







**MAJOR-GENERAL HUGH LENOX SCOTT**  
**PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT FOLKESTONE, ENGLAND, 1917**

*Some Memories of*  
**A SOLDIER**

BY  
**HUGH LENOX SCOTT**  
MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. ARMY, RETIRED

*ILLUSTRATED*



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TO  
MARY MERRILL SCOTT

*Who has followed the fortunes of the Army of the United States all her life, on both sides of the world; has cheerfully given me of her aid and counsel through all the changes and chances of this mortal life; has brought up a family of children who "rise up and call her blessed"; who has suffered hardships in her youth in the Indian country unequalled by any Army woman of her time, and with whom I am now growing old after a delightful life together of forty-seven years.*

## FOREWORD

It is considered fortunate indeed for anyone to have lived in this age, the most interesting of all in the world's history, which has witnessed the birth of so many wonderful scientific discoveries; discoveries that remove us further in knowledge and the comforts of life from our great grandfathers than they were removed from Julius Cæsar, and in which so many important historical events have transpired. We all have read with deep interest in our youth of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, but you and I have seen three of the greatest empires of the world crumble in a short time before our eyes, and we are thankful that we were permitted to do our part in bringing about some of this crumbling for the salvation of the freedom of the world. My own life saw the end of the era of the buffalo and the wild Indian before that era passed away forever, allowed me to assist in the settlement of the plains of the West, in the Spanish War, in the regeneration of Cuba, in the subjugation of the Moro, in laying the foundation for civilization of the Sulu Moro, in the training of four classes of officers at West Point, and in the preservation of peace, time and again, on the Mexican border and in the Indian country. It enabled me as chief of staff to prepare the entrance of our army into the World War. It included service in France and Russia, while after retirement from active service because of age, I was given control of one of our great war camps. It brought service in every grade in our army from cadet to secretary of war *ad interim*, between the incumbency of Secretaries Garrison and Baker, which latter carried with it the invitation to sit in the cabinet of the President of the United

States, an experience rarely enjoyed in all our history by an officer of the regular army, because it required a simultaneous culmination of many things to render it possible.

These episodes have produced many experiences which the memory looks back upon with interest. Of these only a few of the most vivid are here recorded, only those which come most readily to the mind. They are not recorded for the purpose of defending any cause, proving any theory or enforcing any moral, but solely to outline the manner of life of a soldier of our time, whose span has covered so many epochs. Because these memories are mostly of a personal nature, it has not been possible to retire the first person in this narrative as much as seems desirable. Since the greatest master of English prose was not able to write the play of Hamlet without mentioning Hamlet, it may perhaps be excused if this Hamlet appears and is portrayed by one who, while he has had some training in the use of the sword, must use the pen as a simple soldier-man; as one whose life has been intensely occupied in practical affairs, oftentimes in the far places of the earth, and among illiterate peoples, and whose wildest fancy never led him to suppose that some day he would be asked to record his memories because they might possibly interest other people.

I have been highly fortunate in my contacts with many distinguished men of affairs. I could write a volume each on Generals Miles, Wood, Ludlow, Sanger, Bliss, Pershing, Hare, Liggett, McCoy, Funston, Jesse and Fitzhugh Lee, Drake, Summerall, and many others—some, like Colonel O. J. Charles of lesser rank, and my intimate friends, who deserve the best that anybody could write of them.

I would like especially to dwell on the accomplishments of General Miles on the Plains, on Generals Wood and McCoy in Cuba and the Philippines, with whom I have been more intimately associated for many years. But this story must pertain merely to my own life, with some of its contacts and a few



of the memories that rise first in the mind. Too much digression would spoil the thread of the narrative; and any attempt to do justice to those others, in and out of the army, by whom I have been greatly helped throughout my life—some white, some red, some black, some brown, and some yellow—would lead us far afield, fill volumes, and require another lifetime to record.

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**SOME MEMORIES OF A SOLDIER**

# SOME MEMORIES OF A SOLDIER

## PART I

### Boyhood and West Point

LOOKING back now upon a happy childhood surrounded by many friends and relatives, my memories, with a few exceptions of people and places in the Middle West, cluster about my grandfather's house in Princeton, New Jersey, where my father died when I was eight years old and my mother brought up her brood of three sons until they left the home nest.

Life there seemed a matter of course, and it was only after getting out into the world and seeing that of other people that I was able to make comparison and appreciate its beauty.

This quiet spot was, above everything, a home—a spacious cultured home pervaded by a dignity and serenity, a hospitality and loving-kindness, that emanated from my grandfather and grandmother; in winter, a place of light and warmth; in summer, of cool shade and the hum of bees among the lindens; where friends and relatives and their children loved to congregate; where all found a boundless love and welcome. Small wonder the children looked back to it from the far corners of the earth, homesick to return.

The house was at its best at the time of the Princeton commencement when the great trees planted by my grandfather in his youth cast a grateful shade and the flowers were in bloom. Its doors were wide open to the friends who had gradu-

ated at college and seminary and were now returning from far and wide to renew the ties of friendship—and who looked up to my grandfather, as did the whole town, with reverence and admiration.

My grandfather was the Rev. Dr. Charles Hodge, for many years head of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, the foremost theologian of his day in America. He was born in Philadelphia in 1798 and died at Princeton in 1878. My grandmother, Sarah Bache, whose mother was the sister of Dr. Caspar Wistar of Philadelphia, I never knew, since she died at Princeton, December 25, 1849, before my birth. Her lovely character was attested by her children who all “rose up and called her blessed.” I was born at Danville, Ky., September 22, 1853.

Some years after the death of my own grandmother, my grandfather took a second wife, a widow, Mrs. Mary Hunter Stockton, of Princeton, who was everything to me that any grandmother could be, and I always looked upon her as my own, and upon her son Samuel who married my aunt as my own uncle. She presided over the large family with dignity and sweetness, admired and loved by all.

Her father, Andrew Hunter, was the chaplain of the House of Representatives at Washington during the war with the British in 1812. She often told of the way he had hurried her and her two brothers out of Washington in a farm wagon to save them from the British when they burned our White House. She was always full of fun and humor, describing the men of note in the Washington of her day, and she often sang for me the negro songs learned in Virginia in her youth.

Poosum up a gum tree  
Cooney in de holla',  
Fetch 'em down to ma house,  
Gib you haf a dolla'.

She told stories of the old times at Morven, the old Stockton place at Princeton, built in 1702, and the land-title for which was obtained from William Penn. Here much of her girlhood was spent, and I greatly fear that there was mischief afoot when she and her cousins, the sisters of Commodore Stockton, afterward Mrs. Mary Harrison and Mrs. Julia Rheinlander of New York, were abroad together. The slaves were manumitted in New Jersey in 1825, but there were many about Morven during the youth of my grandmother, and I have heard a tale about one of them who turned sulky, suddenly too ill to carry out one of the girls' projects, and was given a Seidlitz powder in separate doses by his young mistresses; foam came bubbling out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, to the great horror of his victimizers, who believed they had killed him. All three had quieted down, however, and become great ladies long before my time.

The death of Mrs. Rheinlander from a stroke of apoplexy during a visit to our house was a great shock to my youthful mind, and I was long afraid to enter the room in which she died, or even pass the door, after dark. Not long before this happened, Princeton's first murder about 1861 or '62 had stirred the town to its foundations and is talked of even yet. If you do not know all about the Rowen murder and do not talk still of riding in the "dummy," the first little car that carried passengers back and forth to the main-line Pennsylvania Railroad about sixty years ago, you are not a real Princetonian. The horror of this murder long caused me to cling closely to my mother's skirts as soon as dusk fell.

When grandmother had become a very old lady, I asked her once to tell me the pleasantest episode of her life, and she said it was the summer of 1821 which she spent at West Point, her brother's last camp. Grandmother had a very great influence upon my after life, since it was at her instigation that her brother, General David Hunter, a friend of Lincoln and of

Grant, secured for me from the latter the appointment to West Point which was to shape my whole career.

Uncle David was himself a graduate of 1822, and went, on graduation, to Fort Snelling, Minnesota, which it took him six months to reach. He was obliged to walk three hundred miles on the ice of the Mississippi, from Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

He was in the Fifth Infantry at Fort Dearborn at the mouth of the Chicago River in 1828. Fort Dearborn was a small collection of log huts surrounded by a high palisade, then the only settlement save the house and trading-post of John Kinzie, the trader, whose daughter, Maria, my uncle married, and whose family had been saved at the Chicago Indian massacre in 1812.

One night Uncle David heard some one calling from across the Chicago River, and, borrowing a Pottawatomie Indian canoe built for one man, paddled across and found it was Lieutenant Jefferson Davis coming from West Point. Making Davis lie down in the bottom of the canoe, he straddled and sat upon him in order to get the center of gravity low enough to carry two men safely in a one-man canoe, and ferried him to the other side. The two were warm friends until the Civil War.

Uncle David pointed out to me once the place where he had slept on the floor of the White House guarding Lincoln with other friends of the president, who, fearing his assassination, had rallied about him at Springfield, Illinois, and come on with him as a self-appointed bodyguard to Washington for his inauguration.

My mother, Mary Elizabeth Hodge, was born in the old house in 1825 and died in Princeton in 1899. She married my father, the Rev. William McKendry Scott, upon his graduation at the Princeton Seminary and went to live with him at Danville, Kentucky, where he was a professor at Centre College and pastor of the Presbyterian Church. Here their first four

children were born: Charles Hodge, John Bayard, Mary Blanchard, and myself, born September 22, 1853, and named after my grandfather's brother, Dr. Hugh Lenox Hodge of Philadelphia. John Bayard and Mary Blanchard died in infancy at Danville. In 1856 my father was called to the pastorate of the Seventh Presbyterian Church at Cincinnati, where my brother William was born in 1857.

In 1859 the Presbyterian General Assembly elected my father professor in the Northwestern Seminary at Chicago, later called McCormick Seminary.

My father's father, William Scott, migrated from the North of Ireland in 1798 and settled on a farm at Mount Pleasant, Jefferson County, Ohio, where he raised a well-to-do family prominent in their section, and he died in 1851 at the age of seventy-five.

My mother came from a family of students leading sedentary lives with indoor tastes, and could never understand my passion for the outdoors and for hunting and fishing, inherited from my father, who during his youth in Ohio had been a very noted shot with the squirrel-rifle. She looked upon me very much as a hen would look at a duckling she had hatched, and upon my tastes as a tendency toward wildness which ought to be suppressed, until advised by a brother that I was following my strongest instincts in a perfectly innocent way and that by interfering she might divert me to something harmful.

She was always afraid that I might shoot some one accidentally, and although the gun was there, I was not allowed to use it until my fifteenth birthday, when I was supposed to have arrived at some degree of discretion, so until that time I had to content myself with a bow and arrow made by myself, with which I became extremely skilful.

I took no interest in boys' games and never played ball with the others except when drafted to help fight for the possession of the ball-grounds of the college during vacations and defend

them from another set. Every Saturday found me hunting or fishing somewhere at daylight, sometimes with some of my friends, more often alone.

This was the very best school that could have been devised for a soldier, as I found later on the plains; it taught me to find my way about and take care of myself in the woods day and night and in all kinds of weather. I could hunt only on Saturdays during the school term and had to take the weather as it came or lose my week-end; so, many days in the dead of winter, I would be found starting a fox at four o'clock in the morning four miles from home with a strong cold wind blowing and a foot of snow on the ground. We often chased a fox on foot ten miles along the ridge of Rocky Hill covered with timber and heavy rocks as large as a small house, where no horse could travel; and night would find us eight or ten miles from home, hungry, wet, cold, exhausted, with clothes torn to rags, and home to find in the darkness.

This bred a disregard of obstacles; it bred also the initiative and the optimism essential to the success of any enterprise, as well as the undespairing courage and the resolution never to give up a project without which no soldier can be a success. It brought in addition a practice in the arts of the field—swimming, handling a boat, riding a horse, shooting a gun—and it built up an enormous lung power and muscular force that has lasted to this day. I have seen so many come West brought up entirely to the life of the city, unhappy and helpless out of sight of the post, actually unable to command in the field and forced to go about with somebody else to guide and take care of them, without initiative of their own, and daunted before every obstacle. Not one of these has ever risen to eminence as a field soldier.

Shortly after our mother was left a widow, another widow, Mrs. Ricketts of Maryland, came with her three sons and a daughter to live in Princeton, and the families soon became

intimate. My own contemporary was the oldest son who died early. While walking one day with the next oldest, who now for many years has been the honored president of the Polytechnic Institute of Engineering at Troy, New York, together with a boy who was larger than either of us, the latter began to tease the Ricketts lad, refusing to stop until I gave him a bloody nose.

I encountered the offender in 1889 at Wichita Falls, Texas, where he was then mayor, and I was able to serve him by obtaining permission for him to hunt wild turkeys on the Kiowa and Comanche Indian reservation. In 1908 Dr. Ricketts made a visit to me at West Point and asked me if I remembered the episode in our youth when the president of the Polytechnic at Troy was being annoyed by the mayor of Wichita Falls, Texas, who refused to stop until punched in the nose by the superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point.

These two devoted mothers educated their children with much toil and sacrifice. I wished so much that after suffering the loss of their oldest sons, they might have been present several years ago, in front of old Nassau Hall in Princeton, at commencement time, to see the youngest of these boys, now the most eminent mining engineer in the Southwest, receive his degree, while the three others, all that are now living, sat on the platform and saw him get it, each with a degree of his own from the same university.

My brothers and I attended the local schools at Princeton, my brother Charles graduating from Princeton College in 1868, leaving at once to take up a mercantile career in Pittsburgh. My brother William, after taking high honors at Princeton, Cambridge, and Heidelberg, became professor of paleontology and geology at Princeton. He now holds a high place among the scientists of the world and has taken every sort of honor belonging to his profession.

After the school at Edge Hill was discontinued, my mother



took me to Lawrenceville, the school presided over by Dr. Samuel Hammill for so many years, which developed into the present John C. Green Foundation at Lawrenceville. Dr. and Mrs. Hammill were respected and loved by everybody, and when in after years they traveled through the West they found many of their old Lawrenceville boys in positions of trust who rose up everywhere to do them honor.

There was a younger son of one of our Princeton neighbors whom I had saved from drowning in the old mill-pond at Stony Brook, and whose mother felt that I ought therefore to be his guardian, and, although too young for Lawrenceville, he was sent there to be under my care. Shortly after our arrival at the school he came upstairs late one night crying and said that he had been knocked down by one of the older boys. This boy was considerably taller than myself; and I lay awake all night thinking of the drubbing he was going to give me in the morning when I called him to account, as I intended doing. We met going downstairs, and I asked him if he had struck my little friend. He acknowledged that he had, adding that my protégé had been teasing him. I then struck him across the bridge of the nose with the back of my hand by way of challenge. Instead of attacking me fiercely, as I expected him to do, he burst out crying, saying he could not fight, whereupon I told him that he must let little boys alone or he would have to fight. This episode, in spite of its pacific culmination, gave everybody to understand that we would fight if imposed upon, and we passed the rest of our course there unmolested. After becoming better acquainted at the school, we realized that our adversary had outgrown his strength and was really younger than he appeared.

I was quite homesick during the entire period of my stay at Lawrenceville and every now and then would climb out of my window after everybody had gone to bed, walk the five miles to Princeton, go around to see the horses and dogs, and look

through the window at the people from the outside, afraid to go in for fear of a scolding for leaving school, then walk the five long miles back to Lawrenceville, stumbling along the road sound asleep for a hundred yards at a time, and climb back through my own window, at length, in safety. I often pass the old house in Lawrenceville now and look up at that window, in and out of which I crept more than fifty years ago.

In 1870 I passed all of my examinations for Princeton College, but before the session began I was informed of my appointment to West Point; and it was thought best that I should continue with a tutor, studying both courses so that I might enter the sophomore class at Princeton without losing any time in the event of failure to enter West Point.

As I look back I recognize that my mother would rather have had me choose some other profession. She thought the life on the Plains in a military post extremely narrow and dangerous, and would have preferred that I follow her uncle, the celebrated Hugh Lenox Hodge, M.D., of Philadelphia, after whom she had named me. There seemed in those days to be no future in the army; and, graduating into cavalry, it seemed that my life was destined to be passed in the Buffalo country far from civilization and culture. If I were fortunate I might see a little of England and France on a four months' leave, but nothing more of the world.

On the contrary, however, I have been once completely around the world and twice more with the exception of the width of Germany. In addition my duties have taken me into Canada, Mexico, and Cuba, as well as into every State in our Union, so that my life has been extremely interesting to me, and I consider myself most fortunate in that my profession and pleasure have gone hand in hand. I have had immense freedom in the Indian country given me by Generals Sheridan, Miles, Merritt, Ruger, and other commanders, and have shaped my own service very largely by their help.

Many individuals of our race have been forced by circumstance to engage in professions distasteful to them, from which they find themselves powerless to escape. I shudder at times, reflecting upon what my life might have been had I allowed myself to be confined to a sedentary occupation along with the thousands craving freedom and adventure, condemned to go through life with their longing unsatisfied; square pegs in round holes, working to-day to get something to eat so that they may work to-morrow; seeing no deliverance, no future for themselves in this life.

The prospects for a lieutenant of cavalry, to be sure, were very poor for many years. I was nineteen years a lieutenant and five years at the head of the first lieutenants without gaining a single file. But this was never allowed by either my wife or myself to sour our dispositions as some have permitted slow promotion to do, and we enjoyed our daily life on little money.

#### A WEST POINT CADET

In May, 1871, my Uncle David took me to West Point. He piloted me over the whole place, pointing out the changes since he had been a cadet in 1822, forty-nine years before. He had many stories to tell of the old days, describing the buildings which had disappeared, the foundations of which may still be discovered when the drought scorches the grass off the thin soil above them.

He introduced me to the superintendent and the commandant of cadets, as well as to his other acquaintances. He was a friend and contemporary of all the professors of that period—Mahan, Church, Kendricks, Weir, and many others—Professor Weir being a kinsman of my own through the Bayards.

In those days West Point professors were sure-enough professors, with a lofty dignity all their own and a uniform by



which they were distinguished from afar at a single glance—a high hat, a swallowtail coat, and a waistcoat with brass buttons. They would take off their high hats to each other thirty feet away in the most ceremonious fashion, saying, “Sir, your most obedient sir,” at the same time bowing and scraping with one foot in a way I have never seen either before or since, evidently a relic of the military etiquette of the past.

There was no regular time for the retirement of officers for age in those days nor for long afterward. While at West Point, General Grant signified his intention of placing Professor Mahan, who was then more than seventy, on the retired list. This news so preyed upon the professor’s mind that, while on a trip to New York, he jumped off the *Mary Powell*, striking his head on a paddle-wheel, and was drowned. His funeral was the first military funeral attended by my class. Eugene Griffin, in after years the vice-president of the General Electric Company, marched by my side, and many years afterward I marched over the same ground behind a like caisson which carried his body to its grave.

Few of our people to-day are aware of the great part which West Point has played in the education of America. It was for many years the only school of engineering in the country, and its early graduates did most of the engineering work of the nation. Its textbooks, written by its own professors, were adopted by Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and other colleges. The names of Mahan’s “Civil Engineering,” Church’s “Calculus,” Church’s “Descriptive Geometry,” and David and Legendre’s “Algebra” were once household names all over America. Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, Father of the Military Academy, established the Thayer School of Engineering at Dartmouth, while another superintendent of West Point, Captain Alden Partridge, established the University of Norwich, and still another Military Academy superintendent started the Naval Academy on its way. Many of West Point’s graduates who went into civil

life became presidents and chancellors of universities. Hundreds became professors, and all made a deep impress upon their time.

#### PLEBE DAYS

Uncle David warned me on entering that I was going into a new world with strange customs, where it was expected that the new cadets would fag for the older, just as the new-comers did at Eton and the other great schools of England. This had been the custom at West Point since the beginning, and all the distinguished graduates, such as Grant, Sheridan, and Sherman, had complied with it. Since no insult would be intended, my uncle explained, it would be better for me to do likewise, and if ever it were meant to insult me, I would know it at once and should then draw the line hard and sharp.

My uncle left me to the tender mercies of Fred Grant and Tony Rucker, both sons of old army friends, about to graduate. George Anderson from New Jersey of the same class gave me his overcoat, dress-coat, and many pairs of white trousers. In these days a low limit is placed on the number of white trousers allowed, for otherwise no laundry could cope with them, but we were allowed then as many as anybody would give us. Friends in different classes graduating gave me their trousers, and in my turn five years later I left my cousin, Charles Hunter, many pairs.

President and Mrs. Grant came to West Point to see their son Fred graduate and were taken to hear the prima donna, Christine Nilsson, sing in our mess-hall. She rested after singing a while, and in the interim George Webster of '71 sang, "I am dying, Egypt, dying." Then Miss Nilsson sang, "Way down upon the Swanee River" and "Home Sweet Home." This was too much for the poor, tired, miserably homesick new cadets to stand, and they wept. I was no exception.

Miss Nilsson expressed her desire for a cadet bell button,

and she soon had a bushel, although it is supposed to be a more or less great crime to give them away.

The West Point of 1871 was very different from the West Point of to-day. The entire corps was only a third of its present size and was quartered in the old barracks. The superintendent's office was a small ugly building with a mansard roof, on the site of the present office. The old hospital academy building, chapel, and riding hall—the last built by Colonel Robert E. Lee when superintendent in 1855, at the time when Mrs. Scott's father was a cadet—were all very small. Winter afternoons, after recitations were over, were taken up in boxing, fencing, or dancing with other cadets to improve our technique; and our summers were spent mainly in outdoor drill, dancing, and swimming by night in the river. There were only a few horses, and all had to do duty in the riding-hall as well as in the battery. The enlisted men and horses were all quartered at the north end of the Post under the hill.

The class of new cadets in those days were placed under the charge of a few upper-classmen. Ours was under the first captain of the class of 1872. We thought he treated us badly but said nothing about it until he went too far in the mistreatment of one of our number whom we considered unable to look after himself. A meeting was held at which it was decided that a challenge to fight should be sent to the first captain, and it was also thought that the challenge should emanate from me. This rôle had not been sought after by me, but since it seemed the decision of the class it was carried out. It developed that the captain did not propose to lose his position by fighting a miserable plebe, but his roommate, Jug Wood, later of the Fourth Cavalry, said that "if that plebe wants to fight I'll fight him." The second explained that nobody wanted to fight, and if the proposed fight took place it would do us no good. We held that all we wanted was justice for our classmate and that we would have to get it somehow.

There was no fight, but the situation regarding our classmate was relieved.

There was a fight, however, after we returned to the barracks in September. The vacancies left after the general examination were filled during the summer by what we called the "Seps," who came into the corps in September after we old and experienced men of the same class had been hazed by the upper-classmen in June. It was the custom for us June men to haze the Seps mildly for a few days. During this process a small man by the name of Marrin from New York was knocked down a whole flight of steps by a big man from the west. A class meeting was held over this, and again the star part fell to me and my challenge was carried by Hoyle and Isbell. We met after reveille at Fort Clinton, one of the old forts of the Revolution, under the rules of the Marquis of Queensbury, each with two seconds before a referee or umpire. My opponent did not have so much skill with his fists, but he was a good head taller and twenty pounds heavier and his rush was like that of a locomotive. He knocked me down twice, the last time by what is usually a knock-out blow on the point of the chin, which dented the bone and stunned me so that I was almost counted out. He had been knocked down only once, and I was almost all in when happily I placed a blow on the point of his chin, landing him on the small of his back, and he was counted out just in time to save me from a Waterloo. He failed to graduate, and I lost sight of him for many years when one day I learned that he was a lawyer in New Orleans, instrumental in putting the Louisiana Lottery out of business. I wrote him a letter telling him I still had that pretty little dimple he had given me on the chin. He wrote back that that was "one of the things it was better to give than to receive."

Our lives crossed in another way, we found, as it was his father who, as a Congressman, brought into question the enlisting of 1500 negroes in the Civil War by my uncle, David Hunter.

## YEARLING MISFORTUNE

Winter and spring examinations were safely passed, entitling me to become a yearling. We were all warned not to haze members of the new class, but we all disregarded this, giving them, however, a far milder hazing than we had received ourselves. As luck would have it, I happened to be the one caught. It was set down in the drill regulations that the hands should be carried with the palms to the front, but in practice this was made to apply only to the new cadets. I told one to carry his palms to the front and, upon his failure to obey, caught him by the wrist and turned his hand around for him. He saw my name on my shirt and reported me for hazing him, for which I was suspended for one year and ordered to join the next lower class. I and my class were much aggrieved at this severe punishment for what had been a custom ever since the founding of the Academy. Far rougher things were done in those days in civilian colleges as a matter of course, and no notice was taken of them.

I now, however, look back on the occurrence far differently. In the first place, West Point is a national school where men are being fitted to command armies for the defense of our country. Although hazing might be permitted in a mild way in a civilian college, it cannot be permitted at West Point, as all cadets have taken an oath to obey the orders of the President of the United States and of the officers appointed over them, who have forbidden this practice. Many old graduates who were well hazed in their times excuse hazing by saying that it does a plebe good, operating to cut his mother's apron-string as well as to give him a sense of discipline which he might otherwise never attain. This is eminently true, and I myself recognize the benefits received from hazing. But this is a mere sophistry which has nothing to do with the case.



The facts are that the foundation of all military discipline is obedience to orders, and that, therefore, since hazing has been forbidden by the proper authorities, it cannot be tolerated. To teach otherwise at West Point would go far to sap the foundations of the republic by producing a type of officer who could not be trusted at the critical moment to obey his orders. West Point furnishes the initiative, the directing and informing spirit of American armies, the leaven which leavens the whole lump, the standards of duty and honor without which an army is but an armed mob; and nothing should be spared to keep these standards of the highest quality and to cause them to be adhered to, for upon these in crucial moments depends the life of this republic, and certainly neither politics nor sentimentality should be allowed to interfere.

In those old days, many years before the beautiful swimming-pool in the gymnasium at West Point, the cadets were allowed to swim in the Hudson River off Gee's Point. This is rather a dangerous place, for the water deepens rapidly, and the tide is apt to turn and carry one far out into the river, and in fact a number of cadets have drowned there, including a member of my class. The cadets were allowed to swim only in the late evening because the location was too public.

Notwithstanding the danger, cadets constantly took advantage of this permission, and in the summer of 1871, while swimming away from the others, I kept going until I reached the other side, and I acquired much merit for crossing the river and returning. No doubt there have been many who have accomplished this same feat in the years both before and since, but nobody else had achieved it in our time.

A classmate of mine named Josiah King asked to swim over with me, which I always refused, telling him that while I knew my own ability I did not know his, and I did not wish to be drowned on his account. His requests were renewed in

the summer of '72 and became so insistent that I gave way to his importunity.

We swam out very comfortably but suddenly the tide turned and carried us far down toward the railway embankment. King did not want to land and rest, as seemed best, and when we were near the embankment he started back without me, and I was obliged to follow and catch up with him. We swam a long time against the tide, but it had become so dark by that time that we were unable to gage our progress by anything on the banks. We seemed to be swimming out into infinite space and getting nowhere. This got on King's nerves after a while, and he announced that he was all in and could go no further and that I must leave him as there was no reason for us both to be drowned. I encouraged him to persevere and told him that I would never leave him under any circumstances. He struggled along for some time with assistance, but finally it became necessary for me to take him on my back, struggling all the time against the tide until at last we both got ashore.

It was the feeling of my class that the saving of King had offset this breach of discipline in turning the new cadet's hands around, but none of us knew how to present it to the authorities, who seemed indifferent to such matters, possibly because they did not wish to let the only fish they had caught escape through the net, although a somewhat similar case occurred about the same time at the Naval Academy where the cadet was forgiven. But those were not the days of forgiveness at West Point; "Stand on your own feet!" "Behave yourself or take the consequences!" "Work out your own salvation!" and "Root, hog, or die!" were the sentiments which dominated there. While a good many did die metaphorically, there is not a doubt that those who survived were a hardy band and fully earned their commissions.

Twenty-five years later I received the following recognition of this rescue:

War Department,  
Adjutant General's Office.  
Washington, December 31, 1897.

My Dear Scott:

In recalling an act of heroism of yours which occurred while we were both cadets, I have been struck with the fact that your conduct has not only never received any official recognition, but that there seems to be no record of it except in the memory and the applauding recollections of your classmates and friends. I desire, therefore, to put this letter in your possession as a brief and unpretentious record of the facts as known to myself.

In the early summer of 1872, some time after we had gone into camp, I was one of a party of cadets that went in the evening to our usual bathing place, Gee's point. While there several cadets undertook to swim across the river. I think you and King were the only ones who achieved the feat. The Hudson at this point is very wide and the swimmers have to encounter the swell caused by passing steamers or other craft. On the way back King's strength gave out and he was unable to keep afloat. You took him on your back, though he was a man as large as yourself; and, at imminent risk of losing your own life, brought him safely to shore. I think you must have sustained him in the water for at least half an hour. We cadets on the bank were very much excited and were straining our eyes through the darkness—for it was in the evening—to get a sight of you and King. As you drew near we could hear you encouraging him by the assurance that you were approaching shore. When you finally succeeded in landing him he was completely helpless, and your own strength seemed nearly exhausted. If ever a man deserved recognition for the most commendable of all acts—the saving of the life of a comrade at the risk of his own existence—you certainly deserve such recognition. Many people have received life-saving medals and public commendation for acts requiring less courage and less nerve; but with characteristic modesty you have made no mention of your own heroic act, but left it to your friends to remember or to forget as they saw fit. I am one of those who can never forget the occurrence, and who take pleasure in recalling it not only as a very brave action, but as one that was so thoroughly characteristic

of yourself as to have occasioned less comment than it would have aroused had it been performed by almost any other member of our class. After the lapse of these many years I recall the occurrence as distinctly as though it had occurred last evening, and I take the greatest pleasure in making at least this unassuming record of one of the most pleasing recollections of my cadet days.

With cordial regards and best wishes, I am, my dear Scott,

Very sincerely yours,

ARTHUR L. WAGNER,

Assistant Adjutant General.

Captain H. L. Scott, 7th Cavalry,  
Washington, D. C.

#### THE OLD AND THE NEW

Those old superintendents, whose character it was that governed the spirit of the West Point of that day, were imbued with the doctrine of rigid discipline inherited from the British Army; and although they were just as hard on themselves as on every one else, their methods in dealing with young subordinates may seem a bit unfeeling to this more humane generation.

As a specific example of their inflexible attitude, a mother of a cadet who had graduated before the Civil War once told me that she would never forgive a certain superintendent, because when her son asked for a permit to go home, as his father was dying, the superintendent said: "Young man, the government is your father and mother both; if you feel badly you can trot around the parade-ground once or twice and you will feel better."

In the old days the superintendents did not want any outsider to come on the Post nor any insider to go off. It had been the custom in the classes before ours for the yearlings to purchase some rowing shells from the graduating class for their use on the river, but when we made application to purchase them in our turn, we were met with a firm "no," and the

shells remained at least four years in the boat-house without being used. We thought that it was because Fred Grant's class had been too undisciplined. Whenever discipline gets below the standard at West Point, the War Department sends some case-hardened superintendent who pushes the pendulum of discipline to the opposite extreme. That is what happened to us. Conditions were much harder in our time than they have ever been since. Nowadays there are many sports and other alleviations unheard of and unthought of in those days, and whereas we look back upon the old gray barracks as a jail where we served four years at hard labor, the great majority of present-day graduates leave the Academy with actual regret.

Aside from the more sympathetic trend of present-day discipline, the entire modernization of barrack facilities has much to do with this new attitude of graduating cadets. No longer does the plebe struggle up four flights of stairs carrying water, nor is he obliged to trudge down icy halls in the middle of the night and across the area knee-deep in snow, or to steal hot water out of the radiators for shaving, to be punished if caught. Neither is he restricted to the two baths a week "permitted" formerly; he goes down heated halls into a tiled bath-room in the basement, and takes as many baths as he likes with warm water and in warm air. Thirty years after my own graduation, I replaced with hot and cold water on every floor the ancient hydrant at which old Bentz, the bugler, who called Cadet U. S. Grant and others of fame to recitations before my time, used to wash out the "nails" those bad cadets put in his "pugle." Bentz, by the way, lies out with other honored dead in the cemetery above the river, and his "pugle" is shown to visitors in the museum, where, the moment I laid eyes on it, I recognized the patches where his faithful fingers had worn through the metal.

I have heard old graduates groan over this "coddling of cadets" which they claim is carrying West Point straight to

the dogs at a rapid stride. But no deterioration was evident in France that was ever directed to my attention. It is very easy for the old to think that the young are retrograding if things are not run for them in exactly the way to which they themselves were brought up. But association with the armies of England, France, Russia, and Rumania has convinced me that our regular army officers are the peers of any, and from my own experience at West Point, covering eight years both as boy and man, supplemented by various inspections made as chief of staff and numerous visits since as an alumnus, I have become firmly assured that there is in our venerable military institution a constant evolution upward. Every time I go back I note some new improvement, and ask myself, "Why didn't I have the wit to do that long ago?"

So far as the slackening of the iron bands of the old-time discipline goes, one hears nothing any more of "butter riots," nothing about the reveille gun being brought up to take a shot at the quarters of the superintendent, nor of a companion to the ancient ditty:

Seventy-three, seventy-three,  
They fired the gun in the a-ri-ee!

Instead, in these saner, more wisely directed days, surplus energy is expended in baseball, football, lacrosse, hockey, polo, and other athletic games unknown in our time; and tactical officers, instead of rushing distractedly about in the middle of the night to forestall some nefarious plot, are like Shakespeare's men o' substance who "sleep o' nights all to the glory of God and the good of this commonwealth."

## PART II

### Service on the Plains

I WITNESSED the graduation of the West Point class 1875 with deep sorrow and bade good-by to my roommate, George L. Scott, from Oregon. I saw him only once again in after years, and there were others, too, I have never seen again.

I myself graduated on June 14, 1876, ranking thirty-six in the class of forty-eight, but high enough for the cavalry, which was my ambition. If I had missed the cavalry I would have considered that all my toil at West Point had resulted in failure. I asked for an additional second lieutenancy in the cavalry in preference to being assigned to a full lieutenancy in any other branch.

We were marched into the old chapel to receive our hard-won diplomas from General W. T. Sherman, commanding the army, and paid about as much attention to his words of admonition as do other classes, members of which are mainly intent on donning civilian clothes and getting down to New York in a hurry. Whenever I have since had to speak at a West Point graduation I have remembered Father Isadore, the old Belgian priest in charge of the Kiowa Indian Catholic school at Anadarko, Oklahoma, who said that when those little folk were seated at the dinner-table he could see their hungry eyes fixed on the bread and gravy and made his grace very short.

I was assigned to the Ninth Cavalry on the Arizona border, then a quiet sector. There was only one vacancy available for our class, in the Seventh Cavalry then operating on the Yellow-

stone against the Sioux of Montana, since one of the only two vacancies had gone to a civilian as a political appointment, and the first had been obtained by my classmate, Garlington, who graduated some four files above me. He, because of the Custer fight, joined the regiment as first lieutenant. But I was glad to be admitted into any cavalry regiment and returned home a free man for a while, rejoicing to see my family.

With my brother William I went down to see the Centennial in Philadelphia, where I first met and grew to know that splendid old soldier and my lifelong friend, Colonel Dan Appleton, afterward colonel of the Seventh Regiment of New York. The Corps of Cadets and the Seventh Regiment were both camped there, but discipline was somewhat stricter in the cadet camp, as was very natural. Any soldier who got into one of the company streets of the Seventh Regiment was in for a strenuous time. Each tent floor had a small cellar under it, filled with ice, champagne, roast chicken, and other delicacies, and a passer-by would be hauled into those tents, one after another, and, with the cellar door opened wide, he would not be allowed to leave until some duty called his hospitable hosts elsewhere. There were no such cellars under the tents of the cadets.

I met one of my friends from Princeton on July 5 in the street, who told me that Custer and all his men had been killed in battle with the Sioux. I answered that I did not believe it. He suggested that I get a newspaper, and I soon verified the news. Custer was killed on June 25, and it had taken ten days for the news to get to the nearest telegraph station, Bismarck, Dakota, first coming down-stream on a steamboat on the June rise, the fastest possible way for it to travel.

After recovering somewhat from the shock of the tidings and the death of my classmate, Sturges ~~and Crittenden~~ of '75, I began to see that there were many vacancies now in the Seventh Cavalry and hurried back to Princeton to consult my uncle, Sam Stockton, who had been a captain in the Fourth



## Some Memories of a Soldier

...to the best means of securing a transfer. He told me to sit down at once and write an application and send it through our uncle David, in Washington, who knew everybody in the War Department. I demurred at this haste, as jumping for the shoes of those killed in the Little Big Horn before they were cold, but I was advised not to delay.

Our uncle got my letter at breakfast, went at once to the War Department, where they were then making out the transfers to the Seventh Cavalry, and saw to it that my name was included in that fighting regiment, much to my satisfaction. Things were now coming my way, and I would soon be in the Indian country.

It took some time for my transfer to the Seventh Cavalry to be effected with the making out of a new commission as second lieutenant of cavalry, which was dated June 26, 1876, the day after the Custer fight. At length, however, my orders came to report at the headquarters of the Seventh Cavalry at old Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota, across the Missouri River and five miles away from Bismarck—not to be confounded with the new Fort Abraham Lincoln of this day, on the Bismarck side of the Missouri.

Bismarck was very crude in those days. The houses were mainly board shanties, few in number. It was for long the end of the Northern Pacific Railway and the jumping-off place of the Northwest. One might go a thousand miles west or travel north to the Arctic Circle with the probability of not seeing a human being. That country was the home of the buffalo and the wild Indian, a land of romance, adventure, and mystery; and I had carried it in mind during those five long years at West Point, fitting myself for service within its borders.

No boy ever left home with brighter anticipation or with more affection and love from those left behind. Going out from the East I stopped at Pittsburgh to see my brother and his new wife; again at Chicago, the headquarters of General Sheri-

dan, who commanded all the Plains country, and at St. Paul, where General Terry commanded the Plains of the Northwest clear to the Rocky Mountains. St. Paul was not then the great city we know now. Mrs. Scott and I have lately been in St. Paul again, and about the only thing we could recognize of that early time was the Mississippi River.

Staying at the old Merchants' Hotel on Third Street, I explored the town, not then a lengthy process, and saw tall, straight Chippewa Indians, wrapped in their blue and scarlet blankets, striding about in a very dignified way, giving me the feeling of proximity to the frontier which, however, was still far to the West. All Minnesota then was up in arms, aflame with excitement over the chase after the James and Younger brothers from Missouri, who had attempted to rob the bank at Northfield, Minnesota, and had killed the cashier. Some of the gang had been killed, and the body of one was exhibited in the window of a store on Third Street, St. Paul.

Bob Younger had been wounded, and Jesse James wanted the brother, Cole Younger, to kill Bob so as to facilitate their escape, but Cole refused. Both were captured and served a long sentence in the penitentiary at Stillwater, Minnesota. Frank and Jesse James escaped and reached their asylum in Missouri, to which they always returned after some deed of iniquity in other parts of the country, and received protection as heroes.

At the Merchants' Hotel I met Captains Frederick Benteen and MacDougal of the Seventh Cavalry, fresh from the Yellowstone and Missouri after the Custer fight. Benteen was then the hero of all America, credited with saving the remnant of the Seventh Cavalry. They both gave me a cordial welcome to the regiment and were strong friends of mine as long as they lived. With them was Texas Jack (John Omohundro), just off the Yellowstone, with long hair, dressed in buckskin, on his way east to join the new show of Buffalo Bill. I was to see him

again in the Nez Percé war in the confines of the Yellowstone Park, but at that time he was the first of his kind that I had met.

Leaving St. Paul, I stopped a few days at Fargo on the Red River of the North, where a friend of Benteen's furnished me with a boat in which I had my first duck shoot in the Northwest. I had brought out a pointer and a setter from home, given me by friends, and saw my first live prairie-chicken not far from Fargo. From Fargo two hundred miles west to Bismarck, the end of the track, I did not see a house until I reached the Missouri River except those of the section hands along the railroad, and the passengers got their meals at Jamestown in a freight-car standing on the side-track.

We arrived at Bismarck after dark, the train having taken the entire day to come from Fargo. Trains did not run then at night, and it required three days to make the run from St. Paul to the Missouri River.

I drove down to the Missouri the next morning and sat on the bank, waiting for the ferry, as I was to do many times in the years to come. This was my first sight of the wild Missouri, and I looked at it with deep interest. Nowhere is it described so fitly and so beautifully as by Francis Parkman, the great historian of the North, in his "Conspiracy of Pontiac," which I carried, with the report of Captain Reynolds's expedition of 1859 through the Northwest, in my pack-basket, for ten thousand miles and read again and again, as I still do at intervals with perennial pleasure.

Reporting at the headquarters of the Seventh Cavalry, I found Major Marcus A. Reno in command, Lieutenant George D. Wallace, the adjutant, of the class of 1872, and many classmates and friends from other classes at West Point. I received a genuinely warm welcome and was assigned to the Gray Horse Troop of the Seventh Cavalry, with Lieutenant De Rudio in command; our captain, Charles Illsley, was then

away on the staff of General John Pope at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. I looked rather askance at Reno, whose reputation was being pulled apart all over the United States, and my impression of him was not improved by observation.

The regiment had got back to its post from the Yellowstone only a short time before and was in process of reorganization, with thirty new officers, some of whom had reported before me, while others were still to come in one at a time. Five hundred new recruits and five hundred new horses had just been received from the East. It was in the air that we were to take the field again in a short while, and the only property we each had was a saber, a trunk, and a roll of bedding, to which I added a couple of dogs, two shot-guns, and a Henry rifle. No one thought it worth while to acquire any furniture for the short period we would be able to use it.

Wallace and Varnum took me in with them to sleep in the drawing-room of the quarters just vacated by Mrs. Custer, who had gone East. Eight of us slept on the floor in our field bedding until the regiment started off on a new campaign; thus the house that Custer had left with such bright hopes the spring before was my first habitation on the Plains of the West. The first subscription in the Seventh Cavalry I was asked for was in the purchase, from the government, by the officers of the Seventh, of Custer's horse, Dandy, to be sent to Mrs. Custer.

Fort Lincoln at that time was the station of headquarters and eight troops of the Seventh Cavalry, and of two infantry companies that took care of the post in the absence of the cavalry, the latter living in what was called the Upper or Infantry Post on a high hill a mile distant from the Lower or Cavalry Post.

The Seventh Cavalry had come in from an expedition on the Yellowstone in the autumn of 1873, to find its winter quarters still unfinished, and had turned-to and nailed shingles, in order

to get some place to live before winter, which sets in early in the Northwest and usually rages with great fury. North Dakota is where the blizzards reach us out of Canada, straight down from the Arctic Circle, and a winter out of doors is not to be looked forward to with pleasure.

The constructing quartermaster was enabled, partly through this voluntary labor of the Seventh Cavalry, to save thirty thousand dollars from the appropriation made for construction; and although he did not finish the post, which never was completed before it was torn apart and destroyed, he thought he would acquire merit for economy by turning this thirty thousand dollars back into the Treasury as a saving, leaving successive garrisons, who had to live in an unfinished post, to execrate his memory. General Pope at Fort Leavenworth heard of this saving and went to Washington, where he induced the quartermaster-general to spend the sum on a road between Leavenworth and Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

The country began to roll just behind the post, the brakes and ravines of the Missouri dotted with little oak groves containing deer, and the river bottoms full of prairie-chickens beginning to pack for the winter. This was the country of my dreams and the Seventh Cavalry my choice of all the regiments in the army, which I would have chosen had I graduated at the head of my class. The great Sioux agency of Standing Rock was only sixty miles down the river, and we were on the Sioux reservation.

Francis Parkman wrote that "the Indian is a true child of the forest and the desert. The wastes and solitude of Nature are his congenial home, his haughty mind is imbued with the spirit of the wilderness, and civilization sits upon him with a blighting power. His unruly mind and untamed spirit are in harmony with the lonely mountains and cataracts, among which he dwells, and primitive America, with her savage men and

savage scenery, presents to the imagination a boundless world, unmatched in wild sublimity."

Here then before me was this primitive America for which I sought, and here was I with a spirit attuned to understand it and to rejoice in becoming a part of its life. Many of my contemporaries were children of the East, always looking eastward and longing to get back; but no matter how cold, how wet, how hungry I found myself during all the years of Plains life that followed, I felt that I was where I belonged.

#### WITH THE INDIANS

Wallace, who commanded the Sioux and Arikara scouts at that time, took me down into their village on the second day of my sojourn to make their acquaintance. There were always a few scouts kept there to carry despatches in the Indian country and to guide detachments out from the post. When an expedition was on foot there would be a large number of scouts brought from their agency to scout the country in front of the command, guide it through the country by the best route, and show where water could be found. The tribe from which they came would be chosen according to the country in which we were to operate and the tribe we were to operate against, taking advantage of their knowledge of the country where they had been brought up and of their enmity against their neighbors. Now and then there would be some willing to combine against their own tribe.

Realizing that the Sioux tribe was the largest and most powerful in the Northwest, I thought that their language must be the court language of that section, especially as the Arikara scouts all spoke it, and I made arrangements to have them teach me Sioux. I thought that a knowledge of the tongue would help me in getting command of the scouts, a position

sought after by the more adventurous lieutenants with no troop of their own. The position was analogous to that of an aviator of to-day; one could always be ahead of the command, away from the routine that was irksome, and sure to have a part in all the excitement.

I soon found that the Sioux language was quite limited in the scope of its usefulness, but that the sign language of the Plains was an intertribal language, spoken everywhere in the buffalo country from the Saskatchewan River of British America to Mexico, east of the Rocky Mountains and west of the Missouri, and I began the study of this at the same time with the Sioux, and have continued its study down to this very day.

Through my mastery of this means of communication with the natives, I soon became known to commanders of every grade, clear up to generals Sheridan and Miles, who befriended me as long as they lived; they gave me a freedom and scope I have seen extended to none else in the Indian country, perhaps because I was satisfied there and took pleasure in carrying out any work they might have for me. Generals Ruger and Merritt did likewise, and, in fact, I came and went as I pleased without question, but I always pleased to be on deck when I was wanted.

I began then an intensive study of every phase of the Indian and his customs, particularly as to how he might best be approached and influenced, a knowledge that has stood me in good stead many times, has doubtless saved my life again and again, and has also been used to the national benefit by different Presidents of the United States, by secretaries of war and of the interior.

It was the custom in those days for the cavalry to spend the greater part of the year in the saddle, either in pursuit of hostile Indians or in holding in check the semi-hostile. This was so much a matter of course that no officer could obtain a leave of absence, except under the most exceptional circum-







JOSEPH, CHIEF OF NEZ PERCÉ INDIANS IN IDAHO, 1877

stances, until after the return of the annual expedition from the field; the longest time the cavalry might expect to spend at the post would be the few months in the dead of winter, and often even this was not possible.

When operating in the Big Horn country we had scouts from the Crow tribe, who lived generally along the base of the Big Horn and Pryor Mountains and hated the Sioux with a mortal hatred. The scouts were kept always in advance, often ten, twenty, or thirty miles ahead, watching the whole country with a glass from the tops of high landmarks, themselves unseen, and a bird could scarcely fly over that country without their knowledge, for they knew of certain lookouts that commanded views of wide areas. Lying on top of one of these points, his head screened by a bunch of grass or sage-brush, a keen young Sioux, Cheyenne, Arikara, or Crow scout, eager for the fame only to be gained by military prowess in war, seeing a raven fly up suddenly, or a wolf or a coyote run up out of a ravine, stopping now and then to look backward, or a band of antelope or buffalo suddenly begin to stampede, would know that something had frightened them and would not leave his place until he had ascertained the source of the fear. Then he would back down out of sight on the reverse side of the hill and make his signals to the other scouts far in the rear.

While traveling with the scouts I lived just as they did, and allowed no custom of theirs to go unnoticed, never resting until I found the motive, which they were often unable to formulate themselves, although they were always the very soul of affability, anxious to impart information wherever possible. I know that I have been a sore trial to the patience of thousands of friendly Indians of different tribes by boring away at a subject which they were unable to elucidate, attacking the matter from every angle until they were worn out or I had attained my object. They must often have felt that I had been sent to them for their sins, or would have, had they thought they had any

sins for which to be punished. But the idea of sin is the white man's invention, and is foreign to the Indian.

#### INTO THE FIELD

Everybody in the Seventh Cavalry was feverishly engaged in training the "green" men and horses for the new campaign that everybody felt was imminent. I soon got an order to go down the Missouri, twenty-five miles to old Fort Rice, and bring back some artillery harness and make a battery out of some muzzle-loading guns, with cavalry soldiers and condemned cavalry horses, unfit to ride. Long before these new men and horses were properly trained and disciplined, orders came to cross to the east side of the Missouri. We were ferried across the river and went into camp on the Missouri bottom, my first night in the field with the Seventh Cavalry. Hare, whom I had known well in the class of '74, took command of the battery as my superior, as well as of his own Troop I, to which I had been transferred from E. We tented and messed together from that time on whenever we were in the same camp.

I was awakened in the middle of the night by a fearsome sound, which to my tenderfoot mind could only be caused by an attack on the camp by the whole Sioux tribe, and aroused Hare to help defend the camp. This caused Hare much merriment, for his longer experience had taught him that those incredible sounds were caused only by the ardent efforts of one lone coyote to impart his sorrows to the moon. I have since heard this sound times without number and always with pleasure. Although he is proscribed and hunted by men, I have the same friendly feeling for the coyote that actuates the Indian.

We were joined in this camp by our colonel and headquarters and remained here several days. No one knew where we were going or against whom we were to operate until orders were received to go down the Missouri River to disarm and dismount the Indians at the various Sioux agencies below, who

had been sending ammunition, rifles, and supplies to the hostile camps of Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull near the mountains. The Indian Department had at last awakened to the advisability of ending the traffic in arms and ammunition with the hostile camps.

Although there was a strong probability that the Sioux would resist having their arms and horses taken from them, we were going to attempt it with a force composed largely of new men and horses that had not had time to become half disciplined and instructed, and my battery was the least efficient of all because of the wider scope to be covered by instruction. I kept instructing them every day, but I well knew that my efforts and ability were inadequate if we were going to fight. However, it was the best that could be done under the circumstances, and I was too young and reckless to worry much. What bothered me infinitely more was that I had come west to be a flying cavalryman, to be free and far ahead with the scouts, and instead my adverse fate had nailed down my coat-tails to a battery that had to travel at a walk behind the column. I had not undergone five years of toil at West Point to come out to the Plains to be a wagon soldier, and my spirit chafed at the idea. I made every effort to get away from the battery to travel with the scouts, who broke camp and were on their way before daylight, covering the country far in front as carefully as pointer-dogs in search of quail.

We were furnished with that bane of the soldier's life, "contract transportation," that was continually breaking down on the road, by reason of which the command was often without its tents and dinners until one o'clock in the morning, wearing out men and animals uselessly. The battery, however, was allowed to keep its wagons with its guns and not in the quartermaster's train, and whenever one of our wagons got stuck in the mud a four-horse battery team would soon jerk it out. We saw to it that whenever we reached camp our wagons would

be with us, and we soon had our tents up and dinner ready. Seeing our colonel waiting for his, we would always invite him to dine with us, and it happened that he dined at our mess more frequently than at his own. The procurement of game made him more willing to let me go ahead with the scouts, and I would come into camp laden with chickens, snipe, and ducks for our mess and his, and it soon became a matter of course for me to leave the battery with Hare, my superior, in command, and go off with the scouts before daylight every day.

As we approached Standing Rock the signs of excitement among the Sioux began to be frequent. Every now and then we would find a travois <sup>1</sup> lying on the ground where the owner had left it on learning of our approach, cutting the lashings, allowing it to fall to the ground, then jumping on their horses and getting away in flight, abandoning all their property. This carried small message of danger to my tenderfoot mind, and the efforts of the Arikara scouts to make me join the others, motioning me back with their hands, saying, "You go home, Sioux kill him—Sioux kill him—Ktepi Ktepi!" made as little impression.

While I traveled carelessly along with my orderly we saw in the middle of the river bottom some Sioux bodies lashed on high platforms and went to examine them. We had seen a long line of Indian heads skirting the edge of the timber, watching our movements, but that made no difference to us until the orderly, looking up, called out, "Hurry up, lieutenant; they are going to fight!" and we saw the eight troops of the Seventh Cavalry coming front into line at a gallop over the bluffs, and Hare going into battery on a high knoll, while we were out in the middle of the bottom, half-way between the two forces. We thought we had better join our battery in a hurry to take part in anything that was going to happen.

<sup>1</sup> A litter made of two lodge poles drawn by horse or dog, the rear ends dragging on the ground.

After a short time some Indians started toward us, and old Two Bears, long chief of the Yanktonais Sioux, approached with several followers. He was dressed in buckskin, covered by a scarlet blanket with a broad band of beads across the center of the back, his face painted a deep red, and he carried a large red-stone pipe on his arm.

The colonel told him what he had come for. This caused the old man great excitement, the perspiration popping out through the greasy paint. He tried to make an argument, but the colonel told him he was there under orders from higher authority and was compelled to carry them out, whether he wanted to or not, and there was no use in discussing a matter which had been determined in St. Paul or Chicago; it was not in his power to alter the arrangements, and it would be best for all if Two Bears were to give up his horses and arms quietly and cheerfully, because he would take them anyhow and greatly preferred to do it without bloodshed. Two Bears agreed finally to give them up quietly and went back to the other Indians in the brush. Although several hundred Indians had been seen, nobody knew how many more there were in the woods.

The colonel and staff rode forward near the edge of the woods, and I went along uninvited, in an unostentatious position in rear. After a long wait Two Bears came out with some of his head men and laid an old broken cavalry saber, with half a blade, down at the feet of the colonel's horse, stepping back with a grand flourish as if saying, "There! See what I am doing for you!" After another long wait, probably utilized in hiding the good guns, a rusty old muzzle-loading rifle without a hammer was laid down beside the saber; then a Hudson's Bay fuke, without any flint, and some other guns equally as serviceable.

Although the proceedings were very ceremonious and the conditions highly tense and dangerous, I was obliged to hold on to my saddle to avoid falling off my horse with laughter. The

colonel's temper began to give way, and thinking that he was possibly being spoofed by wild Indians, he directed some detachments to dismount and search the lodges hidden for a long distance among the willows up and down the river. I joined one of these detachments. We searched the lodges up the river with a lot of other ignorant tenderfeet, some of whom acted very rudely and had to be severely checked. Looking back now I perceive that we were all in great danger of being killed, especially in view of the insulting mien of some of the recruits.

We gathered up a number of rifles and some carbines that showed by their numbers that they had been taken from Custer, but most of the good rifles had been hidden away earlier in the day and were never found.

It is more difficult, however, to hide a horse, and some three thousand were taken here and at the Cheyenne River agency and driven to Bismarck.

The colonel attempted to swim a bunch of horses across the Missouri and desisted only when he had succeeded in getting forty of them mired in a quicksand out of reach of help, where they were slowly sinking out of sight in the cold water in which a cake of ice would now and then float past. We had no boat with which to go to their assistance, and I asked permission to shoot them to put them quickly out of their misery, as their slow drowning was a heartrending sight to a cavalryman. I was told that certainly I might shoot them, if I wanted to, but that I must first pay their market price in St. Paul, and I had to go away in helpless sorrow.

Another sad thing happened here. I was sitting at headquarters when a Sioux chief named Mad Bear brought in a letter signed by General Sully in 1862, commending Mad Bear for saving a white woman at the Sioux massacre in Minnesota, having led her along by the hand, carrying her child on his back. When the colonel finished reading the letter, Mad Bear asked if he were going to take his rifle and horse away, treat-

ing him just as he did the wild Sioux who were at war with the soldiers half the time. The colonel told him that he had no authority to make any distinction and would have to take them. This embittered me beyond words; had I had my way, I would have given Mad Bear his horse and gun, making an example with ceremony to draw the attention of all the Sioux, and would have gone to the mat afterward with St. Paul by telegraph, but I was powerless to take any action.

Orders came from the secretary of the interior, through the War Department, to drive the horses to Bismarck, and then to St. Paul to be sold in that market. Every second lieutenant well knew the futility of trying to drive three thousand horses four hundred miles to St. Paul in the snow and cold of a Dakota winter. The consequence was that when the snow melted in the spring the passengers on the Northern Pacific Railway saw the road lined with the carcasses of horses on both sides of the track for four hundred miles to St. Paul. It was impossible to properly guard so many horses in a snow-storm on the open prairie, and large bunches were stolen at night along the way, a bare remnant of those starting from Bismarck reaching St. Paul, nothing but skin and bone, to meet a dead market. Under the circumstances, it would have been far more humane and less expensive to shoot every animal before leaving Bismarck. If the taking of the horses had been postponed until the grass started in the spring, all would have been saved.

Riding along one day with the scouts and the celebrated scout guide and interpreter, F. F. Gerard, we stopped for lunch near Blue Blanket Creek and Gerard gave me my first taste of beaver-tail, that celebrated prairie delicacy. It looked and tasted to me like tender cold roast pork and was very much sought after in the northwest by mountain men.

The Seventh Cavalry arrived once more opposite Fort Lincoln on November 11, 1876, Hare and I, being at the head of



the column, got across on the ferry with our troop and battery among the first, with a few others, the crossing ending at dark. The river froze over that night, and as the ice was too thick for the ferry and too thin to carry cavalry, half the command were prevented from crossing for a week, until the ice was strong enough to bear them.

#### TRoubles AT HOME

The winter of 1876-77 was a cold one in the northwest and was made more so for us by mismanagement at St. Paul, where the wood contract was not made in time to season the wood as usual, and we had to burn green cottonwood all winter. The cottonwood is full of sap, and it was only with the greatest difficulty and with the help now and then of a dry stick that we could keep the fire alight.

The weather was usually too cold and stormy to drill out of doors. The men had not been sufficiently disciplined and instructed on their arrival, having had to take the field too early; and now, after an expedition, they considered themselves veterans and never did become thoroughly disciplined. They were a rough lot who had enlisted in cities under stress of the excitement caused by the Custer fight, and were called the "Custer avengers." Many of them were criminals that were got rid of by court martial from time to time during the winter and discharged.

I succeeded to the command of I troop for the winter, during Hare's absence on leave, for our captain was away for a year abroad. Fifteen or twenty of the men would run away at night, crossing the Missouri, the boundary of the reservation, on the ice, to a small village maintained just off the reservation, where they could not be reached, and where whisky and depraved women were to be found in plenty. Here they would get drunk and fight, and now and then one would be murdered or



QUANAH PARKER, CHIEF OF THE COMANCHES

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infected with a disease, and there was no legal way to stop it. Some fell down drunk on the road at night and froze to death.

I was officer of the day on Christmas and responsible for order in the post. Just as I sat down to our Christmas dinner some one whispered in my ear that the prisoners had procured whisky in the guard-house and were battering down the door with the cord-wood sticks given them to burn. I rushed down to the guard-house at once and heard pandemonium going on inside. The guard-house was divided into two parts by a driveway through the center, with the prison-room on one side and the guard-room on the other, both raised a foot from the ground. There were fifty prisoners altogether, some of them in for murder and robbery, all in one large room, lighted by a few candles. They were still pounding on the door with cord-wood sticks, and the noise inside was so great that they could not hear my orders to desist. The door by that time was hanging only by the outside hasp and the upper hinge. I formed the guard with loaded rifles in front of the door and, freeing the hasp suddenly, saw two drunken men standing on the floor a foot above me, engaged in breaking down the door. Before they got over their surprise at the sudden opening of the door, I jumped up on the floor between them and threw them down, one after the other, on the floor outside, where the guard jumped on top of them, handcuffed them, and put them away in a cell to sober up. One of the sergeants then went around inside with me to cull out the worst cases, to be locked in cells.

It has always been a surprise to me that some of them did not blow out the few dim candles and stab us there in the dark where no one could tell who did it; but things happened too quickly, I suppose, for them to think of it. They were none too good, however, for they formed a conspiracy the same week to knock the sergeant of the guard on the head when he opened the door, and all were to rush out and escape; but the sergeant was too careful for them, and had the door unlocked by a

member of the guard, standing himself below the entrance with a cocked revolver in his hand. When the door opened he saw a man poised above him with a club, about to crush in his skull, and he killed him with the revolver before he could strike the blow. That ended the conspiracy for the time being.

The dead man had been a member of my troop, and it was at this juncture that I made my *début* as a chaplain. There was no regular chaplain at the post to bury the man, and I had to do it myself, reading the Episcopal service for the dead, as I have had to do a number of times since.

Shortly after a pay-day in the middle of winter, I rode alone to Bismarck to buy a chair and a student-lamp, and found the town full of intoxicated soldiers. The mayor had telegraphed to the commanding officer to send over and "get the Seventh Cavalry," some three hundred of whom were shooting up the town. Lieutenant Williams Biddle, a very fine young officer from Philadelphia, whom I had known at Princeton College, was sent over with fifty men to bring back those who were there absent without leave and making a disturbance. When I ran across Biddle he was in great distress. He had dismounted his troops in the middle of the street and had gone into a saloon to bring out the men he was after, putting them under charge of his guard while he went after some more, and when he came back again guard and prisoners were all gone. I volunteered to help him, one to catch and the other to hold. He soon went off with the "Seventh Cavalry," and I went back to make my purchases.

Returning to the post alone, I found a soldier dead drunk, lying in the snow, with his arm through the bridle of his horse, which was standing over him, by far the more intelligent of the two. He was more than a mile from any house. I tried to lift him up on his horse, but he was totally without intelligence. I could lift him up against the side, but he would slip down like a sack of wheat when I tried to change my hold to lift him

higher. I worked at it in a sort of desperation, for there was no help in sight for miles, and he was certain to freeze to death if I left him to summon an ambulance from the post. Finally I had to give up trying to get him on his horse, and, working myself down underneath him, pulled his arms forward over my shoulders and stood up, with him on my back, his legs hanging down as limp as strings. I then put my arm through both bridles and staggered along, carrying him on my back for more than a mile, and leading both horses until I reached a log house occupied by a depraved woman, on whose floor I threw him and left him for her to take care of, too angry to care much what became of him, so long as he did not die.

I was much occupied during the winter, with Blacksmith Korn of I Troop, in taking care of the horse Comanche, a survivor of the Custer disaster left on the battle-field. He was brought down on the steamboat with the rest of the wounded, with nine shots through him. He had been ridden into the fight by Colonel Keogh, then captain of I Troop, who was killed. Comanche was one of the original mounts of the Seventh Cavalry, purchased in 1867 in St. Louis, and was a very fine cavalry horse.

We nursed him all winter and finally got him well and strong. Our colonel issued a regimental order that he should never be ridden again and should be paraded in all his regalia with the headquarters of the regiment at all ceremonies, led by a member of I Troop. Longfellow heard of this and wrote a poem about him. The noble animal marched with the regiment to the Black Hills in 1879, south to Fort Riley, Kansas, in 1888, to the place where he began service in 1867. He was a great favorite in the regiment, and he died years afterward at Fort Riley. Professor Dyce of the University of Kansas, at Lawrence, "set him up," and he may be seen now at Lawrence, just as he used to look during his valiant life.

Toward spring my colonel sent for me and said he wanted

to send a batch of prisoners to the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, that no batch had ever left Fort Lincoln from which some of the prisoners had not escaped, and that he had selected me to take this batch, in the belief that I would get them all through.

There were ten in the batch with long sentences. One man in particular, named Williamson, seemed to have a mania for cutting people, having tried to cut Lieutenant McIntosh on the Yellowstone, and having succeeded in cutting a wagon-master on Powder River. After that episode he had deserted with several others, but eventually they had all been picked up near Fort Lincoln in a starving condition. They made the boast now that they would all escape before getting to Leavenworth.

When it came time to leave I had them shackled in pairs, left leg to left leg, so that should they start to run in a crowded station, where they could not be fired on for fear of hitting innocent people, the chain, joining the shackles, would trip them up.

I warned them that this was the only talk I was going to make to them, and that at the first attempt to escape they would get a bullet without warning. The Northern Pacific Railway did not run at night and the prisoners had to be put in jails at Bismarck, Fargo, and St. Paul. At Brainerd, Minnesota, the lock-up was too old and rotten to be trusted, and I hired a large room in the hotel in which to spend the night. Passing through a dark hall at dusk, Williamson and his shackle partner started to run into a side door, but, hearing the click of the revolver being cocked, they threw up their hands and begged for their lives just in time.

The members of my guard were all strange to me but one, who got drunk, and I was afraid to trust any of them. I told them to go to bed and I would watch all night. The prisoners slept on the floor at one end, and I sat up with my revolver handy at the other, as far away from them as I could get, lest

they make an attempt to rush me. I took a knife away from Williamson at Bismarck, at Fargo, and at Omaha; he always begged for them. The others would steal hair-pins on the train with which to unlock their handcuffs. I took them away at every stop. I handcuffed them, four together, in addition to shackling them, two and two, when going through crowded stations. It took a week, but we finally all got to the military prison, and I got my receipt for them.

Later Williamson cut a companion with a shoe-knife in the shoe shop and was then put in the Federal Prison at Leavenworth, where he committed suicide, and he never carried out his threat to come "up the creek" (Missouri River) to take care of me when his time was up.

I did well in not trusting my guard, for the sergeant returned to Fort Lincoln, where he was sergeant of the guard in charge of a very important prisoner. He was bribed to allow him to escape, and they both deserted together. They were recaptured up near the British line, brought back, and tried by court-martial, and the sergeant, among other things, was sentenced to be drummed out of the service.

Drumming out of the service was a custom inherited from the British Army. The whole command was paraded, and the prisoner under guard brought to the front and center, where all his buttons and insignia were cut off and the order read. Then the prisoner was brought to the right of the line with a placard tied around his neck marked "Deserter," "Thief"—depending upon his crime—and started down the line from right to left, preceded by the drums and fifes which played the tune for this refrain:

Poor old soldier; poor old soldier,  
Tarred and feathered and sent to hell  
Because he would not soldier well!

At the left of the line he was turned loose and told to get



off the post. The sergeant of my guard was drummed out of the service at Fort Lincoln in the summer of 1877, and this was the last case of the kind in the American Army.

#### THE ANNUAL EXPEDITION

Shortly after my return from Fort Leavenworth, preparations were begun for the annual expedition. We crossed the Missouri on May 3 and went up to Fort Buford at the mouth of the Yellowstone—eleven troops of the Seventh Cavalry and no battery. The grass had not started yet, and the nights were cold. After the first rain the burned prairies were covered with grass-plover running about everywhere in pairs, and the big sickle-billed curlew were innumerable. Their shrill whistle would be heard at all hours of the day, and they would frequently hover overhead, stationary enough to be killed with a rifle. The little green and purple anemone was the first flower to make its appearance, but soon the flowers were everywhere in great banks of every hue.

We crossed the Missouri at old Fort Union, then went up the Yellowstone to Sunday Creek near the cantonment of logs with dirt roofs where General Miles had wintered with the Fifth Infantry. I went from here with my captain, H. J. Nowlan, and his Troop I, up the Yellowstone, crossing above the mouth of the Big Horn; then up the Big Horn to the mouth of the Little Big Horn, where the Fifteenth Infantry had come to begin construction of Fort Custer. Here we met Colonel Mike Sheridan, military secretary to his brother, the general. He was to go with us to get the bones of Custer and all his officers whose bodies were recognized, except Crittenden, whose father wished him to be buried where he fell—he lies there yet. Custer is buried at West Point, Keogh at Auburn, New York, and the others at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where tablets to their memory were placed by the Seventh Cavalry in the post chapel.

We borrowed a skiff here and swam the horses and mules

across the Big Horn, then at the June rise and ice cold from the melting of the snow in the mountains, and very swift.

Captain Nowlan was a close friend of Captain Keogh, both Irishmen, and he loved the government horse Paddy, ridden by Keogh up to the fight, when he changed to Comanche.

The horses were towed by their lariats, six at a time, across the Big Horn behind the skiff. The lariats were thrown loose near the opposite shore to facilitate catching the horses on landing. Nowlan's orderly failed to take off the iron picket-pins of Paddy and his own horse, and the current wound the ropes around the legs of both horses in an inextricable snarl, drawing the head of the orderly's horse under the water and drowning him. The current here, twenty feet deep, carried both horses up against a cut-bank, where it swerved in near the mouth of the Little Big Horn, right against the bank. I ran down and caught Paddy's head-stall, wrapping my legs around a stump, and was nearly pulled apart by the current, hauling on the two horses, until some men came up and relieved me. I was very angry at the orderly for his neglect and ordered him to swim down and cut his dead horse loose. He began to cry, saying he could not swim; nobody else wanted to volunteer, and since it was impossible to order anybody into such a place lest he be unable to swim well enough and be drowned, I had to strip and go down myself.

The water was ice-cold and dark below with mud, so that nothing could be seen. I first cut the dead horse loose and let him go. Then I had to go down nine times alongside of Paddy in the darkness to cut him free from the knotted and tangled lariat, that tied his hind legs together and fastened in some way his front legs. He was held up by his head-stall, with no footing below. Every now and then he would make spasmodic efforts with all four feet to get a footing, and this was extremely dangerous in the darkness; but finally all the tangles were cut away, and he was eased down to the mouth of the

Little Big Horn and led out, none the worse for his experience.

The horse of one of the men went down with the current and landed on a little island in the Big Horn. The man swam over and got him and brought him back. Many years afterward he wrote asking me to get him a medal of honor for his conduct in getting that horse. He said he was exhausted before reaching the island and had already commended his soul to God, fully expecting to drown when he struck a bar and waded out. He said, "What the lieutenant done was noble, but what I done was heroic." But the hard-boiled medal board to which his letter was referred would have none of him.

We picked up Colonel Sheridan and all the Crow scouts that had gone with Custer the year before, and went out fifteen miles to the battle-field and were there on June 25, exactly a year after the fight. The valley was a different sight; whereas the year before it had been thick with dust from drought and the tramping of innumerable hoofs, now the grass grew luxuriantly, higher than the stirrups, and flowers were everywhere.

Nowlan had a chart he had made the year before, when he was quartermaster for General Terry. The chart showed where each officer was buried. A piece of a lodge-pole about five feet long was driven at the head, and as both pole and chart were marked with the same Roman figures, it was easy to find them all. Nowlan and Sheridan worked all the morning while I kept the camp, and I was to go out to work in the afternoon, but the work was finished sooner than expected. I went out with a detachment to bury all the others I could find. There was no time to dig deep graves, and I was told to cover the bones made up into little piles where they were lying. This I did, but the soil was like sugar and I have no doubt the first rain liquefied it and exposed the bones later. We had neither the force nor the time to rebury the whole command in deep graves, as we were obliged to join the main command.

We left about noon next day for the Big Horn River. I went

out to count the sites of the Sioux lodges and had counted more than fifteen hundred when I had to stop and leave with the troop. There were very many willow wickiups, in addition, occupied by Sioux, who were out there from the agencies without their families; the lodges were crowded with sometimes four and five men in one. It was said there were nearer seven thousand men than six thousand in the various villages.

Shortly after leaving the neighborhood of the battle-field, the Crow scouts rushed in, saying that the Sioux were out there thicker than the grass on the ground. Half Yellowface and Curly had run off to the camp of the infantry at the site of Fort Custer, afraid of another Custer disaster. We squared off at each other, getting ready to fight, until it was discovered through the glass that there was a cavalry officer among the Sioux, and we soon got together and found that it was Captain Rodgers of the Fifth Cavalry, with a large band of Sioux and Arapahó scouts, who had taken some pack-trains to General Miles at Tongue River and was on his way back to the Platte. After a little talk we left them, continuing our march to the Big Horn.

We recrossed the Big Horn in a skiff, swimming the stock again, and next day marched to the Yellowstone. Two days before, the Crows had killed one thousand head of buffalo in the Big Horn Valley, above where Hardin now stands. There is to-day a bridge across the Big Horn, and from this bridge last year I pointed out to Mrs. Scott where I had had to cut the ropes from Paddy. It was six hundred miles from the railway when it occurred, and Mrs. Scott, then a young girl at Fort Lincoln, never expected to see that country.

The Great Crow camp was at the mouth of the Big Horn, composed of all the Mountain and River Crows, together with fifteen thousand horses. They had been held there by General Miles for a steamboat to take them over the Yellowstone and give them rations and ammunition. The thousands of buffalo

and horses had tramped the valley into dust, and the verdure was all gone.

Our transportation was very short, and I had only a little bit of a tent of white canvas which let the sun through and burned my face. When left open it filled with flies; and when shut the heat was unbearable, and every little puff of wind would fill it with dust. I wandered into the huge buffalo-skin lodge of Iron Bull, head chief of the Crows, passing at once into a new world. The hide lodge cover was well smoked from the fire and the sun could not penetrate. There was a dim religious light inside that discouraged the flies. Beds of buffalo robes were all around the wall, and the floor was swept clean as the palm of one's hand. The old man, attired only in his breech-clout, was lying on his back in bed, crooning his war-songs and shaking his medicine rattle. He was the picture of comfort in that cool, dark lodge, and I said to him, "Brother, I want to come and stay in here with you until we leave"; and he and Mrs. Iron Bull made me very welcome. Theirs was the largest and finest lodge I have ever seen. The cover of twenty-five skins was in two pieces. The poles were twenty-five feet long and five inches in diameter, and it took six horses to drag them.

The Crows crossed the Yellowstone in a steamboat before we could, and went down the river. We crossed some days after, swimming the stock as before. One of our fine mules got loose with all his harness on his back. We saw him carried down by the current out of our sight around a bend of the river, and bade him good-by, never expecting to see him again, but three days afterward we found him peacefully grazing out in the middle of a river bottom, far below, with all his harness intact.

We had a very unpleasant hail-storm on Froze-to-Death Creek, with hailstones one and a half inches in diameter, and there was great to-do to prevent our horses from getting away. When struck in the head by hailstones they think they are

being beaten and become frantic. The year before some of the horses had got away in a hail-storm, with saddles, bridles, and carbines, and were never seen again.

This storm was very general in the Northwest, the hailstones breaking more than a thousand panes of glass at Fort Lincoln and destroying the gardens; but the greatest damage was caused on Porcupine Creek, where the Crows were camped. We passed through there next day and found that the Crows had lost seven hundred horses, some of which had stampeded over a high bluff into the Yellowstone, and their dead bodies floated down the river, past Fort Keogh, for days. Many horses and colts were killed, where they stood, by chunks of ice larger than half a brick, caused by the freezing together of several large hailstones in the upper air.

We went on down the river and joined the Seventh Cavalry on Sunday Creek. The whole of the Northwest seemed very peaceable, and the talk of the Seventh was that we should soon go back to Fort Lincoln. Everybody built sunshades over their tents and generally made themselves comfortable. I went over to Fort Keogh several times, the old log cantonment, and took dinner with my classmate Long of the Fifth Infantry, as well as with Captain and Mrs. Baldwin and General and Mrs. Miles.

While here, Generals Sherman, Sheridan, and Terry came out, and one day a telegram arrived, telling of the killing of my classmate, Sevier Rains of the First Cavalry, with fifteen of his men, by Nez Percé Indians, far on the other side of the Rocky Mountains in Idaho. I had little dreamed that those Indians hundreds of miles away would ever affect me.

General Miles sent for me soon after and said that there were Sioux war-parties, from Sitting Bull's camp in Canada, operating over on the Musselshell, and directed me to take ten men and thirty-five Northern Cheyenne scouts and go over and see what they were doing.

Among the Cheyennes were Two Moons, Little Chief, Hump,

Black Wolf, Ice (or White Bull), Brave Wolf, and White Bear—some of the cream of the Northern Cheyennes, who had fought against Custer the year before and had surrendered to General Miles from the hostile camps but recently. My friends cheerfully advised me not to go with them, saying that they had just surrendered, and that they had only to shoot me and run over the Canadian border to Sitting Bull, where they could not be punished; if I went with them the chances were I would not come back. But I never felt that way toward them. They were all keen, athletic young men, tall and lean and brave, and I admired them as real specimens of manhood more than any body of men I have ever seen before or since. They were perfectly adapted to their environment, and knew just what to do in every emergency and when to do it, without any confusion or lost motion. Their poise and dignity were superb; no royal person ever had more assured manners. I watched their every movement and learned lessons from them that later saved my life many times on the prairie.

We did not, however, see any Indians or a recent trail. After our return, Captain Benteen was sent with his Troop H over to the head of the Mini-pusa or Dry Fork of the Missouri on the same errand, and a number of us were allowed to go with him to run buffalo. We were sitting one day on top of a high peak that overlooked the country in every direction for twenty miles on all sides, and everywhere we looked the prairie was full of buffalo. Benteen thought that we could see at least three hundred thousand buffalo in one view. And if we could see that many, there were many thousands more out of sight in the ravines and hollows. I have ridden in after years through a pasture of Indian Territory thirty miles square, where one hundred thousand counted cattle had been turned loose, and did not see more than five hundred, the others being hidden away out of sight.

While sitting on the bank of the Yellowstone one day, wait-

ing for the ferry, I heard the jingle of sleigh-bells on the trail coming down from the table-land above, and soon some Northern Cheyenne came down and asked if they might cross with me on the ferry. I noticed an extra horse with a bloody scalp tied to his bit, and, asking whose horse it was, learned that it belonged to White Bear, who had been separated from the others on the table-land above, where he was attacked by seven Sioux. He got into some brush and killed and scalped one Sioux and took his horse; and the others, not daring to go into the brush after him, got tired and went away, leaving him alone.

White Bear had a great scar across his face that made him look very savage. He was sitting at the opening of a skin lodge in the Cheyenne village inside which some medicine ceremonies were going on one day, when I came along with Tom Sherman, whose father, General Sherman, had asked me to show his son the Cheyenne camp. Tom started to go into the lodge, where he was not wanted lest he "break" the medicine going on inside. Not understanding the refusal, he persisted in trying to enter, until White Bear flourished a knife about a yard long in his face. The combination of the knife and White Bear's face was more than enough for him.

#### AFTER THE NEZ PERCÉS

I had no sooner got rested on Sunday Creek than I was ordered to take a wagon-train to Fort Custer. The empty wagons were each hauled by a six-mule team, the driver riding the off-wheel mule, managing the team with a jerk-line—a long single rein. I put my saddle in the wagon and drove the lead team for a hundred and ten miles, so as to learn to drive with the jerk-line. This knowledge has since stood me in good stead many times.

Coming back with one wagon and a few men below Porcupine Creek on the Yellowstone, I cut across a high prairie and



saw some one riding alone at a distance. Such things had to be inquired into in those days, and getting near I was astounded to meet an officer of the Seventh Cavalry, out there all by himself. We sat down together on the prairie to exchange the latest news, our horses being held at a little distance by my orderly. I asked him what he was doing there alone and where he was going. He said that Lieutenant Doane of the Second Cavalry, with De Rudio of the Seventh, and E Troop, were out of sight on the river bottom, going to the Judith Gap to fight Nez Percés, and he was going to join them in a few minutes. He said the Seventh Cavalry was still on Sunday Creek, and he bemoaned his fate in having had to give up a poker game and come away.

It flashed on me that since that poker game was so dear to his heart, I might suggest a temporary transfer, which would let me go to the Judith Gap and let him go back to his game. The orderly was holding the horses about thirty feet away, and I called, "McKenna, how would you like to go and fight the Nez Percés?" He answered quickly, "I'm wid yez," and it was soon arranged for me to go down to the regiment on Sunday Creek and get the authority and catch up with them. Their mess needed a bottle of walnut pickles and a tin bucket, which I promised to bring if I could get away.

We took the trot and went twenty-five miles, camping opposite the old cantonment on the bluffs above the Yellowstone. McKenna went down to the regiment twelve miles to get permission to exchange and bring back my extra horse, while I went across to get the permission of General Miles, who then commanded the district of the Yellowstone. McKenna returned with the permission next morning. I got the walnut pickles and tin bucket, and sent my clothing and bedding roll to the regiment, intending to exchange it for the other fellow's roll, as I had no other transportation than our saddle-horses, but I

never saw my property again—my overcoat, underclothing, boots, extra clothing, and six silk buffalo-robcs I had picked out of four thousand robes that a trader had bartered from the Crows at the mouth of the Big Horn for six cups of brown sugar apiece, holding his big thumb all the time in the cup. He charged ten dollars apiece for a blanket, and I traded my blankets for robes—and never saw any of them again.

We took the trail and trotted forty-five miles to the Big Porcupine and reached camp as they were sitting down to dinner. About the middle of dinner we saw a steamboat coming down around the bend and fired a shot across her bows. She turned into the bank, the officer led his horse aboard, and I was not to see him for three months, during which I traveled more than a thousand miles.

We went up to the mouth of Froze-to-Death Creek, where eleven Crows had frozen sometime in the long past. We fed the last of the oats here. Grain is very bad for the morals of a horse or mule, though good for his body and strength. It will seduce the morals of any mount, no matter how reliable he may be otherwise. Next morning we marched forty-five miles up Froze-to-Death Creek, one of the most exhausting marches I ever made. The creek was dry above, and the heat was terrific. The buffalo had eaten off all the grass. We passed antelope that stood and let us go by not more than thirty yards away, when the wind was right, for all animals are tame when running among the buffalo, they were probably unable to distinguish us from buffalo by sight but were exceedingly quick to get away when the wind was toward them. We reached a small lake up on the divide, about six inches deep, where we watered the stock and took care of the animals, but we were all so exhausted that we lay down on the ground and passed the night without cooking dinner or making camp.

The next morning seven pack-mules were reported missing,

and it was thought that some Indian had run them off, but I said that I knew where they were; they had gone back to the Yellowstone where we last fed grain. A sergeant was sent to look for them, and sure enough there they were, howling for grain, and the poor sergeant had to make that grueling march with his detachment three times, all on account of the grain fed on the Yellowstone.

We got breakfast and went over to the big Crow camp then at the Big Bend of the Musselshell, where we remained for some time, moving camp with them once a week to find grass for their immense horse herd. They ran buffalo once a week with savage ceremony. All Mountain and River bands of Crows were in that village of more than three thousand persons, and needed a great deal of meat. Those Crows were rich in everything an Indian required to be happy. They wore wonderful dresses of the primitive style, buckskin ornamented with beads, porcupine quills, and ermine. A thousand dollars would not pay for one of those costumes now.

The camp had meat drying everywhere. Everybody was care-free and joyous in a way we do not comprehend in this civilized day. All the life of a nation was going on there before our eyes. Here the head chiefs were receiving ambassadors from another tribe. Following the sound of drums, one would come upon a great gathering for a war-dance, heralding an expedition to fight the Sioux. Or one came to a lodge where a medicine-man was doctoring a patient to the sound of a drum and rattle. Elsewhere a large crowd surrounded a game of ring and spear, on which members of the tribe were betting everything they owned: the loser lost without dispute or quiver of an eyelid. In another place a crowd was witnessing a horse-race with twenty-five horses starting off at the first trial, and no jockeying back and forth to wear out the opponent's nerve; the stakes were two piles of goods, one the property of each side, the victors to take both and divide the winnings. All day





*Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology.*

AHPIATOM, CHIEF OF THE KIWAS

and far into the night there was something happening of intense interest to me.

We were once sitting at dinner when we heard a great shooting of guns and thought it must be an attack by the Sioux, and we all rushed out to see. It was the return of a war-party with Sioux scalps taken along the Powder River. They dashed into camp, firing off their guns, and their wives and sweethearts ran out to receive them with the utmost joy, while a wail for the dead went up from their relatives.

I was completely fascinated with the life in that great village of skin lodges, the color, the jollity, the good-will and kindness encountered everywhere. Getting into camp sometimes before the train, I would pick out our camp, unsaddle, put my rifle-belt of ammunition on it, with field-glasses, and go visiting all around the village, without seeing my property for hours in the midst of that camp of more than three thousand wild Indians.

The Crows were very primitive in those days. All they had of the white man's manufacture was a few blankets, beads, guns and some saddles made by Main & Winchester, of California. Many rode saddles of their own make, but there was not a wagon nor a white man's suit of clothes among them. My rifle, ammunition, and field-glasses would have been a fortune for a Crow, but I never lost so much as a cartridge in that village, although I left my belongings unguarded for hours. I wonder how long one of their beaded fire-bags would last if left on the pavement in one of our large cities.

The buffalo runs were under control of the soldiers, who had the management of the whole village. Buffalo runs were allowed only on certain days agreed upon among the chiefs. The herds were carefully watched by the young soldiers to note the direction they were moving, and none was allowed to shoot a gun on an off day, or disturb the herds, under pain of being "soldiered," i.e., punished by the soldiers. If men had

been allowed to shoot any time they wished, the buffalo would soon have been driven far away from the village, and the people would have gone hungry. It was a severe punishment for the aged, crippled, and wounded to have to move frequently to keep up with the buffalo; and in order not to frighten the animals and prevent them from going far away, the soldiers would select a small bunch far from the main herd to avoid alarming them. Everybody who wanted meat would go out under the direction of the soldiers and drive them away so as not to scare the others, and would kill every one if possible.

Sometimes a family would get out of meat, and the man would get stubborn. The soldiers would see him tying up several pack-ponies in front of his lodge; on an off day that would mean that he was going after meat. A soldier would quietly cut the ponies' ropes and drive them out of camp, while the owner was inside his lodge. This would put him in a fury, and he would then take his packs somewhere out of sight and saddle, and get out of camp, thinking he was unseen. He would kill an antelope or buffalo, and the soldiers would come up out of a ravine, break his gun, and maybe slit his lodge-cover into ribbons and beat him with a quirt. This was not the act of an individual but the act of the tribe for the protection of its food, a tribal punishment, and was called soldiering—to soldier a man. To soldier-kill was not a murder but a tribal act.

I once knew of an officer sent out on the range with a large band of Indians, who were out to make meat. He went with them to prevent complications with white men. He was told not to hunt on an off day, but he announced that he was the commander there and would do as he pleased and would not be told by Indians what he might or might not do. He started out on an off day to kill an antelope and, seeing one, first looked all around to make certain he was alone. He saw no one but as soon as he fired at the antelope Indians began coming up out of ravines, seemingly from under the ground. They gave

him a good beating over the back with their bows and told him that a second offense would mean his death.

This action was far different from that of Lieutenant G. K. Warren in 1855, who went on an exploring expedition west of the Black Hills of Dakota. He was met by a band of Sioux under their chief, Bear's Rib, who told him that they were holding the buffalo between the Black Hills and the Big Horn Mountains until their robes were in proper condition; that the buffalo were their shelter, food, and clothing, and if he went up there he would likely drive away and scatter their winter food. Bear's Rib said he was a friend of the white men but did not believe he could control his warriors if their food were interfered with. Warren replied that those were their buffalo, and he certainly would not interfere with them, but would turn back, going through to the east side of the Black Hills, thence north, and out of the way of the buffalo. If all white men had been as considerate of the Indian as Lieutenant Warren, we would never have had such bloody clashes.

Lieutenant Doane, although of the Second Cavalry, with only five men of his own troop, was put in command by General Miles of De Rudio's Troop E of the Seventh Cavalry. He had been with the "lost tribes of the Second Cavalry," the squadron stationed at Fort Ellis, Montana, ever since 1868, and he was a thorough plainsman, able to do everything anybody else could do on the prairie except interpret. I modeled myself on him as a soldier, watched him carefully, and learned from him how to set up an aparejo and to throw the diamond so that, if the packing should be delayed, we two would pitch in to help pack ourselves and get the command out of camp in a hurry. There was no delay, for no one loitered where we were in the train, and we could put our hands to anything and show others how it was done. I was by that time an interpreter in a small way, knowing enough to get about, but not yet able to interpret in council.



We left the Crows on the Musselshell and marched up the Swimming Woman Creek toward the Snowy Mountains and the Judith Gap. We spent two nights of clear moonlight on the banks of the Swimming Woman. Nearing the Judith Gap next day with Jack Baronett, the scout a blacksmith, and one other whose name I forget, we were about two miles ahead of the troop. Jack looked up and said, "There the Nez Percés are now!" and we could see a party of twenty Indians in the gap.

The blacksmith said, "Let's charge them!" I did not want to charge them a little bit, but I was very green and thought that if a blacksmith was willing to charge, it would not do for a second lieutenant to demur, and so we galloped right at them, revolvers drawn. They did not seem at all disturbed, and when we got almost within shooting distance Jack called out, "They're River Crows!" Had they been Nez Percés, as we thought at first, they would have killed us as dead as Julius Cæsar, which would have served us right for being such fools.

Two railways now run through the Judith Gap, and passing through on the train lately I had the pleasure of pointing out to Mrs. Scott the place I once nearly lost seven years' growth from fright, while charging twenty men with four.

When we were camped in the gap, watching for Nez Percés to come along, an Indian came in with a despatch giving us the news of the battle of the Big Hole, far westward from us, between Joseph, the Nez Percé chief, and General Gibbon with the Seventh Infantry.

Doane had told us where the Nez Percés were going to go a month and a half before they actually went. He knew that country and the habits of the Indians so well that he could predict everything they did. He saw that our supplies were too low to wait for Indians to travel all that distance from the Big Hole, and so we went into Fort Ellis to reshoe and refit. Colonel Allen and Doane had been trying to get up a Crow

war-party to go with us to strike the Nez Percés somewhere west of Fort Ellis. The Crows refused to say anything except that "the Nez Percé heart was Crow, and the Crow heart was Nez Percé," showing their friendship for their own color; and despairing of getting any Crow Scouts, we started off without them.

At our camp that night we heard many small parties coming singing on the prairie. The next morning there were two hundred Crows in camp, ready to go to war with us. It was their custom to rendezvous at the first camp out at night, and to come singing across the prairie so we would not mistake them for enemies and fire on them in the darkness.

As soon as we could refit and draw rations at Fort Ellis, we loaded a number of wagons and started for the Yellowstone Park, where Doane said he was going to intercept the Indians. We took our pack-train also, intending to send our wagons back from Gardners River, for there were no roads beyond.

The Crows began to drop out before we had gone far, parties leaving in the night, each morning seeing fewer and fewer, until we had only twenty left, who stayed with us to the end.

Going through the second and third canyons that lead down to Cinnabar Mountain with its red streak, called the Devil's Slide, we could see a column of smoke far in the distance. Soon the Crows came rushing in back behind the troops, saying that the Nez Percés in front were as thick as the grass on the ground. They threw off their saddles, painted their faces, put on their war-bonnets, and came rushing to the front again, riding bareback. Soon Jack Baronett and Colonel Allen came back, reporting that the smoke we saw was at Henderson's ranch on the Yellowstone, set afire by Nez Percés. Jack announced his intention of going back there, and I announced mine of going with him, and asked Doane's permission. He said I could go if I would take ten men and the troop would come along as fast as it could behind. I told him I didn't want

ten men; that that was just enough to get us all killed as Rains was killed by these same Indians with fifteen men in July; that they were not enough to make a fight with, and I could not leave them, whereas Jack and I could at the first sign separate in the brush, where Indians would not follow, and get away. But Doane said, "You can't go without them." "Get them out then," I said, "in a hurry," and changed my saddle to my best horse, ready to go, and we were away in less than ten minutes, leaving the troop to follow with the train.

It seemed that there were three men and a boy staying in Henderson's ranch on the Yellowstone, near the mouth of Gardiner's River. Two had gone down to the Yellowstone to fish, three hundred yards from the house, leaving one man lying on the bed and the boy working about the place. After a while the man arose, walked to the door and looked up the road. Seeing eight Nez Percés Indians charging down toward the house, he called to the boy, and both seized all the rifles and ammunition and ran to the other men fishing; all hid behind the bank, watching. The Indians came up behind the house, got the horses out of the corral, set fire to the house, and went back to join ten others who had stopped, watching from the hillside. Then the eighteen went back, driving the horses up the river. The white men put us on the Indian trail at once, and we pushed them hard enough to get back nineteen horses. We rounded a point and at McCartney's cabin in a side gulch found a white man lying dead at the door, not yet cold. He had been standing in the doorway, looking out, when one of the Indians we were chasing rounded the point and shot him. He had plunged forward on his face, and been shot again, the bullet going the length of his body.

The trail led past the base of an extinct geyser cone called the Liberty Cap, near where the hotel is now, and I proposed first to follow it, and bury the dead man afterward; but Jack, who had spent his life in that country and knew it far better

than I, would not hear of it. He said we could be ambushed from a near-by ridge at twilight and we must get right back lest a larger force get us all, and it was too dark anyway to follow the trail. I depended largely on Jack's superior experience and judgment, and we went back to find the troop camped on an irrigating ditch, in which we could lie with access to water and make a good fight, if attacked by a large force.

That night Doane told me to take twenty men next morning to go to Baronett's Bridge and see if the Indians had crossed there, and to set fire to the grass coming back to burn the Indians out of the Yellowstone Valley. The Crows could not be induced to go ahead, and I paid one named "Full up to his Throat" to ride with me thinking he would be apt to hear or see something in one of the copses I might miss along the trail, and give us warning. He rode along by my side every day for more than a month.

They wanted me to go on the trail down Blacktail Deer Creek, but I refused to follow any trail, knowing that if the Indians were there they would hide in the quaking aspen copses along the trail and give us a blizzard of bullets as we came along. We did not go over a ridge until we were assured all was safe beyond. With great difficulty in getting the horses down and up, we crossed the deep, narrow box cañon of Blacktail Deer Creek where there was no trail. The edge of the cañon was held by ten men to hold back any Indians who, though unseen by us, were doubtless watching us all the time, to keep them from coming up on the edge and killing us all like rats. The other ten went down with me, and we climbed out on the other side. Then we held the cañon edge for the others. I felt very uneasy at putting the cañon between me and the command, but had to carry out my orders.

After crossing the cañon, we went on to the bridge, which was still intact. It had been built by Jack Baronett at the mouth of the East Fork of the Yellowstone, and was the first

bridge ever put over the Yellowstone River. We set fire to the grass as ordered and started back to camp, having seen no Indians. There were Indians there, however, even if we could not see them, for we picked up two of General Samuel D. Sturgis' scouts, Groff and Leonard, who had come across the mountains and were going down the river, traveling on the trail I would not use in order to avoid just what happened to them. They were fired at from one of the quaking aspen groves; their Warm Spring Indian boy was killed with all the horses, and Groff shot through the neck. Groff and Leonard had scattered into the brush. We took them into camp with us, where the surgeon dressed Groff's wound. Later they were both killed by the Nez Percés.

I found on my return to camp that night that a party of our men had gone to McCartney's cabin, at Mammoth Hot Springs, to bury the man killed there—named Dietrich, from Helena, Montana—and had seen Indians following along behind the crest of the divide, watching me all day.

That little chase the day before after the eighteen Nez Percés had momentous consequences we little dreamed of and surely never intended, since with us it was mostly a lark. None of us had thought that with ten men we could beat the Indian force that had nearly overcome the Seventh Infantry; we had only wanted to drive in their advance-guard and maybe get back the horses, if we were quick enough, and we actually were quick enough to get back nineteen. It was months afterward that I learned what had really resulted.

Chief Joseph, on various occasions since, has repeatedly told me that they had intended to go out to the buffalo country, down the Yellowstone Valley, leaving the mountains where the river turns northeast—now the site of the town of Livingston, Montana. But they were diverted by seeing us in front. They had been surprised by General Gibbon and the Seventh Infantry in their front at Big Hole, and had caused General



**SERGEANT ISECO, KIOWA INDIAN, FORT SILL**



Gibbon to fortify, after he was shot in the leg. They would have killed the entire command, corraled as it was away from water, if General Howard, following their trail, had not raised the siege. The Nez Percés had enough to think about with General Howard on their trail, and they did not wish to encounter any more troops on their front, with the risk of being caught between two forces.

The eighteen we chased back were Joseph's scouts, feeling far in his advance, who returned and reported meeting troops down the river. No one could imagine that we would chase them that way unless we had a strong support behind us. The Yellowstone Valley here is hemmed in between high mountains with little room to maneuver. If both ends of the valley were closed by troops, the Indians could never hope to save their women, children, and horses, and so, instead of trying to go on down the river, as originally intended, they crossed the Yellowstone at the Mud Geysers just below the outlet of the Yellowstone Lake, and went up Pelican Creek, across the mountains and down Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone, which they recrossed at the mouth of Cañon Creek, just above Billings. This change from crossing at Livingston put them more than a day's march nearer General Miles at Tongue River, thus losing them several days, without which it would not have been possible for General Miles to overtake them, as he brilliantly did within a day's march of the British line. White Bird, one of their chiefs, escaped Miles, finding shelter with Sitting Bull across the border.

I was first told of this by Joseph in 1877, and his information was confirmed by a signed statement obtained by the Nez Percé agent at Nespilem, Washington.

I will speak of Miles later in this narrative, for I was to know him better some years afterward. But chronologically, more than passing reference belongs to him at this juncture.

Then colonel of the Fifth Infantry, commanding the district



of the Yellowstone, his capture of the Nez Percés was one of the most brilliant feats of arms ever accomplished by the American Army, considering the immense distance he had to travel through primeval country. He was a remarkably manly and handsome officer. The first time I had seen him was the summer before at Fort Keogh, sitting on a cracker-box on the north side of the Yellowstone, whittling a stick, where he called me "Scott," which caused me to swell visibly with pride. We once rode together from Fort Buford to Fort Stevenson, where he took an ambulance and a small escort from my troop and drove the seventy-five miles into Bismarck in one day.

When we returned to camp that night, Doane put a cordon of Cossack posts around the camp. De Rudio had the one on the trail. We were awakened in the middle of the night by a great commotion, and De Rudio came in, bringing a negro he had caught coming down the trail, each taking the other for a Nez Percé in the darkness, and a clash was only prevented because both heard some English.

The negro told us that he and Dietrich were from Helena, and had been with a party in the Yellowstone, ignorant of any Indians in the vicinity. The Nez Percés had surprised their camp in the Firehole basin, captured a man and his wife, with her sister and brother from Helena, and were bringing them along the trail, all mounted. Reaching the foot of a steep hill not far from Mary's Lake on the divide, an Indian rode up and shot the husband with a small pistol, striking him on the head with a soft bullet that flattened and failed to penetrate the skull and he fell off his horse. His wife took his head in her lap, but was dragged away, and she believed her husband dead. He lay for a long time in a faint, but, coming to, he rose on his elbow, and a passing Indian shot him again, making a wound in his hip, throwing him into another faint. When he came to, the Indians had all gone by. He traveled on his hands and knees for a while, and then was picked up by Howard's scouts.

He and I occupied opposite corners of a room on Boteler's ranch, where I was sick with pleurisy for a while.

His wife was taken forward with her brother and sister until Chief Joseph sent his young men back to take mules from General Howard, and then Joseph generously used the opportunity to give the man and his two sisters horses and let them go home. They reached Helena safely, the woman under the impression that her husband was dead. She was overjoyed to find that he was alive at Boteler's ranch on the Yellowstone, and came after him in a carriage.

But Dietrich had escaped from the Nez Percés and came with the negro to McCartney's cabin. The boy hid in the grass and eventually reached Virginia City. Citizens came to McCartney's to get the wounded man and wanted Dietrich to return with them, but he refused, fearing to leave the hiding boy alone. So they left him. The eighteen Nez Percés were later seen approaching, and Dietrich and the negro climbed a tree back of the house and saw the war-party of eighteen loot the cabin and go down the river to Henderson's. Dietrich got tired and climbed down out of the tree, leaving the negro still there. When I chased the eighteen back, they came suddenly around a point and killed Dietrich in the doorway. The negro remained in the tree until night; then, starting for Helena afoot, he ran into De Rudio in the middle of the night and finally reached home in safety.

No Indians ever waged war as humanely as the Nez Percés.

We planned that night to go forward to meet the Nez Percés the next day, not knowing that our presence in the Yellowstone Valley had caused them to leave it at the foot of the lake. Others of our scouts reported Indians up Gardiner's River. A courier, however, brought a despatch from Colonel Gilbert, Seventh Infantry, ordering us to await his arrival with L Troop, Second Cavalry. General Sherman, who had lately been in the Yellowstone, authorized Colonel Gilbert to take

over General Howard's command, if he desired to give it up, since he was now outside the limits of his department. Gilbert arrived next day. Doane begged him with tears in his eyes to go forward the following day, but he refused, saying that he was only trying to reach Howard and did not want to be delayed by a fight and miss him.

If he had gone forward as Doane advised, he would have met Howard that day at Baronett's Bridge, but instead he turned back down the Yellowstone thirty miles to Tom Miner's Creek, up which he went on an old Bannack trail over to and up the West Gallatin, striking the Madison eight days after Howard had passed. He had no idea of marching cavalry; and fearing to separate his command, although away from the zone of operations, he camped two troops and two pack-trains without grain in a mountain pocket, where there was grass for only half the number; the animals whimpered all night for food, although there was another pocket half a mile away. The animals of that command were starved until they became too weak to carry a man. We piled up twenty-five saddles on the West Gallatin and left them there, unable to transport them, and we sent twenty-five horses down the Madison by easy stages to Fort Ellis to recuperate. Gilbert took Jack Baronett and our best horses, trying to catch up with Howard, but never reached him, and we started back through the park, traveling slowly down the Yellowstone so that our animals might recuperate.

My horse and my orderly's got too weak to carry us, and we made fifty miles over Mount Washburn in two days and a half, walking and leading our horses. One would have to pull a horse uphill and the other would push and then go back for the other horse. I got caught in my shirt-sleeves in a sleet-storm on a mountain—in August—and got a bad case of pleurisy. I had a tent-fly for shelter, open at both ends, which allowed the sleet and rain to enter. They waited for me one day, my

orderly giving me the most tender care. He put his extra socks on my feet and put hot stones at them. We had no wheeled vehicles and had to go on; so I was lifted on my horse and bandaged in the saddle, with my knees almost under my chin. Every step of the horse would stab my lungs like a knife, but we had to travel until we reached Boteler's ranch and could get some food for the men.

Nearing the divide at the head of Trail Creek on the road to Ellis, I saw a mountain sheep drinking about two hundred yards away. He ran up on a point and stopped to look at us. I wriggled out of my bandages, and got my rifle from my orderly, who had been carrying it during my illness. I wounded him at the first shot, though he did not move; and I was so excited, never having had a chance at a mountain sheep before, that I then missed him twice. He ran about ten feet and fell over dead from the first shot. I felt so elated that it cured me, and I straightened up and rode the rest of the thirty miles into Fort Ellis, throwing away my bandages.

#### BUFFALO RUNNING

Traveling up the Musselshell one day during this Nez Percé expedition, I was a couple of miles ahead of the troop with several men; and looking across the Musselshell, which ran between perpendicular banks twenty feet high, I saw what I thought was a clay-bank pony, standing with his head down among the rose-bushes. I called out, "There is a lost pony." But it was a magnificent bull elk, which, hearing me call, raised his head out of the rose-bushes, showing a beautiful set of antlers, then, running toward me, jumped down into the river-bed, here covered with gravel, and joined a band of eight or ten elk, clattering up the stream. The river is very crooked here, winding from side to side of its valley. I rode out on the prairie to cut off a couple of its bends, then came

in again ahead of the elk, dismounted, and waited for them to break out of the brush. A great number came out quite close to me, but they were cows and calves, or bulls with small horns, and I let them go until I saw a large bunch break some distance away from me, one splendid set of horns showing above the group. I fired from the ground and turned out of the herd a bull with poor horns. Then I mounted quickly to get the finer bull. In the meantime elk were breaking out all around me, and I found myself running in the middle of a large herd of elk. I forced my way up to the great bull and killed him with a revolver, and soon got five in all. Then I suddenly found that my saddle had become loose and I was riding on the horse's haunches uphill and on his neck going down, and I stopped to tighten it. The horse was very much excited, and by the time I got on him again the elk were a mile away. Sending for some pack-mules, we soon had my kill butchered and meat despatched to the troops.

It was very exciting to be running in the middle of a band of six hundred elk.

We got a despatch on the Musselshell, saying that the whole regiment was marching up the Yellowstone about parallel with us, going up the Musselshell probably forty miles away. The regiment stampeded the buffalo, which came over our way in countless numbers, running for dear life. When a big herd came down, going to the river as into the small end of a funnel, they jumped over the bank and down into the river. I dismounted on the bank to kill a calf for supper, but the buffalo, climbing up the bank, separated on both sides of me about ten feet away, a long string of them going past my horse, which was swinging me from side to side, trying to get away in mortal fright. I could not use my gun because the troop was in front of me and the pack-train behind, but they began to shoot into the buffalo from both sides, not seeing that I was among the herd. I howled at them as loud as I could,

but the din was so great no one could hear me. After the buffalo had gone by I expected to see at least a dozen on the ground, but there were none there.

During our visit at the Crow village, wishing to know what a real buffalo horse was like, I got the Crow chiefs arguing as to who had the best buffalo horse in the tribe. The argument waxed hot, but finally it was agreed by the council that Iron Bull had the best buffalo horse, and I borrowed it at the next run. He did not have to be fought with like our horses. All he needed was to be pointed at the animal selected; then he would take one so close that one could put his hand on the buffalo's back if one wished. He would lay alongside a little abaft the beam, as the sailorman says.

The buffalo is very heavy forward and turns differently from a horse, which has to be pulled up and pivots on his hind feet, while the buffalo pivots on his fore feet like a shot without pulling up. His hind quarters swing around in a flash when his fore feet are planted, and if you are too far forward his head is under your horse's belly, throwing horse and rider twenty feet, with the horse's belly perhaps ripped open. In the running season in July an old bull may stop running and gore and tramp a man who is helpless with a broken leg or other injury. The bull behaves very badly in July, far more so than at any other time.

The Indian used to fight and run buffalo bareback, often with nothing on his horse but a lariat around the lower jaw trailing behind, which made it easier to catch the animal if the rider was thrown. The horse is pointed at the intended victim, and a good buffalo horse will then do everything himself but the shooting and butchering. As said before, he lays a little abaft the beam, and the rider drives a single arrow in behind the last rib, ranging forward, which skewers many of the interior organs on the arrow. These organs are suspended in the interior by membranes attached to the ribs, which the next jump

pulls different ways, and the pain is so great that the animal stops where he is, and you can continue doing the same thing to others, without fear your previous victims will escape. When you fall behind you can go back and despatch the wounded one at a time and at your leisure. They won't go away; they will wait for you and will sometimes bleed to death through the lungs. There have been many cases when the arrow, meeting with no bone, has been put clear through the body of a buffalo, to fall on the ground on the other side.

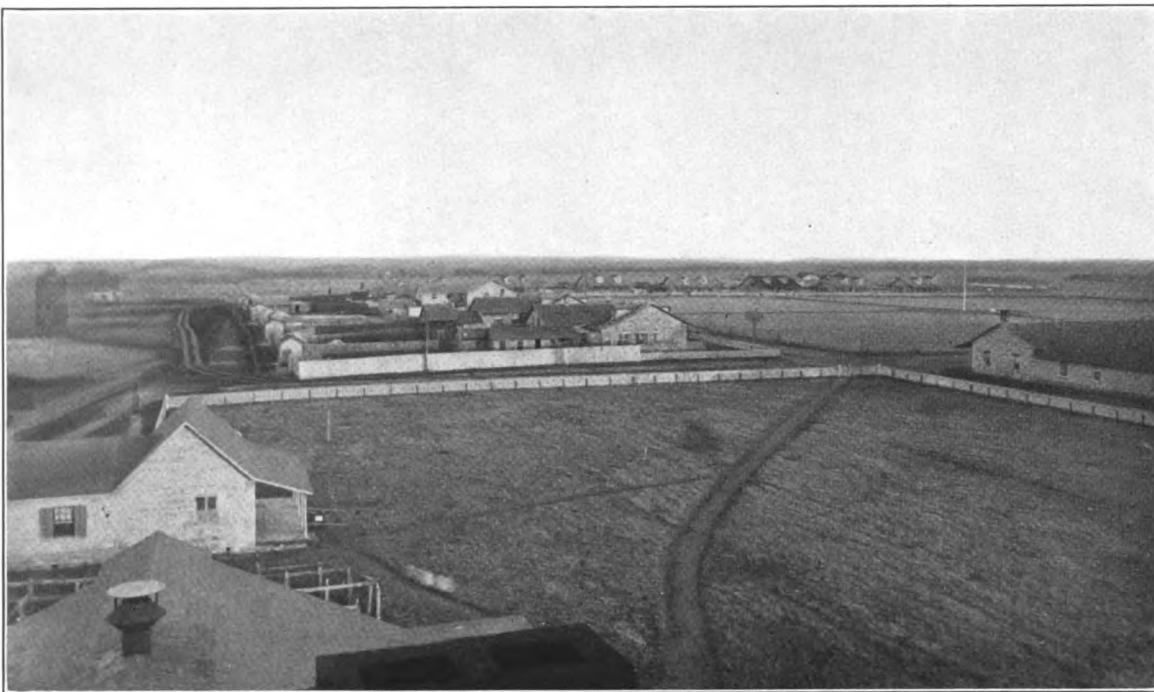
When the pony hears the discharge of bullet or arrow, he sheers away from the animal, which is liable to plant his fore feet and swing his head under the pony if too far forward. The pony may sheer so quickly as to jump out from under one, throwing one to the ground at the mercy of the bull, who is not apt to stop and gore one, unless in July, though this is possible at all times.

A sure-footed pony will usually take you in safety through a prairie-dog village full of dog and badger holes. The thing to do as you are running behind the herd is to steer him at the fattest cow you see, judging by the width of her hump, a barren cow if possible, and then trust all to the pony. I rode many of the cream of that herd of fourteen thousand head afterward, and although I had many falls, horse and all, was never injured, although two Crows were killed among the buffalo while we were with them.

A few guns were used but most men used a bow and arrow, as better suited to the purpose. Ammunition was sold by the traders for exorbitant sums six hundred miles from the railroad, and the Indian wanted his cartridges to fight his enemy and never had enough, whereas, an arrow could be used many times, or, if lost, could be replaced on the next creek where there was timber. Although I had all the ammunition I wanted, I frequently used the bow and arrow, with which I became very skilful as a boy. Our cavalry horses were very much







**FORT SILL, INDIAN TERRITORY**

afraid of the buffalo, and most of them could not be urged any closer than thirty yards, too far to shoot a bow. We would often shoot a buffalo through with a gun six or eight times without hitting a vital part, and have him get away, dying next week at a distant spot. I have known a buffalo to carry fifteen balls without being knocked down.

While we were a couple of miles ahead of the troop, with Jack Baronett, who has a peak in the Yellowstone Park named for him, a discharged blacksmith of the Second Cavalry, Colonel Allen, and some Crows, we dismounted on a high elevation to rest, and began to look all around, as was wise to do in those days. Allen took a small pair of glasses out of his waistcoat pocket and looked at the buffalo that covered the country below and beyond us out of sight. Suddenly he exclaimed that he saw a white buffalo. All then took a look through the glasses, and, sure enough, there was something white moving among the buffalo far below us. This threw us into great excitement, for the white buffalo is a rare animal; possibly one may be found among a hundred thousand black ones.

We adjusted our saddles for a great run, marking the place and our course to it, so as to be out of sight and yet have the wind. We lined up on the opposite side of a hill from the white one, and when I gave the word we all came up over the ridge abreast on a fast gallop. I was riding a horse that had won many races in the Seventh Cavalry before I got him and went far ahead of the others. We saw at once then that there were five horses running with the buffalo, one of them white. Nearing a blue roan, I very foolishly put my rope down on him and choked him to a standstill. Having the swiftest horse, I ought to have left the slow one for those that came after and gone for a better horse myself, but when I thought of this it was too late. The blue roan had shoes that had not been changed for six or eight months, and the hoofs had grown

around them; his heels were so contracted that they were badly split in the cleft.

Forty-nine years afterward, in 1926, Mrs. Scott and I were at a convention of Montana pioneers at Fort Benton, and an old fellow came up and asked if I knew him; he was greatly disappointed when I did not. When he told me his name was Allen, I asked if he still carried that opera-glass in his waist-coat pocket to look for white buffalo, which showed that I really knew him. We spent a very pleasant time together until our train left. When I got back East I found that he had sent me the opera-glass in memory of old times, and I have it still, nearly fifty years after I had first looked through it on the Musselshell at a white buffalo that was not there.

#### ON THE MARCH AGAIN

By the time we had finished reshoeing and refitting at Ellis, orders came for us to go to Fort Benton, the head of navigation on the Missouri, to act as escort to General Terry, going up to interview Sitting Bull in Canada.

We reached Helena, out of food, money, and clothing, and I went to the paymaster, a brother of President Arthur, to get some money, as I had not been paid for six months. He told me he had no money; Congress had got into a snarl over the use of the army as a posse comitatus in the South and had failed to appropriate money for us. He took me around to the bank and made arrangements to cash my pay voucher for \$125, giving me \$100, charging me one fifth of my pay as discount. We were all ragged, and the Helena paper, commenting on our appearance, riding through the town, said our horses were so bony that a hat thrown at one would catch anywhere.

The army would have suffered greatly for lack of money had it not been for that patriotic citizen, Mr. J. P. Morgan

of New York, who said that if the government would not pay its officers, he would not see them suffer, and he arranged to have their pay vouchers cashed without profit, for just what the transaction cost, 1 or 2 per cent., until the next meeting of Congress, for which act we older officers have always held Mr. Morgan in grateful remembrance.

Soon after reporting to General Terry at Fort Benton, a courier came from General Miles, asking to have supplies sent to him at once. Benton was a small town, but the quartermaster scraped up fifty two-horse teams. Some of the animals had never worn harness before, and many of the drivers were clerks or town men without knowledge of driving. There were six fine six-mule teams sent to take General Terry over the Canadian border, but their drivers were infantrymen, picked without experience, who knew nothing about handling a six-mule team with a jerk-line. The train was handed over to me to take out, and De Rudio, with E Troop, went as escort. We started from Benton at two o'clock with most of the teams balky and the drivers drunk, and I must have lost ten years' growth that day getting the train along. The trail was new to me, and we had twelve crossings of the Marias and Teton to make, some of them after dark, so that I did not get into camp and to dinner until one o'clock in the morning. The wagons would stick in every mud-hole, and as I was the only man in the command who could really drive a six-mule team with a jerk-line, I had to stop at every crossing, take out a six-mule team and, mounting the saddle-mule myself, jerk every wagon across. We made a slow and painful progress around the Bear Paw Mountains to Milk River, where we met a squadron of the Second Cavalry, to whom I turned over the train; I was never so glad to get rid of anything in my life.

We went down Milk River in search of the Seventh Cavalry. I was allowed to go as far ahead as I wanted; and far in advance of the command, somewhere above old Fort Belknap,

a wooden stockade then used as an Indian agency and trading post, near the present town of Chinook, where the main line of the Great Northern Railway now runs, I ran across a naked Indian lying dead among the sage-brush, without a scalp. I searched about on the ground for a clue and soon found four more scalped Indians. Thinking it the work of one of Sitting Bull's war-parties from north of the line, I looked about to see if there were any of them still around to treat me in the same way, and concluded to leave the neighborhood.

I went on down to the camp of a large number of Upper Assiniboines and asked them about it. They said that the five men and two others were Nez Percé scouts who had come to them, asking them to turn out and help them fight the whites. "What did you do about it?" I asked. They said, "We held a council and determined to tell them we had no cause to fight the whites, by whom we were well treated, and advised them to go over and see the Gros Ventres, who might want to fight. We said to each other, 'Give them a good dinner—give them the best you have got, for it is the last dinner they are ever going to eat.'"

After their dinner, I was told, they started toward the Gros Ventre village, and were allowed to get some miles away, when the young Assiniboine braves saddled up and went out and killed them all, and their scalps were there hanging on a pole to dry in the wind.

Leaving the Assiniboine village, I soon encountered Lieutenant Maus with ten men of the infantry, mounted, who said he was hunting for Nez Percé fugitives from Miles's fight, and thought there might be a lot of them in the village of the Red River half-breeds living on Milk River. I told him that if there was to be any shooting I would go with him. We went over and persuaded forty-five Nez Percé Indians to surrender without a fight. Hiring some Red River carts, we loaded them with women and children and started for Miles's camp on the

Missouri near the mouth of the Musselshell, and I sent a message to De Rudio, saying that I would meet him at the Three Peoples Buttes, three prominent landmarks half-way between the Bear Paw Mountains and the Little Rockies. We went down through the battle-field, where I killed a fine young bull.

The weather had become quite cold by that time, especially at night, and I had left camp only with my rifle and ammunition. Maus had one moth-eaten robe, and we had besides our two wet saddle-blankets to sleep on, and about a quart of cracker-crumbs to eat. I would brush the frost out of my hair on getting up in the morning, stiff with the cold. The children would cry all night until we killed some buffalo and wrapped them up in the green hides, and fed them and our men with meat without salt, cooked without utensils. Neither of us had intended to be away from our commands overnight when we had started, but we were actually away more than ten days, living on berries, buffalo (straight), mule and anything we could find; watched, doubtless, by hostile Indians every minute.

The following letter refers to the incident:

Headquarters of the Army,  
Washington, June 26, 1902.

Captain H. L. Scott, 7th Cavalry,  
Washington, D. C.

(Through the Lieutenant General Commanding.)

Sir:

After fight with Nez Percé Indians at Bear Paw, Montana, in 1877, which resulted in the capture or destruction of Chief Joseph and band, on the homeward march information was received that there was a portion of these Indians on the Milk River, about twenty-five miles from the British line, they having escaped at the beginning of the attack. General Miles asked for volunteers to go after them. It was considered an especially dangerous duty, as Sitting Bull was near the British line, and threatened to come down with a large force and assist the Nez Percé in wiping out our command, and had he done so the situation would have been extremely

serious, considering our small force. Two enlisted men only volunteered. The General then ordered a detachment of eleven men to perform this duty, assigning me to its command. Near the Milk River we met you with a detachment of six men, you being a day or two in advance of your troop. When informed of the object of my mission, you volunteered to go with me. The number of Indians that had escaped was unknown, and there was every reason to expect a fight. We surprised the camp, and captured as near as I can remember forty-one or two Indians. You were sent to find your troop, in order that it might take charge of the prisoners, which you did cheerfully, although the country was infested with Indians, frequently seen in the distance on high points, evidently observing our movements. For three or four days after leaving the Milk River, I do not believe there was a time when hostile Indians could not be seen.

I desire to express my appreciation of your gallant and valuable service, voluntarily offered, in the successful carrying out of orders. No official acknowledgment has been made of this important service up to this date.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully yours,

MARION P. MAUS,

Lieutenant-Colonel, and Aide de Camp.

*1st Indorsement.* Headquarters of the Army, Washington, D. C., June 27, 1902. Respectfully forwarded to Captain H. L. Scott, 7th Cavalry, through the Adjutant General of the Army.

The details of the gallant and important service performed as stated herein are well remembered by the Lieutenant General. Captain Scott's action in volunteering to perform this duty is highly commendable, and the Lieutenant General fully concurs in the estimate of his service by Lieutenant Colonel Maus. Due official recognition should be given him for the performance thereof.

THOMAS WARD,

Assistant Adjutant General.

*2nd Indorsement.* Adjutant General's Office, Washington, June 30, 1902. Respectfully forwarded to Captain H. L. Scott, 7th Cavalry, 20 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.

HENRY P. MCCAIN,

Assistant Adjutant General.

While riding along, a Nez Percé named Tippit attached himself to me, and we rode together every day. The horse he rode was branded with a big rooster; nobody branded stock in the Northwest in those days, and I concluded that it was a Spanish brand and that the horse must have been stolen in Mexico. Tippit started to teach me Chinook, the jargon used intertribally on the Columbia and up the Pacific coast. He would ride silent for a long time, trying to think up the English equivalent; then he would give me questions and English interpretation: "Cumtox Chinook wawa?" "You understan Chinook talkin?" "Tenas cumtox." "Me little understan." "Nuyu cumtox." "Me heap understan." "Wake cumtox." "Me no understan." "Cumtox Boston wawa." "You understan white man talkin?" Then to my complete astonishment he began to sing, "Where, oh, where are the Hebrew children in Chinook?" "Ika—nika clatawa Siah"—which he had learned from some mission on the Columbia when a child. Tippit proved an amusing companion and we encouraged him to talk as we marched along.

We reached the camp of the Seventh Cavalry on the north side of the Missouri, opposite the mouth of the Musselshell, where I rejoined my troop and returned the bedding roll I had been using. General Miles had started for Fort Keogh across country, with the Cheyenne scouts, Fifth Infantry, and the Nez Percé prisoners. All the wounded had been sent to Fort Lincoln by boat. Sitting Bull had sent word that he was coming down out of Canada to wipe us all out, and General Miles held us here to let him try, but he never came, though some of his scouting parties were operating in the country. I asked Nez Percé John if he would like to go up and help fight Sitting Bull, and he broke out with fervor, "Oh, by God! that too much—too much fight—eat squash now." He had been fighting all summer, and was fed up on it and wanted to turn farmer. A saying originated from this which was long current in the Seventh Cavalry: when a stranger asked about some officer



absent from a campaign, he would be told, "He's eating squash now."

