

The Rio Grande Rattler.

GETTING TO BE
SOME RATTLER!
We Now Have
4 Rattles to Our Credit.

"POST TOASTIES"
Are Now Being Eaten at
Headquarters Mess
"It Pays to Advertise"
THINK IT OVER!

Published in the Field by the New York Division

VOL. 1.—NO. 4

HIDALGO COUNTY, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 13, 1916,

8 PAGES

PRICE FIVE CENTS

"The Strength of the Wolf is the Pack, but the Strength of the Pack is the Wolf"

PARATYPHOID DISAPPEARING

Men Sent to Base Hospital at San Antonio Return- ing Cured

NO NEW CASES IN TWO DAYS.

During the past three weeks upward of eighty soldiers of the N. Y. Division have been taken ill with paratyphoid fever. Owing to the fact that the Camp Hospital at McAllen was not entirely completed, many of these cases were sent to the Base Hospital at San Antonio.

The first cases of the disease were discovered in the 14th Infantry at Mission and later cases appeared in the 2nd and 69th Infantry. Sporadic cases broke out in the 1st Cavalry, Squadron A, Cavalry, and 12th Infantry at McAllen, also the 3rd Infantry at Pharr.

A field laboratory was established at McAllen where blood tests were made of all suspected cases, thus permitting a prompt diagnosis and segregation of the positive cases.

Paratyphoid fever is an intestinal disease formerly included, because of our incomplete knowledge, in the typhoid fever group; hence its name. It is, however, now definitely known to be a much milder affection, shorter in duration, much less fatal, and so far never observed in the wide epidemics so typical of true typhoid. It usually occurs in small groups of cases.

Practically all our large American cities have a certain number of cases of paratyphoid every year. The unfamiliarity of the disease to the general public in spite of this is the surest evidence of its comparatively slight importance. It is not negligible but should be easy to control, and should not cause any serious amount of illness, much less fatality.

The medical officers of the Division while keenly alive to the importance of keeping the disease under constant supervision, at no time displayed any fear of a wide spread epidemic owing to the cleanliness of the camps and excellent physical condition of the men.

The importance of this outbreak is due to the highly infectious nature of the disease and the fact that although mild in character there is always a likelihood that such a number of cases might develop as to seriously effect the efficiency of the entire organization for some time to come.

The organization of the Medical Department of the Division for the handling of the outbreak was divided into three sections all of which acted through the Division Surgeon Lt. Col. Wm. S. Terriberry.

The first comprised the investigation and inspection of all suspected localities and persons. The second, the laboratory work which made all necessary examinations and supervised the preparation of charts and maps of suspected localities.

The third or administrative section had charge of all recommendations, orders and regulations.

The chemical aspect of the fever was attached for by the medical officers at each to the camp hospital who kept careful records and histories of all cases under their charge.

The Division Medical Officers believe that this is the first opportunity afforded in this country to study the disease on a large scale, and their report will be received in scientific circles with much interest.

OUR HONOR ROLL.

Yearly subscriptions in the order received:
Maj. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Div. Staff.
Maj. S. F. Corbett, Corps of Engineers.
Lieut. Leo F. Knust, 7th Infantry.
Capt. Edward F. Dillon, 69th Inf.
Col. George Albert Wingate, 2nd Field Artillery.
Maj. George E. Roosevelt, 12th Inf.
Capt. Charles E. Fiske, 1st Cavalry.
Lieut. Hamilton H. Barnes, 1st Cav.
Maj. Scott Button, 2nd Infantry.
Lieut. Col. Henry S. Sternberger, Div. Q. M.
Capt. Guy Bates, Engineers.
Horatio J. Brewer, Spokane, Wash.
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Newport R. I.
Lieut. Col. J. M. Wainwright, Insp. Gen. Dept. N. Y.

NEWSPAPER MEN FORM SERVICE CLUB

Plans of Organization Dis- cussed at Length--Many Officers Elected

NO TREASURER ON 201ST. BALLOT

A new service club has been organized at McAllen by the war correspondents representing the great New York dailies, on duty with the Division at one time or another since its mobilization. It was first intended to make it a secret society, but this proposition met with no support, a yacht club was then suggested as a compromise. This idea met with some favor, and the committee appointed to procure a suitable vessel saw Commodore Vanderbilt of the N. Y. Yacht Club. He informed them, however, that his yacht, the North Star, had been taken by the British government at the beginning of the European war, and he had not seen it since, hence he was unable to give them the boat. The committee then made inquiry as to the feasibility of procuring the Dopey Isaac, of Spanish War fame, but this idea was later abandoned as impracticable, owing to the fact that the publicity which would necessarily accrue to the owner, should he make the gift, would be very distasteful to him.

At the last meeting it was decided to make the club a purely social organization "in so far as that may be compatible with the ordinary procurement of news."

The club's emblem is a cold boiled lobster rampant, somewhat resembling a raw scorpion, except as to color. It is understood the motto is: "You can't keep us out."

The exterior design of the club house resembles to some extent the Park Row entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, while the interior decorations follow those of the Press Club—to the extent that newspapers from Brownsville, San Benito, Mission, Hidalgo and other cities are found in the reading room.

The charter members are: William Preston Beazell, World, president; Deltus M. Edwards, Herald, president; Earl J. Hadley, Sun, president; W. A. Davenport, American, president; Robert Lee Lewis, chairman of the board; Carl Dickey, Times, chairman of the board; Martin Green, Evening World, chairman of the board; Captain Robert B. Kidd, Journal, asst. president, Isaac Russell, Mail, asst. president, R. H. Rohde, Tribune, asst. chairman of the board; F. H. Price, jr., Telegraph, non-resident chairman of the board.

The secretaries are as follows: W. B. Bae, Times; W. S. Gill, American; Tracey H. Lewis, Telegraph, M. P. Goodfellow, Brooklyn Times, H. G. Terford, Sun; E. A. Tierney, Albany Times-Union; G. E. Longbery, American; H. J. Klue, Globe; R. D. Whyte, World; H. C. Bate, jr., Press; F. W. Ward, Rio Grande Rattler; W. L. Thompson, Associated Press; Jerome L. Smith, Albany Knickerbocker Press; W. E. Rogers, Brooklyn Eagle; A. L. Drew, Press; E. N. Jackson, American Press Association; C. G. Milham, Brooklyn Eagle; G. S. Wheat, Herald-News; John Rogan, Brooklyn Citizen; Leader Gale, Brooklyn Standard Union; J. W. Curley, Times; H. P. Jarvis, Buffalo Courier; E. Von Weining, Brooklyn Eagle; John Mellett, American; W. McCormick, Times; J. U. Smith, American; J. C. Butcher, Times; L. Moritz, McAllen, (Tex.) Monitor. M. L. Deutsch, American; C. G. Jordan, Evening World.

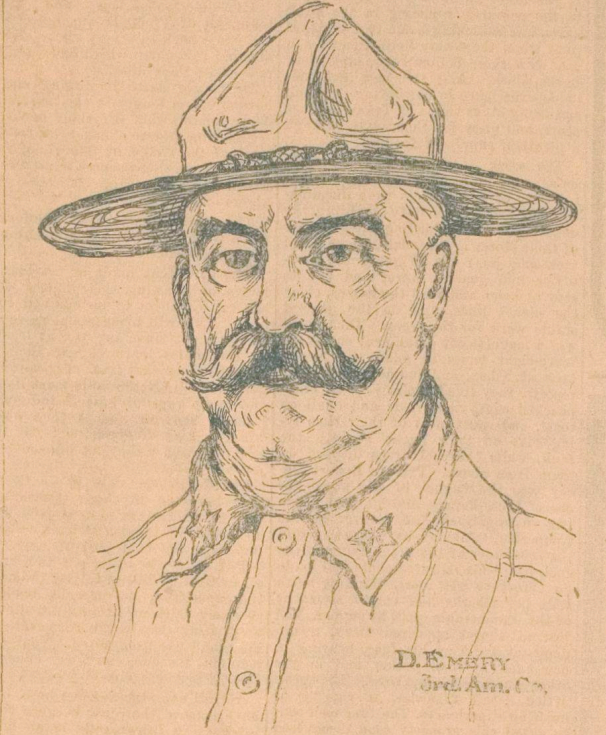
The members have found it impossible to agree upon a treasurer. There are no associate members.

FIELD DAY.

At a meeting of the representatives of all the units of the Division now on the border, held at Division Headquarters yesterday, it was decided to hold a field and frontier day on the parade ground south of Headquarters on Saturday, September 30, 1916.

The exhibition will include bronco busting, roping contests, rough riding polo, horse, mule and bronco races, exhibition drills, and field events.

"Buckskin Red" of our Pack Train has challenged any cowboy in Texas to compete against him in riding wild horses and mules.



Brigadier-General William Wilson,
Commanding 3rd N. Y. Infy. Brigade, N. G., U. S.

HEALTH OF DIVISION REMARKABLY GOOD

The Month of August Fur- nishes Very Interesting Statistics

AVERAGE RATE OF 1-1.2 PER CENT

In a previous issue we published the statistics of the general health of the N. Y. Division from the middle of July until the middle of August, and were pleased to note that the rate was but a fraction over two percent. We now publish the figures from August 1 to August 31, which shows that the average was .0152, or fifteen sick to every 1,000 in the Division, hardly more than would be ill in that number if at home. This includes all men suffering from cuts, bruises, kicks, etc. The table follows:

STATISTICS—Daily Sick Rate	
August 1	.0245
August 2	.0242
August 3	.0209
August 4	.0193
August 5	.0196
August 6	.0188
August 7	.0182
August 8	.0144
August 9	.0131
August 10	.0130
August 11	.0136
August 12	.0140
August 13	.0124
August 14	.0123
August 15	.0131
August 16	.0113
August 17	.0132
August 18	.0143
August 19	.0145
August 20	.0121
August 21	.0135
August 22	.0139
August 23	.0153
August 24	.0148
August 25	.0141
August 26	.0144
August 27	.0159
August 28	.0166
August 29	.0145
August 30	.0145
August 31	.0141

Speaking of the use of profanity by officers of the U. S. Army, a correspondent of the New York Sun, William S. Whitehead, tells this story: "On the subject of expletives in the tented field, one of our finest Army officers tells a story of a Cavalry officer in the West. Each morning this Captain would begin the drill as follows: 'Forward, guide right—Jones, where the hell are you going to?—March!'—Army and Navy Journal.

ENGINEER CORPS IS REORGANIZED

It is Now a Regiment and in Command of Lt. Col. CORNOR

TITLE 1ST NEW YORK ENGINEERS

The New York Engineers came to Texas as a corps composed of two battalions of four companies each. There have been many "General Rumors" that they would be reorganized into the 1st New York Engineers.

The reorganization is practically completed, giving two battalions of three companies each. Old B and F companies were split up and apportioned among other companies and two company names changed, viz., D to B and G to D.

Major Cornor of the 2nd Battalion has been made Lieutenant Colonel of the new regiment; Captain Garrison of C Company becomes major of the 1st Battalion and Captain Humphreys of old G Company, becomes major of the 2nd Battalion.

Captain Barrett, now 2nd Battalion adjutant becomes Regimental Adjutant. Lieutenant Lane of G Company becomes Captain Adjutant of 2nd Battalion. Captain Guy Bates, the Engineer Equestrian, remains as First Battalion Adjutant.

