

# THE COST of the BATTLE LUST

THE REAL EXPERIENCES OF A REAL INSURRECTO

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THE battle was lost. Even the most sanguine of Mosby's dare-devils admitted that. So, after the manner of their kind, they broke the firing-line into a hundred pieces and bunched in twos and threes scattered broadcast over the sun-baked, cactus-clad hills—soldiers of fortune, insurrectos of Mexico no longer; merely men, who had broken the laws of a land and were fleeing for their lives.

It had but one object in view—this fighting machine broken into bits, that had taken up the cause of a country other than its own—and that was to cross the American border and there seek the protection of the stars and stripes, under whose folds every mother's son of its soldiery had been born.

My bunkie and I were on the left flank when the crash came. Something hit that left flank and melted it, twisted and distorted it like so much steel put to the flame. I did not realize what it was at the time, but I do now. It was a battery, a living, breathing incarnation of hell in the shape of machine guns, handled by men who knew how to use them.

Our wing of the army melted in its hot breath. Men who had fought standing, kneeled. Men who kneeled, lay down, tried to bury myself in the bosom of Mother Earth and, Mother Earth being baked adobe in that particular spot, I took to my heels.

It was the beginning of the end. Everybody was running, so what was the use of remaining? They were ten to one against us, this enemy, and artillery to boot. Besides, our old-fashioned single-loading Springfielders were being pitted against repeating rifles of the latest pattern. And the ammunition was running low.

Even thus I reasoned as I ran, pell-mell, for the border, four long miles away. In my fancy there loomed before me the fate of our wounded at Tecate and the bloodletting of the Alamo.

Somebody gripped the toe of my boot and I sprawled headlong into cactus and rocks. It was a wounded comrade, an American like myself, only a boy at that, whose ruddy face I had often seen at our troop mess or over some neighboring campfire of Baja California.

His shoulder had been shot away. A leg was crushed below the knee. There was no hope for his life, but he wanted to be taken away.

"For God's sake, don't leave me, pal!" he cried. "They'll burn me, they'll kill me slow," he moaned.

For a moment I was stunned by the fall, but the boy's pathetic appeal brought me to my senses and burned into my brain where it will forever remain.

I looked around me. There were wounded men, most of them boys, clutching at their fleeing comrades, beseeching them not to leave them to the mercy of the Mexican rurales.

Yet these men whom I had seen cheerfully face death many times, men who had enlisted in a foreign cause unafraid to die in battle, but standing ever in mortal terror of the torture chambers on the battle fields of Mexico.

## The Death Rain.

For a moment my manhood returned and the massacre fear left me. I would shoulder this maimed bit of humanity, stagger to the line with my burden, over those cruel, never ending hills which I must scale with my charge before we reached safety.

I staggered to my feet, but the zip of the "dum-dums," those same "dum-dums" that had crippled this boy brought me back to a realization of my peril.

An instant I faltered in holding him to my back, but the boy seemed to divine my change of heart. He gripped me again, this time with a dying man's clutch which I could not and would not shake off unless I broke his arm.

So I shouldered the bleeding little figure and labored forward, while he murmured, "Good boy, good boy," and the bullets of the Federals ever hissed and screamed in my ears.

Something rose up in my path. It barred my progress. It was shattered by shot—a human form—scarce recognizable now for the blood that stained it from head to foot. But a voice husky with pain and terror begged me not to leave him.

Fled as From an Enemy. I fled from this dying man as I fled from the enemy. Dodged him as he reached for me. As I passed him from his reach he tottered back on the

## GRAND CARPET FOR ONE ONLY

is Gorgeous With Gold and Jewels and No One Has Sufficient Wealth to Buy It.

The Gaekwar of Baroda has lent to the Victoria and Albert museum, South Kensington, one of the four magnificent panels which together constitute the celebrated "pearl carpet of Baroda." These panels, with other intended gifts, including a canopy (the "Pearl Veil") and a set of

ground with a cry of despair that left with me another memory.

My legs were growing numb from the exertion of it all. Ahead of me fled the army, or what was left of it. Behind me echoed the wall of the wounded, the vivas of the victorious Federals, the hiss and scream of their bullets. Ever present was the memory of the Alamo and Tecate, where our wounded and those of our fellows taken prisoners had experienced living hells before death relieved them of their torment.

On and on I stumbled, falling now and then, but always my burden. It had ceased to urge me forward, this maimed bit of boyhood, but its lone arm still encircled my neck with a vice-like grip that at times made it almost impossible to breathe.