Another Seventh Cavalry saying was "to lead the pelican." This came from the plains of Kansas. Custer had a light spring-wagon which he kept right behind the troops while on the march, to carry water, lunch, footsore dogs, or what not. They carried a wounded pelican in it for some time, right behind the last troop. The army regulations used to require that an officer in arrest should march in the rear of the troops, and it would be said of an officer in arrest that "he is leading the pelican."

We were camped on a silted-up channel of the Missouri, which made a beautiful sward, without brush or rose-bushes, the edges dotted here and there with giant cottonwood, five or six feet in diameter, reminding one of an English park. The weather was quite cold, and at night we would all gather around a huge fire and listen to stories from the scouts, mainly from Liver Eating Johnson, who was said to have eaten a piece of an Indian's liver in a fit of bravado. His language was very quaint, and we would often listen to him until one o'clock in the morning. He was a tall powerful man with a hairy torso like that of a bull. He carried a sixteen-pound buffalo Sharp's rifle, which, with its belt full of ammunition, was a load for an ordinary man. He would leave camp on foot and soon kill and dress an antelope, cutting off its head and tying all four feet together. This he would swing over his shoulder like a sack, the body under his left arm, and go on and kill another, to be swung under the right arm.

Billy Jackson was a Blackfoot, who had been a scout for the Seventh Cavalry the year before, and had been cut off in the timber with De Rudio, Gerard, and Sergeant O'Neill, left behind by Reno. Jackson had wintered at Lincoln, Rice, and Standing Rock, and I had thought in those days that he was a Sioux half-breed. He had come up the Missouri with us as

far as Fort Keogh, where I had missed him until meeting him here. His brother, Bob Jackson, was with him, but was not nearly so good a man. When Bob Jackson and Liver Eating Johnson left our camp, it may have been a mere coincidence that a bunch of our horses left the same night.

The antelope here were more numerous than the buffalo. They went north into Canada in the spring to drop their young, and came back in the autumn to winter in the sagebrush, which rises above the snow south of the Missouri. One of their main crossings was at the mouth of the Musselshell, and their number was incredible. One could see a bunch of five thousand in one place, and go on a few miles and see another bunch just like it. Moving camp one day, five miles, to change the grass, the men shot thirty-five out of the column while marching along. No one knew how many they wounded, for they carry lead like a grizzly bear or a Sulu Moro. I have known an antelope, though unable to run, to walk off with seven 45-caliber carbine bullets through his body, none of which had struck a vital spot; and I have known one to run a mile with the lower portion of his heart torn off by an explosive bullet. It is always best to leave a wounded animal alone, to allow him to lie down and bleed, when he will soon stiffen and become unable to rise. Chasing seems to give him a nervous strength that may carry him far away from you.

A dressed antelope would weigh anywhere from fifty to seventy-five pounds. Everybody hunted that cared to during the day, and all the antelope brought in would be thrown on the pile in the center of camp, about eight feet high, and be issued out as meat to the troops by the commissary; and when we moved, every wagon would be festooned outside with dead antelope carried along for food. People said that there must have been millions of antelope in the region. The meat is greatly improved by hanging for a week or ten days in that climate. Of late years I have several times gone three hundred

miles a day in an automobile in the same region without seeing an antelope.

General Miles, losing faith in Sitting Bull's threats, started us down the river for home in November. We passed through Fort Peck, Wolfs Point, and Poplar Creek agencies of the Assiniboine and Yanktonais Sioux; great villages of three hundred lodges; newly made white skin lodges of buffalo hide, where everything was full of joy and laughter, with plenty of buffalo meat hanging up to dry everywhere, and dances, horse-races, ring and spear games going on on every side. Here I met old Red Stone, head chief of the Assiniboines, who came to our camp, made me a great speech in the sign language before the assembled officers at my tent, and threw down a beautiful buffalo robe at my feet as a gift "on the prairie," or a free gift. Nevertheless I felt that I had to make it up to him with hard bread, sugar, and coffee.

At Fort Buford I was invited to dinner by Mrs. Robinson, the wife of the post chaplain, who was from Princeton, a niece of Joseph Henry of the Smithsonian, and a connection by marriage, whom I had known from my childhood. She also invited General Miles, who was going to the railroad with the Nez Percé prisoners of war. Mrs. Robinson set me to freezing the ice-cream, and when General Miles entered the front door, he looked down the passageway and saw me grinding for dear life at the handle of the freezer.

In 1923 I inspected the Nez Percé agency at Lapwai, Idaho, where the agent said to me, "You must not leave here without seeing Jesse Paul." I asked why I should see Jesse Paul particularly. He said it was because Jesse Paul had been a little boy among those Nez Percé prisoners of war I conducted to Bismarck in 1877 to the railway on the way to prison at Fort Leavenworth—a ragged little Indian prisoner, with no future whatever. When Jesse Paul came in he took me two hundred miles in his own high-powered touring-car, and showed me his

house far from the agency, with electricity and hot and cold water. He had raised a fine family of boys on his two-hundred-acre farm. The agent said Jesse owned mortgages on the farms of white people, and could go into any bank in the neighborhood and borrow what money he wanted without security; he was one of the most respected citizens of Idaho. Where is that man that said, "There is no good Indian but a dead Indian?"

We passed the site of old Fort Union at the mouth of the Yellowstone, built by Kenneth McKenzie for the American Fur Company in 1829—the emporium of the Northwest, now destroyed—and we refitted at Fort Buford a few miles away. Here Joseph and the Nez Percés prisoners of war joined us from Fort Keogh, with some Sioux and Northern Cheyennes on their way to Chicago to see General Sheridan. These Cheyennes were the old friends of the preceding spring. My Troop I, Seventh Cavalry, and a company of the First Infantry, were started down the river, as escort for the Nez Percés, to travel 225 miles to Bismarck, the end of the railway, whence the prisoners were to be shipped eastward by rail. I was made quartermaster and put in charge of the train. I rode in the wagon with Joseph a part of every day, together with the Nez Percé interpreter, a man from Idaho named Chapman, and I rode part of every day in the wagons with the Cheyennes and Sioux, carrying on my study of Sioux and the sign language, of which I never missed an opportunity to learn more.

The night we camped at old Fort Berthold, the agency of the Arikaras, Mandans, and Gros Ventres of the village, many individuals of those tribes came out to see the Nez Percés, whom they had heard of as fighting all summer, but had never seen before. At a big council held at our camp, Joseph stood up in the middle of a great circle, containing about fifteen hundred Indians, whom he addressed in the sign language. There were representatives there from eight languages including mine, Nez

Percé, Sioux, Cheyenne, Crow, Arikara, Mandan, Gros Ventre of the Village, and English. Joseph related his trials and tribulations entirely by gestures, without opening his mouth, and he was completely understood by all that vast concourse. I have twice addressed a similar concourse in the sign language, comprising members of thirteen different tribes, brought by the Great Northern Railway in 1925 and 1926 to the mouth of the Yellowstone to celebrate events at the site of old Fort Union, but I never saw a more interesting exhibition of the sign language than was given by Joseph that day.

Joseph was then a tall, stalwart, active, fine-looking young man of great force and dignity. His life in Kansas and the Indian Territory, where many of his people died, did much to break his body and spirit; this was quite patent at the times I saw him in Washington in after years. He and his people were among the finest Indians America produced, but they were treated most unjustly by the government, first as to their lands, and secondly in their deportation to Oklahoma, where they could not live. These Nez Percés received Lewis and Clark, Bonneville and many other white men with great hospitality and kindness, but their treatment by the white man is a black page in our history.

#### A WINTER'S PROGRAM

Arriving at Fort Lincoln in the first part of December, we began to get ourselves ready to settle down for the winter. Several snow-storms occurred presaging a cold season.

Suddenly orders came for our squadron to go to the Black Hills, 225 miles southwest. About three hundred lodges of Sioux had run away from the Nebraska agencies. They passed north along the east side of the Black Hills on their way to join Sitting Bull in Canada, and were trying to slip through the country unnoticed, but thirty of their young men chased

the treasure coach from Deadwood, riddling it with bullets. The driver pulled off the road toward a high rocky hill; coming near, the Indians succeeded in killing a wheeler, which stopped the coach at the bottom of the hill and enabled the driver and messenger to get away among the rocks. They watched the proceedings from their hiding-place and saw the Indians for half an hour unsuccessfully pound with an ax the treasure-box, which contained thirty thousand dollars in gold bullion from the mines. Then they all went away, leaving it behind, but taking the mail-bags with them.

News of this was carried by wagon two hundred miles to Bismarck, and our squadron was ordered out to the Black Hills and had to march two hundred miles to get there. We passed C Troop going in, which had been in garrison all summer, and we could not understand why it should be going back. Some of us were much enraged over this, but I was as happy out there as anywhere else. We went into camp on Cherry Creek, but during the time news of the trouble was coming in and we were marching, several snow-storms occurred to cover the trail completely. The Indians had been gone a month, and there was nothing we could do but hunt for the place where the mail had been opened. Our captain had been searching in different directions without result when one day I went with him. I suggested that we follow a straight line, from their point of departure, to a gap in the hills which they must have gone through to get out of the valley. About half-way to the gap a small piece of paper was seen blowing about over the snow. We dug in the snow thereabout and found many torn checks on a Deadwood bank. We pieced many of these together and sent them to the bank.

The old people of the Sioux village deprecated the attack of some of their young men on the treasure coach, especially as they had wished to slip through that country without molestation; and to mark their peaceful intentions they drew a

picture on a piece of paper of a white man and an Indian shaking hands and put it in a cleft stick standing up in the middle of the road. The white man was drawn with a beard and a plug hat, which differentiated him completely from the Indian, who was drawn with long braids.

As there were no more Indians creating trouble, we were drawn into Fort Lincoln the latter part of January and spent the rest of the winter in the post. I had traveled with troops more than forty-five hundred miles on horseback since spring and had traveled as much again without troops, exploring and hunting, yet had brought my two horses back in good condition. Some I knew that did no hunting used up three horses.

My spare time for the rest of the winter was occupied in driving Miss Mary Merrill, daughter of General Lewis Merrill, major of the Seventh Cavalry, who has since become Mrs. Scott, all over the country, and in visiting the Cheyenne prison village that Benteen had brought down with his squadron from Buford in January, to winter at the post. I visited their village every day, subsidizing White Bear, principally with sugar, coffee, and other rations, to teach me the sign language, and we both worked hard at it.

I went down for my lesson one day when the snow had melted off in the spring, and was surprised to have White Bear tell me that they were all going to run off that night, leaving their lodges standing, and go back to the buffalo country where they could get something to eat. At the post they drew rations for each member of the family for ten days, and he complained that in three days these rations were all eaten up and so they were always hungry. I could not believe he was telling the truth until I looked about the lodge and saw all their peoperty tied up ready for packing.

I took the news very casually, going around among the other lodges as usual, and noticing that all movable property was ready; then I hurried to the commanding officer to report.

He would not believe it possible at first; then he sent a guard down to bring up the principal chiefs, using me as the only interpreter at the post. These chiefs all said "yes, we are going back to the buffalo country, where we will not starve to death." They became very emphatic and so insulting to the general that I was reluctant to tell him all they said, but I gave him enough to make him very angry in his turn. One of them, Ridge Bear, told him he was a liar when he said they had enough food; that he, better than the colonel, knew when he had enough to eat; that he had been accustomed to do as he pleased when a little boy, and now a grown man he was not going to let anybody tell him he could not go where he pleased.

General Sturgis could not believe that I knew enough to interpret correctly, and so he sent for the Arikara interpreter, F. F. Girard, who had left the service and settled near the present site of the town of Mandan, and also for a Cheyenne man married to an Arikara woman. Then the colonel went through the interview again. Starting with English, it went through the Arikara woman to her Cheyenne husband and back again through the same channels, all verifying what I had already said.

The colonel then sent a squadron of cavalry to camp at their village to prevent them from running away at night. Had they succeeded in escaping they would have had a long start, for the Heart River was up and there would have been plenty of time to put the river between them and us before we learned of their leaving; moreover it would have been a long hard chase costing many lives, and the colonel would have been dealt with severely for permitting the conditions of which they complained, and for not preventing their departure. The general complimented me on stopping their get-away, and directed me to have the quartermaster present a voucher for a hundred dollars as compensation for extra service as an interpreter,



but I told him I could not do that. He might have done far better for me if he had reported the service, putting it on my record, but this he was afraid to do lest it bring an inspector to investigate his management of the Indians.

It did not get on my records for many years afterwards, when it was put on by the inspector-general, who was at that time the adjutant of the Seventh Cavalry, in the following letter now on file in the War Department:

War Department  
Office of Inspector General, South Atlantic District,  
Washington, D. C., June 19th, 1902.

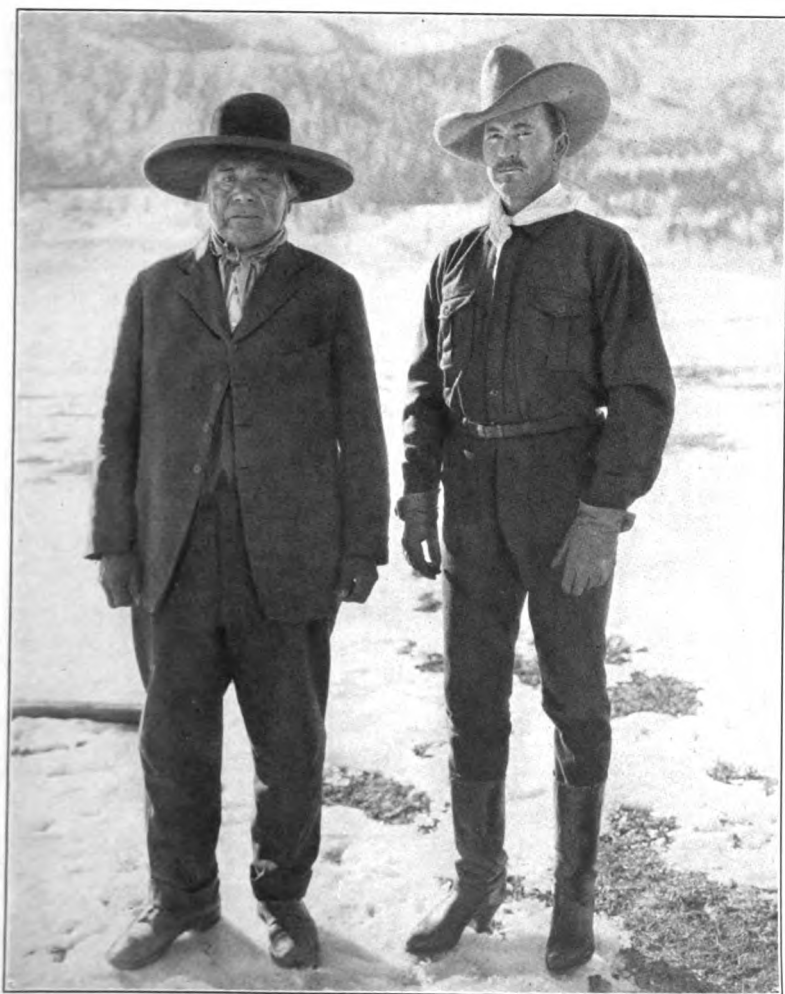
To the  
Adjutant General,  
U. S. Army.

Sir:

I have the honor to state that in the spring of 1878 a large band of Cheyenne Indians were held prisoners of war at Fort A. Lincoln, Dakota, having been captured the year before by General N. A. Miles, then Colonel, 5th Infantry, and commanding the District of Yellowstone; Little Chief was, I think, head chief of the band.

The Indians had recently been hostile and the situation was delicate. Captain H. L. Scott, 7th Cavalry, then a 2nd Lieutenant of the 7th Cavalry, and at that time stationed at Fort A. Lincoln, was very much interested in the Indians and was beginning the study which has placed him at the head of the officers of the army in knowledge of the Indian's character, his human nature, his method and thought of action, and of the Indian Sign Language.

He spent nearly all his time, when not on duty, in the Indian village, became well acquainted with the head men, won their confidence and esteem. On the occasion of one of his visits to the camp, White Bear told him that as soon as night came the entire village would depart from the Yellowstone, leaving their lodgings standing. Captain Scott with adroitness ascertained all he could about the proposed movement; satisfied himself of its probability by finding that everything which the Indians could likely take with them was packed and ready. Captain Scott talked to Little Chief, corroborated the statement of White Bear; after conversing with him on various matters so as not to appear very much impressed by the report,



*Courtesy General McCoy.*

JACK WILSON AND GENERAL T. J. MCCOY



Captain Scott left the camp immediately, found the Commanding Officer, General S. D. Sturgis, Colonel, 7th Cavalry, then commanding the regiment and Post of Fort A. Lincoln. Two troops of the 7th Cavalry were sent to prevent any movement by the Indians.

General Sturgis summoned the chiefs and talked to them through Captain Scott by means of the sign language. General Sturgis was apprehensive that Captain Scott might have failed to catch the exact meaning of the Indians. Mr. Girard, an old Indian interpreter of the Ree language, was summoned from Mandan, and through a Ree woman who was married to a Cheyenne warrior in the camp, Mr. Girard ascertained that the report as made by Captain Scott was correct in every essential particular, and that the Indians did contemplate running off at nightfall.

The adroitness of Captain Scott, and his prompt action in this emergency enabled dispositions to be made which prevented an outbreak, and possibly a long Indian war, for which he deserves great credit, and if it is not already a matter of record in the Department it should be made so.

I was Adjutant of the 7th Cavalry, and of the post of Fort A. Lincoln at the time of the occurrence of the facts narrated above.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

E. A. GARLINGTON,

Major, Inspector General.

The Northern Cheyennes, forced to go to the Indian Territory by the secretary of the interior, ran away the same spring from Fort Reno, Indian Territory, a quarter of the army following them. They killed all the white men they could, coming across Kansas and Nebraska.

These Northern Cheyennes were on their way with their women and children, horses and dogs, to the Indian Territory under charge of the celebrated frontiersman and Cheyenne interpreter, Ben Clark, who had been chief of scouts for Custer at the battle of the Washita in 1868. This was a part of the harsh policy of the secretary of the interior, to assemble all Indians in the Indian Territory, no matter where their habitat,

even if it killed them, as it did very many. These Cheyennes were escorted to the Black Hills of Dakota and thence to Sidney, Nebraska, by the Seventh Cavalry, from where they were taken on to Fort Reno in the Indian Territory by Captain Mauck's troop of the Fourth Cavalry. A long stay was made in our camp to recuperate their stock, and I used this period to learn much from them and from Ben Clark, with whom I contracted a friendship that lasted during the remainder of his life.

Our camp was immediately under and north of Bear Butte, a single peak some miles east of the Black Hills range, which was regarded by the Cheyennes as their principal medicine place. Many of them climbed to the summit, where they left presents to the medicine that inhabited the mountain. Some would go to the top, about twelve hundred feet above our camp, and stay there three days and nights, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, believing that the medicine would help them get horses or perhaps to strike their enemy.

While the Cheyennes were still in that camp on eclipse of the sun took place that was announced by the public press. I told the Cheyennes to expect it several days beforehand, but they did not believe me. They became very much excited when the eclipse began, shooting off guns and making every sort of noise they could to frighten away the evil medicine which they thought was destroying the sun. Their treatment was highly successful—the sun recovered.

#### A PACK-TRAIN FOR THE REGIMENT

After the Cheyennes went south, General Sheridan arrived for the purpose of selecting a site for the new post of Fort Meade. He took Jackson's Troop C and went over to Spearfish, the best stream in the Black Hills, where we all thought he would locate the post. Something over there displeased him,

however, and he would have none of it. When he came back to our camp, he sent Hare and myself to where Fort Meade now is at Sturgis City, to make a map of that region. We put our two maps together upon return, and upon this he located the post.

The Seventh Cavalry officers all made an official call on him in a body in our colonel's tent. It was a large hospital tent, but it was so full and my rank so low I could not get entirely inside. General Sheridan expatiated upon the value such a post would have, when Indians broke away from the Nebraska agencies and went north toward the camp of Sitting Bull; a telegram to Fort Meade, he said, would enable a cavalry force to head them off here. I took my courage in hand and asked if he thought that post would be any good here without a pack-train. Instead of having me thrown out, it seemed to strike him just right, for he turned to our colonel, saying: "Sam, do you want a pack-train? I'll give you one."

The Seventh Cavalry had never had a real pack-train before, because General Terry thought you could catch Indians with a six-mule team, though he never did it himself. Whenever we encountered cavalry from General Crook's Department of the Platte, away from our wagons, the difference was painfully evident, for General Crook was the father of the modern aparejo train. The sound of the pack-train bell means food, shelter, and ammunition to me; without these an officer, even on the verge of victory, must let go and retire to save his men from capture. I fear that the sound of that bell has little meaning nowadays for the men of this age, who listen for the honk of an automobile, which cannot climb mountains where there is no road, as can our old long-eared comrade of the plains, the mule.

Pack-trains are expensive to maintain, and the quartermaster-general is always breaking them up to save money. It takes time to make a pack-train and it is not everybody

who can make one, even with the money. Custer's train was a disgrace, improvised from the mules taken from the wagon-train, and his packers were without experience. His train was scattered for miles and could easily have been captured had the Indians known about it.

Notwithstanding frugal quartermaster-generals, the Fort Meade pack-train given us by General Sheridan in 1878 survived even the penurious General Batcheler, who stripped the army of mules, and this train even survived the retrenchment after the Spanish War. It was sent to the Mexican border in 1912, where the chief packer called on me at San Antonio, and that train serves the cavalry on the border to this day. I used to love every mule in it, long ago.

Several times during the summer of 1878 our Troop I would be sent out eastward after Indians with A Troop, Captain Moylan in command. Returning from one of these expeditions, we wanted to camp at Washtë Springs, but no one knew where it was. Nearing the Belle Fourche River, we saw some men riding off to one side of it to avoid meeting us. I started over to ask them where Washtë Springs was, when they began to gallop away. I cut them off and asked them why they were running away. They disclaimed running away, saying they belonged to a bull-train and were trying to catch up with it. I noticed that their horses were too good for bull-whackers, but there was nothing to be done about it. I got the directions for the springs and let them go. We made camp at the springs and were sitting down to dinner some hours afterward, when along came Seth Bullock, marshal of the hills, with a posse in pursuit of the men I had stopped. They had had a battle with the messengers on the Sidney treasure coach, had killed a telegraph operator on the box, and were going east with thirty thousand dollars' worth of gold bricks from the mines; there was five thousand dollars reward offered for each one of them. I had had them in my hand with two troops of cavalry to help

hold them, but they were ahead of the news, and we knew nothing about it until Seth Bullock arrived.

Bullock followed them with his posse toward the Missouri River, where they were seen camping at a water-hole. Seth wanted to take them right away, but his posse refused, well knowing they were desperate, having already killed one man. They agreed to go on past as if they knew nothing about them and return to surround them in the darkness and tackle them at daylight. This they proceeded to do, but when daylight came there was nobody there. One was captured trying to sell a gold brick in Iowa and was being taken west of Omaha when he jumped out of the car window. The train was stopped and a great search made for the fugitive, until the conductor had to go on, leaving the search party still hunting for the prisoner. It was found later that he had never left the car, but had climbed up and was lying flat on top and was carried swiftly away from his pursuers. He was captured further west, however, and was sent to the penitentiary.

In 1920 I was inspecting the Sioux agency at Standing Rock when the governor of North Dakota invited me to Bismarck and a dinner was given to me and other old-timers. Alexander McKenzie, who had been sheriff there in my youth, was one of the guests. He had become very wealthy and was the political power of that region. We got to talking about old times and he asked me, "Do you know who those robbers were you had in your hand?" I told him that I did not and that we were continually on the march for months afterward without sleeping in a house or seeing a paper. He said, "Those were Frank and Jesse James who did that job, and you had them both."

While moving along the trail of the Bismarck stage, we noticed that the passing stages were overladen with passengers. We asked what the excitement was and were told that "color" had been found in the Bear Paw Mountains of the



Upper Missouri, and that there was a stampede for the Bear Paw. Everybody was leaving from the Hills, and we even saw men riding that 225 miles to Bismarck on the break-blocks because the stage was too full to hold them—all to no purpose, it developed, for there was never pay dirt in the Bear Paw Mountains.

We were sent east again to Pinau Springs, about seventy-five miles out on the Sioux Reservation, because the Sioux were reported as bothering the stages. On the return we passed through a gap in the outer rampart of the Black Hills and saw a battalion of infantry going south. Encountering their wagon-train, we asked where they were going. It was then we heard that Red Cloud, chief of the Ogalalas, had broken out on the Missouri River, after killing his agent, and had gone back into the hinterland, nobody knew where; the Northern Cheyennes, taken down to the Indian Territory in 1876 by Captain Lawton, Fourth Cavalry, had broken away from Fort Reno, and were coming north, killing everybody in their path through Kansas and Nebraska, to join the Ogalalas, with whom they were intermarried. I made passing reference to this before but it was in the foregoing manner that we learned of the danger.

The orders were for us to draw thirty days' rations and catch up with the infantry battalion and other troops of the Seventh Cavalry and prevent the Cheyennes from forming a junction with Red Cloud. We stopped right there, fortunately near some water, unloaded our wagons, throwing everything on the ground, and Hare took the empty wagons to where they were building Fort Meade, for the thirty days' rations. On his return we took up the trail down into the bad lands of Bad and White rivers, across the Cheyenne, making night and day marches, camping at times without water, in a frantic effort to overtake the others. After a toilsome night march, we reached their camp on White River at the mouth of the Wounded Knee (Chankpé opi wakpala) at seven o'clock in the

morning, just as they were leaving camp. We were told to get breakfast there and join the infantry right away, although our men and animals were nearly done for.

We caught them up near the Porcupine Tail Butte in the forenoon. When we stopped for lunch, the officers all congregated on a high place, from which we could overlook the country, when some one exclaimed, "There are Red Cloud's horses now!" I carried a small telescope, through which we all took a look. We could see color and movement about six miles away, and everybody was convinced that they were Red Cloud's horses. It was all settled to everybody's satisfaction, when I declared that they were not horses but Texas cattle. That brought out a roar of derision; the buffalo were hardly out of the country, and there were no cattle ranches yet established; how did I, a four-eyed man, have the impertinence to maintain my views against those of men who could really see?

Nevertheless I stuck to my opinion and, sure enough, when we got near, we found that it was a beef herd under contract for the agency, being driven up on the cattle trail from Texas. Then they wanted to know how I had come to the conclusion they were not horses, too far away to distinguish the shape. I told them I had spent some time the previous summer with the Crows, who had more than fourteen thousand head of horses; each lodge would have from two to five hundred head, many of them bred in that bunch. A little Indian boy could round them up, drive them to water right through the other bunches, and if one got separated from his own bunch he would howl until he was answered and got back among his own. After watering, they would be driven out to the hillside and left where there was room to graze, in bunches, each belonging to a different lodge. The animals we saw on the Wounded Knee were not bunched—we could see movement and color—but they were scattered irregularly over the hillside; and I knew that they were cattle because they were not

in lodge bunches, as cattle have no such affinity for each other as horses. There were old captains there who had served on the northern and southern plains and had been in every fight the Seventh Cavalry ever had, who did not know that. Many were first-rate garrison soldiers, who knew their drill, took good care of their men, and who never made a mistake in their muster-rolls, but who were blind on the prairie.

#### TROUBLE WITH RED CLOUD

Going up to Red Cloud's village on White Clay Creek, I noticed ugly signs. Red Cloud was said to have five thousand young men, many recently from the hostile village, and I could see that they were in a very ugly mood. When passing one on the trail he would draw off to one side, cover his face with his blanket, and refuse to answer a question; and when riding near they were seen to be carrying two belts of ammunition, one around the waist, and the other over the shoulder. I could feel trouble in the air.

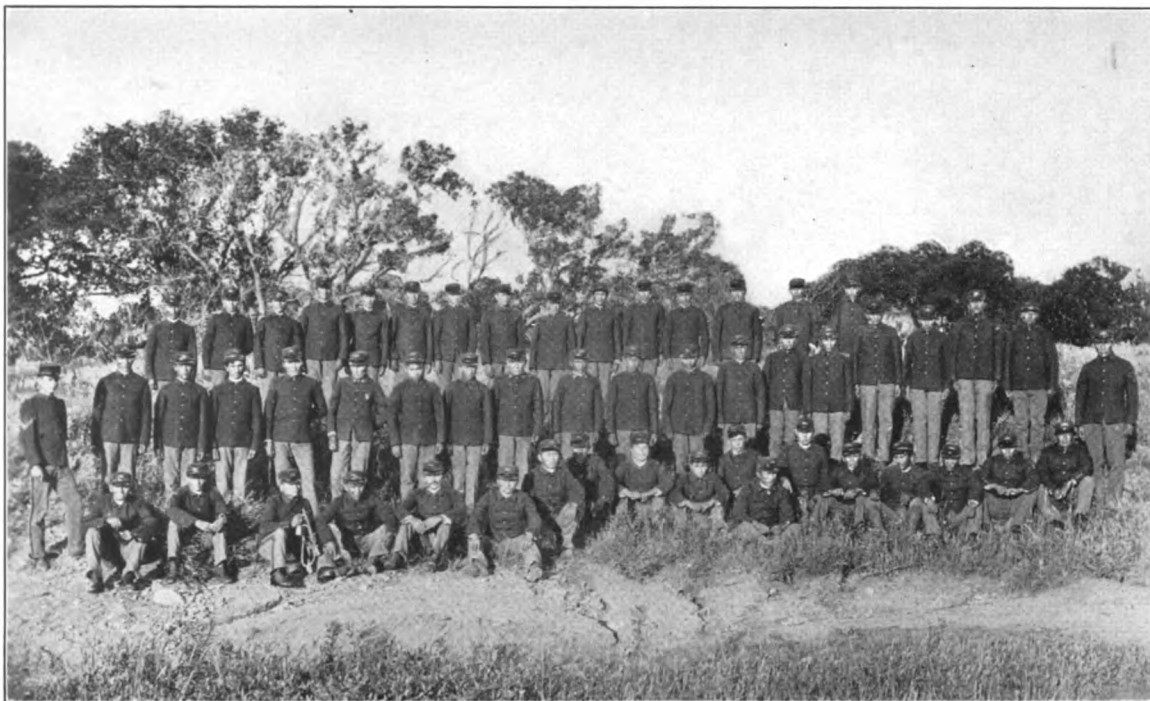
There was no interpreter with the command, when one was needed most, nor any Indian scouts. When the head of the column stopped at Red Cloud's lodge, they sent back in the column for me and I was told I was wanted as interpreter.

Red Cloud was in a most surly mood. There he stood in the presence of eleven troops of cavalry and boldly asked: "What do you come looking for here? My young men don't want you here. If you come here looking for a fight my young men will fight you. If you don't want to fight, you go home."

It was a good deal of responsibility to throw on a young man only two years out of West Point; I not only had to act as interpreter, and extricate the commanding officer from the tense situation, but must still preserve his dignity. Fortunately I succeeded.

It was found that Red Cloud had not killed his agent, as





MEMBERS OF TROOP L SEVENTH U. S. CAVALRY (INDIANS), FORT SILL

reported, but had left the Missouri, where the Ogalala, with Red Cloud, and the Brûlé Sioux with Spotted Tail, had been taken the year before, to save the two-hundred-mile haul of their supplies; and Red Cloud had broken away, taking the agency beef herd without permission. They were evidently very cross, and I warned the commanding officer to look out for trouble.

We went a day's march away to camp, and I was sent back to live in Red Cloud's lodge for a few days to keep tab on what he was doing. Indians are always hospitality itself, and he made me welcome in his lodge. I stayed there three nights, watching. I could not see that anything overt was under way but felt that I had no friends there and that hostilities might be brewing without my knowledge.

Red Cloud was an excellent sign talker, but he made his gestures differently from any one I had ever seen before or since. While each was perfectly distinct, they were all made within the compass of a circle a foot in diameter, whereas they are usually made in the compass of a circle two and a half feet in diameter. We talked about everything under the sun, but he would not give me any clue to what made him so ill-humored, and to what was actuating his young men. I never did learn until I made a visit to Pine Ridge in 1920, when the half-breed Sioux interpreter Billy Garnett told me that Red Cloud saw troops coming from Laramie and from every direction, to rendezvous near him. He would not believe that it was on account of the Northern Cheyennes coming north from the Indian Territory, but thought we were all brought there to arrest him for making off with the agency beef herd without permission, until one of the Cheyennes left Dull Knife and Little Wolf somewhere south of the Niobrara, and came in with one lodge to tell Red Cloud that it was true the Cheyennes were at war; after which Red Cloud softened and matters returned to their normal condition.

When the Cheyennes neared the Red Cloud country, for which they headed, they slowed down, intending to work their way a few at a time unnoticed among the Sioux. Little Wolf separated from Dull Knife (Mila Pésni) south of the Niobrara, and went far east among the sand-hills of Nebraska. Dull Knife worked his way slowly and cautiously north of the Niobrara and, encountering a squadron of the Third Cavalry suddenly in a fog, to the surprise of both parties, surrendered without a fight, and the prisoners were brought into Fort Robinson.

Their principal men, Dull Knife, Wild Hog, and Old Crow, got permission to come down to my tent under guard. They were the scare-heads in the Eastern dailies at that time, and we all wanted to know why they had run away from Fort Reno. The officers of the seven troops of the Seventh Cavalry present gathered at my tent to learn, and they told us the whole story in the sign language. I would interpret the technical signs, but many others were made that were such natural imitations that everybody there who did not understand signs comprehended what was said with little assistance. They told also of a visit to Washington in 1873, where they attended a circus and saw a white man jump off a spring-board over five horses. They made everybody understand that they had seen an elephant, although the language contains no sign for an elephant. They told us with great earnestness that they had run away from Fort Reno on account of the many deaths from fever, determined to die quickly in battle rather than at a slower rate by fever, and they said they would die in the North rather than be sent back. I reported to Colonel Carlton, commanding the post, that they would never go back alive.

Moylan gave me an order to search the country within eighty miles to the eastward with ten men, between the Niobrara and White rivers, for Little Wolf, and to bring him in without a fight. A large proportion of the army had been chasing Little

Wolf for months, and how Moylan conceived the idea that I could bring him with ten men I never learned. We had no scouts, and I wanted one of the Cheyenne prisoners to go with me. The matter was broached among the prisoners in the barracks, where they were confined. After a discussion among themselves, they announced that Old Crow would go with me. I told them that was all very well so far as it went, but would he come back with me? He promised that he would. The commanding officer, however, refused to let me take him, saying that he had him safe as a prisoner and I might lose him. I sent Captain Moylan to try to induce him to let me have Old Crow, giving many solid reasons, but he was adamant. Meeting Old Bill Rowland, who had been with the Cheyennes for forty years, I asked him whether he thought Old Crow would really come back with me. He replied that "he certainly would, if he said he would." I took Bill Rowland with me to Colonel Carlton, who knew him, and at his request the colonel let me take the Indian.

We got out about ten miles from Fort Robinson when Old Crow wanted to leave the column to go up on a high butte to look around. Coming back he said he had seen a troop of cavalry from Fort Laramie going in to Fort Robinson with eleven pack-mules and three Sioux scouts, which I verified when I got back and found to be just as he said. I gave him a rifle to go off and kill an antelope. He shot the antelope in some peculiar way so that it could only walk, and instead of killing it and carrying the meat, he herded it down to the trail, on which I was about to pass. He made it furnish its own transportation and killed it right in front of me.

About forty miles east of Camp Sheridan he announced that he could see Little Wolf's band in the east. We traveled low in the ravines, out of sight, and came up suddenly over a ridge, to find the Indians to be Chase and Hunter of the Third Cavalry with a fine pack-train. I could get no pack-train at



Robinson and had to borrow three wagon mules from the quartermaster, with sawbuck pack-saddles, and had to pack the bedding, food, and ammunition myself, for there was no one else to do it until I had taught one man to pack on one side. Chase and Hunter, however, who were in General Crook's department, had a pack-train with every comfort.

I returned to Fort Robinson, without Old Crow's seeing even a track, convinced that Little Wolf had never been in that region. This was confirmed afterward by Little Wolf himself in Montana. If my orders had told me to find Little Wolf instead of directing me to search a certain country, where he never had been, I would have kept on until I found him. I went back to Robinson without him and returned Old Crow to the commanding officer with thanks.

We all started north for Fort Meade. Nearing the post, Slocum went ahead and bought up all the canned oysters, intending to give a party in a few days. He had a hole dug in the floor of his tent in which to keep them. Suddenly the trumpets sounded the signal to pack up, and we started for Fort Lincoln, 225 miles to the Northeast, and Slocum came away, forgetting the oysters, which may be in that hole yet. He resents even to this day my asking him how his oyster-bed is thriving.

I admired a horse of Benteen's troop that was being ridden temporarily by the lieutenant-colonel. At every halt I would go up to take in his points, and the orderly holding him would say, "Look out, lieutenant; he don't like fur and will strike you with his fore feet if you get too near." I noticed the lieutenant-colonel was not wearing his fur coat, although it was quite cold. I asked Benteen to let me buy the horse from the government, and he said I might if his Lieutenant, Russell, did not object. Russell said to take him, with his blessing, as he wanted a driving horse; they had put a harness on this beast

last winter at Fort Rice, and it had taken all H Troop to get it off, and I was more than welcome to him.

## IN STATION AT FORT TOTTEN

I bought the horse at Fort Lincoln. The troops received their winter assignment here, and we were ordered to Fort Totten, two hundred miles further east, to take station. My captain ordered me to go to Jamestown by rail, taking a batch of recruits just received, and my new horse was shipped also by rail, the troop marching along the railroad.

The day after arrival I got an order to carry a despatch in a hurry to Fort Totten, eighty-two miles north. The trails were all covered with eight inches of snow, and a black cloud in the north promised more storm. It was quite cold, and it was necessary to wear a buffalo coat and other furs. The new horse and I had a battle in the streets of Jamestown, but I soon got on him, furs and all, and trotted him twenty-five miles without dismounting. This was quite contrary to my habit of riding horses, but I was afraid that if I got off him alone, far out on the prairie, I might not be able to mount again. There was a string of road stations twenty-five miles apart all the way to Totten, but they were hard to find, since the trail was completely covered. If I should miss Fort Totten in that great white expanse I could go a thousand miles north without ever seeing a human being. But I reached Fort Totten safely and delivered my despatch within twenty-four hours, on Thanksgiving Day, 1878. The horse was fresh enough to have gone back next day, had it been necessary.

The troop arrived in about ten days, and the men settled down for the winter. Fort Totten was one hundred miles east of the Missouri River on Lake Miniwakan, the Medicine Lake of the Sioux, foolishly called Devils Lake by the whites, fifty

miles long and, opposite the post, nine miles wide. The water was not too brackish for animals to drink, and it contained many large pickerel or pike weighing from three to twenty pounds. This was the agency mainly of the Eastern Sioux from Minnesota, who had lived east of the sign-talking area, and when I tried to use signs with them they thought I was crazy to make those foolish gestures.

The ice on the lake would sometimes freeze five feet thick. The Sioux would cut a hole through the ice, put some rushes on the windward side, then put down the head of their robes on the rushes, on which they sat, bringing the robe up over their backs; then putting a hook and line down through the hole, baited with a chunk of meat, and the other end of the line tied to the middle of a stick, three feet long, for a pole, they would jiggle the line up and down for an hour, and would usually catch three or four big pike.

The wood for the post was hauled nine miles across the lake. This hauling packed down the snow, and the road-bed was raised higher and higher, often six feet above the ice. This track was the only one easily traveled, as the snow was too deep to go elsewhere. I usually rode across and back on horseback for exercise, then drove a sleigh over, the weather often 20° or 40° below zero. I wore a buffalo overcoat, leggings of buffalo calfskin, over heavy clothes, a fur cap, gloves, and mask. I wore Blackfoot winter moccasins of buffalo hide, with hair inside, and with a felt insole an inch thick; silk or cotton socks next to my feet and over these heavy Dutch socks. It was necessary to wear hide clothing, for no woven material would keep out that piercing wind.

My classmate, Slocum, and I occupied the same quarters, and our main task was to keep the stoves well stoked, for that was the coldest part of the United States, the coteau of the Missouri, where blizzards come straight from the Arctic Circle. The snow would bank up in front of the windows so

that no one could see through them, and remain that way until it melted in the spring. Often we would not get our mail for one or two months; sometimes it would be brought in by dogs.

The lake broke up on May 5. There was something uncanny about the disappearance of the ice. It would melt and freeze for days, melt all around the edge, thirty to fifty feet from the shore, this space getting continually wider, until there could be movement of vast ice-fields; then some night it would disappear completely, leaving no trace. The Indians and Red River half-breeds believed that it sank. I have seen an explanation of the disappearance somewhere in print. The surface does not melt, for what melts in the daytime refreezes at night; it is the under surface that melts—because water is warmer than ice—and the water eats its way up into the under side of the ice, leaving long spiculæ in the space between. Thus the ice gets very thin without showing on top, and one night the force of the wind moves the ice-field, and it begins to break up. The spiculæ are rubbed together, and, being rotten, the ice ground up by the waves vanishes entirely.

When the ice would melt for thirty feet out from the shore, we would walk along the edge with a carbine to shoot the big pike coming out from under the ice to the open water to spawn. They would thresh about, merely stunned by the shot, and you would have to get hold of them quickly or they would escape under the ice.

Lieutenant Robinson shot one and jumped into the water up to his armpits and threw the fish up on the ice. We helped him to climb out; then instead of taking the fish by putting the points of his thumb and forefinger in the eyes to get a leverage against the skull, he put his fingers in its mouth. The teeth were long and sharp, and the fish closed down on his fingers and would not let go until I pried his mouth open with the muzzle of a carbine.

Slocum and I could be seen a large part of every day chopping pine boxes into kindling-wood and hauling it down to the shore. We had a small flatboat, rigged with an open iron basket held high above the bow, to burn this kindling-wood, making a light by which we could see a big pike at a distance. We would then pole up on him quietly and strike him with a fish spear. We got seventy-five one night, more than four hundred pounds, most of which went to feed the troops.

At the opening of spring the prairies were covered with upland plover running about in pairs. Many sicklebill curlew would hover over one, and the prairie-chickens would begin to dance, as did the sand-hill cranes, and the shores of the lake would harbor quantities of bay-birds, yellowlegs, willet or stone curlew, just as is seen on Barnegat Bay in New Jersey. Then the innumerable varieties of colored wild flowers began their changing season, showing great splashes of color, varying as the seasons came and went. The soil about Fort Totten was a dark brown loam, immensely rich, and the land was rolling and diversified, holding many small fresh-water lakes hidden among the hills, usually with little oak groves somewhere on their shores.

The buffalo had left this part of the country after a fire that burned over the whole region in 1867, and they fled across the Missouri, never returning. There were still a few elk and deer. The last black bear was killed by a soldier in the winter of 1878.

We had a small schooner and a sloop, built by the post quartermaster and handled by a soldier brought up in Finland with a knowledge of small boats. I put myself under his charge to teach me what he knew, and my spare time was occupied in this way after the warm weather began until the prairie-chickens were large enough to shoot. I applied myself very diligently and believe I could navigate a small schooner now from New York to Cuba if I wanted to.

When the chicken season began I was in high spirits. The pointer brought out from the East had too close a range, and I bought two others, father and son, splendid dogs. The father was self-taught and had no fine points in his education, but he was the greatest chicken dog I have ever known. He seemed to perform miracles when he wanted to, but he never wanted to in the heat of the day. He was old, and I bought him to use for one season and used him three. Everybody used him for years, and he had probably seen the death of more than ten thousand chickens. We had trouble getting his son from a French half-breed who had sold him to us, and when Slocum and I went to get him he refused to part with the dog, because of his wife. Slocum asked him if he were not master in his own house and could not do as he pleased with his own property. He said, "Lieutenant, it is easy to see that you are not married." But we got the dog finally, and for four years I had wonderful chicken shooting. The bay-birds and curlew were in countless numbers there, but about the time they raised their young, the chickens which could be hunted with a dog were ready to shoot, and I never bothered about the others. All sorts of ducks nested in that country except the black mallard, and the season began about August 28.

The officers told me they would show me how to get ducks and would drive out to the mallard slough. If the birds were flying there that evening we would have some sport; otherwise they would announce that there were no birds flying and we would have to go home empty-handed. I wondered about this all season. There were millions of ducks seen in the air and on the small lakes and ponds; why would they fly in the mallard slough one day and not the next? When not shooting I was driving about seeking an answer to the question. All the birds and animals have laws of their nature that compel each kind to do the same thing under the same circumstances. These laws are very simple and, when once deduced, make the

finished sportsman and deliver the game into his hand with little effort.

I learned the laws of the rabbit when a boy at home. The rabbit, followed by a slow hound, will return to where he is started from, and one has only to wait until he comes back to shoot him. I learned of the black bear from the Caddo Indians by watching their movements when hunting; they cannot give one their reasons for doing certain things; and the only means of learning lies in close observation. I learned the laws governing the mountain sheep from the Crow, the black-tailed deer from the Sioux and Cheyenne. I never did master any law for the white-tailed or Virginia deer, perhaps because none prevailed.

The ducks at Fort Totten rafted in immense bodies far out on the lake during the heat of the day, and would go inland toward evening to feed and spend the night, flying over water, if possible, and I soon discovered that the law governing this flight was their desire to fly from the big lake against the wind. If the wind were from the south they went out on the south side, and vice versa. I soon had twenty-five duck passes, and, applying the law, never again missed a flight. Why does a duck want to fly against the wind? Because his feathers are then smoothed down rather than ruffled, and when they are ruffled the sharp points of the quills hurt him. Whenever you see a robin perched on a tree or fence, his face will always be toward the wind, if there is any, to keep his feathers smooth. These observations are not to be found in books.

The quartermaster asked St. Paul for a steam-engine for our schooner. When it came it was too large for the boat and would have sunk her if used. Then we began the construction of a good-sized tug, cutting and hauling the oak logs and sawing them at the agency saw-mill. We built a fine dock of crib-wood filled with boulders far out into the lake, giving eight feet of water off the end of the pier, into which we could

dive; and many a large pike was caught off that pier, although we were told by the former garrison that it was of no use to fish in the lake, for the pike would never bite.

This time, not being very expert marine engineers, we made the boat too large for the engine, though it was excellent in every other way. The boat went very slowly, not more than seven miles an hour. General Sherman came to the post for an inspection, bringing his daughter and an aide, Captain Bacon. I invited them, as post quartermaster, to go out on the lake in our home-made steamboat. After we got out a short distance, the General asked, "What makes this boat go so slowly?" I told him of our trials and tribulations, and he turned to Bacon and told him to see that we got a proper engine for our boat. This time we got what we wanted, and our boat plowed those seas for years, a credit to a real shipyard.

Those were the days before vegetables were issued to the soldier, and we raised wonderful crops of potatoes, cabbages, tomatoes, carrots, beets, and onions. My troop had one thousand bushels of potatoes and splendid heavy heads of cabbages and root vegetables such as I had never seen before; these we stored in a root-house and issued to the troop all winter. The half-breeds would bring in a train of Red River carts, loaded with frozen pike from springs that never froze on the Mouse or James River, where the pike would congregate in the warm spring water in winter, so thick they could be thrown out with a pitchfork. The trader bought these, threw them in a great pile on the floor of an empty store-room where one could pick out the fish that pleased him, thaw it out, and thus have fresh fish for dinner. During the summer the Sioux women would bring in wild raspberries and give us half an oilcanful for twenty-five cents. All this enabled us to live better and cheaper than we have ever lived anywhere since. We felt abused when the price of beef went up to seven cents a pound. We killed our own game and fish and



raised our own vegetables, and when the frost threatened the tomatoes we picked them green and ripened them in corn-meal.

I went on a leave of absence for four months in January, 1879. My mother was then living in Princeton with her sister at Morven, the old Stockton place. My grandfather had died, and when I turned a corner and met my grandmother she put her arms around my neck and cried as if her heart would break. My aunt's children got scarlet fever soon after my arrival, and fearing to be put in quarantine, I spent my time going back and forth between New York and Philadelphia until the fever was over.

Just before leaving Totten, news came that what I had predicted about the Cheyenne prisoners at Fort Robinson had happened. Ordered sent back to the Indian Territory by the secretary of the interior, they had broken out in the dead of winter at the fort Robinson and, without food or clothing had been nearly all killed refusing to surrender to the troops which tried to recapture them. Dull Knife himself escaped and reached asylum among the Sioux. Wild Hog, who had been the most earnest in his determination to die in the North rather than go back to die of sickness in the Indian Territory, was captured at the beginning and tried to stab himself with a fork. This treatment of a fine, virile tribe, one of the most moral on the Plains marks another black page in our history. I had warned Colonel Carlton, commanding at Fort Robinson, months before the affair took place, but he had been sent to take station at Sidney, Nebraska, and there was a new commander at the time.

Returning from leave, through Chicago, I stopped at the Palmer House, then the army hostelry, where General Sheridan and his brother Mike were living. General Sheridan saw me sitting in an arm-chair against the wall in the lobby, came and sat down by me, tipped his chair back against the wall, and

talked to me for an hour about conditions in the Northwest. I had all the Indian gossip of the Plains—what Sitting Bull was thinking about—which the General could get from nobody else except Ben Clark. When he called me “Scott,” placing me on a conversational level with himself, I swelled up with pride so that Chicago could scarcely hold me. Both Sheridan and his brother always asked me to dinner whenever I passed through Chicago, and I never appealed to either of them for help in vain. The General left me to go to the barber shop, and a scion of a prominent Philadelphia family, whom I had known when he was in college at Princeton, came up and asked me who had been talking to me. I replied, “General Sheridan.” When he asked where he had gone, I said, “To the barber shop,” and about an hour afterward I met him again and he told me he had bought the razor with which the General had been shaved.

The winter of '79 and '80 was exceptionally cold and stormy. I had seen Miss Merrill a number of times while she was at school in Philadelphia, and now that she was back at Fort Yates at Standing Rock, Dakota, I got a month's leave from Fort Totten to go there.

I went back over that road in June to be married at Standing Rock. It was on a still, clear night, with the moon at its fullest, that Mrs. Scott and I started out on our honeymoon that has lasted until now. We drove back those eighty-two miles from the railroad in an ambulance covered with wire netting to shut out the flies and mosquitoes that were unendurable; the greensward was dotted with blue-bells and other flowers, with now and then a tiger-lily sticking up through the grass. We started our life together at Totten, and spent there three happy years, sailing, fishing, and shooting. Our eldest son, David Hunter, was born here.

I used frequently to swim my old horse a mile into the lake, forcing him against his will, then allowing him to turn back.

He would stretch every effort to go straight back in a hurry, towing me by his tail. The art of controlling a horse in the water and making him go where you want him to, whether it is according to his will or not, was taught me by Hare when camped on the Belle Fourche River in 1878. It was taught to my two boys at Fort Sill when they were little, and I have never seen any one else able to do it. Many horses will swim a river willingly when they can see the other side, but to be able to turn them up or down the river and back and forth at your pleasure, or straight out into a lake where they cannot see the other side, is a difficult art.

In the fall of 1882 Mrs. Scott took our son and went to visit her father, General Merrill, who commanded all the troops escorting the constructors of the Northern Pacific Railway from Bismarck to the Rocky Mountains, with his headquarters then at Billings, Montana. I was going to go after her, but was put to building the telegraph line from Fort Totten, seventy-eight miles east to Larimore, to meet the Great Northern Railway that had stopped there for a while, and it was time for Mrs. Scott to come back when the line was finished. Department headquarters had notified us that there would be no change of station that year, and we were settling for the winter when an order came sending us on a four hundred mile march to Fort Meade in the Black Hills. I gathered up my six dogs and started with the troop. Mrs. Scott was picked up with our boy at Bismarck, and we marched across the Sioux Reservation for the Black Hills, without any sort of comfort. We lost one man, a recruit who had started out on foot in the snow to kill a buffalo. I rode fifty miles next day in search of him, and many parties looked for him far and wide, but no trace of him was ever found.

We encountered plenty of buffalo, and Mrs. Scott shot her buffalo on the Moreau or Owl River. After a long march in great cold, wet, and discomfort, we arrived at Fort Meade.

We had left comfortable brick two-story barracks, the best in the Northwest, to march four hundred miles through inclement weather to a post where there were no quarters for us and we had to start building our own of logs, in winter. There was apparently no emergency to cause this change of station and it seemed nothing but a wanton disregard of the comfort of troops.

Shortly after our arrival in January, 1883, Mrs. Scott took our boy and went east with Mrs. Hare and her little girl on the stage to visit her family in Philadelphia. The ground was frozen hard, and the stage carried them right through to Fort Pierre on schedule time. The stage line now ran from Deadwood 230 miles to Pierre, instead of to Bismarck as formerly. They started back in the spring, and Mrs. Scott had one of the hardest trips any one ever had; it was really a wonder she lived through it. One night on a stage is enough to play out a strong man, but they were seven days and nights on that stage on account of the condition of the gumbo soil, which rolls up on the wheels like glue when at all wet. I have known a stage on that line to be eight days going twenty miles.

About half-way the boy was taken with convulsions because of his teeth, and Mrs. Scott expected every minute to lose him, she borrowed a pocket-knife, carried by a passenger for cutting tobacco, and lanced her son's gums, relieving the pressure on his brain. There was little chance of getting food for any one, let alone for a sick child. The four big horses would pull about five hundred yards and stop, out of breath, the wheels glued up with gumbo. Then the messenger would call for the gumbo paddle and pry great chunks of clay from the wheels, matted with grass; those same chunks were lying on that trail ten years after, baked hard as a brick. Mrs. Scott expected me to meet her seventy-five miles from Fort Meade with a light wagon and four horses to hurry her in with Mrs. Hare, but instead of that they met a lawyer from Deadwood

going out on horseback, and, upon asking if he knew me, were told that he did and that he had lately seen me going out the other way with a large command and a pack-train after Indians. That was almost the last straw. They reached Fort Meade finally, exhausted completely, and the boy barely alive.

#### A MISSION OF PACIFICATION

A telegram had come to Fort Meade, directing a large force to be sent after some Indians reported to be depredating west of the Black Hills. I told the adjutant that there was no use for a large force; he could take a few men and packs and I would go as his interpreter, and we two would take care of it. This pleased him and the commanding officer until the telegram was reread, which called for a "large force," and it was seen that a squadron at least must be sent, and I was told that I could go as interpreter, for there never was an interpreter or any Indian scouts kept at Fort Meade. I demurred at this, and the commanding officer said I would have to go anyhow, since there was no other interpreter. I told him I was not employed as an interpreter and declined to put my reputation in the hands of the officer who was going in command, who would be sure to saddle any disaster, which might come from his inefficiency, on me as an interpreter. The commanding officer told me to get out, and I got out before he changed his mind again.

He ordered out a squadron of the Seventh Cavalry with the full train of fifty cargo animals, but the troops were slow in getting ready, furbishing up their private wagons which, if they had been taken, would have been stuck in the gumbo yet; it was so bad that some of our pack-mules, newly shod, pulled off their shoes, and two pulled their shoulders out of joint. The commanding officer lost his patience with them, and I was awakened at night by the adjutant, saying the order had been





**DISCHARGED INDIAN SOLDIER, TROOP L, SEVENTH CAVALRY, FARMING HIS OWN LAND**

changed. The commanding officer had directed that I take what amounted to a squadron, composed of large details from every troop, two other officers, and the pack-train. We got away next morning, leaving everybody mad behind us, because though the officers of the squadron had been grumbling about going, they did not want to be superseded by a lieutenant. All the lieutenants of higher rank were angry at being passed over for such a command, which was equivalent to that of a major, and all the troop commanders were disgruntled at having such a large proportion of their troops taken from them.

Though the Indians were said to be depredating west of the Black Hills, we got word at Spearfish that they were now north on the Little Missouri. We crossed the Belle Fourche and camped on Iron Creek just as a blizzard started. We had only our shelter-tents, since it was April and the season for snow-storms was over. The train carried some grain, and we sheltered men and animals on the lee side of a bluff on Iron Creek, in an oak grove, giving us plenty of fire-wood. The snow was blowing horizontally and fell two feet deep, keeping us here three days, hardly able to see a yard. Then it began to rain; this was the time Deadwood washed out and every river in the Northwest was more than bank-full.

We heard at the Little Missouri that the Indians had moved down sixty miles to the Short Pine Hills, and we started down after them, through wind and snow, none of us dry for a week. Every night I had to put my boots under the pillow to keep them from freezing stiff. We met a buffalo hunter at the Short Pine Hills who said the Indians had crossed there before the river rose and were somewhere on the other side beyond the river. The snow was standing in patches then and the Little Missouri was bank-full, a hundred and fifty yards wide and twenty feet deep, with a roaring current. The question was how to get the command across the river without any facilities.

The matter was discussed with the other officers, and they



said: "You can never get across here with this outfit. You came out with fifteen days' rations, and nine of them are gone already. You are more than a hundred miles from the post, and you can't wait for the river to go down. You will have to start back right away, for there are rivers up between us and the post to be crossed." This looked very black, and I went off by myself to reread my orders; they said "find those Indians" but nothing about giving up the effort. So, "Find them we must," I argued, and ordered all the sling and lash ropes to be brought from the train and joined together by bowlines, and all the lariats without picket-pins. I could see a cabin on the other side, made of ties left by tie-cutters for the Northern Pacific. Out of these a good raft could be made by our carpenter, if I could get him over there, for he could not swim.

I found an old extension top for a farm-wagon, rotting in the grass, which some one had thrown away long before. I wrapped this frame with canvas *mantas* from the pack-train until it would float and carry a man, and called for a volunteer to swim across with the rope and drag this canvas boat across, carrying the carpenter. The buffalo hunter said he would do it for a plug of tobacco. I promised him three plugs, and to have a hot blanket thrown around him when he got back and a drink of whisky to warm him up. He undressed to take the rope, but one of those dancing sawyers came around the bend, made when a cottonwood-tree is undermined. It comes down with the current, root first, until it strikes a bank; then, top first, the branches broken and sharp, it dances up and down with the waves like a *chevaux de frise*, ready to rip up any one who gets in front of it. The buffalo hunter, not liking the looks of this, changed his mind and concluded that he did not want the tobacco enough to earn it.

A call was then sent out through the squadron, and one of the men volunteered, undressed, put his foot in the flow, and drew it back, pronouncing the water too muddy and cold. The



call was then sent up to the pack-train, but no one there cared to try it. Seeing that we were getting nowhere, I threw off my clothes, tied the rope around my waist, and jumped out into ice-water that made me gasp loud enough to be heard a mile. I pulled the carpenter and one other man over, and put the rope around a tree in an endless loop. They hauled me back in the boat, then sent several men over, and in two hours we had a raft ready on the opposite shore.

Hauling it across, the water boiled over it so as to wash away the property, if any had been on it. The raft was taken off the main rope and put on a short one, tied to the main line in such a way as to give more buoyancy and lift the raft when the strain came, rather than submerge it. The boat was put on a crib built with ties on the raft, so that when the current submerged the raft it boiled across under the boat, in which men and property were loaded, and we crossed everything except the horses before sundown, swimming the mules across in a body after the bell.

We attempted to swim the horses across in the way laid down in the drill regulations. I attached one of my horses to the rope and had him pulled across as a guide for the others. They waded in to their bellies but, disliking the cold, began to mill around in the water and turn back. We were all around them and attempted to drive them ahead after the guide, but they broke through the cordon of men and started for home. I caught my other horse as he went past, hung on and stopped him, put a man named Barron of E Troop on him bareback, and told him to head the bunch, lead them around in a circle, and bring them back. We felt pretty sad out there afoot, more than a hundred miles from home, and the pessimists gave up getting the horses back at all, but I directed a number of fires to be built to guide Barron to the camp, for it would soon be dark. After it had grown really dark we could hear them coming, and Barron rode in, followed by every one of the

horses, a little blown by their run. The men went up quietly and caught them and tied them up for the night, without losing a horse. The next morning we tied their halter-shanks to the endless rope, six at a time, and hauled them over, ate breakfast, packed up, and were on the Indian trail by ten o'clock.

We camped that night on the Box Elder near the Hole in the Rock (Inyan Okelokā). Here was a roaring stream to be crossed, of a different kind, in a different way. The stream was usually dry, and its bed fifty feet below the plain with perpendicular clay banks, with places for entrance and exit only on the buffalo trails that crossed it at times. The water was now thirty feet deep with a roaring current. A good-sized cottonwood-tree was growing there, much bent, which we cut down; and a detachment was sent ten miles up the river with axes to cut and float down any other cottonwoods over six inches in diameter that they could find, from which resulted the trunks of three green cottonwoods.

We set about to build a floating bridge. All the ropes were gathered again, and the trees were lashed in such a way as to reach in a great convex curve. On the upper side this was eased off by the ropes, the butt end of the cottonwood wedged into the near bank, the other end pushed by the current into the far bank. Then some long lodge-poles, left by the Indians, were gathered up and pushed into the mud, to which ropes were tied so as to make a hand-rail. A man holding to this rail and feeling under the water with his foot for the cottonwoods, and looking away from the current, could get across and carry property. The horses and mules were both hauled across six at a time by the endless rope, so as to prevent them from being washed down-stream past the landing-place. By ten o'clock all the property was across except one aparejo cinch that fell off into the water and was carried away by the current. The ropes were soon recoiled, and we were on the road again.

Coming into a valley, the trail scattered so as to make it im-

possible to follow, and I was asked, "What are you going to do now that the trail has disappeared?" I said: "I am not going to try to puzzle out this trail. We are going to go straight for that gap at a trot, twenty miles ahead, where we will find all these trails coming together again."

Nearing the gap we found a lost dog; then all the trails swung into a large beaten trail that could be followed with the eyes shut. We began to double up on the camps until we found that the ashes were warm. Next we came to a camp with the fires still burning, and I proposed to take an officer and a man and go ahead into their camp before they saw the troops coming and stampeded away from us. At first no one wanted to leave the command, but a little gentle ridicule changed this, and I started out with my classmate, Lieutenant Sickel, and one man. We had not gone far on the trail when the man said he could hear a mountain lion. We looked all around but could not see a lion, but looking farther we could see two women riding at a distance against the background of a high pine-covered bluff, which made them difficult to see. They were traveling slowly on horseback, as if they had not discovered us. It was necessary to cut them off before they could stampede the camp, and desirous of not frightening them we kept on our course until they had crossed out of sight over the ridge, then gave a little time for them to look back to see what we were doing, whereupon we started straight for them at a sharp gallop to catch up with them. Instead of keeping on slowly, they had begun to gallop just as soon as they had got out of our sight, but away from the direction of the village, probably with the intention of drawing us away from it. We let them go, however, and, turning back to the lodge-pole trail, we soon went over a ridge close to the village and got into it before we were noticed.

The first lodge was entered and the head chief sent for, but he was not in camp. The next chief came, and he was told of

the approach of troops and that he was to prevent his people from stampeding as the troops were not going to hurt anybody if they behaved themselves. A crier was sent out to make the announcement, and by the time a good defensive camp site was selected, at a little distance, that would command the village, the troops came along and went into camp where I told them.

We kept our horses tied up tight under a strong guard. Everything passed quietly during the night, and finding the Indians reassured, I told them that they would have to come with me. We conducted them to their reservation and let them go. It was not long after, however, that I read that the head chief was in jail at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, near St. Paul.

There we were, seventy-five miles south of Fort Keogh, the nearest place we could get a supply of food; two and a half good marches and only one day's rations left. We issued half-rations and made the seventy-five miles into Keogh in two days; several deep, cold rivers were crossed; and our mission ended.

While superintending the reshoeing of the animals at Fort Keogh, I received a telegraph order from St. Paul to find another band of hostile Indians and put them on their reservation. No one knew where they were to be found; all sections of the country were eliminated by telegraphic inquiries, except the Powder River Valley, which could not be reached by telegraph.

We struck the Powder about twenty miles above its mouth, and I was lying on top of the highest peak available at dawn the next morning, searching the valley with a glass, hoping to see a number of parallel columns of smoke rising in the still air from the different lodge fires kindled at that time to cook breakfast and to warm the lodges, but none was seen. Fearing to stampede the village if we were seen approaching it, we left the valley and marched up the river thirty miles and came back to the valley. At dawn the next morning we searched for smoke without result. We were rewarded on the fourth day by

finding what we were looking for; and hiding the troop on the bluffs, I got into the village before being seen and calmed the chiefs, who reassured the people, so that no attempt was made to run away. We put them on their reservation and started back to Fort Meade. We had to devise means to cross all the rivers except the Powder, which we crossed on a deep ford above the boots of the aparejos, wetting the cargoes but slightly.

When I became superintendent of West Point I determined that no cadet should graduate in my time without a knowledge of the various means of crossing rivers with few facilities, and I had the professor of military engineering set up a course in addition to that of building pontoon-bridges. I had him make a canvas imitation of a bull's hide to simulate the bull-boats made by the Indians of the Upper Missouri, round in shape like a coracle, with a framework of willows, by which I have seen an old Arikara woman transport two men with their horse equipment, leading their horses swimming behind, across the Missouri at its worst. I allowed such facilities as are always carried in a pack-train; an ax, rope, canvas mantas, and even some soft wire from a bale of hay. We crossed thirty-five cadets over the Hudson River and back in an hour and a half. I do not know whether this is still kept up or not; if it is not, the graduates are losing something they can ill afford to miss.

The following letter bears on the 1883 experience:

Columbia Barracks, Cuba,  
March 20, 1900.

The Adjutant General,  
U. S. Army,  
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

I have the honor to request that this paper be filed at the War Department with papers pertaining to the Military History of Lieut. Colonel H. L. Scott, Adjutant General, U. S. Volunteers.

During the month of April, 1883, Lieut. Colonel Scott, then 1st Lieutenant 7th Cavalry, stationed at Fort Meade, Dakota, was de-

tailed to command a scouting party consisting of two officers, 1st Lieutenant H. G. Sickel and 2nd Lieutenant James H. G. Wilcox, and about 90 enlisted men, all the 7th Cavalry, selected from the troops serving at that post, for the purpose of locating and conducting to their reservation a band of Crow Indians, reported to have been committing depredations in south-eastern Montana, near the Little Missouri and Powder Rivers. The detachment was furnished with about fifty pack mules as transportation for ration, forage, etc., and was to be absent from the post for an indefinite period.

The day following the departure of the detachment, a heavy fall of snow occurred, and by the time the Little Missouri was reached, in the vicinity of the Short Pine Hills, the weather had moderated to such a degree that the greater part of the snow had disappeared, and the rivers and creeks were running bank full, the Little Missouri being about 150 yards wide and 20 feet deep, carrying logs and other driftwood. It was learned from the buffalo hunters that the Indians had shortly before moved west, and it became necessary to make a crossing of the Little Missouri River without delay. A problem presented itself to Lieutenant Scott to get his detachment across without endangering the lives of men and animals, and a call was made for volunteers from the enlisted men to carry a line made of the lash and sling-ropes on the pack-train, across the river. Two or three men responded and prepared to make the attempt; but after stripping and testing the ice-cold water, and realizing the danger of the undertaking, reconsidered and resumed their clothing. Lieutenant Scott, without further effort to secure volunteers, stripped, and tying the line about his waist, plunged into the water and, after tremendous effort, succeeded in reaching the opposite bank. By means of this line, and an old wagon bed, converted into a kind of pontoon, the entire party, with rations, forage, horse equipment, aparejos, etc., was safely crossed in a few hours.

Resuming the march westward, the detachment was stopped the following day by Box Elder Creek, usually an insignificant stream, but swollen by the melting snow until it presented a fair sized river. On this occasion Lieutenant Scott constructed a floating bridge, using driftwood, lash ropes from the pack outfits, lariats, etc., for the purpose. This bridge served to cross the men, supplies, aparejos, and horse equipments, while the animals swam the stream, being attached to an endless rope suspended over the water and worked from both ends.

Lieutenant Scott never seemed to be wanting in resources to meet every emergency during this scout, the detachment being absent from the post about one month and having traveled over 500 miles and having crossed several other streams at a high stage of water. (During the absence of the command from the post a large part of the city of Deadwood was washed out, and all the streams in that section were running bank full.)

The band of Indians was finally overtaken at Mizpah Creek and here Lieutenant Scott's knowledge of the Indian sign language served a good purpose. He was selected for this duty mainly on account of his knowledge, as there was no other interpreter at the post.

The detachment returned to Fort Meade, Dakota, about May 25, having accomplished the purpose for which it was ordered into the field, and the enlisted men much benefited by the experience.

Very respectfully,

H. G. SICKEL,

Captain and Adjutant, 7th Cavalry.

Upon my return I found that I was still very unpopular. All sorts of dire predictions had been made that I would be hung up on some river and would not be back for months. About my only friend was Hare, who said he would give me five days to return, successful in my mission, which faith I justified by getting back in two. I felt very bad that my old friends should abandon me for nothing, and looked about for some employment with the idea of leaving the service, and picked out a most valuable place to start a horse ranch at the head of the Little Missouri, but, losing my resentment, decided to remain in the service—most fortunately for me, for they were canning horses in that country within seven years, and I would have gone broke. The horse industry revived during the Boer War, and the Earl of Portsmouth was said to have made a good deal of money at his ranch in the foot-hills of the Big Horn, furnishing horses in South Africa to the British Army, but that market did not last long. One can get a good saddle-horse out there now for five dollars.

We found that a large part of Deadwood had been washed



out during our absence, and large logs, three feet in diameter, deposited by the high water at the stable doors, were still stranded there.

We went East to see our people on four months' leave of absence early in 1884. The Cheyenne River was very high and floating large cakes of ice when we arrived there in the stage. The mail and passengers were transferred to stages on the other side in a cranky skiff. I tied our trunk-handles to the thwarts to have the boat as a buoy for the trunk if it tipped over, as it seemed likely to do. I took our boy on my lap, to swim out with him, trusting to Mrs. Scott to save herself, with a little help, as she was a good swimmer. The risk was great from the large ice-cakes and character of the boat, but we crossed without mishap. When we reached the Missouri the ice was pronounced too rotten for the stage to cross and liable to break up at any minute, and what to do no one knew. There was no place to stay there, and we did not want to go back on the stage, so I hired a boy's sled and a man to haul it by a long rope. Mrs. Scott sat on her trunk with the boy; she carried a long dry pole to support her if the sled should break through the ice. We others carried similar poles, marched at some distance from her sled, and all got across in safety. An officer's wife was drowned there the following spring. That season no more stages crossed on the ice, which broke up with a loud crash that night.

While visiting my brother at Pittsburgh, our daughter Anna was born, after which we went on to Philadelphia and Princeton. My brother, who is professor of geology and paleontology at Princeton, was getting up an expedition of college students to hunt for fossils in the Big Horn Basin. I concluded that I wanted to go with him and went to Washington to see General Sheridan, who had just moved from Chicago to command the army. I asked him for permission to go as my brother's escort,

and to take a small pack-train and a dozen men of the Seventh Cavalry. Those were the days before electricity, and the General smashed down his hand on his desk bell to call his brother Mike, who was his military secretary. He said, "Mike, fix this fellow up," and I soon got an order giving me what I wanted.

After assembling my party at Fort Meade, there were three hundred miles to go across country to Fort Custer on the Big Horn to meet my brother. There was no trail, but I guided our party across, and was chief packer, interpreter, commanding officer, guide, and hunter for the party all summer for fifteen hundred miles, through the Big Horn Basin, Yellowstone Park, and back to Fort Custer down the Yellowstone River. Many were the vicissitudes by flood and field. Our camp was washed out by a cloud-burst on the Gray Bull.

I killed my last wild buffalo near-by, the last I ever saw, in August, 1884. Another was killed among the horses by the horse guard on the Gray Bull also—just scabby old bulls, for the spring of 1883 saw the last of the buffalo. I was on the range for a month at the Short Pine Hills, killing meat for my troop, which was accumulating a fund to buy vegetables by selling its salt meat in the mines above Deadwood; I replaced this with buffalo meat, and I had no trouble in January, 1883, to keep a six-mule team going into the post all the time. There were about three thousand men on the range killing buffalo for their hides when the railroad got near. Whenever a dollar can be made on the hide of an animal, that animal is doomed. The hunters would sometimes get a stand on a herd of buffalo and kill one hundred or more. The weather was intensely cold, 40 degrees below zero for days and never above 20 degrees below at noon for weeks at a time, and after taking the tongue and skinning one animal the hides would freeze on the others and would be left untouched by the knife. The waste was terrific. Major James McLaughlin, the Sioux agent at Standing Rock,

took a large contingent of Sioux out on the range to make meat and hides. They killed five thousand head and dried the meat to take back; that was the end of the buffalo.

I traveled with Hare five hundred miles in search of buffalo in September, 1883. They had been plentiful the year before but now we did not see even a recent track. We met an old Sioux Indian who had been searching all summer and had killed one old scabby bull. Many thought they had gone north into Canada. The Indians thought they had gone underground to rest and would come again, as they were told in their ancient legends had happened before.

But the buffalo never returned, and many Indians starved to death in consequence; starved to death under the American flag, wards of our government, because our government was too weak and too careless to protect their food from wanton destruction by white men.

The army regulations in those days encouraged an officer to take hunting leaves, provided he would turn in a map of the country traversed. I turned in maps of the country for two hundred miles about Fort Meade in every direction. I got the urge every now and then, and if it were not the hunting season I would just travel with some congenial friend exploring the Black Hills and beyond, far and wide, with a couple of packers, a couple of orderlies and a cook.

One day we were on top of the Slim Buttes (Paha Zipzipela), where Anson Mills had his fight with American Horse. It was raining hard, and all the dry washes were full of running water. I came along behind in a heavy overcoat, riding bare-back, and my horse attempted a greasy clay bank and slipped backward, sitting down in a dry wash two feet deep. I fell backward off his wet slippery back, and he sat on my chest, clawing the bank with his front feet, his hind feet far in front of him where he was unable to get them on the ground under him. The swift current was carrying gravel down the neck of my

overcoat. I could look up and see light through the muddy water and reflected that it would be a curious fate for a man who had swum the Hudson River to be drowned in a dry wash two feet deep. The horse was making violent struggles to regain his feet, and I feared he would put his hind hoofs in my face. He stood up just before I would have had to give up holding my breath, and got off my chest, allowing me to get my head out of water in the nick of time. He ran on to catch up with the others, giving them their first knowledge of a mishap, and they hurried back to find what had happened and found me sitting in the wash, too weak to stand up, the water up to my armpits. I soon recovered, however, and went on again. The clay washed into the fabric of that coat was still in it when I gave it to an Indian years afterward in the Indian Territory. I really believe that I came nearer to drowning in that two feet of water than I ever did in my life before or since. The others decided that any man who could make an escape as narrow as that must be reserved for a hanging, though I hope they were mistaken.

#### RECRUITING SERVICE

In August of '86 I was given the two years' cavalry recruiting detail for the Seventh Cavalry, with station in Philadelphia. My horses, cow, and other property were put up for sale at auction at Fort Meade, preparatory to moving East. When my old buffalo horse was bid up higher than his cost, he seemed to look at me with reproach and say, "After all our times together among the buffalo, are you really going to sell me?" and I withdrew him hastily from sale, although I needed the money.

His first trip with the Seventh Cavalry had been with Custer to the Black Hills in 1874, and he had been shot in the foot on the Little Horn with Reno. He died at Fort Sill

at about thirty years of age, after having drunk in every important stream from the British line far down into Texas. He was very nervous and quick to act. Once when I put my hand on him at Fort Totten, while his head was down in the manger, he kicked me in the ribs with both feet, clear across the stable passageway, from which my ribs did not recover for twenty years, but it was done in fright and not in malice. When I proposed to break him to drive, Slocum said it would have to be done with one of those iron-bound treasure coaches from the Black Hills, for no wagon could stand it; nevertheless he was driven for years. At first no one but Mrs. Scott would drive with me, and I was often remonstrated with for trying to kill her, but she is still alive, I am thankful to say, while the prophets of evil are not. Whatever distrust Mrs. Scott may have about me in other ways, she has always accorded me her full confidence with a horse or dog, in the water, or in an Indian tanglement, and her confidence has never been misplaced in those particulars.

Leaving Fort Meade, we drove twenty-five miles to Rapid City, which the railroad had just reached. We soon established ourselves in Philadelphia, where our daughter Blanchard was born. We both had many relatives in Philadelphia and Princeton, forty miles away. We were able to have my mother stay with us from time to time, and we saw much of Mrs. Scott's relatives also. I examined, enlisted, and shipped recruits every day but Sunday, and besides became acquainted with large libraries. I felt that my two years in the city were wasted, away from troops and away from the peculiar service for which I had trained myself in the Indian country, but I did not have enough money to take myself and family at any one time back to the Plains, until, at the expiration of my tour of duty, I was ordered to Fort Sill, Indian Territory, the station of my Troop M, Seventh Cavalry. I rather pitied myself for going to a post where the Indians were too tame, but I need not

have done so, for I found the Kiowa, Comanche, and Kiowa Apache Indians still as wild as the Sioux and Cheyennes I had left in the North. They were all blanket Indians still and were capable of kicking up a serious bobbery if not carefully handled. They were quite primitive in every way.

I went out on the train from Philadelphia with a handsome, serious-minded gentleman, dressed in the traditional costume of the Southern statesman, with frock-coat and black slouch hat. We happened to be on the same train leaving St. Louis and became acquainted. He told me he had just been elected to Congress. He got off somewhere near Sherman or Dallas, Texas, and he became Senator Joe Bailey from Texas in after years.

#### INTO THE SOUTHWEST

I got off at Henrietta, Texas, the railroad point for Fort Sill at that time, and drove sixty-seven miles north in the mail-wagon in a piercing wind that kept me chilled to the bone. I was received at Fort Sill by my old friend, Lieutenant Baldwin of the Seventh Cavalry, and by Thomas Clancy, my new orderly, who stuck to me for many years clear to Cuba and Porto Rico. He fell out of a window in Manila and was killed, much to the sorrow of my whole family, for we all loved him for his fidelity. The only fault Mrs. Scott ever found with him was that he would purloin her kitchen utensils for our camp cooking when we were going into the field. He loved the horses, the dogs, and the children, who looked on him as their protector and friend. He stayed with us for nine years at Fort Sill. I had only to tell him that I would have so many in my party, wanted so many horses and dogs, would be away so many days, and wanted to find him camped, say, at the spring "where the Osage cut the heads off the Kiowas" in 1834, and that was enough. We would wait for the mail next day, then, trotting forty-five miles to the hill looking down on the spring, would

find Clancy there with the tents up, the dinner cooked, and the beds made.

A party of Kiowa and Comanche scouts, the principal Indians of that region, were sometimes camped near-by waiting for a conference. After hearing the news and the troubles of the region I would ask who knew where there were any "foolish" turkeys in that country. In their parlance a "foolish" turkey was a tame one that would allow himself to be killed; a "wise" turkey was a wild one that would get away quickly and escape. The Indian of the buffalo country never ate birds or fish in those days. The quail and turkeys might be everywhere under his feet without notice; he had nothing to do with them. They are glad enough to get them now, but then, so long as they had beef or buffalo meat, they did not really need anything else, though they liked bread and sugar and coffee well enough, but did not feel deprived if they went without.

I was presented with two dogs the day of my arrival, one of which became a most excellent quail dog and the best turkey dog in the Southwest. Wild turkeys were plentiful then as were quail. The whole country was soon mine, from Kansas to Texas, and a wonderful primeval country it was. The streams were bordered with elm, cottonwood, oak, hackberry, pecan, and walnut. Fort Sill could not afford to haul coal sixty-seven miles from the railway, and contracted for many cords of hardwood as fuel every year. When I became quartermaster of the post I induced the higher-ups to erase pecan and walnut from the list of hardwoods in the wood contracts, and when receiving the wood under the contracts would throw out pecan and walnut, refusing to take them. This soon stopped the burning of those valuable woods, and there are many alive down there now that otherwise would have been burned many years ago. I also stopped the Indian women's custom of cutting down



GENERAL SCOTT AND COLONEL W. F. CODY, WASHINGTON, 1916. THE PHOTOGRAPH, THE LAST OF COLONEL CODY, WAS TAKEN IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF STAFF





trees to secure the nuts, a wasteful habit which had arisen from their migratory lives with the buffalo; here to-day and gone to-morrow, possibly never to see that part of the country again, the women knew no reason for conservation, which comes later in the history of peoples. We are only coming to it now ourselves.

Wherever I live near mountains, they call until I go to them. The Wichita Mountains were within plain sight and twelve miles from Fort Sill, and they began to call to me the first day. It was not long before I started with a visiting cousin, accompanied by I-see-o and five of the Kiowa and Comanche scouts, a cook, a packer, and two pack-mules, to answer their summons and to learn about the country. We rode all around the Wichita group and through the middle before we got back, the Indians pointing out the sites of historical occurrences and relating their legends in the sign language. Having learned the sign language on the Northern Plains, the Indians of the Southern Plains were surprised to see me, a new man from the east, come there with a good knowledge of it, something never seen before, and the Comanche called me at once "Molay tay—quop," "he talks with his hands" or "sign-talker," and it enabled me to get into the good graces of all the Indians of that district almost at once, giving me their confidence and good-will within a radius of two hundred miles from Fort Sill.

My first journey away from the post on duty was to go after fifty thousand dollars of "grass money" back at Henrietta, Texas. A large part of the reservation of the Kiowa and Comanche Indians was leased to cattlemen in large pastures, and the rent was called "grass money" to indicate to the Indians that they were leasing only the grass on the land and not the land itself. The grass money in those days was paid directly to the Indian per capita, the payment supervised by the agent and witnessed by some officer of the army. Nowadays

it is paid directly to the Treasury and an act of Congress is required to get it out; the Indian cannot get it when he wants it.

I took with me a sergeant and three mounted men as guard for the money, for it had been noised abroad that the money was coming, and it was freely predicted that I was going to be held up and have it taken away from me. I started back, carrying it loose in the ambulance, without a safe, and sat on the box with the driver with a six-loading shot-gun filled with buck-shot across my lap, ready to shoot as soon as anybody made an attempt. The mounted men went ahead and searched every ravine before I would go near it.

We camped at Elm Springs the second day, one of those hot days they call a "weather breeder" in that country, a forerunner of a "norther." A number of cattlemen came up and camped with me, without any tentage or cooking facilities, and I had to take them in with me. We were all in a perspiration putting up the tents, when, bang! the wind changed like a flash, and a norther was on, nearly freezing the perspiration on our faces, our teeth chattering with cold, inside of five minutes. I have known Mrs. Scott to be playing tennis in light summer garments, wet with perspiration, and hardly be able to get into the house when struck by a norther. These northers go down as far as Vera Cruz, and how much farther I never learned.

The cattlemen had with them an old man from Chicago, to whom I had to give my bed or he would have died that night with the cold. I had a sick dog to take care of and fifty thousand dollars, and did not sleep much. With the cattlemen there were two deputy U. S. marshals whom I did not trust a great deal, for no one trusted a marshal in those days. They would start out as marshals and many would graduate as bank and train robbers, and fifty thousand dollars was a good deal of money. They had no bedding, and as a great kindness to

them I rolled them both together in the canvas cover of my bedding roll and strapped them in tight so that they could not wander around at night, and their subsequent history showed that I had made no mistake. Those cattlemen have since all come to great fame in Texas, some of them having become multimillionaires from their oil wells, especially Burke Burnett, after whom the great Texas oil field was named, but they are all dead now, with the possible exception of Waggoner. They were an interesting lot, prone to shoot quickly and often. They were the product of their time, growing up in the Southwest in the period after the Civil War, when there were no school facilities and no restraint, and I am glad to have known and to have been on friendly terms with them. We do not see people out there like them any more. They were real cattle barons, each running from thirty-five to a hundred thousand head of cattle in a pasture, leased from the Indians, besides other ranches they owned in Texas.

The word "pasture" is sometimes deceiving. Lieutenant Baldwin, Seventh Cavalry, was taking a wagon-train from Fort Sill to San Antonio. When he arrived at Elm Springs to camp, after dark, he was advised to turn his mules into the pasture for safe-keeping. He did so and found to his dismay next morning that the pasture was thirty miles square, and he did not get his mules rounded up for a week.

I turned the money into the agency at Anadarko next day, glad to get rid of it, and got a receipt for it. I found Colonel Carlton there with a squadron of the Seventh Cavalry to overawe the Kiowa into giving up their sun dance. They gave it up very reluctantly, believing that the well-being and health of their tribe depended on it, and they held much resentment for a long time. They were doing no harm to anybody and should have been led away, not forced away, from it. Soon they all gathered into Anadarko for the payment, surrounded by white gamblers, fast women, and bootleggers, with every device to

cheat the Indian out of his money. Those payments, military as well as Indian, attracted the vultures of society and were a crime against humanity. We could never get a law that would permit us to take proper care of our men and protect them from such vultures until Secretary Baker got us one for the World War. Congress would not extend it further, and the officer is without the necessary power now. Congress is willing to protect the volunteer but cares nothing for the health of the Regular Army.

The two troops of the Fifth Cavalry were ordered over to the Canadian River to take part in the opening of the original Oklahoma, April 22, 1889. I asked to go with them but was refused permission. It was only a few days, however, before our squadron got their orders, and we all started East to take our position on the line, under Colonel Wade, Fifth Cavalry, who assigned us our places and directed us to synchronize our watches. Our station was at Purcell on the Main Canadian. We marched through the site where Oklahoma City now is, without seeing a vestige of life, although there were doubtless "sooners" hidden in the timber, ready to pop out at twelve o'clock noon and beat some honest man to a claim, but we did not see them. By sundown the next day ten thousand people were camped on that site.

We lined up about five thousand people on the line at Purcell, as motley a land-hungry crew as ever gathered in America. When the signal was given at noon they surged forward on foot and on horseback, with every sort of vehicle, some drawn by horses, a mule, a cow, or a woman. For years afterward I would be accosted by some one I did not know, who expected me to know him because he had ridden past me on April 22, and thought I ought to be able to swear to the fact of his identity and presence on the claim he had chosen.

That method of opening the land gave rise to innumerable lawsuits over title, and many honest men were cheated out of

farms by bullies and crooks of high degree. Law seemed conspicuous by its absence. I have been told that there were a few United States marshals about, but I did not see them and would not have known they were marshals if I had, and of course there could have been no municipal officers until matters had settled down long enough to elect them. In the meantime the crook and the bully had free swing. Two or three armed crooks would see some inoffensive claimant located on a farm they fancied, probably for speculation, would flash a gun on the man and tell him to leave, and he would have to go and, being without witnesses, could never establish his superior claim in the courts, and while often first on the ground, the only thing he would get out of it would be a lost lawsuit. Many piteous cases were laid before us, but having no civil jurisdiction, we were equally helpless.

I did, however, drive out a band of thugs from the week-old town of Norman, where the University of Oklahoma now is, without breaking the law. A man came into our camp soon after the opening announcing that he was mayor of Norman and stating that the town was terrorized by an armed band of thugs engaged in jumping the best lots in town, driving out their holders, and he wanted protection from the gang. I was told to take ten men and go up and drive them out, an order for which there was no legal basis, and if I had been foolish enough to do anything overt I could have been proceeded against in the courts, but I was then old enough in the service to know better. I asked the mayor if he had a policeman in the town. He said, "No." "Then you hurry on ahead and appoint one and have him ready by the time I get there," I advised him.

Reaching Norman, it was found that the news of my approach had acted to give some touch of legal formality to proceedings. Ruffians had before boldly taken a lot, warning off the owner, and had built a board shanty on it. Now they

hired a woman of the town with a hired baby to occupy it, thinking that no one would dare to disturb a woman with a baby for fear of public opinion. I told the mayor and policeman to conduct me to the lot and dismounted my men all round it, telling the policeman to get a team and haul that shanty out into the middle of the public street without disturbing the woman and the baby.

The gang was afraid to interfere, not knowing my legal limitations, and the house was hauled off the lot by municipal authority. My wagon came up by that time, and they saw us go into camp as if we were going to stay there indefinitely. I told the mayor to issue a municipal ordinance to get that house out of the public street, and the gang, seeing no prospect of making a haul and desirous of not losing the value in the house, returned their hired baby, tore down the house, disposed of the lumber, and left town for greener pastures, without my having violated any law, and without my speaking a word to any one in Norman but the mayor and the policeman. Although we remained at Purcell for some months, I never heard of a recurrence of the trouble anywhere in that neighborhood.

When I first went on the Plains there was no semblance of law or justice. Wherever the railroad ended or any settlement was made, criminals of every kind were present. The criminal was master until things became so intolerable that a vigilant society would be formed to put down lawlessness by lawlessness and force. These conditions could all have been avoided by giving the higher commanders of troops civil jurisdiction in the Indian country, just as the Northwest Mounted Police of Canada had civil jurisdiction. When the latter arrived in Alberta in 1873 the crooks and criminals disappeared at once; the mere presence of the police acted to drive the undesirables over to our side of the line, where they could operate with impunity.

There were numerous military posts all over the Plains, the

commanding officers of which represented the power of the United States, and they comprised the only force capable of maintaining law and order. If they had been given legal power, they would have cleared the Plains of the criminals and avoided the orgies of crime that disgraced our frontiers for more than a hundred years; they would have enforced our treaties, keeping faith with the Indian, and so avoided our shameful Indian wars. They would have been able to enforce the law and protect life and property over all the Plains; but our Congress read accounts of the most horrible crimes year after year on the Plains, and never made an effort to use the remedy that lay at hand.

Shortly after the opening of Oklahoma, while we were still kept at Purcell, a deputy U. S. marshal named Carr came into camp and asked for a posse comitatus of troops to assist him in arresting the McDonald brothers, a gang of seven men, who were camped about five miles away. There had been many gangs of outlaw brothers in those days; the Dalton brothers, who tried to rob a bank at Coffeerville, Kansas, and came to grief; the Cook brothers; the Marlow brothers; the James and Younger brothers; and now the McDonald brothers.

The commander explained that he could not furnish the posse under the law, which forbade him to do so under penalty of losing his commission. This made the marshal sorrowful at the loss of a gang he thought he had held in the hollow of his hand. I thought there might be some adventure in this and asked for a seven-day leave to go with the marshal in a civil capacity, which was granted me, although a moment's consideration would show that I could not divest myself of my military status in that way. When I sent for my horse it became known where I was going, and one of our sergeants asked for a furlough to go also, and we three started off together on horseback, three civilians.

Arriving at a place where we could reconnoiter the camp



with a glass, the seven men were seen to be engaged around the fire, busy cooking dinner, all their rifles standing against a black-jack oak-tree in a bunch. The camp was on a black-jack knoll, with a ravine coming down on each side of it, and a wood to the left of one ravine. I laid out the plan, which was for me to ride up the left ravine, putting myself between the men and the woods, in the event they should attempt to break that way. I would appear suddenly as if coming up out of the ground, drawing their attention, while the sergeant and marshal would ride up the other ravine behind their backs and dismount; the marshal would gather up their rifles and put them out of reach. The sergeant was to hold them under his gun when they found out what was going on behind them.

It turned out exactly as planned. They were greatly surprised to see me sitting quietly on my horse, between them and the woods, and while they were engrossed in me, the marshal carried their rifles out of reach before they knew he was there. When they saw the sergeant standing with carbine in hand, their rifles gone, and me between them and the woods, they allowed the marshal to come up and handcuff every one of them without a word. I sat on my horse without saying anything and could not be breaking any law by just sitting there. The marshal put them in a wagon and took them off to Fort Smith, Arkansas, for trial by the celebrated Judge Parker, who was a terror to evil-doers, after having eleven men hung in one batch.

Running out of clothes in this camp, I got permission to go to Fort Sill, and started off with Clancy. The first day out we jumped a spotted fawn, which I ran down and caught. Clancy took a gunny-sack from under his saddle and cut four holes in it; through these we put the legs of the fawn, which was tied in the sack, and we carried it into Fort Sill where it grew up in our yard, the last deer I will ever raise or have about.

From Purcell we were all sent up to Chilocco to take part in





GERONIMO AND FAMILY, APACHE PRISONERS OF WAR, FORT SILL, FARMERS

the first real maneuvers the army ever had conducted, under General Wesley Merritt on the Kansas border near Arkansas City. These maneuvers were long known as "the bloody war of 1889," and they had the salutary effect of awakening a good many of us to the fact that the day of Indian wars was over and that we must fit ourselves for war with civilized peoples. After these were over we all returned to our posts. All the way home to Fort Sill we had wonderful quail shooting.

The influenza that was prevailing all over the United States reached Fort Sill, and I had a case that kept me in bed for two weeks, after which I began to make arrangements to receive Mrs. Scott and the children from Philadelphia. I met them at Henrietta with a four-mule ambulance, and took them off the railway. The weather was gentle and warm, and everybody complained of the four buffalo robes in the ambulance, but when we were struck by a norther the complaints changed to commendation.

The children were all young then, and one of their strongest recollections of that time is of a prairie-fire that came down on us swiftly from the north on both sides of the road. One might try to force a pair of mules through it, but not four, for the leaders would certainly whirl around, jack-knifing the team, and upset the ambulance, probably breaking the pole and setting the ambulance on fire. We set fire to the grass and followed it into the smoking prairie and let the fire go on without harm to ourselves.

Those were the days of the presidency of Grover Cleveland, whom we had met at Philadelphia with his bride, where she had charmed all hearts. The president was desirous of opening the Cherokee Strip along the south border of Kansas to settlement. Each time he made preparation, the western senators would represent the hardships this opening would work on the men whose cattle were running on the strip, and who were continually putting in new cattle to prevent the opening, until

the president got tired, and ordered everybody out of the strip, forbidding the introduction of more cattle; I was sent with F Troop, Seventh Cavalry, to take the cattle that came up from Texas on the cattle trail and escort them to the Washita River, where Captain Jake Augur, Fifth Cavalry, would convoy them through the strip into Kansas. They were not allowed to run loose anywhere along the way. The job was turned over to the army, because the president knew it would be faithfully performed.

I had Lieutenant A. G. C. Quay, Fifth Cavalry, son of the senior senator from Pennsylvania, and one of Mrs. Scott's cousins with me, as well as some Kiowa and Comanche scouts. The cattle began to strike the trail in bands of two to five thousand head, all intending to turn loose on the Indian reservations and drift later into the Cherokee Strip, in violation of the president's proclamation. The trail came up through Vernon, Texas, and crossed the North Fork of Red River, which was then the boundary line between Texas and the Indian Territory. The foremen were up to every device to cross above or below me and turn loose, without my knowledge, in the Kiowa and Comanche country, which I had been directed to prevent.

A Kiowa or Comanche scout was stationed on the flanks of the mountain in the rear of the camp with a field-glass, and he signaled down whenever he saw the dust of a herd trying to cross twelve or fifteen miles above or below, and another scout would be sent with a polite note to the foreman of the herd, asking him to come to see me. He would usually arrive in a great rage, declaring that he got his orders only from his boss and was not going to be told by any soldier what to do. It would then be politely explained that he would be acting against the proclamation of the president if he crossed into the Indian reservation, rather than on the cattle trail, and as I was aware that no legal penalty was attached to the violation

of the president's proclamation, I would not oppose his crossing, but would allow him to proceed five miles into the reservation if he wanted to, against my advice. He would then, however, be a trespasser, and I had one hundred mounted men here who would be used to chase his cattle back into Texas, and, driving off their fat and causing many, doubtless, to get their legs broken and others to be mired down in quicksands of the North Fork, this would cost real money, which his boss might be rich enough to afford, but which would get him nowhere, for the same would be repeated at every subsequent attempt.

Soon thirty thousand head of cattle, their owners unwilling to have them go on through into Kansas, banked up at our crossing on the North Fork, and the owners began to appear, saying that they were losing big money and asking if I could not help them in some way. Some produced a permit from the agent of the Kiowa and Comanche to turn loose on that reservation, but were told that I did not take my orders from the agent but from the commanding officer at Fort Sill, who had sent me here. Their cries for help were piteous. I told them that the only way I might be able to help them would be to send an Indian seventy-five miles to Fort Sill, asking the commanding officer whether I should honor the agent's permit. This was done, and the commanding officer called on the agent to explain, and the agent became frightened and repudiated his own signature; the cattlemen had been paying him to give them permits illegally. The commanding officer sent me word that there would be no change in my orders. This and the daily loss convinced the owners it was no use to wait there longer. A few elected to drive on to Dakota and Montana; others turned back into Texas and disappeared, but none turned loose on the reservations or on the Cherokee Strip, which was soon prepared for the opening.

A Kiowa Indian came in and told us of the location of the

nest of a war (golden) eagle, high up on a cliff on a mountain-side, five miles from camp. My cousin and I went over to see it with Arose, a Comanche scout. We could see it plainly up against the face of a cliff, and concluded that the best way was to go above it and climb down. Looking around for Arose we found that he had disappeared. We climbed down and made our way with some difficulty along the edge of the cliff and found there was only one young bird in the nest, surrounded by the remains of a jack-rabbit and several prairie-dogs. We put our captive into a gunny-sack and climbed down with him to the horses, where we found Arose, who had been watching our progress with great fear.

We staked the young bird out in camp, and the old ones came hovering over next day, answered by the shrill pipe of the fledgling. The Indians told us that we ought not to have taken the only bird in the nest lest misfortune come to us. This bird grew large and strong, and when leaving Fort Sill I shipped him to Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, where he is probably alive yet, as they are said to live a hundred years. An account of his capture may be seen in Richard Harding Davis's "West from a Car Window."

The golden eagle has twelve feathers in the tail, from which the Plains war-bonnets are made. We plucked this bird's tail five times to make a Kiowa war-bonnet of sixty feathers; it was beautifully made by I-see-o, Elk Tongue, and Chaka. One war-eagle tail used to be equal in value to a good horse before the days of automobiles, when horses cost money.

I fell sick in this camp with malarial fever and had to be carried seventy-five miles to Fort Sill in an ambulance. The morning after I left, one of the men drowned while swimming in the North Fork, and the Indians attributed all these misfortunes to our taking that single eagle out of the nest. "No one can go against the wisdom of the elders without suffering for it," they said.

## PROBLEMS OF FORT SILL

After recovering from the fever I was appointed adjutant quartermaster and commissary of Fort Sill, and it was not long before the post was put on the list for abandonment. The reasons were several. One was that Fort Reno, only seventy-five miles away, had been the station of General Merritt, who considered that two posts were not needed in that country so close together, and he preferred Fort Reno. I told them that they would never be able to get any good drinking-water at Reno because the red gypsum beds sloped right under the region, and they would always get bad water. They had hauled their drinking-water five miles from the Caddo Springs for thirty years, and now sank a well twelve hundred feet deep, costing fifteen thousand dollars, only to get water that would curl your teeth; whereas Fort Sill had good, clear limestone water and plenty of it.

General Merritt objected to Sill also because the stone gables were falling outward, and nothing could be done to keep the plaster on the rooms from crumbling. Captain Pond, then at the height of his fame building Fort Riley, was sent down to inspect the post. He reported that nothing could be done for it; for one thing, the stone was too soft, and the post ought to be torn down completely and a new post of brick constructed, at an estimated cost of three hundred thousand dollars.

I felt that the post ought to be saved for many reasons. It was in a far more agreeable country than Fort Reno, with clear streams and a view of the mountains within twelve miles. It had a history not to be lightly tossed away, and, more than all, troops were needed there, and if they could not live in the post they would have to live in tents; so I set out to save Fort Sill in spite of everybody. I made a close examination and



found the stone quite hard, bearing the quarry marks as sharp as the day it was quarried. I soon found also that the gable-ends were falling outward because, originally, the grass had been merely scraped to lay the foundations; in fact, there were no foundations, and this was the cause of all the trouble. I saved three hundred dollars in the erection of a water-tank and proposed to the chief quartermaster to expend this money on the worst set of quarters—which had the gable-ends propped up by large logs—mainly for the purpose of buying lifting-jacks. This he promptly refused, saying that the gable ends would fall in on me just as soon as we began to excavate under them.

We fenced with each other at long range over this for six months, when he finally allowed the saving to be used. When the lifting-jacks arrived, an excavation was made under the wall, four feet wide and four feet deep, the wall being held up in the meantime by jacks. The work was done by a stone-mason brought down from Kansas City; the limestone quarry a mile away furnished stone for the foundations, and we burned our own lime right there. Great slabs of stone were put in the excavations and a real foundation built; but how to get the weight off the jacks, without allowing the wall to sag a little, and perhaps fall out, no one knew. I was passing down the front of the quarters soon afterward, looking at the ladies' flower-beds, many of which were contained inside a circle composed of old tires taken from six-mule wagons. I gathered up all the old wagon tires to be found everywhere, had the blacksmith cut them into wedges, eight inches long and half an inch thick, wedged the walls so as to lift them off, freeing the jacks, and my work was accomplished. The ends of those wedges may be seen yet in the old post. The chief quartermaster came down to see what had been done with his three hundred dollars on the worst set of quarters, pronounced him-

self satisfied, gave me eight thousand dollars and promised twenty-five thousand the next year.

No money had been spent on the post for a long time, in anticipation of its abandonment. The original floors were rotting so that I could stand on the ground in the middle of the drawing-room, my feet through holes in the floor, while every time it rained Mrs. Scott would place milk-pans all over the floor to save her carpets, and the cook would have to hold an umbrella over the range. I roofed the post with the eight thousand dollars, put in new floors where needed, and new foundations, ran two chimneys up in each house instead of one which smoked so that the open fireplaces could not be used, and built an extra room on many of the houses. Colonel Peter Vroom inspected the post and said, "Well, you have been fighting to save this post for three years, and now you can stop; the post is saved, and Reno is to go." The twenty-five thousand never materialized, because the chief quartermaster was retired, and the headquarters were transferred from St. Louis to Chicago, where they had other uses for the money.

Fort Sill then was in the Indian Territory, neither in Texas nor Kansas, and it had no congressional delegation to fight for it in Washington; in fact, it had nobody but me, a first lieutenant of cavalry, who did not count for much in the halls of Congress, where it was not known that I was even alive.

Our ice-machine had been put in an old building, 1020 feet from the pump. Our boiler was a little upright contrivance that would not allow the flues to be cleaned. These flues, covered with scale from the limestone water, were eternally leaking, putting the fire out, and in need of repairs. It was plain when I first became quartermaster that the boiler would soon be useless, and an auxiliary boiler was asked for and refused.

One Sunday night the engineer came in and reported that the flues could be repaired no longer; they had leaked so that

the fire was put out and could not be lighted. I hurried down and tried to heat the flues with a fire outside the fire-box, but this failed. From the post trader I got an old hand fire-engine that had been condemned and sold years before, gave each family a water-barrel, filled by an abandoned water-wagon, which in turn was filled by pumping water through the fire-hose out of the spring; and they had drinking-water but no ice. We dug up the two-inch pipe carrying water to the stables and watered the horses in the creek. The two-inch pipe was coupled up and laid between the ice-machine and the pump to carry steam, but it lacked two hundred feet of reaching the pump. This hiatus had to be filled with inch pipe, and when we tried the pump it gave a couple of chugs and stopped, and the steam cooled down so as not to do the work. Going past the corral, I saw one of the old iron telegraph poles, two inches in diameter, that used to be on the line running into Kansas, and the abandoned poles were used for closing corrals. We soon gathered all we could find, cut threads on them, coupled them up, put them in the line, built fires under them to dry off the steam, and began to make ice for the hospital first, and later for the post, until we got our new forty-horse-power horizontal boiler from Chicago and hauled it down the sixty-seven miles from Minco, which had now become our railroad point.

A Plains quartermaster used to live by his wits in those days, for almost nothing was given him. If he ever saw a real twelve-inch pine board, he would have put it in his safe, if there had been room, for often he would have to make his coffins out of packing-boxes. It was a fine school for a young man, however. The modern quartermaster must have everything to his hand called for by the books or he cannot turn a wheel.

That ice-machine makes me think of an incident which occurred a long time after. I was dining at Yale with Dr. Hadley and a party of gentlemen, and asked my neighbor what was the most remarkable thing he had ever seen. He could not

answer, and soon the discussion became general. Finally they said to me, "You started this; you tell us the most remarkable thing you have ever seen!" I told them that I had seen Pharaoh—the one who "would not let my people go." I had had my face within two feet of his and could see his own teeth, his own face, and knew what he looked like, in the museum at Boulak, just on the outskirts of Cairo, and it had given me a thrill I had never felt before. Then I told of my putting the same question to a crowd of Comanches, who went out to agree upon the answer. Coming back, they announced that the most remarkable thing they had ever seen was the ice-machine at Fort Sill, where a white man made ice every day out of hot water in the summer-time.

Formerly most all my studies had gone toward warfare with the Indian, which I used to think, at one time, would last during my lifetime, but conditions on the Plains were rapidly changing. Instead of protecting the white man from the Indian, it was now for the soldier to protect the Indian from the white man, and my military ideas had been changed by the maneuvers at Chilocco in 1889. I began to study civilized warfare intensively, perceiving that the day of the Indian on the Plains was over. While I was always too busy with something important to go to the school at Fort Leavenworth, I studied its textbooks and began to fit myself for war with a foreign country, although no sign of such a war could yet be seen.

The same question was soon taken up in our post schools and continually discussed in our clubs. My classmate, Arthur Wagner, put out his work on "Strategy and Information," and a new era dawned for our army—a new epoch ushered in—that was to progress until it found us, at the outbreak of the World War, with our officers the best instructed of any army in the world.

## A MESSIAH ON THE PLAINS

In the summer of 1890, those who were in communication with the Indians began to hear rumors of the coming of a Messiah. Vague stories were heard at first that there was a white man out on the Staked Plains of Texas, with long fair hair and beard, who might show you your dead relatives, and who bore on his hands the scars of the crucifixion. Small attention was paid to these stories for some time, but they became more and more insistent, attracted more and more attention, until by the beginning of winter they were causing the whole of the Plains, north and south, to rock with what Mulvaney called "invidjus apprehension."

The story was now that Jesus had come back to this earth, which was worn out, since the buffalo and wild horses were all gone, the white man had cut off all the wood, and the rivers were dry. Jesus was on top of a new earth somewhere in the Northwest, coming with a slow movement like that of a glacier, covering the old earth. On it were the spirits of the buffalo, the wild horses, and all our dead relatives. Jesus had come once to the white man, who had killed him, and now he was coming to the Indian, bringing with him all the conditions of the golden age before the white man; and this slowly moving new earth was going to push the white man off into the sea, forcing him to go back whence he came or to drown. All that was necessary for the Indian to do was to believe, and to cultivate the dance; otherwise he would be pushed off with the white man into the sea.

Colonel Caleb Carlton, Seventh Cavalry, commanding at Fort Sill, placed this matter, pertaining to eight tribes, in my hands, and I spent the winter wherever the excitement was greatest, going about with an orderly, cook, driver, and light wagon, a saddle-mule, and a pair of quail and turkey dogs,

often accompanied by my cousin and my son, Hunter, then a young lad, besides some Kiowa scouts, notably Sergeants I-see-o and Clancy, and Chambers, driver and packer. It was recognized that something dangerous might be hatched up underneath the surface, of which I might be kept in ignorance until it broke, and so I-see-o was told that a very serious situation was developing, which bade fair to bring about a clash with troops that would probably wipe out those eight tribes if they persisted in acting under this delusion; but that if he would do as I told him, whether his tribe disapproved or not, we would save them all, and he would be thereafter like a man standing on a high peak, looked up to by everybody. I-see-o was a very simple honest Indian, brought up in the old times with the buffalo, having spent a large part of his life on the war-path on the Arkansas, in Texas, and in Mexico. He had little or no influence in his tribe and was too simple to initiate any policy or to put one over alone, but was faithful to the last degree and would do exactly as I told him. After considering the matter for a week he agreed to my request, and we went about together everywhere; he kept me informed of everything going on underneath the surface and nothing could start without my knowledge.

The excitement became as great among the white communities as among the Indians, the former expecting an uprising, a feeling that was greatly intensified by news of the battle of Wounded Knee in South Dakota with the Sioux, when Sitting Bull was killed near the Missouri River. The press called for the disarming of the Indians all over the Plains. Some of the agents, notably the agent in charge of the Kiowas and Comanches at Anadarko, were insistent upon the use of troops to bring about disarmament and the stopping of the dance, a policy I resisted with all my force. Meanwhile the Indians still looked for the coming of the Messiah, who was fully expected to arrive in the spring.

I was awakened one night far up on the Canadian, eighty miles from Fort Sill, by a Kiowa Indian scout who brought out a telegram from General Merritt, commanding the Department of the Missouri, directing me to get ready to disarm the Indians. The rest of the night was spent with a candle, the stub of a pencil, and a piece of manila paper, giving reasons why this should not be attempted. I took the view that I had control of the situation, and ample warning would be given of anything overt; that the Indians were going to dance anyhow, and if not allowed to dance openly where I could keep my fingers on their pulse, they would dance somewhere in the mountains secretly where they could hatch up anything they pleased without our knowledge. Moreover it would not be possible to disarm them, for they could ride one horse and lead another into any of those little towns in Texas or Oklahoma, and exchange a horse for a rifle and ammunition, which would then be hidden somewhere in the brush away from their villages, until needed for use. Many were already without rifles who would go and get them in case of such a movement, and a spirit of animosity would be wakened that would not be ended for ten years, which was altogether unnecessary. The doctrine taught did not call for any action by the Indian; Jesus was going to do it, and if Jesus were to come in the spring and shove us all into the sea, he could not be prevented by mortal means. If he did not come the whole fabric would fall of its own weight, and the best way to treat the situation was to stand by quietly and let it fall without interference. In the meanwhile I would see that nothing untoward was being hatched up secretly.

General Merritt approved of this policy, and the eight tribes were carried through the excitement without the firing of a shot or the shedding of a drop of blood, although the news of the battle of Wounded Knee in the North, where many were killed on both sides, caused the excitement in the South to be greatly intensified.

General Merritt was rather put out by the sending of troops from his department to General Miles in the Sioux country, where a large part of the army was congregated, as he had the same trouble in his own department and did not want his troops taken away. The last time I saw him in the Metropolitan Club in Washington, he said, "I will never forget you; you kept me out of trouble when I didn't know enough to keep myself out."

When news of the Messiah first began to circulate in Oklahoma, a Kiowa Indian by the name of Ahpiatom, or Wooden Lance, was deeply affected. He pondered some time over it and concluded to go north and see that Jesus with his own eyes. He went north to the Sioux Agency at Pine Ridge and was told that he could go back and tell his people that the story was true; Jesus was not actually there—he was over in the Shoshone and Arapahó country, and all Ahpiatom need do was to go home and "push hard on that dance." He said, "No, I am going to see that Jesus with my own eyes." He went back south to the Union Pacific Railroad and made his way to the Shoshone and Arapahó agency, a hundred miles north of the railway. Here they told him the same thing: "Jesus is not actually here; he is over at Fort Hall, Idaho. It is all right; you go back and tell your people it is true." He said, "No, I am not going back until I see that Jesus with my own eyes."

Then he made his way back to the railway a hundred miles, footsore and hungry, having to stop to work at times to get something to eat, and thence in the same manner to Fort Hall, to hear the same story. This time Jesus was over on Pyramid Lake in Nevada, which he reached after a long journey. He was told that Jesus was there, in a lodge not far away. He put on his best clothes and approached the lodge with the most reverential feeling. It appeared to him that if that was the real Jesus, the latter would recognize him at once, and would speak to him in his own language, saying: "You are Ahpiatom,



that Kiowa man who has been worshiping me for three years," and he would show Ahpiatom his son who was dead, and his other dead relatives, and show him likewise the scars of the crucifixion on his hands.

Ahpiatom was taken on arrival into a lodge where there was a Piute Indian by the name of Jack Wilson lying in a bed on the ground with a blanket over his face, singing. After a long time Wilson took the blanket off his face and asked him who he was in the Piute language. "Why," he said, "I am Ahpiatom; don't you know me? I am that Kiowa man who has been worshiping you for three years." Wilson said, "What did you come looking for here?" Ahpiatom said, "I have been traveling for a long time, going from tribe to tribe looking for Jesus." "Well," Wilson said, "you don't have to travel any more for I am the only Jesus there is. What do you want?" "I want to see my son who is dead." Wilson said, "I haven't got any dead people here," and began to excuse himself for the killing of the Sioux at Wounded Knee; it wasn't his fault that the Sioux people should go wrong and have so many killed in one day.

During the conversation Ahpiatom was watching him carefully, and seeing that the scars of the crucifixion were not there, he came to the conclusion that he was being spoofed. He returned to his people at Anadarko, to whom he announced that was a false Jesus and his religion false too. This was a tremendous disappointment to his people, who were expecting the coming of the Messiah, and it made Ahpiatom very unpopular. They said that Wilson might be a false Jesus, but Ahpiatom had not gone to the right place. Ahpiatom had seen an Arapahó who had gone only as far as Pine Ridge and had accepted the dictum of the Sioux that the doctrine was true, and he was enriched on his return by gifts from his people. I have seen Sitting Bull, the Arapahó John the Baptist, drive off forty horses and a dozen beeves at one time, presented to him

by the different tribes, together with rifles, saddles, blankets, buckskin, and other Indian property; and Ahpiatom was told that his people would make him rich if he would take the same message, but he said, "No, that is not for the good of my people."

I represented this to the President, who presented him with a silver medal, and Indian Commissioner Morgan promised to build him a house—a promise that was never fulfilled.

Commissioner Morgan promised to give a house also to Quanah Parker, chief of the Comanche, but withdrew his promise when he heard that Quanah (Odor or Smell) had seven wives. He had no sort of knowledge of the people over whose lives and fortunes he had control and thought he could change the manners and customs overnight as so many good narrow-minded people have thought before him as well as since. He ordered Quanah to get rid of all but one of his wives at once. Quanah remarked on hearing this that a man with seven wives needed a house much more than a man with only one.

It was not for any commissioner to enact ex post facto laws, to break up and scatter families of young children and throw them out on the world; it was for him to go at the matter gradually, and forbid any new plural marriages. Time would soon attend to the old ones without disturbance, and the status quo should not be altered violently.

Quanah went to Washington to interview the commissioner on this wholesale divorcement and said to him:

"A long time ago I lived free among the buffalo on the Staked Plains and had as many wives as I wanted, according to the laws of my people. I used to go to war in Texas and Mexico. You wanted me to stop fighting and sent messages all the time: 'You stop, Quanah. You come here. You sit down, Quanah.' You did not say anything then, 'How many wives you got, Quanah.' Now I come and sit down as you want.

You talk about wives; which one I throw away? You pick him? You little girl, you go 'way; you got no papa—you pick him? You little fellow, you go 'way; you got no papa—you pick him?"

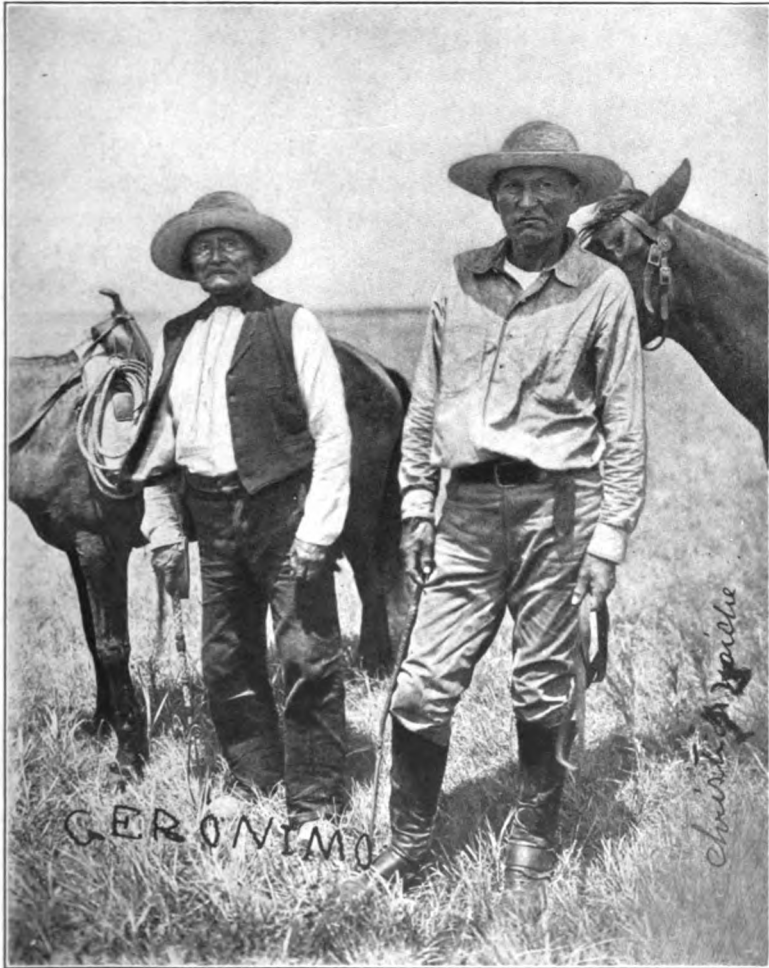
But the commissioner could not "pick him," and Quannah died long after, still holding his seven wives.

The next time that Sitting Bull (Arapahó) came down to Andarko, Ahpiatom challenged him to a public debate, and denounced him before a great crowd for deceiving the people for the sake of gain. Sitting Bull said that he had never asked for any gifts; that they had been presented to him without request, and he stood ready to return them if it was so desired. Ahpiatom replied: "No, that is not the Kiowa road"—custom. "Whatever has been given you should be kept. But you are deceiving my people. I want you to cease."

Notwithstanding Ahpiatom's efforts, the Kiowa did not give up their belief in the coming of the Messiah for some time, and the excitement among the Caddo, Wichita, Delaware, Southern Cheyenne, and Arapahó continued unabated. The Comanche, being a skeptical people, never did have the craze as badly as the others. The Caddo danced continuously day and night for twenty days; when some dropped out to eat or rest, others would take their places, although it snowed at one time eight inches deep.

While this was going on I would be sitting by the fire discussing such important matters with the old people as they propounded from time to time. Old Caddo Jake would begin to flatter me, and I would know at once that he was going to try to lead me into a trap to get the laugh on me before the others; but, being warned, I was usually able to turn the tables on him, though I would never have suspected him if it had not been for the flattery, which an Indian always uses to lay a trap. All these Indians received me into their camps with freedom, confident that I had no ulterior purpose and was not





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seeking evidence against them or going to try to stop their dance.

I traveled far up into the Cheyenne and Arapahó country where the Washita could be stepped across, and killed wild turkeys in the tributary gulches. We spent three days hunting for stone on the site of Custer's battle of the Washita with Black Kettle's band of Southern Cheyennes. Clancy had been a stone-mason at one time and engraved "7th Cavalry, Nov. 27, 1868" on a large flat stone, which he placed on a pile of rock with some of the bones of horses Custer had killed to keep the Cheyennes from recapturing them. He killed seven hundred in all; many of the bones had been carried away and sold.

When the Cheyenne country was about to open for settlement I sent a photograph of this monument to the Minco Minstrel with an appeal to the new settlers not to disturb this monument or Black Kettle's tree, under which he was killed. The tree was a cottonwood that had been blazed by the Cheyennes shortly after the fight. The last I heard, the monument had been torn down, but the slab and the tree were still there.

I had great curiosity to see Sitting Bull, who had taught the Messiah dance up and down the Plains, and I would always arrive when he had just left, until I heard that he was expected on Sugar Creek in the country of the Caddo, Wichita, and Delaware Indians. I put four fine mules on a light buckboard, drove fifty miles in a day, and found him.

He was remarkable in that he had light eyes; he was an excellent and graceful sign talker, most affable and obliging, and I greatly enjoyed talking to him. I put my camp near his lodge and spent a great deal of time with him, watching him and his proceedings. I saw there all the scenes depicted in the Bible about Jesus. The Wichita and Caddo women would surround him weeping and touch him "to get some of the virtue out of him." Presents of every kind were heaped on him and

it was said that he had six thousand dollars deposited with a trader at Fort Reno.

Some time previously I had wished to photograph the dance on the Canadian River and could easily have done it without their permission, for none of them knew at first what the camera was. I told them I wanted to show a picture of the dance to General Merritt at St. Louis, so that he could see the men, women, and children dancing together without guns or war costumes and would not believe the lies told him about their going on the war-path; but they were terribly disturbed lest I should "break the medicine," and I gave it up. Some talked afterward about breaking the camera, and I-see-o told me that there had been talk of killing me rather than have the medicine broken. I could even then have taken the photograph without their knowledge, but I never treated them that way, never played tricks on them.