Captain Robinson is detached from old D Company and made topographic officer, and Lieutenant Lane becomes Captain Adjutant of the 2nd Battalion, and Lieutenant Dunn of the E Company becomes Captain and Regimental Supply Officer. The commissioned personnel of the reorganized 2nd Regiment of Engineers is Lt. Col. Cornor, commanding, Capt. Barrett, adjutant; Capt. Robinson, Topographic Officer; Capt. Dunn, Supply Officer; Major Garrison, Capt. Bates, Adjutant 1st Battalion; Major Humphreys, Capt. Lane, Adjutant 2nd Battalion.

The line personnel is, First Battalion A Co., Capt. Ross, Lieutenants Coup, Crimmins and Davis. B Co., Capt. Woodward, Lieutenants Moelen, Gray, and Lamb. C Co., Lieut. Palmer, acting K. O., Lieutenants Brezner and Wagner. 2nd Battalion, D Co., Lieutenants Snyder becomes Captain and Lieutenants Baker and Whittelsey. E Co., Captain Daly, Lieutenants Barbour, O'Mahoney and Maul. F Co., Capt. Johnson, Lieutenants Stockwell, Donnan and St. John.

One should exercise every morning. Why not run out to the dump and sweat files for an hour.

PACK TRAIN NO. 19 OF U. S. ARMY

Pack Master R. L. Evans Rapidly Organizes the Newly Enlisted Mules

READY FOR SERVICE WITH N. Y. D.

"Kill him! Kill dat mule!"
"My Lord, man, dat ain't tight, pull 'er up now! All right, take the blinders off!"

"Get another mule; get that will one over there! Get a pack; now then, throw the hitch!"

Such were the busy morning scenes down around a bunch of new mules, with nearly all new men, from August 3rd to the middle of the month when Packmaster R. L. Evans was able to report that pack train No. 19, attached to the New York Division was ready for service. Now, anyone at all familiar with the job of training such an outfit knows that this was "some record," not easily accomplished and made possible because R. L. Evans of Lawton, Okla., who has been in the service for twelve years running pack trains all through the west and in Cuba, is one of the best at the game. He has had an able assistant in Harry E. Alm, the Targador, who has spent seven years dodging mule kicks in the Philippines and west of the Mississippi, and who knows all that's good and bad in a mule. He can ride anything and if you have any "so-called" outlaws, bring them around to the Targador and let him surprise them with a ride.

These men, after reporting to Lieut. Col. H. S. Sternberger, Quartermaster of the New York Division, U. S. A., on August 3rd, had to train their ten assistants in putting the pack on the mule by means of the diamond hitch, so it would ride firm and keep in the proper position and then get the mules accustomed to hiking, following the bell horse.

A pack train consists of fifty pack mules used to carry anything from barrels, sacks, boxes, machine guns, lumber, wagon wheels, in fact all articles a wagon can handle. Then there are fourteen saddle mules for the packers to ride, one bell horse whose only job is to go at the head of the mules, and the mules will follow anywhere the bell horse leads; one packmaster, as a rule called "Cap," one Targador, known in "No. 19" as the "Crankydor"—for reasons which the name implies; one cook, Arthur Chapman—all cooks are familiarly known in pack train undignified slang as "belly robbers," one blacksmith, S. E. Johnson, and ten buck packers, known in the army as "rough necks"—a title that usually fits the situation nicely. They acquire nick names very quickly after joining the pack train, names brought out by certain traits of character, as is also the case with the mules, so if you happen to hear someone yell "Prunes, get Old Pard in line!" or "Baldy, you and Big Boy look up Eat-em-up-Jack and tell Montana to come along lively!" You may not know what it is all about, but you can bet it's just every day happenings in a busy branch of army field work.

The members of a pack train as a rule are a rough and ready bunch and they have to be, as their lot is not cast along luxurious lines at all. They are obliged to take everything as it comes, on long hikes, fording rivers, unloading, straightening loads now and then so they do not slide in the saddle, halting to fix a crooked load and then catching up with the train again, and so on all day, riding, watching and working. On the trail there are but two meals a day, breakfast and supper. When camp is reached, mules are taken to different organizations and unloaded, according to the nature of the supplies carried.

Pack trains are usually camped on one end of the cavalry. After taking off the pack saddle, comes the feeding and watering of the stock, cleaning the pad next to the mule's back, called in Spanish, the Cuna, putting down the picket line which is laid on the ground with a "dead man" in each end and one in the middle (a "dead man" is a stick of wood dug into the ground, with a rope tied to it). After supper the mules are groomed, tied up and the packers pick out a place to sleep, on as high a piece of ground as the immediate vicinity affords, as they carry no tents and use the pack blankets for their beds and the saddles for their pillows. Each day is an encore of the preceding day.

Pack Train No. 19 has established splendid quarters at the western end of the Division. The men have built a

GUARDSMEN HOME OCTOBER FIFTEENTH

Such Are the Reports Being Published and Credited To "Washington"

NO OFFICIAL ORDERS RECEIVED

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—All of the National Guard will return to their mobilization camps in the various states by October 15. This information was given by a high authority today with the additional statement that the government proposes to release the guard from federal service soon after the units arrive at their state destinations.

"The only complications likely to prevent the carrying out of this program," said the official, "is that there should be a fatal break between the United States and Mexico at the approaching sessions of the international commission."

The official regards the strike situation as practically settled and thinks the service of the guard will not be needed for anything connected with it. The expense of maintaining the guard in federal service is given as one of the reasons for returning the organizations to state control. A federal soldier costs the government about \$1,000 a year. According to figures obtained today there are on the border about 105,000 of the militia, 15,000 are on their way home and 25,000 remain in the states under call. The total of the pay rolls is \$145,000.

SUPPLY CO. ORDERED HOME.

Orders were received yesterday from Headquarters Southern Department directing the Supply Company of the 71st Infantry to proceed to the State mobilization camp. They will take with them all wagons and animals that the regiment brought with them when they have been received enfw emfwywp.

No further orders have been received for the movement of the troops north, although such orders are expected at Division Headquarters at any time.

The fact that the War Department officers who give business as the reason, fliers who give business as the reason will not be accepted hereafter, is taken to mean that on account of the fact that the National Guard will soon be returned to home stations, such resignations are not necessary.

WE THANK YOU!

What some of our more prominent competitors say about us:

New York Evening Telegram: "Congratulations on the first issue of The Rattler, it's a corker, a wide-awake metropolitan newspaper. Your advertisers ought to find it a splendid medium. Best wishes for a successful career."

New York Times: "An interesting newspaper."

Rochester Herald: "That there are some pretty well seasoned newspaper men serving Uncle Sam somewhere in Texas, is evident from the initial number of the 'Rio Grande Rattler.'"

New York World: "The World is mighty glad to have 'The Rio Grande Rattler' on the exchange list. No. 1 of volume 1, reached New York last week, and for a publication blossoming forth from the land of cactus, far away from any large city, it is a marvel. In every way—typography, size, make-up, and that indefinable thing called 'class'—it outranks many of the newspapers published within the 'forty-five minutes from Broadway' area. There may be other publications issued by the lads in O. D. along the Rio Grande. None of them have appeared here yet. But if there are any, it's a safe bet they'll have to go some to compare with 'The Rattler.'"

Troy Times: "The Rattler contains a lot of interesting reading matter."

Knickerbocker Press: "The Rattler is certainly a very readable newspaper. The Knickerbocker Press sends its congratulations and best wishes."

New York Evening Mail: "The Rio Grande Rattler is a breezy eight-page sheet, showing that the boys know some stories, get them and publish the facts to the world, regardless of where the heavens fall!"

good kitchen and mess shack, have a good corral, cargo stand and digging line, in fact everything is in first-class condition. The health of the animals is excellent; they are becoming well trained and the packers are becoming expert in throwing the "diamond hitch."

If you wish to enjoy an interesting morning's entertainment, come down and witness Pack Train No. 19 getting ready for a practice hike.

News Sent in by Our Division Units.

HALL'S

Grocery

We have plenty of everything for troop, company or regiment. Our store is splendidly stocked and our service rivals that of metropolitan stores.

For groceries that are clean and well handled, come to us.

The Grocer That Sells For Less

A. P. Hall, Main Street
McAllen

SQUADRON A CAVALRY.

Troop D guards Monte Cristo. Violent mosquito attacks repelled, and town business boomed. Good food for men, and horses turned out to graze rapidly recuperate.

Three birds were killed—not counting the doves and quail—with one stone by the week's visit of Troop D Squadron A to Monte Cristo for the purpose of guarding the base of supplies of the infantry hikes. In the first place the troop performed its duty in unloading freight cars and protecting from raid, the supplies thus obtained; secondly, the men under the bracing influence of the ranchland atmosphere, received a new lease of life while the horses grew fat and sleek on Mr. Sterling's rich, green grass; and thirdly, Monte Cristo, erstwhile a mere village, has become a thriving town with hotel, department store and tonsorial business, reaching the top notch of prosperity.

Even "Carranza," the most forlorn of equines, suffering from a variety of terrible diseases, hitherto unknown to science, was able to stand on all four legs after three days, and at the end he was able to gallop home with two equipments on his back. It was good to see them all rolling on their backs in the pastures, rejoicing in the sweet grass, and rollicking home to the picket lines when they were herded in at sunset, with their bellies round and their backs sleek. And the men got valuable experience in cowboying, lassoing and many other forms of Texan outdoor sport, and grew fat themselves through a plentiful supply of food.

The work at Monte Cristo might be summed up as follows: Each morning four or five details were dispatched; one for 24-hour duty guarding the depot; one for unloading freight cars of their stores of hay, oats, bacon, hard tack and jam; one to guard the post-office and general store; and one to stay at home and herd the horses, clean the picket lines, and do the general stable work for the troop. Then there was a magnificent detail sent out every forty-eight hours to guard the water tank at Albon, and judging from their reports, they lived exclusively on fresh poached eggs, rich cream and quail on toast, and spent most of their time lying flat on their backs beneath the tent, while the cool drops dripped on them from above. Private Robert Dasey was the bagger of the game for one of those details, and his first day's bag distinguished him forever as the troop shot. All day he was away and the remainder of the group lying in the cool, heard his repeated shots and made no effort to get mess, thinking with watering mouths and empty stomachs of the innumerable quail at supper. And just at sunset appeared Dazy, a triumphant smile on his face, bearing in one hand a wood pecker and in the other an English sparrow. The post-office detail furnished a variety of amusing experiences. The four men sent to guard this property soon discovered that sorting mail and grading it, occupied but a small portion of their time, so they soon latched them of many little New York innovations which would rejuvenate Monte Cristo, and make of it a second wicked Gotham.

For example: There was the Sterling cocktail. Oh, brilliant! Ed Hamilton, many are the weary, hike-worn infantrymen who will bless you for that remarkable concoction! A thrilling combination of the National Drink (you are welcome, Mr. Welch for the advertisement) lemon juice and many other flavors whose secret Ed will always carefully guard made up this restorative. No one knows how many thousands were sold, but, in the heart of doughboys throughout the land there is a sense of gratitude to Ed. And this was only one of the inventions which brought fame to Troop D and business to Monte Cristo.