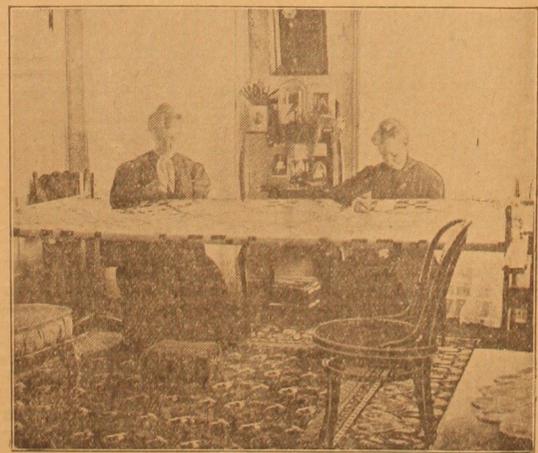
Sounds of the battle left me now. I no longer saw men. I dared not stop, however for fear of not being able to rise again, but at last I stumbled and fell with my burden for the last time. For a long time I remained on the ground, breathing heavily and resting.

How sweet that rest was. I cared not for Federal soldado or rural. Let them come! I would sleep. The weight slipped from my back and I breathed freer. I must have lain there for an hour. When I arose the little figure at my side did not speak. I bent over him. He had cheated the torture chambers. They could not get him now. From his pocket a worn and thumb-marked bit of paper protruded. In the hope of learning his name I read it.

It was a message from a mother to her son. There was no post-mark. No address. Nothing to lead to his identity. Just "Jim, come home. Mother needs you. Your little sister and I pray for you every night. We are very lonely with you away. Come home, dear boy."

That was all. Just a good-by message—the last he was ever to receive from that little mother somewhere in the states. If she could see her boy now!

The Price of the Wanderlust. "And what did he die for?" I asked myself. What would I have died for? Just the battle-lust, that is all. The something inside of us that makes us soldiers of fortune. The wanderlust! I buried him, in the night, on the side of a hill where the soil was softer



PIECED QUILTS COMING BACK.

Old-fashioned women who know how to make pieced quilts are developing a useful industry, particularly in the south and New England, by making silk and cotton creations to supply the demand of fashionable women who are ready to pay big prices. This picture shows a scene in the home of a southern family.

gold carpet-weights encrusted with diamonds, were prepared in the reign of Khande Rao Gaekwar (1856-1870), probably at the instigation of his Mohammedan wife, as an offering to the tomb of Mohammed at Medina.

The panel, which is suggestive of the wonders of the whole carpet, consists of an arabesque design embroidered in pearls and colored glass beads with applied gold bosses and studs set with lasque (flat) diamonds and cabochon (convex form) rubies, emeralds and sapphires. In the center a

and a little grass grew. A nameless grave with not even a mark to show that a body rested there.

Perhaps the mother may read these lines and recognize in the little soldier of fortune her boy. At least she may console herself with the thought that his flesh was not food for coyotes; his bones not bleaching white in the sun like two hundred others of his comrades who in five short months paid the penalty of the battle-lust in Mexico.

As for myself, I stole like a thief in the night across the border and surrendered to the United States authorities. With ninety-three of my fellows I was penned up in Fort Rosecrans at San Diego for five days, while the government in Mexico we had sought to overthrow pleaded for our possession. Uncle Sam refused to give us up, but he kept our general, daring young Jack Mosby, veteran of five wars, beloved of his men, who is now at the naval disciplinary barracks Powel Sound, for taking French leave of the United States navy when the Mexican war cloud broke.

Of the ninety-three who survived that bloody day which cost us so many men, some are now fighting in the Balkans under different flags, and, if the powers of Europe clash over the division of the spoils, I feel that I must join them, even at the penalty of the cost!

## Ugliest Man the Most Married.

Lupungu, chief of the Basongi, one of the wealthiest chiefs in the Congo, is a much-married man, for he is the proud possessor of 300 wives, for each of whom he pays a yearly tribute of two francs to the state. This, however, is not his sole claim to distinction, for he has also been dubbed by the officials of the province "the ugliest man on earth." "With some reason," says Vice-Consul Casteus, who describes him as a villainous-looking native possessing but one eye, and a countenance horribly scarred by smallpox.

As a young child, Lupungu was deserted by his father, and afterwards adopted by a sub-chief. In later years, he persuaded the gullible natives that his one eye gave him certain occult powers; he then made friends with a band of Arab traders, and with their assistance made war upon his father whom he conquered and succeeded as chief of the Basongi.

## RAILROAD FIREMAN PROVED REAL HERO

Saves Two-Year-Old Boy at Risk of Life.

## FOOT UNDER PILOT

Standing on the Front of Locomotive Pilot He Tosses Baby Clear of the Rushing Train—Shoe Became Wedged on Top of Rail.

Bristol, Tenn.—The attention of the Carnegie Hero commission has been called to James H. Johnson, aged twenty-seven, of this city, who saved a child's life in a notable manner.