At this visit I asked Sitting Bull, who had control of everything, about it. He gave his permission with alacrity and even stopped the dance when I raised my hand. This photograph was on my last film and was the only genuine photograph ever taken of a Messiah dance, either on the Northern or Southern Plains, for no one else was allowed near them with a camera. The Sioux ran away into the bad lands to dance, in spite of the agent's prohibition, and they killed Lieutenant Casey for intruding.

In this picture will be seen a number of people lying on the ground in a hypnotic trance, where they would be surrounded by their women to prevent their being touched. Their spirits were thought to have left their bodies and to have gone above in conference with Jesus. If a dog should even touch them with the point of the nose, their spirit would be jerked rudely away from the presence of Jesus.

While constantly watching them I could see a new religion growing up around me, which, if they were not dominated by

the white man, and the times were suitable, might have grown into something like the religion of Mohammed; but the times were unfavorable, and it soon died. The Indian was then most susceptible to conversion to Christianity; the name of Jesus was on every tongue, and had I been a missionary I could have led every Indian on the Plains into the church, but the missionaries were not awake to their opportunity.

Many preposterous and impossible statements were made by Sitting Bull, which he evidently expected to have believed, but which no white man would consider for a moment. The Indian, however, could and did believe them and was willing to stake his life on their truth, without a particle of proof. I am convinced that, impossible as they were from the standpoint of our superior knowledge, Sitting Bull himself believed the whole thing implicitly.

The mind of the Indian was prepared to believe the impossible, as our forefathers of the Middle Ages believed in dreams, apparitions, and miracles. Something seen by them in a dream was "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ." We others must not judge the Indian as we judge the actions of the people of our time, for the older ones are still living in a more backward age, the age of barbarism, when we too had much the same beliefs and had not acquired the mass of knowledge that we now enjoy. The attitude of mind of the Indian, brought up on primitive legends without the correction due to modern thought and information, was altogether different from ours, and he was prepared to believe anything presented to him from a source in which he had confidence.

I saw Sitting Bull last at the cantonment on the North Fork of Red River in 1920, and asked him, "How about that Messiah dance?" He said: "My father's brother, I hope you won't talk about those things now. I have put them all away behind me, and I pray now only to the Spirit above and go to the white man's church."



## LO! THE POOR INDIAN

The credulity with which the Indian accepts what he is told, with no backing of proof, seems amazing in our eyes. It is this credulity that makes him so dangerous. Some ignorant or designing person may take advantage of it to arouse him against the law or against the troops. It required but one shot at Wounded Knee to produce a bloody clash, unforeseen and undesired by both sides, at a moment when the troops and Indians were in close proximity, with no time for consideration or reflection.

Besides apprehension of this credulity, there is an inborn racial fear of the Indian in our minds, due to our ignorance of his thought, enhanced by the tales of scalping and bloodshed we were fed on in our youth. We cannot get over this, since it has become instinctive in many who cannot perceive that the times have changed and that the Indians have changed with them, and many have still a fantastic and untruthful view of the character of the Indian. I have taken, through my Indian camp at Fort Sill, visitors who have exclaimed in surprise at seeing an Indian woman kiss her child, as if the Indians had not the same human nature that they had themselves. This ignorance on both sides brings about a mutual racial mistrust, which I have never felt toward the Indian; but I could recognize its existence in myself at Canton, China, among the teeming millions of foreigners of different race and language, from whose minds and intentions I was completely shut out.

Some one who understands both parties is always needed in times of stress to prevent a clash, with disastrous consequences, and to keep them far enough apart so that the nervousness of one man may not bring it on, perhaps by a single gesture; for placing such unstable forces as armed In-

dians and troops together is like putting an open powder-keg in front of an open fire, needing but one spark to explode it all. The troops should be kept from the immediate presence of the Indians, in a strong defensive position, yet near enough to answer a summons promptly. If the Indians are then treated with sympathy, kindness, patience, and tact, no body of red men that ever lived can stand out against you, no matter how ugly their mood, or how outraged their feelings, provided always you can reach them so as to talk without being fired on. I have invariably found the Indian to be reasonable if you do not hurry him too much, and willing to do the right thing if you can show him what it is and give him time.

Some time afterward while talking to the Kiowas in the camp of the families of my Indians at Fort Sill, I stated that the Kiowa chief, Lone Wolf, had sold out his people to the Cherokee Commission. The next day about four hundred Kiowas came up to the post with Lone Wolf. Their spokesman said it was a matter of hearsay that I had made certain statements about Lone Wolf. They did not know whether I had actually made them or not; they only heard that I had; but if I would make them again before that crowd they would know exactly what had been said. They were told to bring a chair and to put it down in front of the one I was sitting in, and for Lone Wolf to sit in it, right in front of me; and in the sign language, understood by all of them, I replied that last night I had said that Lone Wolf had sold out his people. "Lone Wolf, did you sell out your people?" I then asked. His only reply was to hang his head in silence. The attention of the crowd was then invited to him. "Look at that," I said, "a man that calls himself chief of the Kiowa people; just look at him—afraid to look at me! Lone Wolf, you look me in the eye. You are walking to-day down your chief's road; you are going to hear something coming after you like a hound

after a deer. I am going after you, and I am going to overtake you. I am going to break your chief's road and throw you away. That is all. You can go."

Whenever, for months after that, I would meet parties of Kiowas on the prairie, at the agency, or elsewhere, this dialogue would take place:

Q. How do you like to have a chief that sells you out?

A. We don't like it.

Q. What kind of a chief do you like? A. We like an honest man.

Q. Who is the most honest Kiowa you know? A. Ahpiatom.

Q. Why don't you get him for a chief? A. I think we will.

Later the feeling coalesced and resulted in the first regular election the tribe ever had for a chief, and they chose Ahpiatom. That was about 1894, and he is still their chief to-day. The hound had overtaken the deer.

About ten days after the battle of Wounded Knee, between Big Foot's band of Sioux and the Seventh Cavalry, in South Dakota, Colonel Carlton, who commanded Fort Sill, asked my advice regarding a telegram he had just received from the Indian agency at Anadarko, thirty-three miles away, in which it was stated that a little Kiowa Indian boy had been whipped in the Kiowa school, after which he had run away secretly and taken two other boys with him, and all three had been caught in a blizzard on their way to their village and found frozen to death; the Indians were very much excited over this, and the agent desired a squadron of cavalry sent there immediately to save the agency.

I reminded the colonel that this was no kind of weather in which to send troops out in the field. There had been a heavy fall of rain, filling up the streams, after which two feet of snow had fallen, and now it was raining and sleeting again, and if troops were compelled to march all night in such weather they would arrive in Anadarko in a very ugly frame of

mind; the Indians were coming there, armed, from every direction, much excited over the loss of the children, and a very serious clash was probable and would cause a great deal of bloodshed. If he would let me go up there I would settle it without any troops.

The colonel replied: "You are asking me something very difficult. Suppose you go up there and are not able to handle the situation and the agency is destroyed; what kind of a defense could I put up before a court-martial when asked by the judge advocate, 'Did you get that call for a squadron of cavalry from the agent?' I would have to say, 'Yes.' The next question would be, 'What did you do?' and I could only answer, 'I sent one man.' What sort of a defense would that be, do you think?"

I had to reply that, no doubt, that was possible, but that he was commanding officer, and that it was his duty to take such responsibilities and of two evils to choose the lesser. If he believed that I would not be able to handle the situation, he had better send troops, but the probability of bloodshed was very great, and he would have to take his choice.

Our old interpreter, Horace P. Jones, was there. The colonel asked if I wanted to take him with me. I had no need for him, but the last thing I wanted to do was to hurt his feelings, so I said, "Yes." The colonel asked him when he would be ready. He said next morning at nine o'clock. The colonel asked when I would be ready. I said: "I am ready now. The weather is too bad to take Mr. Jones on horseback, so we will have to have a covered wagon. If you will order one I will be ready by the time it gets up." We started out, with I-see-o going ahead on horseback, carrying a lantern to enable our driver to keep the road, and arrived at Anadarko about four o'clock in the morning.

The agent was so frightened that nothing could be got out of him. I-see-o was sent out to round up the Kiowa chiefs

after breakfast, and we settled the whole matter satisfactorily that morning. The teacher who had whipped the boy had been hidden the day before over the rafters in one of the stores until after dark, when he was taken out of the country and has never gone back. The Indians were feeling greatly outraged over the loss of their children and really acted in a very commendable manner.

We were invited that evening to dinner at the house of one of the traders, and strolled over to the store after dinner. One could feel vibrations of great excitement the moment we entered the store. Inquiry developed the fact that the uncle of one of the boys had just come in and heard of their death, and coming around the corner suddenly on the principal of the school had hit him over the head with a quirt.

The Kiowa village was camped right behind the school about three quarters of a mile away. Taking I-see-o and my cousin, who had come with us from Fort Sill, we ran down to the school as fast as we could and found the women teachers in great distress. They abused me roundly for not bringing troops in and for "allowing innocent women and children to be butchered in their beds." I offered to go down into the Kiowa camp and see if there was anything wrong down there, but they seized me by both arms and said I would not be allowed to leave the house; I was the only thing that stood between them and death and would have to stay there all night. So I-see-o was sent down into camp and directed to go around all parts of it and listen to the conversations, bring back word to me if anything overt was contemplated, and summon the chiefs to the agent's office the next morning at nine o'clock to meet me there.

Nothing happened during the night, and at the meeting in the agent's office the agent and the principal were present, with the Indians sitting on the floor around the wall, wrapped in their blankets, some of them crying about the children. The



CAPTAIN SCOTT ENTERTAINS GENERAL MILES AT HIS HUNTING CAMP



principal insisted upon the arrest of the uncle of the dead boy. I represented that the excitement was very intense over the Messiah question, and the news of the recent battle of the Sioux had greatly intensified this, and if that man were arrested at this time it would probably be all that was needed to push the Kiowas into war. The principal, however, insisted upon it; he and the agent had no more respect for the feelings of those Indians, sorrowing for their children, than they had for the feelings of the chairs. Finally, however, they agreed to forgive the Indian, whom I scolded for using his quirt. I then told the Indians to go out of town and stay out until the excitement was over.

A short time after this I was told by a friend that, notwithstanding the forgiveness by the agent and the principal, the principal had gone to the deputy marshal and requested him to make the arrest, and he was going to make it. In response to a protest, the marshal replied that it was his duty to arrest the Indian, and his ~~duty~~ was always paramount. After some pleasant argument, which failed to move him, he was told that my duty was always paramount also, and I could see it very plainly. He said, "What is your duty, lieutenant?" "I see very plainly that it is my duty to go down to the telegraph office and get your commission as a deputy marshal revoked by telegraph, as unfit to hold it." He said, "If you feel that way, lieutenant, I won't do it." I said, "That is just the way I feel," and he dropped the matter.

A telegram was sent down to the commanding officer at Fort Sill saying that no troops were needed, as the trouble was all over. It can be seen from the attitude of the agent in this matter, as well as the insistence on disarming and the stopping of the dance, how many of our Indian outbreaks have been brought about, without real intention on either side, and for the lack of some person with authority who understands both sides.



The following summer a Kiowa Indian was killed by a cowboy sixty-seven miles west from Fort Sill at the mouth of the Elk Creek, a tributary of the North Fork of the Red River, which then formed a boundary between Texas and the Indian Territory. The killing happened at the headquarters of a cattle company on the Texas side. News of the occurrence was brought in to Fort Sill, and the colonel asked me what I would need to go out and settle it. I told him I needed an orderly, a cook, a packer, and a couple of pack-animals. He said: "No, I am going to send out some troops and let those people out there see that they cannot kill an Indian with impunity. You take a troop of cavalry and start."

I took my own troop as escort, commanded by its second lieutenant, as I was detailed away from the troop as adjutant, quartermaster, and commissary of the post, and did not take command. The road was very heavy, the wagons heavily loaded; and it was extremely hot. We got a late start, went into camp after making seventeen miles, and were eating dinner when an Indian came in and said there was a large band of armed white men on one side of the North Fork and the Kiowas on the opposite, scouting for each other, the Kiowas outraged by the killing of one of their kind. A battle was imminent, if it had not already taken place after he left. He was asked to have some dinner. He said he couldn't wait; he had to go back. Feed his pony? He said, no, he hadn't time. That was the first Indian that I had ever seen who hadn't time to eat, and I realized that things must be in a very dangerous condition indeed. The troops were established in camp for the night, and it would be impossible to take the wagons across country in the darkness without a road. Six Kiowa scouts were made ready, and we started to make the fifty miles that night, leaving the troops to come on next day. Being very thirsty along in the middle of the night, I asked for water,

but was told, "You can't have any water here; these are the No Water Mountains we are going through."

Shortly before dawn the Indians said, "Dismount; keep quiet," and we listened for about five minutes, when we heard a dog bark. They said, "All right; come along." They had been afraid that their camp had been attacked and perhaps taken after the Kiowa had left, but there was something peaceful in that dog's bark that reassured them.

Since these Kiowas considered that they were at war with the white men, the kind of reception I would get in that camp was somewhat doubtful, but I felt that if I could get into the lodge of old Big Bow, the head soldier of the Kiowas, he would protect me, certainly as long as I was in his lodge; and if necessary I would stay there until the troops arrived.

I got into his lodge before dawn, without being discovered. After sunrise the head men were all invited in, so that their views might be ascertained. It seemed that there were about a hundred white men on the other side of the river, all gathered with their arms at the cow ranch, and the two parties had been scouting for each other till dark the night before. The white men had sent their women and children out of the country far down in Texas, away from harm. It was represented to the Kiowa that if a delegation would come down with me into Texas, I would cause the arrest of the man who had shot the Kiowa, and leave the matter to the civil authorities; I would see what reparation I could get, and would disperse the white men. They agreed to this, and Big Bow took me in his wagon. I caused the arrest of the cowboy by the civil authorities. The Indians said they wanted him to be hanged right there, where they could all see him. The white men were advised to go home and bring back their women and children; the war was all over.

The ranch owner was asked if he intended to live there

and expected to do business, after that Indian was killed on his ranch. He said he would like to. I then told him that he would not do it unless he made a settlement according to Indian ways; otherwise he would be going about some day on horseback, and a bullet would come out of the brush and kill him; but all the soreness could be wiped out by a present. He asked what sort of a present would be acceptable, and was told that if he would give them half a dozen beeves I had no doubt the matter could be settled amicably. He gave the Indians the beeves, the matter was settled, and has remained settled to this day.

The cowboy contended that the killing had been done in self-defense, which was probably true, for the Indian was a mean one, as the Kiowa themselves acknowledged. The cowboy was at once released by the civil authorities, after getting away from our proximity.

We went back to the Indian camp, and on the way recovered a lost government mule from a man who did not want to give it up. I went to bed for a rest in Big Bow's lodge, having been on the go for several days and nights. The troop came in next day, but everything had been arranged, and there was nothing to do but go home, which we did, going south of the Wichita Mountains, where there was no trail and where no one had ever attempted to take wagons in all the history of Fort Sill, because of the roughness of the country. I would not care to go that way again.

While driving into Texas with Big Bow I noticed his fine buckskin costume. His leggings each had twenty parallel rectangular marks three-eighths of an inch wide and three inches long, down the outside. Putting my finger on one, I asked what it meant. Big Bow counted it several times very carefully from the top to make sure of its identity, and then he announced that it represented an Osage he had killed. Each of the forty marks represented a member of some tribe he had killed—Pawnee,

Cheyenne, Utah, and many others—and if he had told the whole truth I have no doubt that some of those marks represented white people he had killed when at war.

I asked if he wanted to sell those leggings; all our conversation was carried on in the sign language. He replied “My uncle”—a term of great respect—“I don’t want to pick up money for these leggings. I am getting old, and soon my die day will arrive. Then my women will plait my hair, paint my face red, and put these clothes on me, and my spirit will go out of my mouth up to the Wolf’s Road”—Milky Way. “When I get there they will look me all over and will say, ‘Big Bow, you are well dressed.’” “I don’t want to pick up money for these clothes.” As I did not wish to interfere with such laudible proceedings I told him we would drop further consideration of purchase.

He had one of the two oldest and most historic buffalo shields among the Kiowa, and I asked if he wanted to sell that. He said that shield had protected him all his life by its medicine or magic power. “My life is in that shield, and I don’t want to part with my life,” he said, so we talked no more about it. Six months afterward his son brought the shield in to me as a present from Big Bow. It seemed that although the medicine in it had always protected him heretofore, it had now allowed him to lose control of his face—facial paralysis—and since it no longer protected him he wanted me to have it.

Dr. J. D. Glennan, my next-door neighbor, was making a collection of Indian curios and was eager to get a good shield; and good ones were extremely scarce. I already had the best shield in the Southwest, which used to belong to the celebrated Kiowa chief, Satanta, more than a hundred years old. Satanta had it on when he was roped by a Mexican just outside of the town of Durango, Mexico, before the Civil War. He was dragged some distance behind a horse until Frizzlehead and some others rescued him, after both sides had been skinned

from his head to his heels. When Satanta's son died, he left the shield to me in his will, which was probated by the Indian court while I was in Washington, and the shield was sent me by the agent.

I told Big Bow's son to take the shield to Dr. Glennan and charge him fifty dollars for it, which was cheap enough, for he could probably get a thousand dollars for it now.

It will show how ignorant most Indians were of values and the white man's way of bargaining, and how easy it was to cheat them, to tell how Big Cow brought a horse to sell to me. I told him I already had all the horses I could feed. He seemed quite downcast at that, evidently counting on the sale, but he said, "I have come in a long distance to sell him to you." "What do you want for him?" I asked. "I want ten dollars or five dollars." I told him to take the horse to Major Cook, who wanted a horse for his boy, and to charge him fifty dollars. The horse brought forty-five dollars and later went up to Chicago in a car-load of polo ponies. He had genuine polo talent and later was sold on Long Island for a thousand dollars.

The character of the Indian of the gloomy forests of the east partook of the nature of those forests. He was vindictive and cruel beyond limit; he used to burn his enemy at the stake, prolonging his life so as to enjoy his torment the longer. The nature of the Plains Indian reflected the open sunny character of his habitat, and his rages were soon over.

Some strange Comanches from a distance brought whisky into the scouts' camp one night; and the officer of the day, responsible for good order, reported that there were drunken Indians down there, firing off their guns and making a disturbance. The commanding officer told him to go down and arrest them and put them in the guard-house. He demurred a little at this, asking if he did not think Lieutenant Scott had better go, for nobody likes to deal with a drunken Indian, who is usually a monomaniac in that condition. Mrs. Scott and

I were dining out and could not be found for some time, but finally the Indian was lodged in the guard-house. I went off the next morning to Anadarko (thirty-three miles away) and forgot about the prisoner until nearly there, when I telegraphed to the commanding officer, asking him to release the Indian and give him back his rifle. The Indian loaded his gun, hiding it under his blanket, and walked up and down in front of my quarters for an hour, waiting for me to come out. Some Indian told I-see-o about it, who jumped on his horse bare-back, galloped up to the Comanche, and stripped off his blanket with one jerk, disclosing his rifle, loaded and at full cock. I-see-o took it away from him, kicked him and knocked him about, and told him to get out of there at once, and if he ever tried anything of that sort again he would kill him.

I came back in about a week and heard about this. Going into the trader's store ten days after, I saw the Comanche leaning on the counter with his back to the door, his head resting on his hands, with elbows on the counter. I walked around behind the counter and leaned on it in the same way, our noses about a foot apart, and asked what was the matter with him. He asked, "Why?" in some surprise. I said, "A little bird told me that you were walking up and down in front of my house with a loaded gun the other day; what was that for?" "Oh!" he said, "that was a long time ago—away back there," making the sign for a time tradition tells of. "I have forgotten all about that; that is all over long ago." I told him he had better keep on forgetting it if he wanted to walk around on the ground like other live people. "Oh!" he said again, "that was all over long ago," and it was. If he had been a timber Indian he would have been apt to kill me a year afterward, if the right opportunity occurred. I was warned in the Choctaw country that if I ever had a quarrel with a Choctaw or Seminole to kill him right away or he would kill me, if it were years afterward; but the Plains Indians are entirely different, some

being very jolly, others more reserved and stately, but all good-tempered. The Kiowas were more difficult than the Comanches, who were remarkably open and friendly, although our literature makes them appear otherwise.

The first expedition of the First Dragoons in 1834, which my Uncle David Hunter accompanied as captain of Company D, First Dragoons, passed near the site of Fort Sill, which was not built until 1870. George Catlin, the artist, was with it also, and told about it in his "North American Indian," which made a deep impression on the country. They met the Kiowa and Comanche, and we have heard the expressions ever since, "he rides like a Comanche," "he yells like a Comanche"; and they then acquired an undeserved reputation for fierceness, but to tell the truth they yelled and rode no differently than other tribes of the Plains.

At the close of the Sioux War in South Dakota in the spring of 1891, the secretary of war desired to fill some of the skeleton troops of cavalry with Indian soldiers. The Sioux flocked to be enlisted, because they had no food, no horses, no blankets, nor clothing, and were willing to do anything that would bring them food and shelter. The Kiowas and Comanches, however, were well off, some of them having as many as two hundred horses, and since the tribes were negotiating with the Cherokee commission concerning their lands, the chiefs held their young men back so as to keep them under their influence, and they refused to enlist.

The secretary of war sent Captain Jesse Lee, Ninth Infantry, who was most successful in enlisting the Sioux, down to Fort Sill to find out why I did not enlist the Kiowas and Comanches. A council of the Indians was called to meet him, at which he stated his case. Old Tabananaca, a Comanche chief, got up and replied, thanking him for coming so far to talk to them and bringing the word of Washington. He said that Lieutenant Scott had already told them those things, and the kindest thing







AT ENLISTMENT AND AFTER SIX MONTHS' TRAINING IN U. S. ARMY

he could do was to go back to Washington and tell them that the Kiowas and Comanches did not want to be soldiers. Whereupon he wrapped his blanket around him and stalked out, followed by his lifelong friend, White Wolf, who had grown up with him from boyhood, side by side. Captain Lee went back to Washington and reported that the Kiowas and Comanches could not be enlisted. Although I have seen hundreds of councils, this was one of only two occasions when I had seen a rudeness perpetrated.

A month after that, Poor Buffalo, a Kiowa chief, invited me to his lodge. Talking in the sign language, he said: "Heretofore we have held our young men, in a corral, from enlisting, and to-day I am going to tell you something good. We are going to open that corral and drive our young men right at you like a herd of horses." In a short time a troop was enlisted, the only one of the Indian organizations to serve out its appointed time. None of the Indians could read or write, and so Ernest Stecker of my Troop M was appointed first sergeant to take care of the paper work, Thomas Clancy quartermaster sergeant to look after the property, and I-see-o as first sergeant, who was, however, a figurehead, unable to deal with white men, never having learned any English. The other non-commissioned officers were all Indians. The troop was above the middle of all the organizations of the army with the rifle, fourth among eighteen troops of cavalry in the Department of the Missouri with the revolver, and was considered by the War Department as a success in every way but one; they said it was a success as long as I stayed with it, but its officers could not be changed around as in white troops; and since all the other troops were a disappointment, the experiment of enlisting Indians was regarded as a failure.

It seems a remarkable thing that British officers could make efficient soldiers of Egyptians, who have been slaves for three thousand years, but American officers could not make soldiers

out of Indians, who had fought us successfully for a long period, and who when suitably armed and mounted were the best light horsemen the world has ever seen. The truth was that the army was angry at General Schofield for mustering out the white men of the two troops in each regiment, and did not want the experiment to succeed. Innumerable obstacles were thrown in my way by unthinking officers, and support in Washington was withheld by a change of the secretary of war. The men of that troop nevertheless are men of power and influence now in the Kiowa reservation and dictate its policies, and I have been told by a number of agents that the marked difference between this agency and those surrounding it was caused by the discipline, instruction, and general improvement brought about by service in that troop, and that it would be of advantage to the government to have a similar troop at every agency. The men were made to save their money, and by the time that they were discharged they received help from troop funds, so that every one of them had a house on his lot, to which he retired.

At first the men held off a little from enlistment by the fear of being made to cut their hair. They were told they might cut their hair or let it drag on the ground so far as I was concerned, and they all enlisted. After some months an order came down from the War Department to have every one of them cut his hair. This placed me in a very awkward position, and I felt much dismayed over it. All during the winter I would make a little fun of them, saying that they called themselves soldiers going around with hair like that, and telling them to put their braid down under their coat collars so that I wouldn't see it. At the end of the cold weather eleven of them came up and asked to borrow a quarter each. I asked what they wanted it for. They said they wanted to have their hair cut, and then gradually they all followed suit but one man, an Arapahó by the name of Yellow Bull, who declared

he would not cut his hair for anybody. He was reported absent from retreat one evening. Inquiry developed that he was inside the barracks, and the reason he did not come out to retreat was that he was ashamed; he had been sleeping on his bunk when some young Kiowa rascals had cut off his hair on one side, and he was ashamed to come out. Afterward he had the other side cut to match, and the orders of the War Department were complied with, and I was not made out a liar after all.

#### MEMORIES OF BUFFALO BILL AND OTHER FAMOUS PLAINSMEN

In the summer of 1893 General Miles ordered me to the World's Fair in Chicago to deliver an article on the sign language of the Plains before a World's Congress of Ethnologists. I knew of this six months beforehand, and sent east for books on philology, in order to find out the fundamental laws of language, lest, studying alone on the plains, I should have acquired a one-sided or distorted view of my subject. This study of philology is still one of the great pleasures of my life. Before my lecture, at which General Miles and my mother were present, I asked Buffalo Bill for an Indian to use in demonstration on the stage. He replied in his hearty way, "Take the whole show," but I compromised on six Ogalala Sioux. The audience asked that my time be extended, and I was told afterward by the management that this was the only time such a request had been made during the life of the Congress.

General Miles detailed me with one of the police detachments at the Fair, which duty would give me a room on the grounds with extra pay and access to everything, but it was my misfortune to fall ill again with malarial fever. When I asked him to send me back to Fort Sill he was much surprised and asked my reasons. I told him I had a strong fever every other day, and the warm water of the lake got on my nerves,

and that I wanted to allay the fever in the cold spring water at Fort Sill to get some goose-flesh on myself once more. So I went back without seeing very much of the Fair.

#### BUFFALO BILL

The days I felt well enough, however, I would sit with Buffalo Bill in a little sentry-box with two chairs, at the heel of the arena of his Wild West Show, where we could look out at the performers coming in and going out. I asked him who of all his people were the best performers. He told me that the American cowboys were the best, for besides doing their own stunts remarkably well, they could do those of all the others too. Just then a Circassian prince came in at a gallop standing on his head, and Cody said, "The cowboys can do what that Circassian prince can do as well as he can, but there would be no money in allowing them to do it in the show."

There was one performer, however, who was not an adept. While I was walking around with Cody between the acts, he sent for an Australian he had imported to throw a boomerang, as a stunt in the show. It was soon found that the various currents of air about the amphitheater prevented control of the boomerang, which frequently went into the seats of the amphitheater. After trying him for a while and convincing himself that it was dangerous, Cody said, "That act is no good; take him away and put him to digging post-holes." Imagine importing a man from Australia to dig post-holes in Chicago! but the show could stand that after clearing seven hundred thousand dollars during the season.

Buffalo Bill and I both got in the Deadwood coach one day, and I sat on the box by the driver, driving six fine strong mules when the team was made to run away, chased by Indians firing blank cartridges at us. I thought at first that I was being powder burned by the Indians, but soon discovered

that what had stung my face was not powder but the gravel thrown up by the flying feet of the galloping mules.

That was the most realistic show I have ever seen. Those old Deadwood coaches used to pass our house at Fort Meade twice a day. Mrs. Scott and I had often ridden in them. I knew the Indians were genuine because I had known some of them on the Plains. When I first saw the show in 1884, in Philadelphia, I could hardly believe my eyes when I recognized Shunkamanito Ota, alias Yankton Charley, and Red Shirt, who guided General McKenzie into the Cheyenne Village on Powder River, both Ogalalas. The West was still a far country in those days, and one seldom met Ogalalas in Philadelphia.

Everything was exactly as represented in that show but one thing: the shields carried by the Indians were not genuine. Instead of being made of indurated rawhide from the neck of a buffalo bull, which had then gone from the Plains, they were barrel-hoops with canvas painted and decorated with feathers, and they resembled shields so well that no one in the audience knew the difference.

Cody was always very generous with his men, in fact with everybody. One time I was sitting with him in 1884 at Philadelphia on the upstairs veranda of a club-house when the show passed by to entrain. A cowboy left the column and called up asking for an advance of a dollar on his pay. Cody told him to hold his hat and threw down a twenty-dollar gold piece into it as a gift. No old-timer ever came to him with a hard luck story in vain; in fact, he was far too generous for his own good.

Johnny Baker was his nephew and general executive, a sort of aide-de-camp for every sort of confidential use. We loved the colonel as did everybody else, but Cody was Johnny's idol. The first time I ever saw Johnny was at Philadelphia, and he was standing on his head, breaking glass balls with a shotgun, alongside of Annie Oakley, who was doing the same thing,

although standing well planted on her own feet. The last time I saw him was lately in his museum and tea-house outside of Denver, near which the colonel is buried on the top of Lookout Mountain, where I hope his spirit can look far off over the Plains he used to scout and loved so well.

The colonel came up with Johnny to the office of the chief of staff in the War Department in 1916, bringing a photographer, who took a picture of us both together. He invited me to stay with him for a month at the Hot Springs of Wyoming in the Big Horn Basin and to stay another month at his ranch above Cody. He said: "You have been sitting in that chair too long. It will build you up—build you up." That was the last time I ever saw him, for he died within a month; and it was the last photograph he ever had taken, a copy of which was sent to Mrs. Cody, after his death.

He loved the army, with which he had been associated nearly all his life and never let army officers pay to enter the show if he could help it. He would give them a box or a dozen boxes if they wished. He rather mortified me a little by his kindness in 1908. For several years he invited the whole first class at West Point to the show at Madison Square Garden and told me to bring down all the officers any and every time I wanted to come; but one time he invited Mrs. Scott and myself especially, and we took two boys of one of our friends to shake hands with Colonel Cody, as I wanted them to remember his personality. He sent us to our place with an usher, and we found ourselves in the most important place in the show, acclaimed by all the Indians when they massed up in front of the box for a demonstration. This was all very well until I looked down to a very inconspicuous position and saw the general commanding the department there, hidden away almost out of sight, which mortified me extremely, lest he should think that I had engineered things. Mrs. Scott and I discussed the

question of going down and exchanging with him but concluded that we were guests and would have to stay where we were put. The facts were that the general had come from the coast artillery, and Cody had never heard of him on the Plains.

A number of the officers of West Point, including Chaplain Travers, asked me to take them to the show at Madison Square, saying that they had never seen the sign language used. When we went together I told them we would get Cody to take us into the Indian Village between the performances; the Indians were a new lot of young men I had never seen before, but I would be able to gain their friendliness by the sign language within ten minutes. Cody was not about and had to be sent for to his hotel. He took us down to Iron Tail's lodge where the others soon congregated, and I was on excellent terms with them all within five minutes, asking about their relatives who were no longer with the show.

When I first saw Cody in Chicago, he had a magnificent head of long dark hair; and with his tall stalwart frame, I thought he was the handsomest man I had ever seen. In later years I several times heard him say that he despised a man with long hair and that his first act after going out of the show business would be to cut his hair. His long hair was part of the Buffalo Bill show as much as the horses and Indians.

Colonel Cody was a most remarkable man; as a boy in Kansas he had started out in a lowly capacity in a bull train, not even with the full title of bull-whacker but as the bull-whacker's assistant, a bull-wrangler. From that humble position he raised himself by his own talent and determination until he became a welcome guest of presidents and kings, the idol of every red-blooded boy in America and withal a most genial, kindly gentleman, the success and adulation he everywhere received never for a moment affecting his poise and



judgment. He was the foremost plainsman of his day, the exponent of one class of scout as Ben Clark and Horace Jones were of another.

#### BEN CLARK AND HORACE JONES

Ben Clark had been the trusted chief of scouts for Custer in 1868 on the southern Plains. He was the most accomplished white sign talker I ever met, and I have visited him several times at his Fort Reno home which was scrupulously cared for by his Cheyenne wife, and extracted from him all the knowledge of the sign language I could, which it afforded him much pleasure to impart. Ben spoke very fluent Cheyenne and once wrote a dictionary and grammar of the tongue for General Sheridan, who died before its publication could be arranged for. He had a comprehensive knowledge of the individuals of the different tribes of the Plains—their character, legends, and customs—and knew how they would react under given conditions. His different commanders looked to him for advice as long as the Cheyennes were wild and dangerous, and they trusted his opinions implicitly in a crisis, as the Fort Sill commanders did that of Horace P. Jones, interpreter for the Comanches, who had lived long with the Kiowas and Comanches. General McKenzie had him in his house with him so that he would be immediately available in troublous times. Both interpreters were simple, efficient, dependable, honest men and both died poor, scorning innumerable opportunities to become rich in an unethical way.

When General Sheridan wanted to know real facts about the southern Cheyenne or Arapahó he would telegraph Ben Clark directly without regard to the post commanders, who seldom knew about anything off their parade-ground and took little interest in the Indian. Ben Clark had letters and telegrams that anybody would be proud to have from General Sheridan, Gen-

eral Miles, and other high commanders. I first saw him when he conducted Little Chief's band of Northern Cheyennes from Fort Lincoln, Dakota, to Fort Reno in the Indian Territory in 1878. He had just returned from a mission given him by General Sheridan in the northwest provinces of Canada where he had been in Sitting Bull's camp trying to induce White Bird, a Nez Percé chief who had escaped across the line during General Miles's fight with Joseph at the Bear Paw in 1877, to surrender and join his people.

Buffalo Bill was not this type of plainsman. He spoke no Indian tongue, and had no particular knowledge of Indians other than that which he had acquired from experiences at different ends of a gun, until after contact with them in the show. He was a wonderful shot on foot or on horseback, a super-hunter of large game, a splendid guide for troops in the field, and a pony express rider without peer. His endurance was most remarkable, his courage undaunted, and there was no country infested with hostile Indians too dangerous for him to carry through it an important despatch. He was greatly liked and admired by the troops. His service was more with troops against Indians than with the Indians themselves, and I am sorry to say that the world will never see another Buffalo Bill, the friend and companion of the army.

There came a transitional period in the history of the Plains, after the Indian wars were over, when Ben Clark and Horace Jones had become old after serving the government many times from their youth up at the risk of their lives. General Sheridan, their greatest friend, was dead; their other old friends were scattered everywhere; a new race of young officers new to the Plains were coming into responsible positions, and a certain quartermaster-general was in Washington who did not care what happened to anybody on the Plains so long as he could save a nickel, not for the government but to enhance his own prestige as an economical administrator. By this

scheming policy the army was nearly ruined. Most of the mules and spring-wagons, even from the posts far from the railway, were sold off and Ben Clark, Horace Jones, and my packer, Chambers, were discharged, although Jones and Clark were still needed as interpreters. I went into a campaign along with General Miles, though he was then *persona non grata* in Washington, and we got them all restored in spite of the quartermaster-general.

I was sitting at my desk in the Palace in Havana in 1900 when two letters were handed me, the first from Horace Jones at Fort Sill, saying that he had fled from the railroad for more than forty years but now it was crossing the creek below his house, blowing smoke in his windows, and he was bed-ridden and could not go away any farther and did not expect to last much longer. He had an old fox-horn that he had used as master of the hounds when he was a young man, he said, and since there was no one in the world whom he would like to have it as he would me, he was having it sent to me by mail. I have it now.

The other letter was also from Fort Sill from my old first sergeant, Ernest Stecker, then quartermaster-sergeant of the post, later a captain of Philippine scouts, and still later agent for our old friends the Kiowas and Comanches at Anadarko. His letter told me that Colonel Jones had died in the night and that he was sending me the interpreter's fox-horn as he had been requested to do, and I prize the gift most highly to this day.

Poor old Ben Clark became afflicted with a painful disease and shot himself about 1915 at Fort Reno, leaving a paper behind him saying that he could stand the pain no longer. He had been a trapper and a mountain man with Kit Carson in his youth, had been in the Utah war, and like Cody and Wild Bill Hickok had served throughout the Civil War. He was my friend for many years, and I mourned him sincerely. It was



a great privilege for me to have known intimately all those men. They were the product of a time that is gone forever.

General Miles was once sitting in the office of the chief of staff, talking with me about old times on the Yellowstone, and I said, "General, if we could go back to those old days with the buffalo and all those old conditions, I would trade my commission as a major-general for that of a second lieutenant of cavalry before you could get out of that door." He said he would do the same.

#### A VISIT FROM CODY

The Wild West Show closed on October 31, 1903, and Colonel Cody was brought down by General Miles to hunt with us in the Indian Territory at the end of November, in which interval he had spent thirty thousand dollars, throwing it to the birds. I had two troops of cavalry on Cobb Creek as escort to General Miles, who brought with him a number of such celebrated plainmen as Ben Clark; Jack Stillwell, who had carried the despatch that brought succor to Sandy Forsyth beleaguered on the Republican by Southern Cheyennes in 1868; Pony Bob, who was a rider on the pony express, and had helped carry the news of the election of Abraham Lincoln from St. Joe, Missouri, to San Francisco in seven days. I had Indians of various tribes making a notable camp, and after dinner in my huge tent they told delightful stories every night for two weeks. I had to go out to give the orders for the next day, assigning such and such horses, dogs, and Indians to this and that party, laying out their hunting-grounds, and I would run back as fast as possible to avoid missing the stories.

Colonel Cody called, one day, with Mrs. Miles on old Doc Sturm who had lived long with the Caddo lower down on Cobb Creek, taking with them my boy Hunter, who had never been

allowed to have a gun on account of his youth but had loved a gun since before he could walk. He would pull away from me walking in Pittsburgh when he was two years old whenever we passed a gun-store to look at the guns in the window with delight. Cody began to throw empty cans up in the air and perforate them with the 22 caliber Colt rifle he had used to break glass balls from horseback in the Chicago show. Looking around, he saw the hungry look on Hunter's face and said, "Hunter, do you want a shot?" Hunter wanted it terribly and perforated the first can he ever shot at, which pleased Cody so much that he cried out, "Hunter, I give you that gun!" Hunter carried it next day with General Miles at the lower end of Cobb Lake. Colonel Maus had wounded a mallard duck, which came over them slowly at the lower end when General Miles called out, "Give it to him, Hunter!" and Hunter killed it on the wing. Hunter's own boy now has that famous gun.

#### CHIRICAHUA APACHE PRISONERS OF WAR

All during the incumbency of Secretary Lamont at the War Department, 1893 to 1897, he had been badgered by the good people of the East about the Chiricahua Apache prisoners of war. This band was credited by the press with twenty-five hundred homicides in Arizona and had held back the State for twenty-five years. They had been chased for years in and out of Arizona and Old Mexico through a fearful country, first by the troops of General Crook, then by those of General Miles. When at last they tired, Lieutenant Gatewood, Sixth Cavalry, boldly entered their camp and negotiated their surrender.

The band, under Gerónimo and Naiche, were sent as prisoners of war to Florida, then to Mount Vernon, Alabama, where they failed to thrive. Many of them died of tuberculosis, and the death-rate was higher than the birth-rate. The secretary was continually being abused in the press for keeping chil-

dren, born since the surrender, as prisoners of war, which he could not legally help, for Congress had passed a law forbidding the sending of that band west of the Mississippi River, and there was nowhere else to put them. The secretary had tried to induce the Cherokees in the mountains of North Carolina to receive them, but their reputation had preceded them, and the Cherokees refused.

After much trouble in reconciling General Miles, a bill was introduced that would permit sending them west of the Mississippi. This bill, sponsored in the Senate by Senator Joe Blackburn of Kentucky, at that time defender of the policies of President Cleveland in the Senate, was strongly opposed by the delegates from Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, joined by the representatives of Utah and other States. Dennis Flynn, then delegate from Oklahoma, made a very impassioned speech in committee against the project, declaring it a crime against humanity to "turn loose four hundred red-handed murderers amid the law-abiding population of Oklahoma." Senator Blackburn asked if his eloquent friend, the delegate from Oklahoma, wished the committee to believe for a moment that the turning loose of four hundred red-handed murderers among the population of Oklahoma would increase the proportion of crime in that State. The bill passed in the laugh that ensued and finally became a law.

The troubles of the secretary did not end here, however, for there was no place west of the Mississippi where the Apaches would be welcome to go, their reputation having preceded them everywhere, and the secretary nearly lost his mind over those prisoners. Captain Maus of General Miles' staff wrote me to come up to Chicago to talk with General Miles about the feasibility of locating them in the Kiowa and Comanche country. I answered that I was just going into the field and would telegraph him on my return.

Soon after I had sent Captain Maus notification according

to my promise, the post commander summoned me to tell me that he had telegraphic orders for me to go to Chicago and asked if I were going to hunt with General Miles. I told him I could not afford to hunt with that party; they were going in a private car with Secretary John Sherman, and my share of the expenses would be more than a month's pay. He then asked, "What are you going to do then?" I said, "The papers are carrying an item discussing the sending of the Apache prisoners of war to Fort Sill, and maybe that is what the general wants to talk to me about." The post commander broke into a violent rage against General Miles. "The idea of his sending for a first lieutenant of my garrison to consult him about sending a lot of blankety-blank Indians to my reservation without saying a blankety-blank word to me about it!" I said, "colonel, it is possible he wishes to talk to me about something else," but this failed to quiet him.

The article in the paper was noted by the Kiowas and Comanches, who held a council at Anadarko and appointed a delegation to go to Fort Sill and inform me of their knowledge of the article; they had never liked those Apaches who used to kill Comanches whenever they could, but I was not to wait for authority to bring them to the Comanche country, for I had the authority now to do as I saw fit—to bring them or not. Armed with this I reported to General Miles at his camp at Evanston where he was just clearing up affairs pertaining to the Chicago riots. He directed me to go to Mount Vernon, Alabama, to talk to the Apaches and handed me a vast mass of correspondence connected with them to read on the train.

I asked them how they liked Mount Vernon. They answered that they did not like to live there at all: they were rapidly dying off with tuberculosis; they were harassed by the civil authorities; the reservation they lived on was no larger than your thumb-nail, on which the trees were so thick that you would have to climb up to the top of a tall pine if you wanted

to see the sun; and when you climbed down and went somewhere to sit down and rest yourself, there was always something waiting there to bite you; and of course they all wanted to go back to Arizona. They were told that this was impossible, since the white men of that State would kill them all because of their former crimes, but if they would promise me to behave themselves I would take them to where they could see the sun without climbing a tree and would be able to see the mountains in the same view; and they all promised.

Eskimazin told me that he and his forty people were in a different category from Naiche, Gerónimo, and their people, imprisoned for killing white men, for Eskimazin, he explained, had not been at war for twenty years. Somebody had said that he had seen the notorious Apache Kid the week before; then on account of that bit of gossip he and his forty people had been kept in prison at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, for three years, and three years more in Florida, and now ought to be allowed to go back to Arizona.

The correspondence given me to read on the train bore out this statement. Returning to General Miles's camp, I recommended that Gerónimo, Naiche, and their people be sent to Fort Sill, and that Eskimazin and his people be sent home to Arizona. General Miles flushed up at hearing the recommendation in the case of Eskimazin and became quite angry. He declared that Eskimazin should never again set foot on the soil of Arizona as long as he, Miles, was alive because Eskimazin had buried a white man up to his neck in an ant-hill. I reminded the general that this had been wiped out by the lapse of twenty-five years, and that he himself had condoned many acts of savagery in the case of other tribes; why single out Eskimazin, who had led an extremely good life for many years? He had located off the reservation in Arizona, had become self-supporting by his own efforts, and had been driven away from his place by designing white men

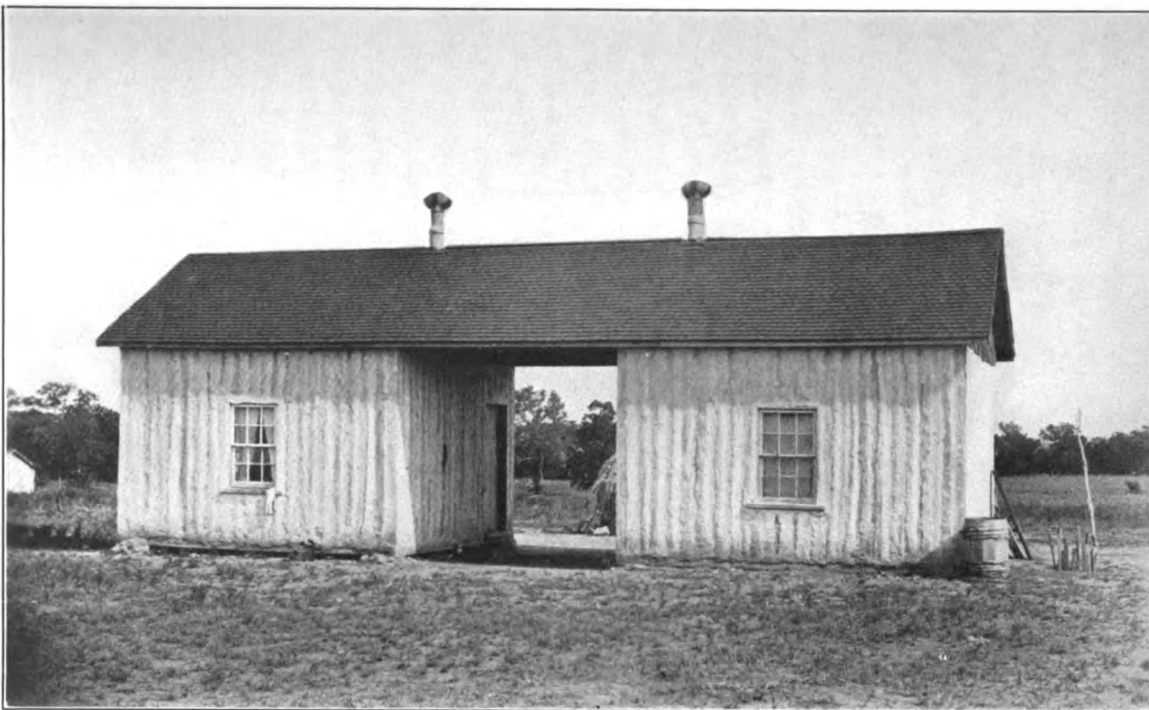


who had stolen and destroyed his property and forced him to give up his place and go back to the reservation. It seemed a little stiff that he should be imprisoned with forty of his people for the crime of speaking to the Apache Kid, of which fact there was no proof, even if it were true. The general was adamant, however, and after I had told him I thought he was making a mistake, the matter was dropped, and I never mentioned it to him again.

Eskimazin had learned his lesson and had not misbehaved for twenty years. There was a vast difference in my mind between him and a criminal who has had the advantage of civilization and example. I thought he had already been punished too much, and since he had not been concerned in the recent crimes for which Gerónimo and Naiche were being punished, he should go back to Arizona. Forty of his people were not concerned in the episode of the ant-hill; why punish them at all?

Neither Gerónimo nor Naiche was being punished in one sense. To be sure, they were not allowed to go back to Arizona because they would have been killed if they had gone. They had duties to perform, but they had the freedom of the place otherwise. They and their children were called "prisoners of war," a sort of legal fiction by which the army could restrain, feed, and clothe them. As soon as this legal fiction was removed, the army could no longer feed, clothe, and educate them on the military reserve; they would have to be turned over to the Indian Department, which had no restraining force or place to put them. It did not have influence enough with any Indian tribe to have them incorporated on a reservation, and this legal fiction that covered the children born in captivity was solely in the interest of those Apaches.

I got the Kiowas and Comanches to permit them to occupy the military reserve that was to revert to them in case the land was no longer to be used for military purposes, so that by



ONE OF SEVENTY HOMES BUILT BY APACHE PRISONERS OF WAR, FORT SILL



agreement, signed by the Kiowas and Comanches, the Apaches could be allotted land severally on the military reserve, which was enlarged by executive order so as to afford an allotment of 160 acres apiece—something more than fifty thousand acres.

It was President Cleveland's idea to abandon the post and reservation when no longer needed for military purposes, and his Washington adviser had reported to him that that time was near. The policy changed, however, in the time of General J. Franklin Bell as chief of staff, who caused the expenditure of more than a million dollars on Fort Sill as a school of fire, since which time there has been no thought of abandonment. When the time came to leave Fort Sill I had a number of photographs taken of the plant and forwarded them with my last report to the War Department. I knew very well my policies would not be followed by my successors; those fences and fields would disappear and people would be apt to say, "Scott talks a great deal about his corn fields and so on, operated by Indian labor, but he has nothing to show for them, and he only imagined them." The photographs may be seen any day in the office of the adjutant-general in Washington.

Several days after my return to Chicago from Alabama, the press announced the abandonment of nine military posts in different parts of the country, among them Fort Supply in Oklahoma, and coming into the Pullman building I was told that General Miles wanted to see me and wished me to take the Apaches to Fort Supply. I hid out for a while to consider this and to consult the list of property at Fort Supply in the office of the chief quartermaster, which I wanted to have sent to Fort Sill for my use instead of having it sold at auction at Supply, as this would materially help my appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars for the establishment of the Apaches. This accomplished, I was ready to be found.

The general asked how I would like to take the Apaches to Fort Supply, to take over the reservation as a cattle range and

live in the abandoned post buildings. I told him I would not like it at all, and based my objections on the size and shape of the reservation, which would not permit me to get more than a mile away from a border, making it impossible to keep clear of the whisky sellers. Those Apaches were homicidal mono-maniacs who would kill anybody when intoxicated, having killed sixteen of their own people and wounded others in drunken clashes in Alabama. The general nevertheless painted quite an alluring picture of Fort Supply. He said he would send my Indian troop there and give me a doctor, and I would in reality be a post commander, a pretty good position for a first lieutenant; I could occupy the post buildings and save my appropriation thereby. But the liquor question remained paramount in my mind.

The general got a little impatient with my stubbornness and ended by saying: "Well, you go out and look at Supply anyhow, with Maus. I am going to New Mexico on a bear hunt; you and Maus go with me in my car as far as Newton, Kansas, and I will meet you afterward at Fort Sill."

He was going to New Mexico with Captain Leonard Wood, of the Medical Department, and with Frederick Remington, the artist. I asked him for the sixty-seven mules then at Supply, to be reserved from sale for me, with wagons, harness, tools, coffins, window-sashes, and so on. He looked at me to see whether I really meant this, thinking it possible that I was trying to joke with him about the mules but seeing that I was really in earnest he said, "All right."

It was at this time that I first saw Captain Wood and Remington, but by no means the last.

Remington told me that I was the most disappointing man he had ever seen; he had been hearing about me in the Indian country for ten years and now meeting me at last he found me looking like a college professor. I asked him what he had expected me to look like, but he avoided specifying. Notwith-

standing his disappointment at my appearance, we became excellent and enduring friends. He asked me to come and stay with him at New Rochelle for a month or two and tell him stories about the Indian country, to give him copy.

Going down on the train we all had a discussion about uniforms over the cleared dining-table. Remington, to illustrate his point, produced some large sheets of paper on which he drew pictures of the soldiers of different European armies and left them on the table when we broke up, as of no more use to him. Later I thought I would go back and get one as a souvenir, but they were all gone. He drew with extraordinary facility.

Long before, Remington had had a judgment entered against him in Kansas, probably a remnant of his cowboy days, that Maus knew about. When we stopped, en route to New Mexico, for a few minutes at Kansas City, Kansas, Maus, impersonating a sheriff, called in from the platform in a gruff voice, asking if Mr. Frederick Remington were on board. Remington put for his state-room, locked himself in, and would not come out as long as he was in Kansas.

I had heard from Fort Sill that the post commander had announced his intention of building a palisaded pen somewhere away from the post, in which to corral the Apache prisoners of war, detailing a company of infantry out there as a guard over them for a month at a time. I asked General Miles if that were his idea of the way those Indians should be managed. He said, "Don't worry, I will send Maus there with you to start you right," showing that he had already abandoned the idea of our going to Supply—although he was sending us there to look at it anyhow—for he recognized the validity of my objections and had mentally given up the project. Maus and I called together on the post commander in his office the morning after our arrival at Fort Sill and found him affability itself. He told us that he had picked out just the right place to locate the Apaches. Maus answered, "Excuse me, colonel, the

department commander directs that Lieutenant Scott shall locate those Indians." Every proposition our host advanced was met in the same manner, and I felt so uncomfortable at hearing him knocked about in that fashion that I slipped out into the adjutant's office so that I would no longer hear. He drew it all down on himself, however, by impossible propositions, and I was glad when he was ordered east soon after. He would have driven those Indians into running away had he remained in command.

The Apaches arrived in the beginning of winter, conducted by Lieutenant Allyn Capron, Fifth Infantry, who had been with them at Mount Vernon. He was extremely anxious to transfer to the Seventh Cavalry, and I sympathized with his wish. He had made five applications that had all been refused by General Schofield, with instructions to stop making any more. I told him to make one more, and we would all take hold of the wheels and make the wagon go. This time he was successful, and he was transferred to my Indian Troop L, Seventh Cavalry.

It was too late in the season for the Apaches to accomplish anything more than cut palisades for their houses. They were camped down in the brush out of the wind, and wintered very comfortably for them. George Wrattan, who had been their interpreter ever since their surrender, came with them to Fort Sill. I took some of the Kiowa Apaches to see them. That band had come from the North with the Kiowas before 1682, and had never been in Arizona. The Chiricahuas called them Half Apaches because they could understand half they said.

When the Chiricahuas arrived from Alabama they brought only a few trunks and boxes with clothing and trinkets, and had for live stock not even a dog or cat. Several hundred Kiowas and Comanches came to see them on arrival and tried to talk to them in the sign language. They had come from far west of the sign-talking country and thought those people

crazy for making such foolish gestures. It was not until each side produced a Carlisle boy that the amazing spectacle was seen of three Indian tribes unable to communicate with each other except through the English language.

An old Comanche named Isatai came to the post afterward and asked if I had seen "all those people on the other side of the ocean." I told him I had seen some of them. He asked if they were all as ugly as those Apaches—"some white men are ugly and some Comanches are ugly, but those Apaches are all ugly"; wherein Isatai struck a greater truth than he was aware of, for the different branches of the Athabascan family as far north as the Arctic Circle are particularly ugly.

When General Miles had finished his bear hunt he came down to look over the Apache situation, and he acknowledged that Fort Sill, thirty-three miles away from the border of the reservation, was the proper place for them, and ordered their location on the military reserve. When the Apaches had first arrived from Alabama we were told that Eskimazin and his people had been left behind at Mount Vernon with no intimation as to their disposition, under guard of Captain Bailey's company of the Fifth Infantry. Several telegrams were handed General Miles while he was sitting on my porch. He would hand these to Michler, his aide, without a word. Michler told me later these were from the War Department, asking for a recommendation for the disposition of Eskimazin, the later ones, rather insistent, saying, "You are delaying the concentration of the Fifth Infantry"; but the general would not answer.

I went up to Chicago with him when he left in his car, and at Kansas City, Michler brought me a message from Mrs. Scott at Fort Sill, saying a telegram had arrived there for me from the War Department with an offer of the five-year detail as military instructor at Girard College, Philadelphia, carrying with it a thousand dollars a year extra pay and a



house to live in, which she had declined in my name without consulting me, well aware what my decision would be on account of my promise to stay with the Indians a certain time, if permitted by the War Department. Mrs. Scott was very anxious to live for a while in Philadelphia with her parents, and it was a source of grief to her to give up this opportunity, especially as she never saw her mother again.

Soon after I returned to Fort Sill from Chicago, a sergeant of the Fifth Cavalry from San Antonio brought up an Apache who had been left behind in Alabama in the hands of the civil authorities on a charge of murder. The sergeant told us that the Apache had come on a special train to San Antonio with Eskimazin and his people on their way to Arizona escorted by Captain Bailey's company of the Fifth Infantry. The general had finally come down out of his tree; he had not wanted to do it, but neither had he wanted to put aside my recommendation, and he finally saw it was best.

Several years after, a troop of the First Cavalry that had escorted Eskimazin from the railroad to their agency came from Arizona to Fort Sill, and Lieutenant Osborne told us that those Apaches ran far ahead of the wagons, with the tears of joy streaming down their faces as they recognized the landmarks in their old country. The agent established them on their reservation, where they proved to be the most industrious, well behaved and progressive people he had, a notable example to the others. Eskimazin died soon after his return, and I felt glad that I had had something to do with allowing him to die in his own country, for he had been greatly wronged by the people of Arizona.

The Fort Supply property I had asked for was ordered sent to Fort Sill, including the sixty-seven mules, wagons, and coffins; and I rested secure in the expectation of their arrival in due course, but met a rude shock at El Reno, where Captain Glennan and I went up as witnesses before the civil court,

when I learned that the quartermaster-general of the army had ordered most of the mules and wagons sold at auction at every post, even at those far from the railroad, leaving them stripped of transportation in order to show an economical administration; this regardless of the necessities of the army, and for this act he would have paid dearly had he not been retired before the Spanish War, which found the Army without anything.

We met a man at El Reno who asked how many mules were to be sold at Fort Sill. He said that they were selling sixty-seven mules at Fort Supply, the auction to take place at eleven o'clock the next day, and he had sent a man up there to buy them all. Glennan and I hurried down to the telegraph office, where I sent a telegram to General Miles paying extra to deliver it to him wherever he might be, notifying him of the sale.

The sale took place next day at eleven o'clock as advertised. Seventeen mules had been sold when a telegraphic order arrived stopping the sale, and I got fifty mules at Fort Sill. Some of these died of colic and other troubles, and some were drowned in Cache Creek, but I turned over fifty mules to my successor when I came to leave. I do not know how it happened, but I do know that none were bred there.

That mule-train was put to hauling palisades, lumber, and shingles from the railway, sixty-six miles the round trip; then it brought agricultural implements and a well machine, operated by a mule; it broke up seven hundred acres of land and operated mowing machines, rakes, and a hay baler. I had seen the maize corn of the Comanches grow up a dark green color, breast-high, year after year, only to be struck by the hot winds from Mexico and turned to the color of dried tobacco, a total loss. I had heard of a Kaffir corn, one of the varieties of sorghum from South Africa, a drought resistant, and brought the first Kaffir corn to that district. We raised three hundred thousand pounds one year and sold it to the govern-

ment. We cut and hauled a thousand tons of prairie hay for the government and baled five hundred tons of it, all by Indian labor—built seventy-one dwelling houses and one storehouse, sank wells, some as deep as two hundred and fifty feet, and fenced fifty thousand acres of the reservation to control our cattle. Those Indians performed an enormous amount of labor during the four years I remained with them, and they kept their promise of good behavior to the extent that no complaint by an outsider was ever lodged against one of them. Their death-rate diminished, their birth-rate increased, and this was considered the most successful experiment with Indians ever entered into by our government.

The following letter bears upon it:

Headquarters Department of the Missouri,  
Chicago, Illinois, September 15, 1896.

To the Adjutant General,  
United States Army,  
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

I have the honor to submit report of affairs in this military department covering the period to September 15, 1894, the date of the last annual report, from August 30, 1895. . . .

In conclusion I call attention to the reports of the different staff officers at these headquarters, and to that of Captain Scott in charge of the Apache prisoners.

This latter officer by his zeal and perseverance has made remarkable progress in the improvement of the minds, characters, and condition of the Apaches, and deserves great credit for the thoroughness and intelligence with which his work has been done.

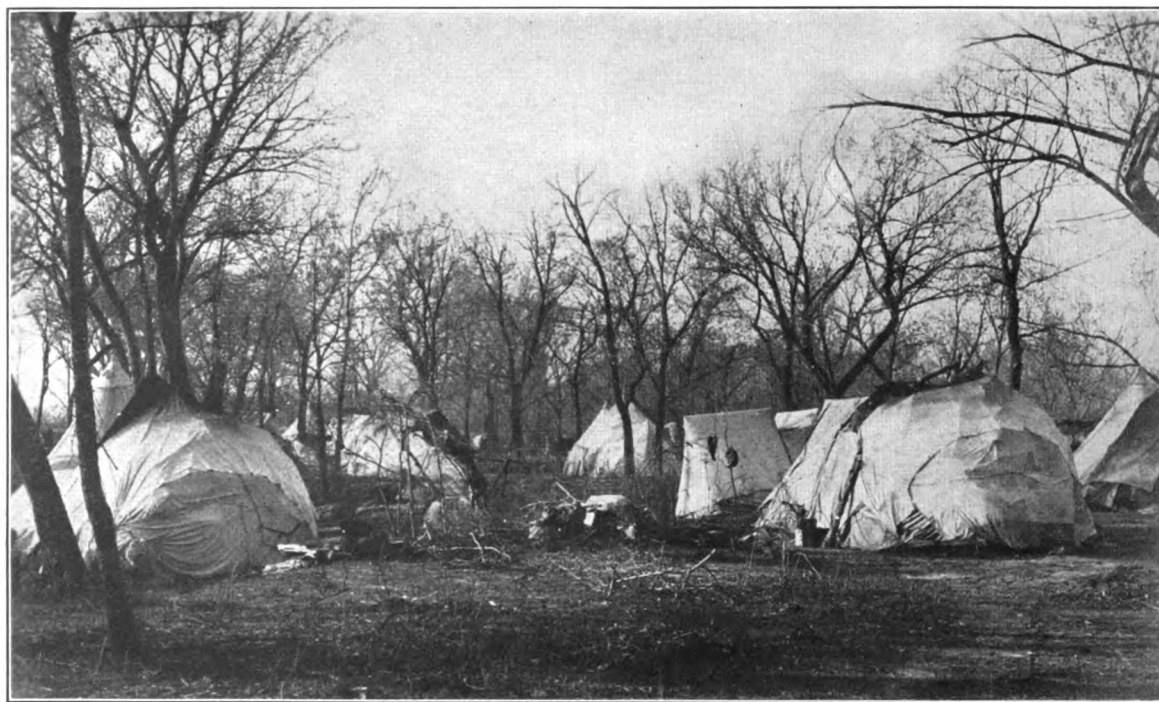
The report of Assistant Surgeon Glennan (J. D.) on the vital statistics of the Indians will be found interesting and instructive. I unite with Captain Scott in commending his assistants. They are fully worthy of all the praise bestowed. . . .

Very respectfully,

WESLEY MERRITT,

Major General, Commanding.





ARRIVAL OF APACHE PRISONERS OF WAR AT FORT SILL, 1894

When the Apaches first arrived those who had known them in Arizona predicted their escape to Old Mexico. When I visited General Brooke at Omaha he said they would all run away before I got back to Fort Sill, and this was the common belief. I did not know myself but that if they got intoxicated they would be likely to commit some crime and run away to escape the consequences, and they were fully capable of making their way west unseen. One of them, going east, had jumped off a car near Independence, Missouri, and was never heard of again until he turned up later, an outlaw in the Sierra Madre in Old Mexico. Some were found by their people and brought into Fort Sill, who had run away from Carlisle and made their way out there, although they had never been there before.

I had a map drawn of the trail, with all its water-holes, over the seven hundred miles to the Mescalero Agency, by a Mescalero Indian living with the Comanches, who had traveled it several times. Copies of this map were sent to the department commander to enable him to cut off runaways with troops from the other end upon telegraphic notice that they had started. I told them plainly on first arrival that they had better not try to get away; the Comanches were my friends, not theirs, and would tell me at once where they were, and I would open fire on them as soon as I saw them. I showed them twenty days' rations maintained in the stables where Chambers lived, with a pack outfit so that we could be on the road after them in half an hour, and it would go hard with them if they should start; but there was never even any talk of it among themselves. I made a particular effort to attach Naiche, Toclany, and Kaahtenay to me personally.

The Apache Kid was loose then in Old Mexico, as well as thirteen of the Chiricahua band that had refused to surrender with the others. They were committing depredations on both sides of the line and would come into the agency secretly now and then, steal a woman, and get away, pursued by the troops

across deserts and mountain ranges, without result; and it seemed to me that that method was as certain to result in failure as hunting deer with a brass band. My Apaches were perfectly familiar with their strongholds, hid away in the high ranges of the Sierra Madre in Mexico, and I submitted a plan to Colonel Lawton, inspector general, who put it before General Miles, who in turn approved it.

This plan was to go west on a hunting trip from Fort Sill, telling no one our destination, taking those three Apaches, whose families would be left behind in our power; taking also Capron, Clancy, and about fifteen officers and sergeants picked for such service, and boarding a train somewhere in the Southwest. Lawton agreed to have supplies and a pack-train waiting for us at Fort Bowie, Arizona, and we would start out ostensibly to hunt, moving slowly down outside the foot-hills of the Sierra Madre in Old Mexico, chasing deer and small game, and turning loose at the same time those Apaches who had grudges against the Apache Kid and hated him intensely, to examine the Apache trails and all their old strongholds in the mountains of Old Mexico until they found the outlaws, when they were to back out without being seen, join us on the prairie, and conduct us to within a night's march of the stronghold and guide us so that we could surround it before daylight. Both Lawton and General Miles said that this was the only plan with hope of getting them, and I went on to Washington to arrange for it, but it was all spoiled by the attitude of the Mexican minister, who refused to allow us to enter Mexico unless on a hot trail within certain limits of the border, as laid down in the treaty with Mexico, and the plan had to be given up, much to my chagrin, because I believed in its prospect for success. General Miles and Lawton, Charles, Capron, Clancy, and the three Apaches were greatly disappointed also, but General Miles could not change the Mexican minister, whose name was Romero, if my memory serves me rightly.

In a fight in Mexico, Squid Rice of the Seventh Cavalry killed Matsé, the Apache who had jumped off the train near Independence, Missouri; several of those thirteen Chiricahua were killed by Mormons in the mountains, and in 1913 General Villa told me that he knew where to find the survivors, but more important matters prevent considering their capture, for there were then far worse outlaws on every side of us.

In order to prevent the lapse of our cattle appropriation into the treasury, with no certainty of getting it out, we were obliged to purchase our cattle before we were ready, before we could build a fence or raise winter feed for them. The first storms of winter drove them for twenty miles the first day, right down into the Comanche country, far from white supervision; and the hungry Comanches liked beef. We would often have to drive them back in the teeth of a storm. I know of no better way to lose a herd quickly than to drive them on the open range in winter, and we were confronted with the loss of the whole herd without feed or shelter.

We had been told many times never to sleep in the Apache camp if we did not want to have our throats cut and the Apaches to escape. Nevertheless, when the storms got bad, Capron and I would take turns sleeping in the camp, and whenever a black cloud was seen at night in the north our horses would be saddled before daylight by Naiche or some of his Apache cowboys, and we would then round up the cattle, throw them into the shelter of the woods and bluffs, and hold them there until the storm was over, and this saved the greater part of our herd.

We had to turn cowboys ourselves to teach the Indians to rope and throw cattle and brand calves. All nature seemed to combine against us, and it seemed that it would be a miracle if we could ever establish that herd. First it was the Texas fever, then the cold and starvation, the heel-fly, the screw-worm and anthrax. The Indian had to be taught to recognize



these and to understand the manner of treatment, and he had to see that the treatment was applied. We had to learn farming in order to teach it, had to teach carpentering, well sinking, teaming, and the care of mules. My accounts were well kept for me by First Sergeant Stecker.

Our first calf, born on the range, was long recognized among hundreds of others by its tail, broken when mobbed by the mules. The first bulls were pedigreed Herefords with white faces, considered the best beef breed able to rustle for itself on the open range. The cows were seven-eighths Hereford, and new pedigreed bulls were added from time to time until the experiment was abandoned. The Apache steers used to take the top of the market at Kansas City, and the herd yielded a revenue, when once established, of \$25,000 a year. The first cattle cost \$12,000, and when the herd was finally sold out it was known far and wide as the best herd of cattle in the Southwest and brought at auction \$294,000.

I saw one day a cultivated-looking gentleman walking about Fort Sill, evidently a stranger with no place to stay, since there was no hotel, and I invited him to our house. No one knew his name or his business, and I did not ask him. He was invited to go about with me to see the Apaches at work. We struck the hay camp in the middle of the morning, when everything was going full blast in every direction—mowers here, hay rakes there, stackers over there, making quite a little scene of Indian industry. My guest became somewhat indignant and accused me of framing up a scene to impress him. I told him that I did not even know who he was, and knew no reason why I should take the trouble to impress him. It turned out that he was Francis Leupp, sometime afterward commissioner of Indian affairs under President Roosevelt, then acting as an inspector of the Indian Rights Association. I soon convinced him that the Indian Rights Association had nothing whatever to do with me, and I did not care a whoop with whom he was

affiliated. He soon saw that he had made a mistake, recognized that the scene was the ordinary daily routine, and never got over that picture of Indian Industry. He got President Roosevelt to offer me the command of the Indian school at Carlisle when General Pratt resigned, and upbraided me every time I saw him for not accepting.

I had made application for the appointment of my First Sergeant Stecker, who had been trained for years with Indians and knew every one of the Kiowas and Comanches, as agent at Anadarko. Commissioner Leupp asked me, "Do you know what you have done?" I told him I knew of many things I had done but not what I had been caught at. He said, "You have just defeated Dr. Hugh Scott of Oklahoma City for the position of agent at Anadarko." This was the first time I had ever heard of Dr. Hugh Scott, but we became friends afterward in Washington, and long received each other's mail.

Not long after the arrival of the Apaches at Sill they asked for a permit to go after mesquite beans, which they had not tasted since leaving Arizona. My friends told me that it was too risky to let them go, for the nearest mesquite grove was west of the mountains, forty-five miles away, and they would get a good start toward running away. I gave them permission to leave after work Saturday noon, if they would promise to be back ready for work at 7 A.M. Monday. They promised and were allowed to go. They had only a few horses to carry tentage and supplies and bring back the beans. They gathered some three hundred bushels of beans, traveled that ninety miles on foot, and were back ready for work Monday morning as they had promised. They never during four years broke a promise to me.

Arrangements were made with the Indian Department to put the Apache children in the Indian schools at Anadarko. The parents were assembled and told that the wagons would be ready in four days to take the children to school at Ana-

darko, and I wanted them to start neat and clean, a source of pride to their parents. This was received in complete silence, and I asked Chihuahua if they had anything to say about it. Old Chihuahua got up and said, "Of course, we don't want our children to go away from us, but we have been here long enough to know that when you say the children will go to school in four days, they are going to go, and it is no use for anybody to talk about it."

During the school term those mothers would buy a little candy or other presents and trot the thirty-three miles on foot to Anadarko and back just to give it to the children. William H. Quinette, the post trader, my old friend for many years, used to say that the Apaches were more thrifty and knew how to manage their money better than any of the surrounding tribes, and General Pratt often said that the Chiricahua Apaches were the brightest children that went to Carlisle.

Naiche was the hereditary chief and was the son of old Cochise, after whom Cochise County, Arizona, was named. He was a straightforward, reliable person. When he was in charge of the cattle herd I could depend on him completely in every weather, and he never disappointed me. Gerónimo, like Sitting Bull of the Sioux, was an unlovely character, a cross-grained, sour, mean, selfish old curmudgeon, of whom, as of Sitting Bull, I never heard recounted a kindly or generous deed.

When they surrendered, General Miles said Naiche was the wildest man he had ever seen, but I never heard of an improper act during the four years he was with me.

Old Chihuahua was called the Apache Chesterfield, from his polite manners. He wore an officer's blouse with major's shoulderstraps and a derby hat, and his manners were very courtly.

We raised the first season more than two hundred and fifty

thousand watermelons and cantaloupes. Everybody had all the melons he could eat. The seed was new, the soil virgin, and the melons acquired such a reputation that they undersold all that were raised in that part of Oklahoma. I can see my daughter Anna, then about nine years old, behind the quarters, sitting in front of an Apache melon wagon doing the bargaining and making the change for the Apaches. Each man made for himself what he could in the sale, which taught him how to market his produce.

Every summer the officers of the garrison used to make purses for competitions between troops and Indians on the Fourth of July, which drew large and picturesque crowds. I built a grand stand by placing a number of large army wagons without bows, their tongues parallel, about six feet apart and covering them with floor-boards. I put an awning and a railing about the platform with chairs that made quite a comfortable stand, pulling it down afterward in half an hour and returning the material where it belonged.

I remember there were thirty-two entries in one race, and all got off at the first trial without any jockeying to gain an improper advantage, and the losers took the decision of the judges without a murmur.

Gerónimo, then sixty-seven years old, rode a two-mile race bareback, and came in far behind on his worthless old plug. He had bet on his horse and expected to win, fortified in the belief because of the efficacy of his medicine power. Those Indians were all inveterate gamblers, taking their losses without a whimper.

#### PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND THE INDIANS

In 1892 the Cherokee Commission came to the Indian Territory to arrange for the purchase of the Indian lands for settlement by white people. Its members were charged with

all sorts of irregularities in obtaining agreements. The Kiowas, Comanches, and Kiowa Apaches elected me to take a delegation of their tribes to Washington to prevent the ratification of the treaty by Congress. Some of the influential Indians were said to have sold out the interests of their people to the Cherokee Commission. Quanah Parker, chief of the Comanches, was in favor of ratification. He got permission to visit his children at Carlisle and ran over to Washington without the knowledge of his agent, and arranged for a hearing before the Committee on Indian Affairs, of which Mr. Holman of Indiana, often referred to as the Watch-Dog of the Treasury, was chairman.

Quanah's appointment for a hearing was on the day we arrived in Washington, and my delegation attended the hearing. It was Quanah's appointment, and he had it all his own way at first, and held the sympathy of the committee, who wanted to open the land for settlement by the white man. The committee was about to close the hearing and go to lunch when I asked for my day in court. The chairman asked, "Who are you, and what are you, a white man, doing here?" I handed him my card, and he exclaimed, "Why, you are a soldier; how do you come here?" I told him I was there by order of the commanding general of the army. Quanah jumped up in a great rage and said he wouldn't have any white man speak for him or his people.

I said: "Quanah objects to my speaking here for the Kiowa and Comanche people, but he is speaking only for himself and not for his people, who have not sent him here, and he does not represent their sentiment. If he has any credentials, as I know he has not, let him produce them. Here are my credentials, signed by the agent of the Kiowa and Comanche people, certifying to my election with this delegation to represent them in open council, and I would like to be heard." Whereupon the committee agreed to hear me for an hour at 1 P.M.





APACHE PRISONERS OF WAR BALING HAY AT FORT SILL, 1905

We met and quarreled from 1 until 5 P.M., the delegate from Oklahoma the most conspicuous in the opposition in support of Quanah. We metaphorically kicked shins, pulled hair, gouged, bit, and scratched, catch-as-catch-can, no holds barred, all the afternoon. Quanah announced his intention of killing me before I could get back to Fort Sill, and the committee reserved decision.

The Southwest from St. Louis down was determined to open the country, fraud or no fraud. In those days I used to be the enemy of the Indian Department and everybody in it, but three men I knew to be honest, James McLaughlin, J. George Wright, and Major Larrabee in the Indian Office; and I set out to arrange an interview with President Cleveland through the War Department. I knew nothing of the tangled mazes in those days to be found in Washington—wheels within wheels, and deep pits for simple people like me—but some of the wiser men in the War Department advised me to arrange my interview through the commissioner of Indian affairs, Mr. Browning.

Ahpiatom, a Kiowa of my delegation, made a great impression among the senators and congressmen in the President's anteroom. He was beautifully dressed in soft yellow buckskin with long fringes, and with his silver medal on his breast. He looked off down the Potomac like an eagle off a crag, paying no more attention to the senators handling his ornaments than if they had been ants crawling about his feet, and despising their effeminate curiosity about his trinkets.

We went in with Commissioner Browning, and when I had finished stating my case to the President he jumped up from behind his desk, striking one hand into the other in emphatic indignation, and exclaimed: "I will not permit it. I will see justice done to those Indians as long as I am in power!" And he did. Through the influence of President Cleveland and of Senator Matt Quay of Pennsylvania, who had a romantic in-



terest in the Indian as well as a wide knowledge of them and their history that filled me with amazement, the ratification of that agreement was prevented, against all the power of the Southwest, for seven years; but I later picked up a newspaper in Havana and read that it had been ratified, fraud and all.

Every now and then some one would send me a marked copy of the "Congressional Record," in which Mr. Dennis Flynn, the delegate from Oklahoma, would dance a fancy dance on my poor carcass, which pleased him and his constituents but did me no harm, although it did not conduce to pleasant relations. He came down to Havana on a congressional investigation and asked at the door of the Palace who was upstairs, and, hearing my name, exclaimed with joy: "What! Colonel Scott from Oklahoma? Lead me to him." He seemed overjoyed to see some one he knew in that strange country, but I felt like throwing him out, for I don't like people who blow hot one minute and cold the next. I reflected, however, that that would not be tactful, as it would make an unnecessary enemy for the governor-general, so we made it all up.

I never applied in vain to President Cleveland or Senator Matt Quay for help in getting justice for the Indian. Clancy caught a soldier with a twenty-five gallon keg of whisky selling drinks to the Apache Indians in violation of the law. I wanted to try the man by court martial as the only way I could get him punished, but the judge-advocate in Chicago decided that he would have to be tried in one of the civil courts in Oklahoma. On my way to Washington I stopped in Chicago to see the judge-advocate about it; I was only a first lieutenant in those days, a football for everybody. I told the judge-advocate that it was very necessary to stop whisky selling to Indians, who as said before were homicidal monomaniacs under its influence, and I could not get the man punished in the civil courts. He ruffled up like an angry owl, snapping his eyes at me, and said, "Do you have the audacity to come here and

say to me, sir, that the courts of the United States will not do justice?" I told him that was just what I had come to tell him, since he did not seem to know about it; but he would not recede.

I explained the matter to President Cleveland, who took me into the old cabinet room upstairs in the White House, where the Cabinet was then assembling. He called the attorney-general, Judson Harmon, to whom he introduced me, saying, "This is Lieutenant Scott of the Seventh Cavalry, who will explain a case to you which I want you to prosecute without mercy." The case was called at El Reno, but the prosecuting attorney failed to subpoena the principal witness, and the case was thrown out of court. I did not have money enough to pursue it further, but it went far enough to frighten people from selling any more whisky to Apaches in my time.

While waiting with my delegation in the anteroom of the White House to see President Cleveland, a man asked what tribe of Indians those were from. I replied that they were Kiowas and Comanches. He said, "I used to fight the Comanches before the Civil War when I was in the dragoons in the Wichita Mountains."

I told him, "I know all about you then; you used to be at old Fort Radziminski on Otter Creek near the Wichitas, with Major George H. Thomas, later the 'Rock of Chickamauga.'"

He turned out to be Major Leoffler, who had kept the door of the Cabinet Room since the time of Lincoln, whose orderly he had been. He said, "You are the only man alive now in Washington who knows there ever was such a place as Camp Radziminski," and seemed overjoyed at his discovery of me. Whenever I wanted to see any of the Presidents after that I had only to poke my head into the door of his office and ask "Does old Major Radziminski live anywhere around here?" and the President would have to see me whether he wanted to or not, no matter who was waiting to see him in the ante-

room. He came up later with his wife to see us at West Point, having stayed in our house last in attendance upon President Lincoln.

Before going home I met a friend on F Street late one Saturday night, who told me that R. V. Belt had just been nominated for commissioner of Indian affairs, which gave me a severe jolt; and I considered how I could prevent his confirmation, concluding to try Senator Matt Quay first.

I found that the senator was sick in bed. He sent for me to come upstairs and asked how I was getting on. When I told him I was not getting on, he asked what my trouble was, and I said, "R. V. Belt has been nominated commissioner of Indian affairs." He broke out, "What damned business is that of yours?" I told him that Belt had once been assistant commissioner, had learned the inside of the Indian Office, and had become counsel in claim cases against the Comanches aggregating two million dollars, with fees amounting to some three hundred thousand dollars to be got out of those Indians, and the Senate was going to confirm him in a position to adjudicate on those cases himself.

The senator seemed disgusted with my meddling in political appointments. He turned over with a snort with his face to the wall, as if to say, "Get out; I am tired of you." I got out, believing that my shot had missed the mark and I would have to try somewhere else.

There was a man from Oklahoma, originally from Pennsylvania, who wanted to be assistant commissioner of Indian affairs. He thought I had some influence with Senator Quay from Pennsylvania which I could be induced to exert for him, and he dogged me wherever I went. He asked my delegation to sign a petition for his appointment, and when they asked what they should do about it I told them to forget how to write their names, and they forgot. The man followed me into the room of General Miles's aides in the War Department on

Tuesday and told me that R. V. Belt had been nominated as commissioner of Indian affairs on Saturday. On the following Monday Senator Quay appeared in the office of the secretary of the interior and told him that if he did not withdraw that nomination he would defeat its confirmation in the Senate. The secretary withdrew it. This caused great joy in the Indian Office, where Belt was much disliked. It was soon found out how it was accomplished, and I got ready for trouble with Belt, but nothing ever happened; I never saw him and never heard from him at any time.

When one of the new agents was appointed at Anadarko for the Kiowa and Comanche Indians, Captain Schuyler and I, passing through, stopped to call on him and make his acquaintance. He occupied most of our call by trying to find out from us the different ways an agent could obtain graft, which disgusted us extremely. His grafting during the next two years went beyond bounds, and his actions were a demoralizing influence on his Indians, who were all enraged against him on account of the treatment received from him, and he became intolerable to everybody. I wrote out a request for the Indians to present to the Indian Office for his dismissal, gave it to my cousin with a pen and bottle of ink, and told him to go in the buggy with I-see-o to every Kiowa and Comanche Camp and witness himself the signature of all those who wanted to sign. They drove down two teams and followed some Kiowas clear up into the Cheyenne country to get their signatures. The agent had saved enough in two years on his salary of eighteen hundred dollars, as he said, to buy a new farm for himself and set his son up in a store and his son-in-law in a canning factory. The agent was subsequently discharged.

Shortly after President McKinley was inaugurated, General Miles introduced me to a Mr. Tonner, who lived next door to the President at Canton, Ohio, and had come on to Washington with him to receive some vacancy as yet undetermined. In the

meantime he had a desk in Secretary Cornelius Bliss's private office. He later became the assistant commissioner of Indian affairs, and told me that they were going to send that discharged agent back to Anadarko. I told him that it would be only over my dead body and raised a fearful racket in Washington. After some two weeks, Tonner told me that the administration felt that the ex-agent was too strong for them and they would have to do something for him, but if I would shut up and go home they would not send him to Anadarko, merely appointing his son-in-law agent for the Poncas. I answered that I was not holding any brief then for the Poncas, for whom I was very sorry, but that if they would really promise not to send him to the Comanches I would shut up and go home. The son-in-law was sent to the Poncas and went to the penitentiary in a year and a half.

One reason why I was so averse to the return of the ex-agent to the Comanches was his action when the children in the Kiowa school began having measles. Instead of keeping them quarantined in the school and treating them rationally, he turned them all out, carrying the infection into every family, and shortly afterward he brought the Comanches as well as the Kiowas into the same camp at the agency for a payment.

The parents had no knowledge of the proper treatment of measles and put the children in water to allay their fever, with the consequence that the Kiowas lost three hundred children of measles in one month. The sight of so many mourning parents in one camp was heartrending. The women cut off their hair and scratched their faces, arms, bosoms, and legs, and some cut off the joint of a finger in mourning. The blood covered them and was allowed to remain without washing until worn off. The cries of mourning were heard in every lodge.

We had measles in our camp at Fort Sill, where Captain J. D. Glennan, of the Medical Corps, labored with them incessantly, as did Lieutenant Quay, Sergeants Stecker and

Clancy and myself, and having authority to compel proper treatment we lost no cases of straight measles; our only losses were those complicated with such other diseases as whooping-cough, for none of those children could stand two such diseases at once. We quarantined the camp and our loss was very small. It was an unusual sight to see two lieutenants of cavalry sitting on the floor of an Indian lodge making poultices for Indian children.

The parents were so grateful to Captain Glennan for his tireless and skilful care that they brought me forty dollars as their first payment and asked me to buy him a horse. I told them he already had a horse and could not use any more horses and suggested a piece of silver, which pleased their fancy. This was presented to him with the inscription that it carried the gratitude of the Indians of Troop L Cavalry for his services.

The Indian women used to nurse their children until they were three years old, when the milk would give out and the child would be weaned on jerked beet, as dry and hard as a piece of sole leather. This would cause intestinal disorders that led to the loss of many children. We got a cow for the camp and weaned the children on cow's milk with much better results.

#### END OF THE PLAINS

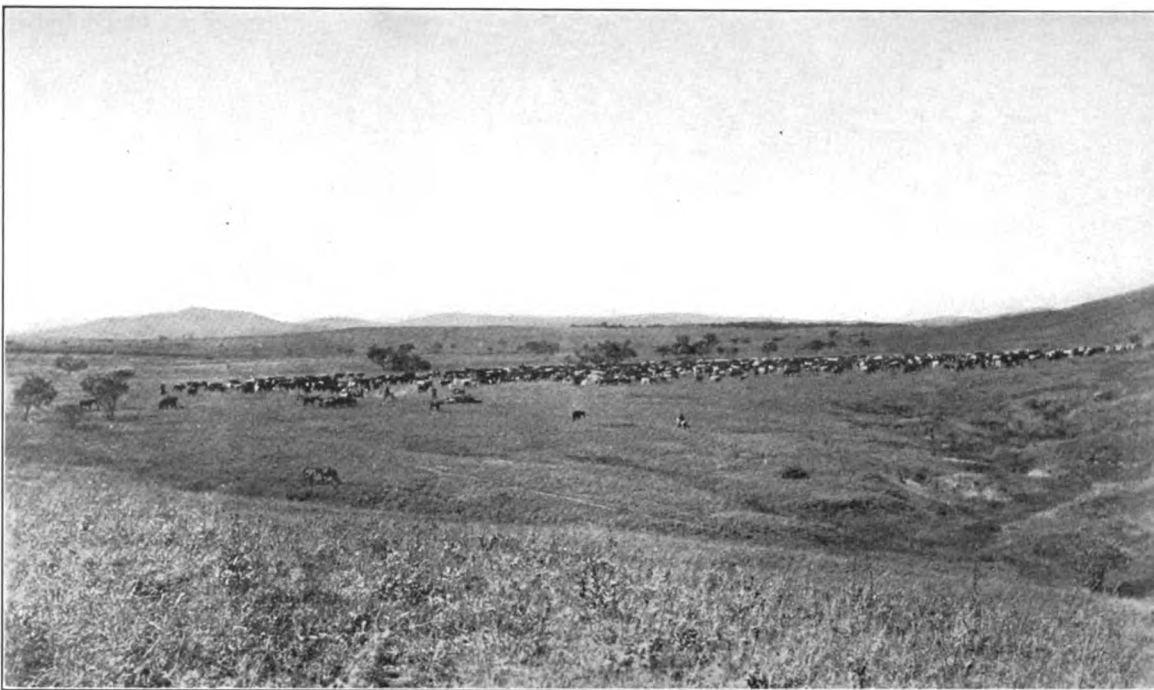
Unable to sleep one night in 1897 in Washington, I turned over all my affairs in my mind. I thought: "You have your coyote and bear dogs, your horses, your Indian interests, everything you want; you are freer than any junior officer you have ever seen out there. But you are not educating your children. Give away your dogs, get rid of your horses, say good-by to your Indians, and go somewhere where your children can be educated properly."

Since they had now outgrown the school facilities at Fort Sill, I went down to the War Department next morning and arranged for a station in Washington in either of two capacities. My choice of them was a detail in the Smithsonian Institution, the Bureau of Ethnology under Major J. W. Powell, director, of deathless memory, to write a book on the sign language of the buffalo plains. Then I went back to make arrangements to leave Fort Sill with my family, and my children were soon at school in Washington.

Before I left Fort Sill, Sergeant I-see-o came in and sat down by the fire and asked if what he had heard was true; he had heard that I was going away from Fort Sill forever to live in the east. I said, "Yes, it is true." He turned his face away, and I could see the tears run down his profile while he sat crushed in his chair without a word. I tried to comfort him, but he soon got up and went away unable to speak.

I wound up my affairs, gave away the pack of coyote and bear dogs I had bred and trained so carefully, sold my horses, and bade farewell to all my Indian friends.

I had seen Dr. McMurdo leave for one of the great northern posts after a long and happy sojourn. He had looked all around at the landscape of mountain and plain for the last time to impress its memory on his mind before getting into the ambulance for the drive of thirty-three miles to the railroad, and now it was my turn to do the same thing; loving every bit of it in sight, I got into the ambulance with real sorrow in my heart. After nine years of service, nine useful years of the strenuous outdoor life on horseback, where we had been so happy, a life of usefulness to white men and red, now I was leaving it. I did not know it then, but it was the end of my happy plains life without anxieties. I expected to go west again when my children were through with school but the Spanish War changed all that. I was to become thenceforth a dweller in cities engaged in administrative work. This seemed



INDIAN PRISONERS OF WAR BRANDING CATTLE, 1905





the road to preferment. I traveled that road and am traveling on it yet.

I want to conclude the account of this part of my life with a few letters bearing on these years:

St. Petersburg, Russia,  
August 21, 1897.

To the Honorable  
Russell A. Alger,  
Secretary of War.

Sir:

In view of the vacancy that will occur in the Adjutant General's Department of the Army, I have the honor to earnestly recommend the following named officers for the promotion with the hope that one of the number will be selected.

\* \* \* \* \*

Captain H. L. Scott, 7th Cavalry;

\* \* \* \* \*

Captain Scott is one of the most earnest, faithful and accomplished officers in the service, and has for many years devoted his most earnest efforts to the dangerous and difficult task of successfully governing the worst tribe of Indians on the continent. The appointment to the position of Major and Assistant Adjutant General would be a just recognition of the service of a most deserving officer.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,  
NELSON A. MILES,  
Major-General, Commanding U. S. Army.

Headquarters, 2nd Division, 1st Army Corps,  
Columbus, Ga., December 23, 1898.

To the Secretary of War,  
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

I have the honor to recommend for appointment as either Adjutant General or Inspector General in the Army, Major H. L. Scott, Assistant Adjutant General of this Division. Major Scott is a Captain

of the 7th Cavalry, and graduated from the Military Academy in the class of 1876, and his entire service has reflected the greatest possible credit on his training, on himself, and on the Army.

While yet a cadet, he rescued a classmate from drowning, for which he is entitled to the life-saving medal. This act of heroism, although an incident of his youth, foreshadowed simply his character as a man. Very soon after graduating he was ordered to the Western plains, where he has served for many years, among the most restless and dangerous tribes of our Indians, the Sioux and the Cheyenne, and he established such a reputation for intelligence, sagacity, and fair dealing that he won their entire confidence, and on this account rendered the United States Government a most inestimable service. He is well known as a master of the Indian sign language, with which he is probably more familiar than any white man in this country.

He has now been under my daily observation for more than six months as Adjutant General of this Division, and

it affords me great pleasure to testify to his excellent judgment, and to his faithful execution of every trust and duty.

Very respectfully,

J. P. SANGER,

Brig. General, U. S. V., Commanding.

I know Major Scott most favorably, and most fully concur in all that General Sanger says of him. I strongly recommend his promotion as above indicated.

JAMES H. WILSON,

Major General, Volunteers,

Commanding 1st Army Corps.

Fortress Monroe, Virginia,

January 15, 1909.

Adjutant General, U. S. Army,  
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

I have the honor to state that it is thought that Col. H. L. Scott, U. S. Army, Superintendent U. S. Military Academy, did not receive the credit he deserved when 1st Lieutenant 7th Cavalry, on duty at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, for the courage, skill and unusual ability

he displayed in preventing, on three separate occasions, an Indian war (with its bloodshed and horrors).

Lieut. H. L. Scott, on entering the Army in 1876 from West Point, made a specialty of studying Indians, their language, customs, manners and history.

In 1890 and 1891 a religious excitement, generally called "The Ghost Dance," spread through all the Indian tribes in our country.

Lieut. Scott spent months in visiting the scattered teepees of the many Indian tribes in the Indian Territory; by talking directly to them in their own language, he made their personal acquaintance, gained their confidence and respect, and ascertained that they had been led to believe that if they fasted and kept up religious dances faithfully (often falling from exhaustion and becoming unconscious): their Messiah would, without injuring the whites, move all the white people back across the ocean, and give the country back to the Indian, bring back the buffalo, and put the Indians in a comfortable condition they imagined their ancestors had before the arrival of the whites.

The Ghost Dance caused immense excitement in the West, not only among the Indians, but among the whites, and they were uneasy, not knowing what the Indians might do. Several regiments of Cavalry, Infantry and some Artillery were ordered into the Sioux country, and several conflicts occurred between those Indians and the troops in which many of the officers, soldiers and Indians were killed and wounded. Doubtless, similar conflicts would have occurred between the whites and Indians in the Indian Territory had not Lieut. Scott kept constantly in touch with the tribes, Kiowas, Comanches, Kiowa Apaches, Caddos, Wichitas, Delawares, Kecheis, Southern Cheyenes and Southern Arapahoes. (The Department Commander, General Merritt, wrote me that Lieut. Scott's reports were the only reports that gave him a clear and correct knowledge of these Indian affairs.)

In the midst of this excitement, on the evening of the 13th of January, 1891, I (then Lieut.-Col. 7th Cavalry, Commanding Fort Sill, Indian Territory) received a telegram from the Agent of the Kiowa and Commanche Indians, at Anadarko, requesting troops to be sent there, as the Indians were threatening to destroy the agency.

It was thought that if the troops were sent, it might precipitate hostilities. The Indians would hear that troops had started, and, knowing they could not obtain revenge after the troops had arrived

at Anadarko, they would be tempted to set fire to the agency buildings, kill what white men they could, and get away before the troops arrived.

Lieut. Scott personally knew these Indians, and they had confidence in him; it was thought he could delay hostile actions on their part until whites could be warned and precautions taken to protect them. He started at once without troops in a light wagon drawn by four mules and drove rapidly to Anadarko.

Two troops of Cavalry lightly equipped were ordered to be ready to march at a moment's notice, and the rest of the Cavalry was ordered to be ready to march at day-light, with supplies for an extended campaign.

Probably no parents are fonder of their children than these Indians are; they never whip their children, regarding a blow as an insult and an outrage. They had unwillingly allowed their children to leave home and live in the Government Boarding School at Anadarko.

A teacher at the school had whipped one Indian boy and threatened two others with whippings. The three little fellows got out of the school at night and started for home, on foot. Twenty miles from Anadarko, they got turned around in a snow storm and the darkness, and their dead bodies were found in the snow several days later; so, of course, their relatives were infuriated and started at once for the agency for revenge. As their lodges were scattered, all of the tribe did not hear of the death of these children; so that the crowd of angry Indians at Anadarko, when Lieut. Scott arrived there during the night, was not large. But unfortunately the next day was issue day, and deputations from Indians came for miles to get their share, and at once learned the fate of the children, became angry and joined the crowd ready to act against the whites.

Although the Indian agent had been there several years, he knew nothing about Indians. He gave them orders as though they were small children, but when they showed they were grown men and angry men, he barricaded himself in his house and would not see any one.

Of course, the Indians would have preferred to kill the teacher who did the whipping, but he got out of the country during the night. But as the whites hold an Indian tribe responsible for the conduct of any one of its members, the Indians held all the whites responsible for the conduct of an individual.

Lieut. Scott called a council of Indians, sympathized with them

for the loss of their children, and encouraged them to talk, and adjourned the council from time to time to allow the Indians to cool down and get over their anger, and finally induced them to forgive the whites and go home peacefully. Any one familiar with the prejudices and peculiarity of Indians would consider the result Lieut. Scott obtained astonishing. Probably no other man could have succeeded; and possibly Lieut. Scott could not, had he not previously gained the confidence and respect of these Indians.

After the affair was settled satisfactorily, a teacher swore out a warrant for the arrest of an uncle of the boy who was whipped, for assault. This Indian met the teacher in the first part of the excitement. Fortunately the Indian was unarmed, or he would have killed the teacher; but as his quirt was hanging to his wrist, he horse-whipped the teacher.

The Deputy United States Marshal was going to follow the uncle and arrest him, and Lieut. Scott could not induce him to desist, until he threatened to telegraph the President to revoke the Marshal's appointment, as the arrest would start all the Indians on the war-path.

The Indians considered that the death of their children was caused by the whites; they went to the agency, expecting to do some killing, but without taking any revenge or obtaining any redress, they had gone peacefully home, supposing that everything was settled. To disgrace the uncle by arresting and punishing him, would reopen and revive the whole thing. As the lodges were scattered, the arrest might possibly be made without bloodshed; but as soon as all of the Indians heard of it, they would believe all the whites had gone back on their agreement, and all the tribes go on the war-path.

During the summer of the same year, 1891, a report was received at Sill that a white settler from Green County, Texas, had come into the Territory and killed a Kiowa Indian, near the mouth of Elk Creek.

Lieut. Scott with six Indians and a troop of Cavalry was sent to investigate. One day, while on the march, he met an Indian messenger who reported that a conflict between the whites and Indians was imminent. Lieut. Scott left the troops, and with the six Indians made a forced march of sixty-seven miles, arriving on the Red River that night; and ascertained that the Indians had sent their women and children away, and expected to attack the whites in the morning; also that the settlers had sent their families away, and had organized an armed company to attack the Indians. Lieut. Scott

called a council and in time induced the Indians to forgive the killing of one of their tribe, and to go peacefully home.

Had the Indians in this affair, or at Anadarko, decided to go on the war-path, the first shot of every Indian would have been aimed at Lieut. Scott. He would have been the first victim.

I respectfully recommend that due credit be given Lieut. H. L. Scott for his courage, skill and successful management of these affairs by which he undoubtedly saved many lives.

Very respectfully,  
C. H. CARLTON,  
Brig. General U. S. Army.

Headquarters of the Army,  
Washington, July 8, 1902.

To the President:

I have the honor to invite your attention to the important services of Captain H. L. Scott, 7th Cavalry, in connection with the band of Apache Indians, under Geronimo and Natchez, located at Fort Sill, Indian Territory. These Indians had been sent from Arizona to Florida, thence to Alabama and finally to Fort Sill, Indian Territory. For many years they had devastated Arizona, New Mexico, Old Mexico. For the peace of this section it had been necessary to remove them from their old haunts. How to finally dispose of them was a serious problem. The Indian Territory was available, but it was feared should they be located there they would escape to Arizona; besides they might be a source of trouble to the white people, as well as to the Indians who did not desire their presence. The most important question was as to the officer who should take charge of them after their location. Captain Scott was selected by me for this most important duty, the intelligent and faithful performance of which was of so much importance to the country. Had trouble occurred, which was constantly predicted, and which would have been possible under a less able and faithful officer, it would have been a serious reflection, not only on the War Department that had authorized this movement, but upon the military authorities who recommended it. After many years of service, disregarding personal interest (he had at the time opportunities for other stations much more desirable and lucrative) he remained constantly with these Indians and succeeded in safely leading them in the pursuit of peace and civilization, and left them in a very prosperous condition, far

above the average of most other Indians that had been for years under the influence of peaceful control. This could not have been accomplished without much tact, courage and constant care, as well as thorough knowledge and control of adjacent bands, with which these Indians were brought in contact.

The important services rendered by this officer cannot be over-estimated, and should be considered in connection with his most commendable conduct in active campaign in the northwest, and his gallantry in the field.

In justice to him I earnestly desire to bring it to your favorable consideration. I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

NELSON A. MILES,

Lieutenant General.



### PART III

## The Spanish-American War and Cuba

UPON arrival in Washington from Fort Sill we settled the family in De Sales Street, near where the new Mayflower Hotel has since been built, and put the children at once in school. I reported to the veteran ethnologist, Major J. W. Powell, director of the Bureau of Ethnology, who gave me a desk and told me that I knew my subject much better than he did and that I could begin to record it in my own way. I soon obtained access to the Library of Congress and to the Geological Survey, and began to search the records of the earliest Spanish, French, and English explorers of the West. I found an enormous quantity of literature carrying only small references to the sign language here and there, but it had all to be searched to glean out the little material in existence. It has always been a deep mystery to me why those explorers did not better appreciate the value of the sign language to their enterprises. The famous explorers Lewis and Clark (1804-06), who were the first white men to encounter many of the Indians of the Northwest, were directed by President Jefferson to make a comprehensive report of all they saw that was new and interesting. They spent the winter of 1804-05 among the three tribes which inhabited the earthen lodges on the upper Missouri, which spoke three different tongues and received visitors from other tribes, speaking still other vocal languages; they saw the sign language used intertribally every day; their man Drewyer learned enough of the sign language to interpret for them at different times; yet their references to it in their report are



*Nelson A. Miles*



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## The Spanish-American War and Cuba 217

so casual as to do nothing more than prove a knowledge of its existence. Every tribe on the Plains spoke it as an inter-tribal language with varying degrees of skill, but only three of the early travelers did more than allude to it. The officers of our army lived with it all about them while serving on the Plains for a hundred years, but Captain Philo Clark, Second Cavalry, was the only one I ever saw who acquired a reasonable degree of proficiency. I have seen many who had enough interest to learn maybe a dozen signs, but not enough interest to learn to put them properly together, and they never knew that the language had a syntax of its own.

I have often marveled at this apathy concerning such a valuable instrument, by which communication could be held with every tribe on the plains of the buffalo, using only one language, by which an officer could make himself independent of interpreters, render great service to his associates and to his government, acquire a commanding influence over whole tribes and districts, and which possibly might save his life.

### THE "MAINE"

I had hardly done more than locate some of the sources of history when our war-ship *Maine* was blown up in the harbor of Havana with the loss of some two hundred American sailors. This event caused great resentment against Spain which, with the unrest and ill treatment accorded the *reconcentrados* of Weyler almost under our eaves, caused us to drift slowly into war with Spain, notwithstanding the efforts of President McKinley to hold us back. We were in no way prepared for war in organization or material. Our army was the product of a long term of peace that had produced ill considered laws, some to favor, some to spite certain officers. The better informed of our officers were perfectly aware that our army was organized for peace and not for war, but they were powerless to remedy

the situation; it was only when actual war applied the test that the nation at large became aware of it.

President McKinley was so confident he could keep the country out of war that he told Colonel John J. McCook of New York he might go back and tell the business men of New York there would be no war, and this within two weeks of the declaration. The people, however, took the bit in their teeth and ran away. The soldier is often accused of making war for his own ends, but we went into the wars with Spain and Germany without the soldiers exerting the slightest influence toward that end. It is the people and the politician who make war and the soldier who makes peace. The former go blindly into war without considering at all whether the country is ready for it. Some day this will be done once too often. I made every effort to get out of Washington except to apply to go to my regiment, the Seventh Cavalry, which was designated to remain in Arizona on account of the Apaches. The Eighth Cavalry was likewise designated to remain in Dakota on account of the Sioux. (In 1917, incidentally, the Indian went with us.) My brother asked me what part I was going to take in the Spanish War, and I believe I told him that I had been educated at the expense of the nation as a soldier to help fight her battles and that I was of a respectable character, but was without political influence, and that it now appeared soldiers were not wanted in this war. I was going to pass it writing a book in Washington. Applications came to me from officers in the West to get them volunteer commissions; they seemed to think I had plenty of volunteer commissions to give out while all the time I could not get one for myself. One came from Capron at Fort Sill, and while sitting in the office of General Miles's aides one day Captain Leonard Wood came in and announced with much triumph that he had his regiment. I asked him if he wanted an adjutant and recommended Capron, whom he had known in California, and he said "Yes, get him

for me." Capron telegraphed me his thanks from Fort Sill, saying, "You have been the making of my life," but it was only a few months later that he was killed with the Rough Riders at Las Guásimas. Capron took my old first sergeant, Stecker, as sergeant major of the Rough Riders, and it was not long before I wrote Capron, "I got you your job as adjutant of the Rough Riders; now you get me placed as a captain," but he could not do it.

Meeting Colonel Carter, an adjutant-general, swinging a telegram in his hand in a corridor of the War Department, I went with him to his office. He said he had a telegram about me; the Apaches were breaking out on the departure of the garrison for Tampa, and the department commander wanted me sent right back to Fort Sill. I told him that was all nonsense about the Apaches; they could not be driven into outbreak; and I asked what he was going to do with that telegram. He said he was going to show it to General Miles. I thought I would see General Miles first, and leaving Carter's office I ran straight into the general in the corridor and told him I wanted to speak to him. He replied, "I can't talk to you now; I am going with the secretary to the White House with the first call for volunteers." I seized him by the arm and pulled him away from the secretary by main force, saying, "General, I have got to speak to you."

He saw I was much excited and asked very sympathetically what the matter was. I told him that the department commander had just telegraphed to have me sent down to Fort Sill. He asked if I wanted to go. "That is no place, general, for a man to be going at the beginning of a foreign war." He then said, "You have done enough for that country; you won't have to go." But it was a pretty narrow escape.

A troop of the Seventh Cavalry was sent instead from Arizona, with a troop of the Eighth Cavalry from Dakota, though these were not in the least necessary. The Apaches were

much incensed at having their loyalty doubted and volunteered their young men to go with the troops to fight in Cuba. The Kiowas and Comanches were incensed also at the sending of troops. They said, "We will take care of these Apaches without any troops."

General Ludington, the quartermaster, next told me he had ordered the purchase of two thousand pack-mules at St. Louis and asked me to go there and organize them into pack-trains and train them for service. I asked twenty-four hours to consider. The duty would be very agreeable in time of peace, for I love a pack-train, but I reflected that if I did it well I would get fastened down in St. Louis, unable to get away during the war, and declined the detail next day.

#### OLD-FASHIONED WARS

As time went on, a number of general officers recommended me for a commission as colonel to the governors of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, but no answer was received. General Schofield and General Miles recommended me to the secretary of war for a volunteer commission as lieutenant colonel and inspector general, the highest rank a captain of regulars could expect to get. When the list was published my name was not on it. General Miles, when I met him, on the street, told me he was sorry about that, but General Corbin had told the secretary of war that he knew I would rather be a major and adjutant-general than a lieutenant-colonel and inspector-general, and so they put John Jacob Astor in my place, whose qualifications for the position consisted in having presented a battery to the government. Mr. Dooley published a satire on the method of appointment at that time that caused much merriment in the army, but while this was all very funny as satire the methods of appointment satirized were not good for building armies, and you may be certain that they were held

## The Spanish-American War and Cuba 221

in mind when it came to organizing for the World War as methods to be avoided. When the squadron of the Fifth Cavalry at Fort Myer started for Tampa, I asked General Miles to send me with it in any capacity and would even cook if I could not go otherwise. He said: "Don't you get excited; I will take care of you. I will put you on my staff, and you can go with me." This made me feel vastly better for a while.

Captain Seyburn of the infantry was given charge of the headquarters camp equipage, baggage, and horses, which were kept loaded on the side-track for two weeks ready to start at an hour's notice. General Miles would see the President, who would give him a written order to General Corbin to let him start, and we would get ready to start that night, only to be told later we could not.

After two weeks of this I began to see that the President and General Corbin were only playing with General Miles and did not intend to let him go at all, probably on account of his political tendencies. They did not propose that he should go and come back a successful general, lest the slate be broken. When General Shafter was given command I made up my mind that General Miles would not be allowed to go in command and I accepted the commission of major and adjutant-general of volunteers and went to Chickamauga Park, Tenn., as adjutant-general of the Second Division, First Corps, in training for the attack on Havana. Slocum went out with me as inspector-general of the same division, and Nicholson, Seventh Cavalry, came along after as chief ordnance officer, all of us with a feeling of elation that we would be with the attack on Havana. We were to land at the harbor of Mariel and take Havana in reverse.

The nine volunteer regiments of the division were from the militia of various States that were supposed to be composed of trained men, but as always when the zero hour approaches, so many men were found physically unfit and so many had



dependent families that it was necessary to catch people in the streets to fill their quota required for acceptance by the National Government.

Tentage and equipment were brought from the States, but the quartermaster-general of the camp had next to nothing for issue. I was obliged to purchase even my own stationery in Chattanooga to start the business of the division. We would get a general for command one day only to lose him the next, and Slocum, Nicholson, and I seemed the only permanent things in the division. A division is a military unit and should be complete in itself, but there were many things lacking in its organization, the most important of which were a judge-advocate and civilian clerks. The only clerks available were those detailed from the various regiments. Now and then a regiment with political influence was detached and sent to Tampa, taking its clerks with it and stripping the headquarters of clerks at a most unhappy moment, and the force would be demoralized every time a regiment moved.

The various civil lawyers detailed at division headquarters had no knowledge of military law and I had to review all the court-martial cases in addition to my other work, which often kept me up until two o'clock in the morning, for if court-martial cases were to be sent up to Washington improperly prepared they would all be sent back for correction. Some of those court-martial proceedings had to be sent back and forth until the paper was nearly worn out, and it was not until near the end of the life of the division that judge-advocates became efficient.

Now and then a regiment would get orders to entrain for Tampa and would sometimes be loaded on the cars when some regiment with stronger political influence in Washington would cause itself to be substituted, and when taken off the train many of the men would smash their guns in rage and mortification. Such movements had little if any connection with training

and efficiency, and the question of relative proficiency was never asked in any case. I was told too by Colonel Arthur Wagner, who had charge of the efficiency records of the individual officers in the War Department, that not one of those records was called for in making the appointments. Efficiency was of slight weight in those days, when political influence was the main vehicle to advancement.

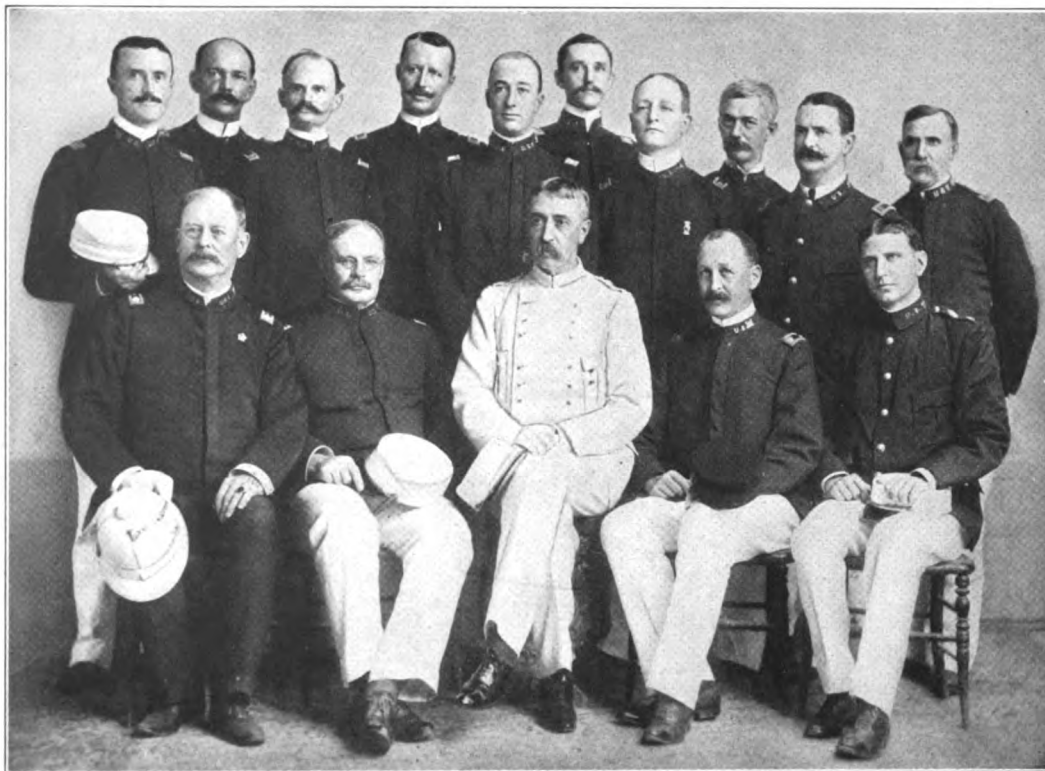
Those nine colonels were big frogs in their home puddles through their influence, rather looking down on a chief of staff who was nothing but a captain of cavalry in his puddle, and each wanted to go his own way without supervision or subjection to the meticulous whims of the regular army or the laws of Congress. When directed to send up a stenographer or typewriter they would send some man whose only qualification for typewriting was the ability to handle a plow.

I went with General Sanger, then commanding the division, and Division-Surgeon Griffith from Kansas City to report at headquarters our first cases of typhoid fever, and to ask for means of prevention and for hospital cots, sheets, and nets to take care of the fever patients who were sleeping on the ground in the midst of the dust and noise of the camp. We were told that those cases were not typhoid; moreover that there were no cots to give us. We protected our own latrines and garbage from flies, but could not do it outside the division, and the flies came from every direction, spreading the disease. The families of the patients were allowed to take them home for treatment and recuperation, and this scattered the epidemic all over the United States. Our army had greater loss from typhoid fever than from all the casualties of battle, and this was the story of all previous wars down to the last one. Out of that epidemic of 1898 grew a research that has provided an immunity for the first time in history. If anybody dies nowadays of typhoid fever it is a case of contributory neglect, since the means of prevention are within the reach of all.

The camp ground at Chickamauga had formerly held a forest that had been cut down. It never had a sod on it and was always either mud or dust. The water-supply had become inadequate for the number of men, and animals and the water-wagons were hauling water all day and night.

Colonel Slocum was sent to Lexington, Kentucky, in the blue-grass country to select a new camp site. He found there a brigade of volunteers without a regular officer in it. Its commander had run away to Porto Rico to avoid being left behind and the brigade was an orphan with nobody to look out for it. It was drinking from a sewer, and there were no hospital cots, supplies, or tents for the sick. Slocum saw their troubles at a glance, jumped in without any authority from anybody, got them water from the city, got an ambulance, tents, hospital supplies, and good food, and put them on their feet after expending twenty thousand dollars. He would have been crucified for this before the war, but the poor secretary of war was a victim of the system of peace-time management that soon destroyed him without any fault of his own and would have destroyed any one else. He had been so criticized and hammered in the press that he was charmed to find anybody who would take the responsibility and spend any amount of money without authority, to secure results. Slocum's accounts were passed without a murmur. All power was so concentrated in Washington before the Spanish War that I heard his chief quartermaster say that General Merritt could not issue an order that would cover him in the purchase of one lead pencil. I have taken my routine papers in to one of those old post commanders who had grown up under that system and whose initiative and courage to sign papers was so atrophied that he would hide a check for \$100 under his desk-pad, afraid to approve it, until I would have to take it away from him to avoid being reprimanded in Washington for not forwarding my quarterly returns. Since those days my own initiative and





**GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW, GOVERNOR, AND STAFF AT HAVANA**

courage have been so exercised that I have signed a check for \$150,000 without giving it a second thought.

While still at Chickamauga the Twenty-first Kansas came to the division, wearing straw hats and linen dusters and looking like harvest hands just off the fields. The staff jumped in and got them outfitted and made comfortable in short order. When they were mustered out, the colonel came over with his field and staff to say good-by. He made us quite a little oration, saying that back in Kansas they had been warned by the veterans of the Civil War to look out for the regular officers, who would try to oppress them; "but I want to say to you gentlemen that if the Twenty-first Kansas has arrived at any degree of efficiency in this war it is only through the kindness and consideration of the regular officers of this division. I own two newspapers in Kansas, and if either of my editors ever print a word against the regular army, by g— I will discharge him."

When the division was moved to the new camp site at Lexington it was like going to another world. The only dust was on the limestone pikes, and it was very gratifying to see the soldiers rolling in the blue grass like tired horses. Their health began to improve right away. It was very gratifying to me also to find how green the memory of my father and mother had been kept about Lexington and Danville, where I was born. Although my father had been dead for nearly forty years when my name appeared in the newspaper as "arrived," a gentleman drove out the seven dusty miles from Lexington to our camp to give me a letter my mother had written him thirty years before, and I was recognized at a ball among all the officers present from my likeness to my parents, a fact I thought most remarkable.

One of our volunteer colonels thought it would appear well back home if he were to preach to his men on Sunday, a notion that did not appeal to the men, who remained away. The next

Sunday they were given the option of attending his services or of marching the seven miles to church in Lexington. This appeared in the Lexington paper as a news item, and a clipping was sent the colonel with a query as to whether its contents were true. It was returned with the statement that the facts were as stated. A letter was then sent him to the effect that the division commander directed the practice to be discontinued.

Shortly after that the corps commander invited the people of Lexington to a huge bonfire and band concert. I was talking to a lady when the colonel came up and was introduced to me. He said with a merry twinkle in his eye: "Oh! I am well acquainted with Major Scott, well acquainted. We are accustomed to corresponding, sometimes on religious subjects." Six months afterward a copy of that newspaper fell into the hands of the War Department and was sent down to us with an air of grave reproof for allowing such things under our jurisdiction, and it afforded me a malicious pleasure to return it saying that the practice had been stopped six months before.

The signing of the protocol with the Spaniards brought us great trouble. The men had volunteered for the war and now that the war was over they could see no reason why they should not lay down their guns anywhere they happened to be and walk home. As many as three hundred men would be reported absent without leave from a single regiment. Our wars are so short that we never have time to discipline our men thoroughly. Their esprit is most admirable while they are being trained; they are full of purpose and remarkably well behaved. But the end of the war brings a slump in everything.

Some of our men who went to Lexington on leave drank too much and became involved with the city police. Captain Noel Gaines, a citizen of Lexington, was sent into the city with his company of the Third Kentucky to act as a provost guard and keep order among visiting troops, to prevent them from clash-

ing with the police. They clashed instead with the provost guard, and some of them got killed. A very bitter feeling arose over it among the men, for nobody ever likes a provost guard. While I was sitting in a theater box one night some one whispered in my ear that one of the regiments in camp had taken their arms, broken away from their officers, and were at the moment entraining with a view to coming into Lexington to wipe out the provost guard. I excused myself to my host, went to the telephone, and ordered three regiments to surround the insurgents, take them off the cars, and arrest the whole regiment and march it back to camp. My orders were well carried out, and there was no disturbance in Lexington. In fact it all happened so quietly that I doubt if the good people of Lexington know anything about it yet.

Then came a time when orders were received to move the division to Georgia, for what reason I have never known. General Sanger took Slocum with him to pick out suitable camps, apologizing at the same time for not taking me, for some one must be left to carry on. I have heard this apology often before and since, but that does not make it more pleasant.

I asked General Sanger whom he wanted to command the division during his absence. He broke out in his emphatic manner: "You command this division yourself! I won't have anybody else around here!" He would be in telegraphic communication all the time but did not want to be bothered with anything but a life and death matter. The day after he left I saw the ranking colonel coming over to take command and got ready to argue with him. The colonel was very agreeable and after chatting a while about men and things he asked, "Are the papers ready for signature?" "No," I answered. "When will they be ready?" he asked. "They won't be ready," I said, and that was all. He bowed himself out very pleasantly in a few moments, leaving me with the sheepish feeling that one has



when one tunes oneself up for a battle which does not eventuate. I was sorry too that conditions made such action necessary.

That officer learned a great deal in the Spanish War and rendered very eminent service to his State thereafter. My relations with all the colonels used to become a little frayed around the edges sometimes, but nothing serious ever came out of it, and we parted in the end with mutual confidence and esteem. I count it a red-letter day whenever I meet one of them.

Matters were running very smoothly at Lexington, and I obtained a month's leave before going South, in order to visit my family in Washington, and the division moved to Georgia during my absence.

I rejoined at Americus, Georgia, and found a new commander installed, General William Ludlow, colonel of engineers, General Sanger having taken Slocum and gone to Cuba as one of the advance officers to make arrangements for those to follow.

General Ludlow, who had gone with the Seventh Cavalry on Custer's expedition to the Black Hills in 1874, had a soft spot in his heart for a Seventh Cavalryman, and we had much to talk about and began a friendship that never slacked.

We were visited at Americus by the corps commander, General J. H. Wilson, who had commanded the cavalry in Sherman's march to the sea, and he took us out over the terrain on horseback and pointed out the places of interest. He took General Ludlow and staff in his special car inspecting, and a message was received in the car from Washington offering General Ludlow the military governorship of the city of Havana and command of that department, which he accepted, asking at the same time for his division, "the best he had ever seen." This request, however, was not backed up by any political influence and failed.

We bade good-by to General Ludlow as we had to General

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Sanger with great regret, for both had endeared themselves to the division by their high-mindedness, their force and energy, as well as by their kindness and consideration, without which the regard of a division cannot be long held.