The station guard was a pleasing detail. Working in shifts which gave each man two hours on and four hours off, the men found ample opportunity to sit in the cool of the hotel piazza, and swapping village gossip with the townspeople. And let us here dedicate a vote of eternal gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery whose hospitality was the finishing touch to the week at Monte Cristo. The sentry at post No. 3 of the station guard, if he happened to be on duty from 3 to 5, had the interesting opportunity of seeing the infantry regiments pass through on their way to and from Laguna Seca. Being a cavalryman, he naturally looked with amazement upon persons who could walk eleven miles on their own two feet and appear at the end of it singing, "What the Hell Do We Care," with an air of complete abandon and a freshness of expression that would have astonished our horses themselves.

Many were the rumors he gleaned from the passing of the doughboys. "Home in a week," cheerfully shouted the man from the Second. "Christmas at McAllen," waited someone from the 14th. "Mexico to-morrow," said one from the 69th. Till the guard felt quite at home and half believed himself back in camp. But always there was the same greeting from the doughboys: "Pretty soft for you guys!" And the guard after his two hour shift was not quite so certain of the meaning of this insinuation, but as his eyes wandered down the muddy leggings, and up to

the perspiring face, understood and returned somewhat shamefacedly to his military manner and walked his post with more alertness than before.

But the most exciting detail was the horse herding. Anyone has seen Mel Spencer galloping in circles after a dozen clopping horses or Charlie Frieder astride a naked mustang feverently driving a flying wedge into a herd of frantic bronchos would pronounce Troop D the finest of Texan cowboys. And towering above it all, mounted on the redoubtable "Justice," the winner of twenty-two blue ribbons, was the commanding figure of Sergeant Blodgett. Some say that the other horses were so green with jealousy of Justice that they straightway instituted a stampede. Others say the artistic temperament of the Sergeant began an epidemic of stampeding among the other steeds. Others say there was no stampede. But these are matters which must be locked in the bosom of the Sergeant, for he refuses to be interviewed.

In closing, let us not forget Charlie Frieder, the guiding spirit of the mess, who could, with a wave of his magic wand change army rations into a Shanley table d' hote (cabaret and all), and his able assistants, Breit, Carter, Steen and the Q. M. Department.

Barring mosquitoes, and flooded tents, all of Troop D was quite happy and came back in a very cheerful frame of mind to a camp which had vastly improved in their absence.

Drills are daily improving and the horses are no longer in the least alarmed by pistols shot off their backs.

Shooting practice has been held for most of the troops at Sharyland range, and some excellent scores have resulted. Pistol scores average on the whole higher than rifle.

The machine gun troop is sojourning for a week at Penitas for machine gun and pistol practice.

The persistent habit of machine gun mules of gnawing their halter shanks has caused them to be chained to the lines. This will bring about more quiet in the night time, say we, at least until the mules learn to eat their way through the picket line. Try more oats, Sergeant JUAN; the mule must live, sir, and hemp rope at best is indigestible.

Jack Agar in San Antonio hospital wires that his finger is perfectly O. K., and why won't they let him out to enjoy the town?

Charlie Frieder says it's a lie about that kerosene in those potatoes, and that our tastes are so coarsened we can no longer distinguish Delmonico seasoning from the coal tar products. Pill Carson's water on the knee is all dried up. Bill is fatter, though, for the experience, and he come back with so many tales about hospital diet that a startling rise in the temperatures of his squad has been noted. Your correspondent, for one, can't say enough for Doc. Winslow's corn bread.

We all eat rumors alive here, but we have learned that just because the major goes to Brownsville in an automobile, it doesn't mean that we are all going to New York the minute he returns.

3rd AMBULANCE CO.

Friends of Sergt. Albert Dreyfus, who left the ranks of the "3rd" on August 15th, on a physical disability discharge, will be glad to know that he is resting comfortably at his home at 230 West 99th Street, New York City, and while still confined to his bed a large part of the time, is well on the way to recovery.

The "3rd" now has a well trained and well equipped pack section, consisting of four 3-year-old mules and five horses. The men detailed to handle this section are as follows: Sergt. Bolin, Privates Al. Manning, Clarence O'Neill, Henry Strebe and George Austin.

Private Hugh Ramsey has been appointed driver in the place of Private John Fleming, who is receiving his discharge on account of dependent relatives.

The boys of the "3rd" are adopting a scheme for sending home surplus baggage. It consists of packing all such things as extra uniforms, shoes, hats and other things not needed on the trip home, into boxes by tent squads. These boxes are shipped directly to the armory at 66th Street, where each may get his own belongings on arrival. This eliminates much expense in shipping separate boxes, and takes care of much extra weight which would otherwise be carried by the soldier. This idea, originating with Musician Tracy of the "3rd's" spreading rapidly as new reports of going home become known.

The Art Editor wishes to express through the columns of The Rattler his hearty appreciation of a meal consisting of crackers, cheese and fried rattlesnake, which was served by the boys of the "7th" Medical Corps on the evening of Monday, September 4. Contrary to the general opinion, the meat, dipped in batter and fried in deep fat was extremely sweet and delectable. Found: In the ranks of the 3rd Ambulance Co., Count Antonio Guiseppe DeLiscio of the ancient house of DeLiscio in Italy. The count says he is here to study modern warfare, and is much pleased with our methods. "In Italy," he says, "they do not progress; they still fight with guns that kill. But in America, Ah, it is grand. They

(Continued on Page Eight.)

The Kodak Studio

located near the 71st Y. M. C. A. Camp in McAllen has on sale

The new Ingersoll Army and Navy luminous dial wrist Watch, fully guaranteed by the Ingersoll Co. at \$4.00.

S. & W. Army & Navy Special seven jewel, nickel case, luminous dial wrist watch, with extra strap and crystal fully guaranteed \$8.00.

Luminous dial Swiss made pocket watch, guaranteed by the Knickerbocker Watch Co. N. Y. \$3.00.

Extra wrist straps of tan leather .25c

The new Eastman No. 00 Premo Film Camera, making a picture size 1 1/4 by 1 3/4; easily carried anywhere \$1.00. Films for above camera 2 rolls (6 exposures each) .25c.

Above goods can be sent parcel post, c. o. d. and money will be returned if same are not satisfactory.

What you want, When you want it

Our stock of everything in the hardware line is most complete and our goods are standard quality throughout. Prompt and able service at all times.

How's your jack-knife, Bill? Don't be without a good blade in your pocket. We have all kinds, also saws, hammers, screwdrivers. All material for screening in your tent.

You know our store. Come in.

GREGORY & CARDWELL

McAllen, Texas

The Best 40,000 Acre Ranch In the Magic Valley

FOR SALE

An abundance of grass. Artesian water from four artesian wells on the property. Also 16 shallow wells for stock. Never dry. Ranch contains 25,000 acres open prairie, now carrying about 5,000 head of white faced and poled cattle. Exceptional opportunity for investment. If sold at once can deliver for a ridiculously low price.

Get into communication with E. W. Keyes, Box 112 Mission, Texas.

Delmonico Jr. Cafe--McAllen

Best place for eats

Try our Steaks

Two doors south of Commercial Hotel, McAllen.

Allison & Allison, Props

"Quedara satisfecho todo mundo"

Buy your groceries and clothing supplies from:

Rodriguez & Co.

One block this side of Main Street, McAllen. Our big sunny store contains fresh fruits, bandanas, tan shirts, socks, towels, underwear and hardware. Prices low. We speak English.

Right across from Crow's lumber yard.

Come in, you will be pleased.

WHEN ON A HIKE

(Or Joyride) stop at the

POST BROS. & KREIDLER

Soda Fountain Ice Cream Cold Drinks

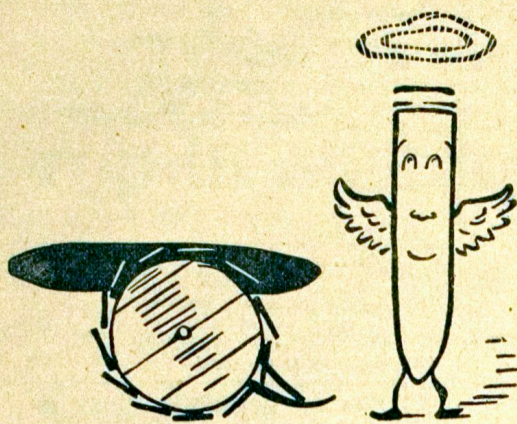
South of Picture Show Pharr, Texas

PRIVATE HOOCH, The Only Plattsburgh Rookie on the Border

By Dreher



Is TOM KEENE for
"Peace at any price?"



No. Preparedness for a good smoke and a half hour's solid Peace for 5c.

The price of that Presado Blend is divided by so many cigars that Tom Keene can be sold for only 5c. Come on in—the smoking's fine!



TOM KEENE
the cigar with that
Presado Blend

Yup, left here last Monday at midnight and went down as far as Ascension, 60 miles, as guard on a truck train. Got back Saturday night about 9:00 o'clock and was almost a wreck. That trip will certainly pull anyone's cork."

"Our 1st Lieut. was detailed to the truck trains. Well, immediately every one in our company wanted him to take them with him when he went, but he said the first couple of trips would be merely as a passenger, and he would have to say about selecting the guard. After that, he would probably go in command of a train, and then he could pick some of the guards from our company. He was scheduled to make his first trip on a train leaving here a week ago to-night, and just before taps, (11 o'clock) came to the company street and said he wanted two men to go. Well, he picked another man from my squad and myself, and we got our things together in jig-time and hustled over to the starting point just about in time to leave. I don't know how he happened to pick us, except that, as I am Corporal of the first squad, and as the company is arranged according to height, I have the biggest men in it and I guess that trip called for a husky alright. We only went so far as the Border Monday night, and waited from about 1:30 until daylight. Then we started for Las Palomas, eight miles below the line, and arrived there about 7 in the morning, after a heartbreaking trip over the poorest excuse of a road I ever saw. And the alkali dust from a train of 37 big motor trucks, 3 tank cars and a repair car I'll leave to your imagination. We unloaded a couple of trucks here, (there is a small detachment of 11th Cavalry at Las Palomas) and left about 10 o'clock for Espia, which we made, by great good fortune the same night. And the road from Columbus to Las Palomas is a boulevard compared to the wreck of a turnpike which runs the rest of the way.

We camped at Espia Tuesday night, and got started late Wednesday a. m. for the rest of the trip, and pulled into the camp at Ascension about 11 o'clock Wednesday night. The going is awful slow and the roads simply indescribable, they have been worn so by the truck trains and were poor enough before that.

Made better time coming back, as we did not have to wait for any trucks to be unloaded anywhere. We left Ascension at daylight Friday, camped near Espia that night and got back to Columbus at 9 p. m. Saturday. And you should have seen yours truly. I lost my hat early in the game and wore a red bandana gypsy fashion around my head. I was caked with dust, and every time I stepped, it looked like some one beating a carpet. I would have had a picture taken if we had gotten in the daylight, although I was so tired the only thing I could think about was bed. At Ascension Thursday night I got the only sleep I had

on the entire trip, as it is utterly impossible to sleep on those trucks in the daytime, and nights we were doing guard duty. I didn't take my clothes off from the time we started until we returned. Most of the fellows who made the full trip, that is, clear to Colonia Dublin, where General Pershin's headquarters are, say they have to throw away their clothes when they get back, but I guess mine will be all right after a washing. Saturday night I stopped only long enough to take a shower (delicious) and get something to eat, and then piled onto my cot and stayed there until Sunday noon. Then I got up, shaved, put on clean clothes, and felt little the worse for my experience, except that I was awful stiff and sore from the jolting and jouncing, and my fingers were still cramped from holding on.