Johnson is a locomotive fireman. His double-header freight train was rounding a curve near Chilhowie, Va., on the Norfolk and Western railway when the engineer saw a small child on the track ahead. Both engines were reversed and the air-brakes applied, but too late. Johnson sprang through a window of the cab of the forward engine and sped along the running board to the pilot. Clutching the pilot bars with both hands, he slipped his right foot down to the level of the rails, intending to catch the child up and hurl it from the track, but the weight of the child pulled his foot under the pilot, the toe of the shoe being wedged under the upper part of the rail. The engine ran the length of a rail, with his toe dragging in the groove and the child balanced on his foot, its curly



Standing on the Pilot.

head sliding along on top of the rail directly in front of the wheels of the pilot trucks. Then, suddenly, Johnson's toe was released and, with a swing of the foot he hurled the child off the track, uninjured save for a few scratches.

The child was the two-year-old son of the widow of Henry Baker, who was killed last fall by the bursting of an empty wheel.

## BOY'S BROKEN NECK HEALS

Youth Who Suffered Spinal Fracture in Chicago Recovers in West Virginia Hospital.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Complete recovery from a broken neck is the rare experience that has fallen to George H. Arbenz, twenty years old, son of John P. Arbenz, prominent Wheeling attorney, who sustained a fracture of the fifth spinal vertebrae in an automobile accident in Chicago several weeks ago. He was rushed to a hospital, but the attending physician pronounced the case hopeless. Undeterred, his father, who had hurried to Chicago, ordered him removed to Wheeling, although physicians declared that he would not survive the trip.

But young Arbenz lived through the trip. For weeks he lay in the North Wheeling hospital, his head, neck and back rigidly encased in a plaster cast. At the end of six weeks he had so far recovered that it was deemed safe to remove the plaster cast. By that time the paralysis which had afflicted almost the entire body was gone. Since then the young man has been out every day, enjoying excellent health and feeling no ill effects from his experience.

Members of the Wheeling medical fraternity declare the case to be one of the "seven wonders" of the surgical world.

## COPPERHEAD IN HER PILLOW

Woman Making Bed Is Bitten by Reptile and Gashes Out Spot With Knife.

Washington, Pa.—Mrs. George Styles, of near this place, is at her home in a serious condition as a result of wounds inflicted by a copperhead snake, which she found under a pillow when she was making a bed. The woman's prompt work in gashing out the bitten spot with a knife probably saved her from sudden death.

Entering a cloakroom in the Washington high school building, Miss Geraldine Henning came upon a huge blacksnake which showed fight. After a terrific battle the girl killed the snake just as other pupils rushed into the room to her aid.

## BRAVE OHIO WOMAN WHIPS VICIOUS DOG

Animal Bites Her Maid and Threatens Daughter in a Railway Station.

Cleveland, Ohio.—In the dim interior of the Union Station Mrs. T. H. Street of 11448 Euclid avenue, society woman, fought with a ferocious dog which had severely bitten her maid and which was trying to sink its teeth into her daughter the other afternoon. The battle, in which Mrs. Street had no weapons but her hands, was wit-



Gripped His Throat.

nessed by a crowd of passengers from a New York limited train and several hundred persons waiting to depart.

Diamonds flashed and costly raiment was bedraggled and torn as Mrs. Street wrestled with the dog, upon whose throat she fixed a grip that did not relax until Patrolman Skala came to her aid. The maid had fled screaming, and Mrs. Street's daughter, a girl of about ten years, was trying to help her mother when the patrolman arrived.

The owner of the animal, Lucy Doris, who is housekeeper for a family of the name of Frazer in Salem, Ohio, added her shrill protests to the bedlam. She declared that her "Maje" was inoffensive and that he should not be choked.

By this time "Maje" was fast losing his interest in life. Mrs. Street's grip was slowly but surely choking the life out of him.

"Maje" was sent to the health department, where he was placed under observation to see if he develops rabies, and Mrs. Street drove her maid, daughter, the patrolman and the owner of the animal to headquarters. The party scrambled into Mrs. Street's automobile in the presence of a crowd which jammed the roadway.

Formal complaint was lodged and Mrs. Street drove off, seeking a physician to attend the maid's injury.

## "IT AIN'T ME," SAYS KEILY

Sister Thought Corpse Was Brother, but Happy Reunion Proves She Was Mistaken.

New York.—When Mrs. Christina O'Brien read a notice in the newspapers that James J. Kelly, sixty-one years old, had died in St. Michael's hospital, Newark, she went to the hospital and identified the body as that of her long-lost brother and had it sent to her home at 619 John street, Kearney, N. J.

Mrs. O'Brien called a priest and an undertaker, sent out notices and telephoned to all friends and relatives that the funeral would be next day. Among those to whom she sent a notice was John Thompson, a contracting painter for whom her brother had worked.