General Ludlow had not been long in Havana before writing to ask me to go down to him in Havana, without, however, specifying any duty for me there. The division was now breaking up. The regiments with political influence were being mustered out and sent home; those without influence in Washington had to go to Cuba. The end of the division was in sight, and I saw no reason to stay with it any longer. I accepted General Ludlow's offer, and my orders came in January, 1899, to report for duty in Havana, leaving Colonel Nicholson of the Seventh Cavalry, the last of our first staff, who has since been made a brigadier-general for excellent service in France; and the division soon passed out of existence without taking Havana in reverse as all hoped to do at one time. The war was entirely over.

### THE REGENERATION OF CUBA

Approaching the coast of Cuba, we raised first the peak of the Pan de Matanzas and soon after entered the landlocked harbor of Havana, bristling with fortifications on either side, one of the safest, most beautiful and interesting in the world.

The harbor is shaped like a bottle with a long neck and is frowned down upon at the left by the stone defenses of Morro Castle (1598) and Cabaña Fortress (1764), which overlook the city and the Bay of Havana, the base of the bottle guarded by the castle of Atarés, now converted into a prison. The military mast and some girders of the ill fated *Maine* sticking up out of the water were conspicuous in the fairway. On the right the Fuerza or Castillavieja (Old Castle) was to be seen near the Caballeria wharf, the main landing-place, while at the

mouth of the harbor was the Castilla de la Punta, and opposite that on the water level, the Batería de los doce Apóstoles, sheltered at the foot of Morro Castle.

These had been very formidable defenses in their day against the sailing-vessel, especially when supplemented by a chain across the mouth of the harbor. The Morro Castle stood a long siege by the English in 1762, when our ancestors went down from New England to take part. The Morro was finally captured from the higher hill of the Cabaña, and the English occupied the city for a year, giving it back to Spain by the treaty which also returned Manila.

The hill of the Cabaña was strengthened in 1764 by the erection of the Cabaña Fortress. It is related that the Spanish king stood up one day looking westward over the Atlantic, and, when questioned, said he was looking to see the Cabaña Fortress, which had cost so much money that it must be high enough by that time to be seen across the ocean.

The sweep of the city southward, with its multicolored houses built in a great curve along the white coral beach with the surf dashing at their feet, about which the famous Malecón of Havana now runs, is a sight of surpassing beauty. I have since seen many cities of the world, but to my mind Havana is by far the most interesting.

I went at once to the hotel after landing, and having established myself, reported at General Ludlow's headquarters where I was not yet expected.

General Ludlow and his staff were absent at a *función* at the Ayuntamiento (the City Hall). Later I wandered into the American Club, wondering where I was going to eat, if at all, since all the tables were occupied by officers whom I had never seen before. Happening to pass a table occupied by the staff of the governor-general, I was suddenly seized by Frederick Remington, the artist, who threw his arms around my neck and

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pulled me up to the table, where I recognized the chief quartermaster, Charles Humphries, at the head, flanked by Philip Reade, George Kennan of Russian fame, Curtin Quay, James Dean, and others. But a moment before a stranger in a strange land, I was at once given a permanent seat among the elect and made to feel at home.

I found my classmate, Colonel Tasker H. Bliss, installed as the collector of customs of Cuba with the present president of The Century Co., Mr. W. Morgan Shuster, as assistant. They occupied the church of San Francisco as a custom-house, partly because of its central location at the docks and partly because it had been abandoned for religious purposes after the English had used it to stable their horses during their occupation of the city in 1763.

As I strolled back to the hotel that night looking at the novel sights of Havana, a number of little open-air fruit stores were passed which displayed many kinds of tropical fruit unknown to me. Purchasing a specimen of each, wrapped in a separate paper labeled with its Spanish name, I took them to the hotel for study, and soon became acquainted with the appearance, name, and taste of all of them.

Some months later I started to learn to differentiate between the various species of Cuban palms; I had conquered seventeen when some one told me that there were two hundred and fifty more, and my interest in Cuban palms suffered a severe check.

Reporting next morning to General Ludlow at Jacon numero uno, he told me to go downstairs and have myself announced as chief of staff of the Department of Havana. I told him he had a fine lot of officers down there already and suggested that he perhaps might have some other duty for me that would not interfere with them. He replied sharply, "You go down and do what I told you!" And I went.

There were a lot of young artillery officers of about the same

period at West Point who did not seem to mind being superseded by an older man. Our service together was delightful, and we are all firm friends to this day.

#### THE CUBAN SITUATION

Everything was in the process of reorganization. Imagine, if you can, a city of the size of Washington without any sort of government whatsoever, inhabited by two classes of people—Cubans and Spaniards, who had been deadly enemies and at war with each other for ten years, with many deep grudges yet to settle—and you may get a fair idea of the situation confronting the American force of occupation.

The *Nanigos*, a criminal element lately liberated from jail, were ready to loot the city, and indeed began their offensive, changing their minds after forty of them had been killed one night in an attack on our troops guarding the streets.

There was no mayor, no city council, no police, and not a dollar in any public treasury; no public schools, no public library, and there never had been in all Cuba. There was no sanitary service except the hordes of struggling buzzards, the chief scavengers of Cuba. The blood and offal from the *mata-dero* was thrown into the shallow waters of the upper bay to rot and fester in a tropical sun and pollute the harbor. Dead dogs and cats were thrown into the street to be battled for by the buzzards.

Smallpox, malaria, yellow fever, human glanders, and leprosy were rife, and twenty thousand of the *reconcentrados*, herded into the city from their country homes by Weyler, were dying in the streets without shelter, food, clothing, or medical attendance.

The Eighth and Tenth Regiments of the regular infantry were camped within the city, and fifty thousand volunteers outside. General Máximo Gómez, with a large part of the

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Cuban army, was not far away, still under arms, ostensibly friendly, but possibly harboring the intention of driving the Americans from the island.

The press was bitterly hostile to our remaining, entirely oblivious to the anarchy, bloodshed, destruction, and plunder that was but awaiting our departure.

Such was the sickening mess from which a commanding general must bring order, putting an end to the sufferings of the populace, holding down the criminal element, sanitating the city, and building up its deplorably neglected institutions.

General Ludlow was the man who was busy at this task under the governor-general of Cuba, General John R. Brooke. Immediately upon landing, the American commander issued a proclamation to the Cuban people, reestablishing the local laws and courts under his protection backed by his power, and directing the people to go quietly about their affairs beneath the ægis of the American flag.

Our civil jurisdiction was confined to the city, which formed also the military department of Havana. The whole island of Cuba was divided into similar departments, having the boundaries of the old provinces of Cuba, each with a military governor and his staff, through whom the governor-general controlled the island. Thus every center of population was occupied by troops, and no one could "start anything" and expect to finish it. There were plenty of troops for every purpose, and for once the government was not sending a boy to do a man's work. A smaller number would have been a temptation to the Cubans to try to expel them, which would have brought on a bloody clash.

A military government is the only kind fit to cope with such conditions; it is the only kind known under such circumstances to international law. As soon as a military intervention is proclaimed with force to back it, everything falls immediately into place. Foreigners and natives alike learn at once

their status, and there is a legal basis of government. The will of the commanding general is supreme; he is responsible only to his own government for the maintenance of law and order and for the accomplishment of justice; he alone has the power to protect the people in their business and in their homes.

With the electric telegraph and cable largely responsible, the Cuban government of military intervention was far more responsive to the spirit of the American people than the government of any State in our Union. Whenever any person of any nationality, race, or color felt that he had a legitimate grievance against the military government of Cuba, he had only to cable to the secretary of war in Washington, whereupon the governor-general of Cuba would be called upon by cable to account for his action before the secretary of war, and it would require but a few failures at justification of his deeds and policies to bring about his relief in favor of another governor who would not give occasion for legitimate complaint. No civil government in the world was ever so responsive to the correction and prevention of injustice. The conditions in Cuba needed immediate relief. The people were dying in the street on every hand, and it was no time for argument or for the conflict of factions. The interests of all required prompt action by the only authority with power to act, the military governor.

This must not be misconstrued as an argument for a permanent government by the military, for I believe with Abraham Lincoln that "government of the people, by the people, for the people must not perish from the earth." But under conditions similar to those then existing in Cuba, the military is the only government capable of safeguarding life and property, and able to satisfy the aspirations of the American people. Any attempt to mix the civil and the military leads only to inefficiency, dissatisfaction, and defeat. International law sets forth that where the power lies, there the responsibility and control should lie also until normal conditions are fully restored; when

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the country is put on its feet, with a stable government properly elected by the people, a going concern ready and able to protect itself and both able and willing to protect the common people from the oligarchy always grasping for power to exploit and enslave the poor, then the intervening force should be removed, but not until then.

There are other situations where the strong hand of the benevolent despot is necessary, as in the case of backward peoples, unfitted to maintain a civil government to protect its own citizens from anarchy and spoliation. The American people are prone to believe that a race can be civilized overnight; that it is sufficient to declare a republic on paper to have one in fact, forgetting that the English-speaking peoples had to struggle a thousand years for their liberties. You may declare a republic on paper among the mules and monkeys, but you will never get one. The nations able to govern themselves as a republic are few in number, and the attempt to have them function as a republic before they are ready for it is a backward step.

I was greatly surprised to find that Germany was not to be occupied by the Allies in this way after the Armistice. The Allies had destroyed the government of Germany and were responsible to the world for the maintenance of law and order, for the protection of life and property in Germany, and the establishment of an elective government of stability. Instead, they evaded their proper and obvious course; and had Berlin been looted and destroyed by the mob or had the Red Terror succeeded in getting control of Germany as the world then feared, the responsibility would have been laid directly at the door of the Allied governments. They had the power and the responsibility to prevent disaster, and, failing to use it, might rightly have been accused of having had neither the vision to see their duty nor the courage to perform it.

There was no such shirking of responsibility in Cuba. The



whole island was marked off into districts, and as soon as each district was cleared by the Spanish troops marching out at one end, American troops marched in at the other, leaving no interregnum during which one class might destroy the other.

Our troops took over the safeguarding of public buildings and all state and municipal property. The homeless and starving were gathered into buildings or tents, registered, fed, clothed, and medically treated. Colonels Mott, Treat, and Greble caused twenty thousand *reconcentrados* to be so attended. They, with Colonels Gorgas and Kean, established a bureau of charities and hospitals. Many of the insane had been kept at home with their families, and wherever violent they were chained or kept in barbed wire cages like animals. These were all gathered into a hospital for the insane at Mazorra, the lepers were placed in the San Lazaro Hospital and thereafter taken care of at the public expense. The widows of Spanish officers were established in a windows' home.

#### THE PRESS

The press of Havana was outrageous in its attacks on my predecessor, and I got ready to receive the same sort of treatment, especially after General Ludlow had directed me to summon the editors of three newspapers and read them the riot act. They were summoned to stand on the carpet, one at a time, an hour apart. After telling them some very unpleasant truths, it was impressed upon them that if they desired to run newspapers in Havana they would have to alter their tactics. I thought Mrs. Scott would be reading in the Havana despatches of the "Washington Post" next morning what a confirmed criminal I was and opened the Havana papers with much interest, but not then, nor at any time during my entire four years' stay in Havana, was there ever anything derogatory to me printed in a Havana newspaper. Now and then, to be sure,

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an amusing cartoon would appear, and the family still chuckles when these are encountered among my papers, but never was there the slightest sting to any of these, or ground for the least objection.

A cartoon appeared in one paper showing Cuba crucified between two thieves, President McKinley and General Wood, who had arrived to relieve General Brooke. This displeased the general extremely, and he told me to send for the editor. Instead of coming himself, the editor sent his foreman to report that he was too ill to come. General Wood said to me, "You go and get him."

One of his aides telephoned for a doctor and a carriage to meet me at the door of the newspaper office immediately, and I detained the foreman in order to give them time to get there. Then I strolled down the street with the foreman, chatting about Havana architecture, until I felt certain of their arrival, and indeed found them waiting. The editor came out into the office all muffled in an overcoat in that warm climate, with a scarf around his neck to indicate the severity of his illness, but when I shook hands with him he felt cool, free from any fever. I told the doctor to examine him and find out if there were any reasons why he could not get into the carriage and return with me. The doctor obeyed and reported there was no reason whatever, and he was forthwith invited to accompany me to the palace, where he was turned over to General Wood, questioned, arrested, and put in jail for a while; he was later released. He certainly could not have enjoyed my exposing him before his whole office, but he never on any occasion thereafter gave open sign of his displeasure.

### JAILS, SANITATION, AND THE LAW

A year after our arrival, General Ludlow was ordered to Germany to report on the organization of the general staff of

the German army, and General Wood came as governor-general to Havana. I was ordered as chief of staff to Porto Rico, against which General Wood protested by cable. I started for Porto Rico by the North Coast boat, but was recalled upon arrival at Santiago de Cuba. General Wood placed me on duty assisting General Chaffee in the budget, with the control of the city of Havana, upon General Ludlow's departure. This went on for some time until General Chaffee left and I assumed his duties in the Palace and served as chief of staff of Cuba during the next three years when we left the island. As the island became more and more tranquil, the number of American troops was reduced from time to time and the six military departments in the provinces were given up one by one, the general officers with their staffs returning to the United States and their duties passing over to my office until only two were left: that of Santiago de Cuba, which persisted to the end under Colonel Whiteside, and the Province of Havana, under General Fitzhugh Lee.

Among other duties wished upon the American officers, who were ready to take over anything, was the examination of the jails, where there were people who had been imprisoned without charges or record. None knew their identity nor why they were confined. These and all political prisoners were at once released and helped to get on their feet in an economic way with suitable employment. Captain Devery was borrowed from the New York Metropolitan Police and brought down to train and build up a police force for Havana.

The cleaning up of the city was begun in a systematic manner, first by Colonel William Black, chief engineer, later, in conjunction with Major William Gorgas, the chief sanitary officer of Havana. All the offal and garbage of the city was carried in barges outside of the harbor and unloaded in the Gulf Stream, where the easterly current of three miles an hour carried it out into the Atlantic Ocean. This was a great en-

couragement for the monster sharks that waited outside the harbor mouth in great schools. It was worth going out to see the water lashed by their tails in their struggles with each other. They would seize like a flash every man who fell off the barges, and he would disappear in an instant.

One of the great abuses discovered in the practice of law in Cuba was that a person could be arrested and placed *incomunicado*, i.e., not allowed to communicate with his friends for an indefinite period. The writ of habeas corpus, one of the bulwarks of our own freedom, was unknown to Spanish jurisprudence. The legal fraternity had previously had legal matters in its own hands, and many used their power for oppression of the poor, stringing out indefinitely adjournments and examinations even in trifling cases, until they were no longer profitable. Their extortions gave rise to the Cuban saying, "No one can afford either to lose or win a lawsuit, for the lawyers will take all you have in either case."

Captain William Pitcher of the Eighth Infantry was appointed chief of police and police magistrate, with a limited jurisdiction to try summary cases. This was fiercely opposed by the Cuban lawyers, who were thus prevented from fattening on the poor. Captain Pitcher was soon nicknamed "Ten Dollars or Ten Days," and his court became immensely popular, requests coming in from different parts of Cuba for a "Meesta Pecha." Being unable to account for the remarkable popularity I enjoyed for a while in a certain circle, I suddenly discovered that it was because they thought I was "Meesta Pecha."

#### INCIDENT OF THE COLETA

"Meesta Pecha" brought us once to the verge of disaster when he cut off the *coleta* of a Spanish bull-fighter on his way under contract to fight bulls in Mexico. A *coleta* is a little braided pigtail on the back of the head of a *torero*, the badge of his profession. Of course it could not be expected by any

one that a *torero* could fight bulls without a *coleta*. The injured hero appealed to the Spanish consul-general, and an international complication became imminent. Secretary Root was then in the Palace and became quite irate on hearing about the loss of the *coleta*, and Ten Dollars or Ten Days was saved to Cuba only by the skin of his teeth.

It seemed that there was a standing order that when a prisoner was brought in to the station drunk or disorderly, he was to be given a bath and a hair-cut on sobering up. The *torero* had been brought in off the street drunk and disorderly and given the usual treatment. The American sergeant in charge had a soul too small for knowledge of such great matters as *coletas*, and, being no respecter of persons, had the *coleta* off in short order with what threatened to be disastrous consequences. The rules were framed thereafter to exclude the roaching of *toreros*, drunk or sober. We have read in the Bible about the messengers who had their beards cut off and had to "Tarry in Jericho until their beards were grown." Like them, our friend the *torero* had to tarry in Havana until his *coleta* was grown, and it was for Havana to laugh.

It is interesting to look back now and remember the remarks I made to Captain Pitcher in the light of after events. I said to him that if he made good in Havana as chief of police, who knew but I might some day make him chief of police of Berlin or Paris, for nothing could be more strange than that an American officer should be chief of police of Peking, China; if that, why not of Berlin or Paris? Since that day, an American Officer has been in charge of American military police in both of those European cities.

#### JUSTICE AND GRANDEES

Pitcher came up to my office one day in some perturbation to ask advice. It appeared that a small news urchin had ap-

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proached a certain marqués of Spain in one of the hotels with his wares, and had been struck a severe blow across the bridge of the nose with the nobleman's cane. Now, it is a well known fact that a grandee of Spain does rather as he pleases without fear of punishment, but Pitcher was informed that this was not Spain, and that here was his opportunity to show Havana that he sought the accomplishment of justice for rich and poor alike, and that a grandee of Spain was no better than any one else before the law. So he sentenced the marqués to a month's imprisonment at hard labor in the castle at Atarés.

This turned Havana upside down with horror, and all the *haute monde* of the city fell upon my back like a ton of bricks, but without result. Their next move was to present a doctor's certificate showing that the health of the marqués was too delicate to undergo hard labor. I compromised on this, saying that of course we would not think of compelling a sick man to undergo hard labor; if he were too ill to stand up on a rock pile at Atarés, I said he might sit down at his task with a little hammer in his hand and break rocks for the roads of Havana.

Imagine the commotion in Havana by this decree of the brutal and ignorant *interventores* against a grandee of Spain—a marqués, if you please! No more reports, however, arrived of little boys being struck by grandees or by anybody else, and it was not long before the justice of the sentence was recognized by every one, and I have reason to believe that strange though it may seem, no rancor was felt, even by the marqués himself.

### SCHOOLS AND LIBRARIES

The subject of public instruction was taken up early in the period of occupation. Captain Hanna, General Wood's aide, who had once been a school-teacher, made a study of the school law of all of the States, and, selecting that of Ohio as the best, adapted it to the circumstances of Cuba. Many barracks and

other public buildings were converted into school-houses, while more were built and others leased. Millions of dollars' worth of modern school equipment was purchased in the United States and distributed all over Cuba. As there were not nearly enough school-teachers to fill the void, summer normal schools were organized, and those eminent philanthropists of Boston, Major Henry Higginson and Dr. Eliot of Harvard, interested themselves in having our teachers receive tuition at Harvard. These volunteers were taken up to Boston in transports until we had enough instructors for our purposes, and seven hundred thousand children were enrolled.

Whatever may have been the condition of the University of Havana before the war, when we found it, it was little more than a name. General Wood put it on its feet and established it in the building of the Ordnance Department on the hill of the Pirotéchiña and started it on its way.

It was discovered that there was no public library in all Cuba and never had been. I brought the matter to the attention of General Wood, saying that it would be a shame for us to leave Cuba without establishing a public library where a Cuban might find reference books to help him write the history of his country. This idea struck the general very favorably, and he told me to investigate the subject. I reported that the two best libraries in Cuba were those of the Count of Fernandina and one Pedro Morales, and I suggested that their collections be purchased and arranged in the Fuerza, and that a Cuban who had been educated in a library in Paris be placed in charge. The general directed that my plan be carried out, and that is the history of the origin of Cuba's first public library.

After our departure the library was moved from the Fuerza to my old quarters in the Maestranza and was when I last heard of it in flourishing condition.

When we first arrived in Havana the shore near the Punta Castle was a tin-can dump, and the neighborhood had never

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received attention. There was no malecon, no place for the band. The center of the Prado, the most popular promenade in the city, was of gravel that ruined ladies' dresses. Colonel Black was directed to pave this with asphalt, and he began the construction of the malecon at the Punta wall and carried it out by degrees to the Reina Battery near the San Lazaro Hospital where construction was perforce brought to a halt by our recall to the States. I am told that it now extends far beyond this point and is one of the famous public works of the city.

### RAILWAYS AND MAHOGANY BRIDGES

General Grenville Dodge, the chief engineer of Sherman's march to the sea and of the construction of the Union Pacific Railway, came down to Havana with Sir William Van Horne, the builder of the Canadian Pacific, to foster a railway from Santa Clara to Santiago de Cuba. We assisted their operations all we could and saw a good deal of them in Havana. They obtained a part of the right of way for the railway on condition that they would not cut any mahogany, and instructions were given their engineer to refrain from using the precious timber. It was not long before cries of anguish came up to Havana, complaining of the cutting of mahogany. The engineer was sent for and denied the charge, saying that he had cut only *caoba*. It happened that this is the Spanish name for mahogany, of which he had built a bridge. The wood was so valuable that it paid the railway to substitute a steel bridge.

We saw much of General Dodge later in Washington and New York, and we all loved him. When he died at Council Bluffs, I was telegraphed at Washington to send a caisson for his funeral. I ransacked all the Western country for a caisson artillery harness until one was found at Fort Leavenworth and ordered up for his funeral. I fully intended going out from Washington myself but was prevented by necessity. He was



one of the finest old soldiers of the Civil War, and I felt it a great privilege to be associated with him and to have his friendship.

BANKS

Before the American occupation of Cuba, the people knew little about the use of checks and were very distrustful of them. An old Spaniard when called upon to make a payment would take sixty thousand dollars in gold out of his strong box for the purpose. Checks were not wanted.

The American government established an American trust company as the fiscal agency of Cuba with a branch in Havana, with whom our customs and other revenues were deposited, and through which the government disbursements were made. This company had deposited more than a million dollars' worth of the bonds of the city of Havana, with the government as security for the faithful performance of its duty. Later on, it had got into some difficulty with its old Spanish directors who had formed the Banco Nacional de Cuba, and General Wood had arranged matters in Washington to turn over the fiscal agency of the island to this bank. He directed me to return the Havana bonds to the old fiscal agency and relieve it from further duty as fiscal agent, upon which it would give the bonds to the Banco Nacional de Cuba as arranged in some way between them in New York. The latter would give the bonds back to me as security as the new fiscal agent of Cuba, and we would deposit with it our funds thereafter and make our disbursements through it as our agent.

I accepted this without examination until it came time to carry out my instructions. General Wood was ill with typhoid fever, and the doctor would not allow him to be spoken to. It occurred to me that the accounts of the New York company should be audited before their security was returned to them lest I should be fastening a lawsuit on the island of Cuba.

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They became impatient in Washington and sent me several cables to withdraw at once the funds then deposited and to deposit them with the Banco Nacional and make disbursements through them. I sent for the cashier, who informed me that the cash in the bank was far short then of what it owed the government and that there were on the books in addition seven hundred thousand dollars of deposits of the people of Cuba, not then available for payment. I saw at once that if I demanded the withdrawal of all the government cash it would cause a run on the bank, which would close its doors since it could not hope for aid from the Spanish directors it had quarreled with, and it would take a long time to get cash down from New York.

My refusal to give up the bonds embarrassed the Banco Nacional very much, but it could not be helped. The auditor was started at once on the books of the trust company. In the meanwhile the payments were made directly by the customs officer in cash as the auditor proceeded. He would notify me to return bonds covering the expenditures of each province, one after another, beginning at Santiago de Cuba with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and so on, province by province, until all were released and the transfer completed. General Wood was carried down to the steamer to go north for recuperation, and the vice-president of the Banco Nacional told him, as he told the directors of the trust company in New York, that they were doing business only through the kindness and consideration of Colonel Scott of Havana.

General Wood's illness, during which he could not be consulted, placed me in a serious dilemma. The ordinary course would have been for me to send notice to Washington that he had a severe case of typhoid and could not be expected to return to duty for some months, requesting the designation of a substitute commander. But everybody knew that if some commander with influence were sent down and installed in Havana, he might be able to oust General Wood completely,

depriving him of the fruits of his previous labors. On the other hand, if I should try to carry on during his absence, it would be at a great risk to myself, for I am no more immune to mistakes than any one else and the first blunder brought to the attention of Secretary Root might bring about my sudden disappearance from Cuba, with a killing frost for all my little reputation at the same time. A little reflection, however, made it clear that since General Wood was too ill to take care of his own affairs, it was for me to take care of them for him, regardless of the cost to myself, and I carried on without any authority until he returned safely to his command long afterward.

General Wood had been accustomed at times to handle some of his affairs through the Cuban cabinet without saying anything to his office about them. One of these culminated while he was still unable to be seen.

A Cuban estate in which the consuls-generals of France, Germany, and Costa Rica were involved was advertised for sale, and no one around the office knew anything about it. General Wood, in whose hands it had been could not be consulted. I stopped the sale in order to investigate, since the transaction involved more than a million dollars, and a fearful scandal might result if everything were not regular. This brought in the German consul-general, breathing slaughter in the most offensive and arrogant manner.

I said, "Baron, I would be obliged if you would alter your manner here." Then the lid blew off, and I had to say, "Baron, if you cannot alter your manner in this office, I would be obliged if you would leave it," ringing for the orderly to show him out. Then, with all discretion thrown to the winds, he began to tell me what his kaiser was going to do to me. Still sputtering, he was ushered out by the orderly. Looking back in the light of recent events, one sees that Germany, even then, hoped to control our destinies.

## THE ISLE OF PINES

One day while I was acting governor of Cuba in Governor Wood's absence, an American delegation came up from the Isle of Pines to Havana stating that they had settled and invested their money there under the authority of the Treaty of Paris, which provided that all the western islands of the West Indies belonged to the United States except Cuba, and on the strength of the assurance of some senators in Washington that the Isle of Pines was American territory. Now the Cuban authorities were demanding the payment of taxes from them, and they had come to Havana to ask me to declare the Isle of Pines American territory.

The Isle of Pines was sixty miles south of Cuba and their contention seemed at first glance to have merit in view of the provisions of the Treaty of Paris, but after looking into the matter somewhat and in a lucid interval I refused to comply with their request for the reason that the Isle of Pines was a part of the government of Cuba, having long been under the jurisdiction of the Province of Havana with its seat of government in the capital city of the province. The commission went away with direful threats about what the Senate was going to do to me for robbing good Americans of their property.

Their application was sent up to the War Department with report of action and reasons therefor, which were approved by the War Department. This by no means brought a settlement, but with senatorial encouragement the agitation went on even after a decision had been made by the Supreme Court of the United States that the Isle of Pines had always been a part of Cuba.

This view of the Supreme Court was embodied in the first treaty drawn up with the Republic of Cuba, but sinister influ-

ence prevented the ratification of this treaty by our senate for twenty years, leaving Cuba with the only impression possible under the circumstances, that the United States intended to rob Cuba of the Isle of Pines. I am glad to be able to say that this treaty has lately been ratified and our reputation cleared of the suspicion under which we have lain for two decades.

#### POLITICS

When the whole island of Cuba had become tranquil and people were at work everywhere, General Wood thought it time to begin the education of the people in the exercise of the franchise, and rules for the election of municipal officers were published. The elections passed off very creditably, probably the first representative and honest elections Cuba had ever had.

Several, however, were contested, notably the election for mayor of Cienfuegos. Captain F. Foltz of the Second Cavalry and I were sent down to supervise the recounting of the votes. The mayor had been an appointee of General Wood. The skeptical saw something sinister in the recount. "Colonel Scott has gone down there to count in the friend of the administration," it was whispered about knowingly. But it happened just the other way, for the friend of the administration was counted out.

It was then asked upon all sides, "What manner of men are these who have the power to count in their friends but who count them out?" Nobody could comprehend such extraordinary people.

The Cubans divided into parties with high-sounding names, but they actually knew little about party politics. Like Mexico, politics are mainly personal—although in Mexico they follow the leader that promises the most loot. They do not know, moreover, what you are talking about when you speak of party policies. They will usually tell you that they are for *la partida*

*de la reforma*, blinking at you like an owl, but of what sort of reform they have not the vaguest conception.

Many of the new mayors contemplated discharging the police *en masse* in order to make room for political appointments. I warned the mayor elect of Havana against this. The police of Havana had become a well drilled, efficient, and fearless body of men, secure in their belief that they could not be molested in the discharge of their duty so long as they were correct. That this fine force should be ruined in a day for political reasons was unthinkable, and it was certain that no new body could be independent. General Wood told me to issue an order protecting them.

Since this was a military intervention, every order I signed by direction of the governor-general had the force of one of our Acts of Congress, to be adjudicated in the courts. We were extremely careful of the kind of orders we issued, taking into due account the character of the people and their history, and all orders were scrutinized by our judge-advocate, Colonel Edgar Dudley, who put them in proper form and saw that they did not conflict with each other. Some few of them were foreign to the national genius, such as those providing for the writ of habeas corpus and marriage by a justice of the peace, but it is a remarkable fact that although the Cuban might have been expected to abrogate every one of the laws of the *interventores* by a blanket act at the first meeting of the Cuban Congress, the laws were so necessary for their well-being and so particularly suited to the temperament of the Cuban people that not half a dozen were abrogated during the next four years of freedom from the *interventor*, and I am told that most of them are still in effect, although they have been codified and are no longer in the shape of military orders.

Although the law forbade the discharge of the police except for some just cause, the press reported that the mayors of Santiago and Cienfuegos had both discharged their whole police

force upon their first day in office. A telegram was sent them asking if this were true, and both replied that it was. A second telegram pointed out to them that they had violated the law and must reinstate their police. The mayor of Santiago did as directed immediately, but the mayor of Cienfuegos asked permission to come to Havana for a conference.

He appeared with his backer, José Miguel Gómez, governor of Santa Clara, afterward president of Cuba, who had come along to intimidate me. I listened patiently to the mayor for half an hour until he was through, when I told him that he had given me no reason why he should break the law. He burst out, "I cannot put them back!" and I told him that if he could not put them back we would have to find some one who could. Whereupon he jumped up, bade me a very punctilious adieu, and went out, followed by his backer, who had not opened his mouth. As he passed through the office of Captain Frank R. McCoy, the general's aide asked him something about Cienfuegos, and he replied, "I am no longer mayor of Cienfuegos!" He was given time to change his mind, but when it was found that he did not wish to change it and had moved out of the mayor's office, a new mayor was appointed as provided in the law.

This episode made a great commotion all over Cuba, and it became a *cause célèbre*. The senator of Cienfuegos came up to Havana, announcing that he was going to make such a campaign against me in the press that I would have to leave Cuba within ten days, but the press refused to print his material. The mayor then went up to Massachusetts with several admiring friends of his, and saw General Wood, who declined to reinstate him.

Sometime thereafter, at a dinner given by the city of Havana to the North Atlantic Squadron, what was my surprise and pleasure when the ex-mayor came up and asked if I would shake hands with him! I told him I would be most glad to do so.

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Later in Cienfuegos when the city was holding a theater performance for the navy, a box was given me. Colonel Robert Thompson, the friend of all mankind, including the army and navy, came into the harbor in his yacht with a party of guests, and the ex-mayor offered him his box, whereupon I invited the ex-mayor and his daughter to sit with Mrs. Scott and me. All Cienfuegos looked up at us in astonishment at seeing the lamb and the lion lying down together, with the lamb outside. And thus in harmony and friendship ended a very disagreeable episode.

General Wood had passed through Cienfuegos a little while before and had announced on arrival in Havana that he would have to go back to settle the labor troubles which were ruining the commerce of that port. Conditions failing to better themselves during the next ten days, he remarked, "You and I will have to go down to Cienfuegos." Ten days more went by, and he said to me, "I wish you would go down to Cienfuegos and clean up that mess"; and it was surmised that there must be a bad situation in which the general did not want to burn his own fingers.

I gathered a few details from the captain of the port, an officer of the infantry, who told me that the state of affairs was impossible. Every interest in the port was fighting every other interest. Conference after conference had been held, resulting only in worse entanglements than before, with the entire populace worked up to such a pitch that every citizen was ready to cut his neighbor's throat.

I called on my old friend, Barker, the chief quartermaster, who told me that it was an outrage to send me to become involved in a situation which could only result in the loss of my prestige in Cuba.

Returning to the captain of the port I directed him to summon all of the various interests to his office. Upon their arrival, I said: "The governor-general is much concerned over the



situation at Cienfuegos, because you are killing the goose that lays your golden egg, and he has sent me to ask you what the trouble is. Don't you like golden eggs?"

Importers, exporters, *lancheros*, etc., all began to gesticulate and talk at once. As soon as the captain of the port could quiet them I said I could only hear one man at a time and that if they would all go out and select a spokesman for each interest, they would have the opportunity to speak one at a time, and we would begin again, in a more orderly manner.

I listened to them for two days and nights, when the captain of the port blew up. He asked: "Why don't you kick every one of those fellows out of here? They've talked now for more than two days and we haven't gained an inch. Let's kick them all out." I told him he had tried his way and had not got anywhere, and I would be obliged if he would allow me to try mine.

I listened to them for seven days and some nights until they were all completely talked out. When they announced that they had nothing more to say, they were handed two papers, each suggesting a solution and told that I would be glad to have them take their choice and sign either one. They rejected the first completely, but all of them signed the second, which was the same as the first, couched in slightly different language. This was presented to General Wood in Havana, who was asked whether the signed project would suit him; for he had given me no idea of his wishes as to the nature of settlement.

He told me to put it in effect, and two weeks later delegates came up from every interest in Cienfuegos to thank General Wood for sending me; and we had no more trouble there during the remainder of our stay in Cuba, although it was the most turbulent port on the island.

Years afterward General Marti and General Pino Guerra came up to visit West Point and said: "They are talking about that settlement in Cienfuegos yet. No one knows how it was

done. You went down there. You didn't say anything, didn't do anything. You just sat there, and when you left, it was all settled. We don't understand it yet."

It was, however, only the result of a little courtesy and patience. The Latin-American is very punctilious in his courtesy and expects you to be the same. Our American brusqueness turns his fur the wrong way. He would rather have you refuse his request with courtesy than grant it without. I was most careful in my courtesy, especially to some of the negro members.

Again it requires patience to listen all day in the tropical heat to a succession of empty speeches. Each one, however, was entitled to his day in court, and I saw that he got it. We have each a certain amount of energy like a charged machine. If most of it is used up in friction, there is little power left to do work, and so it is with many men. They use up their power in talk; when they say something they feel that they have actually done something, and their desire for action is satisfied. When negotiating with armed and angry Indians I am never anxious over the voluminous talker, but I watch the silent one over in the corner. His desire for action is not dissipated in talk, and he may act. When they talk out all their opposition there is no power of resistance left, and they must fall like ripe fruit into your hand. I have seen this happen times without number, not only in Cuba, but in Mexico, in the Philippines, on the Plains of the West. One only needs an unflinching and sympathetic courtesy and an unconquerable patience. If you have not these qualities, try some other business, for diplomacy is not for you.

#### BANDITS

At the beginning of the period of occupation, there were many bandits at large who were run down from time to time

and jailed or shipped from the country. It was the custom of these outlaws to notify a sugar planter that unless so many five-dollar gold pieces were put in a certain place by a given time, his plantation would catch fire with great loss.

One bandit by the name of Lino Lima was particularly troublesome in Matanzas Province, but we were too busy to attend to him for a while. I asked General Wood as he was starting for Washington, "How about Lino Lima?" He said, "You attend to him while I am away." The chief of the rural guard of Matanzas Province was sent for and told that Lino Lima was playing horse with him too much. He acknowledged this but excused himself on account of the obstacle of the great Zapata Swamp. I asked him if he considered the matter too difficult for him. He said, "No, not too difficult." So he was given fifteen days to arrest Lima and bring him to trial.

He made but a feeble effort and was superseded by another official, who was given the same instructions. The latter began to enliven matters for Lima and things began to happen. The Cuban secretary of state came panting up the stairs in the Palace, evidently much pleased with himself, saying, "I've got it all fixed." I told him that I was much gratified at his having fixed it, but would doubtless feel more grateful if he would tell us what it was he had fixed. He replied that he had fixed it so that Lino Lima would leave the island for five hundred dollars. "Why," I said, "Captain McCoy and I would both leave the island for half of that." He looked at me with reproachful sorrow under the impression that he was being spoofed and asked, "What will you do then?" "I will guarantee him a fair trial," I said, "if he will come in and give himself up. Otherwise I am going to catch him or kill him!"

Matters became still more lively in Lima's territory, and his mother came in to intercede for him and was given the same ultimatum. A few days afterward the rural guard tried to

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arrest him. He resisted arrest, and I sent a cable to General Wood in Washington, "Lino Lima is dead." There were no more bandits after that in Matanzas Province.

### CHURCH REFORM

In Spanish times the Catholic Church belonged to the state, and at one time it was very corrupt in Cuba. It was said there that the charges of the church were so great that the poor could not afford either to die or get married, and in consequence eighty per cent of the people of Cuba were illegitimate. We made a law legitimatizing these children and permitting a marriage by a justice of the peace for a dollar and a half.

A Cuban funeral among the poor is a very sad affair. You hear music coming and see, in the midst of a crowd in the street, a coffin carried by a few men, with a man walking behind playing a fiddle. The coffin is rented only for the occasion and is brought back to be used again for some one else. The body is put in a niche in a wall with a square stone to close the entrance. The rent must be paid promptly when due, or else the bones are taken out and thrown on the bone pile in the cemetery. From the size of the pile it is seen that many have defaulted on their rent.

In Spanish times the governor-general and his staff used to have a great part in the religious ceremonies, such as the religious procession on the day of the patron saint of Havana, San Cristóbal de la Habana, when the holy images were carried through the streets with great pomp and ceremony. I used to have to represent the governor-general when invited to the cathedral and sit up in the chancel opposite the Bishop of Havana or the Archbishop of Cuba during the high mass, after which we would go to the house of the Bishop of Havana for lunch (they were hospitality itself), where they would have

everything to eat and drink known to civilized man, and we would not be allowed to get away until four or five in the afternoon.

I was brought up a Presbyterian of the Presbyterians in Princeton within a stone's throw of Princeton Seminary, the very essence of Presbyterianism in America, and I have wondered while sitting up in the chancel at high mass in the Cathedral of Havana, opposite the Archbishop of Cuba, how I had strayed so far off my accustomed range. But my association with Catholicism was not always so friendly. We had one clash that sent us to the mat, and I believe that I am the only individual I have heard of who has won a fight with the Catholic Church.

When General Wood went up to the funeral of President McKinley, he told me to hold a memorial service that would be notable in Havana. Chauncey Baker, the chief quartermaster, closed the Tacon Opera House and dressed it in mourning, and we got the tenor of an opera company to sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the President's favorite hymn.

I invited the resident Methodist missionary to take part in the ceremony. He said he would if he could have it all to himself. He was reminded that McKinley was not President of the Methodists alone. He said he did not care about that; he must have it all; and he was forthwith ushered out by the aide, and it was a great pity that the President's own church could not be represented. A Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Baptist missionary each took part, and a Roman Catholic priest of Havana, Emilio Fernández, played a prominent rôle by permission of the Bishop of Havana. The Seventh Cavalry was brought in from Camp Columbia, with several bands. Fifteen thousand people attended, and the press pronounced it to be the most memorable ceremony ever seen in Havana.

A few days afterward, Father Emilio came to me in great distress, saying that he was being persecuted for having taken



ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF HAVANA AT HAVANA, CUBA



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part in the ceremony, although he had had the permission of the bishop, who withdrew his permission after the event, frightened by the clamor. His enemies said that "he was no Spaniard for having taken part in the memorial service of the man who had made war on Spain; no Catholic because he had taken part in a religious ceremony with those heretics." He was the assistant to the *cura* of Monserrate, who was more than eighty and was about to resign in his favor, but now they were going to take the curacy away from him, and he had come to ask for advice. I told him to go home and stay there, for this was my fight, and he need not concern himself about it any more.

I explained the case to General Wood on his return, adding that we could not allow the man to be crushed for taking part in the memorial services for our President. The general told me to go as far as I liked, and so I took the matter up with the Bishop of Havana and the Archbishop of Cuba, who were frightened by the clamor made by the friends of a priest with seven children who was anxious to get the church of Monserrate away from Father Emilio. They refused to yield an inch, and our several conferences waxed at times quite acrimonious, but it was an important matter, and must be settled satisfactorily.

Finally, it was seen that we could not move them, and the case was carried over their heads through the papal delegate to Rome, where the Holy Father decided that Father Emilio should be established in the church of Monserrate during life and good behavior. This was then the best parish in the West Indies and yielded him at that time ten thousand dollars a year. When last heard of he was also a monsignor of the church. He was a native of Castile and spoke the purest Castilian, and I often went to his church solely for the purpose of hearing his diction. It was very different from the Spanish of Mexico or Cuba in its clarity and beauty. Even a poor Spanish



scholar could understand it and its cadence was delightful, reminding me of the Latin of Virgil, much of which I had had to learn by heart to expiate my sins at Lawrenceville.

A large element of the Cuban people was opposed to the church and wanted it stripped of its property, as had been done in Mexico and France. When I was in the city of Mexico, in the time of General Diaz, the Catholic Church had to pay rent to the government for its buildings. The enmity toward the church in Mexico was the result of its mixing in politics. A great percentage of the people of Cuba, however, were on the side of the church, and we proposed at the separation to deal justly by the church in spite of opposition.

The island was plastered with *censos*, which were bequests of money to the church left for masses for the soul of the donor or his family. Many of these bequests were in the form of liens on property, found everywhere, often overlapping, and throwing a cloud on the title of most of the landed property of Cuba. A commission of learned Cubans studied for a year the question of the separation of the church and state. A lump sum was paid to the church as agreed upon with the papal delegate for all the *censos* of Cuba, thus enabling all titles to be cleared. The property was divided so equitably that it pleased all factions; and although this happened about twenty-five years ago, it was done so much to the satisfaction of the Cuban people as well as to the church, and so justly, that it has remained settled ever since. It required more than seven years to accomplish this in the Philippines.

#### YELLOW FEVER

Cuba from far back in its history had been considered a hotbed of *el vómito* (*fièvre amarilla*, yellow fever). This plague was accustomed to cross over into the Southern States, following the lines of travel sometimes pursuing the Mississippi as far as St. Louis, and ravaging even New York and Phila-

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delphia. A single case would throw the Gulf States into a panic, causing at times what was called a "shotgun quarantine" to prevent travelers from going north; and it was said that yellow fever cost the United States a hundred million dollars a year.

No one could find out how it was carried from patient to patient, and the theories were numerous. Dr. Carlos Finley, a physician of Havana, thought the disease was carried by the mosquito, and I have his pamphlet printed in 1884, advancing this claim, which made him a subject of derision at Havana, and which he was never able to prove.

Yellow fever was considered at one time a filth disease, and General Ludlow cleaned up Havana so that the buzzards departed. Still the deaths went on, and no man could tell how or why. The disease then began to take toll of our staff. The chief quartermaster died. The chief commissary, Peterson, became ill, and his wife was sent for from Cincinnati.

Some thought yellow fever could be acquired from a patient's breath or perhaps from the black vomit itself, but no one was certain whether you got it by drinking water, as in the case of cholera, by breathing it in the air, or by eating it with food. It seemed to strike here and there like lightning; no one knew where to look for it.

Peterson's wife arrived a short time before he died and was beside herself. One hour after his death she shot herself. This made things very gloomy. I buried them beside each other, and Captain Page, coming back from the funeral in my carriage, was taken with a chill and was soon taken back along the same road and buried beside the others.

The plague spread so that no one knew whom he would find at the office in the morning. The chief surgeon, Valery Howard, the chief paymaster, and the inspector-general all got mild cases and recovered, but it took heavy toll from the clerks. It seemed to be most virulent in the Segundo Cabo, the palace of the Spanish lieutenant governor, now the Cuban

Senate. I moved everybody out of it and had it sealed hermetically, swabbing everything I could reach with formaldehyde and filling the building with formaldehyde gas. Although we did not know it at the time, this was the very best thing that could have been done, as it killed all of the infected mosquitoes.

The staff was scattered all over Cuba, leaving Frank Steinhart, the chief clerk, Captain Hanna, and myself to attend to business, and when General Wood returned from the north, his staff had almost evaporated and his clerks were out at Camp Columbia. A month after his return he reopened the Segundo Cabo, and no more cases came from it, since all the infected mosquitoes had been formaldehyded to death.

General Wood's staff in Cuba lost more in deaths from yellow fever than the staffs of all the generals in the Spanish War lost from all causes combined. I had a strong fever myself one night and sent for Dr. Gorgas, who broke the news to me gently by asking whether I wanted to be taken to Las Animas Hospital or up to the Yellow fever ward in the Cabaña Fortress across the bay. I had a very mild case, however, and was soon over it. In fact I am not altogether certain it was yellow fever, though Gorgas seemed to think it was and, I suppose, would have given me a white certificate if I had asked for it, which would have allowed me to land in the United States without quarantine. These white certificates are much sought by the Spaniards working on the vessels plying between Cuba and the United States as the holder draws higher pay for being immune to the fever, as he may land freely on both coasts.

As has been mentioned before, the mosquito theory of Dr. Carlos Finley was regarded as a joke in Havana. Nobody believed that such a tiny insect could do so much damage, and the Cuban doctors ridiculed the idea.

Then one day Major Walter Reid of the medical corps came

to Cuba on an inspection tour. He had no money and no mission, and he did not know any more than anybody else about how yellow fever was carried. In a conversation one day in the Palace about the cause of yellow fever, General Wood told Major Reid that if he would investigate the matter, he would start him with ten thousand dollars and furnish the buildings and everything necessary.

We all coöperated as best we could. Doctors Lazear and Carroll were associated with the experiments, showing great enthusiasm, and some of the enlisted men offered themselves for experiment, sleeping in the bed of deceased patients, until it was proved that the disease could not be transmitted in that way. A room was then divided by mosquito netting into departments, in which men lived, and into which both infected and uninfected mosquitoes were introduced without result. The experiment was almost given up because it was not known that it required fifteen days for the disease to incubate in the mosquito. The infected mosquitoes were kept in test-tubes and regularly fed to prolong their lives.

The action is very erratic, causing at times a comparatively innocuous case and at others a virulent one. In this way one of our nurses lost her life from a mosquito that had been giving mild cases. Doctors Lazear and Carroll also lost their lives in their zeal for science, veritable martyrs to the cause of humanity.

When it was fully determined that the mosquito was the means and only means by which yellow fever could be conveyed, the fact was published to the world, and General Wood issued an order requiring every case of fever of any kind to be placed at once under a mosquito net to prevent any insects from being infected; Major Gorgas, the sanitary officer, was directed to make a vigorous campaign against the mosquito in Havana by attacking the breeding-places—water, barrels, tin cans, and the like—by emptying receptacles and covering pools

with oil. Gorgas came in one day and reported that there were five cases of yellow fever at Santiago de las Vegas, seventeen miles from Havana. I said: "Gorgas, here are two thousand dollars. I wish you would go out and kill every mosquito within a square of each one of those cases," which he did, and those were the last cases in Cuba of yellow fever during our occupation except those caught in the quarantine from Vera Cruz, Mexico.

While Dr. Finley was on the right track, he had no means with which to operate, no money or authority to experiment on human beings. In Dr. Walter Reid's experiments the Spanish government intervened to prevent experiments on Spaniards, but General Wood stood behind him and saw him through. He could never have succeeded alone any more than Dr. Finley. It has always seemed to me that General Wood never received his due share of credit in this matter. It required a broad-minded man to withstand the ridicule over Dr. Finley's theory; it required also the conjunction of money and authority, and if General Wood had not possessed all of these, it is probable that the truth about yellow fever would not be known even yet—or the Panama Canal dug.

#### A CONSTITUTION AND A PRESIDENT

With the restoration of law and order and the success of the franchise, it remained only to draw up a constitution for the new republic, elect a president and a congress, and appoint Cuban understudies for all the American officials, so that when the time came the Americans might step back, leaving Cuba with a trained governmental force as a going concern, and the ship of state might sail proudly and confidently on under the new skipper and crew.

The constitution, drawn up by a convention of elected dele-

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gates, I personally took to Washington, where it was approved by the War Department and introduced into the Senate by Senator Platt of Connecticut under the name of the Platt Amendment, and it governs the relations between the United States and Cuba to this day.

The nomination for the presidency was strongly contested, but each of the contestants had been in the limelight too long and had acquired enemies. Señor Estrada Palma, who had been associated with the Cuban Revolution but who had long been out of the country teaching school in the Erie Valley of New York, was the only one without enemies, and was duly nominated and elected.

When the president elect arrived in Havana, General Wood sent me to receive him and escort him to the Palace. A double line of troops was formed along the dock to the carriage, and only comparatively few of the prominent Cubans were permitted on the dock. When the president elect came ashore, these patriots became tremendously excited and would have mobbed him in their enthusiasm. Often they would launch themselves at him like a bolt, head first, horizontally, and I had to punch a number of them with my fist with all my strength and knock them out of the way. President Palma was more than seventy years old and quite frail and would have been crushed to death if undefended.

We started up from the dock in a low victoria with mounted escorts front and rear. The excited populace filled the streets outside the curbs, leaving barely room for the carriage to pass, and now and then an enthusiastic citizen would hurl himself headlong into the carriage, only to be knocked off by a policeman's club. I breathed a heartfelt sigh of relief on reaching the Palace and turning the President over to the general, intact.

During the interval between arrival and inauguration on May 20 I took the new leader about the city in a carriage and

pointed out to him the monuments of antiquity, making him promise me to do all in his power to protect them. I pointed out in particular the Fuerza, built by the order of Hernando de Soto in 1538 before he came to explore the Mississippi; the destruction of this venerable old landmark, for the purpose of erecting a post-office on its site, I myself had thwarted several times.

I directed to the president's attention the little Martello Tower at San Lazaro, a fortress which, built as a watch-tower after the looting and burning of Havana by pirates in 1598, I had likewise saved from the engineers who proposed tearing it down to permit the passage of a street railway, making them purchase a house instead and cut through it.

The Morro Castle and the Castilla de la Punta (1598), as well as the Cabaña and Átarés (after 1764), were all still intact when I last heard of them. These historic structures are a magnificent heritage for Cuba, and should be preserved forever. It is a curious thing that they should have been protected by the Northern stranger from destruction by the native. I believe, however, that the native has now advanced far enough to appreciate the distinction which such buildings lend Havana, and will value them himself, not only for their historic significance but for their rare medieval beauty, which accords so well with the Old-World Moorish aspect of the city itself, so different from anything to be seen in our own country.

It is a remarkable fact that when it was desired to reproduce the gates of the old Spanish fort at St. Augustine, Florida, the original drawings, by which the gates were replaced, were found in the archives of the engineers at *Tacón número uno*, General Ludlow's headquarters, and the records showing that the silver dollars used to pay the troops of George Rogers Clark, engaged in taking Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin from the British, were obtained in Havana, were also unearthed in that ancient city.







CATHEDRAL OF HAVANA AT HAVANA, CUBA

SOCIETY AND MANNERS

The architecture of Cuba in general was an unflinching source of interest to me. That of the older part was derived from the architecture of the Moors of Seville. The crooked streets had "just growed" like Topsy and often curved around out of sight, paved with cobblestones—with the exception of Calle Obispo, paved with Belgian block from Connecticut. The Cuban resents the antique appearance of his towns and always mentions the streets of Cienfuegos with approbation as having been *trazada a la cordelle*, traced out with a rope, but they fall far short of the streets of old Havana in picturesqueness.

My classmate, Colonel Slocum, had charge of the rural guard of Cuba, and, bringing his band to play in the plaza, was called upon for five cents by the owner of the concession for furnishing metal chairs for the plaza. The Cuban tongue is incapable of saying "Slocum" as we do and always puts an "e" before the "s"; i.e., "Escott, Esloco." Slocum did not understand about the chair concession, thinking the man was trying to charge him for listening to his own band. The Cuban became more and more excited, and the rural guard aide tried to calm him down by telling him who Slocum was—"That is Comandante Esloco." He replied that he did not care whether the *comandante es loco* (is crazy) or not, but that he wanted his money. He got it.

Within a few days of my arrival in Havana I took up an intensive study of the Spanish language. The foundation received at West Point helped me greatly, and it was not very long before I could go out in society and hold my own.

We were received in a very kindly manner and soon acquired a wide acquaintance, finding Cuban society most attractive. Many Cubans have been educated in Paris and New York and have traveled widely. The daughters of the Count of Fernan-

dino, a grandee of Spain, were goddaughters of the Empress Eugénie, and danced, sang, and played well on the piano and guitar, having performed on the amateur stage. Both were charming cosmopolitan women, speaking three languages, and both were married to grandees of Spain.

The Cuban is very fond of sport, betting heavily on the races, and on the Basque game of *pelota*, which is the most strenuous game within my knowledge. Every winter a Basque team was brought over from the Basque provinces of Spain to play in the Fronton of Havana, where very large sums change hands with startling rapidity.

Counteracting the native love of gambling, however, the people of Cuba are extremely temperate, and it is a rare thing indeed to see a Cuban intoxicated. He likes to sit in an open-air café with his family, listen to the music, and drink *refrescos* made of the different fruits—*limón zapote*, *guanabana*, *granada*, *chirimoya*, *mamey*—which “cheer but not inebriate.”

The educated Cuban has a highly cultivated ear for music, and opera companies came down through the United States from France for their season, when the Tacón Opera House, then the fourth in size in the world, would be filled to the ceiling, offering a wonderful display of beauty in Parisian finery and flashing jewelry.

The Spanish custom of reserving a box in every theater and opera house for the governor-general was continued during our time, and the members of the staff made use of this box whenever it was not desired by the governor-general. If a play was found uninteresting we would try another. Personally, I always derived more pleasure and instruction from the more humble theaters intended for the common people. Here were seen the real plays of the life of the different provinces of Spain, showing their provincial costumes and dances. As there are two pieces of music heard in every Spanish-speaking com-

## The Spanish-American War and Cuba 267

munity throughout the world, "La Paloma" (The Dove) and "La Golondrina" (The Swallow), there are two plays, "Los Gigantes y Cabezudos" (the Giants and Dwarfs) and "Don Juan Tenorio," which every child knows as our children used to know Punch and Judy.

A troupe of children about twelve or fifteen years of age from Seville played an engagement in Havana. It was the last thing on the program to hold the audience, and we used to end up there every night, after visiting friends, to see those children dance.

The Cuban girls are very strictly chaperoned, and I never saw one more than ten feet from her chaperon during four years in Havana unless on the dancing floor. The "Habanera" seemed to be their favorite dance.

We used to sit up on the roof warm evenings and listen to the music of the African slaves, made on a cornet accompanied by the *guirra*, a long slim gourd with ridges made across it, played against some sort of a sounding-board by drawing a stick back and forth across the ridges. This was the first syncopated music I ever heard, and I used to listen to it from the roof, played at some negro ball in the neighborhood, until I became chilled in the damp air as morning dawned. It was without a doubt the parent of our jazz music brought from Africa.

Of all the Spanish dances which I witnessed, including the Valenciana from Valencia and the Malagueña from Malaga, the most graceful of all, to my mind, is the Sevillana from Seville, where it is danced out of doors by the Manola girls, with castanets and gorgeous Spanish shawls.

### FAREWELL

During the greater part of the occupation the mess of the headquarters staff was run in my quarters in the Maestranza

and was an element contributing in no small degree to the success of the administration. It was a large mess with officers of every corps and rank, high and low. All the headquarters papers passed through my hands, and I noticed at once the incipient quarrels arising between the different departments before they got headway, and would take occasion to call the officers concerned quietly together after dinner and compose the differences. In this way the staff was kept together as friends, a solid unit behind the governor-general until the end. It is not unlikely that I rendered the administration greater service in this way than in any other.

We had a wild Cuban negro named Bombero among the waiters, from whom Colonel Greble especially derived much amusement and never failed to draw him out. He was thought to have taken something of mine, and was sent up to the chief of police to be questioned and asked what he did with Colonel Scott's property. He said he did not have it. "Yes, you have," insisted the chief of police; "How do you know?" demanded Bombero. "A little bird told me," the chief said. Bombero came back without having given any information but perfectly enraged against the chief of police. "Just figure to yourself," he exploded, "the kind of justice we Cubans get from that man. He won't listen to a word we say; he listens to what the little birds tell him!" I watched old Bombero for a long time and became convinced later that he never took the property, and we got back to our pristine status of confidence and gave the lie to the little birds. One of the last things I noted as we were leaving the harbor of Havana for the last time was old Bombero, dressed in his nondescript uniform, on the very top of the Maestranza brandishing a white towel from a broom, in farewell to his American friends whom he had served well for four years.

Many foreigners did not believe that we were going to give up Cuba and come away as we had promised. We all knew,

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however, that the promise would be kept in due time. When it was fulfilled, there were many Cubans themselves who considered our departure premature; conditions, they thought, were not yet ripe for complete independence, as was proved indeed by the necessity of our return at the end of another four years for a second intervention.

In fine, nevertheless, we had found Cuba four years before a backward nation broken by a decade of war, her treasury bankrupt, her institutions run down and neglected, the titles to her landed property clouded, her industries prostrate; without knowledge of the use of checks, without police or sanitary service, without schools or government of any sort whatsoever; with disease of every kind rampant to an abnormal degree, with her lepers and insane wandering loose about the island, with twenty thousand starving and homeless sick and dying in the streets. And after a period of arduous and conscientious labor, we were leaving her with peace and order restored in every part, with a trained democratic government on its feet, with new roads and lighthouses, with school-houses taking care of three hundred thousand children, with a public library in Havana for the first time in history and the University of Havana reconstituted; with every city on the island sanitated, human glanders reduced seventy-five per cent, and smallpox and yellow fever eliminated entirely; with a customs fleet in the harbor, a strong fiscal and auditing system established, and a million dollars in the public treasury.

At twelve o'clock, noon, May 20, 1902, in the old palace in the Plaza de Armas, in the presence of a brilliant company, General Wood turned over the sovereignty of Cuba, and, after taking down the American flag from the Morro Castle, left the island with his staff, amid the plaudits of a grateful and happy people, aboard the cruiser *Brooklyn*, the rest of his command following in army transports.

Secretary Root, in his annual report for 1902, gave it as

his opinion that the military intervention of Cuba formed one of the finest pages of American history; and I heard Lord Cromer, the regenerator of Egypt, say in Cairo—a statement confirmed at West Point in 1910 by General Lord Kitchener of Khartoum in practically the same words—that the regeneration of Cuba by the United States had not been equaled by any race in any age.

The following letter deals with my stay in Cuba:

1812 H. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., July 11, 1902.  
Business Pertaining to the Late Military Government of Cuba.

To the Adjutant General  
United States Army,  
Washington, D C.  
For consideration of the President.

Sir:

I have the honor to invite your attention to Captain H. L. Scott, 7th Cavalry, formerly Lieutenant Colonel, Adjutant General of the U. S. Volunteers, and to recommend him as an officer eminently fitted by past experience, both by field and administrative work, for appointment as Brigadier General, U. S. Army.

Colonel Scott's record has been a long one, and possesses one distinguishing characteristic:

He has performed, in a highly satisfactory manner, every duty assigned to him, whether it be of a military character or as an agent in charge of Indians or of a scientific character while on duty at the Smithsonian Institute, or of a civil or administrative character while Adjutant General upon the Staff of the late Brigadier General William Ludlow, Military Governor of Havana, and subsequently as Adjutant General upon my staff during a greater portion of the time I was Military Governor of Cuba.

Upon the relief of Colonel Richards on account of failing health, I selected Colonel Scott solely upon his well-known record for efficiency, upon his reliability, faithfulness, tact and judgment, and his performance of duty in the many and various positions in which he has been placed during the last two years has been such as to entirely justify the wisdom of my choice.

During my various absences from the island, Colonel Scott has

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been, to all intents and purposes, Governor of the Island, at least in all that pertains to the daily administration, meeting and solving of many problems which were constantly coming up. Last summer, when I was incapacitated by typhoid, he was in charge of affairs for approximately two months.

Captain Scott, during the war with Spain, served as Adjutant General, 1st and 2nd Divisions, 1st Army Corps; Adjutant General under the Military Governor of Havana and Adjutant General to the Military Governor of Cuba. It is safe to say that in these positions he saw more military and civil administrative work than many older officers of higher rank have seen in their entire military career.

Colonel Scott as shown by the documents accompanying this letter, has always been successful in the work assigned to him, and has always gained and retained the entire confidence and respect of the officers under whom he served. I invite attention to the accompanying papers, which tell the story of his army service, setting forth the opinion of those who are in the best position to judge.

There is no officer with whom I am acquainted who I believe would better discharge the duties and obligations incumbent upon a Brigadier General of the United States Army.

Colonel Scott was a member of the class of 1876 and is forty-eight years of age. I am, sir,

Very respectfully,  
LEONARD WOOD,  
Brigadier-General, U. S. Army.

### FIRST ENDORSEMENT.

Headquarters Department of Havana.

April 8, 1899.

Respectfully forwarded through Headquarters Division of Cuba, approved and recommended. Major Scott is one of the most capable and accomplished officers in the service—of an admirable poise and judgment thoroughly familiar with army administration and especially familiar and experienced in the work of an Adjutant General. It gives me pleasure to state these facts and express my appreciation of Major Scott's exceptional value and qualifications in every respect.

WILLIAM LUDLOW,  
Major-General, U. S. V., Commanding.



The following is an extract from the annual report of the Secretary of War for 1902: <sup>1</sup>

I know of no chapter in American history more satisfactory than that which will record the conduct of the military government of Cuba. The credit for it is due, first of all, to Brigadier-General Leonard Wood, Military Governor of the Island.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

and Colonel H. L. Scott, Adjutant-General of the Department.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

ELIHU ROOT,  
Secretary of War.

<sup>1</sup> See also Appendix, first letter.

## PART IV

### The Philippines

I RETURNED to Washington in May, 1902. My duties there, and those of many others associated with me in the regeneration of Cuba, consisted of "mopping up" our Havana affairs.

Returning to Washington one night from Columbus, Ohio, in which State I spent some time selecting a site for a military post, General Wood and I had a conference in the Pullman. He told me that President Roosevelt wanted him to command our troops in the Philippines, and asked would I go with him. I consented.

Later General Wood told me the President had requested that, en route to the Philippines, he lend study to the colonial governments of England, Holland, France and Italy. General Wood and McCoy also had invitations to attend the German Army maneuvers. It was thus settled that, instead of sailing west to the Orient, we would reach Manila the other way around. McCoy and I, vastly pleased, spent much time studying travel maps.

I wish I had space to recount some of my impressions of this trip, but perhaps they do not properly belong among my military memoirs. I can only say that the trip was intensely interesting and educational to me. We sailed from Boston for Genoa. We went to Naples, Rome, where we visited the king, Venice and Vienna, where we witnessed a grand military review and saw Emperor Francis Joseph. At Vienna we boarded the Oriental Express for Constantinople, thence to Athens, Cairo, and through the Red Sea and on to Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore, Batavia, Java and eventually to Manila.

Our experiences were often amusing and always interesting. We maintained contact, as far as possible, with American diplomatic officers, who aided us in every way. General Wood, McCoy and myself made some imperishable memories.

#### GOVERNOR OF SULU

In July, 1903, bidding good-by to friends in Manila, I sailed with General Wood and his three aides, Captains McCoy, Dorey and Langhorne, for Mindanao, southernmost of the islands of the Philippine group.

Picture a long line of 182 tropical islands, with coral beaches and covered with verdure, extending from the great island of Mindanao, separating the Celebes from the Sulu Sea to within sight of British North Borneo, and one sees the Sulu Archipelago, a portion of the Moro Province of the Philippines. About midway in the chain at 25° N. Lat. in the island of Sulu, the largest of the group and the home of the fiercest, the proudest, and the most powerful people in the Philippine islands.

The Sulu Moros are fanatical followers of the prophet Mohammed, and in the year 1903 they were still pirates and slaveholders, accustomed to battle and bloodshed from their earliest youth. A colony of Mohammedans was found settled in Manila by the Spanish at their first landing on Philippine soil in 1569, and it was the outstanding achievement of the Spanish authorities during three hundred years of conflict that they kept the Philippines from becoming Mohammedan and established Roman Catholic Christianity as the dominant religion, placing the Philippine race in civilization one hundred years ahead of their neighbors.

At one time the sultan of Sulu considered himself the equal of the kings of France and England and dealt with them accordingly. The Moro fleets ravaged the Asiatic seas to such

an extent that the governments of France and England informed the Spanish that if the activities of the Moros were not curbed, they would be compelled to take the islands away from Spain and do a bit of curbing themselves. Spain procured steam gunboats with which she drove the little pirate fleets of the Moros off the seas, but she never conquered them on land, and when at length she evacuated the three small toe-holds that she maintained as military garrisons, she left behind her neither respect, affection, nor civilization, in spite of her sacrifices of three hundred years.

I should explain that General Wood had been sent by President Roosevelt to take command of all the troops on the islands, but upon arrival in Manila it was found that his predecessor, General Wade, an older officer though junior in rank, had but a short time left on the active list, and General Wood graciously waived his own right of rank to enable General James F. Wade to serve out his term. In the meanwhile General Wood was ordered to take command of the Moro Province as governor-general and commander of the troops of Mindanao and Sulu.

We landed at Overton on the north coast of Mindanao and rode across the island on horseback. We were rowed over Lake Lanao in the middle of the island by picturesquely clad Moros, who sang their native songs in unison with the movement of their oars. Inspecting the military station at the end of the lake, under the jurisdiction of my classmate, Colonel Alexander Rodgers, we proceeded to Parang and Cotabato on the south coast, where we made the acquaintance of the celebrated half-caste Chinese ruler of the Rio Grande Valley, Datto Piang, a very notable character, continuing on to Zamboanga, the headquarters of the province, where General Wood assumed the command. Here we encountered for the first time Captain Ford, an Englishman from Sandakan, captain of the English ship *Borneo* under contract with our government as the gen-

eral's despatch-boat, with whom we had many pleasant voyages in subsequent years.

After a few days we all boarded the *Borneo*, sailing southward through the Sulu Archipelago, touching at Joló on the island of Sulu, at Siasi and Bongao, where tiny white garrisons were maintained, and thence over to Sandakan, British North Borneo, to make the acquaintance of our English cousins, whose hospitality we found to be as broad as the British Empire, as wet and boundless as the sea. They would begin to give you warm champagne at nine o'clock in the morning if you would let them—not that they preferred it warm, but they had made a virtue of necessity, since they had no ice, and we thought we returned their hospitality more acceptably by sending them ice whenever a ship went their way. They had fearsome names for their favorite brands of poison, and I remember that when I wanted a green mint I was obliged to call for it under the name of a "starboard light."

One English friend was greatly troubled over the pronunciation of the name of the capital of the Sulu Archipelago, and kept saying, "But my dear fellow, how do you make Holó out of Joló?"—apparently dissatisfied with our explanation that the Spanish "j" is pronounced like our "h."

The governor of Sandakan invited me to go with him in his launch twenty-five miles up the Sandakan River for soil for his garden, and he added as an inducement that he would guarantee that I would get an elephant. I had been a hunter all my life without ever having so much as seen a wild elephant, and here was my opportunity to get one; but the thought of killing that great animal without the opportunity of utilizing it was too heavy a burden for my soul to carry, and I had to pass over my first and last chance to kill an elephant.

The English colonial governors live in state, far beyond the means of the American governors, whose stipends will not permit them to impress the native, much less the visiting

stranger. That is all very well at home; in foreign countries, however, where appearance counts for so much, the influence of the governor, and his prestige as a representative of the United States, suffers, especially in contrast with the English and Dutch governors. The governor-general of Java drew a higher salary than our President and had several palaces to live in. The governors I met in the Orient had big Sikh police sentinels in front of their quarters, who asked the visitor to register in a book, giving his name and address with probable stay, which gave the governor information upon which he might extend courtesies. As a result of our registration we were invited by the governor of Sandakan to a bowling party on a beautiful green, and he told us that Drake had been engaged in a game of bowls when the Spanish Armada was sighted off the English coast.

Returning from Borneo, we made short stops here and there among the lesser islands to ascertain conditions and make the acquaintance of the people. I usually asked where the ruler (↪) of the island had been born, and was invariably told that he was a native of Sulu, showing that the people of Sulu dominate the entire archipelago through their fiercer and stronger character.

At last we arrived at Joló for the second time. The Sulu capital is a charming little tropical town, primitive in the extreme, with clean wide sandy streets shaded by tall umbrella-shaped fir-trees (*arbol de fuego*), sweet-smelling ylang-ylang, trees from the flowers of which the noted perfume is distilled, and here and there bushes of the scarlet hibiscus. The streets are straight and bordered by houses of two stories with galvanized iron roofs. When a cocoanut falls on one of them with a loud bang everybody thinks he has been shot, suffering what the Spanish call *un gran susto* (a start or fright).

The town is surrounded on the landward side by a high wall,

loop-holed for defense, and having three gates. The central gate was kept open from six in the morning until six at night, when it was closed and locked with all Moros outside. This gate was always under heavy guard, and no Moro was allowed to carry arms inside without a written permit from the governor; I am glad to say that not a single violation of a permit occurred during the term of my incumbency. Every soldier was obliged to carry his side-arms everywhere to protect himself against assault, for the shadow of sudden death was always present.

The population of the town of Joló, and the little *barrios* under its protection outside the walls, represented many races and nationalities. There were Americans, Germans, Spaniards, Moros, Filipinos, Arabs, Hindus, Japanese, and negroes from the Sudan, besides many Chinese who traded both inside and outside the wall and whose little stores were scattered all over the islands.

The Chinese are the traders or merchants of the Asiatic islands, and some of them are quite wealthy. The captain Chinaman of Joló was said to have been worth about three hundred thousand dollars and was a most patriotic and trustworthy person. Originally from the city of Amoy, China, he had lived in Joló during the Spanish régime, almost from the beginning, and history has recorded of him in one of the very early battles that "Capitán Leopoldo Don Canizares Tiana had fought bravely all day on the first line." May his ashes rest in peace as those of a brave and honest man and a loyal friend; a Chinese of the Roman Catholic faith, a supporter of his church and people.

General Wood directed the preparation at Joló of a force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery as an escort to accompany us on an information-gathering tour in the interior of the island.

The principal interpreter of the Moro language (Jolóano) was a German by the name of Charles Schück, born in Singa-

pore and brought up on the island of Sulu. During the Spanish régime he had married a Moro girl, and this had caused a race prejudice against him in the Joló garrison. We were warned not to trust him, and General Wood refused to take him with us as interpreter, relying instead on an ineffective Chinese half-breed from Siasi, who was in such constant terror of the Moros that he was afraid of his own shadow. The general became disgusted with his inefficiency and switched over to Schück before our second camp out. Schück had a brother Eddy, and a half-brother, Julius, who at times were also interpreters.

The sultan of Sulu, the ruler of the archipelago, was absent at Singapore. He had two brothers, the *Raja Muda* or heir apparent, and the *Datto Attick*. The sultan never had any children of his own.

The *Raja Muda* was acting as the ruler during the absence of his brother. The night we camped near his residence he failed to come out to call on the governor-general, sending word that he was too ill to come. General Wood said to me, "You go and get him." On the way to Maibun with Schück I reflected deeply upon the disease that I should suggest he was suffering from, and I settled on a boil as satisfactorily capable of disproof.

The *Raja Muda* was found wrapped up in bed and was informed of the sorrow of the governor-general at his sufferings from such a bad boil. He said yes, the boil was very painful; too painful for him to leave his bed. Inquiry disclosed that the boil was on his ankle, the most remote place under the covers from where I stood near the head of the bed; so I sat down at the foot and asked to see the boil, but it was far too painful to be shown. The request was repeated with a little tug at the covering which threatened to expose the ankle, whereupon the boil jumped to the knee and finally to the crotch. When the request to see it became more imperative, the *Raja Muda* said: "My friend, to tell you the truth I haven't any boil to



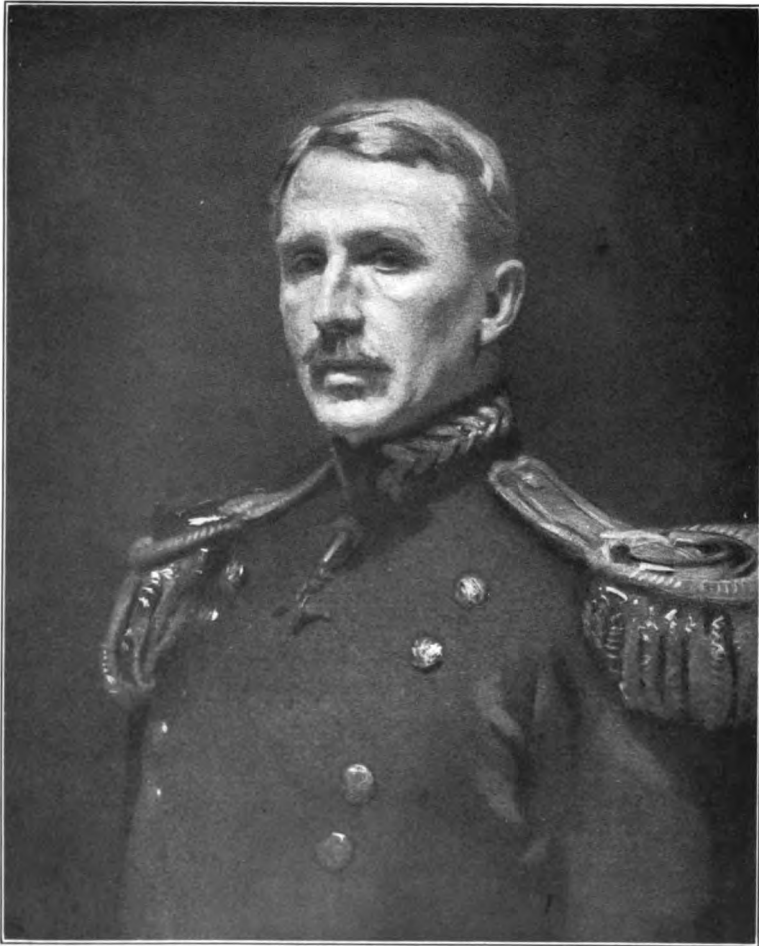
show you. My real trouble is that I have not yet recovered from smallpox and cholera." I told him that if he had nothing worse than smallpox and cholera, he would have to get on the horse waiting outside and come with me, and he was forthwith delivered safely to General Wood, carried from the horse to General Wood's tent on the back of a slave, according to royal custom.

I wondered during the night what effect the taking of their ruler out of his bed and dragging him off against his will to pay his respects to the infidel intruders would have on the Moro people, and sent Schück to Maibun in the morning to find out, expecting him to discover things there in a terrible tumult. I was much relieved to hear that everything was very quiet, and that the only effect produced was a vast ridicule directed at the *Raja Muda* for having been caught so neatly and completely in a lie.

Descending to the beautiful white coral beach near Siet Lake we saw two transports anchored in the bay, bringing supplies for the troops. I proposed to General Wood that each mounted officer in the command put a dollar in a hat, the whole amount to be given to the one who could first swim his horse twice around the transports in a figure eight. I would put my dollar in the hat and compete in the race, but would not take the money, for I used to swim my old buffalo horse a mile out in Devil's Lake, North Dakota, against his will, and I knew I could do it. But no one would take me up.

At the next camp beyond at Taclibi the *Borneo* was the only ship in the bay, and the other officers said to me, "You talked so much last night about swimming horses; let's see you swim yours around the *Borneo*."

The Taclibi beach was of a very different character; the water for some distance from the shore was filled with rose corals three feet in diameter and tall as a man, whose edges were hard and sharp, making it difficult to get my horse



MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF  
CUBA, 1902

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through them to deep water; he would cut his breast against them under water, then rear, bringing his fore legs down on the edge, and cutting them also.

The general's stenographer caught sight of us among the corals, and thinking my horse was taking me out to sea against my will, called for volunteers and came rowing out, asking excitedly how he could help. It irritated me that he should make such a commotion and alarm the whole camp, which was turning out *en masse* to see me rescued, so I told him rather brusquely, I fear, to take his boat back and mind his own affairs. I did get a real fright, however, while swimming around the stern of the *Borneo*, when I saw Captain Ford pointing down into the water and thought he was warning me of a shark, but I realized to my relief that he was only pointing a place for a Chinaman to throw a rope. After making all my turns around the ship, we got safely back through the coral with a few cuts on the breast and legs of the horse, which soon healed.

#### GOVERNOR OF SULU

Upon our return to Zamboanga, General Wood told me to go back to Joló as governor of the archipelago and commander of the troops, about seven hundred strong, with the comprehensive instructions, "You understand your business; go down and attend to it." He urged me to take one of the Joló officers as my secretary, but I did not know any of them, and they were all due to return soon to the United States on the expiration of their foreign duty. While sitting near the general on the deck of the *Borneo*, while she was tied to the wharf, the inter-island transport came and discharged passengers, and I called out, "Oh, General! I see my secretary coming up the dock!" It was Captain O. J. Charles, Tenth Infantry, an old friend with whom I had served on the Plains before the Spanish War. We went down to Joló together, where he was ap-

pointed secretary of Sulu and alcalde or mayor of Joló, where he served with much credit until the expiration of his foreign service tour.

I asked the members of the garrison the reasons for their dislike of Schück, for General Wood did not want me to take him as my interpreter, saying he would get me into serious trouble, but I could get no answer other than that he was a dangerous man. I had told the general that I was accustomed to the use of interpreters, and that if he got his trolley off the wire I would put it back.

I later found him the best interpreter I have ever known, with a knack for putting my thought directly into the mind of the Moro, and getting back his response in a way that enabled me to talk them out of hostility times without number, avoiding bloodshed. I found him honest and brave beyond compare, and I am glad to remember that the last thing I did in Manila, on coming back from leave in the United States, was to go with General Wood to a jeweler's in the Escolta, where a gold chain and watch were purchased by the general engraved with the legend, "To Charles Schück—for gallant and faithful services, from the Commanding General of the Philippine Islands."

(4)

The Sulu Archipelago in 1903 was inhabited by approximately one hundred thousand Moros. The word "Moro" has the same derivation as the word "Moor" and means a Mohammedan of color. The Moro people are a portion of the "Little brown brothers" of Governor Taft, although not always either so little or—by any means!—so brotherly. Their main legitimate occupation is agriculture. They raise bananas, the best class of Manila hemp with fiber eighteen to twenty feet long, maize, tapioca, mountain rice, the mango, the mangosteen, the lichi, durian, the breadfruit, and other tropical products. Some are fishermen, who provide the market of Joló with many varieties of cheap fish of fine quality and of every color

in the spectrum. Some are expert pearl divers; notably those from the island of Tapul, who make a specialty of exporting both pearls and pearl shells. Others supply the markets of China with edible birds' nests from caves near Borneo; with sharks' fins, and with *bêche-de-mer*, a sea caterpillar cut in sections and dried in the sun—not intended for consumption by white people.

There is also a large exportation of copra from the finest cocoanut palms in the world, as well as of various sorts of textiles. The Moro people are entirely self-supporting and are very industrious. While some Mexican dollars come in from China, the trading is mainly by barter; the few gold coins that are received are used to ornament the handles of *barongs* and to make jewelry. In 1903 Joló ranked third on the list of revenue-producing ports of the Philippines.

The *barong*, it should be explained, was a razor-edged cleaver with which a Moro could cut a man's body in two at one stroke, after which he would chop his victim to bits to test the blade of the weapon against the bone. The Spaniards in the earliest times were armed with the old clumsy arquebus which required a long time to reload. The Moro utilized this convenient delay to charge home and chop to death many a poor Spaniard fighting for his king.

The Moro people are descendants of offshoots from the Malay Peninsula. The divergence of their language (Joloano) from the Malay indicates a long period of separation and occupation of Sulu.

The Joloanos—as the inhabitants of Sulu are called by the Spanish, from the town of Joló, the only town occupied by white people on the island of Sulu—write their language with Arabian script, and their culture is partly Arab and partly Hindu, the latter derived through Java. The Joloanos were pagan until about 1400 A.D. when an Arab by the name of Saripul Hassim came to Sulu. He made a peaceful conquest

of the natives, converting them to the religion of Islam in the space of two years; and he became the first sultan of Sulu, the ancestor of the present sultan, Jamalul Kiram, who is best known to the American public through George Ade's comic opera, "The Sultan of Sulu," in which the momentous question is broached as to whether the "cocktail followed the flag." There were many questions connected with the real Jamalul Kiram and his people that were far more tragic than comic. He could trace his ancestors back through more than four hundred years clear to Saripul Hassim and give you their names in order, with the length of their reigns.

It was a fiction believed by the Spanish and American governments that the sultan actually governed the Moro people. He was, no doubt, the titular head of the religion of Islam in the Sulu islands, but there was really no government as we understand the word, and there never had been. The sultan had no military force, no laws, nothing pertaining to a government, except the headship that he himself represented. He had a few councilors with high-sounding titles but no portfolios. Hadji Taib was his "minister of war"; but there was no army for him to administer nor anything warlike except the Hadji himself. The ancestry and title of the sultan brought him a little deference, but not enough to prevent powerful *dattos* from making war on him if it pleased them so to do, in which case he had to depend upon the good-will of friendly chiefs, if such there happened to be. Sometimes they were friendly, often not. A war made on the sultan by the brothers Joakanain and Kalbi had ended a few years previously without victory for either side.

The situation was analogous to that of England in the time of the robber barons who each had their vassals, strongholds, and castles. Sometimes they made war on each other or on the king, who was not strong enough to control them, yet they all at times yielded him deference. The fact that the sultan

was the titular head of Islam in the islands gave him a certain amount of respect; not, however, to be stretched too far. There were no laws to be invoked, and no courts to administer them, even had there been. Everything depended upon power and custom. Custom would permit a man and his family to be enslaved forever for the failure to pay a debt of five pesos (\$2.50 in gold), if the creditor were powerful enough to carry his point. The natives themselves likened Sulu to the sea "where the big fish ate up the little fish," and there was no law, no justice, no pity.

The Moros had been at war with the Spanish for more than three hundred years. The town of Vigan on the north point of the island of Luzón, twelve hundred miles from Joló, was built some distance inland with a watch-tower on the shore to give warning of the approach of a Moro fleet and in time for the Filipino population to escape into the jungle before the Moros could land. A similar watch-tower is standing to-day at the entrance of the bay of Manila, from which the Moros took a thousand Spanish and Filipino slaves in one foray. Other towers were maintained on the coasts of Borneo, Celebes, the Spice Islands and the Moluccas, and slaves were taken from as far to the west as Siam and as far to the southeast as New Guinea. The perpetrators of these forays were not national forces but were the followings of several robber chiefs, allied, for the occasion, to procure slaves and loot. It is not surprising that a Filipino turns pale even yet at the very name of Moro. Bishop Rooker of the Catholic Church, while on a visit to me at Joló in 1905, remarked, "I live in Iloilo, the second city in size in the Philippines, and if I were to go out into the middle of the street and shout that the Moros were coming, the Filipino population would take to the brush."

As early as 1569 a Spanish fleet came suddenly out of the sea and captured the Moro Cottas—the fort—at Joló before a sufficient force could be assembled to protect them. A Span-



ish governor was installed in the forts with a garrison, and the fleet sailed for Manila, Immediately upon its departure the governor was killed and his garrison thrown into the sea. This same proceeding was repeated down the centuries, leaving Joló unmolested for a decade or two, until at length a bare toe-hold was established about 1876, when our old friend Admiral Cervera of Santiago de Cuba won a name for himself as the first governor to refuse to be killed, and Joló has been occupied ever since.

Joló was at first a penal settlement for *deportados*, and the first Spanish governor to make a real impression on the place was Governor Arolas, who filled the city in, and built the wall and many of the wooden houses. He supposedly built a house of brick for the governor; at least, he paid for a brick house and sent the photograph to Spain to prove it, but, alas! by the time I came to occupy it, it had turned into a wooden house with a front painted to look like brick. Small wonder that it appears in the scenery of Ade's comic opera.

Arolas was the most forceful governor of his time. He was a republican in Spain, where republicans were non grata, and it was said that he had been sent to Joló so that he would be conveniently killed. He not only was not killed but did more for Joló than all of his predecessors and many of his successors put together. He took the *cotta* at maibum of the present sultan, when he was still a boy, by surprise from the sea before a defending force could be rallied. When a real force had assembled, it drove Arolas to his gunboat, into which he retired quickly, abandoning his wounded; and after getting away safely himself he reported that he had taken the sultan's *cotta*, and there was great rejoicing in Manila over the victory. Arolas was brought up from Joló to celebrate his triumph and was made a general of the army of Spain. He left a son by a Moro woman, one time a government interpreter, who is there now bearing his name.

On a twenty-seven-day march in the interior of Sulu I asked a crowd of Moros if the Spanish ever came up there, and the reply was "Cuatro ò cinco horas, no mas" (four or five hours, no more). They would sometimes make a punitive incursion suddenly from the sea; but before the war-gongs could assemble enough men to oppose them, they would be gone from the island.

In 1903 the Moros were well armed with Remington rifles, Snyders, muzzle-loaders, spears, *barongs*, and *lantakas* or bronze swivel-guns of two to three-inch caliber and of native manufacture. The Remington rifles were obtained in part from the Spaniards, when the Spaniards rearmed with Mausers, and in part from the English, the Snyders having come from British North Borneo.

The earliest Europeans wore a coat of mail to shield themselves from the *barong*, sometimes of brass, sometimes of plates of carabao horn to avoid the rusting away of a steel *cota* in that hot, moist climate. I have one of the brass ones in my own possession. The weight and construction of these ancient protective devices must have added much to the grief of the Spanish soldier, toiling through the jungle carrying a heavy arquebus in addition to his sword or battle-ax, and staggering under the further encumbrance of a heavy brass helmet. The modern soldier has indeed much to be thankful for.

The Spaniards threw overboard many boxes of obsolete Remington ammunition in eighty feet of water at the time of their evacuation of the islands, but the Moro pearl divers recovered every one of them. Many of these munitions of war were afterward captured in fights, or surrendered at different times and sent to Manila, but there was a good supply still in the hands of the Moros at the time of my departure from the islands.

Northbound once en route to the United States on leave,

I stayed overnight with a classmate in command of Samar, where a long, desultory war had been going on; and desirous of impressing me deeply my host informed me that the natives had twenty guns!—*twenty guns!* I smiled to myself, thinking of the fourteen hundred Remingtons alone that I knew of and could put my hands on in Sulu.

The munitions of war were private property, the subject of barter and sale throughout the archipelago, and the commerce was not forbidden because there was no way to prevent it. These munitions would gravitate toward the disaffected districts, where the best markets were to be found both before and during battle. I proposed to superior authority to end this traffic quietly and insensibly to disarm the Moros, by buying up all the munitions during a time of peace when the market was dull and it could be done most cheaply, the purchase to be accomplished secretly by Moros in my confidence, and full compensation to be made for all confiscated property. My project was not approved, however, and it cost far more in both money and blood to effect the same result in the end.

The Spanish had told our government that it would require one hundred thousand regular troops to control the Moros, for whom they had a most wholesome respect born of three hundred years' bitter experience. Our government was alarmed by this as it did not have that many troops at its disposal; and fearing the Moros, as the Spanish government had before it, it sent General Bates to Joló with a naval cruiser, where he signed a convention with the sultan called the Bates Agreement couched in about the same terms as had been the agreement formerly made by the Spanish government, stipulating that the American governor might interfere in Sulu only in the event of a crime against a foreigner. In other words, the American, like the Spanish governor, must look on and permit the Moros to murder, rob, and enslave *each other* as they saw fit,

all of this bloodshed and anarchy to be protected under the American flag.

It will be seen later that the sultan of Sulu, from his inability to carry out his agreement and control the Moros, was not in reality a treaty-making power.

The American, like the Spanish government, had abdicated its sovereignty in the Sulu Archipelago and had failed to meet the most fundamental duties of a government, which require it to maintain peace and order, and to safeguard the life and property of those living under its jurisdiction.

The Moros had fired twice on landing-parties of the navy and had committed other wrongs against foreigners, for which they were never called to account, because Manila did not want the Moros to be aroused. Let sleeping dogs lie, was the policy; but the dogs were not so sound asleep as it may have appeared, and were quite ready to snap.

The commanders of troops were ordered by Manila not to permit any clashes with the Moros for any cause whatever until the arrival of General Wood as governor-general of the Moro Province. This caused much ill feeling among the troops, who felt outraged at being kept there unable to defend themselves.

I recognized from the beginning that my power as governor of Sulu under the Bates Agreement was exceedingly limited. I was expected to civilize one hundred thousand Moros, with a bloody record of hundreds of years, and the only power conferred on me for the purpose was that of moral suasion, except in the case of a crime against a foreigner, and even this exception was vague and undefined. Moral suasion is a very weak weapon for such a purpose, and it was apparent that the governor of Sulu was expected to make bricks without straw. Even the most optimistic could see little prospect of success for an American governor so handicapped, considering

that he would be doing very well if he accomplished nothing more than the saving of his own life.

My first case of moral suasion came in August before I was actually governor, while I was still living on the *Borneo*. A complaint was made by Panglima Ambutong that the *Raja Muda* had compelled him and another sinner each to put up two thousand pesos as bail for having made war on each other during the absence of the sultan in Singapore. They both put up the bail, whereupon the *Raja Muda* had fined Panglima Ambutong two thousand pesos and kept the bail of both of them. Ambutong asked that his bail be returned to him, which was reasonable enough.

I sent for the *Raja Muda*, and he came at once; the moral suasion, reinforced by the memory of his recent painful boil, was strong enough to cause the bail of both to be returned. This story rang out over the archipelago like a gong; nothing like it had ever been known before. It was assumed that if I could wrest the bail from the *Raja Muda* it could only be for the purpose of keeping it myself; no other reason was even dreamed of. Here was a favorable start, indeed; but the worst was yet to come.

The fourth wife of Hadji Taib, the sultan's minister of war, ran away from him and came in to Joló for asylum. If a woman came into Joló asking for asylum in those days, she was very apt to get it, and she was turned over to Hadji Butu, the prime minister, and his wife for safe-keeping. This was all very well until Hadji Taib appeared in Joló in a towering rage, demanding his wife. Everybody knew that if he got her under such circumstances he would proceed to slice off her head as soon as they got outside the wall, and she begged to be protected from him. This was no case of a crime against a foreigner, and I really had no business to meddle with it, yet while I had no legal right to keep her I could not deliver the poor woman over to be decapitated. Here I was suddenly pre-

cipitated up to my neck in a most serious situation; the proverbial choice between the devil and the deep sea was nothing in comparison. If I should refuse to give up the woman on the grounds that the other three wives were more than enough, I would be acting against the Koran, for is not a true believer entitled to four wives by that supreme authority? A refusal on those grounds would operate to plunge me into war with the Moro people before night as a destroyer of Islam.

Fifteen hundred Moros soon congregated to ascertain what this new governor was going to do; the question was difficult to answer, since the governor did not know himself. Our government had never laid down any policy in regard to polygamy, and probably has never done so even yet. The English do not interfere with it in their Asiatic colonies. Should the new governor bring on a war with the Moros immediately upon his installation, there would soon be a search for another and wiser governor.

While this was all fully recognized as true, it provided no way to keep that poor woman's head on her shoulders. She was encouraged to make her complaint, and a trial was begun. The proceedings were drawn out for hours, with much testimony taken on both sides, swearing the witnesses in on the Koran, and interpreting back and forth—killing time, in the hope that a lucid interval would occur to light a path to a solution. But none occurred. Hadji Butu, usually so fertile in resource, was silent, thinking probably about his own plurality of wives. The officers of the garrison, attracted by the crowd and the gravity of the case, had nothing to offer. Matters were getting desperate. Something must be done and that soon. But what?

Shakespeare has written: "I can call spirits from the vasty deep. But will they come?" They refused to come on this occasion, until I suddenly noticed that the knot of hair on the woman's head had fallen over to one side without her notice—

because of her preoccupation, no doubt, lest her whole head go off to one side, likewise.

I told her I knew the knot would not hang like that if she had her looking-glass; where was her looking-glass? She replied that she had none. "What's that?" I broke out in indignation. "Hasn't he ever given you a looking-glass?" It seemed that he never had. "No wonder she ran away from such treatment?" I exclaimed. "I'll bet he never even gave you a comb either!" "He never did," was the reply. "Just listen to that!" I roared. "A good-looking woman like that never given a looking-glass to see herself, or a comb to fix her hair! Hadji Taib! You take that woman by the hand and go buy her a looking-glass and comb right away, and don't you come back here until you've done it!"

The woman was afraid at first to go with him, but after his *barong* was left with me she consented to go, accompanied by Hadji Butu and an escort of soldiers. They were away some time, but came back at length, bringing the looking-glass and comb, swinging hands like two children, and that war was all over.

Upon what slender threads hung peace or war in those days of the empire, when everything was set on a hair-trigger, to explode for the slightest reason, and often without any reason at all! And what an extraordinarily grand and glorious feeling it is to get one's self scared almost out of one's wits, yet in the end to escape by the skin of the teeth! These prosaic times of peace in this part of the world are too effete to allow a fellow to get himself genuinely scared any more. I do not know what the next generation is going to do for excitement, and I am truly sorry for it. But it has been written that "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." To this rule certainly I was no exception, for my troubles were only beginning.

A most serious case had been inherited through two former governors. A Moro named Biroa had murdered another Moro

almost under the walls of Joló and had kidnapped a little Moro girl the previous June. The American governor had made a demand to have the murderer delivered to him for punishment. Although this was no case of a crime against a foreigner, the governor had gone far outside his province in making the demand. In those days the American governor was not considered by the Moros as very much of a personage. When he sent for a Moro chief, the latter would report or not as he pleased, and he usually did not please. Panglima Indanan once told the governor that he did not believe the Americans could fight, and suggested that they each furnish one thousand men and let them fight it out like game-cocks, with a little money or brassware laid on the event, and then the matter would be settled.

On this occasion neither the sultan nor anybody else paid the slightest attention to the summons, which really served the governor right as the demand had no legal basis under the Bates Agreement.

A new governor who arrived in July made the same demand and received the same response. Then General Wood came along in August and delivered the sultan an ultimatum, ordering that the murderer be produced within five days, and got just as much attention as the other two and no more, for the estimation in which American governors were then held was not only low but even tending to drop lower.

The first governor had sown the wind, leaving me to reap the whirlwind, and I would have been pleased if I could have tied him and Biroa together to a ton of iron and thrown them both into the Sulu Sea, for the case had now become very serious, the whole of American prestige in the archipelago depending upon its outcome. The demand should never have been made in the first place, but having been made and insisted upon by so many authorities, thus becoming notorious everywhere, it must now be upheld and enforced, albeit without



legal sanction, if Americans were to be expected to live in Joló.

If anyone should be killed in an effort to arrest Biroa it might be shown by some unsympathetic person to be a murder under the Bates Agreement, since no foreigner was involved. After long consideration I could see but one way out, and that one very dubious; to keep on worrying the very life out of the sultan until he either effected Biroa's capture or acknowledged that he had not the power and asked me to make the arrest as his agent for trial by Moros, according to the agreement. This was pretty thin ice, but matters were desperate, with American stock at low ebb.

When the pressure was applied, the sultan sent his minister of war to arrest Biroa and get the girl. He returned on September 3 when I had been governor only three days, just at a moment when the sultan and his councilors happened to be in my office. Hadji Tahi was in a bad humor, probably at being played with by the sultan, and he broke out into a tirade at the injustice of being sent on such an errand with two slaves only to assist him in such an impossible task. I asked the sultan if he had heard that. He admitted in a most indifferent manner that he had. I then asked, "What are you going to do about it, then?" He replied with a yawn, in a still more bored and indifferent manner, as if intending to convey that he did not know and did not care, as in fact he did not. I said to him then, "I've got a watch here, and if you don't find out in three minutes that you are going to do what I tell you, you won't leave this building." He found out in a minute and a half that he would ask Panglima Indanan to go after Biroa with five hundred men to make the arrest, and he never yawned again when I spoke to him.

Years afterward, when we knew each other much better, I asked him to do something that might endanger his life, to which he demurred. I told him that I fully recognized the

danger and did not expect miracles from him, but would be satisfied with an honest effort, which I would recognize when I saw it. He burst out with anxiety, "You won't pull that watch on me, will you?" and I assured him that I would not unless he failed to make the effort in good faith. At the risk of being killed by his own people, the poor worried little man rose to the occasion and could not have done better than he did. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and the sultan of Sulu nearly paid for his eminence with his life. Maharaja Jagi of Talipau was shot and wounded by his own people for the same thing at the same period.

Pursuant to the request of the sultan, Indanan took five hundred men and went to arrest Biroa. He found that Biroa had taken refuge with his father, whose name I never heard and failed to ask, "Biroa's father" being sufficient to identify him. The father had called out all his people, who were fortified on the knife-edge of a mountain with vertical sides five hundred feet high. Indanan burned a few houses and rescued the little Moro girl who had been kidnapped by Biroa, and matters were again at a standstill.

The admiral at Cavite kept in the port of Joló for my convenience a naval gunboat, the *Pampanga*, captured from the Spanish at the time of Dewey's victory, and I asked Captain Bennett of the navy to take me, with Captain Charles and my interpreter, Eddie Schück, to the southern end of Sulu to see how Indanan was progressing, and several cavalry officers of the Joló garrison were invited to go with us for the trip.

We landed in the ship's cutter, manned by five armed jackies, on the coast of Sulu, near what looked like an empty house supported on bamboo stilts between the lines of the shore and the jungle, which were about seventy-five yards apart. Leaving the jackies with the cutter, we all went up to the rear of the apparently uninhabited house, where there was a bamboo ladder, and found Indanan inside with fifty of his

armed men, who had all been keeping very quiet in the hope that we would go by without discovering them.

I sat down on the foot of a sloping wooden bunk, close enough to Indanan to permit my remarks to be emphasized by the point of my elbow in his ribs. Schüeck began to get uneasy and asked when we were going back to the ship, which was standing off and on outside, as if it could not be too soon for him. After some preliminary greetings, I said, in order to make things pleasant for everybody, "Indanan, they tell me that you are the biggest thief in Sulu." "Oh, they do me a great injustice," he protested. "I used to be a thief, but I don't steal any more." "Indanan," I replied, "I read in the records of the former governors that there will be no peace and order for anybody in Sulu until after you have been killed. What have you got to say about that?"

These few kind remarks seemed to displease his escort, who made a great rustling among themselves, some picking up their arms. Indanan protested against my believing the record, which was most unjust, adding that he was behaving in an exemplary manner.

I told him that he had better stay good if he wanted to go on walking about on the ground like all live creatures. This seemed to disturb his escort still more, and they scowled mightily in a restless manner, but a diversion was created by the arrival of the kidnapped Moro girl, who was brought in and delivered to me. I ordered her sent down to the cutter, and having acquainted Indanan with my views, we bade him good-by and went down ourselves to the cutter.

We found the poor little girl weeping bitterly, not knowing but that we intended to pick her bones; her poor little knees and toes were quivering with fear.

Having no woman on board with us, I thought I would tell Indanan to keep the girl and turn her in at Joló where we

could put her in charge of a woman until she could be returned to her own family. I called to Indanan to come down to the boat to get his orders, but he made no reply. The order was repeated louder, and again in a very imperative tone. Then the armed men filed out of the door in the rear, and down the ladder, forming themselves in line, close and parallel to the edge of the jungle, where they were joined by one hundred more, heretofore invisible. Next Indanan came down the ladder in a very leisurely way and placed himself in front of the center of the line, which advanced toward us like a line of chorus-girls coming forward to the footlights. They stopped about ten feet away from us, where we stood near the cutter, some having half drawn their *barongs*, and Indanan asked, "What do you want?"

The interpreter had turned gray by this time, and I could hear his teeth chatter. The stage was all set now for something of a highly dramatic order; the keg of powder was right close in front of the fire, needing only one little spark to touch off the whole works. This spark was almost furnished by a jacky who, finding the atmosphere too tense for him, threw down the muzzle of his rifle and shoved in a cartridge with a noise that sounded like a cannon. Captain Bennett reached over calmly and took the rifle away from him, thus spoiling a perfectly good chance for us all to become mince-meat in another minute.

Indanan was quietly told to turn the girl in to me at Joló which he promised to do, and the jackies then floated the boat and manned the oars. Those nearest the Moros were told to go aboard first, and when all were settled, the cutter started for the ship, while all gave a mighty sigh of relief, for things had got a bit too tense for all of us, and I felt moved to remark that "the devil still takes care of his own." I could not understand at first Indanan's object in acting in that way, but

concluded that he thought I intended to seize him, if he went down alone, and carry him off to the ship a prisoner—a suspicion which he himself confirmed a long time afterward.

He returned to Joló presently, delivered the girl, and said that Biroa's father was too strong for him and his five hundred men, and gave up the issue entirely.

The sultan then, moved by the fear of my watch, asked Panglima Hassan, the ruler of the district of Look, and the chief with the greatest power in Sulu, to effect the arrest—but Hassan turned on him savagely, saying: "You shut up! We Moro Chiefs are attending to this. Biroa has only killed a slave. If a Moro chief cannot kill a slave, what can he do? Can he drink water—can he breathe air—hasn't he any rights at all?" And he went back to his district of Look in a great rage. After all, the poor savage was right according to his lights, for the matter was not at all the affair of the American governor under the Bates Agreement.

About two weeks before this, eleven of Hassan's slaves had run away from him and came into Joló for asylum, which had never occurred before—showing that a glimmering was being perceived, at last, of a source of power and justice for Moros in Joló.

I sent a letter to Hassan, advising him of the occurrence and directing him to come into Joló for a conference, to which he replied by letter, "My desire to see my father, the governor, is still small." This letter caused wild and hilarious joy in the office. At the same time, however, it was recognized that Hassan must not be allowed to get away with it lest he entertain the erroneous opinion that he himself were the governor and could do as he pleased in Sulu, as, in fact, he had been doing but those days were now over.

He started soon after that with several followers to see the sultan at Maibun, whereupon a cable was sent to General Wood at Zamboanga, asking authority to cross the island

swiftly by night with a squadron of cavalry to intercept Hassan on his return to Look and arrest him; in this manner it could have been done away from his people and without bloodshed. I intended taking him into Joló and keeping him there until his ideas should become clarified as to who was really the governor. But the cable parted before an answer could be received, and the occasion passed without action. I have always believed that if I might have taken Hassan into Joló, and there restrained him gently and made a friend of him—a rôle he was well fitted to fill—he would be alive to-day, and the history of Sulu would have been different.

After Hassan's visit with the sultan, he returned home most dissatisfied, for some reason which I have never known. He began to have conferences with the other chiefs in a plot to take and loot Joló. They gathered an army of over four thousand men (they said seven thousand), and, camping on a little creek seven miles from Joló, agreed among themselves that each chief should enter Joló with seventy-five armed men apiece, ostensibly to trade. Once inside the walls a disturbance was to occur outside, and when the soldiers rushed out to quell it, the Moros would rise and loot and burn the town.

This fine little scheme was reported to me next morning, they camped a mile and a half away at Schück's place, and the following morning requested permission to come in together to trade, but were refused. Word was sent to Hassan that he had been written to come in for a conference about his slaves, and that if he did not come he would be forging something dangerous for himself. He sent word back that General Davis, the former governor of the Moro Province, had promised to allow him to come into Joló with seventy-five armed men; and Schück said this was true in a way, but that the promise had been made during a friendly interval, and did not mean the admission of armed men inside the walls.

Word went back then that General Davis's promise would be respected, that Hassan might come in with seventy-five armed men, but that Indanan, Ambutong, Dammang, and the others might only come in singly, since General Davis had promised them nothing, and if they did not like that, they could go over and trade in Borneo.

The troops were arranged for defense when Hassan came in with his men and grouped them in front of my office, but within the sweep of a machine-gun that could have mowed down every one; in case of treachery not one would ever have got out of the gate.

Hassan entered the office with great affability. He was asked, after the preliminary greetings, why he had written me such a letter, saying his "desire to see my father, the governor, is still small," when sent for by the governor. "I never allow anybody to write me letters like that," I informed him, "and I nearly went over to arrest you returning from Maibun." He looked at me with all the stupefaction that would naturally have been felt by the czar of all the Russias, had he been threatened with arrest, when at the acme of his power, by a little street gamin. But, after reflection, he said that he had meant to write that his desire to see his father, the governor, was still *great*, and that it had been the mistake of his clerk. I told him he had better get another clerk who would not make mistakes, which might get his master killed, for such a clerk was too dangerous to keep.

I then brought up the subject of the eleven slaves who had run away, and it developed that Hassan did not really care what became of them; he would make me a present of them if I wanted them; all he cared about was not to be mortified by encountering them around anywhere.

He then requested transportation back to his camp, although admitting that he had never ridden in a wagon and asked whether I thought it would make him seasick; and when Cap-

tain Charles ordered up the ambulance, our only vehicle, to take him back to Schück's and find out if his were seagoing legs, he said, "Now I have visited you; I think you ought to come out and visit me." And thinking that this would be an excellent opportunity to impress them all at one time, I got into the ambulance with him and Schück, whose business it was to take risks with me. I demurred at the wish of Captain Charles and my Austrian stenographer to accompany us, for deliberately courting danger was not a part of their duty, but they begged not to be left behind, and I said nothing more, but permitted them to go along.

We drove out through the main gate and were met and surrounded by a hundred and fifty armed followers of Hassan, waiting for him in the cocoanut grove. Hassan said to me, "You are a brave man." "How so?" I asked him. "Coming out here unarmed," he said; "I am going to go without arms also," and handed his *barong* to a slave to carry for him. This was quite a chivalrous idea, indeed, on the part of a savage, to put himself on an equality of danger with me in that way, but we would have been nearer an equality if he had not had those hundred and fifty armed men within spear's length.

We kept a battalion of infantry then at an outpost made by the Spanish—a little stone fort called La Princesa de las Asturias. Passing this outpost, the commander was struck with horror and remonstrated against our going any further, compromising by letting us go on condition that if we were not back within an hour he would take the battalion and go after us.

We passed three large groups of Moros camped along the trail on the edge of the jungle, cooking rice at their little fires—thousands of them in all—and soon reached Schück's house, vacated by his family, which had gone in to Joló, although the wife was a Moro.

We were followed into the house by a large number of



Moro chiefs, desirous of seeing what we looked like; and they soon filled the house to the bursting-point, occupying all the windows and becoming jammed in so tightly that the principal chiefs were crowded forward, almost to within arm's length of us.

We sat there on Schück's chairs, looking at those arch villains and murderers, Dammang, Ambutong, Indanan, and the rest, until the hubbub subsided. Then I told them what I thought of them, which was by no means complimentary, revealing to them that I knew all about their secret plan to loot Joló, and informing them that if they were not all away from there by the next morning I would drive away all who were able to walk, but that there would be many who would never walk again. They said they would all like to go into Joló together to trade, and were told that they would never be allowed to trade a peso's worth in Joló if they came up in armed crowds, with any such designs in their hearts, and that if they felt they must trade they could go over to Borneo, where they well knew the British would not stand any nonsense from them. Then they were told to make a gangway to the door, for I was going home now.

They said I "had made no visit and had better stay a while," and Schück said they were discussing among themselves keeping us prisoners, Hassan, for some unaccountable reason, being on our side. They urged us very politely to stay a while longer, but I told them to get the gangway open, for I must go at once or the troops would grow uneasy and come out after me, and a great many people might be killed for nothing.

After some little conference among themselves, during which we were wondering if we were going to be permitted to leave, I ordered still more forcefully a gangway made to the door, and they apparently decided to comply. But they were wedged in so tightly that no one could move, until I told them to have some one outside pull them out of the doorway one by one.

Then we walked quietly out, down the steps, and into our ambulance, glad enough to be able to get away.

That night was one of the most notable moonlit nights of my life—perfectly clear and still, with the moon at its fullest. Safe back behind our own walls, we were suddenly awakened during the night by a pandemonium of shots, cries, and beating on copper war-gongs. It was so very still that these gongs sounded as if they were right in the room with me. My staff came rushing in to get me out of bed to defend the town, which they thought was being attacked.

I lay still, smiling up my sleeve at them and their excitement, until they began to wonder if I was afraid to get up and was going to allow myself to be killed in bed. I enjoyed their bewilderment for a while, and finally told one of them to go out and look at the moon and tell me what he saw. He came back and reported that an eclipse was on, and I told them all to go back to bed, for the attack would be over as soon as the eclipse ended.

The eclipse had been predicted in the press for that night, and I knew that most primitive peoples consider that eclipses are caused by the attack of some evil monster threatening to devour the sun or moon, which must be frightened away by a pandemonium of noise. I had seen the Northern Cheyennes save the sun in 1878 at Bear Butte in the Black Hills of Dakota, and I knew that the Chinese follow the same custom. And, sure enough, the Moro moon was soon saved too, and the racket stopped without damage to anybody.

The next morning the Moros quarreled among themselves, Hassan taking my part. The other chiefs said the governor did not treat them well, not allowing them to go in an armed body to trade in Joló as he did Hassan, whom he had treated better than he did the sultan, for he had never taken the sultan out in his carriage. And the fact that Hassan had insisted the day before on our being allowed to go free, when

Indanan, Dammang, Ambutong, and the others had wanted to keep us prisoners, tended to arouse further suspicions.

After a while they all broke up in a row and went off to their different homes, without firing a shot, after being well scolded for shielding Biroa, who was said to have been in that camp, but had had too much of an escort for me to have made the demand for him when I was there, as I hoped to get him without bloodshed. He was heard of later at different places, now here, now there; never in one spot for any length of time.

The sultan had been nagged about Biroa now to the point of desperation, and he was anxious to deliver him up but was really unable to accomplish the feat. He came in one day at his wit's end and was crowded to the wall until he broke out in agony, "I can't get him!" After some further judicious crowding, he asked if I would not send and get Biroa for him—the very goal I had been leading up to for a long while. I told the sultan to write a letter asking me to get Biroa as his agent, which he thankfully did, and was relieved of further pressure. This agent business made pretty thin going in case of a battle over the arrest, but it was the best that could be done to save the prestige of the American Government, which was still in a parlous state.

A Moro friend was sent over to Biroa's fort with instructions to warn me as soon as the outlaw settled down there. The matter was then put aside, awaiting notification, with Biroa apparently forgotten so far as the Moros knew, and there was a pleasant lull everywhere.

About two weeks after I had received the letter of the sultan, my Moro friend came in to Joló late one afternoon and reported that Biroa was in his fort. As soon as it was dark that night four troops of cavalry and a battery of mountain artillery left the main gate, the Southern Cross shining in front high overhead; and after a rapid march of about thirty miles, Biroa's mountain was surrounded before daylight, to shut in

the people before they could escape, as was the custom on the Plains of the West with the Indians; but the Moros had no desire to escape, as we found out on many occasions.

I made a rapid ride around the mountain to select a place for assault in case it should become necessary. The mountain was a knife-edge with vertical sides and was five hundred feet high, fortified all the way up—a most difficult place to take. There were high rocks as big as a small house on top among which the Moros could hide, secure from artillery fire. After the troops were all placed I walked up toward the lowest fort through an open glade, with Schück, followed by Captain Charles, Dr. Lewis, and Lieutenant Jimmy Heidt, my adjutant, and a voice came out saying in Moro, “Don’t come any nearer!”

We sat down on the ground to hold what we had gained and turned our backs to the fort to assure them that we were not going to make a rush, for I was more than usually anxious to take Biroa without a fight on account of the Bates Agreement. Then began a long series of messages that had to be taken up to the top to Biroa’s father, who had again gathered all his people to protect Biroa from arrest.

A message asking the old man to come down was first sent. It required a long time to deliver it and receive the answer, which I did not relish very much when I did get it: “He says he won’t come down.” Next an offer was made that if he was afraid to come down, Schück and I would go up there without any arms, to which the reply was: “He doesn’t want to see you.” I retorted that I had been misinformed about the Moros, for I had been told they were a brave people, but this showed they were “afraid even of being scratched,” for Schück and I were armed only with our finger-nails. “The people at the other end of Sulu are not afraid of anything like that,” I challenged. “It must be that Biroa’s father is a Filipino, hiding like a rat among the rocks; he can’t be a Moro!” This went on all

morning until the old man came down at 2:30 P.M., admitting us into the entanglements, and we sat down inside with our backs against the main fort. I asked for Biroa and was told he was not there. I said I knew better, and was then told that he did not want to see me, whereupon a number of insulting messages were sent to Biroa himself.

The whole command had become very impatient by this time, sweltering out in that tropical sun without any water for either men or animals, after a rapid night march across the island. Even my staff thought I was making no progress. It was getting late, they said, and I should either attack or come away. But I could see signs of progress that must be pushed to the utmost before assaulting.

At half-past five Biroa came down, trembling with agitation. At half-past six he surrendered with the single condition that he be tried by Moros according to the Bates Agreement. This was promised, and he was put on the gunboat in the offing and was in the jail at Joló that night.

The next day he was tried by Moros, and in some way unknown to me was fined twenty-five dollars gold for murder and kidnapping. He paid his fine at once, and the following day he was back in his fort, absolved of all crime.

The whole occurrence was reported to Washington, with a request for the abrogation of the Bates Agreement on the ground that the sultan was not a treaty-making power, being entirely unable to carry out his agreements. The facts that the navy had been fired on twice, the army engineers attacked, and other crimes committed against foreigners, were brought out, proving the violation of the treaty by Moros, which the sultan could not control, and it was set forth that law and order could not be maintained nor civil government established in any country where a man could kill his enemy and kidnap a woman, and get off with paying a fine of twenty-five dollars. Upon this showing, President Roosevelt abrogated the agreement, thus

opening the door to the beginning of civilization and the establishment of law and order in the Sulu Archipelago.

A new regiment of cavalry had arrived shortly before from the United States to relieve the one I found there on arrival. Among some of the more reckless and irresponsible young men there was talk of "killing goo-goos" in a spirit which made me fear that some overt act against the native might be committed that would operate to cause the troops to be severely punished before they could be made to understand my point of view.

While we were sitting near the fort, sending messages up to Biroa's father, upon the memorable occasion of the outlaw's arrest, a shot was heard on the opposite side of a near-by ridge. Word was soon brought that a Moro had been killed; I greatly feared that this was one of the very cases I had been anticipating. I formed a board of the older officers at once to investigate the circumstances and was overjoyed to find it a legitimate case of self-defense. The Moro had charged a sergeant with spear and *barong*, although warned to desist several times by Schück in his own language, and it was a question of his life or the sergeant's.

This prompt investigation on the spot brought it home to everybody that no idle killing of "goo-goos" would be tolerated, and the lesson, impressed strongly on the whole command, lasted until after my departure from the islands, and there were no scandals about water cures or other outrages against the natives ever heard of from Joló.

The forcing of Biroa to surrender and receive punishment had a tremendous effect all over the archipelago, from which many valuable by-products were obtained. The prestige of the American government rose everywhere, and it became evident to all that I could get anybody I went after, but would not kill him unless he resisted arrest; furthermore that it was not necessary for a man to fight in order to preserve his life, for was not Biroa actually alive and free after surrendering? This

impression, made on the Moros, helped to avoid many battles to the death. Moreover no property was taken from Biroa's fort, and no one was manhandled or abused. The Moros accepted the abrogation of the Bates Agreement without protest, recognizing its justice.

In all successive conflicts, as in this, every possible effort was made to keep the Moros alive, and yet vindicate the law. There are times, of course, when the shedding of blood cannot be avoided, if any government is to be maintained at all, and my own life was risked many times to confine this bloodshed to its narrowest limits. No blood was ever shed until after every other method had been tried to no avail. More than ninety-nine per cent of the crimes of the Moros were against their own people, and where they would refrain from robbery and murder I would never molest them. I was invariably successful in carrying out the law, averting slaughter at the same time, if we were not fired on first while approaching for a parley, for our troops never fired first on any occasion. Every time we were able to procure a parley the Moros were persuaded into surrendering with all their arms and ammunition, and accepting without a fight the punishment justly due them. But if they fired on us while approaching, matters were very different, and something desperate seemed to wake in them that made them die like Kipling's Mohammedan Fuzzy-Wuzzy of the Sudan, fighting to the bitter end; and we fought in the same way except that efforts were always made during the fight to bring about a surrender by causing our firing to cease three or four times and sending all the available interpreters to promise our opponents their lives. But all the answer we ever got was: "You cowardly American pigs may know what it is to surrender, but we do not have words like that in our language!" Then taking advantage of the cessation of our fire they would stand up in plain sight above their wall the better to pot a soldier, and the fight would have to go on for another period

until a new hope of a surrender would arise, only to meet failure time after time until the end. Either we would have to go on fighting as long as opposition continued or else draw off and leave victory to robbers and murderers of their own people, which would not be in accordance with my orders to establish a civil government—all this, of course, after the abrogation of the Bates Agreement.

Had we been obliged to assault in the particular instance of the Biroa siege, the loss of life not only among our adversaries but in our own ranks would have been heavy, on account of the character of the Moro stronghold, formidable enough from the outside, but, as we found out later, with nature so greatly supplemented by art inside as to render it practically impregnable.

It was most fortunate that I was both governor and commander in this battle, for no commander would ever have allowed a governor to treat his men so, while in ignorance of the progress that was being made; he would have compelled the governor either to allow an assault, after bombardment by artillery, or else to come away entirely. Although the men were made to suffer from the heat and want of water, it was no more than I had to suffer myself from the same causes, and such a course was far better than getting many of them killed and wounded in an assault.

The *cottas* of the Moros were small and hidden in the trees, so that our guns could not be placed far enough away to drop projectiles inside. The walls were too thick for our seventy-five-millimeter guns, and so I asked for a consignment of bombs to throw. I got no answer to my requisition save ridicule and the information that the bomb was a medieval weapon long since out of manufacture. I asked to have them made in the Manilla arsenal but was refused. I then tried to make them at Joló with a section of two-inch pipe with a cup screwed on both ends, filled with dynamite, but my only means of exploding them was



with mining fuse, which was too irregular in its action; if cut too short it would explode in a man's hand; if cut too long the Moros would throw it back.

After disappointment with the bombs, I attempted to use the mountain-gun by sinking the trail and reducing the powder charge, but this scheme failed also because of the condition of the powder, which had been carried about so much in the Boxer War in China that no dependence could be placed on it. With the same reduced charge one shell would fly clear over the *cotta*, while the next one would strike the ground half-way to the target, so that we were forced to give up the idea. Millions of bombs, however, were used in our last war for the identical purpose for which I desired to use them in 1903, and I could have saved lives by avoiding the direct assault if our Ordnance Department had been pervious to outside suggestions.

The morning after the capture of Biroa we went back to the mountain with the specific intent of seeing from the inside, if possible, just what we had been up against. All the people had left for their homes the night before on account of the discomfort of living in those forts, and there was no one to oppose our inspection. Nevertheless we found it very difficult to get through the entanglements and to climb to the top, even though there was no opposition. We found the place well supplied with food and water, enough to sustain a long siege, which they had evidently expected, and I was gratified to see from the inside that the place I had selected for assault, had it been necessary, was the only one that appeared to be at all practicable.

Before taking Biroa to the ship after his surrender the previous evening, it had been noticed that his father's knee had been crippled in some former fight, and it was also learned that he was suffering from a severe case of bladder trouble. He was told that he was too old and miserable for me to punish for a first offense, but that if he attempted to war

against the United States again he would certainly be killed. On reaching the citadel on top of the mountain that morning, we were admitted through a gate of hard wood, eight inches thick, and found the old man sitting on a rock, amusing himself by knocking sparrows out of a tree with a blow-gun.

We had all heard of blow-guns before but had never seen one, and we examined it with great interest, trying in vain to use it. A card was stuck up on a tree thirty feet away and the old man would put one of his little poisoned bamboo arrows through it every time. The arrows were poisoned with the sap of the upas tree of Borneo, and if one should draw blood from the tip of the ear, death would follow within half an hour. The bore of the gun was as true as that of one of our own shot-guns. After we had satisfied our curiosity, we handed back the gun, and took our leave of the old man and started back for Joló.

About two months later the old man died of his bladder trouble and on his death-bed sent for all his children. He told them that he knew them well and that they were hard people to deal with; and he did not want them to quarrel over his property after he was gone, as he knew they would if left to divide it among themselves. That governor, he said, was a just man, and he wanted them to take the property to him and ask him to divide it; and as the governor had taken a great interest in his blow-gun, he desired them to take it to the governor as a present from him.

The will was probated at Joló. I gathered the children with the friends of the family, interrogating them all separately—swearing them on the Koran—as to the old man's wishes regarding the disposition of the property. The settlement must have been satisfactory, for it was never questioned and never heard of again.