"While I think of it I'll put in my order for the first meal I'll have when I get home—whether its breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner or supper. A great big three layer chocolate cake and a vanilla nut cake with nice white frosting; a freezer of rich, yellow homemade ice cream, a horrible big kettle roast, brown gravy, mashed potatoes, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, corn and asparagus and lemonade and anything else you can think of; and the table all set nice, and somebody else will have to wash the dishes when we get through."

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY, LAD.

By Clarence Cisin,
Private, Battery C, 2nd Field Artillery.

When you wake up in the morning
And the bugle's shrilling loud
And you can't stop your yawning,
And the sky's a huge dark cloud;
While your limbs are cramped and
aching,
And you're feeling mighty bad
With your neck so stiff and breaking—
Why, you're in the army, lad.

And you hustle out about half dressed
To be lined up for call.
And while shaking off a clinging pest
Slip in some mud and fat;
And stand around and curse a while,
Just feeling mean and mad
'Till your sense of humor makes you
smile—
Why, you're in the army, lad.

And each day's like the one before,
And the next will be the same;
While life itself becomes a bore,
And dangerous things seem tame;
When there's someone you're a longing
for
And your very soul seems sad
'Cause you can't see her for three
months more—
Why, you're in the army, lad.

ARMY HORSE IS ON RETIRED LIST

Earns Veteran's Honors and Goes on Retired List

STORY OF FOXHALL, ARMY HORSE

Guardsmen who are seeing the Southwest for the first time have not ceased to be impressed by the strange customs of the Texans, and the tender sentiments hidden away in their hearts are strangely contagious. One militiaman told a touching tribute paid to an army horse at Fort Sam Houston in a letter to his family here recently, says the New York Times. At the time he was convalescent at the army hospital, having had a slight attack of fever. The letter said in part, "With in easy walking distance of the Fort is a grave, marked by a small tombstone, on which is carved:

Foxhall, Faithful Army Horse,
Died Jan 10, 1916, at the Age of 38.

"This legend is followed by a brief history of the horse's faithful service and the unusual honor he enjoyed after retirement.

"Foxhall was the only animal on the retired list of the army. He was retired in 1913 by Secretary Garrison for twenty-four years of meritorious service, including campaigns in Cuba and Porto Rico, and an overland march of 1,000 miles from Fort Riley to Fort Sam Houston. Secretary Garrison directed that the horse be attached to Battery A, Third Field Artillery, for care and maintenance, contrary to the usual practice of selling army horses when they are condemned.

"In 1889, when Foxhall was 12 years of age, he was purchased for the army at San Francisco. He was assigned to Light Battery K, First Artillery, and at various times served with Light Battery F, Fifth Artillery, in Cuba and Porto Rico, in the Quartermaster's Department, again in Light Battery F, Third Artillery, and in Sixth Battery, Field Artillery, and finally with Battery A, Third Artillery. In the latter part of 1904 and in 1905 he was used for hauling supplies from the commissary and Quartermaster storehouses and the post bakery to the Battery kitchen.

"He would make these rounds daily without a driver. Each morning the stableman would hitch Foxhall to his cart and start him off from the Battery kitchen. There the cook would place

in the cart a note of the supplies needed for the day, and Foxhall would proceed to the commissary, the butcher shop, the post bakery, and then return to the Battery kitchen. At each place he would back the cart up to the door, and at the bakery he would be rewarded with a small loaf of bread, refusing to leave the spot until he had been served.

"When the battery was transferred from Fort Riley to Fort Sam Houston, Foxhall marched overland with the outfit, arriving apparently as fresh as the younger horses, though he was then 9 years old, and it was a 1,000-mile trip, made at regular army marching speed.

"During the last few months of his life, Foxhall failed rapidly. He had barely enough strength to climb the hill from the stable to the battery kitchen to get his morning ration of bread. Finally he contracted a bad cold, which threatened pneumonia, and the officers decide to put the animal to death. The soldiers are all devoted to the memory of the horse and very proud to relate the history of his career."

BRIEFS.

The Drum Corps of the 7th will certainly know all about plain and fancy drumming by the time they reach the North; if there is anything left of the drums.

General's Wilson's Brigade is the only one of the three having completed rifle and pistol practice, the 74th Infantry finishing last week. Owing to the rainy season a few weeks ago and the recent "hikes," the 14th and 71st Regiments of Infantry did not make practice.

White Rock and White Wings were served at officers' mess at McAllen last week.

"Safety first." Seventy-First home first.
The "Magic Valley" isn't getting any rain at present, and likewise not many fresh vegetables; not much fresh fruit and very few fresh eggs. If this "Magic" spell could be lifted from the "Valley" perhaps the residents and squatters could obtain more of the sunshine of life in the good eatable things grown in other communities, not "magic."

You couldn't really call an automobile ride a "joy ride" in Texas.

The Signal Corps, commanded by our genial friend Major William L. Hallahan, is doing effective business with their radio station at McAllen. It's a busy station, too.

An exchange says that the American army rifle has not been changed since 1893—23 years ago, and the time is ripe for a drop to a still smaller bore.

Officer: "What would you do if you were asked to 'order arms'?"
Recruit (from rural districts): "Send for a Chicago mail order catalogue."
—Puck.

WANTED—A man in each National Guard unit on the border to act as agent for "The Camp Toilet Kit." Very liberal commission. THE CAMP TOILETKIT CO. INC., 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

FROM CORPORAL REAGAN'S LETTER HOME

Major Allan Reagan's son, a corporal in the 2nd Infantry, Massachusetts National Guard writes:
"Almost feel as tho I were home again. For I've been into Mexico!

A Message for You---

When that big longing comes for a change from the daily sameness in mess rations, try **Grape-Nuts**--a delicious food with a mansize smacking flavor that goes to the spot, and Satisfies

Grape-Nuts

is a concentrated food--the entire nutriment of whole wheat and barley in small bulk. Its high energy value, and ease of digestion--generally in about one hour--make Grape Nuts unparalleled as a hot weather food. It nourishes and refreshes without heating the system.

Grape-Nuts comes ready to eat, protected from moisture, flies and other enemies, in wax-sealed packages. Even under severest conditions the crisp, nut-like granules keep fresh and delicious a long time. It is not affected by proximity to other foods.

Grape-Nuts makes for health, comfort and pleasure---and every table should have its daily ration of this delightful food.

"There's a Reason"

Ask your commissary or grocer.



PALACE OF SWEETS

The place the officers come to for their soda water. We serve full measure steins of rootbeer, and all ice cream drinks as you like to have them served.

Drop in any time Our new 600-gallon freezer is now in operation. We can supply you with wholesale ice cream of the finest quality at the lowest rates.

Deliveries in McAllen. Place your order now for tonight's supper. All flavors, always the best.

MISSION, - - - TEXAS

New York's Finest Regiment Comes to Mission's Finest Store

Mansur's Grocery in Mission invites all supply sergeants of the 7th Infantry to place their orders for groceries here. We are feeding several companies of the 7th and 12th and 1st Field Artillery regularly, and also shipping supplies daily to the 2nd and 69th at Sterling's Ranch. We believe in fair prices and goods sold in quantity lots. Stop in at "the Grocery on the Corner" and we guarantee you satisfaction in every order you bring.

Mansur's Grocery
The Store That Deals in Fairness

Mission - - - Texas

Hayes-Sammons Hdwe. Co.

Catering Especially to McAllen trade

Our fair prices and complete stock of everything that soldiers want have brought us orders from every regiment in McAllen

We are prepared to fill all orders for practically everything in your line, saddles, holsters, guns, knives, gun-oil, ammunition, cutlery, roping, dishes, tinware, lanterns, pitchers, buckets, fly-swatters, etc.

As long as the New York Division stays in the Magic Valley, you will be welcome in the big hardware store in Mission.

HAYES-SAMMONS HARDWARE CO. MISSION, TEXAS

JANUARY & STORMS

Gents' Furnishings
Headquarters for Spiral Leggings

Cleaning & Pressing

MAIN STREET
McAllen, Texas

FIRST STATE BANK OF
McALLEN
(A GUARANTY BANK)

Resources one quarter million
We are glad to place our facilities at your disposal and assure you of courteous and intelligent treatment.

We solicit accounts of \$100 and over.

FIRST STATE BANK OF
McALLEN

McAllen, - Texas
R. E. Horn, Cashier
D. W. Glasscock, Pres. F. G. Crow, V. P.

2ND FIELD ARTILLERY STAGE BOUTS

The weekly collection of bouts at the 2nd Field Artillery last week from a spectacular standpoint were certainly full of thrills, combined with soft music and birdlike song. The fights were not of the best, but for mixing it up, the crowd got lots of action. "Battlin' Ryan and 'Cactus' Wadsworth started it off with a three round affair, lots of plugging but little skill. After battling the full quota, Wadsworth seemed to have the shade. Right here the action started, a couple of light weights, Green and Wolkin staged a real go. Both men were full of fight, and it was a disappointed crowd when Wolkin had to stop in the second round on account of an injury to his hand. "Red" Ries and Teitz started another five rounds, but this only lasted half a round for which Teitz is probably very thankful. In the next fest Broadfield and Leonard qualified as wonderful dancers. They were accompanied by the band with the Merry Widow Waltz and Hearts and Flowers. They showed everyone that one does not necessarily have to be a boxer to put on boxing gloves. The laugh getters of the evening were Koppland and Sans with their "Tin can" fight. Both were blindfolded, on one hand a boxing glove and on the other, a tin can, which was used, by sound, to locate one another. This fight brought much individual fighting and a military funeral would have been in order if either of the boys had landed. Next week's program promises to be bigger and better.

News Sent in by Our Division Units.

2ND AMBULANCE COMPANY.
It has often been said "self praise is no praise at all." So the 2nd Ambulance Company of Rochester has always refrained from seeking newspaper publicity. Nevertheless it seems that it is only fair to the other ambulance companies to correct the impression that the Fourth Ambulance Co. is the only one doing any work while on the Border. The First Ambulance Company of Binghamton took exception to the article boosting the Syracuse crowd last week and the Second wishes to add their word of protest. While at camp Whitman the Second Ambulance was glad to loan the Fourth Ambulance some of their best men as drivers and instructors and are always ready and willing to help a green company to become real soldiers, but they don't think knocking is the proper return for good will.

While our esteemed brother company has been carrying patients from Camp McAllen to the railroad station, a task which they performed well, as no first aid work was required the Second Ambulance Company has had a detachment of nineteen (19) men under command of Lieut. Alfred F. Carresbar, stationed at Edinburg to care for the various regiments out on their hikes.

In addition to these men at Edinburg, one ambulance with Private "Mike" Keating and Private John P. Kelly were detailed to accompany the 3rd Regiment.

One ambulance with Privates Lawrence Turner and C. W. Bishop went with the 74th Regiment and one ambulance with Privates George Smith and George Zimmerman covered the distance with the 23rd Regiment.

