

HENRY-W-LAWTON, FIGHTING MACHINE.

At the head of the 5,000 regulars in the Philippine Islands is a modern fighting machine. Its name is Lawton—Henry W. Lawton—and for nearly forty years it has worn the uniform of the United States army. It has risen from the ranks, this fighting machine, leaving behind it other machines as strong possibly, but less fortunate.

Henry W. Lawton was born in Ohio fifty-six years ago. He was a country boy and got only a common school education—not any too much of it. It is to be doubted if he would have learned a great deal if kept steadily at college until he attained his majority. Emphatically he is not a book man. Studying the printed page has been to him always a task and never a pleasure. Men are his books—men and happenings. His folk were plain farmer folk. From them he derived his length and size of bone. The tremendous muscles, the tireless endurance which have marked him in later life had the beginning of the development in the open air of the fields of his boyhood. It was said of him that it took him longer to learn anything and longer to forget it than any youth that ever tramped through the snow to a log school house. His memory, indeed, has been one of his strong points since he emerged from childhood. He remembers well—particularly enemies. A better hater was never born. It follows necessarily that he is true in friendship. He is, in fact, a man's man. Women who get to know him like him well enough, but not many of them get to know him. In the age of gray hair he is still a bachelor, and if he has ever had an affair of the heart it has been kept to himself.

Lawton entered the volunteer service of the United States in April, 1861, and was given the chevrons of a sergeant in company E of the Ninth Indiana Infantry. In August, 1861, he was made first lieutenant of the Thirtieth Indiana. In May, 1862, he was made a captain, was a lieutenant colonel in November, 1864, was breveted a colonel for gallant and meritorious services in March, 1865, and was mustered out of the service in November, 1865. He had had practically four years of the most tremendous war in the history of the nations. He had been a participant in a dozen pitched battles. He had led his men in charge and counter charge on the stricken fields of Virginia. He had stepped upon the dead upturned faces of his brothers. He had been soaked with blood to his knees.

On the 1st of July, 1866, he was gazetted a second lieutenant in the regular army, being assigned to the Forty-first Infantry. A year later he was made a first lieutenant. He was transferred to the cavalry arm in January, 1871, had advanced to a captaincy in March, 1879, was made a major in the inspector's general's department in September, 1888, and inspector general, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, in 1889. That is his rank in the regular army to-day, although he wears the epaulets of a major general of volunteers. He is slated for appointment to be a brigadier general under the reorganization act and when the two years for which the new soldiers will be enlisted have expired there will be enough retirements from the service to make his retention as a regular brigadier a certainty.

He has come upward step by step solely through personal courage and personal strength. He has held that it is the first duty of the soldier to fight, and to fight as soon as he gets the chance. He has been possessed by no particular refinements of the art of war. He has simply gone ahead and fought like a fiend when opportunity offered and left to others the task of explaining why and how such and such a victory was won or defeat suffered. He has devoted his life to the profession of arms and he understands it. He does not pretend to be an authority upon anything else. He is a one-idea man.

Personality of the Man.

In person he is a wonder. Standing 6 feet 3 inches high, as straight as a rule, with long arms, wide shoulders, deep chest and thin flanks, he weighed 195 pounds of bone and muscle when 25 years old and now weighs 210. His head is small and set on a massive neck. His hands and feet are large. He is as active as a cat and as tireless as a wolf. Under the sleeves of his blue fatigue jacket the muscles bulge like cables. His stomach goes like clockwork. He has not an unsound tooth. Headaches are not known to him, except from hearsay. He can travel for a week without food or sleep, then make a boa constrictor ashamed of itself and sleep for two days without turning over. He has never taken any care of himself. The soldier's rough and exposed life has been his since youth, but he is as sound as a nut to-day and able to fire out a dozen younger men. Apparently fatigue passes him by when it lays its heavy hand upon those apparently as strong. He is always alert and always looking for a chance to damage an opponent. One of his many Indian names is "Man-

Who-Gets-Up-in-the-Night-to-Fight," and he has earned it by years of practically ceaseless toil. His forehead is high and somewhat narrow, his eyes a keen gray, his nose and cheek bones prominent, his chin square, his lips thin. He wears a drooping mustache. His hair is cut pompadour, stands up stiff and short like a reversed shoe shoe brush, and he is not pretty. This hair is now liberally sprinkled with gray, and the white amid the brown is about his only sign of age. Army surgeons who know him say that he may live to be 100 unless a bullet cuts short his strange and sanguinary career.