Whenever the daughters wished to change from one place to another, they came to seek permission from the governor,

although none was required, for they were perfectly free to go where they pleased. They always brought some little gift for me, such as a dozen eggs in a colored basket. And what is best of all, we never had to fight in that district as long as I remained at Joló. I have the blow-gun still, with its little bamboo quiver of poisoned arrows, and consider it one of my most sacred possessions.

#### JURAMENTADOS

After becoming somewhat acquainted with the conditions in the archipelago by travel among the islands, by visiting the Moros in their homes, and by daily contact with many natives in Joló, the whole situation began to clarify.

The most important matter standing directly athwart the path of progress had been successfully disposed of. Noting with satisfaction the rewards reaped as a result of the settlement of the Biroa problem, I realized the more that I could never have expected to get anything accomplished toward gaining the interest and later the confidence and affection of the Moro people as long as the white man's government was looked upon with contempt by all, and while the Bates Agreement prevented the establishment of law and order.

There was one great obstacle, however, barring the way of law enforcement among the Moros, and that was their utter disregard of death. For not only in battle was this apparent, but at all times. Our laws have behind them, in the last resort, the fear of punishment; the state says in effect that "if you murder, you will be hanged." But if you are totally indifferent to being hanged, what possible sanction can there be in the law?

To be sure, it would not be so difficult to sweep the islands from stem to stern with fire and sword, but it has always seemed to me a poor diplomacy that seeks to civilize a country by killing everybody in it, to say nothing of the iniquity of destroying such a proud, brave, virile, and intelligent people as

the Moros. To me the Moros were the most promising element, under proper guidance, to be found in the entire Philippine Islands, and I so much wanted to live myself for so many reasons, that I had a vast respect for a race so bold, tenacious, and fearless of death. Moreover it was most important to preserve the pride of the Moros and safeguard it from attack from any quarter. One of the greatest mistakes made by our missionaries in our Indian country is their opposition to everything native—the notion that everything peculiar to the Indian must be broken down and destroyed, and their pride in the achievements of their ancestors must be preached against, derided, and wiped out.

The missionary would be scandalized were the situation reversed; should the Chinese, for instance, come over here and say to him: “Your religion is no good, you have got to take mine; your ancestors were nothing but dirty savages; everything you do is wrong. Here, let *me* show you how to act!” Then indeed would he be amazed at his own tactlessness in the mouth of a native.

It is not possible to raise up any people who are destitute of pride; and pride once lost is one of the things most difficult to restore; it lies at the root of all formation of character; its possession is a priceless gift; and no effort should be spared to save it. Nor should any attack be permitted on the religion or customs of races except where those factors bring them in conflict with the law, as did the murder, slavery, and theft which were daily events in the Sulu of that time.

The word most frequently heard in Joló in those days was *juramentado*. This is the past participle of the Spanish verb *juramentar*, to swear an oath, and signifies one who has sworn an oath. As used in Joló it signifies a Moro who has taken an oath to kill a Christian; as expressed in our language, a Moro who runs amuck. In early Spanish times this frightful act was participated in by large numbers at a time as a protest against

the foreign invaders. They would shave their eyebrows, tie up their arteries so that they would not bleed to death if wounded before getting their Christian, dress in a white garment, go before a Moro priest to take their oath and go to Joló to fulfil it. On one occasion in Spanish times four hundred *juramentados* attacked the town together and were all killed in the ditch while attempting to storm the wall. Nowadays however all this ceremony must be dispensed with for the publicity gained during the preparations tends to thwart the gruesome plot and they hide their purpose often for days while watching their opportunity.

The underlying idea in their minds is that if a follower of the Prophet kills a Christian he will go at once to the paradise of Mohammed "on a white horse with a green mane" and will there be washed, fed and waited upon by fifteen or twenty women forever. When therefore he is overtaken by misfortune or any disappointment in his life on earth the Moro is apt to say to himself: "Why should I live around here like a rat in the jungle? I will go to Joló and kill a Christian and go straight to paradise." He cares no more what Christian he kills than you care which one of a bunch of railway tickets you receive, any one of which will take you to your destination and he has no more animosity against the Christian than you have against the ticket; he is simply a means to an end.

This belief in immediate translation to paradise is at the bottom of most of the troubles of Sulu and the Mohammedan Asiatic islands as it can readily be seen to be largely responsible for the contempt of death especially in dealing with the white man and for the scorn of the white man's penal laws. Even regarding battle, the Sultan of Sulu has said to me many times: "It will not frighten my people if I tell them, 'The Americans will fight you if you rob and murder.' They will reply: 'Well, what of that? If a man dies to-day he won't have the trouble of dying to-morrow.'"

Governor Frank Swettenham of the Malay States considered that it is insanity that causes a Malay to run amuck, but it cannot be that four hundred Moros could all go insane at once. And as a further disproof of the theory, women go insane among us, but Moro women never go *juramentado*.

It is my own opinion that it is merely the natural effect of the religion of Islam on the Malay race and that it will disappear finally through education. It happens yet occasionally at long intervals in the Straits Settlements, where the English have governed for fifty years. It happens at longer intervals in Java, which has been controlled by the Dutch for more than a hundred years.

Although going *juramentado* singly is not according to the true doctrine of Islam, Sulu is a long way from Mecca, and even tradition becomes distorted when subjected to the vicissitudes of time and distance. The true doctrine of Islam sets forth the rite to the extent of the perpetration of a holy war in defense of the faith, and the whole nation is called out *en masse* by its rulers, and unbelievers are slaughtered wholesale. The individual cases of unauthorized killing are cases only of simple murder, but the ignorant and untraveled Moro does not look at it in that way. The moro name for the *juramentado* is *macsabil*, which means "to die for the faith."

The modern *juramentado* of Sulu usually came alone to Joló to effect his purpose, and was very secretive and sly about it until the moment of attack. He was up to every device to smuggle his arms inside the wall, hiding his *barong* in food packages, in his trouser-leg, or in other garments that might deceive the guard at the gate. One man pushed his *barong* under the wall from the outside into the mouth of a little sewer, then, entering the gate unarmed, climbed down into the sewer, drew back his *barong*, hid it in his clothes, and then came out and sat down waiting for a Christian to come along. When two soldiers came by he flashed his *barong* and made a

rush at them. They ran into a billiard saloon, and around and around the table, chased by the *juramentado*, unable to use their pistols until they dashed outside again and finished him with four bullets without injury to any Christian.

The Moro appears to have a nervous system differing from that of a white man, for he carries lead like a grizzly bear and keeps coming on after being shot again and again. The only weapon that seems adequate to melt him immediately in his tracks is a pump-gun loaded with buck-shot. One Moro of Joló was shot through the body by seven army revolver bullets, yet kept coming on with enough vitality and force to shear off the leg of an engineer soldier, more smoothly than it could have been taken off by a surgeon.

My first *juramentado* came within a month of my taking over the governorship. The gruesome results of the pacifist policy had got on the nerves of some of the poor rookies of the garrison, bewildering them and undermining their courage for they were not even allowed to take care of themselves, as the case of Indanan, some months before our arrival, will presently show.

The gate leading into the barrack yard was kept open during the day, under guard, and the sentinel paced back and forth at the entrance. A Moro had hidden his spear and *barong* in the grass and was pretending to be at some work there until the time seemed ripe, when suddenly he seized his arms and made a rush at the sentinel, who threw down his gun in a panic and ran away. This left the way clear for the Moro, who pranced proudly through the barrack yard, singing his ceremonial songs and dancing his ceremonial dance, brandishing his spear and *barong*, and cutting two huge chunks out of two men so that their hearts could be seen beating through the hole in their backs. By that time the troops had turned out and began firing on him, and in the excitement one of our own trumpeters

was killed; bullets went through houses, one striking the war-vessel in the harbor, and general pandemonium ensued.

I was sitting at my desk in the Moro Civil Office when the first shot was fired, and before I could take hold of my hat, which was within reach, the doors had been slammed and barred. I managed to get them open and ran up the street looking for the *juramentado* and wondering what I could do without arms if I should meet him. He was found lying on his face unconscious, with two bullets through his head and two through his chest, convulsively dying. When a Moro called Tulawi arrived, I asked the name of the *juramentado*. Tulawi took him by the wrist to turn him over to see his face, and as the dying Moro did not lend himself to this effort, Tulawi jerked his arm and kicked him over before I could remonstrate, and was quite surprised at my reproof.

I cite this instance for the purpose of pointing out the general feeling of one Moro for another, similar to the feeling displayed by two cows for each other, when they meet in the road; to show the contempt inherent not alone for death but for the dead. There is no pity east of Suez, unless it is found among Christians. Pity is not taught in the Koran or by the followers of Buddha.

When investigating a complaint over the ownership of a buffalo, it would sometimes happen that the witness would be asked to give the approximate date of an occurrence, and would fix it, for example, as the same date that Abdul was killed. This would be a new detail; no mention would have been made of Abdul before; who killed Abdul? But this would not be a matter of importance to anybody but this meticulous governor, who for some unknown reason would have to be informed about Abdul. The important matter was the ownership of the buffalo; nobody was interested in Abdul. Why should they be; who cares anything about a dead man?



There have been many gruesome sights in Joló to chill the blood of the bravest. On one occasion three *juramentados* got into the market and chopped up three Filipinos, who are considered good for entrance to paradise as inferior Christians, but only to be used for want of a better. After this they charged a troop of cavalry passing on the way to revolver practice. The troopers scattered out of their way and began to shoot, killing them only after one had carried his lead long enough to cut a stirrup. Then a wagon-load of brown heads, arms, legs, and torsos was brought into Joló for burial.

In Spanish times an armed Moro got inside the wall, nobody knew how, and chopped five Spaniards. The others fired at him so carelessly as to kill twelve of their own people, and the Moro got away over the wall in the dusk, leaving behind him seventeen dead Spaniards—quite a haul for one man. Escape is rare, for they usually expect and want to be killed and come in expressly for that purpose.

Whenever a shot is heard in Joló every door is instantly slammed shut and barred, lest a *juramentado* enter. A lieutenant-colonel of the Spanish army, who formerly occupied the next house to mine, was sitting at home reading a newspaper, when a *juramentado* rushed in. He threw up his hands to protect his head and both arms were lopped off at one stroke.

The wife of one of our former governors started down the street in Joló on a shopping errand, when she was suddenly seized by two Chinese and dragged into a store, where the door was shut and barred. She thought she had been kidnapped, but the Chinese, with the best intentions in the world, were saving her from a *juramentado* running amuck in the street.

One day while we were camped in the interior some shots were heard at one of the outposts, and inquiry revealed that a Moro had come in to sell eggs and fruit, and while some of the men were chattering over the produce, he suddenly drew his *barong* to kill a soldier, but was forestalled and shot by some

one who had been slyly watching him. Just how far he got on his way to paradise without killing his Christian remains unknown.

Sometimes the act is entered into on the spur of the moment without premeditation. My friend, Janarin, who controlled the little *barrio* of Buzbuz just outside the wall of Joló, came into my drawing-room leading a Moro whose hands were tied behind his back, and said, "Here he is!" Inquiry developed the fact that the Moro was a member of Janarin's household and that in the midst of an altercation with his wife he had jumped up suddenly, drawn his *barong*, and started to run to Joló. Janarin saw this and shouted to some of his people to head him off from his intention to kill somebody, and they seized him. I asked him whom he was going to kill. He said, "Anybody." I asked if he had any quarrel with anybody in Joló. He said, "No." "Have you got any quarrel with the government?" "No." "With me?" "No." "Then what is the matter with you?" I demanded. He replied that he had had a quarrel with his wife and didn't want to live any longer and had come over to kill somebody. I told him he was too dangerous a character to be allowed to run loose around Joló—too much like a mad dog—and I would have to put him somewhere where he couldn't hurt anybody until he learned better. He was kept in jail for six months, when he was asked if he still wanted to kill anybody. He answered, no, that he had put that idea all away, and thought he could behave himself. He was paroled for a month, and then released under his pledge, which he kept as long as I knew him.

This throws a flood of light on the springs of action of some *juramentados*, for there was not the slightest trace of insanity about this one.

Two things about *juramentados* were never explained, probably because they were never really investigated. One might have the intention of doing something in Joló, but before it was

accomplished something blood-curdling would usually occur to divert the mind from it. First, it is said that no woman has ever been killed in Joló by a *juramentado*, and second, that no *juramentado* has ever entered Joló by way of the undefended waterfront. A possible explanation of the first mystery is that woman is held to be an inferior creature in Islam, and it may be that her death could not be influential in helping one to paradise. As to the second, a *juramentado*, coming in through the water on the unfortified front, would be killed in a wet and bedraggled condition, and be in no fit state to present himself before the Gate of Paradise, no matter how white his horse or how green its mane.

#### NEW TACTICS

Since the Moros had no fear of death, the usual sanction of the law was non-existent, but there remained another sort of government to be considered, based partly on respect and affection for the governor, and partly on fear of restraint in jail. There is no prospect of reaching paradise by way of the prison, and the wild, free Moro hates it. As for the method of obtaining the respect of the Moro people, this was based upon firmness and justice. Firmness is essential in dealing with all inferior races, and they must have perfect confidence in your word. I might make a promise which circumstances afterward would not allow me to fulfil, which I could explain to you but not to an Indian or a Moro. The only answer forthcoming would be, "You promised to do it, and you didn't do it"; and the only way certainly to protect one's word is not to make any promises, but if possible to be always better than one's word—do for them what one is able with sympathy and kindness, but without promises.

The method used for obtaining their affection was based upon reciprocity, which made it necessary to carefully investigate all of their little troubles, justly settling them with



HADJI ABDULA, MORO, 1904



promptitude. I soon found the Moro responding to this treatment, and when I wanted anything of him in my turn I would get it in abundant measure, together with his trust and confidence, and often with genuine affection. It took time and infinite patience to listen to complaints over the ownership of a buffalo long enough to arrive at a just decision. Sitting in an office crowded with natives in that moist, tropical atmosphere not far from the equator, the testimony over what in reality was a trifling matter, interpreted back and forth between two languages, droning along interminably in the heat, all day, day in and day out, year after year, seemed at times to be without purpose and without result. But the results in the end were prodigious; nothing less than the trust, confidence, and affection of the huge majority of the Moro people, who were being rapidly led upward toward the light. It was not long before I had firm friends on every island, and a bird could scarcely fly over one of them without my knowledge. News was brought me unsolicited from as far away as Borneo, giving me a knowledge of affairs that were all-embracing, of which the case of Pala was a notable example.

Word was brought one day by natives that Pala and his crew had had a disagreement with an English judge in Lahud *Datto*, British North Borneo, whereupon they had all gone *juramentado* in the streets, chopping off the head of every one they met, and had killed or wounded twenty-nine people, escaping afterward in their boats, and installing themselves in an old *cotta* in the great swamp east of Maibun, where they had been established less than twenty-four hours.

The names of every one of them were given, but I knew well that if I went to arrest them there was certain to be bloodshed, and I wanted more than the hearsay of Moros to justify me in taking any action at all. I sent down to the lower islands, through which they must have come, for further information, but nothing was known of them down there, and it was learned

afterward that they had come through the lower islands at night without stopping or being seen. The affair was reported to General Wood with the statement that the facts had not yet been proved to my satisfaction, and that I would in all events await a complaint from the English authorities at Sandakan before acting.

A month passed without the arrival of any complaint, and Lieutenant Fisher of the Fourteenth Cavalry was sent to Sandakan by ship to verify the report. He returned with the news that it was all true and that the British complaint had been forwarded through London.

An attempt was made to arrest Pala, which failed on account of the noise made by the oars of the naval contingent, permitting his escape into the jungle before daylight. Somewhat later they were all caught out on solid ground, resisted arrest, and were killed in the fight, before one of them would surrender. But the fact to be noted here is that I was informed of the crime by natives within twenty-four hours of the arrival of Pala and his crew on the island of Sulu, with the names of the individuals and their location stated before a single question was asked; in fact, their report formed my first knowledge of the occurrence.

Some of my successors ruined all that coöperation by failing to continue the reciprocity. They did not want to be bothered with the "dirty natives" and would not listen to their little complaints, with the result that in the day of their need of help it was not forthcoming, and their administrations were a failure in Joló.<sup>1</sup>

The course laid out for fulfilment, after the abatement of Biroa, was the establishment of schools, the sanitation of the people with prevention of epidemic, the encouragement of agriculture, the construction of roads, the institution of law, with an American judge, the disarmament of the Moro, insensibly,

<sup>1</sup> Compare letter of Eddie Schück, p. 401.

by purchase of his munitions, and the organization of a civil government by division of the archipelago into districts, along natural lines, each district to be governed by its natural ruler (with a council), reporting directly to the governor at Joló; also the enactment by the Philippine Commission of a law forbidding slavery, with its gradual abolishment, by purchase, throughout the archipelago. The Mohammedan religion was to be left entirely alone. All efforts were to be directed toward these specific activities, and the accomplishment of all of them was effected save the building of roads and the purchase of the munitions of war.

Requisition was made on Zamboanga, before taking over the governorship, for a rock-crusher and road-roller for Joló, and I was informed that it had been ordered for me from the United States. It took six months for it to arrive, whereupon it was diverted to the road from Overton to Lake Lanao in Mindanao. Twice afterward I was notified that others were ordered for me, but they too were diverted to other regions, and, although I had been the first to ask for the machine, I never got one.

Although Joló was the third revenue-producing port in the Philippines, the greater part of its revenue was spent elsewhere, leaving but little for its own use, and the district was drained of its resources to the benefit of other places. Just as I was leaving, fifteen thousand pesos of its own earnings were allotted to Joló for roads, and arrangements were made for their construction, but I heard after I left that the allotment was withdrawn and the money spent elsewhere as before. This tended greatly to hold back the development of the archipelago, in favor of districts producing less revenue, a matter that was out of my power to remedy. The lack of resources was felt mostly in the shortness of funds for schools and roads.

The matter of intemperance among my own troops gave me much concern, mainly on account of the Moros, who lived in



their imperfect way according to the doctrines of the Koran, which prohibited the use of intoxicating liquor, and the Moros knew nothing about it. What a blot it would be on our civilization if contact with Americans should result in causing the Moros to become a nation of drunkards!

Prohibition was ordered for the archipelago to prevent this, and it was enforced for a while, until drunken soldiers were again seen about, and investigation showed that there was a law of the Philippine Commission permitting the importation and sale of liquor by the bottle or box in original packages, and the importation into Sulu could not legally be prevented. The policy was then changed, and licenses were priced so high that their loss would be a matter of much consequence to their owner. Three licenses were permitted in order to get competition in price, each to cost three thousand dollars. For allowing men, already drunk, to have liquor, or for a disturbance on the premises, a heavy fine was imposed. The sale to a native would carry with it, in addition, a term of imprisonment. A third conviction would automatically revoke the license, with the prohibition of ever attaining another. Only one of the licensees had to be fined three times, and no case was known of a native obtaining liquor during my incumbency.

All were convinced that the punishment or conviction would be as swift and sure as the rising of the sun to-morrow, with no hope of remission, as inescapable as the lightning, and attention was paid to the law which made "high license" operative and satisfactory so far as the results were concerned in the archipelago. The revenue from licenses and fines paid the expense of the town government of Joló.

#### WAR-GONGS

In spite of the apparently satisfactory trend of affairs in the capital, it very soon became evident that the situation was not quite so tranquil beyond the city walls.

After leaving Joló, Panglima Hassan had gone back to his home in Look, to all appearances in a good humor; but it presently developed that he had not disbanded his force, as I had expected, but was building it up, evidently with the intention of doing some mischief; and sure enough, it was not long before one of our surveying parties was fired upon.

When remonstrated with, Hassan said that the engineers had made a mistake; it was not bullets they had heard flying over them, but a swarm of bees. He began to dig intrenchments then on a large scale and to depredate on his neighbors. What actuated him in this course I never knew. But the firing on our engineers, together with the firing on the landing-parties of the navy, seemed to justify the arrest of Hassan, as they were crimes against a foreigner, a violation of the Bates Agreement.

The people of Taclibi, along the north coast next to Hassan's district of Look, began to join Hassan in depredating and fortifying, and carried their property into strongholds in the mountains, anticipating that I would go after them. They assembled to hide in the jungle on both sides of the trail, keeping very quiet, and the orders given were: "Everybody must reserve his fire until he sees the governor coming. Allow everybody to pass until a big red horse ridden by the governor comes by, then everybody shoot at once so as to be sure to get him; if you cut off the head, the arms and legs cannot work."

It is good strategy to do what your adversary does not expect, and instead of going by the trail I was expected to travel, I planned to take them from the rear, but I never got the chance.

When the depredations were reported to General Wood, he came down from Zamboanga, bringing the Twenty-eighth Infantry, with Colonels Sweet and Bullard from Mindanao. These were disembarked at Siet Lake in Hassan's district of Look, and I was ordered to wait at Joló for their ship to be unloaded and sent back for me. I could have made the journey overland

on horseback to Siet Lake in a quarter of the time, reaching there in a far better organized condition than resulted from loading and unloading everything on the ship, which is very disorganizing, especially when there are no landing facilities on a savage coast, for everything gets mixed up and must be reassorted.

The ship was not intended for carrying animals; these were tied all over it, even to the ladder reaching up to the bridge, right in front of the captain's cabin. The ship was Spanish-owned, under contract to the United States government, the most inefficient kind of transport the government can get, because the interests of the government and those of the contractor are usually diverse, and there is lack of control. There was no ballast on board, and the weight of the animals on the upper deck made the ship top-heavy and liable to overturn in a slight wind. It was most fortunate that the journey was short and the weather calm; nevertheless I watched the heavy roll of the ship with great anxiety for the safety of my men.

We reached Siet Lake in the middle of the night, and I had to make my way up to the camp in the interior through swamp and jungle with Captain Charles in order to obtain some instructions. I was told to unload and take my place on the front line on General Wood's left, as early as practicable in the morning. Bullard was to have the right. Soon after landing he was said to have taken a *cotta* and killed forty Moros. This seemed to have been a good beginning.

On reaching the landing-place two wounded Moros were pointed out lying on the ground, tied hand and foot. It was said that three *juramentados* had attacked Bullard's landing party with spear and *barong*, one having been killed and the other two wounded. I had the two wounded men untied, had their wounds treated by our surgeon, and sent them home with their relatives.

The ship had to lie some distance out, and the only landing

facility was a heavy, square-ended barge with oars. Although we had been working all day, we kept on all through the night, getting rations, ammunition, and artillery ashore. We had to throw our horses and mules overboard, allowing them to swim in, and they landed at different places all up and down the coast; there was a gay old time getting them all tied up in camp, but we got every one at last. The loading and unloading without facilities was slow and tedious in the extreme, and transferring the property on that heavy barge was exhausting, but we kept right on without getting breakfast, fearful that General Wood would get impatient and pull out without us, which he did do, for all our efforts, just why I did not know, for Hassan had no thought of running away, and we might have waited a week to attack him. At any rate, the general sent word about eight o'clock that he couldn't wait any more and that I should follow and take my place on the left of his line.

We put a guard on the property and started out as fast as our infantry could march, with their advance-guard in front. Every now and then we were fired on from the jungle, and the advance-guard would deploy and drive out the Moros, and instead of waiting for the advance-guard to reform and take its place in front, a new advance-guard would be put out; then the old one would be reassembled and would form a new rear-guard without halting the column. The infantry was hurried in a way that was not good for it, but we caught up at last on the left of the line, where we heard that Bullard had driven Hassan's men out of their trenches, after which they had disappeared in the jungle, no one knew where.

We made camp that night at Hassan's house, a large dwelling, roofed with the leaves of the nipa palm, as dry as tinder, and fearing that some careless person would throw down a lighted cigarette butt, I had all the moveable property taken into the yard out of harm's way, including a huge carved hard-wood bed, twenty feet square. General Wood came to my

hut that night and asked if I knew where Hassan had gone. We had been too short a time in the country then to know very much about such things, but I thought it possible that he had gone to the island of Pata offshore, where I knew he had relatives, but even Schück was at a loss about it. General Wood asked if I would be afraid to go out and search for him with a troop of cavalry. When I had assured him that I would not be afraid, he told me to start early. His aides McCoy and Dorey, hearing that I was going, asked to go along, in the expectation that there might be something doing. The escort was commanded by Lieutenant McKinley, Fourteenth Cavalry.

We discussed with Schück the best direction to take, but the discussion got nowhere for lack of facts; I used my best guess, and after traveling a few miles a Moro was seen bathing in a pool. A cavalry cordon was quickly thrown around him to prevent his escape, and Schück told him to come out and put on his clothes. When he was asked if he knew where Hassan was, he denied all knowledge of Hassan. I then took a hand myself and told him to get on that horse and take me to Hassan, and he took us straight to Hassan, some distance away, on the edge of the jungle with some few followers who could be seen, but there may have been thousands unseen in the jungle.

The cavalry dismounted in line to await the outcome of a parley, which resulted in Hassan's obeying an order to come out and approach us. He had about twenty men with him. They stopped about thirty yards away and were told to lay down their arms. This was a very hard thing to ask, and as they hesitated to comply, Schück shouted "Look out," expecting them to charge with their *barongs*. McCoy moved back a little in order to get full scope for his pump-gun loaded with buck-shot, and every one braced himself for a Fuzzy-Wuzzy charge, but seeing everything ready to welcome them they put their arms down on the ground. Hassan was then told that he

would have to go with me to General Wood, and the others were allowed to return.

While on the return to camp a big black smoke was seen, and we surmised that it was Hassan's house on fire. This seemed to depress the Moro chief greatly, and we all sympathized with him in his loss, for it was probably the largest and best native house on the island of Sulu, one in which he had taken great pride of ownership.

Hassan was delivered to General Wood, who was found sitting in one of Hassan's Austrian bent-wood rocking-chairs, out in the jungle, far away from any place you would expect to find any such furniture, the chair having been saved with the other furniture I had had removed from the house the night before in anticipation of just such a catastrophe. It was never known how the fire started, but it was supposed that some careless person had thrown down a cigarette. General Wood told me to go with the cavalry troop and take Hassan down to the ship and send him into Joló in the morning.

On the way to the ship he begged to be taken a little off the course to get his wife and family to take with him to Joló, saying that some powerful chief would enslave them during his absence and he would never get them back, all of which we knew to be true, and we started to go get them to take along with us.

When we arrived at a very boggy stream, difficult for horses, Hassan pointed to a little distance across semi-open country and said that his family was close by. Fearing that if we took the horses across they might be driven back into the mud, I dismounted the troop, without crossing it over, and told Hassan to start out, showing him the revolver in my hand with the admonition that if he started to run he would be shot in the back without any words. I followed Hassan, with Schück some paces behind me, followed in his turn by Captain Charles.

We rounded a little point of brush in a rather open glade, where a bamboo had fallen across the trail; Hassan stooped under the bamboo, and when I straightened up on the other side I saw him begin to run, and raised my revolver to keep my promise to him. Before the cartridge exploded, however, a bullet from the side knocked the gun out of my hand, throwing it some distance away, and when I stooped down to pick it up I found some fingers cut off and hanging, preventing the hand from taking hold. I tried my left hand quickly, but to my great surprise I discovered that it had received three bullets and likewise refused to function. The reaction was quite indescribable. My hands had always done what I wanted them to, and now they had suddenly struck, and I could hardly understand it.

While stooping down trying to get hold of the revolver, Hassan escaped, and a volley of more than fifty bullets went over my head from the side, which would have caught me about the chest had I been standing. Failing after repeated efforts to get hold of the revolver, and recovering my wits at last, I called to Schück to go back, as this was no place for us, and leaving the pistol on the ground, I started back myself, followed by some Moros with spears. When I turned the point and Schück saw the condition of my hands, bleeding profusely, he realized that something serious had happened, and drawing his revolver he drove back the Moros. I was nearly unconscious from loss of blood when we reached the horses and had soon lost a quart. They carried me seven miles down to the sea, unconscious, and put me on the *Borneo*, and I was in the hospital at Joló that night.

It was thought by some that Hassan had laid an ambush for me, but this I never believed, for he had not spoken to a Moro while with us, having been continually under guard. I believe that he was going after his wife in good faith and happened to run into a band of Moros on the way, who had heard us com-

ing and hidden in an abandoned *cotta* overrun with jungle so thick that no one could see it eight feet away, even after a thousand people had passed by within ten feet of it. Other Moros from Look have told me the same thing: that Hassan did not know the other Moros were there; that, in fact, they had just arrived on the spot as we ourselves approached, and it all happened without Hassan's collusion.

Major Lewis, the surgeon, told me that he had not the means to treat me properly and that I would have to go at once to Manila to avoid losing both hands, which became badly infected, swelling to such proportions that I could not lift them, and blood-poisoning was expected to ensue.

General Wood came in from the field in a few days, leaving Hassan still at large. He took his troops back to Mindanao, without any decisive result in Look, and asked me what I was going to do, saying that if I left, the government of the whole archipelago would collapse; and I told him that if he did not want me to go to Manila I would not go. I asked him what disposition was to be made of Hassan if he should be taken, and he told me to do as I pleased about that.

I had it in mind to offer the outlaw chief his life if he would come in and surrender, but could not do that without General Wood's authority, lest his wishes conflict, and any promise by me be vitiated. I intended to keep Hassan down on one of the lower islands until his sense of proportion returned, then put him back in charge of his own people after he had become attached to me through kindnesses.

I believe in putting natural leaders in control, even if you have to fight and capture them for the purpose. You cannot get any desirable result by trying to govern through weaklings, and if you once get the natural leaders on your side, they will fight for you just as strongly as they formerly fought against you, and they really govern, while no weakling can ever be anything but a snare and a delusion.



I sent many messages to Hassan, offering him his life, but we had been there too short a time for the Moros to have confidence in us. He knew very well what he would do to me if the conditions were reversed, and he never surrendered, much to my sorrow, for I admired him as a savage and liked him as a man, and would have given much to save him and put him back among his people.

My hands were in a perilous state; for four months I never used them for anything and had to be fed and have my face washed like that of a little boy by two hospital attendants, both of whom offered to give me pieces of their skin to graft on my hands, but that radical measure was not necessary in the end. I became very weak and thin lying in bed in the tropical atmosphere for two months, fully expecting to lose both hands, and unable even to read. I gave up commanding the troops but retained the civil governorship, and laid down the beginnings of a civil government while still flat on my back, interviewing Moros in the hospital and getting back, one at a time, through moral suasion, all of the government rifles that had been stolen since the beginning of our occupation, except the one in the possession of Hassan himself.

Datto Attick, the Sultan's brother, was very disobedient, and he was brought up to the hospital to be reprimanded. I had not finished reading him the riot act when I was visited by the surgeon, and Attick was told to come back at ten o'clock next morning. That afternoon the Hadjis came up and wanted to know what I had been saying to the Sultan's brother, and when their reasons were asked, replied that Attick was very angry, and was saying that he was the descendant of a line of sultans for 400 years, and nobody had ever dared to talk to him before in that manner. "All the time you were talking to him," they told me, "he had a revolver hidden in his armpit, looking at you wondering when he was going to use it, and if he should be spoken to in the same way to-morrow he will surely use it."

Captain Charles frisked him the next morning when he came to the office to be brought to the hospital, and, sure enough, he did have a gun hidden under his armpit. Charles took it away from him and brought him up, where he heard many things he had never heard before and was allowed to go.

A year after that he became disobedient again, and, coming in of his own motion without being sent for, stood at the right of my desk with his back to that of the adjutant, a few feet away. I told him he had disobeyed me once too often and would have to go to jail until he learned better. He became very much excited, the perspiration popping from every pore—in the frame of mind when a Moro is liable to do almost anything.

I told him that as he had come in of his own accord I would not seize him treacherously; the gate was wide open for him to go out if he wanted to, but in that case I would have to go after him. I reminded him that I was always easier on a man who gave himself up than on those I had to go after. "You will remember I had to go after Usap," I said. "He is dead. Paruka Utig—and he is dead. You wouldn't like that, and I advise you, as a friend, to give yourself up." After reflecting a while, he said he would give himself up, and he was told to put his *barong* on my desk.

This was a hard thing to ask, and for a while it seemed as though it was going to be too hard, for he drew the blade half out, obviously with the idea of cutting me as I sat at my desk, and I heard the adjutant pull out his drawer and saw him, out of the corner of my eye, point a revolver at Attick's back—of which movement Attick, of course, was entirely ignorant—waiting for Attick to raise his arm before shooting him. Attick looked me in the eye for a moment fiercely; then his courage oozed, and he slowly put back the blade and laid the *barong* on the desk—while I heard the adjutant close his drawer. Attick was told to go down and give himself up to the sergeant of the guard to be locked up.

The news of his imprisonment flew all around like lightning. The sultan and the Raja Muda were in the *barrio* of Tulai, and when the news arrived the Raja Muda jumped up, drew his *barong*, and danced about in great excitement, saying, "This is the first time since Saripul Hassim [about 1400 A.D.] that a member of our family has ever been put in jail!" and he threatened to kill all the Americans in the world.

When the excitement had died down a little, some one said to the sultan, who was lying on his back silently smoking a cigarette, and by whom in the end the matter would be decided, "What do *you* think about that?" The sultan slowly took his cigarette out of his mouth and said, "Yes, this is the first time since Saripul Hassim that a member of our family has got what he deserves." And the whole affair fell flat at once, as all action depended upon him.

Of course, I heard this within fifteen minutes, and, the attitude of the sultan softening my flinty heart, I became conscience-stricken for having put a man of such distinguished ancestry in jail, and I sent for Attick again, telling him that it made me feel very badly to have to put a member of such an eminent family in jail; it "hurt me inside"; and I informed him that I had decided to let him out on bail; and he skir-mished around for the sum, which was put in the custody of the quartermaster for six months—two hundred Mexican dollars and a ton of brassware and guns.

After the lapse of six months, he came in once more and stood in the same place near my desk, and I said, "Attick, I am proud of the way you have been behaving; I am going to return your bail and fully release you." I never had any more trouble with Attick; but he never knew how near Mohammed's paradise he had been that day, standing between the adjutant's desk and mine.

Alas for these degenerate times! I might sit around here at home for forty years and never see a tense little drama such

as that—unless in the movies, which sadly lack the thrill of reality.

## THE RETURN OF THE PROPHET

While still lying in bed, too weak to walk, a Moro friend came in saying that his chief was besieged on the island of Pata for not joining a Moro, who called himself Mohammed come again, in going over to Sulu with Hassan to fight me.

This fellow had terrorized the people of the archipelago a little while before by telling them that he was Mohammed come again, and that he needed only to stamp his foot to sink a war-ship and was going to get a war-ship for his wife to play with. A number of Moros had left Joló when he announced that he was going to sink the capital under the sea. He had made the sultan come into his presence on his hands and knees. If any one wanted to see his dead relative, he stated it would only be necessary to give him—"Mohammed"—a gold ring and a bolt of white material. And he was going to so arrange it the guns of the soldiers would not kill.

It is remarkable how this same delusion crops up so frequently in different parts of the world, and is implicitly believed and acted upon by primitive peoples. Time and again it has occurred among our Indians, and their belief makes it very dangerous because they take action upon it that gets them killed. This was really at the bottom of the slaughter of Sioux at Wounded Knee, Dakota, in 1890, when a medicine-man had convinced them the soldiers' guns could not kill, and they acted on this belief. He was proved wrong by the death of 103 Indians, including himself—too late, however, to do them any good.

This Mohammed person had bulldozed the island of Pata completely, and had besieged my friend Harriman, one of the minor chiefs, because he would not go with him over to Sulu to fight me. Harriman's fort was right on the sea, where he was

beleaguered and one of his men had been killed. His messenger escaped by night in a little boat, walked across the island of Sulu, and was asking for aid to raise the siege before they were all killed. I told him he had come to the right place for help; friendship had two handles to it, and he would find that I would hold fast to mine.

While I was casting about in my mind for means to transport troops over to Pata, the naval cruiser *Annapolis*, sister ship to the *Princeton*, arrived in port, and Captain Hutchinson, her commander, came up into the hospital and found me still lying in bed, unable to walk. He said, "I hear you want to go to war. Permit me to offer you my ship." I accepted this offer gratefully, put two companies of infantry on board, seized a revenue cutter in the port and a quartermaster's launch, loaded them with men and munitions, had myself helped aboard the cruiser with my two nurses, and set sail around the opposite end of Sulu with my little fleet, the two smaller vessels to take opposite sides of Pata to prevent Mohammed's escape by boat from the island.

Mohammed and his people had lifted the siege on learning of the escape of the messenger from Harriman's fort, and had gone back seven miles to their stronghold on the highest point on the island. The leader would look all around the horizon at sundown, and if he saw the smoke of any vessels his followers would all sleep in their fort, expecting my attack, but if there were no smoke to be seen, they slept in their houses, since the forts were most uncomfortable. For this reason we put the island of Sulu between us until dark, when, with all lights out, we made straight for Pata and landed two companies of infantry, which, with Harriman as guide, occupied Mohammed's fort before daylight, surrounded his house before he could summon help, and brought him down to the cruiser without firing a shot.

While we were lying off Pata, a Moro came out with a flag,

calling himself the King of the Alligators. He was allowed on board, pretending to be crazy, and I took him for a spy of Hassan's. He presented me with a pair of blue cranes that gave us *un gran susto* in Joló later. They emit a most blood-curdling cry at night which we did not know about, and we were awakened one night, thinking that some one had been murdered and was dying in the yard. We all rushed out barefooted to the rescue, but soon found that the cries were made by the cranes of the King of the Alligators.

I sat in a chair placed near the top of the ladder, when he was brought up to the main deck, surrounded by naval officers, marines, and jackies, my most faithful friend of all, Hadji Abdula, standing behind my chair, armed as always to the teeth. Mohammed came off the ladder and sat down before me on the deck, placing his *barong* within reach; I do not know why it had not been taken from him, but there it was. He worked himself up into a tremendous state of excitement, beating himself on the breast and shouting at the top of his voice—those sailors had never seen anything like that before. I felt something moving between my feet and, looking down, perceived that it was Hadji Abdula creeping under my chair. He fished back Mohammed's *barong* without his knowledge, while Mohammed's attention was fixed, looking up at me; and when the frenzied "prophet" had reached the point where he wanted to use it, he reached out with his hand and it was not there, to his blank amazement. Hadji Abdula had divined, possibly from his actions, possibly from something he said, that he was planning to cut me suddenly and dive overboard, but the Hadji was too smart for him.

We took Mohammed in to Joló and put him in jail. This was the first time I had ever met my friend, General Barnett, afterward commandant of the Marine Corps in Washington, then a junior officer of marines.

The Moros could not believe that Mohammed was in jail

until they were taken to look at him through the bars. They were still in terror of his sinking Joló under the sea, and believed that he flew back to Pata every night through the air.

His friends came up in a large delegation, asking for his release, and were told that he had proved that he did not know how to govern, that Harriman was going to govern Pata now, and that I would not even begin to think about releasing Mohammed until after they had all submitted to Harriman. They came up in a month and announced that they had all done so. I told them I would have to talk to Harriman about that, who said it was not true, and they went back to Pata abashed. In about four months, Harriman reported that they had all submitted, and there was peace again on the island.

When Mohammed had been six months in jail, he was asked if he thought he could cut out all the Mohammed business and behave himself, if I should let him go home. He thought he could, and I said to him: "I forbid you to govern in Pata any more and to deceive your people about Mohammed. You must subject yourself completely to Harriman or I will go again to get you, and you will never go back." All the Mohammed business, he said, was caused by his "hearing voices in his beard," but I cautioned him that henceforth he was to hear no voices but mine. He was paroled for a day, for a week, for a month, for six months, and as he appeared regularly on the day set for his return, he was finally allowed to go free.

A year thereafter, an outlaw went to Pata for asylum, and a large company of infantry was sent after him. He ran to Mohammed, who told the captain that he had the outlaw with him, and that if the captain wanted him he would have to come and get him, because the outlaw was under his—Mohammed's—protection.

Mohammed was with his troops, sixty-eight armed men, and he refused to give the outlaw up. Both sides were drawn up in line opposite each other, about fifty yards apart. Mohammed

had assured his followers that they were bullet-proof, which they believed, as I have no doubt Mohammed did himself. His plan was gradually to approach the troops by degrees until they were close enough to rush in and chop them up with *barongs* before they could use their rifles. He would move up a few short, shuffling steps at a time, beating himself on the breast and shouting at the top of his lungs, to draw attention to himself and away from his approach. He told his men to rush in with *barongs* when he said "Bismillah" the seventh time. He was warned by Schück not to come any nearer, but made his few steps each time followed by his men. He had said "Bismillah" five times, and got within twenty feet of the American line with the Moros working around the flanks, when the captain warned him that if he took another step forward he and his army would be melted down. He took the fatal step, although fully warned, and sixty-eight of them were killed in their tracks, including Mohammed. They say the look of surprise on his face when he found he had been penetrated by a bullet was remarkable. One man only broke through the line and was killed by Schück.

## ON THE MARCH AGAIN

I found on return to Joló that my condition had retrograded because of my activities in Pata, and it took a long time to repair the damage.

During all that time the commander of the troops had been making forays in search of Hassan, always missing him and always stirring up great trouble in the countryside, until it looked as if the whole country was going to rise against us.

The sultan came in one day, announcing that he had sent one Pala to assassinate Hassan, so as to get some peace, promising Pala five hundred pesos. He wanted to know if I would reimburse him. I told him he had better get Pala back in a hurry



before he had earned his money, else he, the sultan, would surely lose it. "We Americans will fight you to the end if you rob and murder," I said, "but we will never assassinate you or do you any treachery." He sent out at once and withdrew Pala in time to save his pesos.

At length, as affairs grew more and more complicated, I felt it necessary to resume the command of the troops myself and clean up the situation. Hassan was the main cause of the trouble, and there would be no peace or quiet until he was captured or killed, since he positively refused to surrender, and his depredations, now outrageous in extent, kept everybody in a constant state of excitement.

I borrowed Schück's pony to ride, since it was easier to lift me upon a pony than a horse. Both hands had to be carried in a sling, and I was led through the country by a rope like an Italian dancing bear for twenty-seven days and some nights, over mountains and through jungles, accompanied by an irate surgeon, threatening me with the loss of both hands, and washing his own of all responsibility because I would not go home. I promised, however, to go home as soon as Hassan was caught.

Gentle pressure on the sultan, to cause him to obtain assistance from Indanan and other chiefs, culminated now in his turning out more than two thousand Moros to take part in the search of the jungles and the patrolling of the shores to prevent the outlaw's escape to the other islands. Since this force was unorganized and without commissariat, it could not be expected to remain in the field for more than a week, and I thought I would do well to keep it that long.

Before striking for Hassan's fort on the south coast, I determined to attempt the capture of Orang Kaya Tallu, an outlaw inherited from the former administration, in the territory of the two brothers, Jokanain and Calbi, on the north coast. Jokanain had the district of Paticol near Joló, while Calbi con-

trolled the district of Tando, the most northern on the island of Sulu.

These brothers were rather shy about coming into Joló. Though they had both declared their allegiance, they had done nothing to back up their words; nobody knew their real sentiments, and it was possible that they might attack us at any moment.

By a swift night march we struck Orang Kaya Tallu's camp in Paticol just at dawn. He had become uneasy and had slipped off into the jungle by himself, about two o'clock in the morning. We took his camp, killing eight of his men.

I then wrote to Jokanain and Calbi that they had been generous with their words about loyalty, but parsimonious with their deeds, and that here was an opportunity to prove their allegiance. I had no time to search for Orang Kaya Tallu but must fight Hassan on the other side of the island before he destroyed everything, and I wanted them to get Orang Kaya Tallu for me right away. I then went on to Cotta Pang Pang, which Hassan had recently built for his defense, and in the meantime Jokanain turned out seven hundred men to capture Orang Kaya Tallu, who became alarmed and went to sea with a few followers, and was cast on Calbi's country in Tando.

Hassan had taken great pains in the construction of Cotta Pang Pang for his own refuge. I was anxious to secure Hassan's surrender without conflict if possible, but was prepared to fight if necessary.

I had spent much time interrogating various Moros on conditions about Pang Pang; and I had a number of drawings of the fort made by different people and a plan constructed of those elements on which they agreed, which proved in the end to be quite accurate.

As we approached the neighborhood of the fort, a detachment of our allies passed by, two hundred strong. We felt very

dubious about them, not knowing that they might not turn on us, and all precautions were taken with this possibility in view.

Some time before we arrived near the fort itself, we were fired on from the jungle, fortunately without effect. Then the firing-party retired into the fort, and the battle was on. No one would respond to our desire for a parley. The *cotta* was a rectangular wall about five feet high, of volcanic niggerhead boulders laid in clay, which had many projections and air-holes that locked them together. The fort was surrounded within four feet of the wall by a stout bamboo fence with posts of hard wood, eight inches in diameter, set deep in the ground, so that should the assailant attempt to climb it he would expose himself to being impaled on a spear in a defenseless position. The trees had been cut down all around to afford a clear field of fire, and the fort itself was entirely invisible behind the screen of the fence.

Despairing finally of a parley, we pounded the wall a large part of the day with four mountain-guns, but we might as well have thrown rotten apples for all the effect our firing had on that wall. We had no idea what was going on behind the fence; all we knew was that there were bullets coming out. Some of the trunks of the large trees were still lying on the ground, some parallel, some at an oblique angle to the fort, behind which we could shelter our men and get within forty yards of the wall.

Lieutenant Eugene West of the artillery ran his guns rather close to the wall out of the dense jungle to get a view of his target, and passing near I heard a bullet strike him. When I turned he was lying on his back, driving his men, who had run to pick him up, back to their guns. As both my hands were in slings I could not help him myself and called Captain Charles to look after him while I got the surgeon over. It was found that the bullet had broken his thigh-bone. After a long

convalescence he recovered, with a shortened leg; and a fine young officer with brilliant prospects was compelled to go on the retired list.

Four times we stopped our firing, urging surrender with promise of their lives, but they replied as always: "You cowardly American pigs may know what it is to surrender, but we Moros don't even have such a word in our language!" My hands incapacitated for the use of weapons, I spent my time on the different sides as the situation required, arranging the fire of the troops so as to keep them from shooting each other—a feat somewhat difficult under the circumstances, and made more so by the small open space around the fort. Shortly after West was wounded, Captain Drake, Lieutenants Kerr, Riggs, and Ronald Fisher, with their First Sergeant Elmer with part of their troop, swarmed over the fence and took the *cotta* in gallant style.

It was dark by that time, and we had to bivouac at the nearest water. Before daylight we went back to the *cotta* and discovered that relatives had taken away all the wounded, and we found no trace of Hassan himself. So search was begun for him in the jungle.

While all did well, the bravery of Captain Drake, Lieutenants Fisher, Kerr, and Riggs and their First Sergeant Elmer was very conspicuous in this assault and made a profound impression on the Moros.

A report of the fight was sent to General Wood, who came down with McCoy and a company of infantry, landing on the beach and coming up some five miles on foot to our camp to find out how it happened.

I had just been lifted on my pony to break camp, when I saw the muzzles of the rifles of the infantry above the brush, and soon General Wood and McCoy arrived for a conference. I must have been a curious sight, not having been able to shave myself for some months, sitting on that pony with both

hands in slings, my keeper ready to lead me out, while all around me were grouped Abdulas and the like—all the characters of "The Arabian Nights." Writing home afterward, McCoy said he had never seen such a wild spectacle since he had viewed the entrance of the Holy Carpet into Cairo.

A Moro captured in the fight had told us that Hassan had gone to Tando, where we also went.

Calbi met us at his border with two hundred men, and I asked where Hassan was. He said he did not know. I told him I had been informed that Hassan was in Tando, and I had come after him. He replied that Hassan had never been in Tando, and that he himself had a wild lot of men who would not understand my search there, and we would be liable to have a bloody clash, and he asked me not to search his country. I asked him to promise me that if Hassan should enter his territory he would catch him, or kill him if he could not catch him, and he promised. I then assured him that I would not search his district, and started to look elsewhere for Hassan.

At the end of three days one of Calbi's men brought me a letter from his chief of which the following is a translation:

This letter from your son, Paduxa Datto Muhamad Dahiatul Calbi, to my father, the governor of Sulu, Major Scott, and my younger brother, Tuan Sali [Charles Schück, interpreter].

I want to inform you that at seven o'clock in the morning of Saturday we had a fight with Tallu. I have taken his head, but if you will allow it, I will bury it, if my father will let me do that, because he is an Islam [Mohammedan], and I would otherwise commit an offense. Those that are dead were Sadalani, Namala, Muhamad and Salui. Beyond that I have not investigated.

With greetings to my father and my younger brother, I beg you, my younger brother [Schück], to let me bury the head, for it frightens my wife to see it in the house, if my father [the governor], does not feel bad about it. If your father [the governor] should not believe that the head is there, come to our house and see yourself, so as to be sure. I would not soil the faith my father has in me.

To close, I herewith send the creese of Orang Kaya Tallu. The end of the pen.

JULIUS SCHÜCK,  
Official Interpreter and Translator.

Received at Camp Lambaga, February 23, 1904.

That expression, "I would not soil the faith my father has in me," has compensated me for many long hard days and hot nights, and fully confirms the verse carved in marble on the front of the great Union Station in Washington:

Be noble, and the nobility that lies in other men  
Sleeping though never dead,  
Will rise in majesty  
To meet thine own.

Calbi never did soil the faith his father had in him. This loyal savage was of royal blood, and more nearly deserved the title of prince than any person I have ever seen. He governed mainly through his lofty port and compelling eye. Whenever he came to my office he would look neither to the right nor the left, but would enter with haughty stride and everybody would get out of his way.

Calbi complained to me once about his teeth hurting him, and I took him severely to task for filing and blacking them, according to the Moro custom. I asked: "Why do you do it when it ruins your teeth and gives you such pain? There is nothing in the Koran telling you to do that." He replied that if you don't blacken your teeth the girls will not marry you; they say: "What? Marry that fellow? Never! He has white teeth like a dog!"

We started out then on a systematic search of the large jungles for Hassen, assisted after a fashion by our Moro allies, although just how faithful their coöperation actually was we had no means of knowing. They were out there, however,

longer than I thought it possible to keep them without a commissary, operating against one of their own people.

The Raja Muda came in one day worn out. "Look at me," he said, "the descendant of sultans who never had to walk on the ground! I haven't had anything to eat since day before yesterday! My clothes are in rags! I have been down in the jungle the companion of snakes! I have got to go home!"

I pointed out the fact that he was better off than I was, with both hands tied up, and encouraged him to go on, which he did cheerfully for a week, and then came in again very near his limit. After exhorting him to renewed effort, I said, "Raja Muda, do you remember that bad boil you had once?" He said he did. "Well, Raja Muda," I told him, "you have been doing so well lately that I had forgotten about that boil." He burst out quickly, "So have I," and started out once more on the search.

We had to comb each jungle thoroughly to assure ourselves that we were not passing Hassan in hiding. This took a long while, and we had to get information of his direction, which also required time; Hassan was generally about a day ahead of us. He would slip from one jungle to another at night, but we would have to continue our combing after he had left, to make sure. This seemed interminable, and both troops and allies were very nearly exhausted.

At last we got news of Hassan's definite whereabouts, and approached his camp one morning—a little too early, as we could not time our approach for lack of exact information of its location. Hassan heard us coming and ran off into the darkness with some of his people. His whole family was captured, his eldest son shot through the ankle, and seven men killed; but Hassan himself, with reduced following, got away.

By this time men and horses were so tired that to rest the command I changed my plan and remained stationary, sending a Moro friend to stay in the house of Hassan's father-in-

law at the foot of Mount Bagsak, where I felt confident that my quarry would soon go for asylum. In a few days my friend returned with the information that Hassan with two men was in a little nipa hut in the crater on top of Bagsak, which was in full view twenty miles away.

Captain Charles made a mud model of the mountain, showing the hut in the crater and the approaches on each side, and the officers and first sergeants were brought in, and shown upon the model—which they could compare with the peak in view—their respective approaches and positions, so that each would know exactly what he had to do when the time came. My Moro friend was then sent back to arrange to have guides for each element meet us, and we started out just as the moon rose.

When within a few miles of the mountain, the battery was left to wait for further orders, lest Hassan hear a mule bray. No Moro ever owned a mule, and the sound would be sufficient notice for Hassan to plunge into the jungle for another long chase. Being still very weak I retained my pony, but all the horses were left with the battery.

It was one of those clear, breezeless, moonlit nights, nearly as bright as day. Fearing lest Hassan should be sitting on the lip of the crater, looking out over the world, and should catch the moonlight's reflection upon steel, all arms were wrapped up. The ground was hollow, and every step my pony took sounded like a gong; I had to send him back to the artillery at length, and make my way afoot through the tall *cogon* grass as best I could, falling down every now and then, breaking my fall on my elbows to protect my face.

It took some time for the guides to arrive, and we sat down near the foot of the mountain to wait for them. The dew was very cold, and I rolled myself in my cloak and went to sleep.

I was awakened suddenly by a pandemonium, and, rushing with Schück to the rear of the troops, found that more than one thousand of our allies had run into our column, having



heard of Hassan's location that afternoon and, without notifying me, were proceeding on their way to capture him. The moonlight flashing everywhere from their arms, their lighted cigarettes shining, and the steady roar of their voices were enough to warn a dozen Hassans. How we had managed to run into each other in the middle of the night without a clash seemed miraculous, especially as the soldier does not know an ally from any other native. I had feared to tell the Moros of Hassan's location when I first learned of it, lest they send him warning; but here they were, and how they were to be side-tracked was a knotty question.

The chiefs were all sent for and told that we knew where Hassan was and that they must stop that racket and wrap their arms at once. They were ordered to surround the foot of the mountain on every side, while I went up after Hassan; for if they went up, I explained, my men would not recognize them from Hassan and his men when they came down, and some might be killed, whereas they would know Hassan if he broke through my line, and could catch him below. This seemed to satisfy them, and on the arrival of the guides each element started for the top, with instructions to be careful about noise, and to allow Hassan to take the initiative, lest we take it too soon and he get into the jungle again as he had done before.

Then began a long hard climb, during which I had to be alternately pushed and pulled up the steep side of the mountain, through the coarse, thick *cogon* grass. Schück had orders to call out to Hassan if he started to make a break and to tell him that he was surrounded on every side, with no possibility of escape, and that if he would lay down his arms and surrender with his men, their lives would all be spared.

The crater was about four hundred yards across, and by the time I got up, pretty well tuckered out, the troops were all in position. It was a most dramatic situation; four hundred men

crouched around the lip of that crater in the moonlight, without a sound. When the first tinge of morning appeared in the east, a light was lit in the hut in the middle of the crater and some one was heard singing below. Then the light went out and was lit again, the singing very audible in the still clear air. Not a sound was heard around the rim of the crater, save the chattering of teeth from the cold.

At the true break of dawn, three men were seen to leave the hut below, and to come my way with their arms. They were allowed to walk up the inside of the crater until the foremost paused a moment on the lip, looking out and about to start down out of sight. Then a single shot rang out, and he plunged head first six hundred feet down the steep incline, his momentum carrying him fifty yards into the jungle before he stopped. The second man was killed in his tracks, and the third and last was Hassan, who rolled into a ravine wounded, shooting his Krag rifle at everybody he could see, getting a cavalry soldier through the pelvis and causing narrow escapes for Major Lewis, the surgeon, Captain Smedburg, and others. He was shot at from every direction, the bullets having such a plunging action that our own people, although looking on from every side, were not endangered.

The crater was split on one side, a ravine carrying the water down to the plain below. This ravine was bordered by a narrow strip of brush and trees, and was cut off by different small groups of soldiers at different altitudes to prevent escape. A sergeant worked his way through this to the vicinity of Hassan, who seeing his approach pulled down on him with his Krag. Before he could shoot, however, a bullet from another direction broke the bolt, and, throwing his gun down, Hassan drew his *barong* and charged the sergeant, who put a bullet from a Colt 45 through both of the chief's ears, and the fight ended then and there, a great cry of joy rising from every side.

We all gathered on the rim then, watching the sun come up, illuminating a glorious view over land and sea. We found we were overlooking the greater part of Sulu, with the Celebes Sea on one side and the Sulu Sea on the other, the white coral beaches beaten by the surf.

I sent Schück down to see if it was actually Hassan and if the surgeon could do anything for him. They wanted me to go down and see him, but I felt too badly over his death to want to go. They came back and said that it was Hassan beyond a doubt, and that he had thirty-two Krag balls through him and was only stopped by the Colt 45—the thirty-third bullet.

I sent out announcements everywhere saying that Hassan was dead and the war was over, and that everybody should return home and, after resting, go on cultivating the soil in peace.

While resting on the rim, looking out over that marvelous view, I said, "Well, the war is over now, unless Janarin [who was sitting there] wants to go and fight Datto Calbi." This was one of my heavy jokes, for Calbi was Janarin's foster brother. Nevertheless Janarin answered, "I will fight anybody with you."

We sent for the artillery to come up with the horses, and, putting our wounded man on a litter, started down for the sea, where a transport was waiting, and the wounded man and I were in the hospital at Joló that night. We had been short of transportation all the time, and the only hot water the surgeon had been able to get to dress my wounded hands had been taken from the soup-kettle, with grease floating on top, since we had nothing else, and it was a great relief to get into a real bed and not have to get out to struggle through jungles again until my strength returned.

## SCHOOLS, VACCINATION, AND MORE ADVENTURES

Four months after being wounded, I used my hands a little and began to toughen them up. After a while my strength began to return, and the routine of office work, hearing cases and the like, began again.

I was very anxious to start a school, but the Moros would not hear of it, saying it would destroy their religion. A promise that religion would not be mentioned changed their opposition not a whit. The Spanish Jesuits had maintained a mission at Joló for many years without ever getting a single Moro convert or scholar; they had given it up finally, going away and maintaining only a *visita* for the Catholic Filipinos in the town once every few months. When the Jesuits give up a mission, things must be in a hopeless state indeed.

While talking to Hadji Butu and other principal men about schools, they listened politely, as they always did, but not even a dent was made on them. The Asiatic is always polite; he may be evolving in his mind a plot to lop your head off, but he is never rude.

Upon the occasion of one of these conferences, I sent out to catch an Arab that I had seen pass by, and asked him if he had ever been in Java. Yes, he said, he had lived in Batavia. I asked where he had lived in Batavia. He replied in some heat, "You know very well where I lived; I lived in the Arab quarter, and wasn't allowed to live anywhere else." "What would happen to you if you were to say good morning to a Dutchman in Dutch?" I inquired. "They would fine me twenty pesos," he replied.

"There, listen to that," I said, turning to the Moros; "that's the way you are treated in Java. They won't even let you learn their language or read their books, afraid you will learn something and get to be rulers, while here I am trying to teach

your children the literature of all the world that makes the white man ruler wherever he goes. You don't want your children to be rulers; you say you love your children, but you can't love them if you won't let me teach them to be rulers; don't try to put that over on me, for you can't do it!"

After a while Hadji Butu came over and said, "I am going to make you a present of my son, Hadji Gulam," twelve years old. I said: "I don't want your son. I have sons of my own learning to be rulers. I don't want an ignorant lout like your son hanging around me." "But I give him to you," he said. "He is yours to do what you want with him." "Very well, then," I replied, "I will take him and put him in school."

The school was started with one teacher and one boy, Hadji Gulam, in a nipa house. As he was a high-born boy, others came in soon; and since the subject of religion was taboo, it was not long before the school was full, and we soon had all the boys that we had the facilities to take care of.

This was an excellent example of moral suasion, without the mailed fist of the soldier. We had another example when the news came that there was smallpox on the island of Negros in the Philippine group, where some of our native sailing-vessels touched. We issued a quarantine against Negros and sent for a quantity of virus to vaccinate all the non-immunes. The suggestion was rejected with scorn by the Moros, saying, "It is not according to the custom of our ancestors," meaning, "There is nothing in the Koran about that, and I will have none of it"; from all of which it may be seen what a cold hand the religion of Islam puts upon progress: it can see nothing of value that has arisen since the death of Mohammed, some six hundred years ago; it prohibits the making of pictures and so is a strangler of art. It is amusing to see a Moro take a picture and turn it around and around several times like a monkey in the effort to understand it, but finally to put it away when tired of it; whereas an Indian can understand a picture





GENERAL SCOTT WITH THE SULTAN OF SULU AND HIS SUITE IN THE OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL, MANILA, P. I.

at a glance and can often make a good one himself; he is sometimes quite ingenious in making a picture tell a whole story.

The principal Moros were told of the quarantine on Negros and told to keep away from there and to report at once anybody coming from it. They were scandalized, however, at the idea of having their children vaccinated.

There had been a great loss of life from smallpox during the previous epidemic about six years before, and all the children born since then needed vaccination.

I said, "I am sorry to find out that you Moros don't love your children." They replied indignantly, "Of course we love our children just as much as you white men love yours." "No," I said, "you talk that way with your mouth, but you don't talk that way with your hearts; you don't act that way with your hearts. I look around at your faces and see that most of you are pockmarked. I know you have had an epidemic. Didn't you have somebody die of it in your family? You don't love your children as we do ours, for we take care of them; we don't let them die of smallpox. I will give you a peso for every pockmark on a white man you can find in this room."

"We take care of our children," I went on, "because we love them. You let yours die because you don't love them enough to let me save them. Don't try to deceive me on that point, for I know better."

They all went off and conferred for a while and came back, looking very shamefaced. When they were seated I turned on them sharply, asking, "What are you going to do about it?" They replied, "We are going to let you vaccinate them." And we soon had a thousand children vaccinated and kept on until all our virus was used up and we had to send for more.

Of all the Moros of Mindanao and Sulu, Hadji Butu was the wittiest, wisest, best informed, and most progressive. He was the only one of the older Moros who set himself to learn



English, and by this time he must speak English well. He always wanted it understood that he was not a fighter but a counselor, and kept out of the field. He was as strong in the council-room, however, as a dozen warriors on the battle-front, and always used his influence over the sultan in favor of the government, invariably supporting my policies. He was the first Moro to be appointed as a senator to Manila from the Moro Province, he and his ancestors having been prime ministers of the sultans of Sulu for four hundred years. Hadji Butu kept the archives running back through the same four centuries, about which he was well informed and was able to answer many historical questions offhand. I got the Moro permission to copy these, and sent a request to the Bureau of Ethnology in Washington to be furnished with an interpreter and typewriter to copy them, but was told that appropriations were not available outside of the United States, and I have not since been able to interest any private person of means. If they catch fire a vast amount of history will go up in smoke. It should be a matter of interest to the Philippine government to preserve them, but the Filipino does not care much for the Moro and doubtless feels that the less said about his history the better.

Hadji Butu had the most sane views of any of the Moros regarding the *juramentados*. When he heard that Hassan had died a *macsabil*—"for the faith"—he said, "If any one will repeat that in my presence I will slap his mouth!" adding that Hassan was only a murderer.

The Arabian word *hadj* means a pilgrimage, and *hadji* in Sulu is a title of very great respect, indicating that the bearer has made the pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca, as all do who can afford the journey. One returns from Mecca always a very holy person, and the pilgrimage enables one to get a traveled outlook on the world, a more sophisticated mind, and a broader view of life.

Hadji Abdula, another friend, attached himself to me unin-  
vited soon after my arrival and constituted himself my guar-  
dian, working under his own orders, and no grandmother  
could have been more solicitous for my welfare. He always  
found out when I was going out with the troops, and even if  
it were in the middle of the night, there would be Hadji  
Abdula with his horse and arms.

He had formerly been the head soldier of Jokanain in his  
wars against the sultan and against the Spaniards, of whom he  
admitted having killed fourteen, besides Filipinos and China-  
men uncounted as beneath his notice. Just how I acquired his  
allegiance I never knew, but I had it in the fullest measure.  
He and I-see-o of the Kiowas were two men who really be-  
lieved in me, and I might have committed many crimes and  
they would have thought them quite proper if I had.

I found it necessary once, during a visit to Zamboanga, to  
send Captain Reeves to search a cave that was said to contain  
a large quantity of rice and brassware belonging to a band of  
outlaws. The captain reported upon my return that he had  
captured the rice and divided it among our allies, but had seen  
no brassware. Two weeks afterwards Hadji Abdula appeared  
with a large brass vase, and announced that it belonged to me.  
I told him I had never seen it before and asked where it came  
from. He replied that it had come out of the cave. I said the  
captain had reported that there had been no brass there. "Oh,  
yes, I know, I know," he said. "You would never have got  
it if he had seen it, but I wrapped it up in my turban and  
threw it out into the jungle. I have just been back to get it,  
and it belongs to you." After a fight he would usually bring in  
a fine spear with the announcement that Laksa Mana Usap,  
Paruka Utig, or some other chief had put his finest spear on  
the parapet with the admonition that it was not to be used  
for anything except to stick the governor; and that now that  
the chief was dead, it belonged to me.

The Hadji was one of the sights of Joló—with his blackened teeth, his skin-tight silk trousers like a frog skin, his bare feet, his velvet jacket, and his huge yellow turban. He was never seen without his Krag rifle, given him by Governor Taft, his white-handled revolver that I brought him from the United States, and his long wavy-edged Malay creese, from which our modern bread-knives must have been pirated—with which arsenal he probably slept.

The Hadji had been in the entourage of Datto Jokanain on his journey to Mecca, and when some Arab had insulted the Datto in Singapore the Hadji had grabbed him by the beard, twisted his neck until he fell to the ground, had then jumped on him and beaten him insensible. From which it might be inferred that it were better to be a friend of the Hadji than an enemy.

When at Singapore he had seen the rich Chinese driving on the Bund, with a coachman and two footmen in the carriage, and the forerunner, preceding the team with a long wand to tap the natives on the shins, warning them to clear the way for his master. Whenever I would leave the office for lunch, the Hadji would appear from somewhere with a cane, and woe to the native who chanced to obstruct the passage of his “gubnor.”

When the Taft Commission came ashore at Joló in a long procession of ladies, senators, congressmen, and so on, with band and military escort, it was quite a sight to see the Hadji acting as forerunner for the secretary of war. Nobody dared get in the way of that procession, but more of that visit later.

I am confident that I shall never see anybody like the Hadji again, for his like does not exist. Whenever I had dealings with strange Moros, the Hadji, with his arms loosened and ready, never left me for a moment; and he was prompted only by his own wish, for certainly nobody ever told him to guard me.

One morning I went into the office and found it full of armed men. I was told that Ambutong was coming in to-day and had announced that he was going to cut me. The office was arranged with two lines of chairs facing each other, in front of my desk, with a passageway between. I had a large paper-weight on the desk with which I intended to knock Ambutong on the head if he came over my desk. Ambutong came in and sat down, and the Hadji placed himself with another Moro in full panoply in front of Ambutong, and two others were on each side of him and two more behind, all this taking place without a word said. Ambutong looked first at the Hadji and his companions in front, then at the two at his sides, and then at those at his rear, and if he had ever had the intention of doing violence, he concluded that the present moment was not a good one, and went away without so much as lifting a finger.

On another occasion at Look I lay off seven miles from a fort I had to take, while for ten days I was getting women and children out of the fort. One neutral friend got eighty women and children out for me. During the period of waiting, some of the people in the fort would come out and mingle with the other Moros in our camp. I sat under a tent-fly one day talking to about two hundred Moros when some one came up behind me and whispered, "There is a *juramentado* in the crowd who is going to cut you." I looked around but did not see anybody who appeared to have that intention, and went on with my remarks. Feeling something touching me behind, I looked around and found that twenty of my Moros had lined up behind me with their arms, while the Hadji stood up on a box at one side with his Krag rifle ready, and his revolver and creese loosened, peering down into the faces in front, wondering which one he was going to have to shoot for trying to cut his "gubnor." If anybody had come there with that intention he abandoned his purpose.

Without a hint from any one, those Moros would catch a slight whiff of danger in the air, and they took better care of me than my mother could have. If we happened to be in camp, the first I would know of danger imminent would be through finding them sleeping on the ground in front and on both sides of my tent.

Sitting on a huge log in Look with Panglima Opau one day, while lying off that fort, I gave a ten-cent piece to a Moro child. Opau said to Schück, "How did the governor know that child was an orphan?" Schück answered that "the governor knows a whole lot more than you think he does." Opau said, "Why, then, doesn't he give me a *real* too, for I am an orphan?" Whereupon I presented him with ten cents, which amused him immensely for he was very rich in stock and land, and was a very powerful man with a hundred or more relatives. Whenever he came in to Joló after that I always inquired after the health of the "poor orphan," until one day he replied that he was an orphan no longer, for I was his father and his mother both.

On the occasion of his first visit to Joló (it was not the custom to visit Joló in Spanish times, and many had never been there who had grown up within eight miles of the town), I gave him a piece of ice, which he had never seen or heard of before, and he thought I burnt him, and dropped it like a hot coal. Opau was covered with scars of great slashes received both back and front, and he had been left for dead once, but he recovered, putting mud in his wounds, which he covered with banana leaves.

In lying off that fort, I was endeavoring, through Opau and his son-in-law, to keep the district of Look neutral, and I made a particular effort at the son-in-law as having a great influence with Opau. He said one day, "I will stand by you even if there isn't another man in Look to do it." Not long after that he started to leave camp, and as he passed us on

his horse while we were at lunch I invited him to alight and eat with us. He looked at me with horror and said, "If I were to eat that food I would die." This shows one of the great barriers that must be surmounted in controlling Moros, since they are horrified at the very idea of eating our food.

While in this same camp, men from the hostile fort would come over and ask pointed questions of the Moros living in the house that overlooked the camp. One day five came in at different times and asked the same question: "In which one of those tents does the governor sleep?" They had a very pleasant way of creeping into camp through the darkness, cutting a tent-rope, letting the tent fall, and when you stood up under it, your head pressing up the canvas would indicate the place to cut. Or they might throw a spear through the canvas to strike your head in bed.

The number and sameness of those questions gave me food for reflection, and I thought I would circumvent the spearmen by changing around so as to put my feet where my head usually was, and I examined my revolver, which was kept in a wall-pocket where I could seize it in one movement. I felt a little dubious about my very excitable Austrian stenographer who was sleeping on the other side of the tent with a *barong*. Not long after the poor fellow was shot through the back and killed one night close to Joló.

Some time after I left Joló, two officers were sleeping in one of a line of tents, in a camp in the district of Look, one on a cot with his head toward the front of the open door, and the other on the ground in the rear. A *juramentado* ran down the line in the dark and with one stroke cut off the head of the officer on the cot, wounding the other with a spear, and cutting one of our men through the muscles of one side of the neck, just missing the jugular. As it was no longer held upright by the severed muscles, the soldier's head fell over to the other side, and righting his head with one hand, he

killed the Moro with the pistol in the other. The muscles were sewed together, and the man recovered and is probably walking around somewhere now, none the worse for the incident.

Later on, so many Moros got to creeping into the camp during the darkness that the troops in the field, when stationary for a time, took to building a barbed wire fence around the camp, to which tin cans, filled with pebbles, were tied to give warning of approaching danger. Notwithstanding all these causes for wakefulness, I do not believe I sleep as soundly now as I did then. Custom soon dulls all fear of danger, as is exemplified by the carelessness of men accustomed to handling dynamite. I certainly lost all trace of fear in the Indian country in my youth, when one knew constantly that death might be waiting just over the next hill. Nobody can keep himself scared for long at a time, for danger soon gets to be "old stuff."

The Spanish garrisons of Joló never had any mounted troops, and the Moros were dumfounded at first at the swiftness with which I would cross the island with cavalry and arrest some recalcitrant chief before dawn while he was out of reach of his people. They got very uneasy, not knowing when it was going to happen. They said, "The governor strikes like the lightning, and no man knows where or when."

Those captured were invariably made to serve a term in prison, with no chance for the attainment of paradise, which they disliked exceedingly. Their arrest would usually take place, as in the case of Ambutong, when they thought they had been forgotten and slept away from their *cottas*, and would wake up at home to find their *cotta* taken before daylight, when no one was in it to resist. This saved a vast amount of bloodshed and was infinitely more effective in its results on the people due to their constant sense of insecurity.

In 1904 another bit of bloodshed was averted upon occasion when some of Calbi's people ran away to escape punishment

for looting some of their neighbors. They fortified a mountain in Tando and were entrenched inside of its crater. General Wood was on Sulu with twelve hundred men, just after the taking of Paruka Utig's *cotta*, and we all started out for Tando.

Three naval destroyers, under Commanders Irwin, Berry, and Knox, came into the port of Joló, and, hearing that we were at war, came right out in search of us, asking to be allowed to get into the game. They were there hunting for the Russian and Japanese fleets, to prevent them from fighting in the Sulu Sea, which was considered American territory. I wondered how those three little peanut-shells were going to prevent two big fleets from fighting if they chose to.

The crater in which the enemy was located had a great cleft on the side of the Celebes Sea, and the destroyers were sent around to that side to shell through the cleft. When the firing began, General Wood started across the island with twelve hundred men to take the *cotta*. While marching through Tando at the head of the troops, we ran into an old Moro, whom his friends had apparently not thought worth taking with them. I told General Wood I wanted to take him along with us. He said, "What do you want that old ruin for?" I replied that I "need him in my business."

When we reached the base of the mountain, the troops were deployed for the assault, but I asked General Wood to let me try my old Moro as a messenger to get them to surrender before he gave the order for the assault. I was told to "go ahead, but be quick about it." After getting his instructions, the old man went slowly up the side of the mountain, weaving in and out of the entanglements, climbing over and around stone walls, up and up until he seemed the size of a fly, disappearing at last among some trees on the rim of the crater.

After a long wait the fly could be seen starting down again, and when at last he reached the bottom and came back to us



he said, "He won't come down." I sent him right back with an insulting message to deliver, and again we watched his long climb up the side of the mountain.

The troops were getting impatient by this time for something to be done, and were suffering in the tropical sun without water. I became afraid that General Wood would lose patience, despairing of my success with the old Moro, and would order the assault. I took Schück some distance to the front, away from his vicinity, and we sat in the shade of a tall rock. When the old Moro arrived the second time he brought the same message.

I sent him back a third time, knowing very well that it was my last chance. Much was my delight when this time he brought down the head chief, to whom I gave a good wiggling, ordering him to get his people down out of that crater before they were all killed, and to have them lay down their arms on a designated spot and go home where they belonged.

He said he would, and he did. They all descended, laid down their arms where they were told to, and departed. Their arms were loaded on our pack-mules, taken into Joló, and sent up to the ordnance depot at Manila, as were all the captured and surrendered rifles. The Krag rifle Hassan had when he was killed I wanted to keep as a souvenir, but I concluded to send it up with the other arms. The bolt had been broken by a bullet, and I was called down severely from Manila for sending up a rifle in that condition; I wished then that I had not sent it; it is probably in the Manila arsenal yet.

When Calbi's people had left the crater, a company of infantry was sent up to occupy it, with instructions to signal down to the destroyers that the war was over and that they were free to continue their search for the Russian and Japanese fleets. Every now and then I meet some of those fellows, who abuse me yet for spoiling a perfectly good chance for a fight.

When the destroyers first came out they sent a natty young

naval officer ashore with a message. He went back horrified at seeing me ragged, dirty, and unshaven, sitting on a log in the jungle, eating some hard bread and bacon, which I offered to share with him. He told them on board with horror how he had seen a colonel in there eating a lunch of nothing but a little piece of bacon and hard bread—"a *colonel*, mind you!"—though I happened then to be only a major. Later I went aboard a destroyer to have a jacky sew my clothes so they would stay on until I got home. I must say I hardly pitied the hardships of those poor naval fellows; when they finished a fight they took a warm bath, put on clean white clothes, and sat down to eat real food.

Coming out of the jungle with clothes in rags and so little to eat, I was perhaps somewhat envious of the lot of the navy; but since seeing one of our ships, during the World War, met off the coast of Ireland by a fleet of American destroyers in a heavy sea to be escorted through the Irish Channel, I have felt differently. Those poor fellows were drenched in cold seawater, and buffeted about like dice in a box, their little boats standing first on one end and then on the other, with most of the crew sick, and I realized that they were cheerfully living a life which I could not have endured. As a lesser evil I would far rather go back to the jungle and the horse, with the chance of eating whatever I could find.

We went once to rescue a damsel in distress, as we had done in the previous instance when we had been on the trail of Biroa. General Wood cabled me that a Moro and his crew had kidnapped a girl near Zamboanga, and had gone to the island of Pata to sell her. Seizing a revenue cutter then in port, I started for Pata, taking some of the officers to afford them a change from the routine of the post.

Hadji Butu went also. Sitting out on deck one evening he said, "I like to travel with you." "How so?" I asked. "Well," he answered, "when the people see a big elephant go past,

followed by the kid of a goat, they say, 'Look there! That must be the elephant's child; that is a young elephant!'" The Hadji always had something to make us all laugh in the office. Captain Charles took to recording his sayings and compiled quite a list.

At Pata nobody seemed to know anything about the Moro with the stolen girl. The officers all said, "They are lying to you and are keeping them hidden from you," but I abandoned further search in Pata at once and began to cruise for a clue. We got the clue at Calbi's place in Tando and 125 miles south near Borneo we captured man and crew and delivered them all, with the girl, to General Wood at Zamboanga.

The methods of the thief were severely criticized by one Tulawi, who said: "That fellow was a fool to let you catch him that quickly. You would never have caught me that way. I used to be a pirate myself and nobody ever caught me. I used to see a Moro fishing in his boat and would draw up alongside and offer to trade rifles, and when his was handed over for examination I would shoot him through the belly with his own gun, and after that it was just the same as if you were picking up your own property. No, you would never have caught me that way."

While sitting reading one evening on my veranda, I heard a noise outside the walls in Tulai. I thought the children playing outside were making more noise than usual, and went on reading. Not long afterward, a man came up through the gate and reported that three of my men had been sitting on a spar near the Chinese pier when some one had come up behind them silently and chopped off the head of one of them, cut a gash a foot long in the back of another, knocked the other down with the flat of his weapon without cutting him—his *barong* probably turning in his hand—and ran away.

It was almost dusk, and people of different races were going about the streets, including soldiers, who wore their side-arms

everywhere for protection. I asked some of them why they did not shoot the *juramentado* running away, and they said they could not tell who it was because everybody was running.

The *hadjis* were summoned for information, but denied any knowledge of the occurrence. They said, "We do not know; this is like a child that is inside of a woman, which is bound to come out, and when it does we will let you know." In a few days they reported that the damage had been done by Asanol, who was now on the island of Pangutarang, forty miles west of Sulu. Janarin was then sent for, who came from that island originally. He was asked if he knew Asanol and his present location. He said he knew him and that he was on the island of Pangutarang. I then asked if he could get him for me. He said he could if I would lend him ten Krag rifles. I told him to take them, and was severely criticized for lending Krag rifles to a native, who would never bring them back unless to shoot at soldiers.

Janarin, however, returned with them at the end of seven days, bringing in Asanol with his hands tied behind his back. He said, "Here he is; and I want you to know that if I am assassinated it will have been done by Asanol's friends for making this arrest."

A number of my Moros had been assassinated for carrying out orders in this way—usually while sitting on the floors of their houses, at night with a light. An enemy would creep through the hemp and banana plants in the darkness, shoot the man sitting in the light, and no one would ever be the wiser.

To avoid this, I put Janarin in an old Spanish blockhouse, where he could live upstairs on the second floor with his family, unseen from below.

Asanol was tried and acquitted by Judge Powell of Georgia while I was in the United States on leave. He had been prosecuted by Captain Reeves of the cavalry, and Judge Powell told me that he had been convinced of his guilt; then Reeves

strangely took his defense, which threw a sufficient doubt in the mind of the judge to cause his acquittal. But everybody considered it a miscarriage of justice.

After my return from leave, on my first day in the office, Asanol came smirking in, much to my surprise, as I had not heard of the acquittal. I said, "Asanol, what are you doing here?" He replied with as much pride as a person just over a major operation, "I was tried and acquitted." I said, "Asanol, you know yourself that you are guilty," to which he assented, and I continued: "I want you to look at Janarin over there. I value Janarin extremely, and if anything happens to Janarin I will know that it will have been caused by you and your friends, and my first act will be to kill you right away without any court or any words about it, so you had better take care that nothing happens to Janarin."

Some time after, when I had forgotten about Asanol, Janarin invited Captain Reeves and me (Reeves was then alcalde of Joló; he is now chief of the Military Information Division of the General Staff in Washington) to a christening up in his blockhouse, where he had a table and table-cloth, knives and forks, china, and all the Christian tools especially for us. While sitting at the table, the trap-door in the floor raised up and to my great surprise Asanol's head appeared in the opening, and I asked him, "What are you doing here, Asanol?" He replied, "You told me to take care of Janarin, and I am doing it." He hardly allowed Janarin out of his sight, for they believed what they were told in Joló in those days.

Poor Janarin, who had been brought up as a foster brother of Calbi, had suffered a horrible disfigurement at the hands of his foster father. The old datto awoke one night and wanted to be massaged, and ordered Janarin brought for the purpose. Janarin was roused from his bed and came in grumbling and rubbing his eyes, half asleep, and the old man had two slaves

catch him by the arms and hold him while he drew his *barong*, put the point of it in Janarin's mouth, and slit first his right cheek out to his ear and then the left one, saying, "I will teach your mouth not to say bad words to me." The corners of Janarin's mouth are now close under his ears, and he is never seen without a muffler to cover it. I got him interested several times in allowing the surgeon to sew it up, but he never quite came to the point, for all primitive people have a great horror of a surgical operation.

If there is any dog in America that is more faithful to his master than were Janarin or Hadji Abdula to their "gubnor" I would like to see him.

The campaigns recounted and mentioned so far were but a small part of the adventures which my three years in Sulu afforded me.

Some months before our arrival at Joló—in April, 1903, to be more exact—Indanan had stolen a bunch of cattle from Tulai, just outside the walls of Joló. The governor of that day sent a squadron of cavalry to Indanan's place, with orders not to allow a clash with the natives under any circumstances. Just what he expected to accomplish by sending out troops with such orders it is hard to imagine, since such an expedition could only result in having them insulted. Indanan beat on his war-gong and brought in five hundred armed men in a short time, telling the commander that if he would wait a little while he would see fifteen hundred, and that if he attempted to arrest anybody he would have a real fight on his hands. Matters became very threatening, and the commander did the only thing he could under his orders; he withdrew his squadron and returned to Joló, followed by a howling mob of Moros, spitting on the soldiers, throwing stones, and shaking spears in their faces. The men were all infuriated by this action, and that night they formed a conspiracy in the barracks to take the

commander out and hang him secretly. Some of the wiser heads got a copy of his orders from the sergeant-major, and it was seen that the officer had no alternative under his instructions.

Just a year afterward complaint was lodged again that Indanan had stolen another bunch of cattle valued at twenty-five hundred pesos. Indanan was sent for and came into Joló in a hurry, where he was informed of the charge against him. He denied it indignantly, but I told him I did not intend to discuss that phase of the matter; he knew himself whether he was guilty—I did not; I only wanted to inform him of what was going to happen, for I was not only the governor and commander of troops, but the sheriff of the court, and if the court sent me a subpoena I was going to serve it on him if it took every soldier in the Philippine Islands. There were three courses open to him. If he were not guilty I would advise him to give himself up, and I would guarantee him a fair trial. Or he might go into his *cotta* for a fight. He had looked down into Cotta Pang Pang, Hassan's fort, after the battle was over, and I had asked him how he would like to have his *cotta* looking like that, and he replied with fervor, "Please don't let such thoughts as that even come into your head."

Thirdly, I said, I would advise him as I would advise my own son under similar circumstances, if he were guilty, to go to that cattle-owner and pay him enough to satisfy him, so that he would not swear out the warrant. "I am not going to talk to you again about it," I told him. "I am going to sit here and wait for the warrant, and when it comes I will surely serve it on you; that is all."

Indanan had learned something of a military lesson at Cotta Pang Pang, and I heard in a few days that he was building traverses in his fort, to prevent the shrapnel from flying about too freely, and was digging bomb-proofs as well.

He came in at once when sent for—at nine o'clock at night—although he was not expected until morning, because the

gates were locked at 6 P.M., and this was the first case known to the oldest inhabitants, of a Moro's coming in at night. But it seemed he could not get in soon enough.

I said: "Indanan, a little bird flew over your *cotta* the other day and told me you were building walls in it. What is that for?" He replied that the walls were to keep his cattle from breaking out. I then asked: "How is it that your bamboo fences have kept your cattle in well enough in the past? I suppose those bomb-proof holes are to keep in your cattle too." He laughed a little sheepishly at being caught in a lie, and I said, "Indanan, I want you to tear down those traverses and fill up those holes." He asked, "Do you want me to tear down my whole fort?" "No," I said, "that fort doesn't disturb me. You cannot build a fort I cannot take if I want to. What I object to is your building extra defenses after that talk you and I had the other day; it is just like pointing a gun at me. I don't allow anybody to point a gun at me, and I want you to tear down those new walls and fill up those holes. What are you going to do about it?" "How long will you give me?" he asked. "How long do you want?" I inquired. He said his son was getting married, and he would like ten days, which were agreed to.

I asked him what the girl thought about the wedding. The idea that the wishes of the girl should have anything to do with it amused him greatly. In ten days he had torn down the traverses, filled up the bomb-proofs, and paid twenty-five hundred pesos for the cattle, and the subpœna never came to me. This case marked the progress made during my first nine months in Joló—or 1904 as compared with 1903.

Panglima Ambutong lifted his war horn once more against the government, and took his people into their fort, prepared for battle. I forgot about them ostensibly until they tired of living in the uncomfortable fort and went home at night. When news of this was received I made a sudden night march across



the island, and surrounded Ambutong's house so he could not communicate with any one. Schück went up and knocked at the door, and when Ambutong came to see who was there he was told, "The governor is out here, and wants to see you." He saw that he was helpless and came out, and I told him to get on a horse and go to Joló with me, taking his *barong* away from him, a beautiful weapon with a gold and ivory handle—a real work of art. After six months in jail he was sent for to come to my office, where his *barong* was lying on my desk. I asked him if he had ever seen that *barong* before. He said, "It used to be mine," showing that he had given it up for lost. I told him to take it then and go home and behave himself.

The same thing happened twice to Dammang, who also had a fine gold and ivory handled *barong*, all of which made a profound impression on the people.

My old friend, Mr. E. E. Ayer of Chicago, sent me some money to purchase arms for the Field Museum. I offered Indanan a hundred dollars for his gold and ivory handled *barong*. He said, "I will give it to you, but I will not sell it to you." Later I had Schück send Moros from a distance to try to buy the *barong*, offering up to a hundred and fifty dollars, but he would never sell it.

#### BAD LAWS

There were several laws emanating from Manila, against which I protested in vain, that caused a vast amount of trouble and even bloodshed in Sulu. One was the confiscation of the pearl-beds by the government without compensation to the owners. Those pearl-beds had been owned by families for more than a hundred years, and were as much personal property as the oyster-beds of New Jersey or Virginia. This brought on the war of Jikiri that culminated after I left.

Another law which I was unable to prevent was that which

reduced the income that the sultan received yearly from his subjects from sixty thousand to about twelve thousand pesos, and likewise reduced the income of many of his influential subjects. This was accepted far more quietly than I would have accepted it in their place. Some of the rights appeared to us as illegitimate, but they were vested rights nevertheless among the Moros and had come down through their families for hundreds of years, and were rights that ought to have been bought outright from them, which could easily have been done with satisfaction to everybody. The English in India always make adequate provision for their native rulers in land and income when their rights are taken over by the government, and this should have been done in Sulu. I felt outraged at the injustice myself; those high-born men had been accustomed to being carried around on the backs of slaves all their lives, and now with their income gone, and their slaves freed without compensation, they were totally unable to make a living unless they should take to robbery and murder, which none of them did. I do not know how they got enough food from day to day.

Desiring to represent this properly to the Philippine Commission, I arranged for the use of the *Borneo* and invited the sultan and his suite to go with me to Manila, but the sultan declined to go, on the advice of some of his friends, who told him I only wanted to get him away from his people and put him in jail in Manila, as the Spaniards had done to Sultan Alimudin in 1758, keeping him locked up for four years in Manila and making him adjure his religion. The English found him when they took Manila in 1762 and sent him back to Sulu, and no sultan of Sulu had ever been in Manila since that time.

I told the sultan he need not go if he did not want to; I had invited him for his own sake, not mine, and had not ordered him to go, and we would say no more about it. He came back

in ten days saying, "I am going to put my life in your hands." I asked what had happened now, and he said, "I am going to Manila with you." So when the *Borneo* arrived, we all boarded her, accompanied by Major Barber, an ex-officer of the Spanish War, once of the White Wings of Santiago de Cuba and now a civil officer in Zamboanga.

At breakfast late one morning, I found them nearly through the meal. I sat at the head of the table with Major Barber on my right; and as I took my place, he told me that I would find the pork chops excellent, and to my horror I found them all eating pork chops. I gave the major a kick under the table that he must have felt the rest of his life. Fortunately none of the Moros understood English, and relying on our courtesy and honesty never imagined that we would give them pork to eat, and as they had never seen it cooked, they were calmly eating it without knowing what it was. If they had found it out, there were natives there capable of sinking the ship in return for such an outrage against living men.

They cared nothing about the defilement of the dead, however. One of my predecessors conceived the idea that he could stop *juramentados* from coming into Joló by burying some of them with pigs in their graves, for "pig" is the worst name you can be called by a follower of Mohammed. Mrs. Scott sent me from the States a large bunch of newspaper clippings, denouncing the governor for his action; many of our good people here at home threw a fit over it. But all their indignation was totally misplaced, for the Moros did not care enough about it even to discuss it among themselves.

Approaching Manila the sultan asked if I thought they would give him a salute on arrival, saying that the English always gave him a salute at Singapore, and he thought his own government ought to do as well by him as the English. This was a sore point since the abrogation of the Bates Agreement; the sultan's status had never since been defined, and I

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knew well that all dealings with royalty had gone by the board. I advised him not to count on it; I knew they would not give me one, a major of cavalry, and he could hardly expect it if his governor did not get one, which explanation seemed to satisfy him completely, for he was usually a docile little fellow.

The next morning we all assembled on deck, dressed up to call on the governor-general and the Philippine Commission. I had rather expected that they would be dressed in their native costumes, but instead they appeared in the heavy black broadcloth frock-coats that constituted the civilian uniform of the Orient, wearing a fez in place of a topper, and no necktie. The sultan wore his collar buttoned upside down, possibly because of unfamiliarity with such devices of infidels, but I always felt that if a sultan wanted to wear his collar upside down, or wrong end to, or any other way, who was I to interfere with him?

I pleaded the sultan's case before the commission, which graciously awarded him a regular stipend of five thousand pesos and each of his suite fifteen hundred. The commission also gave me five thousand pesos to purchase presents for them on its behalf. I wanted to get something notable in canes—a regular high-flyer—so that the sultan might retire the one given him by the Spaniards, who use the cane as a badge of office. I searched the Escolta from end to end, finding at last, at one store, a stick of solid ivory without a head, and at another a gold head studded with sapphires, and had them assembled. The gifts were presented by the Commission with appropriate words, and the sultan was immensely pleased with his cane, confiding to me that he would now put the sultan of Johore (near Singapore) completely in the shade. His pleasure was enhanced when I told him that not even President Roosevelt had a cane like that, tactfully refraining from adding that it was far too flashy for the president.

We went to see the great Bilibid Prison, and while waiting for the main door to open the doorkeeper came out and started to shove the sultan rudely out of the way. I caught the turnkey by the arm and spun him roughly up against the door and told him to keep his hands off the sultan; it pleased them all greatly that I should be willing to manhandle a white man in defense of the sultan.

When we had stepped inside, the heavy iron door closed behind us with a clang, locking with a loud noise; then door after door locked behind us until we got up into the citadel, where the military eye of Hadji Abdula took in the machine-gun emplacements with pleasure. Here I suddenly remembered that I had an engagement with the governor-general, and leaving the Moros with Captain Dorey, I excused myself and left. They looked at each other with anguish, thinking, "He is going to leave us in prison with all those doors locked behind us!" I accused them of it later, but they were far too polite to acknowledge that they ever suspected me of unfair dealing.

We drove about the Walled City, where Hadji Butu made a wise remark for a man brought up out of contact with civilization. Noticing the great number of churches in Manila, he said, "If the Spaniards had built school-houses instead of some of these churches, they might be governing here yet."

I had given Hadji Abdula a pair of shoes, which he wore in my honor, but he confided to me that they hurt him dreadfully and asked if I would mind if he took them off, and he shed them then and there.

When we stopped alongside the Luneta to listen to the music, according to the custom of all Manila, the Hadji drew his *barong*, and went out to dance his war-dance on the parade, carrying it out with great spirit, and remarking with an air of the greatest satisfaction upon his return to us, "It is a long time since any Moro has done that here." The Filipinos did not know what to make of such a man and it was

only my presence as a guarantee of peace that kept them from fleeing out of sight. They would cross over the street rather than meet and pass him, and walk around him at a distance. They had never seen such a creature; neither had I for that matter, and I never expect to see another.

I thought it probable that there were splinters of lead or copper imbedded in my hands and wanted to have them X-rayed at the Letterman General Hospital. While on the way I told the Moros that I was going to show them their own bones through the flesh, through a closed box. I saw them look at each other as if to say: "Our governor must be losing his mind! Look at one's bones through a closed box indeed!"

When we got out I asked if they had all seen their bones. They said, "Yes, as you said; through a closed box." "Well, friends," I said, "you didn't believe me when I told you about that." But they were far too polite to admit their disbelief. "You Moros don't know everything there is to know. You do know, however, that I've never told you anything that was not true, and many things may happen at Joló that you may not understand, and if you are ever inclined not to believe what I tell you, I want you to remember about these bones."

The good treatment accorded the sultan rebounded to the great credit of the commission. In their minds all the returning *hadjis* were more loyal and devoted to the government than ever. They had asked to have some of the commission's money expended for textiles for their women and children; and coming home laden with presents, after having escaped the fate of Sultan Alimudin, they cast ridicule on those who had been afraid to go and who were now filled with envy of those who had. The sultan flaunted himself bravely as the first sultan of Sulu who had dared to go to Manila since 1762.

Another law against which I protested strongly provided for the collection of a head-tax of one peso from every adult male; I pointed out that the Moros had gone to war with the Span-

iards for a similar attempt to collect a tax of one real (five cents in gold) from the Moros. For some reason the attempt to collect the tax was regarded by the Moros as an attack upon Islam, but although I pleaded vehemently against the tax, my arguments went unheeded.

If the object of the Commission was to obtain a revenue from the Moro people, I might, if given an opportunity, have devised a plan to collect it in some other way that would not have conflicted with their religion. Their scruples may have been ridiculous, but they were a condition that we had to contend with; and any one who tries to govern one hundred thousand primitive people, especially followers of the Prophet, solely by his own will, without respect to native beliefs, even though he may consider them silly, will surely have to pay in one way or another.

Jamalul Kiram, the sultan, was a boy when the Spanish attempt to impose a poll-tax was made. Datto Harun promised to collect the tax on condition that he be recognized as sultan; and the Spanish government attempted to thrust him upon the Moro people, who rose in revolt, causing both projects to end in failure. The Spanish were not able to carry out their intentions; and after a good deal of fighting Jamalul Kiram offered them a way out, promising likewise to collect the tax if the Spaniards would recognize him as sultan. It happened that the great bulk of the Moros desired Jamalul Kiram as their leader, and the Spaniards joyfully accepted his offer as a settlement of both questions. Thereupon the sultan tried to collect the tax and failed; and as he was well aware that if he persisted he would be killed by his own people, he paid the amount of the tax to the Spaniards out of his own pocket.

Thus what really happened was in effect that Jamalul Kiram bought the sultanship from the government of Spain, and the tax was never collected from the Moro people, all effort to that end being abandoned until 1905.

The attempt to collect revenue was most ill advised at this stage of progress, and it was a costly experiment in the end. I might have promulgated the law and let it go at that without any real attempt to carry it out, but that is not my idea of duty. I tried to enforce all the laws in the easiest manner, whether I liked them or not, for anarchy is invited when we attempt to choose which laws we will obey and which we will not.

I did not promulgate the law openly for some time, utilizing the delay in secret conferences with the heads of districts, individually and separately, to try to get them to promise to collect the tax, each in his own section. They all demurred at this. While desirous of pleasing me, they knew the danger and were most reluctant to promise, and for a long while I despaired of success; every one of them, including the sultan, feared he would be murdered by his own people, for it did not take much to get one's self killed in those days. This was the occasion when the sultan asked me not to pull my watch on him, as before related. They had very good reason to fear assassination, for Maharaja Jagi of Talipau was shot and badly wounded by his people at his first attempt to collect, and efforts against others were frustrated only with difficulty.

They all promised me secretly and separately to do their best, and I did not call a convention for public ratification until these separate promises were all received. Then a council of all the chiefs was called with great anxiety on my part, for it was one thing to promise me secretly and something else to come out publicly before all the people, with no opportunity to draw back. Would the sultan stand by his word, when in this case it was such a difficult and dangerous thing for him to do? The attempt at tax collection had once brought on war with all the Moros; why not again? I went to the meeting with many misgivings.

All the chiefs attended, and I explained the dangerous nature



of the subject from my point of view; they were well aware of its danger from theirs. They were all seated in the office about a large table in the order of their rank. The sultan, when asked what action he was going to take, requested he be allowed to pay the first peso and take out the first receipt, and he paid it then and there and got his receipt No. 1.

Jokanain and Calbi demurred somewhat in a last effort to get me to relent, but they finally paid, as did Bandahalla and the others, leaving Indanan, who was then the most powerful chief in Sulu (since the death of Hassan) to the last. We all watched Indanan with apprehension; he had the power to ruin the whole thing. He was considered the arch-villain of Sulu, and former governors had left it in the records that there would be no peace or order in Sulu as long as Indanan was alive. Surely peace or war with Sulu depended upon his attitude in this issue, for if he stood out against the tax, all the other rebels would flock to him, and the tumult would be everywhere instead of being confined as heretofore within the very narrow limits of a part of a district at a time. All eyes were upon him as I put my question to him in his turn and he stood up to answer.

I think he sensed the dramatic element in the situation himself, as he slowly rose to his feet and answered, "If any man in my district refuses to pay the tax I will twist his neck!" So far had we progressed from April, 1903, when the same man had stoned and spit on a squadron of cavalry!

Indanan paid his tax and got his receipt, and so all the chiefs were committed to the success of the project, but it remained to be seen whether they would be able to collect from their people. Each one was given a bundle of blank receipts, and they started out to their districts with dire misgivings.

When Maharaja Jagi was wounded I sent out and brought him into the hospital for treatment and told the surgeon to give him at my expense everything he wanted to eat permitted

by his condition, and to see to it that his food was cooked free from any defilement with pork. On one of my visits to him I asked if he was getting everything he wanted to eat, and enjoying all those things that come in glass and tin from Spain and the United States. He answered, "My father, if you wish to know what I really want to eat, I would like you to get some Moro boy to boil me some mountain rice and dried fish." This food would be absolutely tasteless to you or me, but his taste had never been vitiated by spice or other condiments. I used to think that rice was just rice, but I have learned that there are three hundred and fifty varieties, of which he preferred the mountain rice; and he got it.

The Moros always boil their rice, and the boiling is a measure of time. To the question, "How long will it take to accomplish something?" the answer may be "Just as long as it takes to cook a pot of rice"; in other words, about half an hour.

After some days the chiefs began to bring in money; one hundred, two hundred, and five hundred pesos at a time. Calbi brought in more than two thousand, Indanan over three thousand, and others in proportion until approximately fifteen thousand pesos had been obtained. This seemed all very well until it was learned that a large band, mainly of Jokanain's and Indanan's followers to the number of two hundred, had run off with their families and goods to the top of Bud Daho, the highest mountain in Sulu, with a crater containing abundant water, and had proceeded to fortify themselves up there and plant a crop in the crater, joined by malcontents from other districts. Bud Daho was a very difficult nut to crack, and I did not want to be obliged to assault it. The Moros had discovered that I could take any of their forts, and if I should fail here it would be a perpetual stronghold for insurgents within five miles of Joló, and I did not want them to learn how difficult it really was, and have to contend with it more than once.

It was plain that many good Americans would have to die before it could be taken, and, after all, what would they be dying for? In order to collect a tax of less than a thousand dollars from savages! Obviously the thing to do was to get the rebels down off that mountain peacefully before it became necessary to make an assault.

The different chiefs were sent up the mountain to try to induce their people to come down, and the matter was treated quite as though this were just like any other fort. Jokanain, Calbi, and Indanan made a number of visits to the top—each quite a task in itself in that tropical climate—and in the course of time, with the delivery to me of fifty rifles and a quantity of ammunition, worked them all off and back to their homes below, with the exception of twelve men and their families. These twelve asked permission to stay until their crops were harvested, promising to come down then.

While I gave no orders to cease collecting the tax, and the chiefs kept on bringing in a peso or two every now and then, I forbore from pressing the matter lest those who still failed to pay be frightened into running away again, preferring to rely upon the chiefs themselves for ultimate total payment.

The situation continued very tranquil all autumn until I went up to Zamboanga for three days at Thanksgiving, when upon returning I found that some unknown trouble-maker had told the Moros as soon as I had left that I was going to attack them for failure to pay, and they had run off again and were beating their war-gongs on top of Bud Daho in expectation of immediate attack, and the work of getting them down had to be started all over again.

The chiefs were sent up the mountain again and again with more or less success each time. But one of Jokanain's men declared that he would not come down for Jokanain, for Calbi, for the governor, or for anybody else, and would die before he would pay the tax.

Somebody told me that this person was very anxious to get a dog; dogs were scarce in Sulu, and he had never had one of his own. I was a long time finding one, since they do not thrive in that tropical climate, but at length I told Jokanain to bring him in under safe-conduct, and gave him the dog, with which he was delighted, carrying it all the way home in his arms on his horse. Telling Jokanain that the governor was not such a bad man after all, he not only paid his tax but brought down his family and all his following to settle below. He was sixty years old and had lived all his life within eight miles of Joló without ever having seen the town before. It had not been fashionable to visit the Spaniards except as *juramentados* in their times.

Only eight men remained on top of Bud Daho with their families by Christmas-time, and these were very peaceable and could be brought down one or two at a time if gently handled; once their tax was paid they would have no incentive to run away again. This was the condition when I left for a four month's leave in the United States in January, 1906, with peace everywhere else in the archipelago.

A while before all the excitement created by the poll-tax and during an unwontedly quiet interlude, the party headed by William H. Taft, secretary of war, came through on one of the interisland transports, enlivening us for a time. The admiral came with the group on his flagship, the *Rainbow*, from Cavite, and in the party were Senators Francis Warren, Nathan B. Scott, and Charles Curtis, Nicholas Longworth and Mr. Arthur Woods, later to become the famous head of the New York police.

Senator Scott insisted on taking Mrs. Scott into the interior alone in an ambulance; he had seized the ambulance of the secretary before anybody noticed him. The chances were too good for their being brought back in sections, as has happened on that road before and since, and so I headed them off and

brought them back, uttering growls of resentment because they were not to go where they wanted.

Before my arrival, a poor Moro of Joló had had his little boat, loaded with all his goods, run down in the middle of the night and sunk by a vessel of the Quartermaster Department, in the Sulu Sea. No one would listen to his claim for reimbursement. I showed the claim to Senator Warren on his visit at this time, who took it home with him and secured payment, much to the joy of the people of Joló. This was a great object-lesson in convincing the natives of the justice of the American people. Spanish rule, as well as that of the Moros themselves, had been, "Take all you can from every body you can."

#### A VISIT HOME

My squadron of the Fourteenth Cavalry was almost due to return to the United States, and when the Taft party arrived we were looking forward joyfully to rejoining our families in the United States. This was changed for me, however, by Secretary Taft, who asked me to stay another year, and I saw my friends and squadron depart without me.

I had never felt really at home in Joló, for I had spent so much of my life on the open plains of the West that I could not reconcile myself to the work in the jungle. I had expected to remain in the Philippines for one year only, for when we came out of Cuba President Roosevelt had said to me: "You will be the next superintendent at West Point. I want to keep Mills there another year." He kept him there four years, however, and I thought his promise had been forgotten.

When Mrs. Scott was allowed by her physician to come out she brought with her our grown daughter, Anna, and our youngest, Houston, then four years old, leaving the other children in school. I had had no opportunity to make Houston's acquaintance since she was old enough to know me and

the look she gave me the first time I dared to correct her was very revealing; she did not propose to be corrected by a strange man.

She soon became a great favorite with the Moro men and women that came to the house. A dozen of those blood-stained murderous old warriors, covered with the scars of conflict, came up one morning before I was dressed, and as they sat in our drawing-room, chewing their betel-nuts with their black teeth, and chattering in their strange dialect, Houston went in with her flaring little white starched skirts and received them with all the grace of a lady of the *haute monde* and charmed them all. They had never seen anybody like her before and always inquired for her thereafter.

I found her one day in the park in the charge of her nurse playing London Bridge with a little group composed of a Filipino, a Chinese, a Japanese, and a Moro girl all of the same age brought for exercise to the park—all beautifully dressed, making a charming international or rather interracial group, and with them was Charley Schück's little girl, part German and part Moro, who is now a graduate of the University of Manila and an important person in Joló.

In January, 1905, I began to suffer from a pain in the head. The doctor could not fully diagnose the trouble and advised me to go home before I got a brain lesion which I could never get over. Generals Corbin and Wood urged me to take a leave, but I was having difficulty then with Paruka Utig, who was depredating in Indanan's country. I had had him settled once, but something had thrown him off again, and I knew that we were going to fight sooner or later, and told them I could not go until that fight was over.

Mrs. Scott was sailing for home and wanted me to go as far as Japan with her, but I felt that I could not leave until Paruka Utig was settled one way or another, and so she left without me. The fight culminated in June, and I told General

Wood that I was now ready to go, but the general had to go at once to the United States himself, and said that it would be impossible for us both to be away at the same time, and so I agreed to wait until his return. About the time he returned to Manila, General Corbin was taken ill and went to Australia to recuperate, keeping General Wood in Manila until his return, which resulted in my not getting leave until January 5, 1905, just a year after I was first taken ill.

I found the sea voyage cleared away my head trouble completely, and I was convinced that I had had a form of malaria from which I had suffered in one form or another since 1882 in South Dakota. It has come back at longer intervals until I believe I am entirely over it now.

Arriving in New York, I went over to call on General Wade, commanding at Governor's Island, and while talking to him in his office his aide, Colonel Glasgow, came in and announced the news of a big battle with the Moros at Joló in which fifty soldiers and six hundred Moros had been killed, with many more wounded. The hallway downstairs was full of newspaper correspondents seeking some one who could tell them anything about Joló. I bade the general good-by and, being in civilian clothes, slipped unnoticed through the crowd of reporters and bought a paper on Broadway, giving an account of the fight. I saw at once that New York was no place for me, and that the newspaper men would rout me out at once if I went home; so I told a friend in Yonkers that I had come to stay with him until the clouds rolled by, and I could not be found for ten days, until Secretary Taft wanted to see me in Washington, where he questioned me on Joló. I told him I had left everybody at peace there in December, and I did not know what had happened in the meantime but supposed that the Moros had got excited again over the payment of the head-tax and had gone up on Bud Daho for the third time, and that the fight had probably occurred in getting them down. He told me

to get what I had told him typewritten, to be taken over to the cabinet meeting at eleven o'clock; I got two stenographers at work on it and handed it to him just in time. I had talked rather freely to him as secretary of war, far more freely than if I had been talking to the press. He handed it out, however, to the correspondents at the White House, and it was put in the "Congressional Record."

When I was visiting the War Department, General Barry, then the assistant chief of staff, told me I was slated to be the next superintendent of West Point, and when asked for his authority replied that he had seen a statement in the press that General Mills was to be relieved soon, either by General Carter, General Barry, or General Bliss; and Barry had shown it to President Roosevelt, saying that if it was coming to him he would like to have it. The President said, "It is not coming to any of you; it is coming to Scott," all of which sounded quite encouraging.

So when it became time for me to start back to the Philippines, I thought I would go to see President Roosevelt and let him look at me as a reminder and if he intended to make a change at West Point he could stop me from making the unnecessary and long journey to the Philippines. I went to the White House, where he looked at me and I looked at him, but neither of us mentioned West Point, although I gave him plenty of opportunity. Finally I asked him if he had any message for General Wood in Manila, and took my leave, under the impression that he was not going to make the change that year, or had made up his mind to appoint some one else. He volunteered the information that he was considering whether to give the next vacancy as a brigadier-general to me or to Pershing, but when he made the award it was to neither of us but to Colonel Bubb of the infantry.

When I had been back in Joló about a month, I was cabled to go to West Point. If the President had stopped me from



going at the time of my interview with him, it would have saved me twenty-two thousand miles of unnecessary travel. But the one month back in Joló was not without its interests.

I spent one day in San Francisco on my way back to the Philippines, staying at the Palace Hotel, the army caravansary of that day; it was destroyed three days afterward. We were horrified to hear, on arrival at Honolulu, of the earthquake in San Francisco and the burning of a large part of the city.

I bought some young aguacate trees at Honolulu to take back to Joló, to give the Sulu Archipelago a new fruit. I tended and watered them all the way to Manila and eight hundred miles south to Sulu, with the greatest care, but my labors were all in vain.

I made a short visit to my son, Hunter, and his wife at a little post in the neighborhood of Manila, and sailed for Joló on the first ship.

I found General Buchanan at Zamboanga, an old friend for many years, in charge of the Moro Province. He invited Colonel Maus, Captains Finley and McCoy, and me to go with him on the *Borneo* to the island of Celebes, one of the Dutch possessions. The short trip was exceedingly interesting, and we gathered nutmegs, scarlet and green parrots, skins of the birds of paradise, and other treasures at the various islands we visited.

Arriving back at Joló, I found Jokanain, Calbi, and Indanan much displeased over the Bud Daho fight. They all said "that fight would never have happened if you had been here," but I am not so sure. I am sure, however, that the loss of life would have been much less, for the place I had indicated for the assault, if it should be necessary, was taken by one company without casualty, but was not held for lack of support; whereas the main assault took place on the other side of the mountain where it was most difficult, and where many men were killed and wounded.

I was very proud of the conduct of the pack-train, which never took off its aparejos for forty-eight hours, working night and day without escort, carrying food and ammunition up on the mountain, taking water and ice to the wounded, and bringing down the dead and injured. When I first got that pack-train it had been allowed to deteriorate, the packers, who had nothing to occupy them, spending most of their time drinking and gambling. I put them all to work, making them travel at least twelve miles a day, five times a week, with dummy loads to harden the mules and keep everything in shape. They became much displeased at that and began to resign. The pack-master thought that he was indispensable and brought in his resignation one day, expecting that it would not be accepted, but I told him to clear out and leave Joló; I could do everything myself that he could do in a pack-train, and he was not at all necessary to me. The train was soon reorganized with new men, who were not allowed to drink and gamble, but worked every day while in garrison and were hard and ready when we took the field. I infused pride into them by showing them off to all the distinguished visitors that came to Joló—the commanding generals and the admirals of the navy—continually training them until they could start with the rigging on the ground, put it securely on the mule, and lash a load of two hundred pounds in forty seconds. When the Bud Daho fight happened, the train was at a high pitch of efficiency and *esprit*.

When we fought Laksamana Usap, I wanted to make a breach in his wall for which my one .75 and four mountain-guns were inadequate, but Captain Walker of the navy came into port with his gunboat, from whom I borrowed one of his naval guns—mounted on a sort of steel skirt bolted to the deck—that would fire armor-piercing projectiles. He put the gun and its mount on the beach, and I got some wagon harness from the quartermaster, and hitched up four pack-mules to the .75 on its carriage, lashing the naval gun on top. But how

could we carry the naval gun mount weighing 540 pounds? I had once sat by the fire of an old man camped on the Red Water in the Black Hills of Dakota in 1884; he had been one of Tom Moore's packers when they used to pack castings up into the mines in the Salmon River Mountains in Idaho, and he told me how they did it. I selected the best mule in the train, put the gun mount on him, and had him led up to the firing-line, with the load prevented from swaying by jackies on each side. We had no deck to bolt the mount to, and when we fired the first shot the gun turned upside down. The jackies then lashed the muzzle down to some heavy stakes driven into the ground, but it jerked out the stakes and upset again. I do not know where those projectiles went. We were then at a loss how to hold down the gun, when suddenly I had an inspiration and ordered a palm tree cut down, and the gun was lashed to the stump which was held steady by the roots, and we cracked those huge volcanic boulders of lava and breached the wall, afterward lashing the mount on the same mule, and turning gun and mount over to the navy again on the beach.

In this battle the present chief signal officer of the army, General Saltzman, and I, with Major Lewis of the Medical Corps, were hiding behind a tall weed that was by no means bullet-proof, within fifty feet of the breach, when a soldier came up from behind on a little trail and, struck by a bullet, pitched head forward down to the ground. Major Lewis jumped right out and took his head in his lap, in full view of the breach through which the bullet had come. I could see that the man was dead and that nothing could be done for him, so I pulled Lewis out of sight again behind our weed. When at last we had to assault, Lieutenant Ashurst raised his head above the wall, and a spear struck him in the eye and put it out. The nine Moros alive in the fort ran up a white flag, and my men, knowing my feelings on such matters, ceased firing at

once without orders from me, and Schück told the Moros to put down their weapons and come out. Two of them tried to kill Schück and a sergeant, but were both shot before they could effect their purpose. The other seven laid down their arms and came out, one carrying a little boy with a bullet through his hand, a most pitiful sight. Some of the men had bullet-wounds also, which were all cared for by the surgeon.

I asked them afterward what they were doing there; had they any grievance against the government, against me or any white man? They all said they had not. "What are you doing here then?" I asked. "We are poor people," they replied; "we are not chiefs; our chief told us to come here and fight. We didn't want to come, but if we had not he would have cut our heads off."

Those seven men were all that we were ever able to save alive in a fight in that *cotta*, and I think we were able to save them only because they had no proud chief left alive with them, who would rather die than surrender. The head chief here, Laksamana Usap, had bought some charms from an Arab, which, buried on each corner of the fort, were supposed to stop the soldier's bullets and permit him to catch cannon-balls in his hands. The poor wretch tried to do it and is buried in his fort.

The Arab who sold him the charms was captured, with seven hundred pesos derived from the sale of similar frauds, and the money was taken away from him; a ticket to Singapore on the next ship was bought him with some of it. The ticket and remainder of the money was given to the captain with instructions to keep him from landing at Borneo, and he was told he would be killed if he ever came back to Sulu. The principal Arab in Sulu complained of this treatment of a fellow Arab. I said to him: "All you Arabs take advantage of your coming from Mecca to make trouble wherever you go. You know very well the Spaniards never allowed you here at all.

Now you go away and tell all your people that if I ever hear of them selling any charms to get these poor Moros into trouble, you will go to Singapore too—and you will never come back.”

On another occasion there were many Moros outside the fort firing from the jungle on our rear and flanks, and Captain Dorey, while fighting to the front, got a bullet through his shoulder from the rear. I managed to catch the two chiefs involved, and before putting them on the ship to send them into Joló I carefully explained to them that they were going to be put in jail in Joló, but that their lives would be spared if they would not try to escape or do any damage to anybody, and they both promised to obey. They were taken off the ship at Joló and, arriving at the jail door, one of them seized a Krag rifle from a guard but was knocked down by a bullet before he could fire it. He was taken at once to the hospital and put on the operating-table, and when the surgeon bent over to examine him, he took a heavy brass betel-nut box he carried in the sash around his waist, rose up, and threw it at the surgeon with all his might, and fell back dead from the effort. The only damage he did was to smash a lot of empty bottles.

His companion quietly allowed himself to be locked up, as he had promised, and behaved himself well for six months and was allowed to go back home to Look. He used frequently to visit me in Joló afterward in the most friendly way.

Another Moro with whom I was quite chummy was badly wounded in a fort and lay unconscious for a long while under a pile of dead. He gained consciousness in the middle of the night when relatives came and took their dead off of him for burial. I asked him what he was thinking about while lying there. He said he was looking about for his white horse with a green mane that ought to have been there to take him to

paradise, and thought some one had taken it, and he had been victimized. I asked whether he had been there fighting because of any grievance against anybody. He said, no, he had no grievance against anybody; he was only there because he had been told to come, and he bore no hard feeling for having been wounded. He often came to see me at Joló, and we were the best of friends. None of them ever seemed to feel any rancor toward me. I thought after our first fight in Look that the relatives of the dead would never forget it, and that I would never be able to go back to Look in a friendly way, but it was all apparently forgotten on my next visit, within a few months.

I was always exceptionally fortunate in keeping the people in the fort isolated, and those of the neighboring districts neutral and often helpful, especially in getting women and children out of the fort before our approach.

We were long in anxiety over Lieutenant Ashurst lest the point of the spear had penetrated his brain, or blood-poison set in, but he recovered fully with the loss of one eye.

Poor Jewell—lieutenant, Fourteenth Cavalry—was shot through the body with a big lead slug in a previous fight, and when I reached him he was lying calmly on the ground with his head on a blanket. I told him of my sorrow at his wound, and he replied, "Don't feel that way, colonel; it's only the fortune of war." He had been in the medical department and knew that the wound was fatal and that he had but a short time to live, but he did not seem to mind it in the least. I have seen others die—in full health one minute, struck down the next. I think there may be some chemical change in the blood when death is near that renders one indifferent to death's approach; or it may be the result of a realization of the inevitable.

Jewell died the next day in the hospital at Joló.

## RARITIES OF SULU

From Hadji Butu, oracle of wisdom and knowledge, I learned much about the island, and in fact about the entire archipelago.

I once asked him if the big spotted deer, running wild on the island of Sulu (of which we had seven at one time running loose in the streets of Joló inside the wall), were indigenous. He said, no, they were not; there had been a wedding in the family of a sultan of Sulu about two hundred years ago, at which ten of these deer were demanded in the dowry. They were brought from somewhere on the other side of Borneo and turned loose on the island of Sulu, and they were the ancestors of these we now see. They are very different from those that run wild on the other islands and resemble those in the park of the governor-general of Java at Buitenzorg, where we saw about seventy-five. I understand that they are called axis-deer.

I also asked Hadji Butu if there had ever been any elephants in Sulu. He replied, "Yes, the ancestor of that man [pointing at Datto Calbi] ten generations ago killed the last one because they destroyed our crops." "Were they indigenous to Sulu?" I inquired. He replied, "No, the first ones were brought here as a present from the sultan of Java to the sultan of Sulu."

To the same question regarding the elephants of Borneo he answered that the first ones had been brought to Borneo as presents to the sultan of Brunai from the sultan of Java. Brunai has since become an English crown colony.

He was asked upon another occasion how it was that there were mangosteens on the island of Sulu and not elsewhere in the Philippines. He answered that there had been a trading party from Sulu in the Malay Peninsula about two hundred and fifty years ago which had brought back articles for trade

to Sulu, and that one man in the party had been too poor to bring back any goods, so he brought mangosteen seeds to Sulu and started them growing.

The mangosteen is said to be the most delicious fruit in the world, but it does not lend itself to transportation, and in consequence few of our people know it. It grows in India, Java, the Spice Islands, Celebes, and the Moluccas, and I saw a very few in Borneo. Queen Victoria had heard of it and was said to have offered a hundred pounds for one fruit, but was never able to get one. They cannot be carried any farther than Manila, where they are sometimes seen in the markets. There is an abundance of them in Sulu. They taste like a combination of peaches and strawberries; the acid in them will roughen the teeth if too many are eaten.

The mangosteen season came on before the arrival of Mrs. Scott at Joló and fearing that she might never see one I had some frozen in a block of ice and others put in a refrigerator to allow her to see what they were like, but they all molded inside of the outer cover before her arrival. The trees were gallant enough, however, to provide a second crop for her benefit.

Desirous of spreading such a delicious fruit around the world, I had many packets of the seed done up and sent by mail to the governors of California, New Mexico, Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana, and Texas, of all the provinces of Cuba, of the Windward and Leeward islands, of the West Indies, of Brazil, as well as of Central America; in fact, wherever I thought they would grow in the Western Hemisphere. I got many letters of thanks, but have never heard of a single tree resulting. It takes eight years for the mangosteen to fruit, however, and there is ample time in eight years to have forgotten the source of the seeds.

Wishing to encourage the raising of the mangosteen on the other islands of the archipelago, I made it a custom in the



mangosteen season to ask visitors from the other islands if they liked mangosteens and had any on their island, knowing well that they had not. I would then ask why not, and would always be told that it was because their ancestors did not plant them. I would next ask if it was because their ancestors were too lazy to plant them, to which they would reluctantly assent. They would then be asked if they wanted those who came after to say the same things about them, that they had been too lazy to plant. They always repudiated such a desire, and, when asked what they were going to do about it, invariably replied that they were going to take some seeds home and plant them; and while I have heard nothing about the result, I have hopes that the mangosteen is growing all over the southern islands.