During their spare time the ambulance men have converted their camp at Pharr into a park and have named it Ambulance Park. All sorts of tropical shrubbery and plants are to be found in Ambulance Park and several palms and cacti relieve the glare on the desert sand along the company street or "Ambulance Ave."

The City of Rochester, N. Y. where the Second Ambulance makes its home is famed far and near for its system of parks and it is only proper that its sons should try to imitate their fair city in their camp on the scorching Texas sands.

The men of the Second bid goodbye to their Rochester brothers of companies A, G. and H., 3rd Inf. on Thursday last. How soon the other two Rochester organizations will follow nobody knows at this writing, but, though moisture came to the eyes of many as the 3rd Infantry band marched out playing "Home Sweet Home" not a man would go home without "the bunch" if he were given a chance.

Several boxes of good and useful things have been received from the Second Ambulance Auxiliary and the patients' friends which have been greatly appreciated by the boys.—E. M. O.

2ND FIELD ARTILLERY.
The regular Saturday evening performance of the 2nd Field Artillery was held last week on the Regiment's new boxing ring, which was built for entertainment purposes by the Supply Sergeant, W. B. Love. An excellent attendance of the soldiers added to the pleasure of the evening, and the program was exceptional. One feature was an exhibition of shadow boxing by the challenger of "Sailor" Brennan of the 1st Field. The Battery E man did some excellent work. It is evident from the success of these entertainments so far, and from the fact that they are attracting new talent continually, that the weekly regimental night of pleasure will be continued and will perhaps form the basis for a regimental entertainment committee to forward an annual or semi-annual event for the coming winter in the city. Next week's bouts will be held.

The program was as follows:
Overture Band
Songs Sergt. Dave Allen
Recitations Corp'l. Tenny
Selection Ban.
Sextette Rosie, the News Girl
Scotch Songs Priv. Briggs
Selection Band
Monologue Sergt. Sherlo
Selection Band
Songs Priv. Donnelly
Monologue Priv. Cowles, R. L.
Selections Band
Songs Priv. Brophy
Double Clog Doyle & Schmaeae
Selection Band
Nut Fight, 1 round, Seibold & Charland
Song and Dance Zimmerman & McGuire
Selection Ban.
Song Priv. Reiel
Final Good Night Ladies
W. B. LOVE, Stage Manager.
Regimental Supply Sergt.

12TH INFANTRY
Back from the big hike! Back from a record-breaking performance! Full of just pride, conscious of having deserved their Colonel's praise, and above all perfectly aware that their splendid showing was no more than what was fully expected by everybody who knows them—such is the attitude of the men, now that they are back "home" in the once thorny, then muddy, but now comfortable semi-permanent camp. "Home" it was, after the nightly bivouacs in shelter tents. "Home" it was, with shower buildings up and a hundred and one other improvements to greet their sight. And "Welcome Home" it was, in foot-high letters on improvised triumphal arches or less portentous signboards hastily erected at the head of each company street by the evicted men left behind to welcome their fortunate comrades.

That homecoming will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it or took part in it. Though tired from a twelve mile march, toward the end of which they had to break through a sector secured by the Seventh Regiment in the morning's outpost problem; though weary from ten days of such field work, the men marched into camp as though returning from an easy drill. There was no dragging, no shuffling, no panting, no muttering, no slouching, on the contrary, every head was erect, every step firm, and every chest out.

But the experience had left its marks not only on the character of each and every hiker but upon his features. Many faces were drawn, many covered with a wild growth of beard. Uniforms and equipment were dusty, and shoes were muddy. The spectator was strongly reminded of a winning varsity eleven entering the locker room after a hard-fought game.

No company at first wanted anything in The Rattler but the mention that not one of its men had quit, that the Colonel had complimented them so many times, that in the problems in minor tactics it had made the best showing etc. To report all these verbal contributions would make the 12th Infantry notes monotonous, and this was pointed out to the bright ones in each company but the invariable reply was that while other companies might profit from appearing in print, that particular company would lose. Under the circumstances, obtaining little bits of tittle-tattle was like extracting teeth, which accounts for the scantiness of this week's company notes:

HEADQUARTERS CO.—The three Sergeant Majors, who hardly ever rode before the hike, have now become accomplished horsemen. But what a price in suffering they paid!

MACHINE GUN CO.—Capt. Scott, like his English namesake, decided to head an expedition. So he took some of our chauffeurs and proceeded to Hartlingen last Thursday. By Friday evening the explorers had succeeded in discovering, capturing and leading alive into camp five fierce-looking gray monsters, known as Ford transport trucks, part of the company's equipment. On Monday morning these and the Lewis guns attracted a great deal of attention at regimental inspection.

CO. A.—The members of the company usually march right behind the band. On the last day of the hike they were puzzled to hear "pay call" played as a marching tune.

CO. B.—One member's wife sent her photograph in which she posed holding a rolling pin in one hand and a cleaver in the other. That man's enlistment had expired the day this work of art was brought by mail, but he promptly re-enlisted for another three years.

CO. D.—Sergeant Schoendorf while on night guard at Sterling's ranch made the mistake which had been made 683,524 times before on the Border—taking two burros for a gang of bandits.

CO. E.—Sergeant Mallery's is gaining weight since he has been relieved from the M. P. This is due to his abstinence from hops.

CO. G.—Corporal Rittreiser deserves exclusive mention this week. While on the hike he was not only tireless and ever cheerful, but he managed to carry two men's packs besides his own, to prevent their caving in altogether.

CO. H.—The men all finished the hike in fine style, although water was mighty scarce. One man deserves honorable mention: Clerk Harry did not drink a drop of water while marching. He had a full canteen when camp was reached. Hats off to him.

CO. I.—The chief topic of conversation is the shooting of a pig by a sentry one night, and the resulting fresh ham, pork chops, etc.

CO. M.—Top Sergt. Hicks and Sergt. Wagner managed to take their showers regularly on the hike. Good soldiers! Same for Cooks Ziegler and Wolfe, whose fires never were put out by the fierce rains. The men are starting a petition to be sent on a hike of their own, they enjoyed themselves so much.—B.

FIRE IN McALLEN

CHECKED BY M. P.
Last Saturday night Main Street, McAllen, was the scene of a small-sized conflagration that destroyed the tent kitchen in the back of the new restaurant.

Shortly before "taps" a gasoline stove under the canvas roof had the bad grace to back fire and explode. In a few moments the kitchen was filled with burning petrol. The alarm was quickly sounded in the old fire house, but the vamps must have all been away on an excursion for no one was there to heed the call. Fortunately the headquarters of the Military Police are close by and under the leadership of Lieut. Morgan the reserves deserted their comfortable cots and ran to the rescue, dragging the hose-car and the chemical engine behind them.

In a few minutes the fire was under control and McAllen rested easier, for at first the entire block of buildings on Main Street was threatened by the blaze. The damage was confined entirely to the kitchen where \$200 worth of supplies was destroyed.

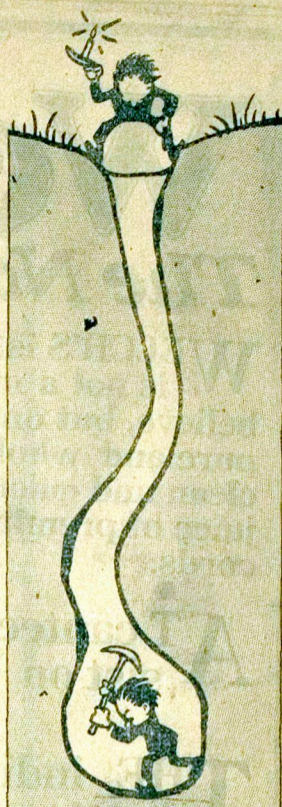
The Military Police can add another notable deed to the long list of their worthy accomplishments. The fire-fighting episode goes a little further to prove that we possess in the New York Division the most active and efficient body of soldier police to be found anywhere on the border.

HIKING SONG.
(Air, principally alkali.)
Hike and dust, and hike and dust,
Hiking is a case of must.
Hike, you doughboys, hike or bust—
Doggone it!

Beer and highballs far away,
Just forget it—and sashay,
For we're here, and here to stay—
Doggone it!
—H. G. H.
—Chicago Tribune.

A RAP—SODY.
(By a Homeward Bounder.)
We left the home of cactus for the land of sugar cane,
The beautiful (?) senoritas we shall never see again;
The roads of mud, the dust, the flies,
The bugs that have no name,
Beautiful to look at, but they sting you just the same,
I hear my country calling, but the call comes not from thee—
So farewell to McAllen, with your boots and M. P's.

MISSING—LOUIS GERLTS
Who has seen Louis Gerlts, the genial manager of the Gerlts' Pool Room and the McAllen Hotel? Three weeks ago he promised to advertise in The Rattler. He has not been heard from since.



Down in the farthest corner of the country—even in McAllen—you can get

STERLING GUM
Sterling is the gum with that velvety body. Try it on those long hikes.
Sterling Gum
The 7-point gum
PEPPERMINT - RED WRAPPER
CINNAMON - BLUE WRAPPER

ROOTBEER!



The New York WORLD of Sunday September 4th comments on the fact that the Royal Cream Parlor sells "a thousand mugs of Rootbeer a day."

You boys who have visited Mission and tasted our Rootbeer will be a long time forgetting it.

All of you who have the chance, we invite you to come and fill your mugs with our exclusive and noteworthy product Mission's big seidel of peerless Rootbeer.

Royal Cream Parlor
S. P. Keith, Prop.

THE RATTLER

A Rattling Good Newspaper for

5c.

YOUR PAPER

Welch's

The National Drink

WELCH'S is healthful. It's a natural tonic. It is not a manufactured drink, not a make believe, but one of Nature's inimitable products pure and wholesome. The Welch Process is clean and quick and gives you the unchanged juice of premium price New York State Concord.

AT canteens and soda fountains insist on Welch's

THE individual "Junior" bottle sells for ten cents. Add water, plain or charged, for a long drink.

SEE THAT IT IS COLD.

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE COMPANY,

Westfield, N. Y.



Hammond Lumber Company

We carry a full line of moulding, cypress and other material useful in building anything from mess shacks to clothes boxes, etc.

Call in and let us fix you up the same as you were at home. We want to see you.

Hammond Lumber Co. McAllen, Texas.

Pure Cream---Pure Flavors

Pure Drugs

The Model Pharmacy specializes in purity. Everything that crosses our counter is of the highest excellence only.

Our fountain service is unsurpassed in McAllen, because we serve from clean glasses, deliver prompt service and have plenty of men behind the counter.

Also the most complete line of drugs and sundries in McAllen. Come and inspect our line.

Model Pharmacy

McALLEN, TEXAS

TREATING SNAKE BITES IN FIELD

First-Aid Antidotes for Insect and Snake Bites

EXPERT ADVICE TO MEN IN ARMY

(By R. C. Williams, Troop I, 1st Cavalry.)

Most of our ten headed, thousand legged, exclusively unwelcome little visitors that seared us stiff and sent cold chills rippling up our spine when we first arrived, have proved to be about equally dangerous as the Northern angle worm.

The terrible, furry-limbed tarantula, that leaps from the ground straight to your face, instantly inflicting a mortal wound; or the nimble, long-tailed, double-jointed scorpion, that thrusts his carefully pointed, razor-edged tail into you as you sleep are equally deadly! Or the many legged, man-killing centipede that sears like fire are all getting more docile as we get better acquainted.

