eyeballs out. I was badly constipated and, though I took all kinds of medicines I could get, I didn't get any better. Two or three days at a time I would have to quit work and doctor myself up, but I would soon get in as bad shape as ever again.

"I haven't missed a day's work since Tanlac relieved my trouble. I have a dandy appetite now, can eat three square meals a day without ever knowing that I had had indigestion at all. My strength has all come back to me and I am building up every day. I weigh eight pounds more than I did when I began on Tanlac and every sign of my trouble has disappeared. The headaches have stopped and I don't have dizzy spells any more. I sleep nine hours or more every night and get up in the morning feeling fine. I have more ambition and energy now than I ever did have before and can surely say a good word for this Tanlac every chance I have, for it has certainly done more for me than any medicine I ever took in my life."

Tanlac is sold in Omaha at all Sherman & McConnell Drug Company's stores, Harvard Pharmacy and West End Pharmacy. Also Forrest and Meany Drug Company in South Omaha and the leading druggist in each city and town throughout the state of Nebraska.—Adv.

NUXATED IRON HELPS MAKE RED BLOOD

The Kind that Puts Roses into the Cheeks of Women and Helps Give Force, Strength and Courage to Men. 3,000,000 people use it as a tonic, strength and blood-builder. Dispensed by all good druggists.

Classified advertising is the most profitable and most direct, therefore use The Bee's want ads regularly.



NO thief will steal your car when this shield protects it!

Police protection, locks, mechanical devices—precautions of many kinds have FAILED to protect auto owners against THEFT. Insurance has offered to owners only a partial return on the value of their cars—in cases of theft. And AUTO-THEFT has steadily grown. No auto owner has been SAFE, until the coming of this new idea. The shield, shown above, on YOUR car, means that no auto thief will steal it—or if he is foolhardy enough to try it, that he will be arrested in short order.

\$1,000.00 REWARD

This huge sum will be offered as reward for conviction of the thief stealing any car protected by this company. And that is the key to the entire idea. Each car protected will be identified by a shield (as above), so attached to the car as to be practically IMPOSSIBLE of removal. The company will keep a most minute description of every car registered with it. Then the company will ADVERTISE TO AUTO THEFTS that a \$1,000 reward will be placed upon their arrest and imprisonment for stealing a protected car. Finally, SHOULD a thief steal such a car, every officer of the law, every garage owner, and everyone who MIGHT run across the car will be furnished with a copy of the complete description and advised of the large reward. The reward will be advertised publicly, with the description. So that police, garage men and public will ALL be on the lookout for the thief. That, very briefly, is the idea. Thieves WILL NOT get away with cars protected by National Auto Owners Protective Company.

Send One or Both of the Coupons

We must get in touch with car owners. To this end we ask YOU to send in one or both of the coupons below, as the case may prescribe.

The Nat'l Auto Owners' Protective Co.

316 Wilkinson Building

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

AGENTS—WANTED—Men experienced in personal solicitation work, WANTED!

If You Ever Have Lost a Car, Send This Coupon—

If ever, under any circumstances, you have lost a car, please detach and mail us the coupon below. Just fill in the blanks provided (pencil will do) and drop it in the mail. And ALSO SEND THE OTHER COUPON, for the FREE BOOKLET, giving the plan in detail.

Send This Coupon for Full Information—

Space in this advertisement doesn't permit a detailed outline of our plan, scope and organization. To more fully inform you, we place the attached coupon for your convenience. Just fill in the blanks, and mail it. And we will send you a booklet giving full particulars.

The National Auto Owners' Protective Company, 316 Wilkinson Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

Gentlemen: As stated below, I lost a car, on

..... (date)

at (place)

Name

Address

Town State

The National Auto Owners' Protective Company, 316 Wilkinson Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

Gentlemen: I own a (make car) car, and am interested in having more information (without obligation on my part).

Name

Address

Town State

Advertisement for Post Toasties corn flakes, featuring a box of Post Toasties and a child's face. Text: "There's a big difference between POST TOASTIES and ordinary corn flakes. Crisper. Thicker. Richer flakes full of food value, and economical." Includes a small illustration of a child's face.