They have a very good mango in Sulu; not so large as that of Cebu, but I prefer its taste. The largest and finest mangos I have ever eaten were in Bombay. The mango is very full of a sweet juice, and it has been often said that the only place to eat it is in the bath-tub.

The only oranges we got at Joló came from Brunai; a little orange, somewhat larger than a tennis-ball, but very sweet and heavy with juice.

I do not remember seeing a pineapple in the Philippines, or a fig. This seems strange, for they should flourish.

The cocoanuts of Sulu are the largest in the world. We often bought them for the troops on the march, where there was no water. The *agua de coco* was always cool and delicious. The cocoanut trees themselves are far larger and straighter than those of Cuba and Hawaii, resembling the royal palm of Cuba, especially when their roots grow in salt water. One growing outside my quarters in Joló was two and a half feet in diameter at the base, straight and tall as a royal palm, and the nuts each contained more than a quart of water.

My yard contained a number of pomelo (grapefruit) trees,

planted by the Spanish governor. Their fruit was very bitter to the taste, and it took me two years to learn to eat them.

There were chocolate and coffee trees growing there, with the scarlet hibiscus and tall ylang-ylang trees with their delicious perfume. The breadfruit and durian thrive in Sulu, but I was not intended by nature for them. The Moros eat them with much gusto, and their *cottas* are unspeakable in the durian season. Some white men say they like them; McCoy tried to make me believe that he was partial to them, but I could never hold my nose long enough to try again. I well remember the first one we tried on the *Borneo* on our entry into Joló. After cutting it open we threw it overboard as quickly as we could, agreeing "never again" to cut another. Just then General Wood came out of his cabin, sniffed once or twice, and remarked that he thought the ship's plumbing must be out of order.

The lichee grows wild in the woods and may be eaten, if you have nothing else. The Chinese are very fond of it and dry it for the sake of the seed.

The papaya is very much esteemed and is eaten at breakfast with sugar, or at lunch as a salad. It is the same fruit that they call *fruta de bomba* in Havana.

The mangosteen, mango, and papaya are real fruits. All the others that have come to my knowledge in the tropics would not be liked in the United States, with our abundance of superior fruits.

The Orient seems to do something to fruits that causes them to deteriorate inside, while the outside may still be beautiful. I saw some delicious looking pears in Canton and threw myself upon them with a cry of joy—"just like something from home." But when I bit into one, I found it much as if I had bitten into a sawdust doll, and I threw them all away.

The island of Tawi Tawi is especially noted for its hardwood trees—blood narra, ipil wood, and so on. The island of Sulu has some teak forests, and ebony grows on certain of the

near-by islands, as well as wild rubber, of which the only use that is made is to put rubber heads on the drumsticks.

Some of the islands of the archipelago are of coral formation, others of volcanic origin; and among them the tides sweep back and forth in currents of great velocity, the waters alive with tropical fish.

The soil of the island of Java is composed mainly of volcanic ash, which is said to be the most fertile in the world; but the soil of Sulu is composed of the same substance and is fully as fertile. The rapid growth of its plants reminds me of the story of Jack and the Beanstalk. Almost every hill and mountain in Sulu is an extinct volcano, with craters on top of the mountains often filled with lakes of the finest water.

The domestic animals are three: a cow that has a high hump whose ancestors probably originated in India; a pony that may have come from Sandalwood Island; and the water buffalo that pulls a wooden plow. This last animal has a grudge against the white race, whose members do better to have no dispute with him, for he does not know when enough is enough. He is a good work animal, provided he gets water frequently enough, and can be managed by a little Moro boy of the size of your thumb astride his neck, but white men very properly pass by on the other side, giving him a wide berth.

#### THE FRUITS OF THREE YEARS

As I have said, it was not long after my return from leave that I received the cable offering me the command of West Point. General Tasker Bliss, who had relieved General Buchanan at Zamboanga, forwarded me the message accompanied by a letter of his own advising me not to accept. He said that I had already accomplished far more toward the civilization of the Moros than anybody in the Orient ever thought possible, but that I had not finished my work; besides, he said, I

would be nothing but a constructing quartermaster for the new buildings at West Point, and I would much better remain at Joló. However, since I had already been a year over my time at Joló at Secretary Taft's request, and knew that work at Joló could never be completed in my lifetime, while I had succeeded in laying the foundation for some one else to build on, and that I would never be offered another opportunity like West Point, which had been the command of a general officer since the Spanish War, I cabled my acceptance.

The fact of my approaching departure soon became known to everybody, and the sultan and *hadjis* came up in great indignation, saying that General Wood and the president had no right to take me away just when everything was going so well, and especially without giving them time to get ready to go with me—a far cry from their reluctance to go to Manila!

I told them that the United States was a vast country and I did not have money enough to go around over it myself, much less take them about with me. They conferred together a while and asked if ten thousand dollars would do it. I told them it would do part of it. "All right then," they said: "we will come afterward."

I made an inspection of the agricultural situation in Sulu and was surprised to find what a season of peace had really done for it. When we had first arrived one could ride straight through the country without disturbing the crops, which had been few and scattered, but now one could not ride in a straight line anywhere, finding it necessary to turn corners around the crops, which seemed to cover the whole country. Prosperity had indeed come to the Moros.

The Chinese, of whom there were some three thousand in the Sulu archipelago, seemed to feel my departure too. Our relations had been very close ever since the great typhoon that had destroyed their pier, wrecking our own, and blowing down some of the largest and finest trees in Joló. I had slept all

through the disturbance, but had been awakened at daylight and hurried down to the Chinese pier to prevent loss of life.

The Chinese pier was a platform built up on bamboo piles with little one-room board stores alongside, where a Moro could bring his jungle products, tie up his boat to the piling, and trade. The pier was built out along a bar over which the surf, at the time of the typhoon, was dashing twenty feet in the air. All the houses and property of the Chinese were floating in the bay.

The poor owners, wet and shivering with fear and cold, stood on the shore watching their belongings being carried away by the Samals, afraid to remonstrate lest they lose their heads as well as their goods.

The Samals are sea gypsies—Moros of a later migration from the Malay Peninsula than the Sulu Moros. They are born, live, and die in their little dugout canoes called *vintas*, fitted with sails and a bamboo outrigger, in which they do not hesitate to go out of sight of land, cooking their rice in a charcoal brazier. They shift about all over the archipelago, earning their livelihood by catching fish, part of which they eat and part dispose of, fresh or dried, in the shore markets in exchange for textiles, salt, rice, and munitions of war; for other than these they have no need. You may look out over an empty bay as you go to bed at night, to find a hundred Samal boats there in the morning; and they leave as silently as they come.

There were a hundred of these Samal boats held in by the surf over the bar so that they could not get out. I saw at a glance that they were robbing the Chinese and sent Captain Charles up to the barracks to turn out seven hundred men quickly to surround the Samals on three sides and compel them to disgorge their plunder. Their boats were searched under the guns of the soldiers, and they were made to bring back the brassware of the Chinese, which they had hidden in

the swamps, and to give up the hemp, pearl-shells, copra, bolts of calico, and other textiles half unrolled and soaked with sea-water; a huge tangled mass that was turned over to the Captain Chinaman for delivery to the owners, and the leading Samals were put in jail.

This prompt action in their defense delivered the Chinese colony into my hand, bag and baggage, and all our relations were most cordial thereafter. Anything I might want, from a cook to a criminal, I had only to mention to Tiana, the Captain Chinaman, and it was straightway forthcoming if it was in their power to secure it. I found the Chinese an excellent people to deal with, honest and peaceable, their worst faults, opium smoking and gambling, hurting them more than anybody else.

Now that I was going away and no longer could do them any good or evil, sixty of their principal men invited me to a real old-fashioned Chinese dinner, the sentiment of which I appreciated far more than the food, although the latter was *ne plus ultra* from their standpoint. The birds'-nest soup could have been duplicated—minus the feathers—by a twenty-five-cent box of gelatin and would have tasted just the same. My idea of an edible bird's-nest had always been like that of the rest of us—a robin's nest, all twigs and grass. But this Chinese tidbit is far different; it is a little transparent gelatin pocket of the size of a case for a small watch, built by a little swallow on the wall of a dark cave on an island near Borneo. The material looks like gelatin, with now and then a feather in it, which the Chinese wash out. The Spaniards say that this gelatin is the *baba*—the saliva of the swallow. Anyway, it comes out of the mouth of the bird and may come from seaweed. The bird is robbed of two sets of nests and is then left unmolested to raise its young. Most of the Sulu nests are exported to China, for I know of no other people that use them for food, and it brings twenty dollars a pound.

At this dinner I managed to eat some of the birds'-nest soup, some of the sharks' fins, and drink some of the warm champagne, but the *bêche de mer*—the long sea caterpillar, cut into lengths and dried in the sun—and the little black eggs, said to be a hundred years old, were a taste which my foreign devil stomach had not yet acquired, and I had to pass those courses by.

My last days at Joló were full of sadness. While I was glad to take my family to West Point and to leave the life that was often shut up in a tropical jungle, I felt sorry to leave the Moros, with whom many strong ties of mutual regard had been knit. I felt as does one who leads a child by the hand through the woods, then suddenly pulls his hand away, leaving the child to wander alone. But it could not be expected that I would stay all my life with the Moros. I was not a missionary but a soldier, who must follow his career wherever it took him; though if any little good can be accomplished for others on the way, it adds much to the satisfaction of such a life, and I look back to Joló with pleasure.

But one will ask what had been the result of the expenditure of so much blood and effort? What had come out of those three years of toil and danger?

It is given to no man to civilize a wild people overnight, as so many of our good citizens seem to expect. Neither may it be done in a generation, and often many generations are required. The best that any man can hope to do is to lay a solid foundation for others to build upon after him, and such was the foundation I sought to lay during those three years in Joló. It remained for the Moros to be carried along on the same lines, with firmness, kindness, and justice, to raise them, in time, high in the ranks of civilization; a proud, intelligent, and forceful people.

Here a letter received from Eddy Schück, three years later, may be of interest:



**GENERAL FRANK R. MC COY, A.D.C. TO PRESIDENT WILSON**





Joló, P. I.,  
6th Feb. 1909.

Colonel H. L. Scott,  
Superintendent,  
West Point.

Sir:

Many thanks for your kind wishes for the season and in return let me wish you long life and happiness.

You are the only one who has not forgotten Joló and its people, and I can assure you that you are not forgotten by them. If it is true that a man's ear will ring when others talk about him, yours must be ringing very often.

The only thing we all have against you is, you left us too soon; your work was not finished; most people say 6 months longer would have done it; but alas it could not be.

You are mentioned too often to do us good. I will not say who, but people are jealous of you; yes, if it had been Governor Scott, he would have done it so and so; well, people do not like to hear that. I am sure there are many people as clever as you are, but they don't understand; some lose their temper whilst talking with the Moros, a thing you never did. Some threaten and do not follow it out, a thing you always did. These two points will make or ruin any native country. When you were here and sent word to a chief to come, he would be there at the appointed hour, but now 5 letters would not bring him in, not because they want to fight but just because they know that they can do it without being punished.

There is a pirate now at large; he and his gang have killed three white men and more than thirty Chinos, Filipinos and Moros; they have destroyed more than one hundred thousand pesos' worth of property; they have been at it for over 18 months. Their gang started with four men and numbers now twenty-three. They are at it still and the Government seems powerless.

Oh, for Colonel Scott, just for another year. You would not need to move from your chair; you have the following here; you have the confidence; everybody knows that what you promise you will keep, good or bad; once said there is no turning back for you; everybody knows what he has got to expect if he opposes an order from you.

Cattle stealing, the root of all evil in Joló, is flourishing, worse than it ever has been, for the last 30 years; 6 months more and you

would have settled it for ever; everybody says so and it must be true. Shall I go on, writing you about the state of affairs here in Joló. No, I will not pull down what you build up. I will wait; some time the day may come, when a strong reign will be built on the foundation you laid. One day I mentioned in the office that I was going to write you a letter and everybody present asked me to mention him. I will not write their names, but we all liked you and we all respected you; we wish you back again, if only for one year.

Charlie is in Manila just now in charge of the Joló Moros for the carnival; so is Hadji Butu, Hadji Tahil and Panglima Jaji of Anuling, your truest followers who every one would put their life down for you; but they are not the only ones; even if you should not come back to Joló, you will live in the Moro songs for many years to come, and if the blessings of a people can do a man any good, surely you will be rewarded for the good you did in Joló.

Very respectfully,  
EDDY SCHÜCK.

[This outlaw was Jakiri who paralyzed the Sailing Commerce of Joló for two years until he was killed. The natives would not tell of his whereabouts. This case may be compared with that of Pala, whose location was reported within twenty-four hours. See p. 322.]

When it became time to turn over the command and civil governorship to my successor, I sent for all the head men of the islands, presented them to the new governor, and told them I wanted each one of them to put his hand in the hand of the new official and promise me to support him as strongly as though they were supporting me, and they all pledged themselves to me and to him. Only Indanan was a little dubious, but he ended by following suit, after asking what sort of a man the new governor was.

Returning to my quarters late one night, I heard some one stirring in the shadows of my drawing-room. It behooves one to look into such matters carefully in Joló lest a *juramentado* be waiting for him in the dark, so I struck a light to see who it was, ready to hit him with the lamp. It turned out to be Hadji Abdula, the only Moro allowed inside the walls after

dark. He had brought in his bedding and put it on the floor in the drawing-room and asked me, now that I was about to go away and he would probably never see me again, if he might not sleep there every night until my departure. When I went to bed he came and asked if he could not put his bed underneath mine—a Filipino bed of bamboo, high off the floor—and he slept there every night for ten nights. I was asked by different people if I was not afraid to have him in the room with me with his arms while I was asleep, but one might as well have been afraid of one's grandmother.

The officers of the post, in their hospitable way, invited me somewhere every night to dine, and invariably the *hadji* would be found, no matter how late, sitting on the steps, waiting in the darkness for us to go home together. How he always knew where to find me was an unsolved puzzle.

My Chinese butler used to look after my room and clothes while I was away at the office, as well as waiting on the table, and I would sometimes not see him for a month except at mealtime. But as soon as he heard the news of my departure he began to invent reasons to come in ten times a day, and each time he would break down and go out weeping. I had never seen this side of a Chinese before, and had always considered the race about as easily affected as a wooden post, but I know now that they are full of feeling for any one they trust.

When the inter-island transport made its monthly visit, my adjutant used to go on board to see whom I would want to invite to dinner, after which I would send for the Chinese cook and tell him that we would have ten or twenty additional guests for dinner. He would answer "All li," and return to his kitchen; and it would have been just the same if I told him to prepare for a hundred. The Chinese are honest and trustworthy to a remarkable degree, and not afraid of work. I wish I had two or three of them now.

I had often talked to Hadji Butu and the others about their

history, religion, and literature. They came up shortly before my departure with a present of an ancient book, a commentary on the Koran, that was said to have been brought from Mecca to Sulu by the first sultan of Sulu, Saripul Hassim, about the year 1400, and fully looked its age. It was written in Arabic in red and black ink, the colors of which were as distinct as the day it was written, and with it was the following letter, written in Joloano with Arabian script, and translated by Charley Schück:

This letter from your son, Haji Mohammed Panglina Ymam Mualam, to my father, Major Scott, Governor of Sulu.

I beg to inform you that there is a book called "Hadis," "The Word of all the Prophets." He who brought this book to Joló was Said Abu Bakal, about 500 years ago. He became afterward Sultan Saripul Hassim [First Sultan of Sulu, about A.D. 1400]. As my father has use for the Kitabs [Commentaries on the Koran] of our forefathers, we wish to present our father with the original, as we still retain copies. Because our father, the governor of Sulu, Major Scott, is very wise and very good to the Moros. He always gives his children, the Moro people, good advice, and he had their interest at heart. We have followed his advice, and we are very thankful to him, as we see that his advice has always been for our benefit. We became great, not small; we became wise, not stupid. Other Moros, who did not take his advice and would not obey his orders, they are dead; they died like beasts; as for us, we are still alive. The Moros are loving their father now and wish to be near him; they are following his advice to plant hemp, coconuts, and cultivate the ground. It is our wish that our father let our names be known to all the American people, big and small, and tell them about us; how we have supported the government.

We trust that our father comes back again and pays us a visit, the same as Governor Taft has done, who came to Joló twice. May God prolong the life of our father, and may God make him great. May our father become greater every year, and may he be happy and contented for ever and ever.

Greetings and best wishes to my father. May he forgive us if we have ever given him a moment of displeasure.

Written on Thursday, the thirteenth day of Jemad Alawal, in the year 1324.

HADJI MOHAMMED PANGLIMA MUALLAM.

Charles Schück, Official Interpreter.

July 5, 1906.

When we had first come to Joló they had insisted upon offering us all sorts of gifts, particularly of valuable pearls, of which I could have accumulated a hatful. They soon gave up the effort, however, for we never took anything from them.

The sultan had come in after he had heard of my running up the street after our first *juramentado* without arms, and seemed quite concerned. His slave carried his two-handed execution knife, which he presented to me, saying that I would be cut to pieces if I did not have something with which to defend myself. When I accepted it with thanks, he gave a sigh of relief, saying, "I was afraid you wouldn't take it."

The poor little man had come to me in great distress one day because the customs people were holding up a gorgeous uniform, covered with gold lace, which he had had made in Singapore, for payment of a duty of fifteen hundred pesos. This seemed a bit steep to me, especially since it did not interfere with any clothing industry in the Philippines, and I interceded for him in Manila and got the duty remitted, to his great joy.

Looking back upon our relationship of the past three years, I could not but feel a warm glow of appreciation and gratitude for the noble way in which Sultan Jamalul Kiram had cooperated with me. He had had little power for good, but that little he had used as I directed, since he had full confidence in my friendship for him and for the Moro people. He had had, on the other hand, immense power for evil as titular head of the religion of Islam, but he had never used it, although the reduction of his revenues by the Commission in Manila would have been cause enough for many in his place to revolt. He

had had only to proclaim to his subjects that the Americans were destroying their religion to bring all the Moros flocking to his standard, ready to the last man to die for the faith. He could have put forth his proclamation after starting for the Moluccas, the Spice Islands, or Celebes, thus removing himself from our power, but instead he was always loyal to the government.

Our relations toward each other had changed from time to time. While the Bates Agreement was in operation, it had been as if he were on the throne and I were sitting somewhere outside the door. After the abrogation of the agreement, it was as though we were both sharing the same throne; and later as if I were occupying the throne alone with the sultan sheltered under its protection.

I had protected him in every way in my power, in full recognition of his loyalty, and had put the adverse laws in effect as gently as I could, so that the shock was minimized. He had always regarded me as his friend, as indeed I was, and while I never gave him any royal honors such as the British accorded him at Singapore, it was not because I objected to rendering them, but rather because I knew that it would give him a false idea of his real position, and would soon involve him in difficulties with our common superiors, who did not understand how loyal and how valuable he was, and had little sympathy for him, feeling that he had no place in a modern scheme. I had been able to do much for him in different ways, and he had always coöperated with me to the best of his ability ever since the third day of my governorship, when I had pulled my watch on him.

When the interisland transport that was to take me away came around again it brought, among others, General John Storey, the chief of coast artillery, and Miss Laura McKinstry of San Francisco, seeing the southern islands, as everybody in Manila tried to do at least once. The officers of the port invited

me to a farewell reception that night in the club-house I had caused to be built, preparatory to my departure on the transport. Hadji Abdula went with me, and when I put my cap on a ledge the *Hadji* snatched it up and held it all evening himself. Some polite young officer produced a chair for him from somewhere, the only chair on the floor, where he sat holding my cap, doubled up and wilted with grief, a most pathetic sight that moved everybody.

The *Hadji* declared his intention of abandoning his home and people and going to live with me at West Point. I had visions of the effect which that earnest barefooted figure, armed with rifle, revolver, and creese, and dressed in those frog-skin-tight trousers, velvet jacket, and huge yellow turban, would have on strangers and cadets, preceding the superintendent of West Point, cracking on the shins with a cane whoever dared obstruct the passage of his "gubnor." But more than that, he would have died of loneliness among an unsympathetic people to whom he could not even talk, and of whose customs he would be totally ignorant. While he and I got on in the utmost companionship, there were many places where I would perforce have to go where he might not, and for long periods, leaving him alone. Moreover he knew nothing of our winters, which he would never have been able to survive, and it had to be broken to him very gently that he would have to stay at Joló.

As it was, he did not live long. The last I heard from him directly was a message saying that he was quite ill with tuberculosis, but was doing his best to get well, "so he could be my dog again," and by the time I got the message he was dead.

#### FAREWELL TO JOLÓ

No farewell ceremonies were arranged. I expected just to shake hands with everybody and go aboard the ship, but the principal Filipino came to see me that evening and asked if



the four hundred Filipinos of the town might accompany me to the dock with their amateur band. When I was about to start for the dock, in the middle of the night, the sultan appeared with all the *Hadjis*, and Captain Tiana with the prominent Chinese arrived from somewhere, and all asked to go also. Some one formed them all into a procession with the officers of the garrison, and I walked down to the dock, preceded by the band, with the sultan of Sulu on one arm and Captain Tiana on the other, both in tears, and Hadji Abdula close behind us, carrying a big spear one of the Moros of the outlying parts had sent me as a present to take home.

All the transport passengers were on the dock side of the ship when I went aboard, and after I had taken my leave and come aboard, the ship soon cast off and began to warp away from the dock. Looking back at them all standing there, gazing mutely up, I saw Hadji Abdula, apart from the others, withered and shrunken with grief—the last I ever saw of him—and the sight tugged heavily at my heart-strings. The ship gathered way little by little until it was able to clear the dock and sheer off on its course for the north. The passengers left the side quietly, one by one, without speaking a word, as if they had seen a death. I sat there as long as I could see the lights of Joló, until chilled by the night air.

I sometimes hear from Joló by letter. Somebody induced the sultan to part with his rights as sultan for money—the last of a line of four hundred years of sultans of Sulu. I think it rather a pity to part with the only sultan we ever had, but I suppose some complication with the Moros was feared otherwise.

Captain Tiana, Hadji Abdula, Hadji Taib, and Eddy and Charley Schück are all dead. Poor Charley had been severely wounded in one of the fights with the Moros, and after his recovery, while he was sitting on the floor of his house eating

dinner with his wife, a *juramentado* rushed in, and although his wife caught the naked blade of the *barong* and nearly severed her fingers trying to hold it, it was jerked away from her and used to cut off poor Charley's head in a single stroke, as clean as a whistle. By this act the troops lost a brave, faithful, and skilful interpreter, and the Moros their best friend. Schück knew everybody in Sulu, and was a tower of strength to any commander. I am at a loss to imagine what I could have done without him.

The letters received from the Moros are greatly cherished by me for their sentiment and style of expression. One from Hadji Butu opens: "To my father, the governor of Sulu, Major Scott, from the white heart of his son, Hadji Butu. Major Scott, who first brought justice and order into this country." It ends with "the hope that God will exalt your position and prolong your life, and that hope from all of us; may he forgive us if we have ever given you a moment of displeasure." It is dated 1324, this date referring to the hejira of Mohammed from Mecca 1323 years before.

In 1921 President Harding sent General Wood and Cameron Forbes—who came out on the Philippine Commission and later acquired a most enviable record as governor of the islands—to the Philippines on a commission to investigate the condition of affairs, which were reported to be in a sad state from misgovernment.

Generals Wood and McCoy wrote me from Joló that I am still remembered there. They spoke of going here and there in automobiles and of the number of school-houses in every district, and I smiled to myself at the memory of the difficulties I had contended with in the starting of the first school. Those schools are taught now by the daughters of our old friends, Calbi, Jokanain, and Tiana, who are all dead. The daughters went to that first school of mine and are now graduates of the

University of Manila. The Moros were a unit against the independence of the islands and wanted only an American governor. Here is a letter from McCoy:

Special Mission to the Philippine Islands  
On Board the U. S. S. "General Alava"  
August 19, 1921.

Dear General:

I have just come aboard after our first day in Joló and it was so full of you and of our old times together that I shall give you the passing pictures before they fade a bit from my mind.

On the way down from Zamboanga we stopped off in Basilan for some shooting and fishing at Baluk Baluk, where we found that sometime-wild jungle island now a tame looking coconut plantation, so we pushed on to the castilated Balod islands of fragrant memory and they were just as charming as ever with the same fish eagles soaring around their tops and the white and black pigeons flashing from tree to tree. Some big pompanos and lapu lapu and tanguingi excited the fishermen in the party but best of all was the soft outlines of Bagsak, Suliman and Bud Dajo when I rolled over on my cot at daybreak this morning.

We slid along the coast from off Siet Lake, picking out the teak grove and Taglibi Beach where you and I once held a bicharra with Maharajah Andung, not forgetting his three sons of guns. (Colonel Lewis, Medico, just calls over from his cot, "Are you writing to Colonel Scott? Give him my best. I'll write to him when I get a chance.") As we got opposite Suliman, the General and I picked out the Hog Back where my horse went head over heels in the Moro traps and the very one where Alonzo Gray cleaned out the trench, and Gordon Johnston had to have a whirl in showing the new members the rim of Bud Dajo.

Just about that time, all the Moro vintas, with their streamers flying and gongs sounding, surrounded us and escorted us in past Buz Buz, while the waterfront and the dock were alive with Moros and their most vivid colors. At the landing the notables were all asmile with beetle nut and gold and black-tooth grins:—the Sultan, Hadju Butu, Hadji Tabil, Panglima Bandahalla, Julius and Willie Schück, Hadji Panglima Abubakar, Panglima Unga, Maharajah Sarrapuddin, Panglima Agga, Panglima Hayudini, old Tulawie and

his son Arolas Tulawie, Datu Uddini, and the sons of all our old pirate friends Kalbi, Joakannin, Opao, etc., etc., etc. The usual streaming mass escorted us to the Club, where Hadju Butu, the Sultan, and various lesser lights spoke their welcome to a great crowd that filled the plaza, including hundreds of school children in their little white and blue frocks and uniforms. All laid great stress upon their hunger for education and above all, their determination to remain under the American flag. Governor Forbes spoke shortly and then General Wood came to the front amid a roar of cheers. He opened his speech by saying "Old friends of Joló, there is just one man you would be more glad to see than I and that is your old Governor, Scott," which aroused the wildest cheers of the day led by all the old warriors on the porch. Old Hadju Tabil almost wept on my shoulder.

After the public conference, we went down to the provincial building, which is in the old Army hospital, and held heart to heart talks until lunch time at the Club, where the school teachers, the daughter of your old stenographer Young, and the domestic science students gave us a very fine buffet lunch. Young is the leading attorney here, by the way, and stayed with me most of the day.

The next procession will make your honest features relax for the General and I accompanied the Governor in a big, angry touring car (with Arolas Tulawie as interpreter), followed by a tail of Dodges, Fords and big lumbering trucks loaded not only with our party but all the notables from Hadju Butu down the line. The first stop was at Asturias Barracks, which is kept in first class condition and with first class grounds, where Lieut. Osborne Wood was inspecting the Constabulary; then up through the Schück teak forest, stopping at a very fine public school at Mama's place; and on to Indinan's place where there was a Constabulary company and another public school, also a very fine agricultural school, Bishop Brent's Mission. The Constabulary Commander and the Deputy Governor were living in Indinan's house while, sad to state, Indinan is safely but comfortably alive in San Ramon Penal Colony where we had seen him several days ago looking very sorry for himself and begging General Wood to pardon him.

We held a long bicharra there and then set sail for Parang where all the world was a-color, and we entered the old hard-shelled place through long lines of 150 little school girls headed by Hadju Butu's eldest daughter and Datu Kalbi's granddaughters as school teachers

—can you beat it? The General had a long and interesting conference in Parang with your old friends Datu Jamalín and Nakib Sakudin. The old Nakib took me aside and very confidentially asked about you and wanted me to send you the messages of a very old man and a very old friend. In spite of his age he claims you as father. He then told me the great thing to be cleaned up in Parang was the gambling, which was the worst thing left, and then petitioned for the pardon of Indinan. That old rascal seems to have a wonderful hold on the community.

On the drive back we took Indetas, the granddaughter of Kalbi, between us and had a most interesting talk with her on the way. She is a very intelligent, charming girl and speaks perfect English and seems to know all about affairs past and present. The General asked her if she knew you and she laughed and said she ought to know you, although she was only three years of age when you left, as she had heard her father and grandfather speak much about you.

In getting back to town we stopped in with the Sultan and, to our surprise, found him in a very well turned out and well regulated house, clean and shipshape and very different from the old ramshackle pagoda of Maibun. Dayang Dayang, much bejewelled and in Philippine costume, received us in service with tea and coffee with the help of Scott Butu and all the other Butus and various parientes.

The General has been holding conferences ever since dinner time on board ship and the Governor of the Moros, formerly Provincial Superintendent of Schools, took dinner with us and spent the evening. He seems to be much above the average and it is about time for they have had a most terrible mess here in the last ten years and have been at the tender mercy of a lot of bum officials, who have succeeded in leaving the new province over a million pesos in debt and the place alive with grievances, in spite of the fact that there is peace and that you can go about unarmed and safe.

I have a dispatch case full of reclamation and one noble petition, drawn very cleverly, I suspect, by your Young but signed by every notable in the island (excepting the Sultan), Hadju Butu leading the list, and petitioning most determinedly for annexation to the United States.

Tomorrow morning we are going to Maibun and Crater Lake by automobile, returning in time to come aboard ship for lunch and run down the coast to Bual. I'll finish when I come back tomorrow.

(August 20th) This morning we drove to Maibun, had a look

around and talk in the market place. The tiangi hasn't changed a bit and was just as full of dirty Moros from the hill country, bartering rice and beetle nut, buyo leaves, and various colored limes for fish and high smelling sea food; and that loathesome village of Maibun looks just the same, and smells even worse than ever before but the Sultan's old pagoda is now in a little park, very well kept and being used as a public school while a fine new school building is nearly finished across the way.

Just this side of Talipao we turned off north toward Crater Lake and passed right up through the dark and bloody ground picking out old camps and the hill above Peruka Utig's cotta, and came to the end of the road at Camp Romandier short of Crater Lake, where there is a Constabulary company, and at Tangui where a final talk fest was held before returning to Joló to board the ship and skirt the coast to Bual, where the General held a bicharra all the afternoon with Opao's people, who are now divided between his son (the boy you may remember) and a nephew of Opao, who told us he was the chief who had the fight with us at Siet Lake in 1904. Datu Kalbi's Number-One wife, some sort of Dayang Dayang, came aboard from a gayly decorated vinta from Tulayan and begged to be taken back to Joló with us to attend the ball and reception to be given that night at the Club. After dinner, the Sultan and Hadju Butu and all the anxious hangers on came aboard ship and with the Dayang Dayang, the Sultan's niece, who seems to be the power behind the throne nowadays, held a long evening conference pretty much the same sort of one he would have held with you fifteen years ago—same complaints and request for authority to administer the Mohammedan law with official authority; in other words, to fine the poor tao and pocket the fines and levy tribute in the sacred name of Mohammed. I finally butted in on the conference and called the General's attention to the fact that he was due at the Club and the General asked the Sultan if he had anything else he wished to say and the Sultan looked blankly around and, on reminder from the Dayang Dayang, 'Oh, yes, he also wanted to tell about how the Filipino Chief of police had enticed one of his favorite wives from the harem and was living publicly with her in Joló right under his royal eye.' He complained bitterly that he could not administer the proper treatment and have his head cut off. This threat was not made, however, in a very aggressive or satisfying tone of voice. I remarked to the General that it certainly was a shame that the

royal house should be treated so and it was almost as hard on a Sultan as General Scott charging duty on his royal red uniform from Singapore.

Before we left the boat Datu Kalbi's young daughter, Jolali, followed by maids and some of Kalbi's old retainers that I recognized, turned up to pay her respects and the General took her off to the ball with him, where we stayed and sat in state with the charming little girl and daughter of Jolkanain, who was a school teacher in the high school here, and various Schücks, old Hadji Fatima, the Sultan, Hadju Butu, Scott Butu and all the other Butus. It was really a grand party and I must say I enjoyed every minute of the stay in Joló.

Before dinner the General and I went around to Tiana's house to see him, as we had been told that he was very ill and unable to leave his bed and very anxious to see the General before he died. The old man looks about the same but really is dying and seems to be broken up all over and still mourning the loss of his son and the more recent burning up of his home with everything in it. His eyes lighted up when the General talked to him about you and he hoped we would give you his last farewell.

The town itself has lost a good deal of its charm, as all of the old trees have been cut down and the new ones make no impression as yet. I shall send you some postal cards to kindle your remembrance.

(August 21st) At Joló, Forbes and his party went off to South Ubbian and Tandubas, while I went with the General to Siassi, Bongao, and Sibutu. We will meet Forbes again at Sandakan on day after tomorrow. Just now we are lying off Bangao after having spent the morning with short visits to Semenor and Bongao. The Governor and Willie Schück are aboard with us, and we also had a stop at Siassi, which hasn't changed much excepting for the schools and the shipshape appearance of the old fort and Constabulary headquarters. The Constabulary, by the way, all over the Islands, has been in Number One condition and their barracks are always surrounded, as are the school buildings, with well kept lawns and shrubbery. In Joló, however, the Constabulary has not been an entire success in its dealings with the natives and there is much complaint against them throughout the Islands and the Deputy Governors down south here, who have been Constabulary officers, have not been a success.

The Governor of the Province, Moore, has been in office but a couple of months, after having served some twelve years as Superintendent of Public Schools in the province, most of the time in Zamboanga. He impressed us very favorably and has the requisite feeling, patience and sense of personal dignity, both his own and that of the Moros.

It may cause your honest features to relax to know that one of the complaints at Siassi was over the size of the water pipe for the thriving municipality. To my certain knowledge, that pipe was complained against the only four other times I have been in the place and six times more than fifteen years ago, so that, judging by the size of the water pipe, there has not been much improvement, and I surmise you were to blame for the fact that the pipe was too small.

One of the gladsome sights down here was the wireless towers both at Siassi and Bongao; also, I am told that one has been erected at Cagayan de Sulu. These are just finished and not yet in operation; otherwise the southern islands are pretty well linked up by wireless.

Before this reaches you, the fact that the General is to remain out here as Governor General will be announced and will occasion no surprise, I am sure, on your part. He has made a great impression on the natives throughout the Islands and they all hope that he will accept, and to my surprise all of the leaders, such as Osmena, Quezon and Palma have been just as insistent on it as the Americans throughout the Islands. With his prestige and his connecting up with the old times, I feel sure he will be able to straighten out and smooth out many of the things that have gone awry. It will surprise you, however, as it did me, to hear that the General and Forbes have cabled recommending that I be appointed Vice-Governor. To this strange proposal there has come no reply and I must confess that I have not much hope that the recommendation will be followed by the President.

The present association of the Mission has been delightful but we have often wished for you and Dorey. Amongst our other congenial habits have been playing polo together when we happened to hit Manila and a continuous chess tournament wherever we happened to be. I mention this because the little chess board that Mrs. Scott gave me one happy Christmas in Sam Houston has been a godsend in carrying about aboard ship, in motor cars and on horseback, as it was during the war and on the trip to the Near East.

Give my love to all of the family and I shall look forward to



dropping in on you when I come home and talking over this most interesting summer.

Faithfully yours,  
FRANK MCCOY.

General Hugh L. Scott,  
Princeton, N. J.

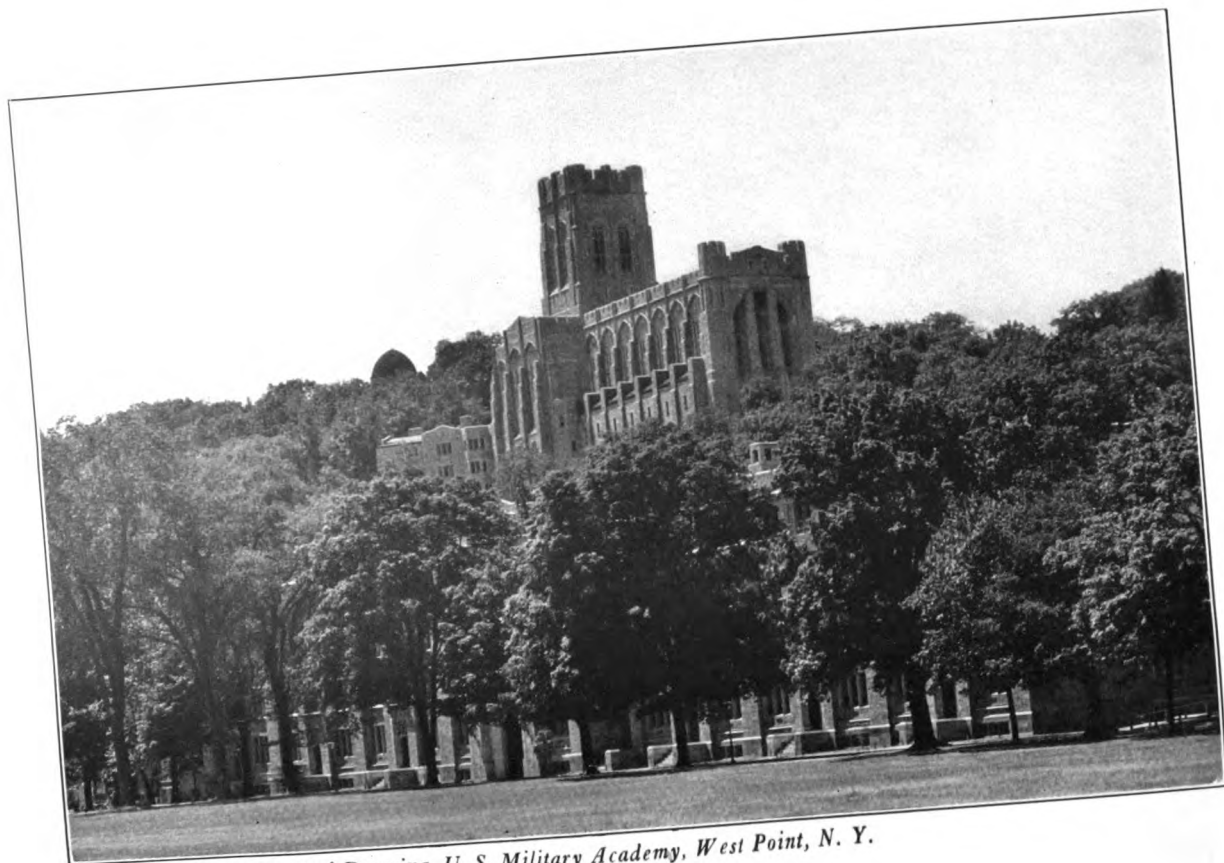
Indanan, the rebel, was convicted of some crime and given a long sentence in the government prison at San Ramundo near Zamboanga. He wrote and asked me for help to obtain a pardon. Remembering the help he once gave me, I let him stay there until I thought he ought to have learned enough to behave himself, and then used my influence to obtain his pardon, but I heard later that he was back in San Ramundo again.

As I look back now, in the light of other events, at those three strenuous years at Joló, I feel that they were worth while, and I am glad to have been associated in the work of starting the Moros on their way toward civilization,<sup>1</sup> with my many able companions in and out of the army, without whose faithful coöperation all my efforts would have been futile. Many of those of the army have attained high rank in the service, playing great parts in the World War, and are now scattered over the country in various capacities.

Although those *hadjis* are one by one dying peacefully in their beds, they have all killed enough Spaniards and Christian Filipinos to entitle them to many white horses with green manes, and to high rank in Mohammed's paradise. And if, as they believe, their Allah will receive with favor their blood-stained souls in that hereafter, I know that, although I am an unbeliever of the unbelievers, a dog of a Christian, and an eater of pig, when my time comes to move toward that bourne from which no traveler returns, if I can but meet them riding on their white horses in that realm beyond the stars, I will not be allowed to trudge on alone, tired, dusty and thirsty, but the feet of their "gubnor" will be raised off the ground and I will be taken care of in the company of the faithful.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, letters from General Wood.





*Courtesy of Department of Drawing, U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.*

**"NEW" CHAPEL AT WEST POINT**

## PART V

### Superintendent of West Point

AFTER seeing my family at Princeton I went to take over the command of West Point from my predecessor, General A. L. Mills, on August 31, 1906, riding up the long hill from the dock down which I had last come as a graduating cadet thirty years before, down which had passed thousands during the last hundred years, some joyous at the accomplishment of their goal, many in despair at their failure.

The well remembered Plain burst into view at the top, where we used to be gripped by the "Spirit of Old West Point," described so delightfully by our oldest and best beloved graduate, General Morris Schaff; the spirit that will never let us go so long as life endures. About that Plain gather the memories of Washington, Hamilton, and Knox, to whom we owe the inception of the Military Academy. There stand the old gray walls that have seen so many of our great soldiers pass their novitiate, leaving immortal memories behind them. Crowning the mountain-top in the rear is old Fort Putnam that Benedict Arnold tried to sell, which with the iron chain and earthen batteries of the Revolution are among the major reasons why we are not now governed by a British king.

I felt a deep thrill at taking possession of the old brick house built in 1826 by Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, the Father of the Military Academy, which has been inhabited ever since by West Point's long line of superintendents, and has sheltered the presidents and cabinet officers of every administration since that time; senators, representatives, and governors from many

States, as well as the great of every country who have visited our shores. The Great Emancipator stayed there; Grant and Sherman and Sheridan have been its guests; Colonel Robert E. Lee occupied it for four years as superintendent; royal dukes, princes, and premiers have dined under its roof, as well as a countless host of men whose names have been household words. And I thought, "Who indeed am I—a major of cavalry—to be allowed to live in this old house, hallowed by the memories of so many of the great and good who have gone before?"

I walked down to the office next morning past the old gray barracks just as I had often seen the superintendents walk before me, watching them out of the same old windows as they traveled back and forth to the office, and I smiled, remembering the awe I had felt for them, those veterans of the Civil War, who had been the superintendents of my youth, when my wildest fancy had never hinted that I one day would tread in their footsteps.

I went into the superintendent's office and sat down in the seat of the mighty, thinking, "We are too puny a race to try and fill their chairs"; yet here was I behind the same old desk before which I had used to be arraigned to explain my crimes and misdemeanors and receive my sentence, all of which did not seem nearly so far away as it really was, and I would have felt little surprise if those old superintendents, long sleeping in their honored graves, had come trooping back to their office once more to chill my blood and pronounce my doom.

I recalled the first day my Uncle David had taken me about the post, which was little changed since that day, thirty-five years before. All the old professors to whom he had introduced me then were now dead and forgotten save by such as I who had cause to remember them as long as the mind can remember anything. We had thought them very old from the standpoint of our youth, but when at a meeting of my classmates years later some one began to talk about "Old Ruger"

and "Old Upton" and their ages were looked up, we were all surprised to find that we ourselves were then older than they had been when superintendent and commandant; and although veterans of the Civil War in which they both had acquired distinction, they had really been at that time comparatively young.

Many places about the post were completely unchanged, and it seemed at times as if I had never been away. Soon the old Administration Building with its ugly façade and mansard roof, its overcrowded rooms and stifling atmosphere, was torn down, and no one mourned its passing. In its place was reared a great stone castle reminiscent of a medieval city, and adequate for every administrative purpose. Mr. Paul Morton, one-time secretary of the navy, remarked that passing down the river one time on the opposite side with a party from New York, all had agreed that the Administration was the finest building on the Hudson River.

After settling the family in our new home, I went to Washington and joined my classmate, General Garlington, who had just been appointed inspector-general of the army, and General Sniffen, paymaster-general, and we went together to the White House to thank President Roosevelt for our appointments.

The President received us with his usual gracious and hearty manner that always made it a pleasure to see him, and after some talk, he referred to a recent editorial in the "New York Evening Post," criticizing my going to West Point on the grounds that I had served too long on the Plains of the West and was not enough of a scholar for such a command, as would have been the candidate of the "Post" from the coast artillery. This attitude was commented upon in my defense by an editorial in the "New York Sun," which retorted that while doubtless I would make a poor typewriter operator (from wounds in both hands) and was not distinguished for my learning in mathematics, yet a practical soldier was needed

far more at West Point than a scholar; and Mr. Roosevelt added with characteristic emphasis, "What I want at West Point *is* a soldier, and I am getting one!" This showed his complete knowledge of what was printed in the daily press, through which he kept his finger continually on the pulse of the nation. He missed nothing, and he remembered everything, for his memory was truly prodigious.

Every man graduating at West Point has his individual opinion as to how West Point should be governed; views acquired during cadet days, and generally marked by the lack of sound judgment characterizing youth. Should he come back in command after many years and attempt to put his ideas at once into practice, he would be apt to run on the rocks before he knew it, as some have discovered to their cost. I realized that I was not returning to the same West Point that I had left thirty years before. The spirit of the American people and of the War Department had changed tremendously since 1876, and West Point with them; and as I recognized this fact at the outset, my theories of government were held in abeyance for a long time.

I had brought to West Point no arrogant project of drastic reform such as we sometimes hear about away from there. West Point is not a subject for reform in that sense. It goes forward on its majestic course from year to year toward the fulfilment of its destiny, moving serenely under its traditions of "honor, duty, country," and the laws of Congress laid down for its guidance, improved from time to time to keep it abreast of the age, but without need of radical alteration. Its discipline, to be sure, swings back and forth like a pendulum under different superintendents, but only within narrow limits, else a new superintendent with better ideas is promptly sent to relieve the inefficient one before his normal period is half over; a case of "keep your powder dry or walk the plank."

It was my ambition to carry forward and improve where

possible the standards of efficiency, duty, and honor of my long line of predecessors, the result of the evolution of a hundred years; to modernize the curriculum from time to time so as to keep in step with the times in science and art; to regulate and steady the discipline; to erect with economy new buildings suitable for our requirements; and to bring up to date the equipment of the institution, especially the artillery, which had not been up to date since the Civil War.

It was also my desire to readjust the relations of West Point with the metropolitan press of New York, which was then quite hostile, as the result of the "Booze investigation" of West Point by Congress. Moreover I intended to provide an economical but efficient administration in every department. And, lastly, it was my firm resolve to obey the law myself and to cause all under me at West Point to do likewise, as far as my authority should extend.

This extensive program was approached with great humility of spirit, without any of the sort of pride that goes before a fall, relying upon the good faith and ability of my numerous associates. I regard the command of West Point as the most difficult in the service, more difficult even than the command of the army itself; for there are many dangerous elements connected with it, any one of which, while appearing at first like a cloud the size of a man's hand, may turn suddenly into a raging hurricane, as many superintendents have discovered to their grief. When Mrs. Scott remarked once at San Antonio that she would like to go back to live at West Point, I said: "No, indeed! Never again! When a man has once had his head in a lion's mouth and is fortunate enough to get it safely out again, he is a fool to put it in jeopardy a second time."

One of the principal troubles of the superintendent arises from the interferences of individual members of Congress with his administration in the effort to obtain special favors for their constituents, and they often become wroth and vindictive



when unsuccessful, as though their rights were being invaded, whereas the Constitution limits their rights to legislation and inspection.

Every cadet has one representative and two senators, and whenever he misbehaves himself seriously or fails to meet the academic requirements, he flies to his congressman, who besieges the War Department and often applies to the President himself to overrule the superintendent and the Academic Board; and the whole question may even be thrown into politics, where matters are no longer judged upon their own merits, but on their effect upon somebody's political fortunes elsewhere.

Every cadet is certain to get in due course, in the natural way, everything to which he is entitled, and when he appeals to a political power, it is usually for favors to which he knows he is not entitled; if the favor should be obtained in that way, it is usually at the expense of the discipline of the Military Academy. It often becomes a struggle then, the superintendent defending the discipline and the congressman trying to pull it down in the interest of some political power in his home district, the result depending in the last resort upon the President, to whom the congressman often appeals as arbiter. Some Presidents give way easily to political pressure; others do not. There never was a President more adamant in this respect than President Wilson, who cared nothing for expediency and thereby saved himself and the army from great annoyance and constant interference.

#### PRESS PROBLEMS

There are many other difficult questions that arise within and outside the Academy from time to time for which the superintendent must find the proper solutions or permit them to wreck his career. It was my conviction that no matter how

well a superintendent may manage the discipline and instruction of the cadets, preserve harmony and discipline among officers and enlisted men of the garrison, keep himself and his administration straight with the President, with Congress, and the War Department—if he fails in preventing West Point from being continually cried down by the press, he is a failure as a superintendent. The newspapers that had come to the Philippine Islands while I was still in Joló had made it very evident that, after the “Booze investigation” by a committee from Congress, West Point had been out of joint with the press, especially the “Army and Navy Journal.”

It so happened that one night, shortly after my arrival, I found myself seated next to the editor of this publication, and after we had become somewhat acquainted I asked him why his paper was so inimical to West Point. He shook his head like an angry bull and gave me to understand that some one there had not treated him as he thought he ought to have been treated. I told him that that was no reason for him to hammer a great national institution; that he ought to be helping instead of the reverse; moreover that his editorials showed that he was not aware of the actual conditions and that they often gave rise to mirth as a consequence. If he would come up and stay at my house for a week, I suggested, and let me show him the Academy from the inside, so that he might form true conclusions, he could go home afterward and write what he pleased, but on the basis of fact.

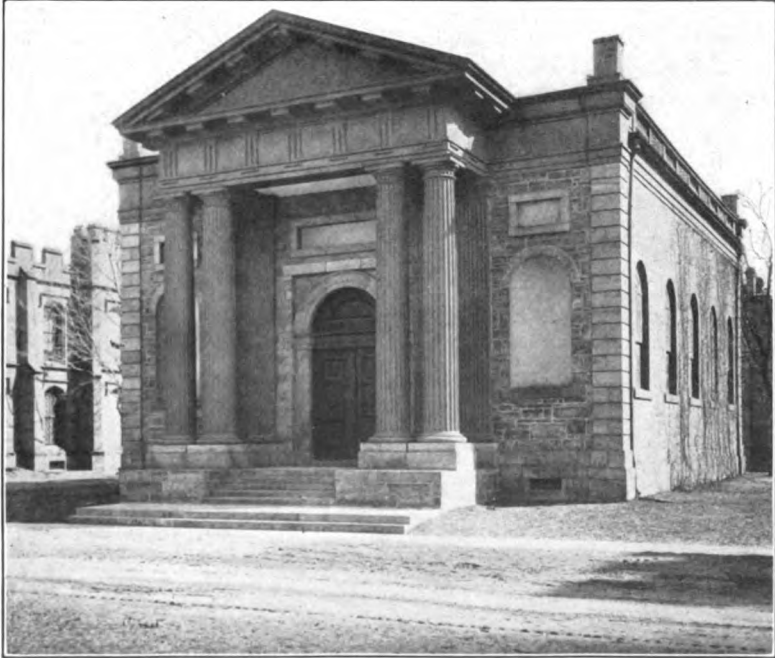
He came up and spent a week with us looking into every branch and department, after which he invited Mrs. Scott and me to spend a week-end at his house, and a friendship ensued between our two families that lasted as long as he lived, and I never again saw an article in his paper derogatory to the Military Academy.

I found that the reporters of the metropolitan dailies who came to West Point for news, and were out of favor with the

administration, were seeking their material wherever they could get it, principally at the back doors of the disreputable, the dissatisfied, and the actual enemies of the Academy, and this was all naturally reflected in the press.

In order to change this condition, I invited them to come and see me instead and always had some little news for them. They began to tell each other in receiving an assignment, "You go straight to Colonel Scott's front door, and he will treat you right." They would usually arrive about the middle of dinner, and a cup of coffee and a cigar would be sent out to them, and later they would be asked with kindness and sympathy what we could do for them, and they would be told that I recognized that they were under orders to get news and that I would give them everything possible for me to give within the bounds of my authority, and they must look to the War Department for anything further. This always satisfied them and the conversation would soon be diverted to their own affairs until it would suddenly be discovered that their train was nearly due and they would be sent down to the station in a carriage.

It was not very long before the whole attitude of the press changed toward West Point, and it supported me of its own motion in all my efforts to enforce discipline against opposition. When the bill for the enlargement of the corps of cadets was about to come up in Congress I went to the editors of all the prominent New York dailies—except the "Herald," which had a grudge against the army, thirty years old, originating in some fancied slight to Mr. Bennett—and told these gentlemen about the bill, assuring them that I had appreciated their support in the matter of discipline, and informing them that I had another favor to ask of them. When I requested a favorable editorial from each paper a week apart, each editor said, "You will get what you want," and the editorial opinion of the



*Courtesy of Department of Drawing, U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y*

**“OLD” CHAPEL AT WEST POINT**



East put up such a convincing argument that the bill passed without question.

West Point is running to this day on the momentum of the sympathy of the press then won. We never hear the Academy hammered any more, and this happy condition, which has lasted twenty years, is likely to endure until some tactless person at West Point destroys it. The relations existing between the press and West Point during my régime were those of mutual service, for I was glad to keep the Academy in the minds of the public in a proper way. It can never have too many friends, and how can it have any friends at all if the public does not know about it? I encouraged the public to come to its ceremonies, and for the first time in a hundred years comfort stations for both sexes and a sanitary drinking fountain were provided for the visitors, although the same visitors would outrage the feelings of the quartermaster by throwing trash on the beautiful green lawns which it would take his whole available force several days to remove. He would always be told, however, that "that is the price we have to pay for their friendship, and a very small one, after all."

#### BUILDINGS AND BATTERIES

General Mills, my predecessor, had, after a wide competition, entered into a contract with the firm of Crane, Goodhue & Ferguson, architects, to furnish plans and supervision for a reconstruction and enlargement of the West Point plant.

The advances in the military art, the expansion of the Regular Army, and the growth of the corps of cadets had made this improvement imperative and had caused Mr. Elihu Root, secretary of war, and General Corbin, the adjutant-general, to urge the measure upon Congress; General Corbin, though not himself a graduate of the Academy, was so en-

thusiastic as to take a car-load of Congressmen to West Point at his own expense in order to convince them of the necessity of the change. All this had resulted in an appropriation of thirteen million dollars for the purpose, and the foundations of the Administration Building were already under way when I arrived. Contracts were let for other buildings from time to time by Colonel J. M. Carson, the quartermaster, who supervised the construction in coöperation with the architects.

My association with all these gentlemen was delightful. We functioned together for the next four years in the utmost harmony, and the results were so satisfactory that the firm was afterward chosen as consulting architects for Princeton University and later for the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York.

One of the pressing questions found on my arrival was the location of the new chapel. One faction wanted it at the lower end of the post, while another demanded the northern end, where it would mask the view up the Hudson, one of the glories of West Point.

The site previously selected by General Mills, the architect, and the quartermaster seemed to me best to meet the conditions, and I directed Colonel Carson to dig a hole where the chapel now stands, blast some rocks, and, what would be still more convincing, spend some money. As soon as this was accomplished it was generally recognized that the matter was settled, and the clamor ceased.

Driving across the parade one day with a member of Congress who considered it a crime to spend a dollar of the public revenue outside of his district, he looked up at the chapel then under construction, and shook his fist at me, exclaiming, "You are not building a chapel; you are building a cathedral, and when the American people find out what you have done, they will tramp you into the mire!" This direful prophecy has not yet eventuated. Since those days, Congress has made

still another enlargement of the corps, and the new chapel now barely holds them.

Although most of the ancient buildings were of local stone, some superintendent of the past, discouraged by the failure and bankruptcy of contractors who spent their money opening quarries only to find the stone full of rotten seams which caused its rejection, had purchased the material for the West Academic Building in Connecticut. When the question of obtaining stone for the new buildings arose, this circumstance was brought up, but it seemed to me unnecessary to pay the huge freight bills on stone from Connecticut when the mountains all around West Point were full of stone. It appeared far more economical for the government itself to find the stone and furnish it delivered on the site to the contractor, who would then run no risk, and, bidding upon known and fixed conditions, could afford to quote a lower price on his work.

It was not long before stone of fine quality and suitable quantity was found in my own garden close under the chapel site, where it was delivered with ease and economy, by means of an aërial trolley.

This brought about a number of economies, not only saving the freight from Connecticut on a vast quantity of stone for this and other buildings, and enabling the contractors to offer lower bids, but furnishing at the same time, free of cost, all the spalls for road and concrete work.

During a discussion of gardens, I was asked what was being raised in the superintendent's garden, and replied, "We raise chapels." Our chapel raising, as a matter of fact, put an end to the production of anything else—a sad blow to the superintendent's cook.

During the period of the erection of the chapel, I recognized fully that it would never approach completion without a fine organ and a stained glass memorial window over the chancel, for which it did not seem proper to use the building



appropriation. I reflected that Congress would certainly not provide for a memorial window but might for the organ if properly approached. The alumni were appealed to for the window and responded nobly. The competition for the window was thrown open to all the stained glass firms of the United States and England, and eleven bids were received. The designs were passed upon by a board of the most prominent artists of the country, and the design of a Pittsburgh firm was approved. This resulted so satisfactorily that the same firm was engaged by the alumni to place the great window over the portal as a memorial to those who died in the World War. The window in Proctor Hall in the Graduate College of Princeton University was placed afterward by the same firm.

When estimates containing an item of ten thousand dollars for an organ were taken up by the committee in the House, the item was promptly rejected with scorn and "cast out to the owls and the bats."

It came up again in the subcommittee of the Senate, of which an old friend, Senator Nathan B. Scott of West Virginia, was chairman. After reading over the estimate he announced his intention of throwing out the organ. I said, "Senator, what do you want to treat a fellow you know that way for?" He replied in his joking way, "If I don't throw something out of this estimate, people will think I never read it."

I told him that if he felt he must make a cut I hoped he would let me do it where it would hurt the least, and then Senator Brown of Nebraska called out, "Oh, Senator, you have plenty of money; give the fellow what he wants." The item passed the Senate, survived in the conference, and there the organ is, one of the fine ones of the country. Various friends have left money in their wills to improve it, and the alumni have voted to expend fifteen thousand dollars more to make it at least the equal to the best.

Walking about through the uncompleted chapel with Senator

Warner of Missouri, I thanked him for his part in securing the appropriation for the organ and told him that Congress no doubt after providing such a splendid instrument would feel badly if it had to be played on by a blacksmith for want of a real organist. The senator stopped right there and called over to Senator Simmons of North Carolina: "Scott says he doesn't want this organ played on by a blacksmith. What are you going to do about it?" And it was agreed among them all that Congress would create the position of organist with the pay and allowances of first lieutenant.

This compensation has been added to since, but it is by no means equal to the amount offered Mr. Meyer, the organist, to leave West Point and go to New York. He feels, however, that he has nursed the organ along since the beginning; that it is his creation, his child, a part of his flesh, and cannot be parted with for money. His musical programs distributed among the pews on important occasions afford a musical, ethical, and artistic education of the highest value, introducing a spiritual refinement never known before at West Point.

Besides the great memorial windows over the chancel and over the portal, the other windows devoted mainly to class memorials for their dead are harmonized also to prevent the incongruous appearance seen in some churches where the memorials are placed by individuals without thought of the total effect. The colors of the windows, blending with those of the battle-flags of the republic displayed high overhead, give an artistic impression which mingles with the sentiment connected with their history. Nowhere in America are such impressive services to be seen. And under the spell of the light shining down through the stained glass illuminating the lofty chancel, and the historic battle-flags of the nation, consecrated by the blood of heroes, hanging high overhead, and the choir of a hundred and fifty voices leading the great cadet congregation accompanied by the wonderful notes of the

majestic organ, the most prosaic American soul is filled with religious and patriotic fervor. The Academy has been fortunate in having the services of Chaplains Silver and Wheat, who, besides the incarnation of eloquence, spiritual zeal, and what is most important, tact, have had the felicity to gain the respect and affection of the young men and exert an influence over them such as was unknown when I was a cadet. Indeed it may be said that the conjunction of those chaplains, the chapel, the organist, and his organ has wrought a greater change in the spiritual life of West Point, with consequent effect on the American army, than anything that has been instituted during the Academy's entire century of existence, without any exception.

If you want to be thrilled to the marrow and to have your children filled with a religious and patriotic spirit, go there with them some Sunday morning and listen and let them listen to the music amid those historic surroundings. That is your chapel, maintained, as is all West Point, for you and your children, and it is the birthright of every American boy and girl to know West Point.

By reason of several enlargements of the corps of cadets, the old chapel became too small even to allow the corps to stand together on the site, and it became necessary to remove it and utilize its site for another purpose. It was found that the affections of the alumni were more closely entwined about this old building than about any other. Cadets Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Lee, and Jackson, with many others up to 1906 including the father of Mrs. Scott, had sat every Sunday for four years looking up at the legend painted high up over the chancel: "Righteousness exalteth a nation but sin is a reproach to any people." The constant presence of this legend before our eyes caused it to be ground into the very marrow of our consciousness, so that we never forgot it. It forms the basis of the conduct of the American soldier in every clime and

crisis. It is a part of the old chapel, and its memory is dear to the heart of every graduate who knew it.

The old chapel was taken down carefully and reërected, stone by stone, as a mortuary chapel in the cemetery, where it may be seen just as it was in the time when the Civil War's generals were cadets, and later, in the middle fifties, when Lee sat every Sunday for four years in the seat of the superintendent.

I intended to have a few insignificant trees cut down that mask the view up the Hudson from the chapel terrace, but something prevented the execution of my wishes just as I was leaving. Since that time the cutting of such a vista unmasking one of the finest views on the Hudson River has been suggested to several superintendents without meeting favor. There are many beautiful views up and down the river on the edge of the Plain that had been allowed to disappear overgrown by foliage until the famous landscape artist of Boston, Mr. Fred K. Law Olmstead, was brought down to open them up, but time seems again to be closing them with saplings.

After the new Administration Building came the completion of the North Barracks. They were soon filled with cadets, but I determined to spend a hundred thousand dollars on an ell without any cadet to occupy it. This worried the chief of staff in Washington, who considered the building of barracks without cadets to occupy them a great extravagance, and hailed me before him to account for it. He was asked to hold his objections in abeyance for a while.

When the bill for the enlargement of the corps was being argued before the House committee, the members were very polite and sympathetic. They were extremely anxious, of course, to provide the increase in the corps but were too poor to do it now, since this would call for the additional cost of building barracks for them; otherwise of course they would be delighted to furnish the cadets. Having committed them-

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selves to the desire to enlarge the corps, I asked if the lack of barracks was the only obstacle. They said it was, whereupon it was broken to them that the barracks were here, ready, and since they had committed themselves too strongly to refuse, the barracks were soon filled.

When the power-house approached completion, the question of a siding by which it could be supplied with coal became acute. Correspondence developed that the railway would put in the siding for fifteen thousand dollars, which we did not have at our disposal.

The railway representative declared at a conference that the railway never furnished sidings for anybody under any circumstances. I assured him of our disappointment about this, since we had hoped that his road might be used to carry the coal to the power-house, but since we had no money to pay for a siding and could not use the road without a siding, we would have to arrange to bring our coal by the river. He replied that if I felt that way about it the railway would furnish the siding, and after assurance was given that I did feel just that way, the siding was installed without cost to the government, and much coal has been carried over it since.

The yearly estimates for the support of the Military Academy had been printed and were in the hands of Congress before my arrival from the Orient, and going before the military committee of the House to justify them, I was surprised to see an item in the estimate of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the building of a sea-coast battery at West Point for the instruction of cadets in the use of great guns.

The committee was told that they might eliminate that item. "What! don't you want a battery?" they all exclaimed at once. I explained that no such amount would be required to accomplish what was needed and said that the estimate would come back to them later after revision. Inquiry at the office of the chief of engineers developed that the estimate had been

made there, and I was advised to see a certain authority about it. It was carefully explained to him that West Point did not need an expensive battery with great masses of concrete like those at Sandy Hook for the defense of New York. He took down his drawings of Sandy Hook, and when I saw that his mind was fixed, without possibility of change, I excused myself to go to lunch, and never went back.

A board of officers was then convened at West Point with orders to study the project and submit a plan and estimate for a mere shell, since this battery would never be fired on. Two fire-control stations would be required; stable platforms to carry the guns; a parapet of earth behind which the disappearing-guns could go in and out of the battery; and a simulated magazine with ammunition-hoists and carriers—in fact everything needed for instruction, and nothing more.

The board reported that my wishes could be carried out for sixty-five hundred dollars. Application was then made to the Senate for seven thousand dollars, for which the present sea-coast battery was constructed, and it is adequate for all purposes of instruction.

This episode resulted very favorably both for the Academy and my administration, for the impression was gained at the outset that mine was to be a careful and economical régime, and this brought West Point everything that I requested from Congress in its behalf during the next four years, with a few trifling exceptions.

For some unknown reason the chief of ordnance had always refused to give West Point any of his modern disappearing-guns, and when he was asked for them anew, he said he did not have any. "Get out," I said, "you have got plenty all up and down the Atlantic Coast!" He replied that they were all in batteries. I told him that made no difference, as they would be cared for as well at West Point as in any other battery, and if they were needed at any time for the defense of New York, I

would guarantee to get them back in twenty-four hours. Rather than have to go on arguing with such a pestilent person, he agreed to send what I wished, and there they have been ever since, affording instruction so valuable that when Captain Summerall, now chief of staff of the army, took the cadets to Fishers Island for target-practice under service conditions, they went so well instructed beforehand that they beat the regular seacoast artillery garrison both in accuracy of shooting and in the handling of the guns.

Plenty of modern .75 guns were inherited from General Mills, and also a mountain battery carried on mules. All that was needed now to complete the artillery equipment was a modern mortar battery. The mortars were secured from the chief of ordnance and a ten-thousand-dollar appropriation for the mortar-pit and emplacement obtained from Congress. The work was begun, but my term as superintendent expired before it was finished. Its completion left the Academy, however, with its artillery equipment adequate for all purposes of instruction and up-to-date, for the first time since the Civil War. Even before my time as a cadet, the guns had been obsolete in pattern.

#### COLORED TROOPS

There is one transaction that I shall always look back upon with satisfaction as a real achievement—the exchange of white men for colored in the cavalry detachment at West Point after six months' experience as superintendent.

It is the function of this detachment to furnish a part of the guard over the buildings and property of the government and to groom, feed, and saddle the horses for the cadets to ride. The time of the cadet is so valuable that it is never wasted on routine matters.

I found the detachment composed of white men just as it had been when I had left it in 1876, although somewhat en-

larged; and our old Irish sergeant was no longer there. We cadets had used to listen with great joy while he drilled the new cavalry recruits with the saber. "Whin I say t'dra, don't yez—t'dra'; whin I say sabers, dom yez 't'dra'." There had always been dissatisfaction in the detachment ever since then, and even farther back, notwithstanding the fact that its troops were as well fed and looked after as were the others, but they had enlisted in the cavalry under the impression that they were going to be cavalrymen and ride horses and go careering through the West removing Indian scalps and enjoying themselves generally, only to find themselves instead working as chambermaids to horses for cadets to ride. They frequently settled the matter by running away, often to be brought back forcibly to confront a court-martial and undergo a term of imprisonment for desertion from the service.

The yearly turnover was always abnormal, notwithstanding the efforts made during all those years to find a remedy, and thirteen desertions took place during my first six months. I determined then to experiment by changing from white men to colored.

The colored detachment was first formed from volunteers among the staid old cavalrymen of long service in the Indian country, and some are at West Point yet after twenty years. When they were assembled for the first time, their fine old sergeant told them that they and their race were both on trial and that they were to know that they had been brought there as "examples to the kaydets" and should govern themselves accordingly.

The venture was found to be a complete success, and has yielded immense satisfaction to the authorities ever since. Only one desertion occurred among the colored men during the ensuing three years and a half, that of a thief who fled to escape punishment. The duty is agreeable to the colored man, and he makes an ideal groom. He likes the music, the uniforms,



the ceremonies, and he is well fed, paid, and cared for just as the white man was before him.

The detachment now forms the mounted escort for the president and other visitors of importance and always presents a splendid military appearance. It affords me immense satisfaction every time I see it; its troopers are a credit to their race as well as to themselves.

#### ATHLETICS

In the spring of 1908, Mr. James Garfield, secretary of the interior, told President Roosevelt that he had a situation in the Navajo country which no one in his department was competent to handle and suggested that I be sent to Arizona for the purpose. This was the first time in the history of the Academy that the superintendent had ever been sent West on any business not connected with the Academy itself.

On my return to West Point after the successful settlement of the matter, it was discovered that Congress had abolished the annual Board of Visitors which had long been a feature of great importance and ought to be put back, for many reasons. This was one of the things which Congress does every now and then at the instance of some one member ignorant of the history and facts, who sees an opportunity to make a hundred dollars but does not see that he is losing something of great intangible value. I might have prevented this mistake had I been in the East but it was a fact accomplished when I returned. Much to my sorrow it has continued to this day.

The athletic situation was found to be in a dangerous mess with a spirit of insubordination growing among about thirty fine young officers obsessed with a wrong idea that would cause a blow-up with a great scandal if allowed to continue. I did not know their names and would not allow anybody to tell me unless it should become necessary, and I don't know them to this day.

They announced that since athletics at West Point were not supported by government funds but by private subscription mainly from the army at large, the funds were private and the athletics should be managed by the officers elected by the Athletic Association without interference by the superintendent. One wiser officer asked if any believed that should they subscribe to a private fund to erect a building on the reservation without the authority of the superintendent, would it ever be built.

They had fallen into a tangle with the commandant of cadets during my absence, voting him out of office, and voting likewise to refuse to play the annual football game with the navy. Once before they had refused to play the naval game before my time as superintendent, and President Roosevelt had ordered them to play and I did not want him to intervene again in the same way.

A meeting was called after my return from the West and my representative delivered to the meeting my wishes that they play. A number of votes had been given against playing the navy when some one moved to record the votes by names. This frightened the opposing element who left the meeting without a quorum.

I was advised by friends to take no notice of this and not to interfere lest an army quarrel break out and ruin athletics at West Point by stopping subscriptions. I went to Washington to be sure of my ground and told each head of a corps that some of their young men whose names I would not let anybody tell me were bringing about a state of insubordination that could not be tolerated and when they had gone too far, I proposed to telegraph to ask for them to be relieved from duty at West Point and be sent to their regiments. They all answered that it would only be necessary to telegraph their names.

On my return to the Academy, an order was issued abolishing the entire Athletic Association root and branch, and making

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a new one of my own creation with the commandant, who had been voted out of office, as ex-officio president of the association hereafter, because he had immediate control of the cadets.

All opposition ceased at once and everybody declared that this was the way it should have been managed from the first. The money for sports was on hand at the beginning rather than at the end of the season as heretofore and athletics have been run ever since on the rules I established. Those misguided young men never knew how near they came to putting a black mark on their records in Washington and I was glad that it did not have to be done. To make the situation secure it was necessary only to gain the victory over the navy. Everything was done to work up enthusiasm and get officers and cadets working in harmony. They all went down to the game, like a single battering ram, and put over a victory after several consecutive defeats in previous years.

I have never heard of the athletic situation being in danger since.

In the autumn of 1906, two very charming ladies came up on our porch and asked to sit there while watching the mounting of the guard. It soon developed that one of them had been born in the house and estimating her age, I asked if her name by chance were Delafield, as Colonel Delafield had been superintendent about that time; they both proved to be the daughters of the ex-superintendent. Mrs. Scott took them through the old house and invited them to help her receive at a tea for the Loyal Legion to take place in a few days.

The Loyal Legion, composed of commissioned officers of the Civil War, some graduates of the Academy but many more who were not, had chartered a ship from New York and were to visit West Point seven-hundred strong. Many were distinguished Civil War veterans, and they were given a review, a salute was fired for them, and every possible courtesy shown them.

Some time afterward some of their officials asked me to stay over after a banquet in New York to go with them the next morning to examine some drawings at Tiffanys. They said the legion had been so pleased with its reception at West Point, that they had made up a sum of a thousand dollars going down in the boat, to purchase a punch bowl and ladle for me. I told them I would be glad to go with them but that so far as the punch bowl was concerned, I was a wanderer on the face of the earth and if they gave it to me I would take it away with me, whereas if they were to give it to the officers' mess at West Point, it would remain there forever, a sign of the cordial relations of the commissioned officers of the Civil War with West Point.

General Hubbard, president of the organization, accompanied by other delegates brought it up with nine gallons of punch and presented it to the officers' mess with ceremony. It may be seen there now any day on the sideboard of the mess, mute testimony to a generous friendship, but with nothing in it but the ladle, as dry as a bone.

About the same time a very disagreeable incident occurred that nearly involved the alumni of Cornell and every member of Congress from New York in a prolonged controversy with West Point.

A man from New York applied for a permit to land at the West Point dock with a ship carrying the alumni of Yale coming to a Yale game at West Point. This was immediately given him but some time after it was noticed in his advertisement that he was promising seats to the cadet game to all who came by his boat. I wrote him remonstrating against this falsehood but he made an impudent reply, refusing to change his advertisement. The boat was allowed to land for the sake of the passengers, but the owner sold liquor on board, and men broke through our lines at the game, fought with our police and acted in a very improper manner.

A game was scheduled with Cornell in a fortnight and a similar advertisement was published to bring the Cornell alumni to West Point, without asking permission this time to dock the ship. Another letter of remonstrance was sent the promoter which was published in the press as a warning to purchasers of tickets. The promoter then came for his permit to dock his ship and was refused permission. "You gave it to me before," he said, "why won't you give it to me now?" I told him that I was a good-natured person who liked to grant requests but that I tried not to be victimized twice by the same man. He went away very wroth and telephoned a complaint to every congressman and senator in the state of New York, from whom telegrams began to come in from every direction; he must have been a person of some political importance judging from the insistence of the messages sent me.

The telegrams were answered politely, explaining why the request could not be granted. Perceiving soon the waste of effort in dealing further with me, the congressmen turned their guns upon the War Department from whence came a truculent demand for information as to what right I had to prevent an American citizen from landing at a public dock. I replied that I had the right and intended to use it unless forbidden by the secretary of war. Mr. Louis Wiley of the "New York Times" and Colonel John Vrooman of Herkimer, N. Y., watched with great interest to see what I would do but I did not know what the War Department would allow me to do.

The ship was coming up the river while West Point was fencing with Washington by telegraph and had gotten within a short distance of the dock when Washington receded. The ship drew up to the dock where an officer with a guard told the captain to sheer off, preventing a landing.

Some of the Cornell alumni were very indignant about this but the warning in the press beforehand gave them no excuse and the matter was soon dropped, so far as complaint in the





LORD KITCHENER AND COLONEL SCOTT AT WEST POINT

newspapers was concerned, although members of Congress refused to be placated for some time. Senator Chauncey Depew and Representative Dwight came around very graciously but some others did not. Frank Platt told me that his father, the senator from New York, never forgave me as long as he lived.

The danger to a superintendent in such cases lies in the power of the Senate. When an officer after a long life of service arrives at the goal of his ambition—appointment as a brigadier-general—he is liable to have his confirmation rejected in the Senate to pay off the private grudges of an individual. The power of the United States has often been used in the past to pay off private grudges and every time an officer does his duty he has to consider the consequences if he runs counter to the wishes of a senator or prominent member of the House.

Throughout my four years at West Point, my relations with the President and the various secretaries of war were very cordial, as well as with the adjutant general. I could always poke my head into Major Loeffler's office and ask "is Major Radzinski anywhere around here?" to obtain an immediate audience with President Roosevelt, whether he wanted to see me or not.

#### HAZING

There was one episode with President Roosevelt and the secretary of war, however, which I fully expected to see result in serious trouble for me.

A congressional committee had investigated a case of hazing before my time which had caused a great deal of bitterness in Congress and resulted in a drastic law against hazing with threats in Congress against the life of the institution. Now again some young men of different classes, reported for hazing new cadets, were pronounced guilty by a court of inquiry and sent away. They immediately went to their congressmen for help who in turn fell upon the secretary of war



who had been in the War Department but a short while. The latter questioned the cadets, who acknowledged their guilt, but said that they very much wanted to be put back, and as they were such well set-up young men, the secretary said he would send them back. This was equivalent of telling the cadets, "You don't have to obey the law if you have enough political influence": a poor doctrine to teach youths who might some day hold in their hands the life or death of this country, depending on their obedience or disobedience.

The secretary sent the proceedings of the court of inquiry back to me to have the court make a different finding. I showed the letter to the president of the court and told him that I would not ask him to do what I would not do myself, and that I would go down to Washington and see the secretary. My conference with him was a little heated and the secretary said, "Why don't you talk to Mr. Roosevelt the way you talk to me?" I said, "I would if he were here but he has gone to Oyster Bay for a rest and he won't want me to come breaking in on his rest." The secretary asked by telegraph for an appointment and an invitation came back for us both to lunch some days ahead at Oyster Bay.

On my return to West Point, I told Mrs. Scott: "I am going to do the most dangerous thing I can possibly do. I am going to butt right into the President of the United States and the secretary of war head-on. The President is so sure of himself that anyone who differs with him must in consequence be wrong—nobody can possibly be right who differs with him. The secretary of war will be sitting right there and all the President will have to do is to say to him, 'This bothersome fellow annoys me; he won't let me do what I want to do; send him to the Mexican border, Alaska or any old place away from West Point!' and all the little reputation I have been all my life building up will be kicked over like a bucket of milk and I'll have to go away with the stigma on my record that the Presi-

dent of the United States considers me unfit to command the Military Academy, and my career will be over before it is really begun."

She said, "You know what you ought to do—go ahead and do it. We have lived on the prairie before and I am ready to go back with you and do it again," and that has been her attitude all our married life.

Mr. Frank Hitchcock, who was the political manager of Secretary Taft, then a candidate for the Presidency, Major Henry Lee Higginson, Boston's great broker, and an African hunter, with Mrs. Robinson, the president's sister, were the other guests at lunch, after which Mr. Roosevelt took the secretary and me into his library where they began to tell each other what bad boys they had been, the inference being that bad boys like them could come to high places, and it was evident that if I did not get in what I had to say I would be steam-rolled by a positive order I could not get changed.

The President gave me my chance at last by asking me to tell him again why I had sent those young men away. This gave me the floor.

"Mr. President," I said, "that is the law! The law says if you haze new cadets, you 'shall be dismissed'! The culprits do not deny their guilt and there is nothing else to do."

"Oh yes, yes, I know, I know," he said, several times nodding his head alternately to one side and then the other, "Congress passed a hysterical law."

"Mr. President, I am not the Supreme Court," I said, "to pass on these laws. I have got to take them as they come to me from the War Department. I cannot pick and choose among them. I have taken an oath to obey them and so have you, and if you and the secretary do what you are now contemplating, you will do the greatest damage to the discipline of the Military Academy that anybody has done in this generation."

Then I looked around waiting for the lightning to strike, but the President, instead of fulminating, wheeled quickly around to the secretary, saying, "Luke, we have got to look out here what we are doing!" and the storm was all over. I came away from Oyster Bay wearing my own hide and I am still wearing it.

This was by no means, however, the end of the matter. The metropolitan press of New York supported me throughout but various senators from time to time asked me to relent, one old friend saying that one of the dismissed cadets was the son of one of his most influential constituents, and that as he was coming up for reelection in the near future, and had always befriended me, would I not now befriend him. I had to refuse to act on his behalf.

Next a bill was introduced in Congress to reinstate the guilty cadets and I was summoned before a Senate committee, to be subjected like a criminal to a severe grilling, not comporting at all with the dignity of the upper house, and reminding one of a police court; three or four senators threw hypothetical questions at me simultaneously and in a loud tone, endeavoring to confuse me into saying something I did not mean. Matters became acrimonious at times, the session lasting more than two hours, and the record exceeding seventy-five typewritten pages. Senator Dick of Ohio, who had been one of the congressional committee engaged in the "Booze Investigation of West Point," was well aware of the importance of this case, and was my only friend in the committee; he remarked on leaving, "They haven't scored a point on you."

All this disturbance so injurious to West Point was but an effort to favor the powerful political influence enjoyed by friends of the dismissed cadets, and portrays some of the difficulties encountered in the stamping out of hazing at the Military Academy.

Here lies in my opinion one of the greatest evils in modern

American life. Children are no longer disciplined at home and grow up without a knowledge of what the word means. When speaking of it to Congress I spoke a foreign language. Lack of discipline is the foundation of our notorious disrespect of the law. It provides a major argument for compulsory military training, which would atone in part for the neglect of American parents.

The attitude of the President at Oyster Bay toward that "hysterical law" against hazing was very illuminating as to his real sentiments. Although he was considered an impulsive man, I always found Mr. Roosevelt not only on this but on other occasions amenable to reason, if you could get the opportunity to reason with him. His power was so great that it frightened many, and he rather liked you if you would not run away from him, as many did.

He frightened me greatly once, however, by writing me, "You teach too much mathematics at West Point. I want you to stop it." I thought that the most remarkable letter coming from a graduate and an overseer of Harvard that I had ever seen, but I realize now that the President must have been influenced by the constant badgering of Congressmen whose appointees had failed in mathematics. The wails of some of them were very moving and it seemed to be the prevailing idea in Congress that the superintendent and faculty lay awake nights searching for some way to send Congressmen's appointees away, whereas actually they lie awake pondering how they can possibly keep them there.

This letter scared me stiff, and I showed it to the chiefs of engineers and of ordnance, and other authorities, asking for help. They asked what help I needed. I told them that that was a positive order from the President, which would knock out the foundations from under every one of their scientific corps. I intended to go to the White House and argue with him myself, but ultimately this proved unnecessary.

## DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

One of the big privileges that comes to the superintendent of West Point is the opportunity to meet many of the great men of the world. The government at Washington considers West Point one of its show places and sends there its guests from foreign countries of whom there has been a long line. King Edward visited at West Point as Prince of Wales about 1862 and his grandson has followed his example. Queen Marie of Rumania has more lately been there, and Generals Joffre and Foch, marshals of France, came over after the war. There have been many Japanese and Chinese princes, admirals, and generals of note, as well as premiers of foreign countries, and governors and citizens of high degree.

The visits of General Kuroki and Vice-Admiral Uriu of Japan, occurring many years apart, were both marred by rain. General Kuroki asked to have the review ordered in his honor called off on that account as it is not customary to hold reviews in the rain in any army. After the review for Vice-Admiral Uriu was ordered, his attention was called to the rain during lunch, but he said it was not raining too hard for him and I did not want him to go back to Japan saying that West Point cadets were too tender to go out in the wet, so the review was held in a pelting rain. The naval officer received it dressed in my raincoat and a high silk hat while the water ran down his nose as well as mine—it must have cost him at least a new hat.

We were favored also at different times by visits from Prince Kuni of Japan with his wife, Lady Nagasaki, and Dr. Takumane, discoverer of the drug adrenalin. Also by a visit from Prince Tao-tai, a brother of the Chinese emperor, and on another occasion we enjoyed seeing Prince Li, the son of Li Hung Chang, the latter having visited West Point long before, bring-

ing his coffin with him. In 1909 the Hudson Fulton celebration took place in New York and four hundred foreign guests were given luncheon at West Point and a review, after which I drove the high ranking admirals down to the railway station in the same carriage; they were Sir Hobart Seymour, Von Koester of Germany, and Le Pord of France, and discussing the event, all agreed with each other that they did not have such a military school in their countries. A photograph of the review was made by a press correspondent and copies were sent to each of the admirals. Von Koester sent his to the emperor of Germany who endorsed it as follows: "A fine body of young men, a sight delightful to a soldier's heart. William I. R."

While on the subject of distinguished visitors, and demonstrations held in their honor, the story of how General Horace Porter came to be broken from the exalted rank of class adjutant, may be apropos. General Porter was a graduate of 1861 who had a very distinguished career on the staff of General Grant in the Civil War, after which he became the Vice-President of the Pullman Car Company, and later American ambassador to France. He had been a roommate of my uncle at Lawrenceville before going to West Point, which taken with the fact that I was a Lawrenceville boy myself, though of a later day, made us firm friends. I sat next to him at a banquet at the Union League Club of New York, and was fortunate in having him give me an account of his recovery of the bones of John Paul Jones, father of the American Navy, who had been buried in an obscure Paris graveyard, over which a city block had been built, and underneath which the general excavated at his own expense until the remains were found. He brought them over to the Naval Academy where they are now enshrined.

But that is not the story. One night after dinner at Castle Rock, the home of Dr. and Mrs. Fairfield Osborn, as whose guests Mrs. Scott and I had been invited to dine with General

Porter, we all sat out on the terrace overlooking the Hudson River and watched the lights at West Point go on, and the General then told his tale.

It seems that General Delafield, superintendent of the day of Porter's class, had previously been sent to make a report on the armies of Europe and had picked up ideas he thought proper to introduce at West Point. Among others was the wearing of the overcoat in a roll over the shoulder at ceremonies under arms, like the wearing of the blanket roll to-day.

The cadet cult then in vogue did not permit wearing of the overcoat just as I hear the hat is not used now at Groton and the arctic overshoes at Princeton are left unfastened. And as the overcoat does not lend itself naturally to the making of a smooth roll, one cadet would cut off the cape, another the sleeves or skirt while another would make his roll by stuffing a pair of gray trousers instead, the rolls then being sewn to keep them tight and shapely.

Porter neglected his duty at the daily guard mount by not ordering the coats to be unrolled from time to time at guard inspections, a precaution which would have exposed this cadet practice. All went well until a Russian officer came to call on the superintendent while Porter was mounting the guard right in front of the superintendent's quarters, an age old custom. The superintendent, desiring to show his foreign guest the practice he had picked up abroad, sent his orderly out to Porter with an order to "unroll the overcoats."

This order struck terror into every heart but there stood the superintendent waiting for its execution and there could be no evasion. The rolls had to be unripped in ranks with the bayonets before the withering glance of the superintendent. One man put on an overcoat without sleeves, another without a cape or skirt, while another draped a pair of gray trousers over his shoulders, and the guard began to pass in review before the superintendent as ragged as Falstaff's Army. Porter



COLONEL SCOTT WITH LORD KITCHENER AND BUTLER DUNCAN, JR., WEST POINT, 1910





said the band was so convulsed with laughter that the only musician able to play was the base drummer, but it was no laughing matter for the cadets. It threw the superintendent into such a fury that he broke the young future general on the spot. It was a long while before Porter could see anything to laugh about in the incident but it caused him great hilarity on this occasion, nearly fifty years afterward.

In my own official receiving of important guests, I was greatly assisted throughout my sojourn at West Point by the tact, diplomacy, and social grace of Mrs. Scott who was always equal to every emergency. She had full control of the inside of the house and was always ready for the entertainment of visitors of any number and every degree. I had only to telephone that I was coming with a foreign prince and his suite, a great soldier, the secretary of war or the President and I knew that she would be fully equal to the occasion and that they would be received in a fitting manner. This took a vast weight of responsibility from my shoulders and was of immense importance to the success of my administration. I fear, however, that I was often a great trial to my family, bringing home distinguished guests without previous warning.

I once telephoned my daughter, Blanchard, who was chate-laine during Mrs. Scott's absence one Sunday afternoon, that I was bringing a party of senators and their families—ten persons in all—home with me to tea. She cried out in horror, "You can't do that—this is Sunday and the cook is away, and there isn't enough food in the house for that many and the shops are all closed." She was told that the invitation had already been given and accepted and I was coming with the party. We found an excellent tea which she had managed to get together on the spur of the moment as I knew she would, but she told her mother upon the latter's return that she "hoped never to be left alone in the house with father again."

We were greatly favored on one occasion by a visit from Sir

Howard Vincent of the British army, aide-de-camp to King Edward VII. He was inadvertently taken into the old chapel while inspecting the Post but was called out before he could catch sight of the colors of the British regiments taken at Yorktown and Saratoga, hung in the chapel. His own aide, coming in with another party, saw them and called Sir Howard back and they both thrilled with interest, as I myself have thrilled seeing the colors of the Fourth Regiment of our regular infantry in Westminster Abbey, taken on the Great Lakes in 1812.

Sir Howard surprised us all by saying that while there are various British naval colors in foreign custody, those flags from Yorktown and Saratoga in the old chapel are the only British army flags held by foreigners, save one. It seems that in the long ago, a British punitive expedition landed in the Argentine and lost its colors there.

One day in 1910, without pomp or ceremony, Field Marshal Herbert, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, came to West Point, accompanied by Mr. Butler Duncan, Jr., of the Pilgrim Society of New York, but without any military aide. He declined to receive a review or any other military ceremony in his honor but saw a review of the corps from the veranda of the superintendent's quarters. He was most affable and pleasant to Mrs. Scott and to everybody he met. I whisked them about inspecting the post so rapidly that he asked if I were trying to kill him. He was particularly impressed, as a practical soldier who is always interested in transportation, with the pack-train of 50 cargo mules. He saw these animals in the pink of condition line themselves up against their rigging; then we inspected the artillery stables and barracks and came back in fourteen minutes by his watch, during which time the mules had been saddled and loaded with fourteen thousand pounds and the train started down the road. This pleased him greatly and he

spoke of it again and again, remembering no doubt his own transportation troubles in Africa.

He was taken hurriedly about the post and brought up finally at the power-house that no stranger recognizes as such, since its chimney is masked in the tower of the riding hall and thus it appears like any other great stone building. Many thousands of visitors pass its doors every year without recognizing it for what it is, and when one stands inside and looks down among the dynamos, the place seems deserted, hid away by itself, as West Point is isolated, until some lonely oiler appears for a moment and then disappears. I always consider the power-house the symbol of West Point; thousands go past them both every day without appreciating their presence, yet there they are working silently day and night each at its appointed task of furnishing light and power for post and nation, with the highest efficiency, regularity and fidelity. Lord Kitchener stood in the entrance of the power-house, apparently deserted, looking down among the whirring dynamos, and shook his head several times, saying, "We can't do it—we can't do it."

AN AUSTRALIAN WEST POINT

He had been asked to recommend a system of defense for Australia and had recommended among other things a West Point for that continent and later sent Colonel Bridges of the British army to our Military Academy where he had been given our textbooks, and taught our methods, returning then to Australia. Lord Kitchener had all this in mind while saying, "We can't do it—we can't do it." I gave him some encouragement by reminding him that our West Point is the evolution of a hundred years, and he used these words of cheer in his speech at Liverpool and elsewhere on his return to England.

A few days after this visit I was invited with Lord Kitchener

to dine in New York as the only guests of Consul-General Bennett of Great Britain. Later Colonel Bernard R. James, military attaché of the British Embassy at Washington, joined us.

Lord Kitchener was immensely affable and animated in his talk about India. Colonel James and I had been old friends and we walked back to our hotel together after dinner and I asked him, "What is all this talk we hear about the austerity of Kitchener, the woman-hater. He was delightful to Mrs. Scott at West Point and nobody could be pleasanter or more kindly than he was to-night."

"Don't you go too fast now, about that," replied James. "I sent my card up to him this afternoon at the Plaza Hotel, and when I went up he was sitting on the only chair in the room. He looked up for a moment as I entered and said, 'Ah, how do you do, James. Can I do anything for you to-day?' I answered, 'I have just come on from Washington to place the resources of the embassy at your disposal.' 'Ah, very well, James,' he answered. 'I am very busy to-day'—and the interview, which brought me all the way from Washington to show him a courtesy, was over."

The loss of Lord Kitchener at sea sent a wave of sorrow over the whole English-speaking world but I have often wondered if it were not, after all, better so. He had organized and trained his army and had done his bit for England. He was the product of another time, untrained for command in France. Clouds of opposition were gathering about his head at home and old age might not have sat gracefully upon him. As it is, his exit at the height of his glory among the heroes of England, was dramatic, and his memory is enshrined forever—a great soldier among the great men of the empire.

When Colonel Bridges of the British army, ordered to West Point at Lord Kitchener's request, arrived on the post, everything possible was done to assist him in his mission. After I

had shown him our textbooks and explained all our methods, I asked him if he had arranged yet for his water supply. "Good Lord," he said, "do I have to get a water supply?" "You drink water and bathe, don't you," I asked him, and he seemed greatly cast down at this multiplicity of things for which he would have to make arrangements. I took him off to look at our reservoir by way of encouraging him, and it is an interesting detail that when we reached the power-house he stood within an inch of where Lord Kitchener stood afterward, and said too, "I can't do it—I can't do it," and I cheered him with the same reminder that our West Point was the result of an evolution of a hundred years.

Colonel Bridges went back to Australia and established the Royal Military College of Duntroon, outside of Melbourne, modeling it as nearly on West Point as he was able. He sent me yearly reports of his progress until he was killed at Gallipoli and I feared that with the death of Kitchener and Bridges, its main sponsors, the school would also be lost.

I want to skip ahead a few years to remark that while inspecting the Canadian forces at Folkestone, England, in 1917, the Canadians invited me to a dinner being given to a British major general, Sam Steele, of South African fame. On my left that night sat Sir Newton Moore, then in command of all Australian forces in Great Britain, of whom I made inquiry about the Australian West Point, asking if it had been of any value in the war.

"Any value!" he exclaimed with emphasis, "any value! Why, it has been the backbone of all our Australian forces in Europe, and we will never let it go!"

In view of the glorious record made by Australian troops on the battle-fields of France, this was good news for a West Pointer who had had a humble part in helping to start the Australian school upon its way.

If I were asked what I consider the greatest weakness in

the education of a West Point cadet, I would say that it is to be found in the instruction in giving personal orders. To give them "short, terse and snappy" is considered "military" at West Point and does well enough among those who understand the style but is considered harsh, arrogant, and even insulting by outsiders and often causes hatred and opposition. The wiser officers rid themselves of this manner after serving a little while with troops.

I found my model early in Captain Benteen, the idol of the Seventh Cavalry on the upper Missouri in 1877, who governed mainly by suggestion; in all the years I knew him I never once heard him raise his voice to enforce his purpose. He would sit by the open fire at night, his bright pleasant face framed by his snow-white hair, beaming with kindness and humor, and often I watched his every movement to find out the secret of his quiet steady government, that I might go and govern likewise. For example, if he intended to stay a few days in one camp he would say to his adjutant, "Brewer, don't you think we had better take up our regular guard mount while in this camp?" and Brewer always thought it "better" and so did everybody else. If he found that this kindly manner were misunderstood, then his iron hand would close down quickly, but that was seldom necessary, and then only with new-comers and never twice with the same person.

Benteen's policy, which I adopted in 1877, has paid me large dividends. The press has lately remarked that General Foch, marshal of France, probably considered now the foremost soldier in the world, commands in the same way, and from my brief association with him I am prepared to believe that this is quite true. I tried to teach command by suggestion and persuasion at West Point by methods of precept and example. I tried to follow the same methods with the Indians, and at Joló, and while my efforts along this line were not always successful, they did prove so in a significant number of cases.

## ADDITIONAL BENEFITS

There was something else, however, which West Point needed badly when I first stepped behind the superintendent's desk in 1906.

When I came back from the Black Hills of Dakota in the Cheyenne Expedition of 1878, I telegraphed to Bismarck to have a pair of shoes made to wear east on my four months' leave. The fashion of the shoes of that time was even worse than the fashion to-day. The heel was two inches high and the toes were jammed forward to a sharp point in the center. I took the shoes, however, as the fashion of the time and nearly ruined my feet while on leave. I got almost every ailment that feet are heir to and suffered untold misery in consequence. After returning from leave I began to wonder about the cause of such misery, and compared my shoes with the moccasins of the Sioux, and my feet with theirs, which were the most beautiful I had ever seen; slender, small, with the great toe lying straight in the moccasin in the natural shape. I had my shoes made to order on a last I designed myself on the lines of a Sioux moccasin, and got back the healthy condition of my feet; they have now had no blemish for thirty years. My children's feet were kept free of blemish in the same way.

On my arrival at West Point, a last was worked out with the Stetson Company of New York, a firm of shoemakers, called the "Scott Last" although I had no financial interest in it, and a change was then made in the cadets' shoes. Previous to this time neither West Point nor the army had ever been properly shod, a fact responsible for our inefficient foot troops from early times. From thirty to fifty cadets would appear every month on the sick list with foot troubles. A short time after the shoes made on my last began to be worn, the cadets with foot trouble began to drop off the sick report until they



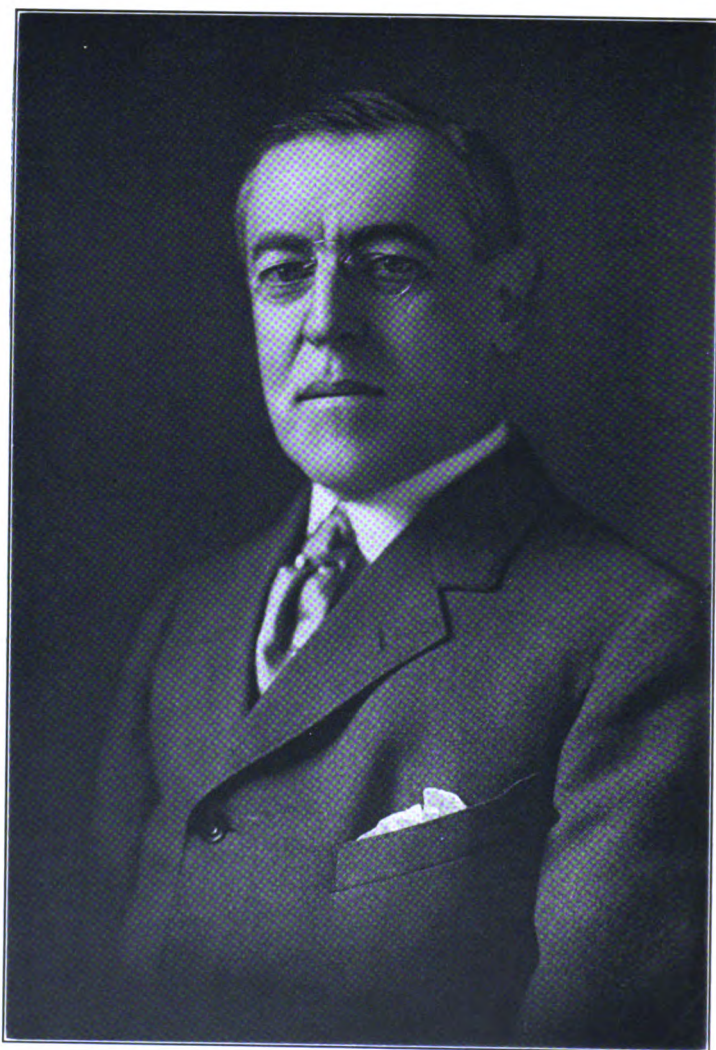
disappeared altogether. A cadet coming to West Point with blemished feet would find his ills vanishing while wearing the Scott shoes, and these were practically the same shoes that were made afterward for the army on what was called the Munson last, in which the army got a proper shoe for the first time in its history.

The last week of my time at West Point the corps spent in field manœuvres, marching many miles in the mud over rocky mountains. I was able on its return to show the sick report covering that march and several days thereafter without a single entry for sore feet. General Garlington, inspector general of the army, used to buy his shoes from the cadet store and got ease from foot trouble for the first time in his life when he adopted the new last. President Wilson bought three pairs before going to Washington for his inauguration, having been converted on the subject of sensible shoes at West Point. Secretary Garfield wore them also, as well as many others.

We heard much in our former wars about painful feet, but nothing at all about them in the late conflict. A proper last does much to alleviate the horrors of war, which are bad enough without painful feet.

The reservation of West Point is quite large and needs constant supervision to protect the interests of the government. The law permitted the retention of civilian lawbreakers eight days in the guard-house without trial but there is a prejudice against the use of the military power in civil communities, stirred up by the lawbreakers themselves, and in order to counteract this feeling, I caused the forest ranger to be appointed a deputy United States marshal and one of the civil employees a United States commissioner. Thus all the lawbreakers were handled by the civil authorities and the military satrap disappeared from view. The forest ranger planted many tree nurseries and before I left West Point more than three





To Genl Hugh L Scott  
from his sincere friend  
Woodrow Wilson

hundred thousand white pine trees were planted on the mountain sides.

The reservoir was restocked several times with black bass and a number of Hungarian partridges were turned out on the reservation, with what ultimate result, I am not informed. In such ways the ambition to make my sojourn beneficial at my every station has been carried out, and at no post was this ambition higher than at West Point.

#### RETROSPECTIVE

Looking back over the history of the United States during the century and a quarter since the foundation of West Point, it will be seen that there has come and gone a glorious company of saints and sinners, all imbued with the "Spirit of Old West Point"; with patriotism and the love of service. Of them we used to sing in our youth:

    Their blood has watered western plains and northern wilds of  
        snow,  
    Has dyed deep red the Everglades and walls of Mexico.

Since those words were written there has been another glorious company who have likewise fought the good fight and kept the faith on both sides of the world.

While most graduates are confined to membership in only one class, I have been blessed by membership in two, owing to the fact of having been turned back a year as punishment in 1872. I was welcomed in the new class without ever losing my spiritual membership in the old, which has not let go of me and I do not propose to allow it ever to do so. The class of 1875 has been fortunate in having a class shepherd, General Elbert Wheeler, of Nashua, N. H., who herds the members together, drives them to the frequent celebrations of anniversaries, leads them to the performance of good works, and

generally causes them to keep alive the old class spirit, and to strengthen the bonds of friendship forged fifty years ago in the old gray barracks. At each reunion, however, we find our number grown smaller, and as the years march by, each one to go leaves a great gap behind him.

The class of '75 looks up to Wheeler with enduring love and well it may, for it takes peculiar characteristics to make a shepherd. The position cannot be held by one on the active list who follows the flag, now here, now there; he must have resigned early from the service, must enjoy leisure and have a local habitation not far from West Point from which he can issue his instructions and round up his sheep, for he cannot do this from the Philippines, Mexico, or Cuba. Indeed, no class was ever more blessed in a shepherd than is '75 in Wheeler. The class of 1876 has never had a shepherd and suffers greatly from the lack.

In 1909 there was a meeting of the members of '75 at West Point and it was declared that the class was proud of the fact that one of its members had become superintendent of the Military Academy, and to mark this pride the class ordered his portrait painted to hang in the cadet mess hall with the portraits of all the other superintendents from the beginning—the only one, however, ordered by the class. This has always been a source of great satisfaction to me for they would surely not have done it unless they had loved me.

Every now and then, however, some crabbed old pessimist rises to declare that "West Point is not what it used to be; it has completely outgrown itself and gone to the dogs!"

Certainly things are not what they used to be for West Point has kept up with the age, progressing far. Contemplating the record of West Point in the World War, when its output instead of showing deterioration furnished the initiative and the informing and directing spirit for the vast host which brought us home a glorious victory, we may be assured that that output

is still of the same old bulldog breed that has ever been ready to take, hold, and carry through anything in life.

My four years at West Point came to an end August 31, 1910. I took my leave of the academic board in their new room and fifteen minutes after turning over the command, entered the car with the new superintendent, General T. H. Barry, passed in front of the corps on parade at the dock by order of my successor, went aboard the steamer *Hendrik Hudson* and left on a leave of absence of four months.

But a fortnight after I left West Point I received the following letter which, needless to say, meant a great deal to me:

War Department,  
Office of The Chief of Staff,  
Washington.  
September 9, 1910.

Major Hugh L. Scott, 14th Cavalry,  
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

The Secretary of War directs me to express to you his appreciation of the very efficient and valuable services rendered by you as Superintendent of the United States Military Academy. It is considered that the results attained have been beneficial to the Academy and highly creditable to you.

Very respectfully,  
LEONARD WOOD,  
Major General,  
Chief of Staff.

The following is self-explanatory:

Extract from the Annual Report of the Board of Visitors to the United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., June 14, 1907.

In conclusion, the Board of Visitors is of the opinion that the Academy is in the hands of a most zealous and efficient Superintendent (Colonel H. L. Scott), and that he has the earnest and

hearty co-operation of high-class officers and assistants in all departments.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*                    \*                    \*                    \*

THOMAS WARD,  
 Brigadier General,  
 U. S. Army, Ret'd, President.  
 Augustus O. Bacon,  
                                  Vice President.  
 Bird W. Spencer,  
 Alexander R. Lawton,  
 Geo. H. Newman,  
 Roswell Park,  
 N. T. Guernsey,  
 Archibald Hopkins,  
 John A. T. Hull,  
 John W. Dwight,  
 N. B. Scott.

I did not go back to West Point for more than three years. It has always been my belief that ghosts should not haunt the scene of their past activities. They have no further responsibilities there and their presence is certain to cause unnecessary disturbance. I went home to Princeton, reverting to my former rank as a major of cavalry after being four years a West Point colonel. This was the second time that I had been promoted backward, according to the law.

## PART VI

### Washington and the Border

#### PASSING SNAPSHOTS

THE years 1909-14, the period stretching from just before my departure from West Point to the outbreak of the World War, were mostly spent in New York and Washington, excepting the border service. In contrast to past years—on the great Plains, in Cuba, the Sulu Archipelago and at the Military Academy—the present period was neither so strenuous nor so dramatic, but still this interlude was of profit and interest to me in many ways.

In one direction, these years were vastly different than the full ones which preceded them, and I refer here to my relations with men and affairs. In the past, I had dealt mostly with the children of the world, if I may so describe them. In more ways than one, the Sioux and the Moros were of a temperament which demanded of me a paternal forbearance—often a firm hand, to be sure, but generally my assignment had been that of preceptor to those whom, from the point of view of civilized mankind, our government regarded as less advanced than we. Often I found traits in them of chivalry, of ethical consciousness, of spirituality, and philosophy, that I suspected were superior sometimes to the equivalent qualities in us. But for all of that, my rôle—even, to a degree, as superintendent at West Point—had been that of instructor and administrator.

These present years, however, were to bring me in touch not with children but with men of large affairs, with leaders of



various kinds. It was an important period in national and international affairs—Roosevelt was about to leave the White House, Taft succeeded him, and Woodrow Wilson was to be elected in 1912. It was a long way from the Plains, a longer way from the Philippines, but I had one contact again with Joló which touched me exceedingly.

I want to take this opportunity to relate briefly some of my impressions of these three years, before the event of the World War hurtles me on to another period.

#### PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

It is always my custom to announce my name when calling on a public man to save him embarrassment in case he has forgotten it. Nothing enrages me so much as to have somebody appear suddenly and say, "You don't know me?" I feel like saying, "I don't know you and I don't want to know you," for no gentleman has a right to embarrass another. It seems a curious sort of vanity that causes a man to feel he is known to everybody. I never expect to be recognized except by old and dear friends and avoid all discourtesy by a simple announcement.

On one of my visits to the White House to see President Roosevelt I found him conferring with different groups. When finished with one group he would turn quickly to another, and the first group would leave.

After progressing around the room from group to group, he turned suddenly to me. I announced myself as "Colonel Scott from West Point." The President took the skirts of his long frock coat in each hand, and making a curtsy like a girl said, quick as a flash, "I am Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States," and then laughed loud enough to be heard outside.

He remembered thousands of people and could often recall

the circumstances of meeting, and if thrown with him more or less he would even remember one's ancestors. Lunching one day at the White House with General Charles Francis Adams as the only other guest, Mr. Roosevelt came from his office bubbling with mirth over a letter he had just received from a Rough Rider in the West giving news of comrades. He repeated every word of it with shouts of laughter over Comrade A—who had been hung for horse stealing, and Comrade B—who had been arrested for robbing a bank; and turning suddenly to Mrs. Roosevelt, he said, "My dear, are you aware that you are sitting between the descendants of President Adams and Benjamin Franklin?"

General Palmer Pierce once asked me to write to President Roosevelt to invite him to deliver an address before the delegates to a meeting for the uplift of college sports in America. The letter was written but no reply was received and the matter was forgotten. Later I went to spend the week-end, together with General Dudley, at the house of Commodore Swan, a neighbor of Mr. Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, and the commodore said, "Come on, let's go over and see Roosevelt."

The commodore sent in only his own name; we were ushered into a dark room with the blinds all closed to keep out the heat and glare of a hot July day. Mr. Roosevelt shook hands cordially with all of us, and I sat down in the darkness, thinking he had no idea who Dudley and I were. I had not seen him for two years.

He marched up and down across the floor, talking and waving a baton in one hand twisted from a newspaper. After a while he said:

"Do you know I have a President's mail without a President's force to handle it; just look at that pile of a hundred and fifty invitations unanswered for want of a clerk. There is one of those invitations I would like especially to accept but I cannot do it. It is to deliver an address for the uplifting of college

sport in America." And passing, he hit me across the knee with his baton as if saying, "There, you've got your answer!"

I was talking to him once in the Cabinet room when Montgomery and Stone, the actors, came in with their families. Stone had a new bullet he was going to try on bear at Kodiak Island, Alaska. This question of bears began to excite the President who sat down at the head of the Cabinet table, putting me in the chair of the secretary of state, and Montgomery and Stone in the chairs of the secretaries of the treasury and the navy; and he began to talk about hunting in the West, forgetting all about the senators waiting in the anteroom to see him. He sent to his rooms for his rifle, and showed us where a piece had been bitten out of the comb of the stock when he had poked it in the mouth of a wounded mountain lion charging toward him.

Stone said: "That was a dangerous place. I would not like to have been there."

"That was not half as dangerous," said the President, "as that stunt of yours, coming out of a window head first down a ladder in the Red Mill."

While he had a fine personal dignity which no one ever thought of disrespecting, Mr. Roosevelt was very affable and simple in his ways. One day he invited General Wood, Captain Hanna and me to walk in Rock Creek Park with him, and when a two-horse open spring wagon drove up to take us out, I thought it would be overcrowded and said I would go to the park on the trolley and meet them there. But the President said, "No, you are the largest—you sit by the driver and General Wood on the back seat with me." He then took Captain Hanna on his lap and drove that way through the streets of Washington. He had on an old pair of corduroy trousers, a coat that had evidently been through the wars and a battered old hat that surely some cat had brought in. When we came back again through the city covered with mud, no stranger

would have taken him for the President of the United States.

But he was President in every sense of the word. He was one of our greatest. He was a many-sided President, of whom any American might well be proud; he showed a breadth of culture seldom seen in the White House or anywhere else.

He had traveled up and down Rock Creek times without number and knew every stone in it. He liked to lead a newcomer into some place that would stump him, such as a rock jutting out over a pool where if you knew which foot to put first in climbing around the points you were all right, but starting with the wrong foot you found no place to step, and were likely to fall into the pool while changing feet.

He invited General Wood, Colonel McCoy and me and some others to walk one day, and one of the party, expecting to stroll with the President up and down the boulevard, came to me wearing a fine straw hat, a white waistcoat, eyeglasses on a silk ribbon attached to his lapel, and with a beautiful swagger stick to twirl.

He said, "It is raining very hard. I suppose that the walk with the President is all off."

"What difference does the rain make," I asked him. "You are not going to need that fine hat though or that dinky little swagger stick; you're going to need your hands and feet both when you 'walk' with the President."

Driving high up Rock Creek on that occasion, the President plunged out of the carriage and into the brush in a pouring rain. All of us followed. Every now and then the string of my friend's glasses would catch in the brush, tearing them off and a piece of flesh of his nose with them. The hat and waistcoat were soon pulped, and in a fit of rage he drew out, saying, "I'm going to quit this damned outfit!"

We were then all strung along the narrow foot-path through the brush, the man in front of me going slower and slower, until I had to pass him. The President turned off short and

climbed the face of a rocky cliff followed by General Wood and me. When I got up about thirty feet I heard a voice from below calling, "Mr. President—oh, Mr. President!"

Down came a gruff question from above: "What is the matter down there?"

"I've got a stomach ache," was the reply.

The President called out, "You'd better not come up here then," and we lost another. Nothing pleased him so much as to drop companions along the road unable to keep up with him. If he thought any one was too well dressed for an outing he would swim across a deep pool and everybody was compelled to follow. He was a great sport. Walking one day with a party among whom was Mr. Jules Jusserand, ambassador from France, the President proposed that they all go bathing in Rock Creek without bathing suits, not far off the public highway. Mr. Jusserand waded in without any clothes except a pair of white kid gloves and a high hat. Mr. Roosevelt looked at him with astonishment for some time, but finally his curiosity became too great and he had to ask the reason for the ambassador's costume.

"Oh, Mr. President," Mr. Jusserand replied, "suppose some ladies should go by!"

#### A VISIT FROM THE SULTAN

In the autumn of 1910 while I was on leave in Princeton, I received an order to meet the sultan of Sulu and his suite arriving in New York, and take them to Washington to see President Taft.

They threw their arms around me on the ship and began to cry. Hadji Gulam, whom I had made promise not to blacken his teeth, rushed up calling out "Look at my teeth!" and I found them still white "like a dog's."

We went to the Hotel Astor where the sultan demanded first

to see the Times Building, a picture of which I had sent him some time before to show the manner of buildings over here. He was charmed with the view over New York. Coming downstairs we were ushered into a room and found the entire management of the "New York Times" sitting at a long table like a court-martial with Mr. Adolph Ochs at the head. They asked if they might question the sultan, and among other things, inquired what would happen if the United States should come away from the Philippines. Without a moment's hesitation the sultan replied, "We Moros would take the islands," as indeed they would, for in morale they are superior to the Filipinos, who have never stood up against the Moros.

We went to Washington to see the President, and were quartered in a suite at the old Arlington Hotel, since torn down. When getting ready for our interview, Hadji Mohammed, the chief priest of the Archipelago, came to me in great distress saying that the sultan had been falling off from the true faith all the way from Singapore to Paris, where he had worn a hat—"A hat! What do you think of that? A hat!" And now he was going before the President of the United States wearing a necktie. "You know very well, my father," the Hadji wailed, "I cannot wear a necktie. What shall I do? What will the President think when he sees me dressed different from the others?" He was really in the sort of excitement in which a Sulu Moro is capable of anything.

I said: "My son, don't you think anything of that. You go up to your room and I will fix it all right." I went out and bought one of those things they button on in front of the collar, called a butterfly, and told him to put it on; that the President would think he looked just like the others. "You know yourself it won't go all the way around your neck, but no one else will know it," I said to sooth him. This satisfied him completely, although he had been ready to go to his death over that necktie a moment before. On just such little crises as this

had hung peace or war in the days of the empire at Joló, yet every one had its solution if you could only find it and had the necessary time to carry out the remedy.

President Taft received us very graciously and the sultan took occasion to ask him to send me back to Joló as governor. The request was repeated to the chief of staff and I was asked how I felt about it. I told them that it would be a great pleasure to go back and see the progress and the people, but that I would want my return ticket in my pocket, with a short time limit, for my work at Joló was over, with the foundation laid, ready for somebody else to build the superstructure.

While sitting in the Arlington Hotel talking about old times in Joló, I asked the Raja Muda if he remembered that fearful boil he once had. He replied: "Please, my father, please! Do not talk about that. I don't know too much even now, but at that time I was an unborn child."

I arranged their transportation going west so as to save them seven hundred dollars. We bade good-by to each other upstairs in their suite, and I then walked down the stairs alone. I found them lined up on both sides of the door, having come down by the elevator, every one of them in tears. This was the last time I ever saw them. I heard later that the Raja Muda had sung a ballad about our meeting to large audiences upon their return. The Moros sing ballads about their distinguished men and their doings, just as did the minstrels of Provence in the Middle Ages, who came back from the Crusades and paid for food and lodging in some great castle by singing of the deeds of Richard Coeur de Lion, of Godfrey de Bouillon and other champions in the Holy Land, furnishing thus not only their newspapers but also their opera.

#### PRESIDENT WILSON

The election of Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey to the Presidency occurred in 1912 and knowing some of the

many pitfalls that await any one without experience in the guileful city of Washington, especially any one with the governor's profound ignorance of persons and things military, I became apprehensive lest on arrival he be captured by the political element of the army and become entangled before he knew it. I had perfect confidence in his ultimate arrival at the proper policy for the army but fearful politics might cause him grief.

All sorts of rumors were in the air, one to the effect that the head of General Wood as chief of staff was immediately to be carried out on a charger. I knew that elaborate plans were being laid by the political element to capture the ear of the President, the result of which could not be otherwise than disastrous to the army, the country and to the President himself.

The President had the acquaintance of only two officers of the army; a young relative of junior rank and experience, and myself, and since there was no one else to warn him of conditions in Washington, I determined to try to do it myself.

Taking the opportunity of a Christmas visit to my brother in Princeton, I sought by telephone an interview with the governor at his home and was invited there at once.

I made a plain statement of facts to the governor as I saw them, pointing out the rocks which my experience in Washington told me he would most probably run against. I was guided in this entirely by my wish for the good of the service and my friendship for him. There was no personal end in view.

The governor listened to me very graciously and asked some questions, but he was full of the talk of some people he had seen that day and quoted them at length with great enthusiasm. "A" had said this and "B" had said that, and from all he told me I became frozen with horror at the conviction that he intended to make "A" the new secretary of war.

His remarks about "A" were listened to for some time while I considered how the latter's selection as secretary of war



might be prevented. "Here I am," thought I, "about to place myself right in the beginning in opposition to the President and his secretary of war for the next four years, and any promotion I might otherwise attain will fly right up the flue, but I must oppose this selection at any cost"; and I laid the history of "A" before the governor.

He spoke then of the intense opposition that had developed against retention of General Wood as chief of staff and indicated his intention to relieve him from office at once by saying, "I always begin new policies with new people."

"If you do that, Governor," I said, "you will, by throwing the great weight of your power with the political element of the army, cause it to gain such a victory over the better and more progressive element as to set back the progress of the army for twenty years, and your policies, as far as the betterment of the service is concerned, will be foredoomed to failure from the beginning."

The governor gave me no other intimation of his intentions, but it happened that "A" never became secretary of war and, notwithstanding tremendous political pressure by members of Congress exerted upon both the new President and the secretary of war for relief of General Wood as chief of staff, the latter was allowed to serve out his full term, and there was no setback or upheaval in the army. I have always believed that this was a crucial point in the history of our country. The governor was so charmed with "A" that I am certain he intended then to offer him the position of secretary of war, and I can look back now and visualize how disastrous would have been the effect on the condition of our army at the outbreak of the war, demoralized by such a régime. I believe it was right there that the current, threatening to carry the army back to the old conditions previous to the Spanish War when it was organized for peace, was swerved toward a continued efficiency, enabling it triumphantly to meet the demands of war.

White sitting there talking to the governor, I could perceive from his ignorance of everything military that he had no idea of the appointments he would have to make of brigadier-generals. I thought: "If I ask him for the next vacancy, he will probably promise it to me. If I don't, some one else will ask and get it. But if I do ask him, he will believe that to have been my real purpose in coming here and will discount all that I've told him accordingly." So I sorrowfully watched my promotion float away down the stream and disappear, and mentally I waved it good-by.

Although I did not know it then, this course was probably the best I could possibly have taken with President Wilson to gain promotion, for he ordered my appointment to the rank of brigadier-general at his first cabinet meeting on March 5, without my solicitation or that of any member of my family. There was no vacancy then available but he directed that I be given the first that occurred. This did not come to my knowledge until long afterward. I never spoke to him or to the secretary of war about either my subsequent detail as chief of staff or my promotion to major-general except to thank them after the announcement of each promotion, and my first knowledge of both honors was received from a member of the Associated Press.

Soon after the beginning of the new year, President Taft ordered me to report to the secretary of the interior, Mr. Walter Fisher of Chicago, who sent me to Arizona to settle the case of the Hopi Indians, the so-called hostile element of which was defying their agent at Keams Canon.

#### THE HOPI INDIANS

In the autumn of 1911 the secretary of the interior called upon the secretary of war to take over the case of the Hopi Indians of Arizona, with the request that troops be sent to

coerce the so-called hostile element at Hotevilla, who had defied their agent and refused to obey any of his directions, which were those of the Indian Department. The secretary of war directed me to report to the secretary of the interior and carry out his instructions. I reported every day for ten days, without being able to get any instructions for some reason unknown to me, but finally I was told to go to Holbrook, Arizona, where I would find troops from Fort Apache, take charge of them, and go to Keams Canon, Arizona, about a hundred miles north to the Hopi and Navajo Agency, and cooperate with the agent. I found the agent, Mr. Leo Crane, a very agreeable young gentleman, but recently appointed, who was very anxious to do his duty. He had had some experience in the Indian Office in Washington, but none in the field. He said he had received no orders to cooperate with me, but would be glad to do anything for me he could. He told me that an old Hopi chief named Yukeoma was at the bottom of all the trouble, a fanatical old sinner, who opposed everything the Government wanted to do, and while he and his people called themselves peaceful they had guns and had been known to use them against troops. This rebellion had occurred many times in the past, for which troops had been brought here before, in consequence of which there had been bloodshed.

Yukeoma had been imprisoned at Alcatraz Island, California, Fort Huachuca, Arizona, Fort Wingate, New Mexico, and many times at Keams Canon, but these confinements made no impression on him. He had been brought to Washington, but influence brought to bear upon him there was without a particle of effect. He had even been taken to the White House where President Taft gave him his orders in person. He was asked on return whether he had seen the President and replied that he "didn't know whether he had seen the President or not—he had seen a big fat man they said was President, but he did not know who he was."