The remarkable stories concerning these insects, as told by a man, who once knew a man, who was bitten by one, are said to have caused nightmares and sleepless nights to many freshly arrived, credulous guardsmen. What man hasn't viciously swatted an inoffensive identification tag or a loose hat cord that dangled round his neck momentarily expecting a death-dealing thrust.

The first authentic story that greeted us on our arrival in camp, was to the effect that a dreaded asp had chased the cook. Then we heard how a horse had puffed up and died after being bitten by a tarantula. The horse certainly resembled a Zeppelin, alright, but why blame the tarantula? Nobody really saw it bite the horse.

The poor animal died of blood poisoning, undoubtedly, but no wonder, the flies were in all probability the real criminals.

Were an epidemic to break out, the fly would be the real peril. Born in a refuse or dump pile. His daintiest morsels, our most filthy waste. Clearly spots the ban of his existence! Although his life is not lengthy, he leaves sufficient off spring to carry on the noble work. The work consists in the main of daily flights from dump piles, picket lines, sick horses, tents and kitchens, and then back again to the refuse pile, but a few of them try at the hospital tents.

The scorpion, which everyone recognizes as a small, pointed-tail crayfish, possesses a sting on the very tip of that tail, not much worse than that of an ordinary bee. The stinging substance, or poison is a formate, or of the formic acid family. The pain of the bee sting is also due to an injection of this same organic acid. The sting smarts and sets up an irritation, but the infection is usually due to rubbing or scratching with unclean fingernails. A good and always available home remedy in this district is to at once place a small daub of mud on the sting. Don't, however, neglect antiseptic precautions of treatment, if it is obtainable. This soil or adobe mud should be especially good, as it is highly alkaline, and possesses considerable drawing power, due to the aluminum contents.

Our tarantula or giant hairy spider is not the far-famed, more poisonous insect known since ancient times. The native habitat of the true tarantula is Spain, and not this or any other part of the Mexican border. There are a great many varieties of spider, however, native to this part of the country. Most of them, large and small, are industrious, harmless little insects, nocturnal in their habits, and like fly-eating snakes, somewhat of a boon to man. Even though most of the species are harmless, and of the trap-door family, bites from them might cause an irritation and source of infection, hence medical attention would not be out of place. In nine cases out of ten, the doctor will not treat for the injected alkaloid, but for exterior contamination or infection that might result from an unclean skin surface, clothing, etc. This, of course, excludes a depressing heart action, due to fear, excitement, shock, etc.

If a person is scared, this is bound to happen. People have died of the shock resulting from harmless garter snake bites. There has been many lengthy discussions on the merits of whiskey. The consensus of opinion seems to be, if you take it at all, take a lot. Not only will it excite a stronger heart action, but will carry one past all realization of fear. Many old timers exploit heroic tales, of slitting a wound, filling it with gun powder, and touching it off with a match, thereby causing efficient cauterization! Following this procedure, the first thing to do would be to draw off all the blood from the body, as wet powder don't burn very well.

If the bite is on the upper or lower limbs, a tourniquet bandage should be applied several inches from the wound, and of course on the side nearest the trunk. The bandage might be made from a handkerchief or a hat cord, and tightened up with a stick, pencil, tent-peg, etc. This would not only prevent the infection from spreading, but also raise the blood pressure at that point but aid in the squeezing out the infected blood. In all cases, the wound should be slit at right angles, with a clean knife. Our knives which are always carried in soiled clothing, are in extremely poor condition for surgical work. A rusty blade should not be used and even a clean one ought to be flamed several times with a match.

For dressing the wound, almost any strong disinfectant would suffice, viz., iodine 6 per cent; potassium permanganate solution or even the crystalline calcium hypochlorite, commonly known as chloride of lime or bleaching powder, usually handy in a military camp, and a weak solution could well be used. In the absence of all medical agents, the wound might be sucked free from poison, but the lips of the man doing this must be free from cracks or abrasions, and the teeth and gums should be secured. A pyborreal abscess

"MEN, BE MASTERS OF YOURSELVES"

Major-General O'Ryan Advises Soldiers on the Border

SAGE ADVICE FOR ALL MANKIND.

(By William G. Shepherd, Staff Correspondent of the United Press.)

"We are teaching the youths of all the varied nationalities in the New York regiments that they must be masters of themselves," said Major Gen. John F. O'Ryan, in an interview with the United Press recently.

"My plan has been to make an address to one company in a regiment and I find that youths in that company pass around my ideas even more forcefully than I give them out in the first place.

"I tell them the story of Turenne, who looked down at his own trembling body before a desperate attack, and said 'you tremble carcass, but you would tremble much more if you knew where I am going to take you presently.'

"The New York forces are as alcoholless as the Russian army. We don't permit the guardsmen to drink alcohol in any form, in camp or out of it. We explain to them what alcohol does to a soldier. Our explanation is not an apology for the order. We tell them they are not to drink, because it is orders, but we do find it is best to appeal to their intelligence as well.

"We have the strictest orders in regard to the patronage of immoral resorts. Our men simply don't go to them. They are educated beyond that. Some of the officers told me that the orders regarding alcohol and women were flagrant violations of the laws of personal liberty, but I gave them anyhow and no one seems in any way restricted as to a sane pursuit of happiness."

General O'Ryan, by two orders, has introduced into military affairs a principle which no European military leaders have followed. In every army and navy in Europe, except Russia, alcohol is served with the rations. But in a long trip through the New York camps, conversing with scores of soldiers, I heard not a single complaint against the alcohol ruling.—Mission Times.

RODRIGUEZ & CO., McALLEN.

Are Mexicans good business men? Step into the store of Rodriguez & Co., just across the street from Crow's Lumber Yard, McAllen and see what is probably the largest department store in the whole town. Rodriguez & Co. have built up a big soldier trade through unflinching courtesy and thoroughness in filling orders.

DELMONICO, JR. CAFE.

Just beyond the Commercial Hotel, McAllen, you will find a big tent cafe where Allison & Allison have opened the Delmonico, Jr. Cafe. The Allison, father and son, came to McAllen with wide experience in feeding convention crowds in cities of the east, and are making hay of the hungry appetites among the soldier clientele. Delmonico Cafe is advertised as "the only white man's restaurant in McAllen."

MISSION OPEN AGAIN.

The Rattler is glad to announce that the so-called quarantine which has kept all comers out of Mission for the past week has been lifted, and all who have legitimate business in Mission will find the road as free as the path to Central Park.

This announcement will bring joy to the many mess and supply sergeants who have formed the habit of going to Mission to shop. It will also bring joy to Mr. Elliott H. Roberts of the Palace of Sweets, who sells many hundred gallons of ice cream to the 1st Cavalry every week, and to Mr. Tom Sammons of the big hardware store who sells everything to everybody. Mansur's Grocery and Field Bros also take pleasure in reminding people that they are on the job for big orders and little, and the Royal Cream Parlor has plenty of root beer on tap. On to Mission.

HAMMOND LUMBER CO.

Even though the Government buys lumber on "long" credit, the lumber yards of McAllen are strong believers in advertising. Frank G. Crow "boosts for McAllen" in all his advertising, and Harry H. Hammond of the Hammond Lumber Co. advertises this week in The Rattler, "let us fix you up the same as you were at home." Sounds inviting, doesn't it?

AMERICAN MARKSMEN INVITED.

The rifle enthusiasts of the United States have been tendered an invitation, through the United States Ambassador to Chile, to enter a team in the rifle matches to be held in Pina Del Mar, Chile, on September 17 and 18. The matches will be under the auspices of the National Association of Target Shooting of Chile, and will form a part of the annual festivities of that nation.

RE-ENLISTMENTS IN THE REGULAR ARMY

The War Department has announced that when National Guard Organizations are ordered from the border to home stations, all enlisted men will be authorized to take their discharge if they desire to enlist in the regular army. Such discharges and re-enlistments to take effect in Southern California or within the limits of the Southern Department as the case may be.

FROM THE ARMY

APPROPRIATION BILL

The army appropriation bill contains this provision: "That the sum of \$2,000,000 is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of War, and under such rules and regulations as he may prescribe, for the support of, at a cost of not more than \$50 per month, or so much of said amount as the Secretary of War may deem necessary, and not more than such enlisted man has been contributing monthly to the support of his family at the time of his being called or drafted into the service of the United States or during his enlistment period in the Regular Army at the time of such call or draft of the Organized Militia or National Guard, the family of each enlisted man of the Organized Militia or National Guard called or drafted into the service of the United States until his discharge from such service therein, and the family of each enlisted man of the Regular Army until his discharge from active service therein or until the discharge of the Organized Militia or National Guard from such service if such enlisted man is at that time in active service in the Regular Army, which family during the term of service of such enlisted man has no other income except the pay of such enlisted man, adequate for the support of such family: Provided, That the action of the Secretary of War in all cases provided for in this paragraph shall be final, and no right to prosecute a suit in the Court of Claims or in any other court of the United States against the Government of the United States shall accrue to such enlisted man, or to any member of the family of any such enlisted man, by virtue of the passage of this act: And provided further, That this paragraph shall not apply to any such enlisted man who shall marry after the 15th day of July, 1916; an dthe word 'family' shall include only wife, children, and dependent mothers."

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT.

Sergt. Frank Leach, who drives General O'Ryan's car, is chauffeur and aide to the Public Service Commissioner when on the job in New York. Leach thinks Texas is pretty slow. Back in New York he travels with a loaded gun.

Postmaster-General Makesy who receives and sorts out the headquarter's mail every day, including all those applications for discharge and those letters from tearful parents, has graduated from his position and made mess sergeant of the detachment. He started off the first day with corn flakes for breakfast. More power to you, Mac.

Corpl. Harry F. Wooster says the Government is all right. He is getting his daily letter now without interruption.

Sergt. Dick Kamna and Pvt. "Gyp" Hunt, who have the big distinction of grooming Major Vanderbilt's thoroughbreds, have been transferred to Troop "G" of the 1st Cavalry, same hailing from Uteia. If they ever get lone some for work, both men promise to visit their troop (some time) and attend a drill (perhaps).

Headquarters detachment is prospering under the leadership of Lieut. "Bob" Molyneux and Sergt. Walter Lee of the 1st Cavalry, who are in charge. The detachment even has a nearly completed mess shack, a range and a brand new cook.

There was a fire down in McAllen Saturday night and everyone of the fifty odd orderlies, chauffeurs and clerks of the detachment jumped into the back of a truck and dashed down to see the blaze. In two minutes the camp was deserted. Pretty good practice if there ever comes a surprise attack, yes, no?

WHERE IS McALLEN?

The Editor of the Rattler has often been annoyed because his friends back home think that McAllen is somewhere near San Antonio, or Galveston, or at any place but where it is. So to give you and everybody else a chance to locate the town, we have persuaded the management of the Gulf Coast Lines to reproduce in this paper a map showing the geography of this portion of the State of Texas.

We are indebted to the Gulf Coast Lines in more ways than one for printing this advertisement in The Rattler. Speaking of railroads, Mr. H. W. Pinnick, the General Agent of the Passenger Department, now making his headquarters at McAllen, has arranged a series of special Sunday excursions between army camps in the Brownsville district, beginning last Sunday. Regular train service is used and a special round trip fare equal to a single ticket is offered every Sunday.