Henry W. Lawton was a gallant and serviceable officer of infantry during four years of the civil war, but his peculiar talents were properly envied only when he was transferred to the cavalry and stationed in the southwest. This was more than a quarter of a century ago, and for two decades he was remote from the large cities of the east. He found New Mexico and Arizona overrun and terrorized by hostile bands of Indians and he set himself, along with his comrades, to hold them down. They were held down. The work that the cavalrymen of the United States did in those years will never be appreciated until a circumstantial history is written and it is not probable that the history will ever be written. It was a life of foray, long rides, desperate battles in remote valleys, midnight surprises, combat with a foe that often was not seen, disheartening and fruitless chases, danger and frequent death. In fifteen years the officer saw every friend he had made when he went to the mountains taken from him by removal, age, disease or the bullet.

battle and the liability to death that is one of the marvels of that brief and glorious campaign. It was of Lawton's men and not of the rough riders that the Spanish infantryman said: "We do not understand you American soldiers. You tried to catch us with your hands."

It was Lawton's reputation for daring and tireless pertinacity that led to his becoming internationally famous. His characteristics were known, of course, to his superior officers as thoroughly as they were known to the Indians whom he had been fighting for a dozen years. For the tenth time the band of Chiricahua Apaches, headed by Chief Naches and directed by Geronimo, had jumped the San Carlos reservation, leaving behind them the usual trail of blood and ruin. Ranchmen were butchered on lonely ranges, children's brains were dashed out and the smoke of burning dwellings rose day and night to the brilliantly blue sky. General Miles, a trained soldier and an Indian fighter himself, was in command, and he selected Captain Lawton for the task that was set before them. He started with two troops of veterans, taking a trail that at its beginning was broad and plainly marked. Then followed the most remarkable pursuit in the history of Indian warfare. Day after day the ceaseless toll continued. The men speedily found themselves in a country where horses without claws were of more value than no account. Their officer dismounted them. "We will walk them down," he said grimly. The walk began. It was white pluck and endurance against Indian craftiness and endurance.

Hunting Geronimo.

Over rocks that blistered the hands when touched, in ravines so deep and dark that through the narrow rift far overhead the stars were visible at noontide, up the sides of huge hills down which trickled rivulets of dust, threading paths along precipices which frowned upon green valleys 5,000 feet below, drinking of cold, clear springs that gushed above the clouds, sometimes in the sun-baked desert, again

Naches and their band of cutthroats were prisoners in Florida. They are still in confinement. Not only was the power for evil of this particular tribe nullified, but the spirit of Apache resistance was broken. It had been demonstrated that they could be beaten at their own game. Once again the white man had shown them that he was their master, mentally, morally and physically. It was this service which called Lawton from the west and landed him in the inspector general's office in Washington, with much official prestige, a fair salary and little to do. The inaction chafed him, as it chafes any man of his kind. In five years he rusted more than he would have worn in ten. The chance of hostilities with Spain found him eagerly preferring requests for assignment to service. He did not wish to inspect anything or to take the conduct of army trains. He wanted to fight. It seemed to him, he said, that if he could smell the smoke once more and know that there was a chance to do good work, he would instantly become young again. The opportunity was offered him. It was recognized that in the Santiago campaign fighters and not doctrinaires were wanted. At Tampa Lawton was the first man named by Shafter to assist him in the desperate enterprise ahead. "Pecos Bill" had been for many years on the frontier himself and he knew his officer thoroughly. Nothing could have suited Lawton so well. He was there to kill Spaniards and he thought he saw his way clear to doing it.

As a brigadier general of volunteers he was given command of a division and in that command stormed El Caney, doing as much as any man could do to convince Toral that his cause was hopeless. In all of the fighting of that terrific day he was up to the firing line, saying little, but pacing slowly up and down, his gaunt figure a mark for every sharpshooter in the enemy's lines, the Mauser's flicking up the dust about him or pulsing in the air, giving to his men the constant example of how an American soldier should act when under fire.



The entire personnel of the force changed more than once—the entire personnel—that is, except himself. He was always left, lonely, self-contained, earnest, indefatigable and silent, save when giving commands or cheering on his men in fight. His name became a household word in all of the tepees in that wild land. The Chiricahuas, the Mescaleros, the Jicarillas, Apaches, all had for him the mixture of hate and grudging admiration compelled by a dauntless foe. They found in him, after a little while, a man who was learned in every phase of their peculiar warfare, and in ten years they dreaded him as they have dreaded few white men since the winning of the West began. Lawton's method of handling them was singularly his own. When he struck a trail he kept to it with a dogged tenacity which knew no such thing as quit. Whether the pursuit was maintained for a day or a week, it was maintained with a steady, unrelenting earnestness that did more to strike terror into the hearts of the red men than would have been possible to all the rifles on earth. The man's philosophy was wholly expressed once in a chance remark to a newspaper acquaintance.

"If a man is hunting for you," he said, "get a gun and hunt him. Do it right away. It discourages anyone to be suddenly transferred from the position of hunter to hunted."