**COLONEL SCOTT AND DAUGHTER, COLONEL W. F. CODY, CAPTAIN JULIUS CONRAD AND CHILDREN,  
AT SAN ANTONIO**



The point at issue now was the refusal of Yukeoma and his people to allow their children of school age to go to the agency schools. Although the agent had not received any orders yet to cooperate with me I concluded to leave the troops at the agency, go over to the hostile town of Hotevilla with the surgeon, a bright young fellow who liked adventure and hoped we might find some at Hotevilla, a cook, a teamster, and an orderly, and try and see what was troubling Yukeoma. We took possession of the empty house of the field matron, who had left because of Yukeoma's unpleasantness.

I sent for Yukeoma who appeared with his staff. We all had dinner together and I got him to tell us his troubles, which were many and various. Witches were at the bottom of nearly all of them. He had much to say of a return from the East of a party that had gone East at a time "tradition" tells of, at which time the "tradition" foretold his head was to be cut off, and everything foretold long ago was to come to pass. In the meantime no children could go to school as this would be in violation of the "traditions." He produced a "tradition" against everything he did not like, which meant everything the Government wanted—he could manage to produce a "tradition" in short order against anything he had never even heard of before. He said President Taft and Secretary Walter Fisher were both witches, and every time a coyote would come near it would be pointed out by him to me as a witch, and identified as either Taft or Walter Fisher, secretary of the interior.

The old man would come over and eat with me every day, and would bring over now and then a Hopi watermelon. He was very fond of canned pears, and would take a can or so back with him. He related the migration legends of the Hopi clans and their ancient settlement, which I asked the doctor to write down. This went on for ten days without making a dent in Yukeoma's resolution to persist in rebellion. He was the only Indian I have ever seen who could not be influenced by

reason, sympathy, and kindness. Of course, the children must go to school with or without his resistance, but I was perfectly willing to wait a month or two months rather than have to kill him or any of his people.

The doctor and I had him under observation for ten days, during which we both came to the same conclusion separately that he was really a lunatic, "gone" on the subject of witches, and there was no use wasting any more time trying to bring a crazy man around. So I sent word to the troop commander to come over with the agent and empty wagons for the children, to surround the village before dawn, taking possession of every strategic point, and allowing no gathering anywhere for resistance. The people woke up to find every place occupied, with no opportunity to get together. I then provided the agent with a guard of troops and told him to search the houses with his own men.

The old man came over in a fury, having felt from our feeding him and our listening to everything he said, that he had softened my heart about taking the children, but he was never told anything that would give him a right to any such impression. Our talk had been mainly about other things. But opposition excited him vastly. He was now in an impotent fury and informed the agent and myself we were both witches like Taft and Fisher. I did not try to punish him, for that in my belief was a matter for the Indian Department, and I was there only to get the children. He frequently invited us to cut off his head, confident probably that we would not accept the invitation, but I could see from the lack of care he had bestowed on it that it would prove of no value to me.

When the children were rounded up they were put in the wagons, and we made our respectful compliments to Yukeoma and all left for the mission at Oraibi.

I had been vastly entertained at Hotevilla by the Hopi ceremonies and customs. We were there in the winter solstice—

when they were engaged in turning back the sun. We white men have no gratitude for what the Hopi do for us twice every year. The sun travels back and forth between the tropic of Capricorn and Cancer, and the Hopi sun priests watch this carefully. They and their ancestors have been engaged in this practice for a long time. The Hopi have been a stationary people, who were never wanderers like the Plains people who traveled with the buffalo, here to-day and gone to-morrow. Oraibi antedates the discovery of America by Columbus and during the hundreds of years of its life those sun priests have noted the movements of the sun—or apparent movements—and when the sun rises at a certain marked place on the horizon the priest announces that it is eight days from Soyaluna—time for the ceremonies to begin. Most of these take place down in a kiva, or ceremonial chamber underground, entered by a hatchway by means of a ladder. This hatchway is so covered as to allow a sunbeam to strike the wall of the kiva in a certain place. This beam travels back and forth during the year and on the day of Soyaluna it has almost reached its furthest limit. Then the old men are to be found down in the kiva, turning a wheel with all their might; this turns back the sun to travel toward the other tropic. If the sun were not turned back in this way, the Hopi believe, it would go straight off and we would die in darkness and cold.

The Hopi are the most intense ritualists I am acquainted with; they heap ritual upon ritual, and the ritual seems endless and without purpose. I suppose the underlying thought of most of their ritual was lost ages ago; and, in any event, it tires me out completely. I suffer it as long as I can get any meaning from it. Dr. Walter Fewkes, director of the Bureau of Ethnology, is the only person I know of with patience to continue researches into this ritual; he knows all there is to know about the Hopi.

I had long been acquainted with the Spanish history of that



country and remembered about the revolt of 1680 when the Spaniards were driven out of what is now New Mexico and Arizona with the loss of many men. They did not come back for about fifteen years, when the country was reconquered "for the faith" by Diego Vargas, as he has recorded on Inscription Rock. Some of the churches were destroyed and their curas killed. I was anxious to know what memory of it was retained by the Hopi and asked if there had ever been a church here. One of them said, "Yes, it was right there and was torn down. There is the priest's bathtub yet—he took a bath in it every time it rained."

This was a stone with a concave surface, not injured from incessant bathing for it rains there not much oftener than once in eighteen months. If cleanliness is next to godliness, that priest must have been far from heaven. I asked what had become of the priest, and the answer was, "We threw him off that rock." That answer seemed so definite that I asked no more questions.

When we went down into a kiva a short time afterward I was amazed to see the rafters were of pine logs, twenty inches in diameter, with large diamond figures carved on them, and I asked my hosts where those logs had come from. The answer was prompt and decisive, "out of that church,"—destroyed, as I have remarked in 1680.

"But," I said, "there was never any forest like that around here—where did they come from to make the church?" "Off that mountain," my informant replied, pointing to San Francisco Mountain near Flag Staff, Arizona, a hundred miles away. I felt a little dazed at this and asked, "You had no horses or cattle then—how were they transported?" The answer was, "We carried them by hand." It only occurred to me to wonder, then, why they had not thrown the priest off the rock before carrying logs a hundred miles for his church. What manner of man was that priest who was able to induce these wild Indians

to carry those logs without force! How filled with zeal he must have been for the glory of God and the salvation of those souls, so far away in that vast wilderness! There used to be real men in those days.

I went out to see the Snake Dance at Walpi in 1921 with my old friends Slocum and John A. Johnston of Washington, and while inspecting the agency at Keams Canon ran across my old friend Yukeoma in jail there for the 'nth time. I reproached the agent for Yukeoma's appearance; he appeared half starved and naked. The agent said he couldn't help it—the Indian had been given plenty of warm clothing but would not wear it, and would not eat the food given him. I sent for him to come to the agency office, where he sat upon the agent's swivel chair, his knees doubled up to his chin and his bare feet in the chair, looking like a dried up little old chimpanzee. He received me with affability as an old friend, who had misused him, but he was willing to let bygones be bygones. I asked him whether, should I interest myself in procuring his return to his home, he would promise to obey the agent. He said, "No! no!"—no more and no less.

I looked at the little monkey with what amounted almost to stupefaction. This was the result of twenty years of effort by the great American nation, or rather the Indian Bureau, to make that dried up little monkey obey.

But the Indian recognizes no law outside his natural desires. The characteristics of his race, lawlessness, the freedom of the plains and instincts based on age-old traditions, are too strongly inherent in him for him to be taught obedience in one generation.

I advised the agent to keep the children without allowing them any vacation at home or he would have all the trouble to do over again. Then, after waiting a few days to see whether Yukeoma was going to make any effort to retake the children, started to march back to the railroad and went to San Antonio to take over the colonelcy of the Third Cavalry.

## TO SAN ANTONIO

President Taft announced that he was going to give the first vacancy in a brigadier-generalship to the cavalry, and General Parker was selected. The second, to the infantry, went to General Liggett, and the third expected from the retirement of General Steever, was to go to the artillery. This pushed my chances of promotion to the indefinite future so I put the question of promotion entirely out of my mind, and going to take over command of the Third Cavalry at San Antonio, I sent for Mrs. Scott and the family and settled down, in the expectation of a long stay. The Third Cavalry I began vigorously to train as a regiment.

This unit had long been considered the most contentious in the service. Regiments get slanted in this direction or that when first organized; older officers train the younger in their ways as they come on, generation after generation, and it is very difficult to change the habit of a regiment. Each regiment lives its individual inner life and is noted for some individual characteristic displayed year after year under different colonels, as they come and go.

In 1895 Secretary of War Lamont with a party made a journey of inspection through the West and stopped to see General Wesley Merritt, commander in Chicago. Discussing one of the periodical upheavals of the Third Cavalry at Jefferson Barracks, Secretary Lamont asked, "What is the matter with the Third Cavalry, anyhow?" General Merritt replied that when his class had graduated from West Point, a number of his classmates were discussing what regiments to apply for, and one said, "How about the Mounted Rifles?" (afterward changed to the Third Cavalry), and another exclaimed, "Great Scott! don't talk about the Mounted Rifles! They're a lot of cats and dogs!"

"Mr. Secretary," the General said, "that was in 1860, and that has been going on ever since."

This conversation was repeated to me in 1895 at Fort Sill by Major George W. Davis, military secretary, who had been present at the discussion, and it did not make me any too anxious to get the Third Cavalry on promotion.

I had learned to ride a horse before going to West Point, later received instruction there and in the mounted service the manner was to sit close to the saddle at the trot and I rode more than twenty thousand miles on the Plains in the same way. One day, however, I read at San Antonio an article in one of the service journals by Colonel T. Bentley Mott, of the artillery, on the English fashion of rising at a trot, and I found sufficient reasons advanced to give it a trial. It commended itself to me so well that I changed my style of riding after more than forty years' adherence to the old fashion, and had the Third Cavalry change also, the first of all cavalry regiments to make the change.

This greatly improved the equitation and alignments of that regiment and is the only method now used in our mounted service. This method was not new for I had known of it all my life but had never given it consideration until reading Colonel Mott's article, for the reason that like many others I despised Anglomaniacs, who had first imported it just because the English rode that way.

The Anglomaniac has long since disappeared from our midst and no one cares now very much whether it is "raining in London" or whether the Prince of Wales wears spats, but such matters were once of high importance to some people.

The life at San Antonio was a constant round of drill, parade, and inspection, instructing and fitting troops for field service. The commander of a garrison has always reminded me of a carpenter's assistant who is continually sharpening tools for some one else to use and the constant sharpening is

very monotonous. I like to use the tools but not to sharpen them and I felt all the time that I was not being used to the best advantage. Life in an office or in a garrison has always been irksome to me; some one must do it, of course, and I am content to let those do it who like it, as many do, considering it as an end rather than a means to an end. I look at that type with astonishment as it gravely argues futile questions with the wisdom and seriousness of a boiled owl. I call such men garrison soldiers as distinguished from field soldiers.

The garrison life was broken now and then by detached service, now at Corpus Christi and Brownsville to thwart filibustering parties going into Mexico in defiance of our neutrality laws; now to Fort Sill on matters concerning the Fort Sill Apaches, and once to Washington on a hurry call.

One of the greatest yearly events of San Antonio is the "Battle of the Flowers" commemorating the battle of San Jacinto, to which all Texas sends representatives, and we hear much of the Duke and Duchess of Waco, of Dallas, of Austin, of Sherman, of El Paso, and other cities, chosen for the occasion to ride in great vehicles covered with flowers in the parade through the streets of San Antonio.

The Third Cavalry was asked to take part. It was decided by some of the young men headed by Major Sedgwick Rice to cover the four horse regimental drag with flowers made by the ladies of the regiment, of green and yellow tissue paper, the colors of the Third Cavalry, inherited from the Mounted Rifles.

A meeting of the ladies was called by Mrs. Scott to decide about the flowers. Some agreed to make them while others demurred. Mrs. Scott told these latter not to mind about that for she and her daughters would make theirs for them. They made more than two thousand and Mrs. Scott covered the drag harness and horses with the paper flowers. The question then became acute as to who should ride on the drag and

everybody supposed that Mrs. Scott would ride in it herself with her daughters, but she said, "No, let the young girls of the regiment ride, and fill in any vacant seats with recent brides." This was received with much satisfaction by everybody. Mrs. Scott bought some parasols and covered them with green and yellow paper to match the flowers and made each girl a green and yellow hat which they found so becoming that afterward they wore them out from so much use.

The drag appeared in the parade escorted by platoons of young mounted officers and afforded much pleasure in San Antonio as well as in the Third Cavalry. It was by such thoughtful acts as this that Mrs. Scott did her share to create a new harmony in the regiment.

#### BRIGADIER-GENERAL <sup>1</sup>

Some time in the latter part of March, 1913, Colonel Treat came up from one of the concentration camps saying it was freely talked about that I would be the next brigadier-general and very soon, according to reliable news from Washington. We did not allow this to disturb us, believing that Generals Wood or McCoy would have let us know if there had been any truth in it, and we kept on in the even tenor of our way until a telegram came from General Wood announcing it as a fact. They said afterward that they had known it ever since the Wilson inauguration but were afraid to notify me until the vacancy actually occurred, lest something happen.

A telegram of thanks was sent to President Wilson, who wrote that the appointment gave him more pleasure than any he had made in Washington. This was accepted as a mere conventional politeness from the president, but when a Princeton girl staying at the White House reported hearing him say the same thing to the family, and later hearing his daughter repeat

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, letter of March 31, 1913.

it at Camp Dix, it seemed to be something more than a mere conventionality.

When it came time to part with the Third Cavalry at San Antonio, I was exceedingly sorry to leave. The positions of captain of a company and colonel of a regiment are similar to a certain degree. In both the commander is brought in close relations with his officers and men whose welfare he has a chance to foster, and such relations can become very close, as I have had occasion to know many times.

The assembling at San Antonio of all the troops of the scattered stations along the border and training them as a regiment, together with a considerable infusion of new blood, had resulted in the welding of the regiment into a solid harmonious unit for the first time in its history. It had become recognized at headquarters as the best trained regiment of cavalry on the border and we were all proud of belonging to the Third Cavalry. The officers and ladies of the regiment gave a farewell dinner in San Antonio to Mrs. Scott and me at which they presented us with a piece of silver—a souvenir of friendship and service together of which we are vastly proud—and we parted with them all with sincere regret.

It became noised abroad that Senators Fall and Catron of New Mexico had announced their intention of preventing my confirmation by the Senate because of their displeasure over the removal of Fort Sill Apaches to New Mexico. I went to Princeton passing through Washington without asking when there would be an executive session of the Senate to consider confirmations. Some days afterward Mrs. Scott followed me bringing a message from General Wood that I had been confirmed. I asked if Senator Fall had told the Senate what a bad man I was. She said, "No." "Did Senator Catron?" "No, no one said a word."

My first assignment as brigadier-general was to the command of the Mexican border from Fabens, Texas, to California.

A large part of the army was protecting the line, across which the Mexican revolution was going full blast with continual danger to our territory. Some of the El Paso people had been killed on our side while watching a battle between Mexican factions across the Rio Grande.

General Wood invited me to go with him on an inspection of the whole border from Brownsville west, and I arrived in Washington to join him. I made a call of respect on the new secretary of war, Lindley M. Garrison, whom I found very cordial. He said: "You are just the man I want to see. If I tell the president that General Scott approves of a policy I won't need to submit any further argument and I want you to stay here."

This conversation, together with pressure from members of Congress on the president and secretary to relieve General Wood as chief of staff, made me very uneasy lest I be called upon to replace either General Wood or General William W. Wotherspoon, the assistant chief of staff, before expiration of their legal terms. I thanked the secretary in some perturbation and told him that the situation at El Paso was very serious and that it would be most necessary for me to get down there at once. He said, "Well, then, you are coming back soon."

#### CONCERNING THE PHILIPPINES

The secretary had directed me not to leave Washington before seeing the President who wanted to ask something about the Philippines, but an appointment could not be arranged immediately. General Wood left without me and I failed to catch up with him until we reached Naco, Arizona.

The nature of politics is such that whatever is done by the party in power is adversely criticised by the party out of power, generally irrespective of the merits of the case. By simply opposing what was done there by President McKinley, William Jennings Bryan had made the Democratic policy



toward the Philippines one of immediate evacuation, without taking into the least consideration the bloodshed and anarchy that would ensue if we were to withdraw entirely from the islands, leaving them without a government, a prey to foreign aggression and the clash of races that had been enemies for centuries. President McKinley saved us from the commission of this crime against a defenseless people, but Mr. Bryan made public speeches that had the effect of encouraging the revolutionary element of the Philippines to fight and was the cause of much useless misery and bloodshed.

Before the advent of President Wilson the Democratic party had only a moral responsibility toward the Philippines and none toward the country, and felt it could advocate anything, but now responsibility had come to it suddenly care must be taken lest the party be injured by ill considered action, and information was being sought as to whether the policy of evacuation advocated by Mr. Bryan should really be enforced. When I presented myself at the White House to be questioned by the President I was well-informed of Mr. Bryan's policy but did not know how far Mr. Wilson was committed to it. I was told, moreover, that he did not like to be opposed in his policies by anybody, least of all by a subordinate.

"How about this?" I said to myself. "Are you going to tell him the real truth or nothing but a polite evasion that will please him?" And I saw at once that my duty lay in telling him the truth whether it pleased him or not.

I found him sitting behind his desk in the chair I had seen occupied by Roosevelt and Taft and since then by Presidents Harding and Coolidge. Presidents Cleveland and Harrison and McKinley never occupied that office as it was built since their time. After a few kindly inquiries the President said that he knew that I had served in the Philippines and he had invited me over to ask my opinion concerning the giving of immediate independence to the Filipino and evacuation of the islands.



**SERGEANT RANDOLPH WITH BIZOSHE AND OTHER NAVAJO INDIANS,  
NEW MEXICO**



"I don't know any such person, Mr. President, as a 'Filipino' in the sense that you use the word." I replied. "I know the Igorrote, the tribe which lives near the north end of Luzon, whose importance is measured by the number of human heads they have on their roof. Do you want to give independence to him?"

"No, I do not," he said.

"If you give it to him," I went on, "the Tagalog would soon take it away from him, the Visayan and Macabebe from the Tagalog, and the Mohammedan Moro would take it away from them all. You will then have succeeded in destroying everything accomplished by the United States during the last twenty years and in making the Philippines Mohammedan by fire and sword, prevention of which was the outstanding accomplishment of Spain in a struggle that lasted more than two hundred years. There is no such person as a Filipino in a national sense. There is a race of Filipinos but there is no national language and no national purpose. There is a congeries of tribes with more than fifty different languages, and many of these tribes have been enemies for centuries."

The President then said: "Some have proposed to turn them over to Japan. What would you say to that?"

"Do you believe, Mr. President," I answered, "that the religious people of America would consent to the turning over of five million Roman Catholic Christians to a non-Christian power?" He shook his head, saying: "No, I do not. I do not."

After pondering a while he asked, "What would you do then?"

"Do just what you are doing now," I replied. "Educate them until they are able to walk on their own feet, then give them their independence and leave the islands as we did in Cuba. This will not be in my time or yours, Mr. President, for it is not possible to make a self-governing people overnight, as so

many of us believe. It requires time and the proper sort of material to build up a real republic and if attempted otherwise as sometimes recommended by the unthinking, nothing but violence and the destruction of life result. You will not have fulfilled your responsibilities to the great mass of the ignorant Filipino peoples if you turn them over to the small oligarchy of semi-educated men who are clamoring for an opportunity to exploit their fellows, and you will have a far worse condition on your hands than you see in Mexico. The evacuation of the islands now would remove the last barrier to the destruction of the Filipino. It would be like throwing a baby to the wolves."

Far from resenting this plain language, the President seemed to be saddened by it. I went on to say:

"We never started out with a policy of taking the Philippines. Nobody over here wanted them, least of all the soldier who has service over there continually hanging over his head. He must educate his children at home, with consequent separation from his family and double expense. Don't let anybody make you believe, Mr. President, that any soldier wants to keep the Philippines as many have doubtless told you, on his own account, at constant risk of his life from wounds or disease. But as an American citizen I want them kept until the mass of the people can protect themselves from exploitation, and I want thereafter an adequate naval station kept permanently. Manila happens to be the most strategic point in all the Orient. It lies at the hub of a wheel, whose rim is the whole Asiatic coast, five days from Singapore, five days from Saigon, five days from Nagasaki and Tokio, Macao, Hongkong, and Shanghai. China has more people than any country in the world with the greatest potential markets. It is beginning to wake up and turn over and will soon want our surplus manufactures which will stabilize our market. It has been said that if the Chinaman would lengthen the tail of his

shirt one inch it would take the product of all our cotton factories to supply him. He will soon need hardware, shoes, electric supplies, and all sorts of manufactured goods, and to throw away this market and the means of maintaining it by a coaling station would be, in my opinion, to commit a crime against the American people."

The President gave me no inkling of the course he was going to pursue but the islands have not been evacuated yet. I deprecate the arguments we sometimes hear now that we must keep them to supply us with rubber. I am for turning them over to their people as soon as the lower classes are able to protect themselves from slavery and spoliation, which they are far from being able to do yet. But our word must be complied with, even if we have to buy our rubber from the Straits Settlements and Java forever.

Taking my elder son, Captain David Hunter Scott, Fifth Cavalry, who was also my aide, we started to catch up with General Wood wherever we could find him which was not until we were joined by my younger son, Lewis Merrill Scott, a mining engineer, then with the Copper Queen at Bisbee. General Wood had a special car in which we all traveled together to Nogales on the Mexican border and thence back to El Paso.

#### THE NAVAJO MENACE DISPELLED <sup>1</sup>

But when we reached Fort Huachuca, Arizona, a telegram was received relating to a difficulty at Beautiful Mountain with Navajo Indians on their reservation. I was directed to go to Gallup, New Mexico, where a squadron of the Twelfth Cavalry from Nebraska would arrive, and I should go north with it as escort, meet the veteran inspector of the Interior Department, Major James McLaughlin, and settle the matter.

A bad situation had been developing there due to the dis-

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, letter of Dec. 16, 1913.

tance of the Indians from the agency and the agent allowing his power to be used by the Navajo police to even up their private grudges. At a previous settlement in 1908, he had asked me what criticism I had to make on his management, and I told him then he didn't get about enough among his people to give them his personal touch, and here he was in trouble again, allowing the police to manage his business.

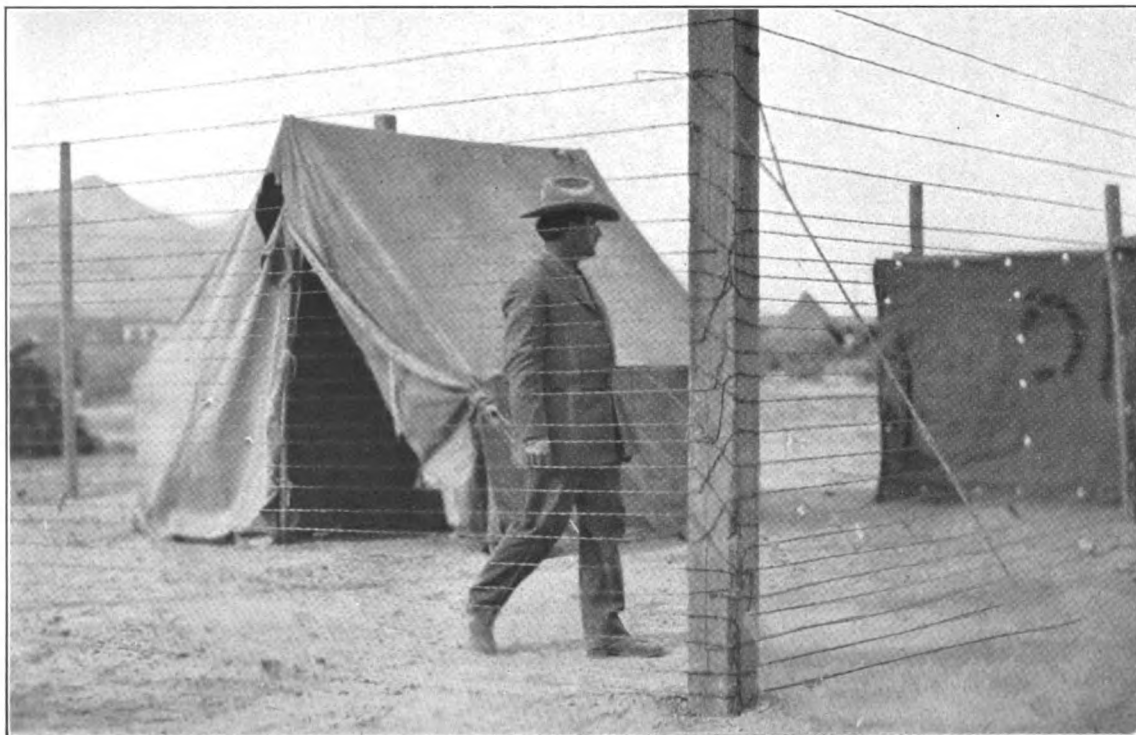
A policeman had arrested a Navajo woman during the absence of her family and had taken her into the agency where she was locked up. Her husband returned and found his enemy had carried off his wife. He gathered his sons and went into the agency to see the agent and recover his wife. The agent was away at Farmington, but he met his wife outside and took her up on his horse behind him. A policeman caught his bridle in order to stop him and some of the agency employees ran out for the same purpose. He struck the policeman over the head with his quirt, broke away and took his wife home, fortified himself at Beautiful Mountain in a very difficult position on a high terrace, which only one man could climb up to at a time. He secured great Navajo support and they all had food and water and plenty of high-powered rifles with ammunition. The leaders had declared their intention to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

The situation was very dangerous since there were thirty thousand Navajos on the reservation. The mountains were covered with snow and a winter campaign might involve the whole tribe in one of the most difficult and little known sections of the country, among those great canyons that run down into the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and no one could predict when such a campaign would end. The cost would run far into the millions, to say nothing about the suffering and bloodshed on both sides.

We were met at the hotel in Gallup by Father Anselm Weber, the Catholic missionary to the Navajo, and Chee Dodge, the







GENERAL YNEZ SALAZAR OF MEXICO, A PRISONER, FORT BLISS, TEXAS, 1914

most prominent Navajo, who were deeply impressed by the trainloads of soldiers, horses, mules, wagons, and supplies rolling into Gallup, one after another, and believed that I had come to kill every Navajo I could find; they had come to soften my hard heart.

I enjoyed their trepidation for a while, but it would have been too cruel to let them go in that frame of mind. I sent them off happy, saying that if any shooting was done, it would only be after it had been begun by the Navajo themselves. I explained the troops had been sent at the request of the agent to the secretary of the interior, and I had not been consulted about sending them at all; moreover, I did not want them considering their presence a useless expense, and annoyance to the troops.

I made what arrangements for the troops were possible, having wood, hay, grain, and water put on their camp site, but they arrived in a hard cold rain to camp in the mud and I felt sorry for them and their stock exposed to the weather. I hired an automobile to take me and my aide ahead of the troops and told the commander I would go ahead of him in the machine, traveling much faster than he could in the deep mud. I wanted him to stop at the last water, a little trading store twenty-five miles away, until he got further instructions, and I expected to be back there with the principal men as prisoners before he could reach there with his command.

The United States marshal wanted to go with me but I was afraid his presence would be injurious. He had, however, acted with unusual good sense and right feeling, for the agent had urged him to gather a large posse of armed men and attack the Indians in their stronghold, but realizing the consequences of such an act on his part he had declined to do it and was supported in his position by Federal Judge Pope at Santa Fé. I told the marshal, however, that he must stay with the troops and I would bring the prisoners to him.

My son and I started north the next day but the machine stuck in the mud and had to be dug and hauled out so often I discharged it about twelve miles out when the cavalry came along. We changed to horses and told the chauffeur he could go back.

We camped that night at the Navajo School at Tomachi, twenty-five miles out, where the chauffeur asked me to try him again as the roads were better from there on and he was given another trial. We made better time to the Navajo store near the Two Gray Hills, where the troops had been ordered to stop. As we approached the store my heart fell heavily at the sight of Major McLaughlin and the agent, coming out to see who was coming in the machine. I had thought that they were at the agency whence their last telegrams had come, but here they were. They had been working on this case for several months and it had arrived at such a stage they felt they ought to call for troops. If I took them over with me to the Indians, I would be severely handicapped in the beginning, but how to leave McLaughlin behind without hurting his feelings—a friend for more than thirty years—I did not know.

We all went in and sat around the fire discussing matters for an hour without my seeing any way to leave them behind. The agent was especially insistent that I should have the troops over, saying the Navajos had been talked to again and again for several months, each time getting more and more out raged, and now they were clear out of bounds and would certainly kill me, as the Medocs killed General Custer in a somewhat similar situation. If I went over without troops I told them I had to give the Indians a chance first. I could not go over and shoot them all without giving them an opportunity, and would have to go. The troops had their orders already to halt here until called for.

The agent broke out anxiously: "You aren't going to make us go over with you, are you?" thus falling into my hand

like ripe fruit. I said, not at all, I would go over first and send for them if it became necessary. I was gone with my aide within five minutes in the machine.

I had looked at my son for a few minutes wondering if it would be best to risk us both,—one in a family was enough,—but I reflected no one had ever wrapped me in cotton-wool when I was young, and I would not wrap him, for it would go far toward killing him to be left behind.

We reached a little Navajo trading post near Beautiful Mountain late that afternoon. It was kept by a Mormon named Noel whose premises were so full of women and children we had to sleep in a tent in the yard. He was in great fear of losing his store and family in case of hostilities. The hostiles, as they were called, saw the arrival of the machine from their lookout and sent their scouts that night to prowl around outside. We saw them listening at windows and their shadows pass over the tent walls.

A courier was sent out to the hostiles next day for them to come in to the store for a conference. This was refused at first, but further messages brought them in the second day, seventy-five of them, heavily armed and they crowded in and filled the store so it was difficult to get a gangway for me to enter. The white men at the store urged me to make them leave their arms at home, but it was hard enough to get them to come, as it was. A demand for them to disarm would cause deep suspicion of a trap and probably defeat my whole plan, as they would probably refuse to parley. My son went in behind the counter with the trader, while I had a gangway made and three chairs and a bench placed in the center, my back against the counter.

Old Bizoshe, the father, was old and stiff in his ways. Those that knew him said nothing could be done to influence him, that everything had been tried in vain, that the old man was hard as iron, and the eldest son was of such mentality

no one could deal with him at any time; it was just running unnecessary risk, the white men said, to try to effect the impossible.

I sat the old man near me with some ceremony. The large crowd of armed Indians jammed into the store, listened with perfect silence after they had once settled down. I said:

“My brother, I hear that you are in trouble out here. Troops have been sent for you, but I have told them not to come any nearer than the Two Gray Hills unless sent for, for I thought we could come to an agreement here among ourselves. You and I are too friendly for anything of that sort, and now I want you to tell me what is the matter.”

He poured out his troubles in a perfect stream and I let him go until he was through, listening to him without interruption; then I told them I was too tired to talk any more that day. They would find a *hogan* (Navajo hut) out in the yard and plenty of food so they could rest, too, and I would talk to them again in the morning. An Indian cannot be hurried. He needs time to gather and assort his impressions and allow them to soften him. They could have the rest of the day and all night for the purpose of consideration. I had telegraphed the agent to have some food ready for me but he had failed to do so. When questioned, he said he did not believe in giving Indians food. I had to make myself personally responsible for the food at the store, rather than let the Indians get under the influence of anybody else; hunting for food might have resulted in ruining the whole project. The account was paid afterward by the department. Father Weber came in with Chee Dodge and stayed with us.

The nights were quite cold and when old Bizoche came in after dinner to learn from the trader what we were talking about, I established him at the fire in an easy chair with tobacco and began to hunt for his weak spot. I found he was a historian and asked him, “Where did the Navajos come from first?”

That was enough to launch him on the history of the trials and tribulations of the Navajo. He told us they had come up out of the underworld through a hole in the La Plata Mountains of Colorado. The Pueblos of the Rio Grande came up out of the same hole but on the opposite side, which argues for a long stay of the Navajos in that country. When he went out later, I told Hunter, "It's all right, we've got him bagged. He is coming our way when the time comes."

They all crowded into the store next morning with their arms and Chee Dodge acted as interpreter. I felt them out a little from time to time to see how soft they were and decided to risk a direct demand and asked the old man, "What are you going to do?"

He answered, "I am going to do just what you tell me to do." Each one in their turn said the same thing.

I then said: "Very well, the marshal has warrants for you (Bizoshe) and three sons. The wagons will be here this afternoon and I want you to get in them and go with me to Gallup. You will have to answer for your conduct to the judge at Santa Fé. We will start to-morrow morning."

They said they would like to go home to make arrangements for the care of their stock during their absence. They were told they could go on one condition, that they must promise to return in time to leave on the wagons a little after sunrise. I was urged not to let them go lest they run clear away and start trouble among the other Navajos, but I allowed them to leave. The wagons did not get in when expected and it was obvious they must have a night for rest after that long drive, so our start was put off another day.

The eldest son said his child was sick and he would like to go back and spend the night with it. He made the same agreement as the day before. Having left all their horses at home they had to do all their traveling back and forth on foot, six miles in and out. He was back as promised but when the others

got into the wagon he refused to go, saying his child was too sick to leave. We looked each other in the eye for a minute and I told him, "You go and get into that wagon." He got into the wagon.

We drove up to the camp and were soon surrounded by the soldiers who had come all the way from Nebraska to fight "those wild Navajos" and wanted to see what they looked like. The Indians, not understanding the language, became uneasy lest they intended some damage and I told them to go and get their dinner in the store and stay there until I came for them. The rear-guard of the troops had to stay back with some belated wagons and I got back before their arrival at this camp, making good my word. The marshal, hearing the glad tidings of our arrival, hurried up to see his prisoners but finding them all gone thought I had allowed them to escape. He became wrathful but he was soon pacified.

We changed teams here and started on a long cold drive for the Navajo School where we spent the night and went to Gallup next day. The old man was very frail; he had no idea how to ride in a side-seated ambulance. The weather was very raw and cold and I had to hold a blanket around him all the ninety miles into Gallup lest he get pneumonia. They were given a good supper and a warm place to sleep in the jail and it was explained that we would have to separate here. Father Weber and Chee Dodge would go to Santa Fé with them. I turned them over to the marshal and bade them be of good cheer. The old man hugged me to his breast, making a rather affecting scene when we parted. I sent a letter to the judge by Father Weber, saying he would probably find the four Navajos had been as much sinned against as sinning, if not more so; that if he intended to imprison them at Santa Fé, the expiration of their sentence would find them there with no money, unable to speak the language, and without transportation home. Thus they might be thrown on the charity of the town; whereas if

their sentences expired at Gallup, on the edge of their reservation, their people could come for them on horseback and take them home safely. The judge gave them thirty days in Gallup.

We started back toward El Paso.

A BORDER AMBASSADOR

I started to catch up with General Wood to go with him for an inspection of the Mexican border along its whole length, but I failed to overtake him until he reached Naco, Arizona. I had my older son, Captain Hunter Scott, with me still and picked up my younger son, a mining engineer with the Copper Queen at Bisbee, Arizona. General Wood and I were met and welcomed at El Paso by Mr. U. S. Stewart, president of the City National Bank of El Paso, one of the builders of El Paso and a good and powerful friend until his death some years later.

General Wood left us here for Washington, while I went out to Fort Bliss, Texas, and took over the command of the border from Fabens, Texas, to California. This included several regiments of cavalry and infantry with several batteries of artillery stationed in strategic positions for the defense of the border.

Porfirio Diaz, the grand old man of Mexico, had controlled Mexico for thirty years with great skill and efficiency for the first time in its history, and we may say also for the last time, for Mexico has never been so well governed as under Diaz, and has never enjoyed the respect of the world in as great a degree. He had a tremendous task to keep order over that enormous territory with an ignorant people, 80 per cent. of whom were unable to read or write and were mainly of Indian blood. To be sure, we can all look back, in our superior wisdom, and see where we think we could improve on his administration in the way of more education for the Mexican people.



It is not at all certain, that we could have improved on it, or even have done as well, but it is very certain that no one has ever done so, before or since.

Diaz, like Benito Juarez, was an Indian of Ouaxaca, and belonged to that coterie of strong men that included Luis Terrazas, long overlord of Chihuahua, and Luis Torr s, governor of Sonora. During his time he endeavored to cultivate pleasant relations with the United States, and was wise enough to perceive that without our friendship and support no administration can endure in Mexico. He enjoyed the respect of all foreign countries in a high degree and he was without doubt one of the few great men of his time.

At the latter part of his rule he was more than eighty years of age, and had allowed himself to be surrounded by a corrupt coterie of younger men who took advantage of his age. His army had degenerated and had become unreliable—much of it a paper army—when he started to lean on it, it was not there. He was easily upset by Madero, to the surprise of everybody, and he left the country, an exile, to die abroad.

Madero was soon elected president of Mexico. As a reformer he was to do away with all the abuses. He surrounded himself with many of his relatives, some of whom were soon charged with wrong doing. He was a brave and honest man, but a dreamer who lasted but a short time. General Bernardo Reyes and Felix Diaz revolted against him. Reyes was killed.

President Madero and Vice-President Suarez were arrested in the Palace by their trusted subordinate, General Huerta, commanding the army, who arrested and confined in the same apartments with the others General Felipe Angeles, well knowing that he could not be corrupted from his fidelity to his president. The president and vice-president resigned under duress, by no means a legal resignation. An officer appeared in the apartments with orders to remove Madero and Suarez. He took them out into the street where they were both assas-

sinated, and Huerta came to the presidency. Angeles begged to be taken out with the other two but the officer, having no orders to take him, refused to do so, thereby saving Angeles's life.

The adherents of Madero then revolted against the illegal President Huerta, and Mexico was once more in the throes of anarchy. Carranza, governor of Coahuila, had supported Madero in his revolution against Diaz, but soon revolted against Madero, moved, it was reported, by a demand made upon him by President Madero to account for 200,000,000 pesos, government money, for which he had failed to account. He joined the revolution against Huerta, apparently determined to oppose everybody.

Carranza was a man of some education, whereas, the generals of the revolution were mainly illiterate. It was agreed among them that Carranza should be called the First Chief of the Revolution for the Restoration of the Constitution of 1857, until victory could be secured, after which the victorious generals would elect a provisional president who should call a general election in Mexico in a constitutional way.

The administration of Huerta was recognized by a few countries, but our Government refused its recognition and was followed in this refusal by a number of other foreign countries. Huerta controlled the southern and eastern part of the country. With the exception of the mountains about Mexico, controlled by Zapata, Huerta's power extended up the Central Railway to our border.

Carranza, finding Coahuila too hot to hold him, fled across Mexico to Hermosillo on the Pacific, where he occupied himself in dancing and dining, far out of harm's way.

Shortly before my arrival at El Paso, the town of Juarez across the Rio Grande had been attacked and taken by the Huertistas, during the battle for which many citizens of El Paso had congregated near the Rio Grande to watch the battle,

resulting in loss of life on this side by Mexican bullets from across the line.

One of my first acts was to call on Mr. Stewart, at his bank, and request him to introduce me to the mayor of El Paso, through whom I wanted to get control of the police during the next battle across the river to prevent any more loss of life on this side. I knew the police force was too small to control the populace and I did not want to put my troops in direct contact with the crowds, but if the police were placed in direct contact, backed up by the military, they could accomplish much more. Mr. Stewart said: "I will introduce you to the mayor some other time, and will do better than that for you now. I will send for the man who controls the mayor."

This individual soon arranged for a municipal ordinance to be published warning the people away from the danger zone, and it was agreed that I should control the police in the next emergency.

Mr. Stewart then sent for the general manager of the railway to come to the bank and it was soon arranged with him that troops coming to the defense of El Paso should have the right of way on the railroad whenever asked for, and he agreed to place a train of coal cars along the river bank that would keep many of the Mexican bullets out of the city. I was then ready to act and sent word to both belligerents to keep their bullets on their own side of the Rio Grande or they would be returned with interest.

A fire control station was established on top of a grain elevator, defended from bullets by sand bags. From this elevation an observer could look right over into the barracks and down into the heart of Juarez, and our artillery was placed so as to render Juarez untenable should this become necessary. Other troops were disposed so as to guard the water supply and light plant of the city, and still other troops were camped near at hand for the swift taking of Juarez—all this because

of an anticipated attack on Juarez by Villa, who was then some distance west along the border at Janos and Palomas Springs.

Villa took my warning—not to endanger El Paso—very much to heart. He captured Juarez by a brilliant stroke of genius unlooked for from him, a coup of which any soldier would be proud. He seized a railway station some distance south of Juarez, capturing the telegraph operator and substituting his own. He sent false messages to the commander at Juarez, which kept him reassured of his safety. He also captured a train, put his men in it and took Juarez during the night while the garrison was asleep. There was some little firing in the morning but Villa had so arranged it that his line of fire was up the river and none went across into El Paso.

While Juarez was still under Huerta control, I was at dinner one day with Colonel West, commanding Fort Bliss, when a telephone message was received from our commissioner of immigration at the Rio Grande Bridge, asking for help. One of his immigration officials had been decoyed across the line, where he had been arrested by Huertista soldiers, who conducted him around the town to the place where executions were usually held. Believing that they were about to execute him, he attempted to escape and was severely wounded, put in the Mexican guard-house without medical attention. The commissioner was afraid the man would bleed to death. I told him this was a matter far outside of my jurisdiction and belonged to the State Department. He was advised to call upon our consul at Juarez. He answered he had done so without result, and now if I would not do something the man would die. I then called up our consul at Juarez, who informed me that he could do nothing—the man had been charged with misdemeanor and the law was taking its course. The Mexican consul in El Paso told me the same thing—the law was taking its course, but in the meantime the man was bleeding to death. I was not then allowed to cross the border lest something happen to me, or

I could have gone at once to the Mexican commander and brought away the man.

However, a carriage was ordered and, leaving our dinners, my aide and I drove the five miles into El Paso, and went first to the international bridge to get a full understanding of the facts, and thence to the house of the Mexican consul who had gone to bed. He was induced to get up, take my carriage over to Juarez and bring away the wounded man, who was put in the hospital in El Paso before daylight and eventually recovered, though he might have bled to death while I was obliged to lose time in telephoning. I could have done far more for our people in Mexico if I could have freely crossed the border.

Both General Villa and Obregon, the latter still governor of Sonora, took an interest in me and sent me many kindly messages. They later sent large signed photographs of themselves which I still have.

Villa asked to be permitted to visit me at Fort Bliss, Texas, but under the conditions then prevailing I was obliged to tell him that if he came over to our side of the line I would have to arrest him. He then invited me to visit him in Juarez, but he was informed that my government would not permit me to cross the Mexican border. So he asked me to meet him in the middle of the International Bridge over the Rio Grande at El Paso, to which I assented.

#### MEETING WITH VILLA ON BRIDGE

We met in the middle of the bridge one dark night and sat on the back seat of his machine for two hours in the darkness. I took Colonel Michie, my aide, and an orderly, while Villa had quite a guard waiting at his end of the bridge. This was a short time after he had killed, or caused to be killed, the Englishman Benton for talking to him in a way he did not like, and there was great terror of him in the Rio Grande Valley.

Villa had become quite temperamental in the use of his gun, which he carried always, pulling and using it suddenly, not always with sufficient cause, and the question was sometimes asked if his mind was functioning normally. It was "shoot first and ask questions afterward" with Villa, due probably to the hunted life he had always led as a bandit, guarding himself like a wolf.

There is nothing that men like Villa respect so much as truthful, direct, forceful statements, no matter how unpalatable. Like a child or a dog these primitive people know well with whom they are dealing and are impressed accordingly. Although the way Villa was talked to on this occasion might be considered undiplomatic in the light of the recent fate of Benton, in reality it captured his respect and good will, which survived some very rude shocks and lasted as long as he lived. My directness has served the same purpose many times in the Indian country and in the Philippines, but any sign of weakness in its employ ruins everything and may cost one's life, as it did Benton's.

Villa spoke no English and after we had become somewhat acquainted, I told him, "Civilized people look on you as a tiger or a wolf."

"Me," he exclaimed in great surprise.

"Yes," I told him, "you."

"How is that?" he asked.

"Why, from the way you kill wounded and unarmed prisoners. Didn't you kill a hundred and twenty-five unarmed prisoners the other day at Cases Grandes?"

"Why, those were my enemies," he exclaimed, as if that was what enemies were meant for.

"There it is," I said. "Civilized people don't do that. You will only bring down on your own head the execration of civilized people when you do that."

He answered, "Well, I will do anything you tell me."

"Stop that, then," I told him. "You injure your own cause by it, in the minds of all foreigners."

I gave him a little publication sent me by General Wood, written by the General Staff of the British Army on how to treat prisoners and conquered peoples. He had it translated into Spanish, put it out among his troops, and was guided by it himself to the extent of refraining from killing the next four thousand prisoners that fell into his hands. This shows him susceptible to good influences, even if this was only temporary.

Mr. Carothers of the State Department traveled in his private train with him, and his influence over Villa softened the lot of many Americans in Mexico. The influence of Felix Summerfield, a former soldier of the German Army, was exerted often with success in the same direction. He also retained the confidence of Villa until his death. I owe him gratitude for services to our Government in Mexico when I was not allowed to cross the border, which he freely and faithfully rendered without thought of compensation, as a duty to our Government, and in friendliness to me.

Villa was quite illiterate, and when I first knew him could do no more than write his own name. Later I saw him slowly puzzling out some printed matter with apparent difficulty, but could not tell how much of it he understood. His letters were always written by his secretary on a typewriter and signed by himself, "Francisco Villa." The name Francisco is often called "Pancho" in Mexico, and hence many called him "Pancho Villa."

He had dark curly hair and was thought by some to have had negro blood, which I do not believe, and never heard it asserted by anybody likely to know the truth. He was said to have taken to banditry because he had resented the treatment of his sister by a young Rico and had to flee for his life. He always impressed me as a man of great force and energy and

willing to do right when directed by those he respected. After all, he was a poor peon without any advantages in his youth, persecuted and pursued through the mountains, his life always in danger; but he had the cause of the peon at heart. He was fully aware of his own deficiencies and even at the height of his power had no desire for the presidency, well knowing that he could not maintain himself in that position. But he did want it for Felipe Angeles, who could have changed the whole history of Mexico. I heard Villa declare several times, "there have been too many dictators in Mexico and there never shall be another as long as I am alive."

Some time before this, dissatisfied soldiers of our army on the border would desert the service, join Villa's and be safe from arrest, but when three cavalry men deserted near Palomas, took their horses and arms and joined Villa's forces, I asked him to arrest and return them, which he promptly did. These men were tried on charges of desertion and stealing arms and horses, and received a sentence of twelve years in prison. The idea became prevalent that my arm was long enough to reach American deserters on both sides of the line and after this incident there were no more desertions on that border.

Taking advantage of my excellent relations with Obregon, governor of Sonora, although I had never seen him, I asked him to take care of the American canals and ditches and other property in the delta of the Colorado in Mexico. The owner of the "Los Angeles Times" had much property there. This did not belong under my jurisdiction, which ended at the California border. It fell in the district of the commanding general at San Francisco. Obregon promised to do his best and did it, for I never heard of any of that property, or property in the Imperial Valley, being injured.

I made a report to the War Department of my meeting on the bridge with Villa. The press got hold of this in some garbled



form and thought this meeting was to be held some time in the future. The crowd of newspaper men then on the border dogged my footsteps for two weeks in order to be present at this supposed meeting and I took great pleasure in leading them astray, evening up matters for the many times they put something over on me in a friendly way.

Soon after the release of General Angeles by Huerta, who had nothing against the former but his honesty and fidelity, he joined Villa as his chief of artillery. Because of his education in the Ecole Polytechnique at Paris, his previous experience as commander of the military school at Chapultepec, and the great esteem and respect he enjoyed among all factions in Mexico, he proved himself a valuable assistant to Villa in his revolt against Huerta. Villa went down the Central Railway, driving the Huertistas before him and arming himself with their artillery, while Carranza, still dancing and dining, came up to our border at Nogales, thence gradually to Juarez where he was in no sort of danger.

#### PEACE IN MEXICO

When Huerta abandoned Mexico by way of Vera Cruz, Villa and Carranza obtained possession of Mexico City. But during 1915 the turmoil in Mexico, with consequent injury to American interests across the line, as well as on our own side of the border, seemed interminable. Mexico made no pretense of protecting our territory from Mexican aggression, and we had to maintain a military patrol twelve hundred miles long at an expense of millions. In fact, Mexico has been a bad neighbor ever since the ending of the Diaz régime, without desire apparently to do her part.

A scheme was worked out with Mr. James Garfield, one-time secretary of the interior in the Roosevelt cabinet, and with Mr. Rhoades of Los Angeles, that gave great promise of stabilizing conditions in Mexico, provided our State Depart-



MR. W. S. STEWART, GENERAL FRANCISCO VILLA AND GENERAL SCOTT



ment would give its consent. The plan was based primarily upon the fact that a member of Madero's cabinet, then living quietly in Mexico City with the respect of all parties, had never resigned after the deaths of President Madero and Vice-President Suarez, and the succession made him the *de jure* president of Mexico. It was proposed that both the Villista and Carranzista factions be brought to agree that he be recognized as the *de facto* as well as *de jure* president with a bipartisan cabinet, half Carranzista and half Villista, and that our State Department immediately stabilize this composite government by recognition and allow it to import arms and munitions of war with which to maintain itself.

Villa agreed to this, and it remained to secure the adhesion of one or two men—General Obregon or General Pablo Gonzales. The power of Carranza rested upon those two men balanced against each other by Carranza, and the patriotism of the one that had it, or both, could be appealed to with the promise that they would be taken care of by the new president in the cabinet or in the army. The matter would have to be kept secret from Carranza, who had determined to become president himself at all cost. This plan, of course, would leave him out in the cold, where he belonged.

The matter was submitted to the State Department with the proposal that since the Villistas had agreed to the plan, I be authorized to approach General Obregon and General Gonzales secretly, assuring them that they would be taken care of if they would agree and carry out their agreement; otherwise there would be an American gunboat in every Mexican port to prevent the landing of arms and munition of war to the Carranzista. I felt certain that I could secure the adherence of one or both of these generals if permitted to try, which would bring immediate peace to Mexico, but the State Department would not say either yes or no, and all during the month

of July, 1915, I almost had nervous prostration, feeling like a dog tied up in the back yard, longing for my collar to be taken off.

While in El Paso in August, authority came for me to see Obregon, but I was obliged to reply that the attitude already adopted in Washington had destroyed all prospect of success, and the matter had to be dropped. Mr. Garfield believed in the feasibility of the scheme, as did a number of the prominent business men of El Paso, who were thoroughly familiar with conditions in Mexico, who were anxious for a stable peace, and who were consulted beforehand. The mistake I made was in not going directly to President Wilson for there was everything to gain and nothing to lose.

During 1914-1915, while I was in Washington, the revolution in Mexico was running at full blast with much danger to our people on this side. Part of that time Villa stayed in Mexico City while Carranza was living on the dock at Vera Cruz with a steamer fired up ready to take him suddenly to Jamaica out of harm's way.

#### GENERAL FELIPE ANGELES

General Felipe Angeles had been educated in the Ecole Polytechnique at Paris and before the war was in charge of the national military school of Chapultepec. He was an upright loyal gentleman who had the respect of all factions of Mexico. His loyalty was so well known that when Huerta revolted against his president and seized the government of Mexico, he arrested Angeles, at the same time with Madero, aware of his inability to corrupt him and confined President Madero, Vice-President Suarez, and Angeles in the same apartments in the palace in Mexico City.

When the officer came to take the president and vice-president out to their deaths, Angeles begged to go with his chief; but the officer, having orders only for the first two, would not

allow it, which was the only thing that saved his life. He was released after the death of Madero, joined the revolution, and was chief of artillery for Villa on his victorious march toward the City of Mexico against Huerta.

After the split between Villa and Obregon, Angeles remained with Villa, his immediate chief, who was driven back toward our border. But it became dangerous for Angeles to stay with Villa's staff, several members of which proclaimed their desire to kill him because of his aloofness from their carousing and his influence for good on Villa, and he decided to come over and farm on our side of the line.

When he came up to Washington later, the press stated that he was bringing me a car-load of Mexican blankets as a present from Villa, and my friends wondered if I were going into the mercantile business, but this car-load dwindled on his arrival to two blankets, one having the coat of arms of Mexico woven into it with the name of General Francisco Villa, and the other bearing the coat of arms of the United States and the name, "General Hugo L. Scott," but the colors clashed so that they could be heard at a greater distance than the creaking of the old Red River carts in Minnesota, which is saying a good deal.

Angeles farmed for a while below El Paso on the Rio Grande and later got a position in New York as inspector of ammunition for the Allies, but at a call for his presence again with Villa he rejoined and was captured by Carranzistas and executed.

This was a great pity, for Angeles was the most cultivated and loyal gentleman I have known in the history of Mexico and he was Villa's candidate for president, as he was mine so far as I had a right to have any.

Villa always disclaimed to me any ambition to be president, being fully aware of his disqualifications, and he thought Angeles the best man in Mexico for the position. Had this

triumph been possible, Mexico would long ago have entered into her own.

General Maytorena, (Villista) governor of Sonora, had General P. Elias Calles, now president of Mexico, and General Benjamin Hill choked up against our border at Naco, entrenched in a half moon while his own forces were entrenched about eight hundred yards away. General Bliss was encamped on our side with a force to prevent the use of our soil by the Mexicans and any violation of the neutrality laws.

The Mexicans had done great damage to the town of Naco, having fired into transcontinental trains and killed or wounded fifty-four persons on our side of the line, and the people of Arizona were becoming very restless, asking for arms to defend themselves and talking about taking their defense on their own hands and invading Mexico. The control of such a situation was in the hands of the State Department whenever a telegram was received by the War Department with information of the killing of our people. A copy would be hurried right over to the State Department, but for all the attention it received it might as well have been put in the fire.

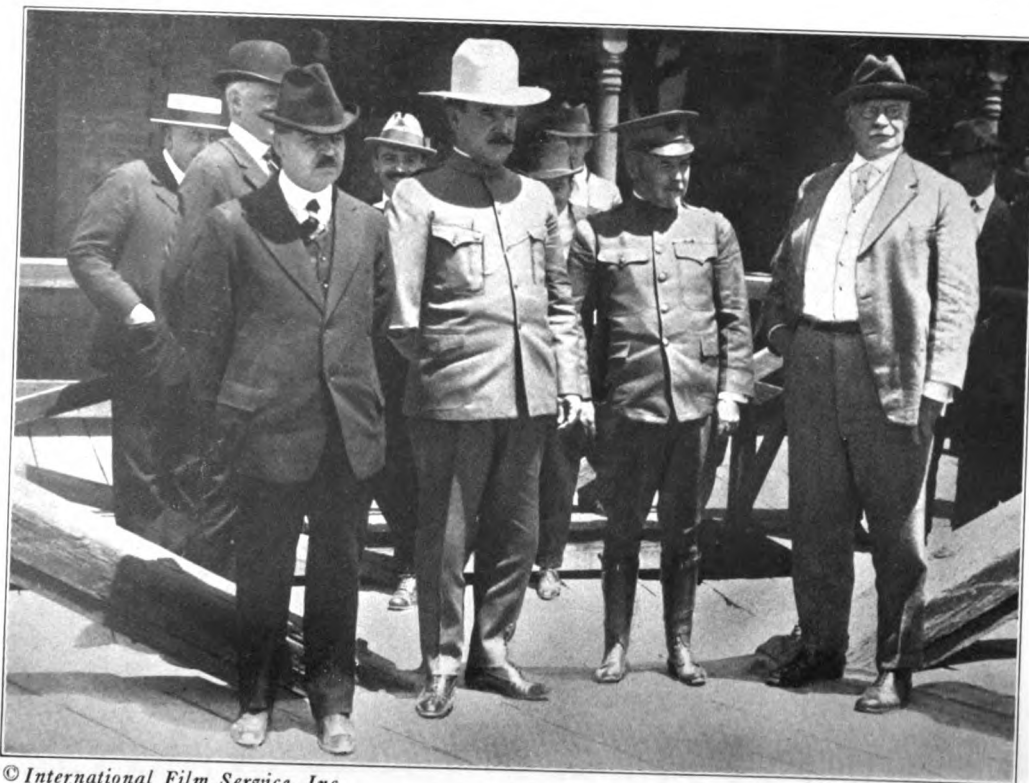
A telegram arrived one day in Washington with information that a citizen of Naco, going after his mail in his home town post-office, had been shot through the heart and killed by a Mexican bullet from across the line. This sent the blood to my head, and seizing the telegram I broke into Secretary Garrison's office in a great rage, saying:

"I can't stand this any more! If Mr. Bryan won't do anything I'll go down there and drive those Mexicans away myself!"

The idea that I could drive two armies away from the border all by myself caused Secretary Garrison much merriment and he asked me how I got that way. I told him that if he did not want me to go I would drop the matter, and it was forthwith dropped for two weeks.







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ON THE INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE OVER THE RIO GRANDE, GENERAL OBREGON (SECOND FROM LEFT) GENERAL FUNSTON, AND GENERAL SCOTT

Mr. Garrison was exceedingly careful to keep the army away from contact with the State Department, apparently wishing it to avoid being embroiled with Secretary Bryan who had a dislike for the army, which he evidenced on many occasions. Two weeks later, however, the secretary, coming over from the White House, said, "the President wants you to go down and drive those two armies away."

I said, "All right."

"When will you start?" he asked. I replied that the train would leave in the evening and I would be on it, and taking Colonel Michie and Randolph, my orderly, we went to Naco.

I saw Generals Calles and Hill at the border who told me their troubles and I made out an agreement, as just as possible to each side, calling for the immediate evacuation of Naco, giving Calles a port of entry at Agua Prieta, opposite Douglas, Arizona, and giving Maytorena the port of Nogales, Sonora, of which province he was governor, but ordering both of them to leave Naco and stop injuring our border people.

Calles and Hill, being the under dogs, signed at once to save their lives. But Maytorena refused point blank to sign, saying that more than eight hundred of his men had been killed there and he was not going to ignore that sacrifice. He had Calles just where he wanted him. He and his counsel, Morales, were very violent and vindictive and could not be budged from their purpose, in which they were supported by Maytorena's brother-in-law, Bonillas.

It was very difficult for me to deal with them since I was not allowed to cross the line and they would not come to see me and all my efforts with them had to be carried on through third parties. Finally, however, Maytorena met General Bliss and myself on the line at Osborn, Arizona, where we had a little wrangle at which he agreed to stop fighting on the border and to move his car back ten miles from the line, but he would not sign any agreement nor allow Calles to move.

That was all very well but I did not want to stay all winter on the border to keep him away from it, and sent for Villa to come up from Mexico City to Juarez for a conference. Morales heard that Villa was coming and went to Juarez and far down the line to meet Villa and poison his mind against me. He was so bitter against me at the last meeting that I took him for a personal enemy although I had never seen him before.

Michie and I went to Juarez where we met Villa in a large room with about two hundred Mexicans. I sat down across the table from Villa, my second meeting with him, and stated my case. I wanted him to order General Maytorena to sign my agreement to keep the border safe. Morales jumped up to answer me and start an opposition going, and I said, "General Villa, I came here to talk with you and not with that man. If you don't want to talk to me I am going home." Villa turned on Morales and ordered him to sit down. This caused Morales to lose face before the crowd of Mexicans and he sat down in a fury, I thought myself fortunate that I was not near enough for him to stick me with a knife.

Villa did not want to give the order to Maytorena to sign and we two locked horns there, like two bull elk, for two hours swaying now this way, now that, until his neck at last got tired and he agreed to make Maytorena sign. I jumped up at once knowing, as every man in that room knew, that Villa would carry out his promise once he had made it. I shook hands with him and took my leave.

A traveler for Naco leaves El Paso in a sleeper at night and reaches Douglas, Arizona, early in the morning and changes there to a café car where they serve simple meals, and goes on to Naco. Entering the car with Michie to get breakfast I saw Mr. Morales just sitting down at a table, and I said, "Oh, Señor, come have breakfast with us." I paid fifty cents for his breakfast and got more value for that half dollar than for

any I ever expended in my life. We chatted on the affairs of Mexico but made no reference to our own. He showed me a Mexican geography which I examined, interested in seeing what they taught the children of Mexico, and noted on the fly leaf that he had paid \$2.50 for it. When we parted he insisted on my keeping the book which I have yet with his inscription.

I could not go to Maytorena's car and he would not come across the border so I had to send my agreement for him to sign, according to Villa's orders, through Felix Summerfield. When the latter went to Maytorena's car he found it full of Mexicans all opposed to signing my agreement, but Morales had agreed to the signature and told Maytorena, as his counsel, that he must sign it. Maytorena declared that he would never sign it for me or Villa or anybody else, that he was going to kill Hill and Calles if it was the last act of his life. When everybody got tired of talking they all sat around with their heads down. Morales turned on Maytorena, saying sharply, "When are you going to sign that paper?" Maytorena then seized the pen roughly, signed the paper, and threw the pen down on the floor with all his might, breaking into tears of rage and mortification. Morales seized the paper before he could recant, and handed it to Summerfield who left immediately to hurry it to me at Naco. All this I got for fifty cents and a little politeness. The Latin-American is very susceptible to politeness. He is very polite himself and wants you to be also, but doesn't expect much from an American whose brusqueness rubs his fur the wrong way. But one won't get far in Mexico without it—there or in any Latin-American country.

Both forces evacuated Naco in accordance with the agreement and no hostile shot was fired over that border for eight months or as long as that political situation endured. Maytorena and I became great friends afterward. He went to live in Los Angeles and every time he came to New York he always stopped in Washington to see me. The result of my trip pleased

Secretary Garrison immensely and he wanted to hear every detail. He had not believed it possible for me to make those two armies go away from Naco. I felt I could make them do it if allowed to try but could give no reason for my belief. And I cannot justify it now, unless it is that one is usually able to do what he feels he can do even if he has no reason for his belief.

General Bliss had kindly invited me on arrival at Naco to stay in his tent, where we used to sit late around a stove after meals. When Maytorena agreed to move his car back ten miles we congratulated each other that the firing into Naco would cease and our men might come out of their bomb-proof of baled hay. Notwithstanding this, pandemonium broke out in the night soon after, in which rifles, bombs, and cannon were all employed, and it sounded as if all Mexico was attacking us. The chief of staff rushed in to notify us of the attack but I would not get up, enjoying the excitement. I asked finally what day and what time it was and it dawned on everybody that the racket was being made over the celebration of New Year's—December 31, 1915, 12 o'clock midnight. The Mexicans must have fired off thousands of dollars' worth of ammunition into the air, where we were willing to have it go rather than across our border.

The evacuation of Naco reassured the people of Arizona and talk of invading Mexico ceased. One day Villa drove me about Juarez and during the drive told me that he had just been approached by an envoy of Japan in Mexico who asked what Mexico would do in case Japan made war on the United States. That interested me very much and I asked his reply. He said he answered, "If Japan makes war on the United States you will find all the resources of Mexico against you." This may be compared with the intrigues entered into with Zimmermann by Carranza during our war with Germany. Villa said also "there can never be another cause of friction on this border



*Ejército Constitucionalista*

**DIVISION DEL NORTE**

**GENERAL EN JEFE**



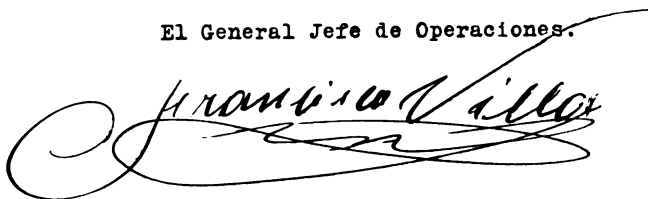
**TELEGRAMA:**

De C. Juárez a Nogales, Son.- Enero 9 de 1915.

MUY URGENTE. Sr. José Ma. Maytorena, Gobernador del Estado.

Participo a Ud. para su conocimiento que en las conferencias celebradas ayer y hoy, en El Paso, Tex', y en esta ciudad, con el Gral. Scott, acordamos después de maduras discusiones que Ud. firme el convenio propuesto por el Gral. Scott, por lo que se servirá Ud. Hacerlo desde luego para dejar solucionada la situación de Naco. Ya en su oportunidad comuntaré a Ud. más detalles sobre el particular. Espero su contestación de enterado y salúdolo afectuosamente.

El General Jefe de Operaciones.



TELEGRAM FROM GENERAL VILLA TO GOVERNOR MAYTORENA, JANUARY 9, 1915

if you and I can get together, and I will come up from Mexico City any time you send for me.”

Maytorena kept his agreement most scrupulously as a man of honor, even after I was far away. I have lately seen some of the published telegrams of that time to his own people in Mexico, which prove his high sense of honor in carrying out this agreement. In fact, none of those Mexicans ever broke his word to me, and my association with every one of them was very agreeable to me except with Carranza, Salza, and Fierro. I got on well with them all but respected none of the three. Incidentally, Fierro was said to have had thirty-four Mexicans in a house in Parral to have gone about killing them one after another with his own pistol because the act gave him pleasure.

#### EL PASO AGAIN

Early in August, 1915, I was sent for by Assistant Secretary of War Breckinridge to meet him in the office of Secretary of State Lansing where I met also Mr. Paul Fuller. Secretary Lansing told me that he was in dire trouble; that Villa had ordered the managers of the mines of North Mexico to come to his office in the city of Chihuahua on August 9, 1915, and to bring power of attorney from their companies to give him what money he should demand, or he would destroy their mines, and he was not going to be stingy with himself in his demands.

The secretary asked if I would not help him. I said, “I will help you very soon, Mr. Secretary, if you want to invade Mexico.” He said, “You know we can’t do that.” I asked him how he expected me to help him then; Villa was a wild man who needed funds for his operations and was going to take them as all the other belligerents were doing. All I could do was to go down there and ask him please not to do it, which Mr. Lansing could do himself.



Villa might say, I argued, that he did not like the length of my nose or the way my ears were set and tell me to go back home, and I would have to go. "There are about thirty bright young newspaper men in here searching for news every day," I added. "Who can tell but that I might come back to Washington like a dog with his tail between his legs, and be held up to ridicule all over the United States. Is that what you want to push me into?"

The secretary said, "No, but those mining men are on my back. I cannot get them off and I don't know what to do. What are your relations with Villa, anyway?"

I told him what Villa had said at our last meeting: that there could be no cause of friction on the border if he and I could get together and that he would come up from Mexico City any time I sent for him. "Won't you *please* go then?" the secretary asked in such a pitiful way that I had to say "yes," but now I wish I had not done so.

It was too near the date of Villa's meeting to reach El Paso before the meeting and I telegraphed Villa not to do anything until I could see him. We met in the house of Mr. Joe Williams, vice-president of the City National Bank, El Paso, and after some discussion Villa agreed to revoke his order about the miners.

I was then asked to rescue property Villa had confiscated of the Japonera Company, south of Torreon, to the amount of \$1,600,000, which was being carted away by the trainload. My old friend, Juan Brittinham, was the manager of the Q Company which was owned mainly by French and English stockholders. Villa agreed to give that up. Then I was asked to rescue merchandise that Villa had confiscated to the amount of more than three million dollars, the property of foreign merchants of Chihuahua. In all, there was more than six million dollars for which I had no equivalent to offer Villa or promises

to make, and he gave them up because I asked him; no more and no less.

They gave me the directors' room in the bank to receive visitors where I was appealed to by General Luis Terrazas, formerly overlord of Chihuahua, to get his son, Luis Chico, away from Villa who had him locked up in Chihuahua, refused to give him any liquor, saying that he was going to cure him of his bad habits, and had already hung him up and let him down several times, forcing him to divulge the location of half a million dollars he had hidden away. I was sorry to have to tell the general that I could not intervene between Mexicans lest I lose all influence with Villa in taking care of American interests. There is only a certain amount of interference a wild man will stand and Villa's limit was nearly reached.

All the generals of the revolution confiscated property wherever they found it, just as Villa did, but many were far more selfish about it, building up a private fortune for themselves. I was told by the banker who handled his money that Villa had no fortune put away; that whatever he got he spent right away for food, clothing, and ammunition for his men, whom he took care of to the best of his ability. I never heard that Villa took part in the looting of Mexico City, but I did hear that Carranza did, sending trainloads of furniture to his home in Coahuila. I don't suppose, however, that Villa sat idly by at a looting.

Villa never drank or smoked and he would close all the liquor shops at the taking of a town, in order to keep his men under control. He had about him a wild, lawless lot of bandits who were difficult to manage, and he felt he could keep discipline only with the revolver, which he always carried; if he caught a man disobeying his orders he had no hesitancy in pulling and shooting, and disobedience soon became unfashionable. We hear gasps of horror at the idea of such a man, but he

was no worse than many of the others who staged executions; they all did it more or less. Villa had been brought up in that atmosphere and did not know any better. A hunted man during a large part of his life, he was as unmoral as a wolf; nevertheless he had some fine qualities if you could reach them, and with all his faults I considered him to have a far better character than Carranza. He never violated his compacts with me, although they were made without consideration, not even with the traditional "one dollar."

Villa once told me that he had begun that revolution with nine men. It was no ordinary man that could start with nine followers and rise to the command of forty thousand men and to control of Mexico City. Carranza became jealous of him while he was still fighting Carranza's battle, and cut off his supplies of ammunition and coal through his control of the only port of entry at Tampico, and of the coal mines of Coahuila. Villa soon started downhill to his ruin in consequence.

While sitting in his house in Juarez I got a message from the mine managers asking whether I could arrange an interview for them with Villa. He said, "Bring them in," and he told them that he had been going to use their money to buy coal and showed them that it was to their benefit, as well as to his, to keep the trains running. They ended by presenting him with a thousand tons of coal. They told me that this was the first time they had ever been able actually to talk with Villa; that he used to pull his pistol and give his orders, and no one remonstrated or disobeyed.

Had I been able with former Secretary Garfield to establish peace in Mexico while Villa was still in Mexico City, I had intended to put the latter in school at Fort Leavenworth where he might learn the rudiments of morals. I went to call on the President upon my return from the border to make my report, and told him that there were rumors that he was going to recognize Carranza and urged him not to do it. He did not

reveal his intentions then but he recognized Carranza in a few months, in October, 1915. I never knew why. I asked the officers of the State Department, junior to the secretary, why such a thing had been done and they said they did not know, for they had all advised against it, a month previous to the recognition. That information has always made the President's step even more of a mystery to me.

The recognition of Carranza had the effect of solidifying the power of the man who had rewarded us with kicks on every occasion, and of making an outlaw of the man who had helped us. We permitted Carranza to send his troops through the United States by our rails to crush Villa. I did what I could to prevent this but was not powerful enough. I had never been put in such a position in my life. After Villa had given up millions of dollars at the request of the State Department, expressed through me, they made him an outlaw. He was a wild man who could not be expected to know the difference between the duties of the State and War Departments, and might very well have thought that I double-crossed him, had he not had the confidence in me that he did. No white man, no negro, no Indian, no Moro nor any person, however humble, ever had as much right as Villa to believe I had turned against him, yet he telegraphed a mutual friend in New York that General Scott was the only honest man north of Mexico—he had once included the President but now he dropped him out altogether. He never lost confidence in me to the day of his death. The first thing he would ask when meeting Americans was after General Scott, although when he sent an emissary to me in Washington I refused to have anything to do with him until I had proof from two Americans that he had cleared himself of his attack on Columbus. I have always believed he was too wise to make such an attack willingly.

It is certain that a member of the Associated Press made arrangements for Villa to come to Columbus with a view of

conducting him to Washington, until Mr. Melville Stone, director of the Associated Press, quashed the plan. Anyway, I have always believed that Villa came up to the border for the purpose of going to Washington, and found the plan quashed, that his men there, hungry and naked, got out of hand and started to loot the town against Villa's will. I am further guided in this belief by a surgeon of Albuquerque, N. M., who said that a Mexican boy, whom he took into the hospital and kept until he was well, told him that he had held Villa's horse while the raid was on, and that neither of them went into the town.

After matters had somewhat settled the Mexican Government placed Villa and his followers on some rich land in Durango with eight hundred mules and carloads of harness and agricultural implements. He started farming on a large scale. He gave two thousand dollars to the church and he made a tremendous outcry when some bad bandit stole some of his mules. He drove up one night to a house, where he was accustomed to go, in an automobile with some of his friends. He was received by a volley that killed all the party. The report was that the murder was done on the instance of the Mexican Government, but that I have never heard proved.

Villa was a great sinner but had been greatly sinned against. He had the germs of greatness in him and the capability of higher things under happier circumstances.

#### IN SUPPORT OF PERSHING

Secretary Newton K. Baker was appointed as the new secretary of war early in 1916. He had been offered a portfolio in 1913 but had declined, saying that he had put his hand to the plow as mayor of Cleveland and could not leave it until he had finished the furrow; now that his furrow was done, however, he might accept. If I remember correctly, the Presi-

dent brought him over to the War Department to introduce him personally.

It is the custom for the Chief of Staff to resign as such on the appearance of a new secretary or president, to allow him to have a chief of staff of his own selection. I told Secretary Baker that it was by no means necessary for him to take Secretary Garrison's leavings; that the whole Army was open to him from which to choose a chief of staff, and if he would give me the name of his selection I would order him there in ten minutes. The secretary put his hand on my shoulder and said that he did not want a new chief of staff.

"I am going to look up to you as to my father," he told me. "I am going to do what you advise me, and if either of us have to leave this building, I am going first." This put us on relations of confidence at once which I am happy to say nothing ever occurred to alter.

Secretary Baker was but a short time in office when Columbus, New Mexico, was raided by Mexicans in the middle of the night. The garrison, commanded by Colonel H. J. Slocum, Thirteenth Cavalry, was attacked at the same time. It turned out at once and after a battle in the streets in the dark our troops drove the Mexicans out of town, and were followed far into Mexico by Colonel Frank Tomkins, inflicting heavy loss upon the enemy. Having turned out so suddenly in the night without rations or equipage, Tomkins was obliged to return to Columbus to refit and get something to eat.

In Washington the secretary came over from the cabinet meeting next day and said, "I want you to start an expedition into Mexico to catch Villa."

This seemed very strange to me and I asked:

"Mr. Secretary, do you want the United States to make war on one man? Suppose he should get on the train and go to Guatemala, Yucatan, or South America; are you going to go after him?"

He said, "Well, no, I am not,"

"That is not what you want then. You want his *band* captured or destroyed," I suggested.

"Yes," he said, "that is what I really want." And after his approval the following telegram was sent to General Funston at San Antonio, in which it will be seen that no mention is made of the capture of Villa himself.

War Department Telegram  
Official Business  
Washington, March 10, 1916.

TRANSLATION.

Commanding General, Southern Department,  
Fort Sam Houston, Texas.  
Number 883.

You will promptly organize an adequate military force of troops from your department under the command of Brigadier-General John J. Pershing and will direct him to proceed promptly across the border in pursuit of the Mexican band which attacked the town of Columbus, New Mexico, and the troops there on the morning of the ninth instant. Those troops will be withdrawn to American territory as soon as the de facto government of Mexico is able to relieve them of this work. In any event the work of these troops will be regarded as finished as soon as Villa's band or bands are known to be broken up. In carrying out these instructions you are authorized to employ whatever guides and interpreters are necessary and you are given general authority to employ such transportation, including motor transportation, with necessary civilian personnel as may be required. The President desires his following instructions to be carefully adhered to and to be strictly confidential. You will instruct the commanders of your troops on the border opposite the state of Chihuahua and Sonora, or, roughly, within the field of possible operations by Villa and not under the control of the force of the de facto government, that they are authorized to use the same tactics of defense and pursuit in the event of similar raids across the border and into the United States by a band or bands such as attacked Columbus, New Mexico, yesterday. You are instructed to

make all practicable use of the aeroplanes at San Antonio, Texas, for observation. Telegraph for whatever reinforcements or material you need. Notify this office as to force selected and expedite movement.

McCAIN.

As General Pershing was at El Paso near by, the troops for the pursuit were being taken from his command, and I recommended that he be the one to go in charge of the punitive expedition, which Secretary Baker approved, and the force was then launched in pursuit. Secretary Lansing returned from the same cabinet meeting and was met by the press correspondents, searching for news. He told them, "We are sending an expedition into Mexico to catch Villa."

This was what went out to the country. But we never did catch Villa, because circumstances halted the expedition before it could do so, and anyway there was nothing in the order about catching Villa himself. Our troops captured and killed many Mexicans, and brought some up for trial on the border in New Mexico. The band has never reassembled since. Pershing made a complete success in the accomplishment of his orders from the War Department point of view but the State Department, by putting out erroneous information, spoiled the effect in the minds of the public. Neither the State Department nor the Press, moreover, has ever corrected this unfortunate impression; in fact, this is, in all probability, the first correction that has ever been publicly made.

I ordered General Funston to send his inspector-general to Columbus at once to investigate all the circumstances connected with the raid. He exonerated Colonel Slocum from all criticism in the matter; we were at peace with Mexico, and a garrison is not expected to be constantly on guard against a friendly neighbor. The Mexican line barred him from searching out the near-by country and most anything could be prepared over the first hill south of the line. At his own expense,



he did send a messenger to look into rumors, who came back and reported no danger imminent. Notwithstanding this he had sent an additional troop of cavalry to the line to be certain, but the country is so vast that he could not have stopped the Mexicans from crossing the line in the darkness even if he had had every man in his command guarding the border. The inspector-general's report was approved by General Pershing, as well as by General Funston, and I sent it to the inspector-general of the army for review, who returned it to me "approved"; I signed it approved and it was finally approved by the secretary of war which is the record now in the War Department.

While Pershing was still in Mexico, Obregon began to talk about taking San Antonio in two weeks, knowing nothing more about conditions in the North than did General Weyler of the Spanish Army, who talked of landing at Charleston, S. C., and marching through the South, gathering up recruits with which to overwhelm the North, because the North and the South had once been at war, and the South would like to assist Spain in overcoming the North. But things were beginning to warm up again on the Mexican side. I advised the President to call out the militia and put them along the border. He opposed this, saying that such action would only have the effect of provoking the Mexicans. I told him that I thought it would have the opposite effect.

"The people of Mexico," I argued, "are ignorant and untraveled; they see a thin line twelve hundred miles long and believe they can break through it, as they easily can, but they have no idea of what will happen afterward, and you are tempting them, through their ignorance, to try to break through. Of course, the militia cannot operate in those deserts—they would kill themselves in a short time if they were to try to march through them—but they can wear a uniform, carry a rifle, and occupy towns so as to release the regular



troops for mobile purposes. Should Mexico actually try to occupy Texas in force and attack San Antonio, you will have a real war on your hands that might easily have been averted."

But the President did not want to provoke the Mexicans by a show of force on the border, as he did not want to provoke Germany by preparation, which seemed to me to be a pernicious doctrine.

As time went on, however, and war became more and more imminent, I was surprised one day to receive an order to call out the militia for service on the border.

That body had impressed upon Congress their desire for active service. Now that they were getting it they didn't want it, and many organizations had great difficulty in getting the requisite number of men to fill their quotas, and some never got them, although a regular house to house canvass was made at home and the Government needed men badly.

Fifty thousand were at length placed at Nogales, Arizona, fifty thousand at El Paso, Texas, and fifty thousand at Brownsville, Texas. The plan was to invade Mexico on three lines, along their main railways, should it become necessary. Of course, all the important points on the border were guarded, besides.

After the militia once appeared where their numbers could actually be seen we heard no more talk of taking San Antonio. Mexico knows well now just how far she may go in the matter of baiting Uncle Sam, and although we allow her to go too far sometimes, because few of us understand the conditions, she doesn't want war any more than we do. Our effort in the World War surprised everybody, and Mexico knows to-day that she would not be a mouthful if we were to turn crusty.

The militia was sent to the border with remarkable celerity, thanks to the arrangements Colonel Chauncey Baker had made with the various railroads some time before. The troops and their politicians at home made a great noise over the fact

that they were not all sent in tourist sleepers, but there were not enough in existence to take all of them. Those who could not be given tourist cars traveled in coaches, two and three men to two seats, the best that could be done for them. The same men were glad enough to travel in horse cars in France.

It began to look as if some overt step would be taken in Mexico that would cause us to invade, and it was agreed with the secretary that General Funston was to command the eastern column, General Pershing the central, and General Sage, then stationed at Nogales, the western. The question remaining was: who should command the whole? My staff said, "This is the opportunity of your life; take command yourself and come back another Scott, Conqueror of Mexico." I said, "No, I am not going to take advantage of my position in that way," and went to the secretary to select a commander for the whole. He asked whom I recommended and I said General Wood.

He said, "Why do you pick him?"

I told him, "General Wood is the ranking major-general and the ablest we have."

He directed me not to do anything about it until he notified me, but a week went by with no selection made and I began to get uneasy. I told the secretary that time was passing rapidly and I had no commander yet.

He said, "Do you want to change your recommendation?" and I answered "No, sir." He then told me that this selection was not possible, for the President had directed that I should take command myself. Thus had we invaded Mexico I would have commanded the whole, which would have suited me very well since it had proved the wish of the President; at the same time I would not have taken advantage of my position to seize that command myself.

The A. B. C. proceedings halted all that, however, and the invasion was never made. The militia remained on the border until the President thought matters quiet again, when he ordered it home.

The militia considered itself abused when its desire for Federal service was taken at face value, and charged that the move had been made to show up its deficiencies, which were many and great. As a matter of fact, a broader benefit than imagined had been afforded by their very faults; and the mere fact that their quota was never filled made it plain to the meanest intellect that conscription must be resorted to in the next war or failure faced. The experience had an invaluable effect in the training of officers for the World War; this was true in the regular service as well as in the militia, in the line as well as on the staff.

Naturally enough, the Mexican Government was very much upset at the presence of Pershing and our troops in Mexico. In April, 1916, I was directed to go from Washington to San Antonio for a conference with General Funston and while still there we were both ordered to El Paso to confer with General Obregon, then secretary of war of Mexico. We met in the Aduana at Juarez where General Funston allowed his real sentiments to be expressed so brusquely that he lost his influence in those conferences, and he thought it best for him not to attend any more. The emphatic actions that accompanied his words were seen through a window by Mexican newspapermen, whose interpretations of the matter were broadcast all over Mexico. Little more was done at this conference than to ask Generals Obregon and Jacinto Trevino to dine in our car that was parked on a side track in the El Paso yards, ready to take us in any direction.

A few days after General Obregon asked me to meet him in the Paso del Norte Hotel, El Paso. There were about thirty

press correspondents in town watching events with a camera constantly near each end of our car. Our departure from the car was telephoned all over town, and our every movement watched.

I wanted to get into Obregon's room at the hotel without the knowledge of anybody else, for delicate negotiations cannot be successful in a crowd. I started up town in a direction opposite from that of the hotel, making small purchases here and there for an hour until I thought suspicion allayed, then I stopped a covered laundry wagon, got in it, and asked to be put down at the service entrance of the hotel, and was taken up on the baggage elevator to the proper floor. Thus far my rôle as a heavy sleuth had gone well. I knew the number of Obregon's room, but I got in the wrong corridor, and suddenly a Hearst correspondent, coming out of his room unaware of my presence, spied me and called out "I got you." It was only a few minutes before there were twenty-seven newspaper men in the corridor before Obregon's room, but I got in the general's room, shutting the newspaper men out.

When we began to talk I asked General Obregon who was the Mexican secretary of war—if he still occupied that post with full powers. He said "yes." I had not been informed upon whose initiative the conference was called, but I regarded the subject matter to be discussed as a *modus vivendi*—and our object an agreement satisfactory to both Governments. It was my problem now to obtain Obregon's signature to an agreement that would permit Pershing to stay in Mexico as long as our President wanted him there, without his being assaulted by Mexicans, who were reported as contemplating an attack by seventeen thousand men held in the Pulpit Pass of Sonora, ready to cut Pershing's line of communication and shut him off from his base; we understood another attack would proceed at the same time from the south. I had no sort of anxiety about Pershing's ability to take care of himself, but a real battle

would culminate in a war, which the President did not want and which, as a loyal soldier, I must prevent.

Such an agreement was formulated for discussion, paragraph by paragraph. I thought that as each was decided upon it would be put aside as settled and the next one taken up, but we would agree amicably on two or three paragraphs, which I considered as put out of the discussion, only to find to my surprise that their points were brought into the discussion of the next, as if no previous decision had been arrived at at all. I was reminded of the web of Penelope, which was knitted in the day only to be undone at night. That must be the Latin way, for I read of President Wilson's difficulties in Paris where he evidently encountered the same thing.

We began at a quarter to twelve in the morning and I didn't get Obregon's signature until half past twelve at night—twelve solid hours of mental struggle. I had not known how intense my concentration had been until it was over and I began to relax, to find that every muscle was taut, my fingers clenched and my teeth likewise. Both hands and jaws ached with the intensity of the effort and I could see that Obregon was the same way, so I let him go as soon as he signed.

Our meals were served in the room at the proper times, during which hours business was put aside. Everything was most affable but my talk was frankness itself. I told him that if he wanted to lose his country, the surest way for him to do it would be to attack Pershing. I mentioned General Nafarete over in the Province of Tamaulipas, who was encouraging the building of a bandit force for an attack on Brownsville with support from Carranza. I said:

"No doubt you want Pershing to leave Mexico, but if you don't change all that and stop those preparations in Tamaulipas, instead of getting rid of Pershing here, you will have another Pershing over there in addition, and who knows then if either will ever come out of Mexico? Those are matters for

you to consider very carefully before you reject this agreement.”

The agreement contemplated that Pershing draw back to Namiquipa, his most southerly detachments, that were coming back anyway for food and to refit after an exceedingly long and rapid chase—while he himself would remain at Casas Grandes, 125 miles south of the border. Obregon struggled to have a date fixed for the evacuation of Mexico, but the agreement left that to the President. After each meal the struggle would be renewed “pull Dick, pull Devil” until he signed.

How I kept Obregon from leaving I have never known. He was the secretary of war of a friendly power, and he could not be struck on the head with a sandbag and kept locked in a closet until he signed. At any time he could have thanked me for a pleasant visit and asked to have his car called; why he did not I do not know to this day. My effort was to make it so pleasant he would not want to leave and there may have been present in his mind a realization of the consequences of a rupture. Anyway, he stayed and signed. I looked out in the corridor when he was ready to go and there were the twenty-seven tired, hungry, thirsty, newspaper men lying about in every attitude on the floor, worn out with their vigil, afraid to go away lest some news be missed. They were told that an agreement had been reached; and that they must apply to the secretary of war at Washington for details.

My Government approved the agreement, but Carranza did not. This made little difference, however, since everything went on as if agreed upon by all. Pershing remained in Mexico for almost a year, or until the President was good and ready to bring him back, and no attack was made either upon him or on Brownsville.

Obregon, who, by the way, told us in the car that he had Irish blood of the O'Briens, from which name his own was derived, told the correspondent of “The New York Times” in



**GENERAL SCOTT IN COUNCIL WITH PAIUTE INDIANS, UTAH, 1915**





Chihuahua that he "could not understand how General Scott could be so honest and yet a politician."

In July, 1916, Secretary Baker, coming from the White House one day, informed me that there was in contemplation a commission, with Secretary Lane as chairman, to meet with a similar commission from Mexico to discuss and arrange matters in which the two governments were at variance, and he added that he wished me to be a member.

I demurred somewhat at this, saying, "You will do me a very great kindness, Mr. Secretary, if you will leave me off the list." The secretary seemed somewhat surprised at this and said, "You are wanted on the commission because of your knowledge of Spanish and experience with the Spanish speaking peoples. Why don't you want to be a member?"

"It is because of that experience to which you refer that I know now the outcome of that Commission," I replied. "Secretary Lane will be the chairman and because of his position as a cabinet officer he will completely dominate it, and my views will receive scant consideration. Secretary Lane is entirely without experience with Latin American peoples—their peculiar psychology and how to deal with them—and I will be at variance with him all the time. I have known in the past how to treat such questions successfully when I have had them to myself, but I know now the futility of this Commission. Those Mexicans have been trained in a school our people know nothing about. The Mexicans are past masters in drawing red herrings across the trail if you allow them to do it—leading you away from the point at issue, into a wilderness of words—and you end up where you began, nowhere. Those Mexicans are going to play horse with Secretary Lane all summer, and after it is all over no one will be proud of having been on the commission. I will take it as a very great kindness, Mr. Secretary, if you will omit my name from the list." And he very considerably did so.

The Commission sat all summer at New London, Conn., at a summer hotel, later moving to Atlantic City for a change, and last of all to Washington. The Mexican contingent, with their families, passed a delightful summer far from war's alarms.

They sat all the autumn and through the winter until January 1, 1917, when the commission broke up without agreement. Cabrera telegraphed to Mexico City January 6, 1916, stating, in part, that "el protocolo fue publicado expresando que no se llegó a ningun convenio en las conferencias" (the protocol was published saying that no agreement was arrived at in the conferences). This after six months of words.

After the launching of General Pershing into Mexico, the secretary of war returned to Cleveland to get his household goods. He had been getting rather rough treatment for a new secretary, becoming involved with Mexico before he could bring his furniture to Washington. Pershing's advance parties were soon four hundred miles south in Old Mexico when the President halted him, actuated, I suppose, by the opposition of the Mexicans to the invasion of their territory. He did not want to involve more than the band of raiders on whom Pershing was making relentless and successful war, killing them and scattering them all over Mexico. We were supplying Pershing by the Casas Grandes Railway from El Paso. Suddenly Carranza took it upon himself to forbid further use of the road.

I took this matter to the State Department, saying that if Carranza got in my way I would run over him, but was told I would not be allowed to do this. I said this was the only way we had to supply Pershing. Shoulders were shrugged, and I was told that the supply of Pershing was not the affair of the State Department; that that body was truly sorry to discommodate me, but that Carranza's orders must be respected about the railway. I was so angry at such callousness about our troops, four hundred miles south in Mexico, that I could hardly find

my way back to my office, and so appalled at the inevitable consequences to our men, if not supplied with food and ammunition promptly, that I could have burned down the State Department with everybody in it.

I rang for General Sharpe, the quartermaster-general, with whom the following conversation took place:

Q. Have you enough trucks to supply Pershing from Columbus, N. M., with food, clothing, and ammunition? A. No.

Q. How much would it cost to get them? A. Four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Q. Have you got the money? A. No.

Q. Then send right out and buy these trucks, with the necessary traveling garages and mechanics; put a chauffeur on every truck and send them by express to Columbus, and start food and ammunition to Pershing at the earliest possible moment. A. Yes, sir.

Should the Mexicans have risen against Pershing at a time when his food and ammunition were low, the consequences would have been appalling. When the secretary returned I said, "You will have to use your good offices with the President, Mr. Secretary, to keep me out of jail." He asked what I had been caught at now. I told him I was going to confess before being caught; that I had just expended \$450,000 of public money that had not been appropriated by Congress, which was a penitentiary offense. "Ho!" he said, "that's nothing! If anybody goes to jail I'll be the man—I'll go to jail for everybody."

By this prompt and energetic support he won the confidence and affection of the War Department in one stroke. He had not been long enough in command of the War Department even to receive his furniture from Cleveland and it might well have given him pause to be told that he had been poked into a \$450,000 hole with Congress at the very outset of his career as secretary. A lesser man might have thought that if his chief

of staff couldn't keep him out of such holes, it might be well to consider getting a new chief.

Instead he felt I was alert and willing to take any responsibility to prevent the impending disaster, and I felt he was willing to assume any to protect me. What a joy it was to work with a man having a mind and courage like that!

Congress ratified the expenditure later without a word or question; in fact, I was never called on to defend it, and the incident was never mentioned again in my hearing. A general law cannot cover every particular case and when a great disaster is impending somebody must take the responsibility of violating it, no matter what the risk to the individual; but his judgment of what constitutes a real emergency must be sound, or he won't last long.

While General Pershing was stationary with his headquarters in Mexico, reports came to the President that he was disloyal to the administration in his remarks about the President's policies. Secretary Baker informed me about this and I asked him to take no steps until I could look into the matter.

I wrote to General Pershing in Mexico, informing him that enemies were working against him. He wrote me back a frank manly letter which I asked the Secretary to hand to the President, from whom I got a message that he was satisfied by the letter.

This episode doubtless played a very important part in the destinies of the nation, for knowing President Wilson as I did I am satisfied that if this matter had not been cleared up, Pershing would never have received the supreme command in France—for which I recommended him to the secretary of war. But the President would never have given it to him, no matter how strongly I urged it, if his mind had not been cleared up on this subject.

No one confides his important policies for execution to any

one he feels is out of sympathy with them. How fortunate for us all that Pershing was able to clear up this matter.

ARREST OF THE PAIUTIES <sup>1</sup>

On one Sunday morning in February, 1916, Mr. Lane, secretary of the interior, accompanied by Mr. Cato Sells, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, came out to the house of the chief of staff at the top of the hill at Fort Myer, Virginia, the secretary in something of a fury over the criticisms he had read in the newspapers while coming from California.

They said that there had been a battle near Bluff, Utah, between some Paiute Indians and the United States marshal of Utah with a large posse in which the latter was worsted with loss of life on both sides. The secretary said he had no one he could send to settle the matter, which was still fraught with danger, and wanted to know if I could help him and go out myself.

I demurred a little at this saying, "You have just sent some very stiff letters to Germany and England. There is no peace in Mexico and I don't know whether the secretary of war wants to have his principal assistant wandering about in the snow and sagebrush of Utah at a time like this. It all depends on his wishes." Secretary Lane said he would go at once to Secretary Garrison.

The latter brought up the question on his arrival at the office the next morning, saying Secretary Lane had asked to have me go West and settle the matter. Secretary Garrison had asked if he couldn't send some one else but Secretary Lane had asked, "Who can that person be?"

Secretary Lane had told the secretary of war that the Paiutes were related to the Utes of Colorado, and had intermarried with the Navajo tribe which contained some thirty thousand In-

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, letter of April 2, 1915.

dians, many living close to the great cañons that run down into the Grand Cañon of the Colorado; a war with them would be a long, drawn-out expensive affair of which no one could predict the end.

Secretary Garrison asked if I would mind going. I told him I would be very glad to go if he wished it and he then said I had better go, and asked how large a body of troops I wanted to take. I told him I did not want to take any.

“What!” he said, loud enough to be heard out in the corridor, “don’t want any?”

I said I wanted to take Colonel Michie, as an aide and Sergeant Randolph, my orderly, and it was soon arranged for me to see the assistant attorney-general, Mr. Charles Warren, who ordered the United States marshal at Bluff to take no further steps until my arrival, when I would give him further orders. We left that night for Denver. I had told Secretary Lane that in case I should go West I would want two things. He had said, “I will arrange for anything you ask.” I wanted to have food for the Indians lest they fall under the influence of some one else while searching for food. Moreover, I wanted old Bizoche, the Navajo whom I had arrested at Beautiful Mountain several years before, sent to Bluff, Utah. I had never seen the Paiute Indians and Bizoche could introduce me in a way the President of the United States himself could not.

After the affair was all over I got a letter from the clerk at the Navajo Agency, who had been sent out fifty miles to notify Bizoche. Bizoche replied, after some reflection, “I am an old man and that is a far country (more than one hundred miles of rough traveling) and a country of strangers, but my brother wants me and I will go.” He started at once for Bluff with his two sons in a wagon.

Our train got stuck in the snow in the middle of Nebraska and the delay caused us to miss our train out of Denver. We

utilized the delay consequent to waiting for another train by conferring with the United States District Attorney and the marshal of Colorado who told us what the Paiute fight had been all about. It appeared that the trouble in Utah began over the murder of a Mexican in Colorado with which a Paiute named Stenegat, or Hatch, was charged. He had run off to join his Paiute relatives in Utah near the Mormon town of Bluff.

The Colorado authorities made application to those of Utah for Hatch's extradition for trial. The matter had run along for a long time without result and the demand had been lately renewed. Several posses had gone to Bluff to make the arrest and had returned empty-handed, considering it too dangerous to attempt. Then the marshal of Utah, under the pressure from Colorado, gathered about seventy-five gunmen as a posse, and had gone down to Bluff. Being afraid to negotiate with the Indians, he had surrounded the camp of a portion of the band before dawn. The Indians awakened to find themselves surrounded by an armed band of strangers and concluded that they were being attacked by a large band of cowboys with whom they were constantly at war over the occupation of the range. A clash resulted. Each side accused the other afterward of firing first. The truth will never be known. The posse gave no warning of their approach or intention. Blood was shed on both sides, the posse was defeated, and some of its scattered members were lost for days, wandering somewhere back of Monticello.

Six Indian boys of eighteen or twenty years gave themselves up at once to the marshal without fighting, not knowing what it was all about. These were shackled and put in a room under guard. One of the young men, who could understand a little English, heard something that made him think they were going to be killed. He tried to escape by breaking the window. He was shot and killed half in and half out of the window which was entirely unnecessary because he was unarmed and



could have been taken back into the room without danger to anybody—in reality, he was murdered which was supposedly justified on the plea that he was attempting to escape. The others, shackled, were taken under heavy guard to Salt Lake City, before our arrival. They were entirely innocent.

Michie and I with Randolph left the Denver & Salt Lake Railway at Thompsons, Utah, and made our way south 180 miles as best we might—one stage over comparatively smooth country as far as Moab, a little Mormon town, in an automobile. The next morning, at four o'clock, we crowded into a two-horse mail hack built to carry three men and a driver; there were five of us together with our bedding rolls, the mail, and express. The weather was bitter cold in that high altitude and we rode cramped up in that open stage until eight o'clock at night. Next day we had to go on in a sleigh. We had to get ahead to avert further bloodshed.

The marshal reported at Bluff and asked for orders. I told him to send home those seventy-five gunmen immediately. He expostulated at this, saying the Paiutes would capture the town. I told him that that was no longer his responsibility but mine, that I would take care of the town, and that the gunmen must go. Bisoshe also reported with his two sons and asked what I wanted of him.

I told him the Paiutes were said to be twenty-five miles down the San Juan River and I wanted him to go with me and bring them back. He demurred strongly at this saying, "I am afraid and my two sons are afraid." Then he began a legend of the first Paiute's meanness and said they had all been mean ever since. I ridiculed him for half an hour refusing to believe that a Navajo and a marshal could be afraid of a Paiute who lived mainly on roots and grasshoppers. He succumbed finally to the ridicule, and said he would go provided it were promised that when we were both killed we would be buried together,

side by side. Colonel Michie agreed to attend to this and the matter was soon settled.

Bizoshe had made no request for compensation for the services of his two sons, himself, and four horses, but had come away willingly, serving as a friend. I asked the marshal before leaving Bluff if he would do me a favor. He said he "would be charmed at the opportunity." I inquired what he had been paying the members of the posse. He replied five dollars a day and expenses. Then I asked him to put Bizoshe and his two sons on his pay-roll from the time of their departure from home until their return, which was done and they were each paid quite a sum, which the old man well earned.

The Paiutes were reported to be at Mexican Hat, a city of one building twenty-five miles down the San Juan from Bluff. We drove down there accompanied by Mr. Wetherill from Kayenta, a gentleman who knew those Indians well. We located at Mexican Hat in the only building, a store about twenty feet square. The trader's wife was at Kayenta, about fifty miles away, so we were given his bedroom while he slept on his counter. Information came to us that the Paiutes had left for a stronghold at Navajo Mountain, about a hundred miles west, toward the Grand Cañon. We searched the neighborhood for hostile Indians without result until Mr. Wetherill brought in a Paiute from Kayenta where he had gone to trade. I induced him to stay a night and sent him the next day with a message for his people, asking them to come in and see me, and with food and blankets for them.

Several days went by without any occurrence. Finally he returned saying the Paiutes would be in next day. They came in a few at a time after hiding among the hills watching our camp with a glass lest some trap be laid for them. We gave them more food and blankets and made them all comfortable. Next day they told us their troubles, and I allowed them to simmer all night. I felt them out gently next morning and decided to

risk a refusal. But when the question was put point-blank, "what are you going to do," they said, "We are going to do just what you tell us to do."

The whole tribe agreed to surrender and go to Salt Lake City on the one condition that I should go with them. This I readily promised but said the marshal only wanted four—"Old Poke," "Posey," and one other besides Hatch, who would have to be tried for murder in Colorado. We soon started for Bluff, Colonel Michie going ahead to procure food and a warm place for the prisoners to sleep.

The Mormons at Bluff had said they knew those Indians and would not believe they were coming with me until they saw them. The Mormons were having a good deal of fun, behind our backs, of course, all down that 180 miles from the railway, over those "swivel-chair men from Washington" thinking they could do anything with these Indians. The whole country-side was expecting an attack by Indians and would not believe anything else. Some time afterward Mr. Sniffen of the Indians Rights Association told me they had informed him they had been ready to wager a thousand dollars that nobody could get them.

We started up toward the railway next day taking the marshal with us to whom I was most polite, desiring his influence at Salt Lake City. At first we were all crowded in the mail-hack with our property. Later we got a few horses. My problem was to prevent those four Indians from being legally murdered. White men had been killed and the trial would be in the hands of white men, possibly prejudiced against the Indian, whose land incidentally was wanted. There would be a cloud of white witnesses although I believed that the white man had been the aggressor. This could only be proved by Indian witnesses whose word would not be taken against that of white men.

We telephoned ahead to Bluff asking for a warm room and food. Every time they asked, "Don't you want a jail?" we re-

plied, "No." When they asked, "don't you want a guard?" we replied, "No! We want a warm room and food." An automobile came out on a short piece of good road to take me into Moab. Everybody was curious to see those "bloody Indians" and asked where they were. "Old Poke" was pointed out sitting in the hack and I said the others were coming along on horseback. Several persons said to me, "We know those Indians better than you do—you'll never see them again." I replied I was willing to risk it, and it was not long before they came jogging in on their horses.

The next twenty-five miles brought us to the railroad which they had never seen before and I had to go and pull them off the track at the approach of a train. Here Buffalo Bill Cody telegraphed us from Denver that a dinner was to be given for us by the governor of Colorado and three hundred citizens of Denver. A similar invitation by telegram came from the governor of Utah at Salt Lake City, which was accepted as affording an opportunity to gain friendship for the Paiutes. The general manager of the Denver & Salt Lake Railway telegraphed he was sending his special car and came with it himself to take us in.

I told the marshal en route that the Utah papers had been giving him pretty rough treatment over being defeated by the Paiutes and he had lost a great deal of face at home, but in order to help him get some of it back I said I would turn the prisoners over to him, and let his townsmen see him conducting them into the streets to jail. Michie and I were not known in Salt Lake City and we would jump off the rear end of the train and go quietly up the hotel without being seen by anybody. This pleased him immensely.

I made an appeal for the prisoners that night at the banquet, which was published all over Utah, and went next morning to see the United States District Attorney and asked him, "What sort of a case have you against the Paiutes." He said he had a very strong case of murder against them. They had resisted

the officers of the law and killed some of them. "Let us talk about that a little," I said. "Who served the subpoena on them?" He had to go out and ask the marshal about that and returning said, "Nobody."

"Did anybody tell them they were marshals?" I asked.

"No."

"Did they have uniforms to indicate they were marshals?"

"No."

"Then where is your case?" I asked.

"I reckon I haven't got any," he said.

Going to say good-by to the marshal he carefully locked the door, put his chair near mine, and whispered, "What do you want done with those Indians?" I whispered back, "Let them go," and so it was. They were all sent home except Hatch, who was tried for murder at Denver and acquitted, and it was not long before they were back among their own tribe.

Peace continued there for seven years notwithstanding constant effort to get the Indians away from the land where they and their ancestors had been born. "Old Poke" and Hatch died in their beds in 1923. The papers later recorded another difficulty with the Paiutes and various posses. I offered to go again and try to save the lives of those Indians but was told it was not an important matter, though I would be asked to go should it become important. It resulted, however, in the killing of Posey and some of his band. Later the Indian Department took sane measures for the prevention of such warfare that I had recommended seven years before, without result. I feel certain that if I had not gone in person with those Indians to Salt Lake City some of them would have been legally murdered by trial and conviction, with one side only represented. I am never afraid of what the Indian will do in such flare-ups— if I can reach him in time. I am always afraid of what the white men do—legally.

How sweet it is to look backward over the years and re-

member the gratitude of those simple, sincere, and humble people, both red and white, for the salvation of the women and children of that country-side is worth far more than any military glory that might have been won in bringing about their subjugation and punishment by force of arms.

## PART VII

### Washington and the War

IT is necessary for me now to go back two years to indicate circumstances prevailing which had a vital bearing on our part in the World War.

In April, 1914, on the eve of the World War, I received an order while on the border to report to Washington to relieve General William W. Wotherspoon as assistant chief of staff. I preferred to remain on the border, where the adjoining Mexican disturbances were not yet over, but General Wood urged me against acting on this preference, lest I be denying myself a more useful career.

I proceeded to the capital and Mrs. Scott later joined me, bringing our family and household effects from the border.

My life in many ways was very pleasant—in its contacts with inspiring men—but I did not care much for the duties of assistant chief of staff. That office carried little prestige and responsibility at the time, yet was just as confining as are all positions in the War Department. My time was mainly occupied in helping to solve knotty questions for the chief of staff. But no experience is valueless—however irksome at the time.

In retrospect, therefore, this period has great interest for me because I was in a peculiarly good position to know how unprepared we were for the ensuing conflict. Moreover, my irksome duties were of value as providing me with an intimate knowledge of the duties of the chief of staff, which office I was to occupy seven months later.

## EUROPE AFIRE

The months of August and September, 1914, were a time of tense anxiety for the friends of France and England, and my sympathies were with them every moment from the first day. We had all grown accustomed to the passing over of war clouds and many believed that war would never come again; yet here it was once more, like the wolf at the door, ravening for blood, soon affecting every human being in the world.

Germany had started out on her program, long discussed in that country, of "world conquest or downfall," having torn up the "scrap of paper" which guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium and with it her own honor. France had relied once too often on the national honesty of her powerful neighbor by placing her heaviest forces on the opposite flank in the belief that the "scrap of paper" would protect Belgian neutrality, which she herself had no wish to violate.

Lord Roberts had pleaded in vain with his countrymen for seven years to prepare and Germany was the only nation ready for the conflict. She had built up a great military steam roller which she drove across Belgium, flattening everything in its path.

The military world gave the Belgian forts credit for power to delay the German advance at least for a time but the high-angled fire of the new mobile Austrian guns smashed the iron forts of Belgium into fragments while the world looked on with astonishment and dismay. The forts at Liège and at Mons seemed hardly to resist at all, and then began the heart-rending retreat of England's "Contemptibles"—of glorious memory—before the great German machine rolling on to Paris.

Day after day the press of the world recorded the allies as



retreating, though in compact formation, with the world hanging on the despatches. The German pursuit was steady and relentless; the loss of life among the French and among England's best and bravest men appalling. All of the allies seemed to be retreating to their doom. We had no means of measuring the amount of inevitable demoralization that had occurred from such a steady retreat; but it seemed to us over here as it must have to those who left the French capital for Bordeaux, with whom our ambassador refused to depart, that it was only a matter of a few days until the kaiser would be eating the dinner he had ordered for himself in Paris.

Then suddenly it seemed that a miracle was happening; the answer to the prayers of millions. The German pursuit began to slacken. Von Klück began to retire, and then the whole German army was retreating beyond the Marne, and France was saved. It was long before the world learned the causes of this apparent miracle but all rejoiced at the results.

The swift destruction of the Belgian forts by large mobile guns of high-angled fire made a very deep impression on me, and I began at once to agitate for the procurement of some of these mounted on railway carriages for ourselves, but found a strange apathy on the subject in the War Department, born partly of the belief that the United States would never again be involved in any war. This illusion created a false sense of security in the minds of some, particularly in Congress, almost up to the very declaration of a state of war. No such security was felt on the general staff, however, where the country was seen to be drifting rapidly into war, broadside on. Unfortunately, though, while all possible was done within that body itself, few open steps could be taken toward preparing.

#### THE ARMY AND CONGRESS

All the different staff corps had long had plans for immediate expansion arranged with the general staff; the quarter-

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To Gen & Mrs Scott  
With the affectionate regards of  
Lustig M. Farnum

master, engineer, and ordnance departments had arrangements made to close options by telegraph on all foodstuffs, wool, leather, nitrates, and on all other materials available in the country used in the manufacture of clothing and other supplies for military service, and agreements had long been made with the different railways for priority and rapidity of shipment. These plans with all their various ramifications were put in motion the morning that the President signed the act declaring the United States in a state of war with Germany; an hour after the secretary of war had signed the first authorization for the expenditure of fifty millions of dollars, before Congress had authorized the expenditure of a cent. During my subsequent absence on the United States Commission to Russia, a certain member of Congress made the erroneous statement that "the War Department had ceased to function," but Congress did not begin to function until weeks had passed, while all the time the War Department was working at a higher rate of speed than at any period of its history, the results of which have been a surprise to the whole world.

The business methods of these corps have been criticised adversely by many persons who have met with rebuff in attempting to do something illegal or who expected to see something accomplished in an instant for which no preparatory arrangements were made beforehand. Business men of high character and success in the commercial world were placed on the Council of National Defense to facilitate and supervise purchase and supply. One of the most distinguished of these gentlemen, Mr. Julius Rosenwald, of Sears Roebuck & Company, praised the business methods of those departments and declared that he had no improvements to suggest.

The general staff was by no means as powerful as it is now, and had to fight for its life. The political element of the army was against it and influenced a large part of Congress to destroy it. A law passed in 1916 pointed that way but failed

to use the proper language to effect its aim. Other clauses operated to cut down the membership materially and provided that no more than half the membership could be stationed in Washington at any one time. The chief, assistant chief and head of the War College had to be counted in that number although engaged mainly in administrative work, not strictly pertaining to the general staff; so that when the war broke, there were less than a dozen general staff officers available for use in laying the foundation for our participation, at a time when they were most needed—at a time, moreover, when France and England had each more than five hundred regular general staff officers, employed with many more detailed from the line for general staff duty. Our army has had approximately one hundred since the armistice, necessary in time of peace, without any legal limit to their number now that I know of.

The law of 1916 was submitted to the law department for interpretation which seemed to me to be erroneous, so far as the language of the law was concerned, as it would operate to destroy the power of the general staff and send us backward to conditions prevailing before the Spanish war. I told my staff that I believed the interpretation was wrong, and that I would fight it as long as I could stand on my feet. I made a brief of the law as I read it and carried it to Plattsburg when I accompanied Secretary Baker on a tour of inspection, and showed it to General Wood who agreed with my view.

The brief was given to Secretary Baker on our return together with a copy of the law and the interpretation of the law department. I said:

“Mr. Secretary, I am handing you a case that will be the most important decision that you will ever have to make in that chair. Your verdict may spell victory or defeat for our armies. You are a lawyer yourself and are accustomed to interpreting the law. There it is, and there are the interpretations—

I submit them both to you. I am not going to argue with you or to nag you about them. I leave them with you in the hope that you will realize the significance of your decision to the army and to the country."

The secretary took the papers home with him and kept them for more than a month when he finally decided in favor of my brief. He came to Camp Dix after the armistice with General Peyton C. March, then the chief of staff, and they invited me to ride with them in their limousine the eighteen miles to Trenton. We all three sat on the rear seat talking about old times in the War Department and I asked the secretary if he remembered his decision on the law of 1916 as affecting the general staff. "Indeed I do," he replied.

"Where would you be now?" I asked, "if you had decided the other way?"

The secretary twice thrust both fists emphatically upward to the full extent of his arms and exclaimed, "lost—lost!"

It was the same age-old struggle over the command that caused General Winfield Scott to remove his headquarters from Washington to New York, and General Sherman to remove his to St. Louis; that embittered the last moments of General Sheridan, hamstrung General Miles and hobbled the administrations of Generals Chaffee, Bates, Bell, and Wood, and sent us into the World War with a crippled general staff. I believe this conflict is now over and done with as a result of the war, which appears to have established the unity of command and to have put the general staff where it belongs.

As soon as I became Chief of Staff in November, 1914, I began to work, as mentioned before, for the procurement of large guns with high-angled fire mounted on railway carriages, and called a meeting of the general officers of the technical staff in the War Department to consider the matter, proposing to use at first the guns of six- and eight-inch caliber and ten-inch mortars, then being taken out of the seacoast batteries

as of obsolete caliber, because we already had them, and could thus make an immediate start, fabricating larger ones in the future. These guns could be run up and down both coasts on railways to drive hostile ships off shore and destroy attempts to land beyond the reach of guns in our coast defenses. I got absolutely no support, for it was declared impractical and unnecessary; such guns could not be mounted on railway carriages.

I had photographs of similar guns mounted on railway carriages in France and would not be persuaded that it was impossible over here, and later saw them in operation overseas myself.

I have always thought that the reason for this indifference and opposition was that the giving of advice on artillery matters by a cavalryman from the Indian country, even if he was chief of staff, was resented by real artillerymen, irrespective of its truth.

I asked Secretary Garrison to intervene and throw the weight of his authority to compel action, looking to the procurement of guns of large caliber with high-angled fire mounted on railway carriages. He replied that he did not have the technical knowledge to meet the contrary arguments, telling me to furnish them to him in a brief.

I furnished such a brief with the photographs I had of such guns, mounted on railway carriages in France and others showing the damage done to the Belgian forts by high-angled fire, and the secretary took this home with him for study, kept it some time but resigned from office before taking action. He sent me the following letter after his resignation:

One Thousand and Fifty-three Fifth Avenue, New York.  
February 13, 1916.

Dear General:

I have been inexpressibly touched by what you and Mrs. Scott and others of my friends have felt and said. To find such solid,



whole-hearted and vigorous support at such a crisis reveals the finest thing life holds for any man. My heart aches when I think of leaving my position with the Army. I grew to have such admiration and affection for it and to know its hopes, aspirations, needs and its fine essence. Now leaving it causes me continual distress.

And you men about me—*what* men. Each of you loyal, whole-souled, champions and unselfish colleagues. How I shall miss you. Life doesn't call for greater sacrifices. However, it may have a compensatory side. It may result in the Nation getting what it would otherwise not have gotten. Please convey my feeling to all my associates in the building and say I will see them in person so soon as I return.

No time fixed yet to come back. Very busy here with personal matters.

Affectionately yours,  
LINDLEY M. GARRISON.

The brief on mobile guns of high-angled fire was next handed to Secretary Baker with the same request, and he directed that estimates be submitted to Congress for the fabrication of six such large guns. Congress appropriated the funds for one pilot gun but at too late a date. We went into the war without guns of that sort and we suffered the extreme mortification later seeing large guns mounted on railway carriages landed in France by the navy for use with the army, notwithstanding my three years' effort. ("The New York Times" of January 30, 1928, states the Ordnance Department is adopting large guns of high-angled fire on railway carriages.) Many officers of the line have long been of the opinion that our army should be organized like the French, without a permanent ordnance corps, segregated and out of touch with the line which uses its products; that this department should be formed mainly of artillery officers detailed for a period to ordnance duty to return later to their own arms, as do officers of the general staff. In this way they never would lose touch and the men who make the munitions would be the men who use them, as in the army of France.

## ENTRANCE OF THE UNITED STATES

News of the final entrance of the United States into the War created a profound impression throughout the world. This great peace-loving nation had at last decided to throw the whole weight of its influence on the side of civilization and right.

While I personally would have liked to have had this step taken when the *Lusitania* was sunk, I can see now that the course of the President was far wiser. He realized, as I did not at that time, that our nation was composed of so many diverse elements that we could not have entered the war any sooner and still remain a united people.

There was great rejoicing among the allies when the move was finally made. They believed however that our military contribution would be confined to the placing of three hundred thousand armed men in France, and many doubted our ability even to do that, considering our regular army too small to count for much and our citizen forces a vast untrained mass which could not be turned into a military force until the war was over.

Both England and France sent commissions composed of their most distinguished men to confer with us upon how we might best cooperate with them. Mr. Arthur Balfour, former premier of England, came through Canada with Major-General Tom Bridges of the British Army, joined by Mr. Foster of Canada and other distinguished Canadians.

M. René Viviani, former premier, with General Joffre, marshal of France, and Colonel Tardieu came by way of Fortress Monroe, where I was sent to meet and escort them to Washington on the president's yacht, the *Mayflower*. In the party were Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, and several admirals.



The French commission arrived on a French liner which we boarded and found everything battened down and dark inside to avoid hostile submarines on the way. The darkness and want of ventilation seemed to have had a depressing effect upon the spirits of our guests who appeared quite downhearted. This feeling soon disappeared, however, before the warmth of our reception on the *Mayflower*, where they were immediately taken. Marshal Joffre told me afterward that they were all overwhelmed with the cordiality of their reception; that their morale had indeed been at a low ebb coming over, due to complete ignorance concerning our sentiments over here, and they had not known what to expect.

The secretary of state was waiting at the dock of the Navy Yard with Mr. Frank Polk, counsellor, and Assistant Secretary William Phillips, Jules Jusserand, ambassador from France, and Sir Cecil Spring Rice, ambassador from Great Britain, with Mr. Foster and other distinguished Canadians, to welcome the French Commission. The secretary took M. Viviani in the first car. After placing the marshal in my automobile, I was about to enter when I noticed that M. Jusserand was not provided for so I put him in my seat beside the marshal and rode in the middle seat.

The procession started with an escort of mounted troops. We followed the secretary of state in the second car, but Marshal Joffre received by far the greater part of the ovation rendered by the people of Washington who were lined up many deep for miles on both sides of the street waiting to see and to cheer the hero of the Marne.

While our car was passing slowly through the gate of the Navy Yard, some woman thrust an American flag in my face, very rudely, saying, "Here, you kiss that!" evidently mistaking me for the marshal, and I was greatly relieved that this discourtesy had happened to me rather than to our guest.

The British and French commissions divided up into com-

mittees and each element conferred with its kind; the financial element with our secretary of the treasury, the political with our secretary of state, while I took the military to the War Department and the War College, where we had many conferences over ways and means of coöperation.

Both commissions were anxious for an American force, no matter how small, to go over at once for the effect that the American flag would have by its mere presence abroad. I opposed this on the ground that the small force would belittle our effort; was undignified and would give a wrong impression of our intentions. I held out for at least a division to show the quality of our troops and command respect for our flag.

The commissions were both anxious also to have our men not only rushed over at once, unorganized and untrained, but used to fill their own organizations which were losing manpower at a fearful rate. But nobody over here would consent for a moment to allow our men out of our own control and the fostering care of their own officers, and such an idea was never seriously contemplated for a moment.

The foreign visitors were warmly received and entertained by the President and people of Washington. The night that Marshal Joffre and General Bridges dined with Mrs. Scott and me at Fort Myer, our little grandson was standing in the front door when the Marshal entered. He put up his little hand to salute and called out "*Vive la France!*" which so pleased the Marshal that he stooped over and kissed him.

The formal dinner given to the visitors by the Ambassador of France and Madame Jusserand was the most interesting of all the dinners I have ever attended, and the most difficult to seat. How to arrange so many personages of such high distinction must have given gray hairs to the State Department, whose business it is to attend to the seating at dinners. In the first place, there were the two former premiers, the ambassadors of England, Italy, and Spain, the marshal of France,





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MAJOR GENERAL TASKER H. BLISS (LEFT) WITH MAJOR-  
GENERAL HUGH L. SCOTT, WASHINGTON, D. C., 1917



a major-general of the British Army, the chief justice of the United States, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, and the chiefs of the army and navy, any one of whom would usually be considered important enough to be guest of honor. There has always been a controversy in Washington as to precedence between members of the Supreme Court and of the Senate at dinners, and many of one faction will not go to a dinner where a member of the other is invited. Some go so far as to ask for a list of guests before accepting an invitation and Chief Justice White and Senator Lodge were among the most insistent upon the rights of their respective colleagues. I sat between the chief justice and the marshal of France, and said to the former, "How is it, Mr. Chief Justice, that I see you sitting here so comfortably with Senator Lodge on the other side of the table right forinst you?" and he replied, "Oh, I told Madame Jusserand that she might put me in the cellar, if she wanted to." This was an indication that all claws were sheathed and rights waived for that important occasion.

Chief Justice White was always delightful with his kindly humor and his gentle courtesy. Sitting on my right, the dishes were handed to him first but he always helped me before he helped himself, and insisted upon peeling a pear for me. When he passed away, the army mourned his loss sincerely.