The Gulf Coast Lines is doing every thing possible to give the hardened easterners of the New York Division an opportunity to really see Texas. A trip to Brownsville will give you an insight into the way another state conducts its military camp. A trip to Corpus Christi will be a delightful holiday, especially since you can always swim there in the Gulf.

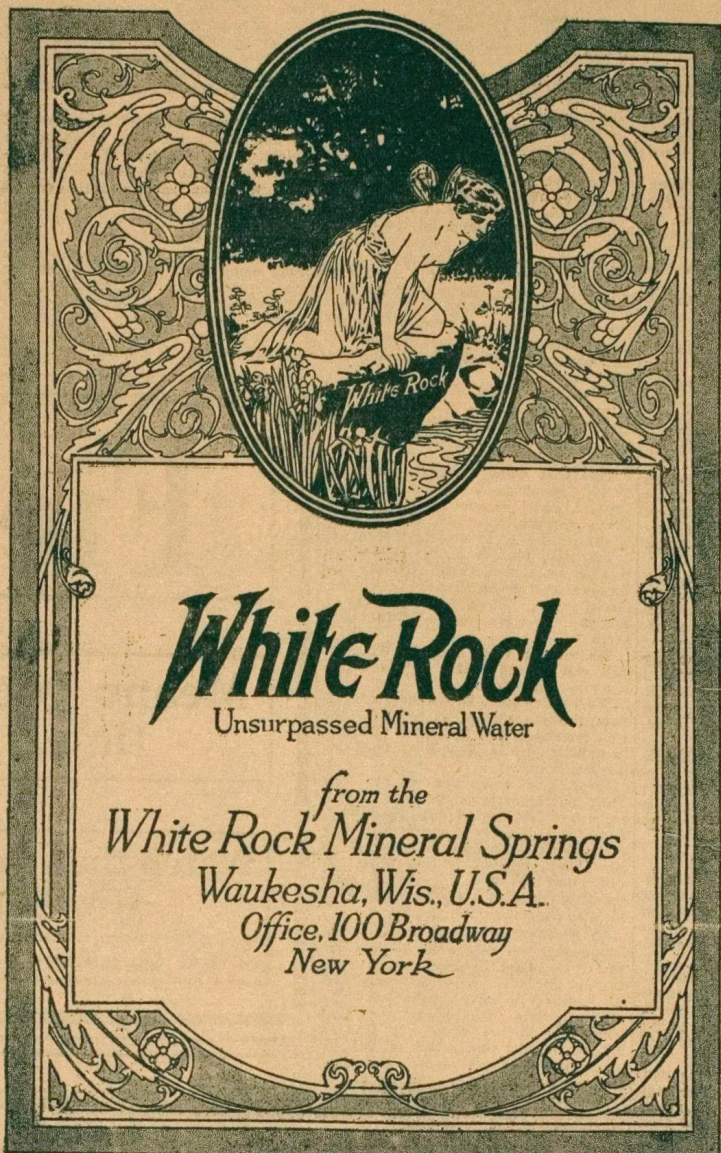
It's a pretty good railroad, this Gulf Coast. As they say "it brought us here, and it will eventually take us home."

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Many of the officers and men now at McAllen and other encampments are drinking *White-Rock* exclusively.

Avoid the deleterious effects of the local strongly alkaline water by drinking *White-Rock*

White-Rock with a dash of lemon will instantly quench your thirst.

White-Rock is grateful to a deranged stomach. By drinking it you avoid the bad effects often induced by over-indulgence in pop and other soda-fountain preparations, especially if they be served under untoward conditions.

We are receiving many orders from home-friends of the officers and men now on the Border for *White-Rock* to be delivered directly to them, at their camps.

White Rock freshly bottled at the Spring, is procurable of all the grocery, drug and bottle trade in all the encampment points.

DRINK

White Rock
 "The World's Best Table Water"

News Sent in by Our Division Units

(Continued From Page Two.)

fight not with their brothers, but Nature and the elements they fight with shovel and pick. I shall introduce this mode of warfare into my own country.' But we imagine that the Count, since he has stuck his head in the nose for a three year term, will by that time become fully Americanized.—D. E.

1ST CAVALRY.

Even Texas conforms to national tradition at times. It rained on labor day. Troop B of Albany got so homesick when they saw the rain that they pulled off a labor day parade. Dressed in costumes which indicated property losses in every department from the cook shack to the picket line and which would have made the Mexican country gentleman of the local war turn green with envy, as they plowed through the muddy regimental streets.

Every affiliation and Brotherhood of this great thing which we call the army was represented with distinguishing banners. The Semented Division of Detail Dodgers hobbled along on crutches, covered with bandages, broken men, all of them. There was the Colonel and his orderly and the Brotherhood of Latrine Burners dressed in appropriate sport clothes. The affiliated Rumor-Mongers each carried a neat new rumor over his shoulder. All the old friends were in line; Christmas dinner in McAllen; Home in two weeks, dancing at new camp site, watering at midnight, detailed for service in Philippines, Bryan's over night peace loving grape juice and doves, romped lightheartedly along.

The Sun Dodger's Union wore a 12-inch yawn and every state of undress from the pajamas up. An undignified cavalry horse extravagantly dressed in two pairs of fatigue trousers and wearing the hounded look of one who realizes that he is making a public ass of himself, but can see no way out of it, led the stable mechanics. The stable mechanics were out with curry combs and brushes.

There was the hospital corps, the grave plumbers union. The cauteen booster and miles of other stupendous spectacles. In the place of the steam piano, at the end of the parade came the smallest burro in captivity, carried his head and tail to make him sound more like a steam piano. Every other troop in the regiment raced back into mess line after the parade, wondering why in — they hadn't thought of something like that. They consoled themselves with the resolve to come through on Christmas day with a grand display of fireworks or some similarly appropriate exhibition.

The Y. M. C. A. has been running what might be termed continuous vaudeville during the week. Captain Fiala of the M. G. Troop demonstrated his versatility by lecturing on his polar expedition Thursday night and the Bible on Sunday. Captain Fiala lectured on his northern trip Tuesday night before the men of the 7th and 12th Infantry. He has consented to tell the men of the 1st Cavalry of his trip through Brazil with the Colonel as soon as we get settled in the new camp.

Spanish has become a fashionable sport in the regiment. Three Spanish classes have been started under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. with a present enrollment of 150 men. The classes are held in the mess halls of headquarters and Troops M and I. They are under the direction of Lieut. B. S. Briggs, Lieutenant C. P. Franchot and Private H. A. Luther of G. Troop. The classes are held Tuesday and Saturday.

The following men spoke at the Y. M. C. A. during the week: Wednesday August 31st—John Dalrymple, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., war kin the New York Division.

Thursday, Sept. 1—Monsieur Conely, Chaplain of the 12th Infantry. Sunday, September 3—Chaplain Shymon of the 1st Field Artillery, conducted the regimental services.

Secretary Louis Blase of the 1st Cavalry Y. M. C. A.

Captain Field started his first general Bible class Monday, September 4. Prof. F. W. Hannum, president of the Spanish Club, Chicago, talked on Spanish grammar and Spanish literature.

Many of the troops have been considerably upset over the proposed re-assignment of letters throughout the regiment as recommended by Major General O'Ryan. The purpose of this change was to bring the up-state and down-state troops into logical sequence.

A telegram cancelling this scheme for the present at least has been received by General O'Ryan, dated August 31, and signed by Adjutant General Stot-csbury, at Albany. The message states that it is not deemed advisable for the Governor to attempt to change the letters while the troops are in service. It is stated that the situation is complicated by civil organizations, depot units and property left at home and that all action must be postponed. Upon the receipt of this telegram all the supply Sergeants were seen bumping over the brow of the hill in a regimental truck. When last seen they were headed for McAllen.

A number of officers are now wearing their hair grey as a result of the recent regimental drill. This is the second time that a regiment of militia cavalry has drilled together since the Civil War. It has been suggested that a bill be passed preventing another such manifestation until the next Civil War. It is generally conceded by those who have any occasion to understand the orders that it would be a rest to manipulate New York Central for a 12-hour fatigue after two hours of regimental maneuvers. Fortunately few have occasion to understand.

When this copy of The Rattler appears the old camp site of the 1st Cavalry will be occupied by a herd of Mexican goats, a few tarantulas and an occasional mantilla. Many of us have lived, and sweated and ate and slept here for more than two months until, in spite of all its mud and bugs, we leave it with the feeling that we are turning our backs on an old friend, because we see a well dressed stranger across the street. It was in the old

camp that we first become acquainted with intemperate old Texas, with its floods and dry spells, its driving rains or burning suns, its bugs and its thorns, its Sweet Caporal sunrises and its unquenchable thirsts. It was here that we learned by constant training the one delightful march of the cavalry band. It is here where for two months the sun has never caught us in bed.

We have learned the camp so well that it was possible to walk from one end to the other in the dark through its amazing variety of architecture, which would put Medieval Paris on the San Francisco Exhibition to shame. Now we must stub the midnight toe over strance cactus roots.

Troop I of Buffalo is now champion of the 2nd and 3rd Squadrons. The final game for championship will be played with Troop C of Brooklyn, now champions of the 1st Squadron. Troop I defeated Troop F of Brooklyn last week in the semi-finals of the regimental series by a score of 20 to 10.

Corporal Gale Felton of Troop A is kept busy being led to water by the charger Friedella, now on A Troop's picket line. The 1st, 2nd, and 3rd squads hold their schools for privates every other day, and the boys say that they are learning fast under the tutelage of their gallant little corporals, Young, Felton and Shaw.

Pere Long and Carl Busch tried to beat Joe and Henry at busting broncos the other day, and had great sport. They were not thrown off once, as they never got on. They are in the dandy Fifth.

Artie Busch and Jack Burke, big boys in the Thorough Third Squad, have been receiving so much mail lately that the rest of the squad are starting a fund to buy the presents.

Doc Powers, the popular and heavy hitting Medico had C troop worried every time he came to the bat in the recent A. C. game. Two homers, three bagger and a double is going some, Doc.

Sergt. Brook Putman, Leslie Heatherton and Walter Neison Bootay celebrated their birthdays by blowing the boys to ice cream. The boys wish them many happy returns of the day, but not in Texas.

1ST FIELD ARTILLERY.

The event of the week was the baseball game of last Sunday between the First and Second Battalion. The First won by a score of 10 to 7. The teams were made up of officers of the different batteries of the First Field.

Battery E has a member who specializes in equineobituaries. As this is going to press, he is industriously polishing his shovel for another trip to the cologne fields, as we have nicknamed the Division Dump.

Rumors are rife throughout the regiment that we will be home in one week from the time we start, while others have it that we are leaving the first — chance we get, neither is right, as the writer has inside information from "one close to the administration in Washington" that the regiment is or is not going home sooner or later.

All of the batteries have received additional horses. About half of them are all right, but the other half are real grouchy, and have a habit of playfully trying to crush one's skull with all four feet at once. It is surprising to note the scientific manner in which they handle their hoofs. One isn't safe within fifty feet of the danger zone. Leave it to us—we'll conquer them. Kindness and firmness is the rule which is sometimes repaid with hoof prints all over the anatomy, but our boys are stickers, and we haven't met a horse yet that has us "Buffaloed."