When Thompson received the notice by mail he went over to a house his men were painting and called James J. Kelly off the job.

"I guess they have you dead up at your sister's house, Jim," he said. "We better go up and see about it."

So they went up to Mrs. O'Brien's house and the servant ushered them into the front room, where several women were moaning over the coffin. Kelly tiptoed in and took a look at the corpse.

"That ain't me," he said, just as Mrs. O'Brien entered the room.

Brother and sister fell in each other's arms and later the body was sent to the morgue in Harrison to await a claimant.

## Dodging Snake, Cyclist Is Hurt.

Lawrenceburg, Ind.—Bernard J. Knepple, aged twenty-one years, was coasting down a steep incline on his motorcycle as a large blacksnake crawled across the road. Knepple attempted to make the machine jump over the snake to avoid getting its body tangled in the wheels. The motorcycle went over a 25-foot embankment and Knepple had both wrists broken.

## Jersey Calf Has Three Legs.

Rosenhayn, N. J.—S. Andisman, a farmer, has a calf with three legs, the third leg extending from the middle of the breast. The animal is perfectly formed otherwise and has made normal growth the first week of its existence.

## WILD AUTO CHASE IN NEW YORK CITY

Police and Motorists Pursue Speeder Three Hours.

## KNOCKED DOWN WOMEN

Bullets Flew After a Car That Had Run Down Several People and Then Ran Away—Collapsed Wheel Finally Ditched the Machine.

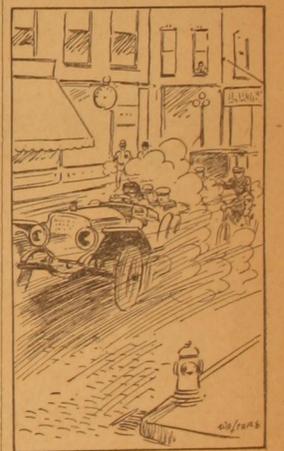
New York.—Roaring through the streets of the upper west side with an occasional burst of Vanderbilt cup speed, a low built racing car was run to earth early the other day after a continuous chase of three hours, in which a motorcycle policeman led a fleet of private cars.

The pursued machine, driven by its owner, William Gohlhaus, a motor car dealer, had knocked down three women who were crossing Fifth avenue at One Hundred and Thirtieth street. The accident was seen by three men in another car and they started the pursuit in which Motorcycle Policeman Ochenhirt joined almost immediately. The pursued car ran the gauntlet of fire from Ochenhirt's revolver.

One policeman after another, attracted by the noise of the pursued, stepped out from street corners and blazed away, hoping to strike a tire or cripple the machinery of the flying car.

Gohlhaus slid far down in his seat and his two companions crouched in the tonneau. The chase was the most dramatic ever known in this city. Up into the open spaces near Van Cortland Park and back into the swarming streets of the upper west side, the big six-cylinder car whirled, cut open and its exhaust roaring and spitting flame like a cup racer. Ochenhirt hung to the trail, about two short blocks behind. His cycle was good for 55 miles an hour and he said he had it going at the top notch.

Steering with one hand, the policeman loaded and reloaded his revolver and emptied it, but with no effect. A little girl sitting at a basement window received a painful flesh wound from one wild bullet and several win-



Page Began to Tell.

dows were broken and heads barely missed by the shots. The whole upper section of the city was on the street to watch the sport.

After a car got in line, each with a policeman hanging on the running board blowing his whistle to get the right of way, or taking long distance shots at the flying quarry.

But the page began to tell and the number of pursuers slowly dwindled toward midnight until finally there were only Ochenhirt on his still faithful motorcycle and the three men who had started the pursuit.

After 150 miles of city streets had been covered Ochenhirt found himself the only pursuer. Slowly he drew in on his quarry and finally far up town, the pursued machine's front wheel collapsed and the car flopped into a ditch. One of its occupants fled, but the other two, Gohlhaus and his chauffeur, were arrested.

The three women Gohlhaus's car had knocked down were taken to a hospital.

## FIGHTS SNAKE; SAVES MASTER

Dog Seizes and Kills a Rattler as Reptile Is About to Strike.

Clearfield, Pa.—Tippy, a little mongrel dog, saved the life of his master, Frank G. Harris, one time county treasurer, the other day while the latter was on a fishing trip to Moose Creek, near here, by attacking a big rattlesnake that was about to strike Harris in the face.

Mr. Harris, desiring to reach the other side of the stream, started to crawl over a slippery log. Just as he reached the far end of the log a big rattler raised his head directly in front of his face and drew back to strike.

"Tippy," who had swam the creek, darted at the snake and obtained a hold just back of the head. His keen teeth made short work of the rattler.

Enormous Damage by Floods. The flood damage in the United States is estimated at about \$100,000,000 annually.