Mrs. Scott and I were invited to go with the two Commissions and a brilliant company on the *Mayflower* as guests of the secretary of the navy to visit Mount Vernon. There we saw something epoch-making which none of us had ever seen before, but all hoped to see again. We saw Mr. Balfour, the one-time premier of England, trembling with the importance of his mission, place a wreath as a tribute of admiration and respect from the British Government on the tomb of Washington. Surely no one would have been more surprised at this than Washington himself.

When Balfour had stopped speaking, a similar tribute was rendered by M. Viviani and the marshal of France. To my mind, this event was one of infinite importance to the whole world as marking the ushering in of a new era, when old animosities would be forever buried; and with the eyes of the mind I saw George Washington standing there hand in hand with the premiers of England and France, symbolizing a matter I had often discussed with the British ambassador during his frequent visits to the War Department: the riveting of the bonds of friendship and coöperation between all the elements of the English speaking world and the French nation—for upon the strength and durability of those bonds rest the life of civilization and the hope of humanity.

Mr. Balfour was visibly moved by the solemnity of this occasion; and Mrs. Scott and I, with all that splendid company of statesmen, soldiers, sailors, and diplomats, were touched to the depths by its significance.

All Washington was aflame with patriotic fervor. The President marched down Pennsylvania Avenue on foot at the head of a column of many organizations of women, among them a contingent commanded by Mrs. Scott, then camped near Chevy Chase while being trained for duty overseas. Societies of women were being organized for all sorts of patriotic purposes.

Our daughter, Blanchard, was in training to drive an ambulance on the other side. She and her chum enlisted in the Red Cross as soon as possible and went at once to France, getting further forward with their little canteen at Flirrey than any women in France. They were bombed out three times and on one occasion reported that they had placed their canteen on what had been No Man's Land the day before, and had furnished hot food and drink to many truck drivers and troops passing half starved and frozen by the crossroads at Flirrey.

Our younger son gave up his position on the Mexican border

upon the declaration of war and telegraphed for duty in France. Mrs. Scott declared that I must see to it that they all got overseas if they wished to go, although three were too many for us to expect to get all safely back out of that maelstrom.

Our eldest son, a captain of cavalry in the regular army, went over with General Pershing, served all through the war until after the armistice and returning on the *Leviathan* as a lieutenant-colonel and G,3 of the Twenty-Seventh Division, was stricken with pneumonia on board and we got him back only to lose him on arrival in New York. We almost lost our younger son, as well, of pneumonia in France and although not even yet recovered, he fought at Soissons, Château Thierry and the Argonne, and we got him back with his sister some time after the armistice.

Congress seemed but little moved by all this patriotic fervor, hanging back for weeks after declaring us in a state of war and not giving us a dollar of money or a law by which we could build up an army, and leaving us in great uncertainty.

There were three major points upon which I was unalterably determined in the building of this army; first, that those mistakes committed in all our previous wars—inseparably connected with volunteering and politics—must not be repeated in this. This must be a military and not a political army. In this view I was strongly supported by the President and Secretary Baker without whom nothing could have been accomplished. Second, that this army must be raised by conscription, the only equitable, certain, and proper way to raise an army (American report, Chief of Staff, June 30, 1916, p. 9). Third, that the new officers must be commissioned only after making good physically and every other way at some one of the various officers' training camps.

Many thought for some reason that the President and secretary of war were averse to the Plattsburg camps. It would, however, have required but one word from the President, the

secretary or the chief of staff to put an end to them completely had it been so desired, for no subordinate commander could run one a single day without the approval of these officials. Actually, men and means were provided for these camps by Washington. The approval of Congress was secured with appropriations for their support and the camps were forging ahead on both sides of the continent as fast as the people and Congress would permit. By that is meant that the people did not take advantage of the facilities offered as fully in some localities as in others.

While these camps did not by any means provide a finished military education to fit an officer for war in the short time possible, they were the utmost that could be provided under the circumstances. Their establishment enabled the sorting out of the unfit, and an enrolment and organization. It gave an opportunity to place men in the positions which they were best fitted to fill and gave an inkling of discipline and the life of a soldier. Many of the products of these camps came back from France in a critical frame of mind, under the impression that the war had been won by their own personal intelligence and training, whereas it would never have been won by us at all had it not been for the adequate system built up by the regular army after the Spanish War.

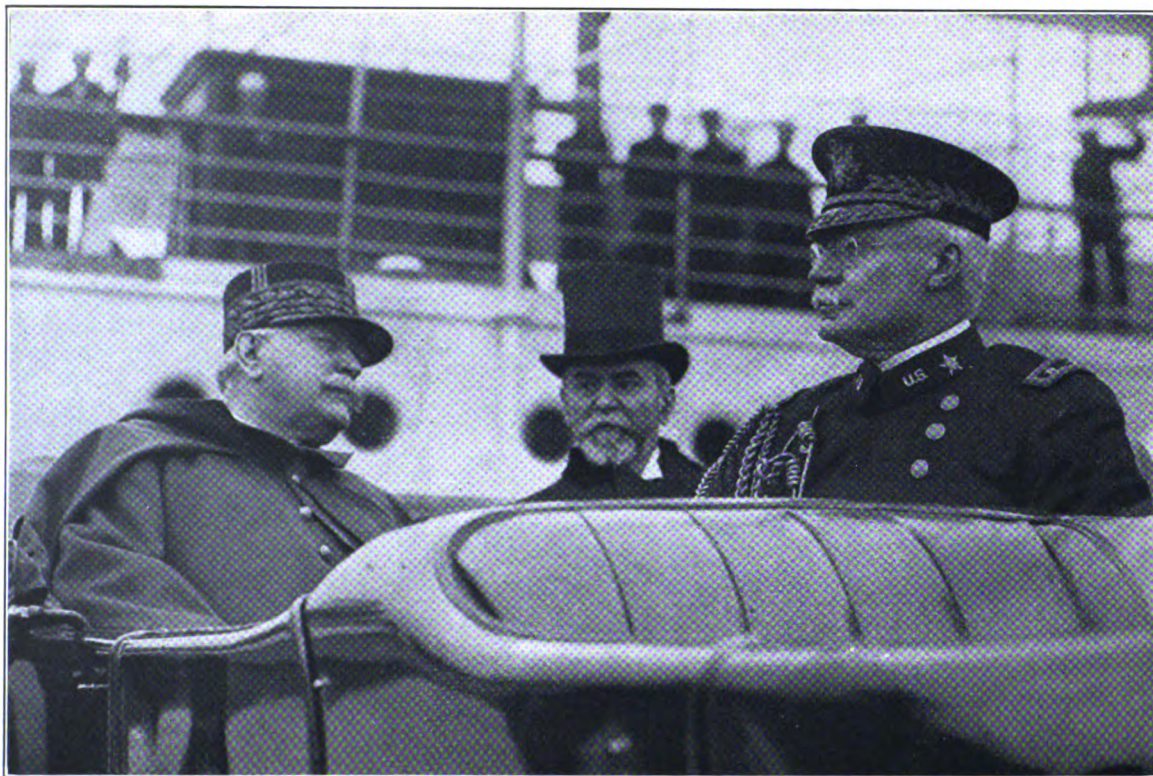
The high condition of instruction, efficiency, and experience, the initiative, directing force, and informing spirit of the regular army formed the backbone and framework about which the new army was built up as a nucleus, and without which those four million men would have only been an armed mob. In this, as in other wars, the regular army received but scant credit.

#### THE PACIFIST MENACE

I had felt for many years that the country was very unprepared, and had done what I was able to correct this condition.







**GENERAL SCOTT WELCOMES MARSHAL JOFFRE TO AMERICA, 1917, WITH M. JULES JUSSERAND,  
FRENCH AMBASSADOR**

The general staff felt in 1916 that the nation was rapidly drifting into war and Congress was asked for a million men which action caused much hilarity. "What do you want to do with a million men?" they demanded. "The United States will never be at war with anybody!" Six months later the same Congress passed the act declaring the United States to be in a state of war.

Lord Roberts' voice pleading preparedness for seven years in England, had been but "a voice crying in the wilderness." The pacifists had control and exercised it but at what a cost in the blood of Great Britain's best and bravest, shed all the way from Mons to the Marne. The Pacifist utters the same owlsh cry after every war. "This is the last! There will never be another!" and is willing to gamble on that with the lives and fortunes of his countrymen, ignoring completely the lessons of history. He proclaimed that all wars were ended at the Crystal Palace in London after the conflict in the Crimea but war flamed out again before the delegates reached home. The pacifist can never be made to understand that although he may be averse himself to war, this is not enough to secure peace; the other side, over whom he has no control, must desire peace also. Most of us are quite averse to being murdered but still the murders go on notwithstanding all we can do to prevent them, and the only sound doctrine upon which we can rest the safety of our country and the lives and fortunes of our wives and children, comes down to us from the past: "Trust in God and keep your powder dry" or "Be prepared."

I took Lord Roberts' book first to Secretary Garrison with the request that he read it as pertinent to our condition, and later to Secretary Baker with the report by General Emory Upton on the military policy of the United States or rather want of policy. My annual report as chief of staff for 1916 contained a discussion on the equity and necessity of compulsory training. This was just what was needed to crystallize the

editorial opinion of the whole country and before count was lost brought out 792 favorable editorials on conscription from all parts of the nation. I would take these editorials, one or two at a time, to the secretary each day with my papers with some such remark as: "I have here an editorial from your home paper, 'The Cleveland Plain Dealer,' Mr. Secretary. I would like you to read it." And the clipping, left without more words, would be found later in my basket without comment.

This went on all winter with editorials from every section of the country showing how wide was the feeling for conscription, and thus my convictions were urged quietly and steadily without discussion or acrimonious argument. Although I had no idea of the effect being produced, if any, I made no effort to find out, fully recognizing that it would not be to the secretary's advantage to move faster than the President and risk a separation. All the time, however, I had full confidence that the good sense of both would bring them along with me in the end, as the secretary eventually did bring the President along with him, in a way he would never have been able to do had he attempted to force him.

Secretary Baker had taken up the war portfolio as a pacifist some time before the war was declared, but he changed his mind after coming to the War Department, as he was great enough to announce in a public speech. When he did fall in with our plans, and had the full support of the President, they were invincible. No President or secretary in all our history ever waged as great a war and waged it so directly and so quickly to a successful issue as they did, and history cannot avoid awarding them this credit.

A large element of Congress tried in every way to avoid conscription, wishing to send us into war with the same old political mistakes as were made in our previous wars. The Speaker of the House threw the weight of his office and personal prestige against the measure, saying that he could "not



see any difference between a conscript and a convict." Messages came to the secretary of war from Congress asking him to compromise on this point or on that but back went his answers like a bullet: "I will not compromise on one comma." It was his firm attitude and that of the President that in the end forced the draft from an unwilling majority.

The battle waged over this point was the most curious I ever saw over any bill. Conscription was the policy of the Democratic President, yet the Speaker of the House, the floor leader and the chairman of the Military Committee, all Democrats, would have none of it, leaving the policy of the Democratic President to be carried through the House mainly by the patriotic efforts of a Republican Jew born in Germany, Mr. Julius Kahn, the member from California, for whom no honor can be too great. May he rest in peace with the eternal gratitude of his adopted country.

When the battle over conscription began the secretary of war called a council of his advisers in the War Department and asked their opinions on the advisability of pressing the issue. They one and all advised against it as a waste of time, saying that while it would be a very valuable thing to secure, were it at all possible, it was not in accord with American practice and psychology. The people would refuse to respond, and it was thus not practicable. Look, they argued, at what happened during the draft riots of 1862 in New York.

When it came my turn to speak, I said:

"Mr. Secretary, conscription is the only equitable, proper, and certain way to raise an army. I have faith that with the law once passed, the American people will respond to make it a success. England started without it but was forced to come to it. We must start right in this before we are forced to it, when it may be too late. It is my opinion, Mr. Secretary, that if you do not secure conscription now, you will already have lost this war."

The secretary and the President put their shoulders to the wheel and got it, winning over a timid, irresolute, and unwilling majority of Congress, devoid of vision. Truly has it been written that "without vision, the people die." Conscription is now generally recognized as one of the major elements in our success and there will never be another large American army raised in any other way, but what folly not to have the law for conscription ready on the statute books to avoid delay and bickering. It cannot be expected that France and England will stand a second time between us and our enemy for a year to allow us to prepare.

I proposed very feebly the conscription of labor in the last war but was absolutely without encouragement from any source. This was too great an innovation and I perforce had to be satisfied with conscription for the army, a triumph in itself. We can look back now, however, and see the many evils from which labor conscription would have saved us.

In order to survive, the whole power of the nation must be exerted in these modern wars, and in the next war I expect to see conscription not only for the army and labor but also for capital.

The better informed officers of the old army had long been aware of the physical deterioration of the race in modern times, as proved by the draft statistics, and they long wished for compulsory military training to counteract it, but no determined effort was ever made to secure it, partly because of the cost of the necessary plant. We had hopes, however, that Congress would utilize the twenty-seven great training camps after the war for such a purpose, and were encouraged in these hopes by the widespread recognition in the press of the many benefits observed among our youth after a short period in those training camps. Compulsory military training for youth would be worth-while for the physical and mental uplift which it would produce; worth-while alone as a fact in increasing the

Americanization and amalgamation of our foreign population; worth-while alone for the discipline enforced, with consequent respect for law and the diminution of crime. But the opportunity to secure all these benefits for the coming generation was allowed to pass, because there was neither vision nor courage.

But we hear again, "Why prepare? There will never be another war." Let us hope there never will be. But what sort of a mind, I ask, can any one have who is willing to disregard the teaching of experience; to gamble on the truth of theories many times disproved, risking the highest interests of his country.

We can account for one class of pacifist—he who is certain there will be no more war because he himself is so lacking in character that there is no principle of duty or honor for which he is willing to fight, and he believes everybody to be of the same caliber. He wants to do away with national and municipal police and turn civilization over to the murderer and the thief. unwilling, he says, to use force for any purpose, not even for the protection of his wife and daughter. But these types are beyond my comprehension.

#### ROUGH RIDERS AND THE INDIANS

A letter came to Washington soon after the declaration of war, from Theodore Roosevelt, requesting authority for him to raise a division of volunteers and conduct them to France. When my opinion was asked by Mr. Baker, I replied:

"No, Mr. Secretary, it will not do at all. In the first place, Congress has not given any authority to raise volunteers and I hope it never will. This is an unwitting proposition to continue the same old mistakes we have made in all our previous wars by raising a political army. This war is for the life of this republic and we must build up a military and not a political

army. Mr. Roosevelt's request cuts directly across our policy for conscription which we must insist upon in order to win the war, the same policy that England had to come to, after making many mistakes, when it was almost too late. We must begin with it, instead of being forced into it too late. .

"Mr. Roosevelt proposes also to milk the regular army of all its best officers for his one division, to form of the preferred stock the Rough Riders of this war, leaving the great army of millions to be less well instructed and on an inferior status. Our army, Mr. Secretary, must be commanded by a trained soldier, the best you have got. You will never be able to look in the faces of mothers of sons lost in battle that you have sent over under any but the best trained and most experienced soldier you can possibly secure. Mr. Roosevelt has not given this the consideration it deserves. He is very honest about it but he is not a trained soldier in any respect, although he thinks he is, and if sent over in command, would do as he himself considers best, which would not be what you think best and you would have small control over him. Consider what a ridiculous figure you would cut, attempting to punish Mr. Roosevelt by court-martial! N6, it would never do, Mr. Secretary; France and England would feel that you are not serious in this war and your promise of help would be disbelieved. This proposition goes directly athwart our plans for raising a real army."

The secretary came out strongly, saying: "He will not go. This army will be commanded by a trained soldier." And so it was. Nevertheless the proposition, because of the political influence behind it, almost killed our plans for conscription and held back the action of Congress for weeks. It prevented us from raising any army at a most dangerous period and if France and England had not been between us and Germany, our country might now be lost.

Secretary Lane had a plan for raising a separate division



composed of Indians and when my opinion was asked by the Secretary of War I had to say again, "It won't do." He asked, "What makes you talk that way? You have always been the friend of the Indian and once had an Indian troop of regular cavalry that did well. Why do you talk that way now?" I replied that I was just as good a friend of the Indian as Secretary Lane, or anybody else was, but that we must not build our army of special corps; that this time there should be no Polish, Armenian, or Russian regiments, as in the Civil War; no "fought mit Sigel," no "sons of Garibaldi"; nothing but homogeneous American troops. The separate negro organizations we cannot avoid.

"Suppose, Mr. Secretary," I said, "you had an Indian division decimated on the first line. You would have to pull that division back out of the way, and send back over here for new Indians to fill the ranks, and meanwhile your decimated division would be worse than useless. On the other hand, by my plan you could fill your divisions overnight. I know the Indian, Mr. Secretary. He can serve harmoniously as an individual, in any white organization, and will do himself credit and you, too. But please do not allow the Indian or anybody else but the negro segregated in our army. I would like much to have the negro, too, serve as individuals in white organizations, as we see in the navy, sometimes, but unfortunately that cannot be."

The decision of Secretary Baker in this matter gave umbrage to Secretary Lane but the result turned out as predicted. The Indian was popular in his organization of white soldiers, wherever he served, no word of misprision ever reaching my ears. As a race he played a higher part in the war on the side of patriotism than the ordinary white man, notwithstanding the fact that it was but a short time since we were pointing guns at him. He put aside his long list of grievances against his white brother, without waiting to be drafted, and of about

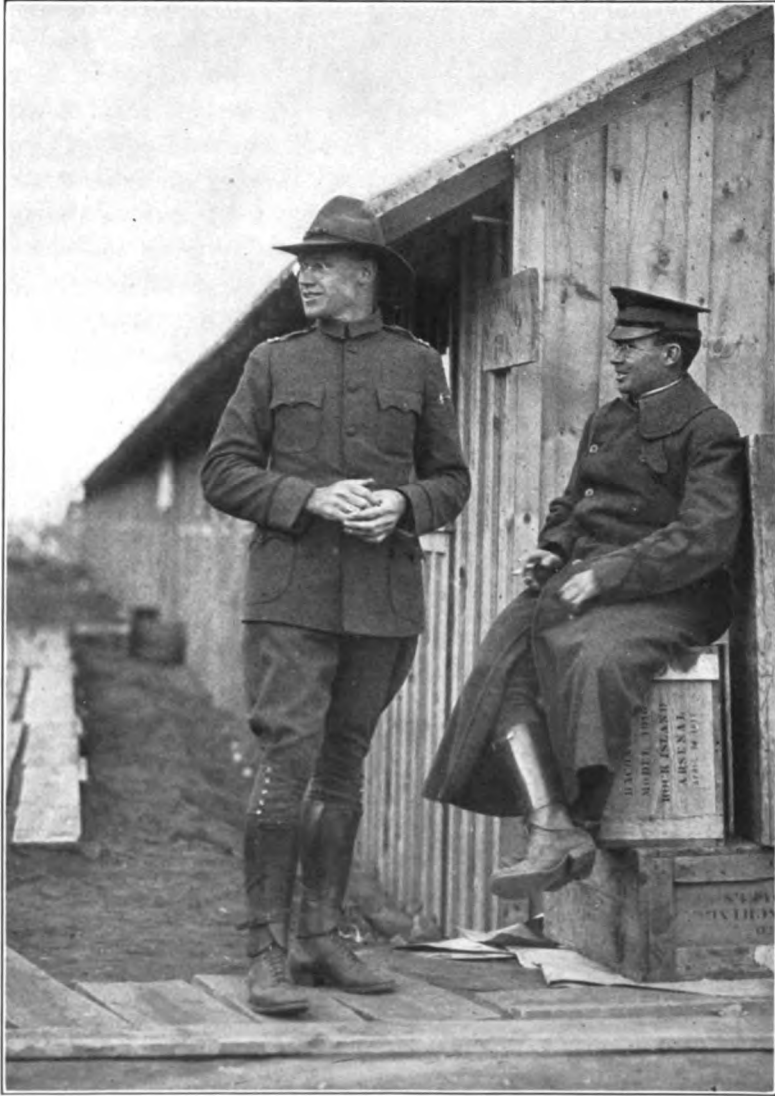
fifteen thousand men able to pass our military examinations, ten thousand served in the army and navy, a greater proportion than was furnished by the white man whose war it was primarily—this being one that the Indians did not make. Although an impoverished race, the Indians bought more than twenty-five million dollars' worth of Liberty bonds, subscribed liberally to the Red Cross and kindred societies, and would have done more had they known how to carry out our money-raising schemes. We may indeed all be proud of our red race and its records in the World War.

#### COMMISSIONS

Tremendous pressure was put on Secretary Baker for commissions. While I did not know anything about it, I supposed that the President would have nothing to do with the awarding of commissions in the new army, and I never heard of his interference in a single case. In all previous wars, commissions were part of the political spoils, and in the Spanish War senators and representatives with their constituents filled the corridors of the War Department, making it difficult at times to get about. General Henry C. Corbin's office was thronged every time I saw it with another crowd outside the door. I remember waiting two hours once for a chance to speak to him. This was all forestalled in this war by the secretary's one answer to all applications: "Go to some officers' training camp and earn a commission if you want one." Of course some of the "dollar a day men," who were especially noted as experts in their line, were given commissions without service in camps but their work was to be of a civil nature and the chief of staff had little to do with them.

Every commission I advised was on a recommendation from a school. I recommended for a commission Major Robert Bacon of New York who was over age. The secretary refused





GENERAL SCOTT'S SONS AT PLATTSBURG



to give it, knowing only of his connection with the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. I had met him the year before in the office of Mr. Louis Wiley of "The New York Times" and he was beaming, having just been made a sergeant at Plattsburg, and he was more proud of this triumph than when appointed secretary of state. I told Secretary Baker that I thought he was making a mistake in his refusal, not only on account of Bacon's high character and physical fitness but also because he had once been ambassador to France and a member of the firm of Morgan, Harjes & Company, Paris, and no more influential liaison officer with the French could be found in all America. The secretary finally appointed him and as I remember now, with sincere pleasure. When I arrived later in Chaumont, I asked some one to find a place for us to live and was told, "You see Major Robert Bacon, town major of Chaumont; he'll find a place for you." We found the major and had many delightful walks about his town.

The secretary's close adherence to the policy of making applicants for commissions earn them in camp, kept our corridors and offices so free from politicians and their constituents that it was as quiet in my office as on a Sunday morning in time of peace. The truth was that intense study had been given to every phase of the problem before the war broke, and everything was done that the law allowed, with much that it did not allow, and all the preliminaries were out of the way or in process of elimination. Nothing, however, could be done toward actually raising the army; everything was waiting for Congress to enact a law by which we could build a force.

#### ACTION—AND WHY POSSIBLE

Immediately upon the passage of the act declaring a state of war with Germany, I took to the secretary for his signature a plan, and estimate, authorizing the expenditure of fifty million dollars without waiting for Congress to act. I explained

to him that to expend public money unappropriated by Congress was a penitentiary offense, but that these things must be done at once. Within five minutes I was back in my office among a council of the chiefs of bureaus with the signature of the secretary and said, "There it is, gentlemen; the secretary has touched the button, and the wheels must begin to move—not this afternoon, but now! Go to it!" They went, and the wheels began to turn.

While pressure on Secretary Baker was tremendous, he never allowed it to hurry or ruffle him in the least and the rest of us tried to imitate him. He met everybody at all times with his kindly good humor and was considerate as always of every one about him; he was always ready to accept the responsibilities of his position with force and promptness, fully convinced that these were war times and that somebody must take the responsibility to get action, since Congress would not.

Secretary William C. Redfield once told Mr. Baker that he needed some clerks for the Department of Commerce and could not get them from Congress and asked him how he managed under similar circumstances. Mr. Baker said, "I take them." Secretary Redfield asked how he kept out of jail since that was a penitentiary offense. Mr. Baker said, "Oh, I am in about four hundred million to-day; a few clerks don't bother me a bit." Mr. Redfield laughed and said, "I am not the magnificent criminal that you are. I cannot do that."

A certain noble senator at a Roosevelt dinner in New York made the statement that "the War Department had ceased to function," when as a matter of fact every branch of it was working at higher speed than had been ever known before. It was Congress that was slow to function. Somebody had to take responsibility and act if Congress would not, even at personal risk. The former secretary and I have managed to escape jail so far and we hope to do so for a while longer. That senatorial statement, despite its untruth, did much damage to the secre-

tary in the country at large among the ignorant and unthinking. He was far too busy attending to his own work to defend himself from such aspersions or to play up his accomplishments in the press. He was out to win that war, and he won it.

As times goes on, however, the facts of what transpired during those troublous times will become known and Secretary Baker and President Wilson will be recognized as having accomplished a heroic work which far excelled any comparable task accomplished by any of their predecessors in office since the foundation of the republic.

The proper functioning of the army under the tremendous bouleversement it underwent in raising itself from approximately a hundred thousand men to four million was made possible by three things:

First, an adequate system of military administration. The whole country became aware after the Spanish War that the army had gone into that conflict organized to carry on peace, not war. All of the better informed officers had realized this but were powerless to change anything since the condition was the result of acts of Congress passed during a long period of peace. The system inherited by Secretary Russell A. Alger destroyed him as it would have destroyed anybody else when put to the supreme test of war. Elihu Root, his successor, had the sagacity and the influence with Congress to obtain legislation by which the army was able to reorganize itself from within. This reorganization went on from year to year, notwithstanding the opposition of a certain element of the army to retard and prevent. This reactionary element had the ear of Congress through long service in Washington and attention to the wishes of its members had almost succeeded in destroying the general staff. The individuals comprising this group were honest but misguided, and had they been able to send the system back to what it had been before the Spanish War, we would never have been able to put two million men in

France. The new system was battled for continually by the general staff and the results have told us that it is the proper one. I believe that it is now so firmly entrenched as no longer to need its champions.

Second among factors which made possible our expeditionary force was the splendid condition of the regular army, which was maintained at the highest pitch of discipline and instruction, and which gained in experience through the concentration camp ordered by General Wood at San Antonio in 1911, while he was chief of staff; the concentration of the militia at the border in 1916 also contributed to our effectiveness while the punitive expedition into Mexico added much to the poise and experience of General Pershing. It is my opinion to-day that our officers were the most highly educated of any body of officers in the world at the outbreak of the war, and needed only experience in new developments of trench work to make them the peers of any. General Pershing was able to hold his own in a foreign country among the greatest soldiers, statesmen, and diplomats of our time, which would not have been possible had we all been such dubs as our foreign allies, who, looking down from their lofty heights, thought us the Canadian, and the Australian troops, until the results accomplished in battle convinced them to the contrary.

The third factor indispensable to our success was conscription. This enabled the proper selection of duty for men who were put in positions which they were fitted to fill, and a steady flow of recruits was maintained without need of begging or buying enlistment; and no time was lost devising schemes to wake enthusiasm for recruiting, which was certain to fail in some quarters.

Japan and some of the other allies thought that we could never put more than three hundred thousand men in France. The achievements of our army and navy contributed much to the downfall of the empires of Germany and Austria and







**M. TERESTCHENKO, WITH MR. ELIHU ROOT AND GENERAL SCOTT ON  
THEIR MISSION TO RUSSIA**

placed our country in the front rank of nations. The tremendous effort we were also able to put forth astonished the world, including ourselves, and served to make known to all that the United States will fight if necessary and cannot be attacked with impunity. This feeling on the part of others toward us has done much for the stability of peace. When neither side desires to fight, no causes are given for fighting and usually there is no war.

Before entering upon another subject I will relate a few facts connected with the resignations of Secretary Garrison and Assistant Secretary Breckinridge. In the letter of the President accepting the resignation of the former it was stated incidentally that "it was unfortunate that the chief of staff should have spoken as he did before the Senate Military Committee." This gave me the impression that possibly the President would prefer to change his chief of staff for a new one but this idea was dispelled, as indicated by the letter in the Appendix under date of February 14, 1916.

On February 28 the President invited me to sit in the Cabinet while secretary of war *ad interim*, a privilege enjoyed by no other soldier, at least since the Civil War.<sup>1</sup>

I found my own commission as major-general in a batch of others left unsigned by Secretary Garrison—and I signed it as secretary of war *ad interim* with the others, after assurance of its legality by the Department of Justice. This is said to have been the only case of its kind in the history of the War Department and was made possible only by the simultaneous culmination of many elements. I was treated with much friendliness and courtesy by all in the Cabinet meetings and considered it a most pleasing and remarkable experience, especially since the President was fully aware that I had been a life-long Republican. I thought it indicated a rare confidence in my fidelity and discretion.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, letter of Feb. 28, 1916.

## PART VIII

### The Russian Revolution

News of the abdication of the Czar Nicholas following the Russian Revolution in 1917, was received in the United States with tremendous joy as the forerunner of the liberation of the Russian people. Our government was the first to recognize the Provisional Government welcoming the new Russia with open arms into the sisterhood of democracies.

I was in Washington serving in the capacity of chief of staff when Secretary Baker informed us in the War Department that the President was desirous of sending a commission to Russia to emphasize the enthusiasm of America at the latter's great triumph and to assist in the stabilization of her new government.

Mr. Elihu Root was to be the chairman of this delegation. There were to be representatives of the different parties and interests in America: the Socialist and Labor parties, the bankers, the manufacturers, high officers of the army and navy, and Dr. John R. Mott, president of the Young Men's Christian Association.

When President Wilson asked if I would be a member of the commission I told the secretary that I did not wish to leave the United States while we were preparing to go to war with Germany but that, nevertheless, I was completely at the disposition of the President and would do cheerfully whatever he wished. In a few days the secretary stated that he had given my message to the President who had replied that he had known that that would be my answer and he wished me to go.

I joined the commission on a special train at Washington, May 16, 1917, with Colonel R. E. L. Michie, of the General Staff and one orderly, and we started for Seattle where we were to board a naval vessel for Vladivostok, Siberia.

The plans of the commission were given to the press with the request that they be kept confidential in order to prevent knowledge of the commission's route from reaching any hostile submarine that might be operating in the Pacific. We were met by crowds of press representatives at all the important places en route across the continent, but not one of them abused our confidence. This has invariably been my experience with the members of the newspaper fraternity covering contact with them during forty years.

Going west of the Missouri and up the Yellowstone River, I was able to point out places which had figured in my youth, as well as some of our old camp sites in 1877, when that country had still been very far from the railway, inhabited only by Indians, soldiers, a few white buffalo hunters, and thousands of buffalo and antelope.

We were joined in Seattle by Mr. Cyrus McCormick, president of the Harvester Company of Chicago, the representative of the manufacturing interests of the country, and all went at once aboard the naval transport, *Buffalo*, under the command of Captain Hines, and sailed that night for the Unimak Pass between the point of southwest Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, skirting Alaska and Kodiak Island in full view on the right.

All went well until we neared the Unimak Pass when the sea appeared to turn itself upside down and the ship with it. Mr. Root was thrown out of bed to the floor of his cabin, fortunately without injury. The furniture and fittings of my cabin and all my property reeled about all night, and I had all I could do to hold myself in my bunk. Matters improved, however, once we got through the pass and squared off for a

run north of the Aleutian Islands. But after passing the Pribilof Islands where the seals breed, and the lower end of Kamchatka, we entered the Sea of Okhotsk, where we ran into an ice field for which the construction of the ship was not intended, and the blows of the ice floes against its thin sides threatened to crush it in until we turned and ran far out of our course.

We passed through the Sea of Japan around and close to the south end of Sakhalin, and across the Yellow Sea into the Bay of Vladivostok where we signaled for a pilot, one clear, beautiful morning, the ship having been admirably handled by Captain Hines through the voyage. Receiving no reply to our signals, the captain worked the ship himself into the inner harbor of Vladivostok and since no captain of the port would assign him a berth, he took the most convenient he could find.

Here was a ship of a foreign navy coming into the port in war time and receiving no notice from anybody. Evidently all officials had abandoned their duty. We had to send an officer ashore to find out how to get to Petrograd. He brought aboard a person who said that the imperial train of the former czar had arrived to take us across Siberia and we would be informed of the hour it would be ready to depart. Some of us went up into the city to look at the architecture and the motley crowds gathered from all the world.

There were said to be many anarchists and criminals from the United States coming over to exploit Russia, Communists and German spies, all inimical to the commission and to law and order, and there seemed to be no government in charge. It was not known whether the commission would be allowed to proceed west without an attempt to blow up the train. There was evidently considerable opposition in town to our leaving, but we were finally conducted to the train which started after a long wait, partly caused by the running of a pilot engine out for a distance lest the track be mined to blow us up, but we

got away finally for our journey of ten days across Mongolia, Siberia and Russia to Petrograd, a distance of five thousand miles.

At Chita we found a delegation from the Peking Government dressed in the full diplomatic costume of the Orient—frock coats and high hats—waiting for us on the platform with an invitation to visit their capital, to which we were able to give only a qualified acceptance, knowing nothing of what the future would bring forth; it transpired that that government fell before our return, and the invitation fell through. Those were dark days for governments.

Here too we met some of the big Sikhs, of the warrior races of India with their huge white turban and long black beards that are never cut. They are imported to act as police in many cities in the Orient; great tall fellows, whose size alone strikes terror among the little natives.

We had been warned against the native Buriats of this region, lest they take our train and hold us all for ransom, but in a few moments of contact I got on good terms with all we met although we could not understand a word of each other's language. We found them jolly fellows, as were certain members of the Chinese delegation who went on with us to Harbin, some of whom spoke excellent English.

General Horvatch, a tall fine looking Russian officer, with a long white beard, met us at Harbin and took charge of us until our train was ready to proceed. He had assumed control of Harbin probably because there was no one else to do it. He drove us about while our train was being refitted, showing us the sights of a most cosmopolitan city, apparently without government and wide open.

We expected to meet here Mr. John F. Stevens, the famous American engineer who had come to Manchuria by way of Japan, with a commission to take over the management of the railroads of Russia and produce some order out of the chaos,

but he had not arrived and as we could not wait we went on without him.

As an indication of the state of inefficiency at which the railways had arrived I may mention that there were seven hundred thousand tons of freight piled up outdoors at Vladivostok and eight thousand automobiles in their original crates which had been lying there for a year, all greatly needed on the western front but it was the business of nobody to send them forward and there were hundreds of locomotives here and there without mechanics to repair them. We were all agreeably surprised, however, at the excellent condition of the road-bed which had probably not had time to deteriorate. •

While we were passing through the Mongolian desert, it was interesting to observe the contrast between the old and the new when a camel train was passed, traveling on a route that had probably been used for ages.

We crossed the mountains bordering Lake Baikal around its southern end, and stopped for a while opposite Irkutsk with the Angara River between. The city was in plain view and we would have liked to have paid a visit but were obliged to go on without delay.

A large camp of German prisoners was maintained near by and some of Dr. Mott's Y. M. C. A. workers in the camp came aboard our train and we took them along with us as Russian interpreters.

The imperial train was equipped with everything needed by the former czar. An electric light plant was ready to furnish light when the train was parked on a side track, disconnected from the locomotive, and there was even a butcher shop on board. One might see a live calf dragged across the platform and put on board the train. A few more stations and a man would be seen carrying a calf's hide into the station, and a little farther on there would be veal for dinner.

Colonel Michie, Dr. Mott and Colonel William V. Judson



had the car of the royal princesses, upholstered in silk. I had the quarters of the chief of staff, upholstered in leather. Another car was divided in half, one part a salon, the other the diner. The salon contained a number of armchairs, a divan, and the little table upon which the czar had signed his abdication. There were several icons attached to the wall.

The diner had but one long table that extended along the center for the length of the compartment. There were excellent cooks and waiters and every kind of alcoholic drink known to the civilized world in abundant quantity and excellent quality; beer, champagne, vodka, Scotch, rye, red and white wines from the Caucasus—everything to drink and nobody to drink it. The serving staff obviously thought that we must certainly all be fools to live amid such liquid opulence and not make use of it. If we had been Russians, and if stories of the past were true, we would have been drunk at Vladivostok and sobered up partly at Petrograd, but nothing more was utilized than a glass of beer or a pint of wine at meal-time, and I drank a tablespoon of vodka to find out what it was like.

The population in Siberia seemed very sparse and mainly grouped at the little stations although there were several good sized cities, some on, some off the line, visible at long intervals. The landscape, however, was suggestive of the North Dakota of early days, with its rich black soil, prairie grass and flowers, and birch and quaking aspen predominating wherever there were trees. We crossed many of the rivers familiar to the geography of our childhood, the Yenisei, the Lena, the Volga, and others. We passed through or near Irkutsk, Perm, and Yekaterinburg; the train stopped a long while at the last named to give passengers an opportunity to buy the polished jasper, agate, and other semi-precious stones for sale here.

Siberia and Manchuria had just as many wild fowl as primitive America but here the people do not own shotguns. The Chinese trap a few but thousands of fowl die without ever

hearing the sound of a gun. On some of the Philippine rivers the ducks at times darken the sun with none to molest them. Manchuria and Siberia are ideal places to bring up an Irish water spaniel or a Chesapeake Bay dog, for here he can give full scope to his genius.

We were met at all the important stations by enthusiastic crowds of well-wishers to whom Mr. Root spoke concerning the expected new government, American participation in the war, and the welcome of America to the freedom of Russia. He was always answered with courtesy by the speakers, of whom there were many. Public speaking was evidently a new toy and was being played with all along the road. Everybody wanted to speak and some spoke very well.

While America was in great favor, the people wanted none of our form of government. They seemed to be well fed, comfortably clothed, and were of the blue-eyed, fair-haired Nordic type of northern Russia, some of them very handsome, both the men and women.

Quite a number of women were employed by the railroads, some in watering the trains, some standing at the grade crossings to prevent accidents, holding a little green flag, the symbol of office, and some as fire women on the locomotives.

The idea that seemed uppermost in the minds of everybody was freedom; freedom to do anything and everything they pleased. The revolution had ended their employment with the government for there was no one to pay the workmen or the police and we were greatly surprised at the small amount of crime and the good nature of the crowds. There was some roughness caused by the trainloads of soldiers coming back from the front carrying their arms and demanding the right of way for their trains. We were held up in this way but the Russians usually gave up the right of way to the United States Commission to Russia. All being free to do as they pleased, many wanted to ride in trains, and when some zealous con-







SECRETARY BAKER AND GENERAL SCOTT IN WASHINGTON

ductor demanded tickets, he was shown a fixed bayonet and told that was ticket enough, as indeed it was.

## IN PETROGRAD

We were courteously met at the station of Petrograd and taken to reside in the Winter Palace on the banks of the Neva, fronting on the side of the city toward the monument of Alexander III in the middle of a great plaza on the opposite side of which were the war offices and that of the general staff. On the opposite side of the Neva was the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul where the political prisoners were confined, and where the emperors and empresses of Russia were entombed as far back as Peter the Great. I had a little sentimental interest in the Grand Duke Alexis who hunted buffalo with Buffalo Bill Cody and who visited West Point in my youth. He was entombed in an annex.

Mr. Root and I were given suites with a salon and dining rooms in the apartments of Catherine the Great. The other members of the commission were quartered in the other end of the Winter Palace; it required a walk of fifteen minutes through devious corridors to reach them.

The palace was a damp gloomy structure, built long before the idea of bathrooms originated, but temporary bathrooms and sanitary arrangements of an extremely crude nature had been installed in the corridor. There was a hospital in the palace containing a thousand wounded soldiers, but the edifice was so huge and had so many entrances that one would never have known of its presence unless told of it. There were many imperial suites, ball-rooms, and audience chambers, furnished generally in the style of the French Empire; many battle scenes by eminent Russian painters and many tall vases from Sèvres, or of lapis lazuli, higher than a man.

We went to service in the palace chapel, where since there

were no seats we stood up. We went mainly to hear the imperial choir which sang without instrumental accompaniment. It was still holding together and was said to be the finest in Russia. We heard another famous choir in the Cathedral of St. Isaacs where the wealth displayed was enormous.

There was a long narrow apartment extending nearly across the Winter Palace called the Romanoff Gallery. It contained the portraits of the emperors and empresses since Peter and a great many Sèvres vases a century or more old. From the second story of the Winter Palace a bridge stretched over to the Hermitage Gallery, one of the finest in Europe, full of the works of the old masters collected by the czars of Russia for more than a hundred years.

This building joined the barracks of the Imperial Guard, dating back to the end of the seventeenth century, on inspection of which I was taken by the commander of the garrison of Petrograd, a most distinguished looking Cossack of the highest type. Everything about the barracks was extremely crude and seemed not to have been cleaned since first occupied, several hundred years before. The men slept on boards without any bedding, other than the blanket they carried, and their food seemed insufficient and badly prepared, consisting mainly of cabbage, soup, and lentils with tea and little meat. This was the crack regiment of the Imperial Guard; other regiments were lower in the military scale. The comfort of the men did not seem of much concern to anybody, the Russian officers being noted, in fact, for their indifference and their cruelty to their men whom they were accustomed to kick and beat whenever the fancy seized them. I received many applications here and elsewhere from Russian officers for employment in our new army but they were not at all capable of maintaining themselves with American forces, either by education, training, or language.

I was taken through the imperial military schools, some of

them huge bare structures of the crudest type, with an elementary curriculum about such as West Point had in 1802. The cadets lived nearly as roughly as the soldiers and the equipment of some of the schools was confined to a globe, a few blackboards, and pens and ink.

The Cossack commander took us to inspect a Cossack regiment and lunch with its officers, and we were shown the mounted exercises of the Cossacks which in no way compared with the exercises in the riding hall at West Point. After lunch some of the men demonstrated the Cossack dances. The good-will shown us everywhere, especially among the Cossacks, was very pleasing. One young Cossack officer arose during lunch and presented me with a little riding whip with a graceful speech. Some one said that it had been given him by his girl. After the war, I received a letter from Seattle from this officer, and wrote back to him but never heard from him again.

I saw only one custom in Russia which I thought worth adopting into our army. Whenever an officer of rank enters a barrack room, the men all stand attention and call out in a loud voice in unison, "Good morning, my General!" and are answered, "Good morning, my children!"—a custom I liked very much.

The Russian military service is crude in the extreme from our point of view and far behind ours in every particular. The Russian soldier, however, is remarkably brave, patriotic, and enduring, the Cossack seemingly more loyal and intelligent than the others. Mr. Root remarked one day that he had seen a Cossack sharpen his sword in the palace courtyard—the most encouraging sight, he said, he had seen in all Russia.

We were received and entertained by the Provisional Government of which Kerensky appeared to be the head, and Tereschtenko the minister of foreign affairs, the latter impressive as a forceful, cultivated gentleman with a background. I saw a good deal of both, finding Kerensky a bit too radically

inclined to suit me, the same radicalism pervading the entire government to a dangerous degree.

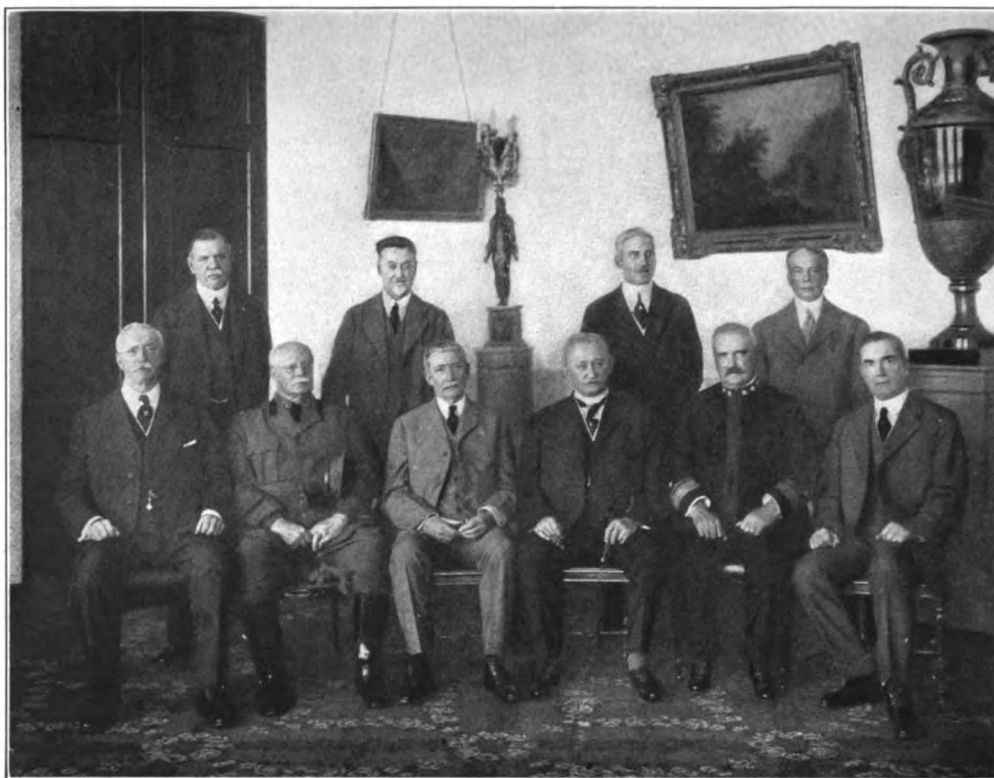
Our commission split up into various elements, each one conferring with its kind; Mr. S. R. Bertron with the bankers, Mr. C. E. Russell with the Socialists, and Mr. J. Duncan with the labor element, while I went with my staff to confer with the chief of staff and the War Office.

An order was promulgated early that the soldier would no longer be compelled to salute his officer, which was the beginning of the downfall of Russia. It was not long before remembrance of cruel dealings and other mistreatment received from officers began to react on the soldiers—in commissions of murder; soon control of military organizations was maintained not by a commander but by ballot of members which brought about the disintegration of the Russian Army. This virus of insubordination was stronger at some parts of the Russian front than at others, being especially strong in the vicinity of Petrograd where the radical ironworkers were most numerous and best organized. These organized radical workmen, together with the tools introduced by Germany, such as Lenin and Trotsky, were what caused the complete enslavement of Russia.

The discipline of the army was best maintained the further one got from Petrograd, and still held well down near the Romanian frontier in Bessarabia and Galicia.

Our conferences with the chief of staff and the secretary of war were mainly about methods by which the United States could best cooperate with Russia in prosecution of the war. I was immensely disturbed over the great number of armed men who had left the front without authority and were traveling all over the country in leaderless crowds by the trainload. They were peaceful and harmless if not interfered with, and remarkably few were committing crimes; nevertheless they were a great menace to peace and order, and, worse still from





**U. S. COMMISSION TO RUSSIA, 1917; MR. ELIHU ROOT AND ASSOCIATES, WITH D. R. FRANCIS, AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA, AND CHARLES R. CRANE, AT THE WINTER PALACE, PETROGRAD**

my point of view, their absence from the front marked the very serious disintegration of the Russian Army. My principal efforts were directed toward repairing this disintegration and keeping Russia in the war, principally because the breakdown of Russian resistance would release about 200 German and Austrian divisions from the Russian front for the reinforcement of the German front in France, which I considered would be a calamity of the first order.

The discussions on coöperation always turned about two subjects: first, an American loan to Russia, and second, railway transportation. Everything reverted to these.

I declined to discuss the details of the railway transportation referring them always to Stevens, of the railway commission, who had come to Russia for that purpose. But munitions and supplies with means of procuring and paying for them were fully discussed, and all their needs were submitted in writing and reported to the State and War Departments of the United States upon our return.

In all these conferences nothing was said by the Russians about fighting and the continuance of Russia in the war. On the other hand, the newspapers had much to say about "peace without annexations" and "peace without victory" which sounded most disquieting to me.

Russia was evidently tired of the war and we did what we could to combat the propaganda inspired doubtless by German agents. Russia is such a great sprawling nation that its right hand never knows what its left hand does. While its population is largely illiterate, still the newspapers are read to audiences in far away places on the railways and listened to with eagerness by large crowds, and propaganda can be made very effective. To offset all this, we launched our own in the limited way that our resources would permit, and that it was having effect was shown by the tone of the press and the fact that the tide of leaderless troops coming in from the battle-fields

had turned, and more men were going back to the front than were leaving it.

The fact of the turning tide was most encouraging, and I thought it an opportune time to promote some action to impress the Germans, so that they would keep those 200 divisions on the Russian front. The question was put directly at a conference in the war office.

"In case you get these loans, what are you going to do with them? Are you going to continue in the war and fight?"

This had the effect of a bomb-shell exploding in their midst. They looked first at each other and then at me, with some perturbation, and answered finally, "Yes, we are going to fight."

"If that is true then," I said, "I would like to see you do it." They then promised to arrange for an advance at which I might be present, saying they would notify me of the time to go to the front.

While awaiting this notification, I went with the commission to Moscow. Here meetings were held with city and provincial authorities and prominent men of Moscow, addressed by Mr. Root and the civil members of the commission.

I was somewhat shocked on calling upon the military governor of Moscow to find that he was an enlisted man without education, appointed to the position by Kerensky—an indication of the demoralization of the Russian Army, now governed by councils rather than by commanders.

The commission also made a visit to General Brusiloff, commander of the Russian Army at Mohileff, the former headquarters of the czar, where we conferred again with Tereschtenko.

Taking our leave of Moscow we returned to Petrograd where we were soon notified that arrangements had been completed to take us to the front.

We were provided with a special train on which we lived,

but not the imperial train that had brought us from Siberia. We were taken first to see General Brusiloff again at his headquarters at Mohileff where we dined once more with him and his chief of staff, General Lukomski, who has since made me a visit over here after a miraculous escape from Russia with his wife and family. We went to Kiev and thence to Tarnopol in Galicia, arriving there near daybreak where we were awakened by a pandemonium of cannon fire and exploding bombs. Rushing out without dressing under the impression that the train was being captured, we learned the racket had been caused by an airplane which had been trying to bomb the train, but which was driven off without casualty.

We left the train at Tarnopol and were taken down toward the front in cars by a Russian liaison officer, through army and corps headquarters to that of a division at a peasant village eight miles from the front, and we were billeted in a peasant's cottage, occupied mainly by flies and a huge brick stove. Each one of us was given a hospital cot and blankets saturated with formaldehyde. Death was all about one here, sensible alike to the eye, ear, and nose.

We were allowed to proceed next morning under a pledge that we would not go into the front trenches, the Russians fearing responsibility lest we be captured by the enemy in case of a reverse.

#### AT THE FRONT

The first notice we had of our proximity to the front was the rumble of artillery from a distance. Next we saw a line of war balloons stretching out of sight in both directions. Both going to and returning from the front, my speeches urging the continuance of the war and the holding of the German and Austrian divisions at the Russian front were received with acclaim. We heard here that the Austrians were very tired of the war but their divisions were arranged alternately with

German divisions so that it was impossible for them to withdraw.

When we reached a little village under the fire of the enemy, we were told we must leave our cars and go forward on foot. Everything looked very peaceful and quiet; the children were playing about on the edge of the village, but just as we were getting out of our cars a big gun was fired apparently almost under our feet. It had been camouflaged so cleverly that none of us suspected its proximity, and one does not associate war with the presence of children, with women working quietly in the fields, with beautiful cornflowers and singing larks. We were told that we might only go one or two at a time to the observation post of the division commander, hidden away in the hills. A few days before, the enemy had poked shells here and there in search of this post and had poked one right into it which had killed the chief of staff without the Germans' knowledge, and they had gone on searching elsewhere.

Startled every now and then by the discharge of great guns so remarkably well camouflaged in a near-by wheat field that none had been aware of their presence, three of us waded through a long trench without revetment or duckboards, filled knee-deep with greasy clay water that plastered us from head to foot every time we slipped and fell. The ramifications of the trenches were very confusing but we arrived in time at the observation post, a little cubby-hole the size of a dry-goods box, with a slit across the front, two inches wide, through which the line in front could be surveyed with a glass for twenty miles in both directions. The division commander was summoned and soon he and the corps commander appeared out of fox holes on the right and left. The post was much crowded by the three of us and a Russian interpreter.

The Russians were most courteous and obliging. We discussed their plans for a battle and the points of interest along the line were pointed out with the information that the in-



tensity of the bombardment then going on along a forty mile front was to be doubled at four o'clock in the morning and the infantry was going over the top at nine o'clock.

We were advised to go back eight miles to our formaldehyde cots for the night as there was no place there for us either to eat or sleep, and we might come back at seven or eight o'clock in the morning in time to see the advance. Acting on this advice, we left the post one at a time and sat down at a distance to watch the bombardment until time to return to our village. Then we went back in our cars to our antiseptic stretchers which were not antiseptic enough to banish the flies that were thick over everything, due to the proximity of the peasants' farmyard.

The wind during the night was blowing toward the front and although we knew the bombarding was going on all the time, we could not hear the slightest sound of it although we could feel the vibrations of the earth through the legs of the cot. Back in the observation post at eight in the morning we found the bombardment in furious progress from both sides, aeroplanes manœuvring overhead.

Several of the balloons were shot down and some planes lost. We could look down on a hill before us with ravines running to the rear where it seemed that our reserves would naturally be hidden. It was most interesting to note the skill with which the enemy searched out those ravines, dropping shells with great regularity down their course from top to bottom. This did the Germans and Austrians no good, however, for the reserves were elsewhere.

The Russian infantry went over the top promptly at the zero hour and after adequate preparation. In comparatively short time thereafter we could see great streams of men coming back, which appeared to indicate a severe reverse but they turned out to be seven thousand Austrian and German prisoners just captured in the front trenches, who were glad to risk

any fate rather than remain in those trenches as they had for two days, with little food, fastened where they were by a constant barrage.

The observation post was very small and cramped for room. We were made very welcome but these general officers were fighting a serious battle and I thought that we had better leave and give them room, especially as our presence seemed to disturb them a little; so thanking them for their hospitality and kindness, we took our leave. We stopped at the edge of a wheat field and sat down to watch the battle again, but soon heard a cry of alarm from an artillery brigade commander hidden somewhere underground in the wheat field, asking us to go away as the enemy was getting our range and he was afraid his wires would be cut by shells. So we moved again, this time to a battery 75° nearer the front where the commander told us that his battery had fired two hundred rounds per gun that morning and it was only eleven o'clock. Some irreverent American remarked that if the military committees of our Congress were present to hear that account of the expenditure of ammunition their members would suffer heart failure.

We went then to inspect a column of prisoners who were being conducted to the rear. They had been kept close to their trenches for two days, unable even to stick their heads up, and were glad to get anywhere alive. Most of them were young Austrians, well fed and adequately dressed.

The bombardment forty miles in width was terrific, with three lines of guns only a few yards apart and arranged in three lines according to caliber, the .75s nearest to the front.

During all that commotion an old gray horse was quietly grazing behind the line, paying not the slightest attention to those noisy humans while destruction raged all about him. He was still grazing there unharmed when I saw him last. Watching such bombardment here and later in France where the air seemed swept continually for long periods with flying

projectiles, one wondered how a single sparrow could remain alive.

After the battle we got safely back to our train and made a visit to the headquarters of General Kormiloff, the famous Cossack general, who had lately made a remarkable escape from a prison in the interior of Austria. He had a great reputation as a soldier and we came to regard him as the hope of Russia. He received us in a most cordial manner and had us shown everything we wanted to see. Kerensky afterwards became jealous of him although he was a simple, loyal, patriotic soldier. The last I heard of him he had been taken off a train somewhere and shot and his head kicked about like a football; and there has been no hope for Russia since.

#### ROMANIA IN DESPAIR

We made our way through Bessarabia into Romania to Jassy where the court and Government had established themselves after being driven from their headquarters by the raid of General Mackenson. Here we were received with more enthusiasm than anywhere on our journey. We were quartered in the palace of the Metropolitan of Jassy and I was asked to speak to the Romanian senate.

When we arrived at the senate we found that the other house had adjourned in order to be present and we received a wild ovation as representatives of their new ally. I was blessed by the Metropolitan of Jassy there in the senate chamber amid great excitement.

We had conferences with the chief of staff, General Averescu, now premier of Romania; dined with Jon Bratiano, then premier; were presented at court and dined with the royal family, and later attended reviews with the king.

The Romanians were very anxious for an American loan, pointing out the fact that they could not last the winter with-



out food and clothing for fifteen divisions. I told Premier Bratiano that it would be difficult to ask the Jews of America to support a loan to the government of Romania which had treated its Jewish brethren with such hardship. It was promised that this hardship would cease and that full citizenship would be granted the Jews as soon as it could be legally accomplished.

General Berthelot, of the French Army, was then in Jassy overseeing the reorganization of the Romanian army. He was an old friend of Col. Mott who had the greatest confidence in him. He said that the morale of the Romanian army was excellent. The forces had been promised some artillery horses and big guns by the Russians who had neglected to deliver them. I reported this at Petrograd, urging immediate fulfillment of this promise, but encountered a curious jealousy of their ally and got no hope from the Russians that their promise would be kept.

The situation of the Romanians was desperate. Unprovided with supplies for the coming winter, the country could not be reached from the south since all approaches were in the hands of the enemy. The railways from Vladivostok and Archangel were inadequate for the Russians and nothing could be transported to Romania except over Russian railways. The Romanians were occupying Bessarabia, a source of great friction with the Russians who claimed it as Russian territory, and how to keep those fifteen Romanian divisions in the war at fighting strength was difficult to see.

Returning to Mohileff by way of Kiev, we were met by a telegram from Mr. Root asking us to return to Petrograd and prepare to leave Russia with the commission.

After my return to Petrograd I walked five miles through the tremendous plant of the Putilof Iron Works there on an intensely hot day, made much more so by the red hot blooms, castings, and furnaces encountered everywhere. The manager was a Russian military officer who took us through the works

which were running then at less than fifty per cent. capacity. When he attempted to pass through a certain door, it was closed in his face with the statement that the workers were having a meeting inside and he could not enter. The workmen arrived in the morning whenever they felt like it; at ten o'clock or eleven, and some even at two in the afternoon, and they were demanding that their pay be doubled.

We met Stevens with his railway commission in Petrograd but were able to see but little of them. We dined again with our ambassador, Mr. D. R. Francis, of St. Louis, whom I had known earlier as secretary of the interior in Washington. He was bravely maintaining himself against odds that threatened his life. Later he had to leave Petrograd for Vologda with the diplomatic corps and they finally left Russia.

At the time we were in Russia there was a self-appointed body called the Council of Workmen, Soldiers, and Peasants, sitting in Petrograd, overseeing and criticising the work of the Provisional Government. These were in the main good-natured honest people who had influence with the army, and so it was necessary to reckon with them. I thought too much attention was paid them, and I believe that if the agitators among them had been arrested and either deported or executed, all would have been well with Russia.

The psychological time to have done this was at the culmination of the Grimm incident. Grimm was a German spy sent into Russia by Germany to preach sedition and anarchy. He was deported by the Provisional Government and forced to leave Russia, and the government was then called upon to explain to the Council of Workmen, Soldiers, and Peasants its action in deporting a worker out of Russia.

#### A LOST CAUSE

The Provisional Government made its defense and the council approved of the action by a vote of approximately 625 to

125. Lenin and Trotsky were then hiding like rats in Petrograd. The Government knew very well where and what they were: creatures of Germany in Petrograd for an evil purpose. In a conversation with Kerensky in the war office, I told him that now was the psychological moment to deport and execute about a hundred of these men. They had the precedent and approval of the council in the Grimm incident, and I have always believed that if he had taken this action he might have saved his country and millions of the lives of his countrymen.

But he was so permeated with radicalism himself and so lacking in the real qualities of a leader that it was not in him to save anything but his own neck, which he did by running away after he had lost his country. If he had brought General Kormiloff's army into Petrograd and executed the element organized for trouble, the Provisional Government could have had an orderly election of delegates from every part of Russia to form a stable government. The only obstacle in the way of this was an organized band of workmen of Petrograd, who would soon have scattered after the leaders were executed.

Russia would have come into her own. It is far better, from my point of view, to execute one or two hundred spies and criminals in order to save a million law-abiding citizens, than to permit criminals to destroy a nation.

The fighting continued at the Russian front. The last news we received from Tereshtenko, as we were leaving Petrograd, was that the Russians had penetrated the enemy's lines forty miles into the interior, capturing thousands of prisoners and more than two hundred guns. The troop trains moving from the interior toward the front were now much greater in number than those going home. The press was rejoicing in the victories and the spirit of battle was in the air. It seemed as if the efforts to keep the Germans occupied in the Russian front were successful, and the commission thought it best to hurry back and make report to Washington.

We left Petrograd on the imperial train for Vladivostok to take the *Buffalo* back to the United States. We were detained some time by the burning of a bridge at Vologda which, it was freely charged, was burned by the Bolsheviki to prevent our passage. An ice-house was also set afire, the wind sending the flames against our train until we withdrew from the yards. The bridge was repaired within a day or so and eventually we reached the ship.

Getting into the Sea of Japan the ship's wireless picked up messages to the effect that agitators sent into the country by Germany had so rotted the morale of the Russian infantry that some were induced to lay down their arms and permit the Germans to penetrate the Russian front. The artillery remained loyal and General Kormiloff shelled his own infantry to stop the rout but it was too late. The poison of German agitators spread everywhere and it was the beginning of the end.

The commission devised a plan to hold the country stable after conferring with all the Russian patriots who could be reached. Mr. Root cabled this plan to the State Department at Washington but received no reply. A second cable was sent with the same result. It would seem that a person of Mr. Root's importance were entitled to the courtesy of at least a "yes" or a "no," but no reply ever came although other messages were received.

Rushing across our continent without losing a train after landing in Seattle, in order to render our report to Washington at the earliest moment possible, we were received by the President with great interest and cordiality and referred to the State Department. But it seemed to us that the State Department was not interested in us. When later urging some action for the relief of Romania, the report was sent for, and found to have been lost, and I had to lend the State Department my personal copy, which it still has.

The commission was invited to New York to be received

by Mayor John P. Mitchel and the City Council of New York at the City Hall, where Mr. Root was presented with a civic medal and the commission disbanded here. We were thanked heartily by President Wilson and Colonel Mott and I made representations to the Treasury and State Departments on behalf of Romania until we sailed for France. We got a relief ship ordered once but the interference of the Russian legation caused us to lose it.

While we did our best to save Russia and failed, due mainly to the weakness of Kerensky and his Provisional Government, I at least derived much advantage from the journey. I saw many thousand miles of Russia and mingled freely with her people, besides visiting Romania, Siberia, and Mongolia. I saw the Russian soldier at his best in driving back the Austrian army near Tarnopol, and I saw enough to permit me to understand much about the Russian people and the Communist Soviet.

But I believe that the greatest advantage I derived was the privilege of sitting next to Mr. Root at meals three times a day for almost three months. I had known him in a distant way as a junior officer of the army knows the secretary of war and had had some communication with him in Cuba, and later when he was secretary of state and senator from New York, but this trip gave me an opportunity to know him at close range and hear him talk freely among his friends.

He invariably appeared in the morning in the best of humor with something kindly to say to everybody. Not once did I ever see him out of sorts. His views on life, on the purpose of our mission; his reminiscences of old New Yorkers like Joseph Choate, and the like if there were ever such, and of the life of New York were most delightful, and although I had been in contact, at one time or another, with different Presidents and with many of the most famous public men of the day, I parted with Mr. Root in New York feeling that I had



GENERAL SCOTT IN THE WINTER PALACE AT PETROGRAD, 1917



had the rare privilege of close association with the most far-seeing and sagacious man I had ever met; and I hereby classify him—in my mind—as the foremost citizen of the Republic.



## PART IX

### France and England

ON my return to Washington I took over once more the duties of chief of staff until I was retired by statutory law at the age of sixty-four, September 22, 1917, relieved by my old class-mate General Tasker H. Bliss. The President thereupon placed me on active duty the same day for the remainder of the war. Secretary Baker offered me the choice of command of any of the big camps, suggesting Camp Meade, Maryland, as offering a chance for more frequent conferences, but I told him I wanted to stay away from Washington, well knowing that those conferences would soon array me against the new chief of staff who would consider that I was interfering with his prerogatives, which I had no wish to do. I had been brought up in New Jersey and intended to go back after the war to live among my own people, and I told him that I would therefore prefer the command of the Seventy-eighth Division preparing for France at Camp Dix, to which the secretary consented. He directed me first, however, to go to France to study the latest developments of war before taking command, and I sailed for Liverpool on the *Cedric* with Captains Cootes, Fenton, and Col. T. Bently Mott of my staff early in October.

Each of us was equipped with a rubber submersible suit to use in case the *Cedric* should be torpedoed by a submarine. There were twenty Red Cross nurses aboard who also had rubber suits.

We landed for a short stay at Halifax, then made straight across for Ireland. The captain was most secretive and would

tell us absolutely nothing about our location or course until nearing the Irish Channel, when he told us to expect a fleet of destroyers at eleven o'clock next day coming to escort us through the danger zone. They appeared exactly on time and were a gallant sight as they breasted a heavy sea, covered over by spray and buffeted by enormous waves.

We made a good passage into Liverpool, whence we went directly to London by rail. We reported to our ambassador, Mr. Walter Page, and to the British War Office and were delightfully treated.

I asked Lord Derby, the British secretary of war, about Major-General Sir Tom Bridges, lately wounded in France, whom we had all come to know and like in America when he had come over with Mr. Balfour, and whom I helped at West Point. Lord Derby assured us that he was doing very well. A shot had taken off his leg while commanding his division. They put him on the operating table and coming out of the influence of ether, he asked the surgeon, "What have you been doing to me?" They told him that they were very sorry but had been obliged to take off his leg. "That's all right," he said, "I have a pet lion cub that hasn't had any meat for a long time; give it to him." We both agreed that he still had his spirits and nerve with him, even if he had not a full complement of legs.

I met a number of friends in the War Office who had served in the United States and they took us about. We met the chief of staff, General Sir William Robertson, and many others whose names were familiar to us over here.

The solemn rite of five o'clock tea was observed in the War Office and was a novel experience for an American soldier, for an important conference was halted when tea was brought in and everybody seemed to go about it in a businesslike way. At Washington such affairs are relegated to after office hours but five o'clock tea in London seemed to be as solid an institution as the Bank of England and as little interfered with.

We were taken to inspect the Canadian forces camped on Salisbury Plain and to witness their bomb throwing, use of trench mortars and other trench training. We saw Stonehenge and returning, I caught sight of the towers of Salisbury Cathedral and refused to go on without seeing the whole edifice.

We went to Folkestone to inspect more Canadian troops, expecting to cross the channel to France the next morning but no ships were allowed to leave the harbor while a German submarine was operating in the channel. The Canadians were giving a dinner that night to Major-General Sam Steele of South African fame and were good enough to invite us also. I found myself seated next to the guest of honor and General Sir Newton Moore, commanding all the Australian forces in Great Britain, and discovered that Major-General Steele was the "Sam Steele" of the original body of the Northwest Mounted Police of Canada, who had marched to Alberta in 1873 from Winnipeg and established law and order.

I spent a very pleasant evening talking about the Northwest to Major-General Steele and I was able to tell him that the Blackfoot Indians still held him in memory, calling him "Big Bull" in the sign language of the Plains.

While the ships were still held in harbor pending the disappearance of the submarine a British liaison officer took us to see the Castle of Dover which we inspected thoroughly. We were able to make a few other visits before receiving news that the channel was clear and we might sail for France next morning under convoy.

#### IN FRANCE

Although the ship was crowded and every available space occupied our liaison officer had secured us a cabin. I had often read of the terrors of the English Channel but found it delightfully smooth. We soon landed at Boulogne and although the train was filled, a French liaison officer, to whom we had



been turned over in that port. had secured us comfortable transit to Paris where we arrived in the early morning and took up our quarters in an apartment which Colonel Mott always maintained there with a caretaker who made us very comfortable.

We called at once on General Pershing and later on Marshal Joffre and renewed our American acquaintance. He seemed to be rather outside of things, and although he still maintained his high office, there did not appear to be much in it and he gave the impression of occupying himself with unimportant matters. I concluded in my own mind that the politicians were afraid of his popularity and had taken him out of the lime-light. He seemed to me, however, to be a simple, straight-forward professional soldier without any semblance of political ambition.

General Pershing kindly gave us a car in Paris and negotiations were begun with the British for us to see the line as far north as we cared to go, to be present at a major battle, and to spend a month with a British division on the first line. We went north through Compiègne, Amiens, and Arras to the British guest house, a château at the head of the Lys, whence we made journeys in different directions.

Later we took lunch with General Sir Douglas Haig at his headquarters and found him a compact, muscular man of a high type, very affable and polished with admirable poise—as were all the high English officers I met abroad. He spoke very freely of conditions during a long private conference after lunch. I asked him for my own information, as I did all the high officers encountered, both French and English, what impression General Pershing had made on them; whether he seemed to have the imagination to foresee and lay the foundation for the tremendous superstructure that must be built; and was answered, as invariably, favorably.

I asked General Haig also, as I did all officers of high rank

who had served with the cavalry, including General Korniloff in Russia, what he thought of the future of cavalry, since it was not being used in trench warfare, and he, as every one, agreed with me that the end of cavalry was very far in the future. General Haig was especially emphatic in this connection and had us shown through the cavalry camps, saying: "You can see for yourself what we think of it. We are holding it for the supreme moment when this trench warfare is broken to secure the fruits of victory and we would not allow ourselves to be without it"; to which I heard no dissenting voice in Russia, France, England, or Romania.

The truth is that this trench deadlock was a particular phase of warfare brought on by peculiar circumstances of the terrain and the immensity of the forces engaged. It is one of the important rôles of cavalry to protect one's own flanks and to turn those of the enemy. During the retreat of the British from Mons, the cavalry of both sides on the western flank was worked to the utmost, in the swing of the flanks down past the channel ports toward Paris, in rear-guard fights and saving the other arms in emergency. The cavalry of both sides arrived near Paris almost exhausted, the English after having saved the retreating army time and again from the enemy. But when the line nearly three hundred miles long became established without flanks, one end in the sea and the other in the Swiss Mountains, there were no movable flanks to manœuver against; the lines were locked in position, and not being able to go up or to either side, they went down in the ground—and the cavalry was held behind the lines in readiness for a break. I do not know of any place in the United States where such a trench deadlock could take place, for one flank or the other would always be in the air to be manœuvered against.

The British looked after their animals better than we did as they did likewise their harness and wagons. They had a helper on every wagon which permitted much better care to be given

the leather and horses than where the driver must do it all himself. The harness was washed every night, at least when in camp. We learned much from the British and I see the results now in our cavalry commands. The whole appearance of our mounted forces is better than it used to be before the war including the quality of the animals. This latter, however, is due to the lower price of horses. The same amount of money now will purchase a better type of horse and the service is consequently benefited.

#### THE BRITISH FRONT LINE

General Haig passed us on to General Sir Herbert Charles Plumer whose headquarters were at Cassel and who was then engaged in the battle of Passchendaele Ridge. He received us most courteously and his staff showed us the incoming and outgoing telegrams regarding the battle, explaining them on the large map of the general staff, marking the progress of the battle, and elucidating also their secret service and their system of security and information. I felt, however, in spite of their courtesy that we were more or less in the way at such an important time, when they ought not to be annoyed with detailing matters to strangers and got them to send us up to the front where the battle was going on.

Nearing the front our car was stopped as too conspicuous a target and we went forward on foot with difficulty. The water table was just under the surface and a crater was no sooner made than it would fill with water. Sometimes the craters overlapped and were deep enough to drown any wounded man unfortunate enough to fall into them, and the mud was unspeakable.

We were allowed to go about as we pleased, everybody too busy to notice us. We tried to keep out of the way, yet to see as much of every phase and element of the battle as we could,

but we were not permitted to go beyond the second line of guns. We watched the evacuation of the wounded, the service of the guns, the sending forward of ammunition and food. We saw much smoke, heard many loose projectiles, felt the wind of some, but saw not a German. Many men have spent long periods on the first line without seeing any Germans, for the latter were hard to see when you wanted to find them, although they were not far away.

We got a very good idea of the terrain, of what was going on and how things were being managed, and later spent some time with the members of General Plumer's staff at Cassel, studying their methods of exercising command during actual battle, a most valuable experience for us. Arrangements for us in this part of the country were made by General Pershing's liaison officer, Major Quakemeyer, an officer of great distinction. Still a young officer of great promise, he was recently sent to West Point as commandant of cadets, but died a few days after reporting, a severe loss to the army.

Major Quakemeyer made arrangements for us to spend a month at the headquarters of a British division on the front line at Arras. Here we remained as guests of the division commander, who took us to the first line of trenches. The first morning the mud was terrific. It soon became dangerous for cars and we had to plod through open country for a long distance toward the front, traveling above ground where it seemed our party was large enough to attract unpleasant notice from the other side, the enemy getting our range down finer and finer until we had to separate and go below ground.

I went one way with the division commander and my staff went another. He kept asking me, "Do you want to see this? Do you want to see that?" and as I had come across the ocean with the purpose of seeing everything I could, I always said, I did. We kept on and on, wading through the trenches along

the whole front of the division in the first line, doing in a day what it usually took three or four to accomplish. I thought that this was his daily routine but learned on our return that he was just trying to satisfy me.

In some places the revetments had fallen into the bottom of the trench, partly filling it. The trenches were dug just deep enough to conceal the top of your head, but when you walked up on the mud fallen into the bottom of the trench, your head would show above the ground unless you bent over, and there were often snipers watching such places for the unwary through a periscope; now and then they would hit their mark. The English were far more phlegmatic about such things than the French who would warn you of the high places, but the English said nothing to me, and struggling through the trench I was warned several times by the spat of a bullet in the mud alongside my head.

On this tour there was a thin cold rain falling and the mud and water in the trench were often knee-deep, the duckboards afloat when there were any, always slippery with the greasy mud; one needed a cane to prevent falling.

The men were muddy and wet but we found them cheerful, laughing, and joking with each other. They were being fed hot soup and other rations, as well as circumstances would permit, and were being changed at that time every day, spending but one night in the front trench where there was no place to lie down. Altogether it was not a life to be envied. We spent a month of cold rains in this way, not so strenuous as the first day, yet strenuous enough.

Our quarters in Arras were on the second floor of a medieval house, the side of which had been blown out by a shell, but it was the best they could give us. We were always in range of a large gun some distance back of the German line which the British guns could not reach. It dropped shells about in a very



careless manner in different places, harboring an especial animus against the railway station which it had once destroyed but could not seem to leave alone.

Our association with the British officers was delightful. War was an old story to them; they would get up from meals and each go quietly to his separate duty as though going to an office every day at home. They knew their business thoroughly; just what to do, and how, and when to do it without any lost motion, and it was a joy to watch them at work. I went sometimes to the hospitals with the chief surgeon, sometimes to the ammunition dump, and sometimes remained at the administrative office, depending where I was invited. I became especially intimate with the artillery commander and always went wherever he wished to take me although one big gun looked just like another to me and I had already seen guns too many. He was especially proud of the way his guns were elaborately hidden from above, and what troubled him most were the different paths the men made walking to and from the battery, and he spent his time hiding these from aeroplane view.

He said one day, "I am going to show you a division salvo." I remonstrated with him at the expenditure of ammunition for my instruction, but he replied, "Yes, I want you to see it. There's a battery over there that is getting too troublesome, anyhow, and I'm going to put down a salvo on it." He gave instructions to an aide to bring it about at 3 P.M. We went into his observation post at ten minutes to three, located the obnoxious battery through the glasses and promptly at the scheduled hour the battery seemed to fly up into the air in pieces, fully convincing me, if I had needed convincing, that these artillery fellows were very dangerous ones to annoy.

#### PARIS AGAIN

At the expiration of our month, Major Quakemeyer appeared again and after bidding good-by to our genial hosts we started

back to Paris, visiting Ypres to see the damage done and the remains of the wonderful town hall of which little remained standing. We went to Amiens, thence to Compiègne and reached Paris about the time of the arrival of the commission headed by Colonel Edward M. House. I met Colonel House at the Hotel Crillon; also Prime Minister David Lloyd George, General Foch and a whole string of British officers who had come to Paris for a conference, and last, but by no means least, my classmate, General Bliss, who was to gain great fame in the ensuing negotiations and conferences. He held high the American cause, and brought distinction both to himself and his country.

General Pershing was living then in the Paris house of Mr. Ogden Mills with Colonel and Mrs. Boyd of his staff, and I was invited to dinner there with Colonel and Mrs. House, Admiral William S. Sims and a large party. Colonel and Mrs. Boyd had served with me in the Third Cavalry at San Antonio and we were old friends. Mrs. Boyd presented me to a charming young American lady whose name I failed to catch and when I asked Mrs. Boyd afterward who she was, she exclaimed, "Why, that is Esther Cleveland from Princeton!" Miss Cleveland had grown up with my brother's children and mine, but it was so long since I had seen her that I failed to recognize her. I heard many encomiums on the work she was doing in Paris with the blind.

As the ladies with the House Commission needed to be furnished with motor cars, and American cars were then very scarce in Paris, General Pershing said that he regretted to have to take my car away from me, setting me afoot in a strange land, but the inconvenience redounded to my advantage. The French Government sent me two cars and a French captain to go with me and my staff as liaison officer into the French sector we were next to visit. I have always suspected that I owed those two cars to Major Quakemeyer.

General Pershing here asked me to give him Colonel Mott of my staff, a most efficient officer whom I did not in the least want to give up, but these were war times and I was going home soon and was aware of the fact that he would be a very useful liaison officer for General Pershing. He had had several tours of duty as military attaché in Paris, spoke French like a native and knew everybody worth knowing in France. He had gone to the French manœuvres with Generals Foch, Pétain, and others when they were all young together and I felt that it would be wrong for me to take him home. He is now on duty again as a retired officer in the embassy in Paris, and several of our ambassadors to France have felt they would not want to turn a wheel without him for he has many talents most valuable to his office.

Upon our first arrival in Paris, General Pershing was good enough to order my two sons to accompany me during my stay in France. The elder reported at once and we went down into the Bourbonnais to St. Germain-des-Fossés to see my daughter, Blanchard, on duty with the Red Cross. She was very comfortably situated there with her mates in a house with one of the only two real bathtubs in town.

The French used the other as a receptacle for coal.

On our return from the north we found her on duty in Paris and then my younger son reported there. When our army got into full operation my daughter and her friends obtained a Red Cross canteen with which they got further forward than any women in France. Later Mr. H. P. Davison, chairman of the War Council, American Red Cross, told me they were two of the most valuable Red Cross women in France. My elder son had charge of the machine gun school at Langes where his brother graduated and became an instructor. Here the latter had a very severe attack of pneumonia, the surgeon saying that he had never seen any one with a case so severe live—he has not yet recovered from the effects of that attack. He and



**GENERAL SCOTT AND GENERAL BROUSSILOV (CENTER) IN RUSSIA, 1917  
GENERAL LUCOMSKI (RIGHT) CHIEF OF STAFF, RUSSIAN ARMY**

his brother fought all through Château-Thierry, Soissons, and the Argonne, and were still in France after the armistice. I have already told of his brother's death on landing at New York. He and his sister returned safely some time after hostilities ceased.

#### THE FRENCH FRONT LINE

But to return to my narrative. As soon as the two French cars reported, we started eastward up the Marne, going first to Châlons where I attended a French school for French general officers who were assembled every three months to learn new developments of war. I reported to General Gouraud, one of the most trusted and accomplished officers in France. He received us most kindly at his corps headquarters and later assigned us to the division of General Maréchal on the first line at Suippes for a month. Here we had much the same experiences as with the British at Arras. General Maréchal was most kind to us and seemed to take pleasure in showing us about. Coming out one day on the first line of trenches where there was a grade crossing, we had to go over an open space above ground where General Maréchal advised us to run across rapidly, saying that it was continually watched by the Germans who had its exact range and, if they saw anybody walking there, frequently dropped a barrage on it.

General Maréchal told me he wanted to put down a barrage of 75s for me to see. I remonstrated as before against using so much ammunition for my benefit, but he insisted that we must see it. He watched the German line from his observation post for some time, evidently aware of the enemy's habits; then, calling me to look through the glasses where he had seen a German battalion unwarily operating above ground, put down his barrage and wiped it out. Such chances were continually watched for, and taken advantage of.

We returned to Châlons and thence proceeded to the new

American military school being established at Langes, and went through it meeting many old friends of ante-bellum days. From here we went to the camp of the First Division at Gondrecourt not far from the birthplace of Joan of Arc at Domrémy. We inspected the division commanded then by General William L. Sibert, formerly of the Engineers. We made journeys in various directions, one to Domrémy where I was surprised to find that Joan of Arc spelled her name "Jehan" just as the name of the Great Mogul of India, Shah Jehan, is spelled.

We then went north to Verdun and viewed the various battle-fields and the tremendous ruin scattered over miles. What had been but lately a fort relied upon for the safety of France was a mass of ruin that seemed to have been pulverized by Titans and mixed in a churn. We were invited to lunch in an interior room in the underground habitations beneath the eighteenth century fortress of Verdun built by Vauban, the military engineer of his age, whose house stands near by. The quarters under the old fort contained heavy guns, a bakery, and an electric light plant besides living room for a battalion of infantry. At lunch we felt really safe for the only time in France when told that we had eighty feet of earth over our heads and gas proof doors.

Going west, we passed through the forest of the Argonne which later rose to prominence in our despatches, through Epernay where we encountered some of our own countrywomen managing a huge canteen,—Mrs. Larz Anderson, with the Misses Lansing of Washington, and Miss Ely of Philadelphia, all comfortably housed.

We passed through Soissons, where there was little to detain us. Many of the buildings had been riddled but this was not new and we returned to Chaumont. There Town-Major Robert Bacon gave us a billet, and we saw many other old friends, among them Colonel McCoy, who as usual had a select mess



which included the Comte de Chambrun, a descendant of Lafayette who used to be in the French Embassy at Washington. At headquarters we found our Arizona friend, Jack Greenway of Ajo, an old Rough Rider of the Spanish War, Dr. Augustus Trowbridge of Princeton University, my cousin, Captain Lacey Hall, and many others.

At dinner one night General Pershing said that he was going to Paris on his special train next day and invited us to go with him. We had now about completed what we had come for, having seen the front from Flanders to Verdun under every aspect, met the generals and their staffs of the high commands and learned from them what they could tell us, and had seen the beginnings of an American army. We were anxious now to get home to train the Seventy-eighth Division for France. So we went to Paris and started preparations for departure for England.

Calling upon General Pershing preparatory to leaving Paris and to thank him for his many courtesies, I asked him where he intended to attack when his army was ready, and he replied that he had not yet decided. Pointing out the sweep of the coast about the channel ports, I asked him if he was willing to be responsible to the English for the safety of the channel ports. He replied, "Not for a moment." "Are you willing to be responsible to the French for the safety of Paris?" I then inquired, pointing out the line of the lower Marne. "Indeed no," he said. "What is left then," I asked, indicating the section at the eastern part of the line about St. Mihiel. He made neither assent nor dissent. Later I learned that he had already agreed to the St. Mihiel initiative on July 21 at a conference of French generals, but I suppose he was sworn to secrecy at that time.

He asked me to file a brief of my opinion concerning the character of training to be adopted for the American Army, and I advised no change from our old target practice and close

order drill—to regain discipline and poise after losing it in a tour in the trenches—to be supplemented by the new bayonet drill and developments of trench warfare as they arose from time to time. He adopted this course as agreeing with his own previously formed opinion, and when the break came in 1918 he was ready for open warfare.

Pershing talked long and earnestly about his needs, the greatest being for more shipping facilities which I promised to urge before the secretary of war. I then took my leave and started for London.

#### LONDON AIR RAIDS

We stayed at the Savoy Hotel where we were narrowly restricted in rations of bread and sugar, in which London imposed greater hardships on herself than did Paris, with the United States holding the record over both. I was proud of our people when they responded so heartily to the restriction in the use of gasoline when appealed to by the President, concluding that America was not so effete as so many told us.

While we were in London the Germans thought to paralyze London. Several nights they sent over aeroplanes to drop bombs into the heart of the city. The first I heard occurred one night at about ten o'clock. The noise of the propellers was plainly to be distinguished overhead but there was no stampede of the people who seemed to be going about their business unmoved. I tried to pierce the darkness to get a glimpse of the hostile airship, but failed and went to bed and to sleep at once, which was about the effect produced on every one in London.

Little information was carried in the newspapers of the damage done by the air raid. We went to see what occurred where a bomb had exploded in the middle of the street near Piccadilly. It broke all the glass in one square, made a crater in the pavement, and blew in the fronts of several houses, as





PHOTOGRAPH PRESENTED TO MAJOR-GENERAL SCOTT BY  
THE LATE KING FERDINAND OF ROMANIA



we could see for ourselves. Seven men were said to have been killed that night but we were unable to verify this number. London is a big place and could have stood a nightly raid of this kind for some time. The English are a great people, as everybody who went to that war must agree. The difference of quality between the English and German people can be measured by the indifference with which the Londoners greeted the air raids and the tremendous yowling raised by the Germans when it was proposed to send raiding planes over their cities. It is my opinion that England's great tenacity, courage, regard for fair play, and sporting spirit, and her willingness to accept defeat at elections, come largely from the playing of games. Lord Wellington was doubtless thinking of this when he remarked that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playgrounds of Eton.

While awaiting arrangements for our transportation to the United States and the sailing of our ship, we dined again with our ambassador, also with Colonel Bernard R. James, now of the War Office, formerly military attaché at Washington, and went again to the Tower of London, Westminster, took lunch at the Cheshire Cheese and were sent to Oxford by the War Office with introductions. We were escorted all over the grounds and a delightful lunch was given us.

At Liverpool we were filled with horror at seeing the *Manchuria* and being told that she had laid there twenty-three days without unloading. I thought of Pershing, crying so desperately for ships.

#### AMERICAN SHORES

We sailed from Liverpool escorted through the Irish Channel again by our destroyers. We made a safe voyage home after a number of false alarms of submarines, which threw passengers into fits when the gun crews manned the forward guns,

which they were continually doing day and night, firing at what they took for submarines, sometimes in the middle of the night or early dawn.

We arranged to disembark without delay by the Customs for we had nothing but what we had taken over and were in a hurry to get to Washington to deliver a letter to the secretary of war from General Pershing, over which the latter was very anxious. There had been a deep fall of snow in New York about December 26 which made the streets extremely dangerous and we fully expected our taxicab to break its axles in its rush to the station.

We left for Washington on the first train, where I delivered General Pershing's letter and took the occasion to inform the secretary of war of the delay of the *Manchuria* at Liverpool and gave it as my opinion that if this did not cease and unless he got more shipping from the English we were going to lose the war before we could get an army to France. This gave great concern to the secretary who sent for General March, his chief of staff, for immediate consideration of this matter.

But as the expediting of shipping was no longer my affair and was in the hands of the right people, I excused myself to hunt for my family. I soon left for New Jersey to take over command of the great training post of Camp Dix, which contained forty thousand men, including the Seventy-eighth Division. The latter was being intensively trained as rapidly as possible. I hoped to lead it over to France.

## PART X

### In Command of Camp Dix

ON January 2, 1918, I took over the command of Camp Dix, one of the twenty-seven great national training camps, near Wrightstown, New Jersey, eighteen miles southeast of Trenton. I began vigorously to give the Seventy-eighth intensive training to get it ready to be the first, if possible, of the new army to leave our shores. The War Department, however, kept neutralizing my efforts, setting me back time and again in favor of some other division elsewhere by taking away large drafts of our officers and non-commissioned officers as soon as they were organized. I soon began to suspect that they were being trained for transfer to southern camps. I went to Washington to protest against this as demoralizing to any organization.

The chief of staff tried to excuse himself by saying that he could not help it, but he never satisfied me on this point. He should have acted, for nothing can be more disheartening to troops than to be set back frequently in this way.

I began my inspection, the first day of my arrival at Camp Dix, at the hospital, a vast conglomeration of one-story structures built of unpainted pine that covered many acres. The sun had dried out the lumber so that it was inflammable as tinder. Among the forty thousand men there occurred the usual cases of accidents but no epidemics. Affairs in the entire camp were still in a crude condition.

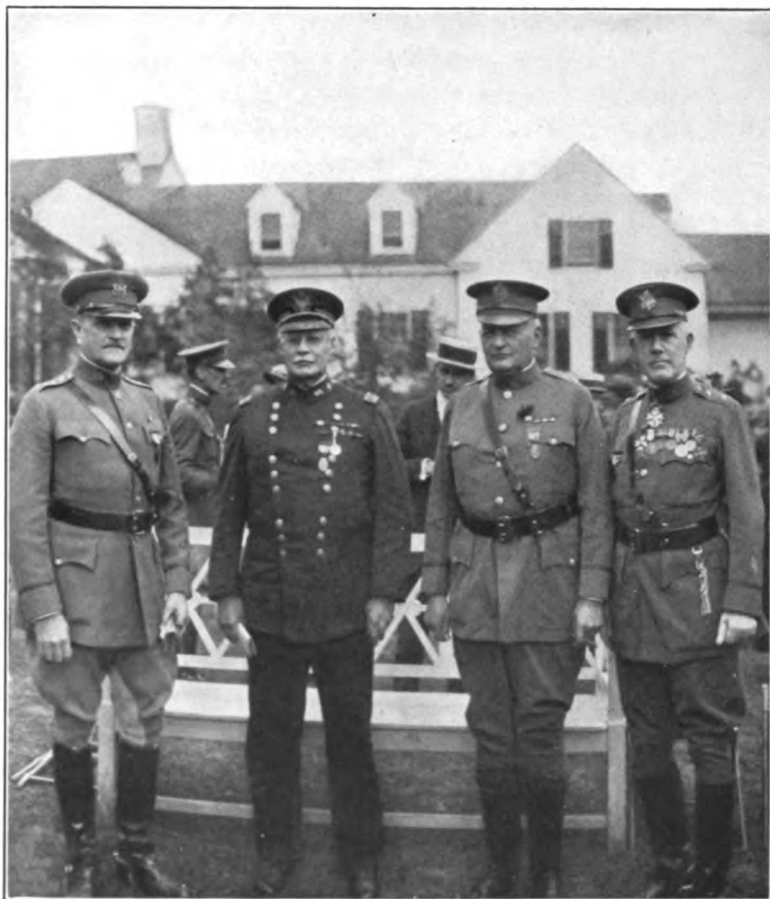
I went first to the operating rooms and made inquiry as to the sufficiency and adequacy of surgical instruments and was told that those they had were the property of the various sur-

geons who had brought them from civil practice. I found that the hospital walls were of beaver board which had shrunk leaving great cracks for the lodgement of dust. The floors were correspondingly rough and unsanitary, and I saw a large pool of water, waist deep, under two of the main wards. The patios were covered with trash of every kind, much of which had long been there, while no one was paying any attention whatsoever to the garbage either here or anywhere else around the camp. I felt I could never live long enough to clean the camp up thoroughly. The task was so huge that it seemed useless to attempt it.

Remedial steps were begun, however, that very day. More than three thousand wagon loads of refuse were hauled to the dump as fast as possible. The hospital was put in order and I made a trip to Washington to see my old friend William C. Gorgas of Cuban days, then surgeon-general of the army, who promised to expedite the sending of instruments and hospital supplies, which soon began to arrive.

The stables were being constructed but before they were ready seven thousand horses and mules began to arrive with no teamsters to handle them, a terrible sight, from the viewpoint of a man who loved horses and mules, accustomed to their management from youth and fully aware of their importance in war. Special schools were started at once to remedy this condition, though it takes years of experience to really qualify in these branches. Anybody can pull a rein but the knowledge of how to take care of an animal in health and disease, in all the conditions of field service, is an art that is not to be learned in a day. The lack of this knowledge during the Civil War cost endless suffering to animals, enormous expense, as well as actual failure in the conducting of operations. The same inefficiency was repeated in the Spanish War and it should not be repeated here.

Many of the men having been brought up in large cities,



**GENERALS PERSHING, SCOTT, SHANKS, AND DUNCAN AT DEDICATION  
OF MONUMENT, CAMP MERRITT, NEW JERSEY**

engaged in sedentary employment, were unaccustomed entirely to outdoor life, and the sight of some little clerk brought up on the pavements of New York unaware of which end of a mule went first, confronted with a mass of harness and four huge unbroken Missouri mules that towered over him like a house, was amusing and tragic at once. All the men capable of handling animals were sought and put at the task but they were surprisingly few.

In addition to the schools for teamsters, other schools were started, and short courses given, for wheelwrights, blacksmiths, harnessmakers, cooks and bakers; but in the end very little was accomplished, except with the cooks and bakers, because of the rapid course of events which took men away to France before they had time to acquire even a smattering of what we tried to teach. Their places were filled and the work went on with new members, hammer and tongs.

Pack-trains were also organized and trained but they never reached France. A pigeon loft was started and a kennel of police dogs to carry messages for the division through the barrages at the front.

Schools were started also for officers in camp sanitation, drill regulations, military law, discipline, strategy, and every branch of the military art. Every one went to one school or another. The whole scheme of instruction was designed to give each man without it a common school education; to Americanize the foreigner, to infuse in him a knowledge of our language, the principles of our constitution and government, and a respect for the flag; to enforce personal hygiene, and to afford every man a trade.

A number of foreign officers invalidated in France were sent over to teach us the newest developments of trench warfare, and some were assigned to Camp Dix. They invariably assumed our total ignorance of everything military, and started their course with the most rudimentary subjects. I had to stop



this as a waste of time, and told them that our regular officers needed only the newest developments as they came up, for they were otherwise as well or better trained than the officers of Europe. After this they taught us the art of throwing bombs, the use of flares, and the operation of trench mortars, but the best thing we got from them was their new bayonet drill. This method, besides giving great skill in the use of the weapon, enforced a mental and physical coördination, an alertness valuable alike in peace and war, waking up the faculties and producing a mental agility needed by everybody. It should be introduced into every school not necessarily with a bayonet, but its principles should be made use of by every child, male and female. It might be made into a most valuable game.

#### DISAPPOINTMENT

When it was time for the Seventy-eighth Division to prepare for embarkation, I was ordered with many other general officers to Washington for examination as to our physical fitness for duty in France. I was pronounced by the medical board sound in every respect, with a blood pressure of a man of thirty-five. I took this report to the War Department in a highly elated frame of mind but met with a rude shock. Secretary Baker was then in France, leaving Benedict Crowell, assistant secretary, in charge. He told me that he had the most disagreeable duty to perform that had come to him in the War Department, and must tell me that, notwithstanding my physical fitness, I could not go abroad, for General Pershing had asked that no general officer above a certain age, much below mine, and below that of Pershing himself, be sent for duty in France. It was said that he did not want anybody abroad who had ever been his superior in rank. It was a tremendous blow to learn that I was not to be allowed to command in battle the division I had trained for France.

Some of the General Staff advised me to make application

to the President in person who would certainly send me. I sat down on the sofa in the office of the chief of staff to consider the matter, and concluded not to speak to the President about it. I had advised him long before to do what Pershing asked so long as he held his confidence. Moreover, even if the President should order me across against Pershing's wishes, I would probably not get any responsible duty, but would cool my heels somewhere in a channel port; and I was rendering more valuable service at Camp Dix. So with that point in view I went sorrowfully back to Camp Dix without going near the White House. General James H. McRae, a much younger man and a most capable soldier, took the division to France and made with it there a most enviable record both for it and himself.

While I remained in command at Camp Dix the Thirty-fourth Division from New Mexico, commanded by an old friend, John A. Johnston, came to replace the departed Seventy-eighth. Other organizations arrived also, including one of ten thousand negroes.

The plant at Camp Dix was arranged for a maximum of forty thousand men with shelter, water supply, sewerage system, refrigerating plant, and bakery, arranged on that scale, but the chief of staff told me that he was in a hole and asked if I could not help him out by taking five thousand additional men. I might truthfully have replied that our plant was full, as indeed it was, but that is not what West Point teaches her young men; she teaches them, whenever the wagon is stuck in the mud, to get down and take hold of the spokes and make it go.

A consultation with the supply officers developed that if we could be supplied with tents from New York we could do the rest ourselves. The bakery equipment could be enlarged by the addition of field bakery units, and the War Department was so advised.

It was no small task to receive and take care of five thousand new men. They had to be listed and assigned somewhere, medically examined, vaccinated, inoculated, washed, and clothed. Moreover they had to have a place to sleep the very night of the arrival, and it would not do to wait a week for their three meals a day—and that meant fifteen thousand additional meals the first and every day thereafter.

My chief of staff, Colonel George White, and my statistical officer, Colonel Harker, however were highly trained and capable men of great energy, initiative, and capacity, and the five thousand men were soon absorbed although their number would have been sufficient to fill a good sized town. No sooner were these five thousand men taken care of, than the War Department came again with the same pitiful tale, and we took care of five thousand more, and five thousand *more*, until we had sixty-five thousand persons in camp—twenty-five thousand more than the plant was intended for. The whole world seemed full of soldiers everywhere but, thanks to the ability of the staff, the task was achieved in the most satisfactory manner.

These fellows achieved the seemingly impossible, but everybody had to carry a heavy load. Every now and then there came an order to send twenty-five hundred, three thousand or five thousand men for embarkation for France. Then the railway cars were assembled at the siding and the men prepared for overseas with clothing and food, their papers made out, and their money paid; and away they went on time.

#### HOW THE WHEELS GO 'ROUND

More than a million men passed through that camp one way or another and it can be imagined that everybody had to work. If I had more time to receive visitors than any man in camp, it was due to our wonderful organization. It was seen





*Courtesy of President Ralph Budd, Great Northern Railway.*

**GENERAL SCOTT ADDRESSING MEMBERS OF THIRTEEN INDIAN TRIBES IN SIGN LANGUAGE AT OLD  
FORT UNION, MONTANA, 1925**

to that every man did his duty in his own sphere, and in turn he saw to it that those for whom he was responsible did it likewise. The authority was delegated according to grade, all impulse emanating from one head. The elements governing that impulse were thought out long before and it required but a whisper or a sign to set it all in motion.

The great business concerns of the country are organized in the same way but not being bound by acts of Congress are more flexible and hence are not accused of red tape. An army officer is just as human as anybody else, a fact nobody seems to believe, but the red tape complained of is the law we must all obey; these are rules that Congress has laid down for the conduct of military affairs, which only a most important emergency can justify passing by, and then only at one's own peril, for one must be ready to stand the consequences should his judgment of the occasion be pronounced poor.

I drove through the camp several times a day with an aide, seldom speaking to anybody. I have seen general officers, after witnessing some infraction of the rules, gallop up to an enlisted man to take him to task in loud tones, but this only creates dislike. I used only to point my thumb at the dereliction, a note of which would be taken by the aide, and a letter would go, on my return to the colonel or brigade commander. The men would then be reprimanded and shamed by their own officer, with no disturbance nor hatred engendered. This method served to keep every officer on his toes and applied to many more than the individual offender. Nobody liked to get letters for an undue number would cause suspension or even court-martial and in consequence one might not get to France. In this way a quiet, steady control was exercised over the sixty-five thousand men. All I did was to sit on the box, watch the road, pull a rein now and then or throw the whip, which kept the wagon in the middle of the road and all members of the team pulling equally. I have seen officers unable

to delegate their power, who tried to do all the work themselves; that is all very well in one company camp but it will not do with more.

It was a singular fact that I had more trouble to keep the hospital clean than any other outfit whereas one would expect the contrary. The trouble was not experienced with the regular surgeons who were trained in sanitation. I account for the difficulty with the other surgeons by the fact that when in civil life they operate and treat patients in a hospital managed by some one else and where the sanitation is attended to by trained and competent persons, they go directly to see the patient, and never look in the kitchen or backyard or bath room. But on a military post, their latrines and garbage cans were not thought of and their organizations were generally policed worse than those of the line officers.

There were present always two major causes of constant anxiety for a commander. First, the buildings were all of temporary structure, unpainted, and the hot sun soon dried them out like tinder. The hospital alone covered many acres and held at one time two thousand persons. If a fire got well started there some night in a high wind a disaster could hardly be averted. To combat this a water system with good pressure was installed, and a fire department organized and commanded by a man from the Fire Department of New York City; we obtained an engine, ladder, and all the requisite equipment for every district of the camp, and constructed a telephone system. The engine crews were constantly exercised and kept alert by frequent false alarms which turned them out in the middle of the night unexpectedly, for drill. A fire that occurred in the operating room was put out without its spreading beyond the room, and fire that occurred in an officers' mess room was extinguished in four minutes. No buildings were lost during my stay, but the constant menace of fire was always on my mind. One of the welfare buildings built of frame near

Wrightstown was outside of our water service. I refused our men permission to enter it until a fire escape was provided. It eventually caught fire. Our engine came roaring to the scene, but the structure was too far for our hose to reach and it burned to the ground. Owing to the presence of the fire escape, however, no lives were lost.

The other major risk lay in the presence of ten thousand armed negroes and of thirty thousand armed white men from all parts of the country. We all know what occurred at Chicago, Brownsville, and Houston, Texas, at which last place the aftermath to a race riot was the hanging of forty negroes for murder. The negro is apt to brood secretly over his wrongs and then suddenly to burst into violence without any regard for consequences; the results for himself and everybody around are often terrible. The best way to guard against this, in my opinion, was to see that he had no wrongs to brood over. I picked out a negro lieutenant named Grasty, from California, who had received a law education, and had a strong desire to be of use and benefit to his people. I had him promoted to a captaincy, placing him on my staff with instructions to spend his time among the different negro organizations in search of grievances, and, whenever illegitimate, to explain them away before permitting them to gain momentum; whenever legitimate, to bring them to me at once.

As an example of a case of the latter category, he reported once that there was a hostile condition in the big Y. M. C. A. building where the white policeman had been rudely pushing the negroes. The relations of the two races had become strained and matters were liable to culminate any night in a battle. The situation was corrected at once; the officer in charge of the police disciplined, and the negroes given their own section of the auditorium with policemen of their own color to look after them. The result of vigilance of this sort was that no trouble ever occurred and the service of the negro troops together with



the work of the negro trained nurses at Camp Dix, was highly creditable to the race.

It is well to remark here that when the militia went to the border in 1916, I explained to the secretary of war the conditions of vice which the regular army had always struggled against without legal remedy. Whenever in marching through the country a payment to the troops would occur, every kind of vice would surround the camp with no legal way to cope with the situation. The secretary wrote letters to the mayors of all the towns on the Mexican border who were anxious for the presence of troops, that unless the vice conditions near our camps, prevalent during payments, were controlled, the troops would be ordered from their vicinity. This would have been the equivalent of a heavy fine for the merchants, and the threat brought about a much more satisfactory state of affairs on the border.

In the great war, the secretary of war caused the passage of an act by Congress giving the commanding officer control of vice conditions within five miles of his flagstaff. At Camp Dix there were several hundred agents on the watch; a woman agent on the platform at the arrival of every train warned improper women to take the next train away or undergo arrest. Any one caught with liquor was tried at Mount Holly, N. J. The consequence both here, and abroad, was that we had the healthiest, best behaved army the world has ever seen. The law, however, was passed only for the duration of the war and Congress looks now with indifference on the old conditions, seemingly without concern for the health and well being of the regular army.

The attitude of members of Congress toward the regular army has always seemed anomalous to me. It is their army, fashioned and supported under their direction, bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, composed of their own relatives, fellow townsmen and fellow statesmen. It is the bulwark of

their liberties; yet they often display a jealousy toward it, or an indifference that some account for by its national, rather than its local character, together with its absence from the polls at election. Whatever the reasons, there was a very marked difference in their attitude toward the citizen soldiers.

#### THE "FLU"

The return of some organizations from abroad brought a very virulent type of influenza to the United States. These troops went straight to Camp Devens and Camp Dix without quarantine or notice of the infection to the commanding officer, and spread the disease through both camps. A few sporadic cases first occurred in different barracks on which a quarantine was placed, but soon influenza broke out in all barracks. The quarantine was then lifted inside the camp but placed against outsiders in order to protect the countryside from infection. At first it did not seem so disastrous but coming back on Sunday morning from an absence of twenty-four hours in Philadelphia, I overheard some one say that twenty men had died the day before, of which I had received no report. I sent for the chief surgeon who admitted the report I had heard was true and tried to excuse himself for not promptly reporting such a condition, by saying that the deaths had been reported in the routine way and would come along in the mail on Monday.

There was a stiff reprimand over this—the fur flew in every direction that morning, and the chief surgeon soon learned better. I told my chief of staff to issue an order for the men each to sleep in a canvas cubicle, their heads and feet alternating, so as not to breathe the infected air. The windows were ordered kept open day and night. The season of the autumn rains was beginning and fires were lighted in the barrack stoves to take the chill off the air and enable wet clothing

to be dried. Although the time for winter clothing had not arrived yet, woolen outfits were issued at once and every man was compelled to brush his teeth four times a day with a proper solution of iodine and under the supervision of his officers. A copy of this order was sent by the War Department to each of the other camps as a model for their guidance.

Notwithstanding all our efforts, the loss by death was heartrending. In some cases, men apparently well one moment would be stricken and die within a few hours. Every precaution the medical profession could devise was used and when the surgeon-general of Washington was asked to suggest something we might have left undone, he replied that we were doing everything possible. The disease took such a heavy toll from our camp that we had to stop funeral ceremonies lest their number affect the morale of the men. The rest-house had difficulty in taking care of the widows and bereaved parents arriving to see their loved ones for the last time in the hospital. Finally the disease wore itself out. No cases got out of the camp into the neighborhood which became infected later from elsewhere, when the epidemic was really over at Camp Dix.

There were some eleven thousand cases of the "flu" within our reservation which then contained forty-six thousand men, and we concluded that our precautions had prevented thirty-five thousand men from catching the disease although some were doubtless immune to it. The flu spread all around the world in the most virulent way. All our Indian tribes suffered great losses and the loss of life from it in India and China was enormous.

All during the period of existence of the camp the men were kept busy. The entire day was occupied by drill or other instruction, leaving no time for the mischief expected of idle hands. The leisure hours of the men were taken in charge by the various camp welfare societies organized to provide safe,

sane and refined amusement in the Red Cross buildings, the Y. M. C. A., Jewish, Negro, Knights of Columbus, and other welfare or club buildings, in which the men were provided with books, papers, periodicals, music, movies, and theatrical entertainment. There was, in addition, a large camp library. Every evening young women of good families gave the refining influence of their society in guest houses and hospitals. Never before in our history have our young warriors been so surrounded by moral and refining influences. The most eminent artists of the country gave freely of their time and effort in maintaining the morale of the men and played to crowded houses at Camp Dix. I remember particularly Madame Schumann-Heink and Miss Lillian Gish who provided a degree of art many of our troops had never known before.

#### END OF THE WAR

The war ended.

When the returning tide of men passed through Camp Dix, after the armistice, continuous efforts were made to improve upon the despatch with which men could be received by the trainload, washed, de-loused, medically examined, and their physical condition recorded to determine their future pension status. They were fed and, if arriving late, provided with beds for the night. Otherwise their individual accounts were settled, and they were discharged and shipped home the same day. The record number handled in one day was continually being broken as our experience increased, until our people were complimented from Washington on their energy, accuracy, and speed, and their methods were adopted elsewhere.

When Camp Dix was first established, the neighbors all were fearful for their daughters, their hen roosts, and young pigs because of the great numbers of undisciplined men in their midst. Kipling's "single men in barracks" are indeed usually not models of behavior in any army, but the good people of

Burlington County were so agreeably disappointed that upon my departure they invited me to a dinner at Burlington where my good friend Judge Wells of Bordentown, toast-master at all public dinners in the county, presented me with a beautiful piece of silver on behalf of my Burlington County friends and in token of their friendship and satisfaction with the camp. My more immediate neighbors, closer to Camp Dix, did the same. Their treatment of me on all occasions to this day has been so cordial that I always feel as if I had been born in Burlington County, and I dine in Mount Holly at least once a year with the Game and Fish Association, of which I have been made a member.

#### TO THE QUIET LIFE

Although I was retired from active service by operation of law at sixty-four years of age, now that the war was fully over I was retired again on May 12, 1919, and returned to the home where I was reared and where most of my relatives live.

The secretary of war was kind enough to offer me the command of the Soldiers' Home in Washington, the most desirable position open to an officer on the retired list. Mrs. Scott had made for herself a most enviable position in every department of Washington society—such a one as the wives of chiefs of staff do not always attain; but she laid it down, turned her back on it, and came away without a word. We agreed that we had better give up the hectic life of Washington and settle down among our own people for the remainder of our days, and so we purchased the farm to which I used to drive with my grandfather, to whom it belonged, when I was nine years old. The secretary of war held the Soldiers' Home for us for six months hoping we might want to change our minds but we thanked him for his consideration and settled down to enjoy a quiet life on our farm.





**GENERAL SCOTT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE N. J. STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION WITH  
CHIEF ENGINEER SLOAN (LEFT)**

Our old friend Mr. Ayer of Chicago, one-time president of the Field Museum, and active in the promotion of everything of value in Chicago, had long been a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners and had wanted to resign for several years, but would not do so until he could have me appointed in his place which he effected in 1919, the year of my final retirement. The board, first instituted by President Grant to keep him informed of the condition of the Indian tribes, is composed of ten philanthropists who serve without salary; their traveling expenses and clerk hire are paid for by Congress. We divide the Indian country among us and make annual tours of inspection of the various agencies; frequently we are able to stop abuses and work benefits for the Indian and also for the Indian agents. I was the enemy of most Indian agents in my youth, but now they are of an entirely different class of men, among whom I am proud to have many friends, and together we are sometimes able to save the Indian from spoliation.

#### MARSHAL FOCH

Although I had met Marshal Foch in Paris, I could not say that I knew him then at all, and his visit to Princeton to receive a degree from the university I welcomed in the hope of seeing something more of him. He arrived on a special train with his staff as guests of the United States, under escort of Colonel Frank Parker, of the cavalry, and Colonel Franklin D'Olier of the American Legion.

I was privileged to stand near him when he stood on the steps of Old Nassau in the identical spot where General Lafayette had stood to receive his degree from Princeton, and I was invited to go with him on his train to Philadelphia where he went to receive a degree from the University of Pennsylvania.

While at lunch in his car, I asked him why the allies at the



end of the war did not take over Germany by military intervention, as we did in Cuba before making peace. He replied that "no one could take the responsibility for further bloodshed, when such bloodshed was not absolutely necessary." I had thought that after the allies had destroyed the German Government they would be responsible to the world for the establishment of law and order and of a stable government in Germany, and would occupy the country until this was accomplished, as we did in Cuba. I was amazed when the allies left Germany to sink or swim or become Russianized by the Bolsheviki as many feared might happen.

The marshal was very affable, simple, and democratic in his ways and gave no inkling in his manner that he knew he was a marshal of France, recognized everywhere as the first soldier of the world. While at lunch he ate his apple in three bites, and although there were boxes of cigars of the finest quality for those who wanted them, the marshal stuck to his little old pipe.

Later the marshal went on a tour through the West where Plenty Coups, the oldest Crow Chief, adopted him with great ceremony into the Crow tribe. These two were both present in November, 1921, at the burial of the unknown soldier in the new marble amphitheater at Arlington, where President Harding and many of the great men of the world were assembled on the platform. The President, who pinned a medal on the coffin of the unknown soldier and delivered an address, was followed by Mr. Balfour of England, Marshal Foch, General Pershing, and others, and last of all came old Chief Plenty Coups, who limped up and placed his war-bonnet on the coffin. I made another visit afterward to Arlington and saw this war-bonnet hanging in its glass case in the room behind the platform where all the medals are displayed close to the tomb of the unknown soldier.

## BUT THE END IS NOT YET

I had settled down to the life of a farmer when four years later one of the greatest and most unexpected honors of my life came to me.

Governor George S. Silzer of New Jersey made a speech before the Nassau Club of Princeton in 1923 saying that the state of New Jersey had bonded itself for forty million dollars for the construction of good roads. With the moneys received from other sources, the total would permit the expenditure of one hundred million dollars during the next five years. He wanted this money expended honestly and effectively, without regard to politics. He had discharged the old highway commission and the first name that occurred to him "out of all New Jersey for a membership in the new commission was the name of General Scott."

He appointed four of us. The politicians, loath to give up control of that amount of money, held up our confirmation for two months but we were finally confirmed, and have functioned together most amiably for four years—Mr. Percy H. Stewart of Plainfield, Mr. Walter Kidde of Montclair, Mr. Abraham Jelin of New Brunswick, and myself.

There have been enormous problems for solution, such as the preparations for the traffic to come from the Jersey City end of the Hudson Tunnel, with its four thousand cars an hour, and the viaduct through Jersey City; the crossing of the Newark meadows, the Hackensack, and Passaic rivers, and the by-passing of Newark, Elizabeth, New Brunswick, and Trenton—all of which are said to comprise the most complex highway conditions in the world; and we have also been concerned with arrangements for care of the traffic which was to come from the bridge at Camden over the Delaware River.

This money has been spent with results so satisfactory to

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the people of New Jersey that the legislature has arranged for the expenditure of \$169,000,000 more for the construction of roads and bridges during the next six years and a half. The carrying out of this program affords me pleasant employment in congenial company, brings me in frequent contact with people in every part of the State from which I went as a boy fifty-seven years ago, and affords me the high privilege of serving my own people.

As I look back over the circumstances of my life, I feel deeply grateful for the friendship, the coöperation and support I have received from those with whom I have been associated in and out of the army and in all parts of the world—contacts with the peoples of many races and colors by which our lives have been filled with joy and gladness, and which have contributed much to the delightful memories of a soldier's career.

## APPENDIX

The following letters are a few of a large number written to or about Major-General Scott, dealing with various phases of his career.

### TRANSLATION

#### COLONEL H. L. SCOTT.

Before the departure of General Wood for the United States, for the purpose of recuperating his health, the Honorable Colonel H. L. Scott, whose picture the "Figaro" publishes with pleasure on the first page, was placed in charge of the Military Government during the former's absence.

In order that the reason may be fully appreciated why we publish his likeness, we beg to say that he is a Military Officer with a war record and a polished gentleman, who has mingled in our society where he is highly esteemed. Colonel Scott, without having, however, neglected his official duties, has succeeded in winning a great many friends in Cuba, owing to his genial disposition, his exquisite kindness, and his regard for everything that we cherish.

He should read in these lines, written by one who has never clasped the Colonel's hand, the most sincere expression of our consideration, and our wish that he should display in the high position which he at present occupies, all necessary tact so that he may continue to win the favor of public opinion.

Dictated by ALBERTINI.

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Extract from the first annual report of Major General Leonard Wood, U. S. Army, Governor of the Moro Province, Zamboanga, Mindanao, P. I., September 1, 1904:

GOVERNMENT OF THE MORO PROVINCE,  
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR.

Zamboanga, Mindanao, P. I.,  
September 1, 1904.

The Executive Secretary,  
Philippine Commission,  
Manila, P. I.

Sir:

\* \* \* \*

District of Sulu

The affairs of the District of Sulu have been handled with excellent judgment and much tact by the District Governor (Major H. L. Scott).

\* \* \* \*

The affairs of this district were, at the time of its organization, in a most unsatisfactory condition. The garrison was practically bottled up in Jolo. It was unsafe for small detachments to go far outside the wall and troops moved in considerable numbers. There was no semblance of public order in the island, the Sultan and his principal Dattos were at war with each other, disloyal to the government and preying upon the poorer people. The abrogation of the Bates agreement has done much to facilitate the organization of local government and the restoration of good order. Headmen have been appointed and are in most instances performing their duties in a satisfactory manner. There has been a very material increase in the output of hemp and other produce. At the time of writing this report peace and good order exist throughout the district and the natives are obedient to the orders and instructions of the Governor. Every proper effort is being made to control them as largely as possible through their principal men, who have been appointed to fill the offices of headmen in the various portions of the district.

\* \* \* \*

The Provincial Governor desires to express his appreciation of the valuable service rendered by the members of the Legislative Council, Provincial and District officials, as follows:

\* \* \* \*

To Colonel Hugh L. Scott, Governor of the District of Sulu, for the very able and most efficient manner in which he has handled a complex and difficult situation.

\* \* \* \*

Very respectfully,  
LEONARD WOOD,  
Major General, U. S. Army.

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THE GOVERNMENT OF THE MORO PROVINCE,  
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR

Zamboanga, Mindanao, P. I., April 16th, 1906.

Major H. L. Scott,  
14th Cavalry, Governor of Sulu,  
Jolo, Jolo, P. I.

Sir:

I desire to express to you thorough appreciation of the most able and efficient manner in which you have discharged the complex and difficult duties incident to your position as Governor of the District of Sulu, by far the most difficult district of the Moro Province to handle.

You have had to deal with the most warlike and most turbulent section of the Moro people, and although it has not always been possible to avoid armed conflict, you have by tact, patience, and unremitting effort avoided in a large number of instances the use of force. You have accomplished a great work for the improvement of public order and the relations of the various Moro leaders with each other, and your work in the abolition of slavery and the suppression of the slave trade has effectually terminated these curses of the Moro people.

I know, from personal observation, and from repeated interviews with the prominent men throughout the island, that you have the entire confidence of them all; and that they not only trust you, but look upon you as one deeply interested in their welfare.

I trust that you will see fit to continue in your present position, as I believe it would be most unfortunate for the Moro Province to lose the services of one who has been so successful in handling these people.

Very respectfully,

LEONARD WOOD,

Major General, U. S. A.

Governor of the Moro Province.

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Excerpt from the minutes of the Legislative Council of the Moro Province of August 27, 1906.

On motion the following was adopted:

BE IT RESOLVED by the Legislative Council of the Moro Province that it regrets that the departure of Major Scott to another post of duty has deprived this province of an official who has served it most faithfully and well as Governor of the District of Sulu since the organization of the Moro Province; that the kindness, justice and courtesy which uniformly characterized his administration has set a standard for the emulation of his successors and of all other officials; that his steadfast adherence to the high ideals which should control the relations of a stronger to a weaker people has done much to elevate the character of the Moro, and has secured for him both the respect and love of the people entrusted to his charge; and that, finally, the honorable wounds which he has received in the service of this province guarantee to him its admiration and affectionate esteem during his future career, in which it wishes him continued success.

GOVERNMENT OF THE MORO PROVINCE,

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,

ZAMBOANGO, P. I., August 30, 1906.

G. T. LANGHORNE.

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

December 16, 1913

My dear General Scott:

If I had not been in bed with the grippe, I would very much sooner have written you a line to express my admiration of the way in which you handled the Navajos at Beautiful Mountain. I instinctively knew that you were the right man to send, and the result has justified my expectations perfectly. Every one here speaks of what you have done in terms of the highest admiration, touched with affectionate regard, and certainly I share these feelings to the utmost. You have done a great public service.

With cordial congratulations,  
Faithfully yours,  
WOODROW WILSON

Brigadier General Hugh L. Scott,  
El Paso, Texas.

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

March 31, 1913

My dear General Scott:

I have your letter of March 26th, and have read it with much interest. Nothing I have done since my Inauguration has given me more pleasure than the signing of your commission as a Brigadier-General. My best wishes go with you in your new rank!

I shall be very glad to bear in mind your desire to assist in the solution of Indian problems.

Let me assure you that I had much pleasure in conveying your kind message to the ladies.

With warm regards, believe me,  
Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON

Brigadier General H. L. Scott, U. S. A.,  
Fort Sam Houston, Texas.



WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

April 2, 1915

My dear General Scott:

I did not want to impose upon you the duty of coming to report to me in person. I wanted to know when you returned merely in order that I might convey to you my warm thanks and sincere congratulations on the success of your mission to the Piute Indians who had become troublesome. The whole country admires the way in which you handle these difficult and delicate matters and I wanted to express to you both personally and officially as President my own feeling of deep appreciation and genuine admiration.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON

Gen. Hugh L. Scott,  
Chief of Staff,  
War Department.

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THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

February 14, 1916

My dear General Scott:

I am sincerely obliged to you for your letter of the eleventh because I know that it was prompted by a desire to relieve me of all embarrassment; but let me assure you that it is my sincere desire that you should retain your present position and duties.

I did think it regrettable that in the testimony given before the Committee of the House of Representatives on Military Affairs your own opinion and the opinion of others in favor of compulsory military training should have been made to seem part of the judgment of the Department of War in favor of a "continental" reserve; but I fully recognized the fact that you were merely giving your frank professional opinion and that it was your undoubted right to do so when questioned by a committee of the Congress. I meant no

personal censure in what I said in my recent letter to Mr. Garrison, and you may rest assured that you continue to enjoy, as you have always enjoyed, my trustful confidence. I am glad to be associated with you in your present capacity as Acting Secretary of War.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON

Major General Hugh L. Scott,  
Acting Secretary of War.

---

WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

February 28, 1916

My dear General Scott:

Thank you very warmly for your full letter of February twenty-fourth about Captain M. E. Sliney of the Philippine Scouts. I entirely approve of the course you propose taking and think that it is in every way the right course.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON

P. S. I hope that you will feel inclined while you are acting as Secretary of War to attend the Cabinet meetings on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Major General Hugh L. Scott,  
Secretary of War *ad interim*.

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