Our "jug" is plentifully adorned with violators of Div. Order No. 7. Boys who have a thirst and were caught using it. Here's wishing them a pleasant ten days.

Since our band has been mounted, it is noticed that many of them sit down at the mess tables very tenderly as if they were afraid of taking the cross out of their breeches. This is probably due to the fact that they are used to soft chairs at home, and have not as yet been able to adapt themselves to the hard planks. Riding has not interfered with the excellent quality of the music, however.

The mounted muster and brigade review of the N. Y. Division Artillery by Brig. Gen. McNair held at Sharyland drill field was a sight long to be remembered. It was a history maker, being the First National Guard Artillery Brigade review ever held in the United States. Too bad the movies didn't get it to show our people up north what an efficient artillery brigade New York has put in the field.

Our horses have such a liking for eating halter shanks, that the writer suggests discarding oats and hay, and feeding rope and leather exclusively.

This diet coupled with desert of fried steele posts, ought to make an animal that couldn't be beaten for toughness.—C. M. W.

22ND ENGINEERS.

Capt. Barrett is nursing an injured left leg as a result of his experience with a team of mules that got stuck in a ditch. The popular adjutant who is an excellent horseman, attempted to steer the mules from the ditch, when the animals fell, taking Capt. Barrett with them. Luckily the adjutant fell on the mules.

"Balky" Nevins, E. Co., teamster, who considers himself an expert horse and mule trainer, was thrown from a mule last week. He was slightly injured as regards reputation, feelings and body.

Private N. O. Smith's new racon, "Frank," has been adopted "mascot" by the battalion. Frank, an intelligent animal, is now the new chief comedian. His mighty boxing bouts with "De," the pet bulldog of D Co., are screams.

Mess Sergeant Harry Gaffney, the Beau Brummel of B Co., received a very pretty pair of white and pink pajamas last week. Q. M. Sergeant Lecor did not approve of such style, hence the tale of the "Injured Pajamas."

Battalion sergeants "Louie" Widemeyer and Ed McLaughlin are the

"Bibi" information bureaus. Among the conflicting return home dates which these two have given out are: Sept. 15 (Sept. 20, Oct. 15, 24th, etc., to Dec 27, 1917.

Recently Corpl. Ed Frazer, junior one-half mile champion, and First Sergeant Joyce, both of B Co. held a "toast race." Frazer lost.

The officers of the engineers are having hard luck with their horses. Lieut. Crimmins' steed was stricken with paralysis, and 2nd Lieut. Whittlesey's "bright beauty" is suffering with the colic.

Adjutant Bates is having the time of his life picking races for the steeds. Many officers think "Moonshine," an ordinary animal, consequently fall for the racing bait. However, Moonshine has trimmed everything in sight. The horse is a thoroughbred, having a pedigree "as big as his owner's arm," according to reliable information.

Among the members of A Co., who will become benedicts a week or less after returning to New York are Corporal "Apollo" Thomas, Corporal Clerk Halligan, Private J. C. Crawford and last but not least John Maher, the Irish wit.

"Charlie" Vagle, A Co. cook, has turned scientist. He is attempting to discover an appetising dish in which tarantulas and gnats predominate. (It can't be done.—Editor.)

This past week Halligan succeeded Corpl. Greisen as A Co. clerk.

Corpl. Smith is kept busy upholding the government's stand as regards working privates instead of "Mexes."

This past week Q. M. Sgt. McLaughlin, Devins, Hynes, Corpls. Greisen and Lawyer went on a rampage. Conclusion of story: Three new sombreros of the queerest colors and most fantastic style.

We wonder when Private Weinschank will tire of telling of his experience in Vera Cruz.

We wonder what is the cause of Private Brady's change of temper. We well remember that he sent a telegram to a little girl in New York upon his leaving Whitman.

Lieut. F. B. O'Connor left for New York, having resigned from D Co., on account of business. Lieut. Crimmins of A Co. will leave next week on 30-day furlough to look after a contract in New York, handled by his firm in which 300 men are employed. Labor conditions require his presence to keep the force from disintegrating.

Lt. Stockwell and part of old F Co., Engineers, left this week to join the new F Co., Capt. Johnson commanding, at Sam Fordyce, where the heavy ponton equipage is being overhauled.

Co. A, Capt. Ross commanding, has been ordered out along the line of hike to inspect and repair all bridges and culverts on the roads. According to present plans they will remain in the field until all units, including the field artillery regiments have traversed the route.

Co. C, Lieut. Palmer commanding, has gone to La Gloria, taking 15 days rations, to install a motor pump and water tank, and build an artillery range.

The Engineers' camp looks deserted and lonesome with two streets permanently evacuated and three companies away on detached service.

The U. S. inspection of the 22nd Regiment of Engineers took place Thursday, Sept. 7. The inspection included the regulation sanitary and infantry work.

7TH INFANTRY.

The famous eleven day hike, which was recently ordered for all of the infantry units of the New York Division is now a thing of the past so far as the regiment is concerned. Though the memory of this tour of duty will linger long in the minds of all those who made it.

Early on Saturday morning they marched through McAllen to their camp in splendid style, with all the snap and precision of a Fifth Avenue parade, and looked as rugged and enduring as regulars. True to its traditions, this regiment has gone through its part of the program, bravely, efficiently and cheerfully, like the well trained and distinguished organization that they are.

Of the hardships of the trip little may be said, except that they were endured with the take-things-as-they-come air of professional soldiers. When it rained, or when the mosquitoes were too plentiful for comfort, or when there was a scarcity of water, or on the hotter days that were experienced, the men made the best of things and did not complain. The long and tiresome marches were borne with patience and the officers were always given magnificent support in their efforts to make the hike another brilliant success for the New York "Grey Jacks."

Probably the most essential and important factor in maneuvering any body of troops in the field, is its mule train, and in the case of the 7th, the wagons under Captain Halsted and Lieutenant Robertson were exceptionally well handled, and these officers and the men under their splendid team work. With no exception, the wagons were immediately behind the regiment, at each of the different camping points, and there was no delay in pitching the mess tents and serving a meal as soon as the men were ready. The one exception was at Young's ranch, where the almost impassable condition of the roads from Laguna Seca, due to the heavy rains the day before, made it practically impossible for the wagons to keep up with the regiment. Even under these conditions, the men had only been encamped for about an hour and a half before the wagons came up.

Throughout the hike the wisdom of the commanding officer was clearly in evidence, and he had the interests and comfort of the men under him at heart at all times. The marches were all started so as to insure arrival at the next camp before the heat of the day commenced. This made it necessary to start before four o'clock on many mornings, and it reflects greatly to the credit of the officers and men that on nearly every morning they had mess,

broke camp, removed all traces of their stay, and were on the march forty minutes after reveille.

These early starts made the marches much more comfortable than would have been the case if the regiment had gotten under way later in the day. The men invariably arrived at a camping place in a more or less freshened condition. Naturally they were tired out, but never were exhausted, and were thus able to make camp immediately, and have the rest of the day to clean their equipment and rest for the morning.

At Edinburg the third rain storm of the hike struck the camp at about one o'clock in the morning. The night before Colonel Fisk had planned to start the men on the last lap of the trip at 4:15, but due to the fact that the men were all awakened by the storm, and as it did not look as though it would long continue, he wisely decided to break camp a couple of hours earlier and so the regiment started on the home stretch at 2:30, reaching McAllen over an hour before they were expected. The home detachment had kept the camp in perfect condition, finished

the mess shacks and shower baths, and it almost looked like "home" to the boys. They settled right down to the original order of things and the machinery of the organization did not miss a beat.

It seems to be the consensus of opinion among the men that Sterling's Ranch was the pleasantest, and most interesting of the camping points while Alton and La Gloria ran a close race for being the most unpopular location. The delicious shower bath at Sterling will never be forgotten by those who enjoyed them, nor is it liable that the mosquitoes and the scarcity of ice and water at Alton will be neglected in the future when the men gather in the army on winter evenings and tell tales of their service on the border for the benefit of wide-eyed rookies.

Altogether this hike can take its place beside the Connecticut and Massachusetts maneuvers, both as a test of endurance and efficiency, and as another success added to the already long list of the crack New York Regiment in its 110 years of history.

NOT COMDE. E. P. F.

Commodore D., who was one of the last officers in our Navy belonged to the old school.

Objecting vigorously to the installation of steam power on the battleships, he refused for years to use the engines on any vessel that carried him. When he could not proceed under sail he was towed by one of the other ships of the squadron.

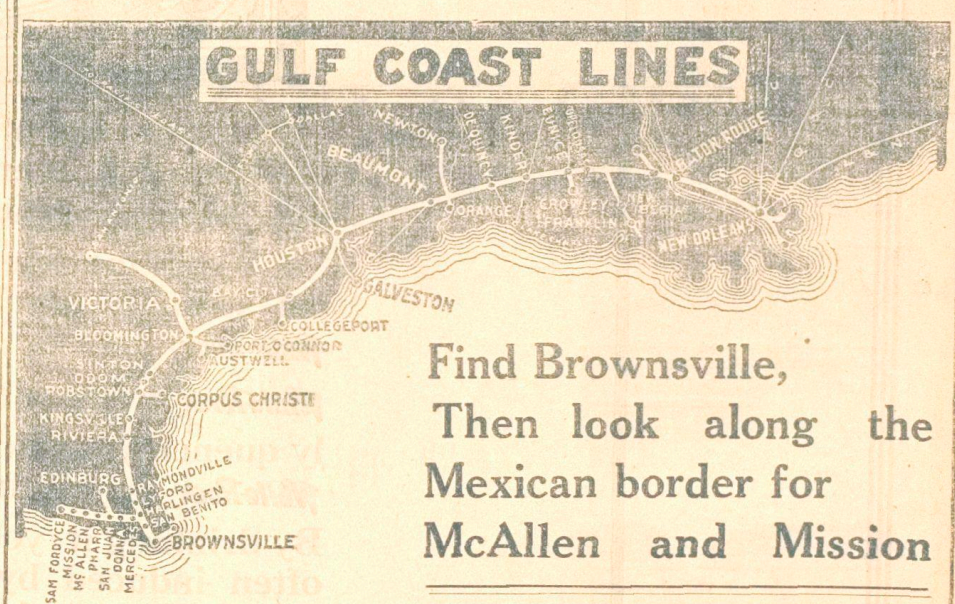
On one occasion, passing through the Strait of Gibraltar in this fashion, the captain of the towing ship found that he could make no headway against a swiftly running tide and in the face of a high wind. With no thought of disrespect and no consciousness of rhyme, he signalled to the flagship: "Unless the wind and tide abate, I cannot tow you through the Strait." Promptly a reply was wigwagged forward from the doughty Commodore: "As long as you have wood and coal, you'll tow this ship, godurn your soul!"

Field Bros.

Means good fresh Groceries every time. Our prices are right.

Watch the stream of automobiles to our door. It will pay you to come to Mission

NOTICE: Quarantine is now raised.



Find Brownsville, Then look along the Mexican border for McAllen and Mission

What an Opportunity!

Uncle Sam paid your car fare 2117 miles to get here. Will you spend ten dollars to visit Corpus Christi—ten dollars for a swim in the Gulf?

Or a few dollars more to visit San Antonio or Galveston, the two famous cities of the Southwest?

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