This rule has guided him. He insists upon being the aggressor. It is supposed that he would stand a charge all right, but hitherto he has always done the charging. He does not believe in waiting for the other side to act. This trait was signally demonstrated in his conduct of the right wing of the American army at El Caney. He had men that he thought could be depended on. At any rate he proposed to see what they could and would do. So he sent them at the blockhouses and breastworks hour after hour with a savage disregard of the chances of

clambering far beyond the timber line, Lawton and his followers struggled on. Frequently a wisp of blue smoke jutted from some inaccessible crag and a bullet sang its wicked way to its billet or splattered upon a russet rock. It is a country that God Almighty made in wrath and the imprint of his anger is on it all. Week succeeded week. Men dropped, fainting, in the giant hills and their comrades passed on. There was no time to stay. They were left to find their way back to the reservation as best they could. Indian and white were foemen worthy of each other's steel, and the issue of the contest was in doubt to the last day.

Finally, one night just as the sentries were set, there was a faint hail and an Indian stood before them. He was worn to the bone, but dauntless still. He said that his chief would talk to the white man, but would talk to him alone. His camp was some miles further on, but the messenger would guide Lawton to it if he cared to come. The somnolent endeavor to persuade the captain against the venture, but he smiled sourly at them and told the Indian that he was ready. They left the camp of the soldiers the next morning. By 10 o'clock Lawton stood in the Apache horde. Cavernous eyes gleamed at him. Lips drawn back from discolored teeth grinned at him. Wasted hands were waved at him threateningly. Stern, dominant, the living, breathing personification of the great White Spirit that had beaten them back from the far eastern verge of the land they had owned, he walked straight to the medicine man and demanded his surrender. There was a brief parley. Lawton contemptuously refused to promise anything or to guarantee anything, except that he and his followers would be fed. "Maybe you will be hanged afterward," he said. "I don't know about that. Anyhow, you ought to be. But I'll feed you. I'd feed a dog in your fix."

A month afterward Geronimo,

He was one of the three commissioners appointed by Gen. Shafter to arrange with Toral the terms of capitulation, and after the fall of Santiago policed the city in a very thorough manner until the establishment of a stable form of government was made possible. Lawton's idea of policing a place of the kind is very simple. "The regulations are so and so," he would say, "and you have your gun. If anybody violates the regulations, use the gun." It required just one day to quiet the city.

Again it was the Geronimo record—or rather the record of years in the west crowned by the Geronimo incident—which sent him to the Philippines to command the American forces in the field. The rainy season will have no effect on him, whatever the effect may be on those under him. He is as certain to go strong and fast, even if he goes to his death, as the sun is certain to rise and set. All climates and all seasons are alike to that iron frame, upon which war and peace and the rigors of the mountains and the sloth of the Potomac Valley and asceticism and dissipation have been effectless.

He Had Not Missed It.

A friend making a morning call upon Peter Burrowes, a celebrated Irish barister, who was very absent-minded, found him shaving himself with his face to the wall, and asked why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was "To look in the glass." "Why, there is no glass there." "Bless me!" exclaimed Burrowes, "I did not notice that before." Then, ringing the bell, he called the servant and questioned him respecting the looking-glass which had been hanging on the wall. "Oh, sir," said the servant, "it was broken six weeks ago."—San Francisco Wave.

Life of Big Guns.

The huge guns of modern navies can be fired only about seventy-five times, when they become worn out.

Weaving by Photography.

A scene memorable in the annals of the weaving industry was witnessed at the Vienna Technical Art museum recently. Herr Jan Szepepanski, the famous young inventor, presented Emperor Francis Joseph with the first web produced by means of his new photographic process. The silk-woven Gobelin is made from a picture by Henry Raucher. It is about two square meters in size and gives an allegorical representation of homage to the emperor. The work contains 200,000, 000 crossings, 120 silk threads filling one centimeter. Two hundred square meters of pasteboard cards would have been necessary to produce this web according to the present method, and designers would have required many years to carry out the work. Now the designer is abolished, and the work was done in five hours. The emperor was struck with the marvelous plasticity and delicacy of the picture, which nobody would believe to be woven. Herr Szepepanski demonstrated the process at the emperor's desire, and his majesty accepted the gift and congratulated the inventor.—London Chronicle.

The Sage of Sawhaw Says:

A glad hand often hides an itchin' palm.

When a man is hard up he is generally cast down.

The man with a pull is usually in the push.

The prodigal son has always been a husky fellow.

Alcoholic spirits generally go before a fall.

The fellow with a grindstone is a lookin' for cranks.

The early bird is apt to make his first reappearance about Easter.

That man who always looked before he leaped prob'ly didn't travel nights.—Chicago Democrat.

Relish for Chops.

Found fine an ounce of black pepper, half an ounce of allspice, an ounce of salt, half an ounce of scraped horseradish and half an ounce of chollots, peeled and quartered. Put these into a pint of mushroom or walnut catsup, and let them steep for a fortnight before straining. A teaspoonful or two of this, mixed with the melted butter which forms the gravy for chops or steaks, is an acceptable addition.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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