

SWELLS INCOME BY BORDER DUTY, BUT ASKS RELIEF

Need of Thorough Inquiry Before Helping Shown by Queer Case

INNOCENT MUST SUFFER

By CARL L. ZEISBERG

EL PASO, Tex., Aug. 4.—Just why discharges for Pennsylvania soldiers with dependent families are not being issued faster, and why relief is being hesitated to be rapidly to deserving families in Philadelphia, developed today. It is the old story of the innocent suffering for the transgressions of the guilty.

Here was a soldier who went to the border, leaving behind a family and an income of \$1080 a year, which ceased when he donned his uniform. Relief for his family was requested and granted. In checking up the list of dependents the Colonel of his regiment discovered the fact that by giving up his position this soldier had more than doubled his income. He is a captain with a salary of \$2400 a year.

Two cases came to light today in which money has been paid to families of men in camp here. The man in the first case discovered when requests came asking for the discharges of these men. Their enlistments expired at Mount Gretna and they disappeared, for all that the officers know and for all that their former officers know.

RIGID INQUIRY ASKED.

Rigid investigation of all cases has been asked of the Citizens' Relief Committee as a result.

The Second Regiment took a 10-mile practice hike northward on the Alamogordo road today. Led by Colonel Turner and Majors Pickering and Casey, on horseback, the khaki columns swung along the dusty road looking for all the world like regulars.

Today was circus day in the First and Third Regiments, where the 88 mules which each regiment received from the Government were initiated into the mysteries of pulling army wagons. Each regiment has yet to draw 45 horses and 7 mules to complete its complement of animals.

Instruction in the operation of machine guns began today for the officers of the new machine-gun companies reported at Fort Bliss for their first lessons by Major Jordan, of the United States Army Ordnance Department. The officers will attend "school" seven hours a day, are divided into two classes, those of the Second, Fourth, Sixth, Eighth and Eighteenth Regiments forming the first class and those of the First, Third, Tenth, Sixteenth and cavalry regiments forming the second.

Mechanicians from the plant of the manufacturers demonstrated the working of the new Lewis guns.

Shower baths today are being erected for enlisted men in the regiments of the First and Second. The officers' showers are being installed more slowly.

GOVERNOR TO INSPECT THIRD JERSEY GUARDS

Last Review Before Breaking Sea Girt Camp Comes This Afternoon—Ready to Move

CAMP FIELDER, SEA GIRT, N. J., Aug. 4.—The men of the Third Regiment of Marines today suspended all but the necessary routine of camp work to await the time when Governor James F. Fielder will inspect them late this afternoon. Following a review of the men which will be held tomorrow morning of breaking up camp, packing their tents and baggage and leaving their home stations in various parts of South Jersey.

The morning was spent in drills by the men of six companies, companies L, of Atlantic City, and H, of Asbury Park, were on the rifle range and the second battalion, consisting of E, G and A, were on the Buckleaw farm getting experience with trenching tools, under the direction of Major Charles W. Shivers.

On trial for desertion, the first court-martial for a serious offense that has been held in the State since the National Guard came under the Chamberlain bill, resulted today in a comparatively light sentence for James T. Ray and Oliver D. Myers, of Company A, of Salem, yesterday afternoon. The two men did not dispute the fact that they were in the company when they were in the rifle range on Wednesday and they took French leave. They went to Lakewood and there jumped a freight for Bridgeton, where a police officer found them and arrested them. They were held in jail over night and yesterday Harry Lore, a Bridgeton special policeman, brought them back to camp, handcuffed together.

Lieutenant Colonel Daniel T. Mathers, acting as judge of the regimental summary court, tried the men and found them guilty, and they were put at hard labor for the rest of the camp, being kept in the guard house when not working.

THE WEATHER

Official Forecast

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4. For eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey: Mostly fair tonight and Saturday; not much change in temperature; gentle southwest winds.

The temperatures have risen at most places in the middle and north Atlantic States during the last 24 hours and are generally seasonable this morning, while a moderate excess prevails in the lake region and the Ohio basin and from there westward to the Rocky Mountains.

The greatest excess is in the central Missouri Valley where it averages 10 degrees or more. Showers and thunderstorms have occurred over scattered areas in nearly all parts of the country and have covered virtually all of the western half of Canada.

U. S. Weather Bureau Bulletin

Observations taken at 8 a. m., eastern time.

Table with columns: Station, a. m., p. m., 8 a. m., 11 a. m., 2 p. m., 5 p. m., Wind, Weather. Lists weather conditions for various cities like Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, etc.

DYNAMITE, ANTITOXIN AND ARSENIC FURNISH DIVERSION FOR GUARD

Diabolical Army Mules Try Stunt With a Pennsylvania Soldier, and the Mules Don't Win

MULES "SKINNER'S" JOB

By CARL L. ZEISBERG

Evening Ledger Staff Correspondent

EL PASO, Tex., Aug. 4.—"Hoo-haw" at a Pennsylvania guardman or say "mules" to him, and either he will grin from ear to ear or he will try to "land you one" on the ear. It all depends on whether he saw or felt the mule.

More genuine humor of the roughest sort of slapstick variety has been injected into the National Guard camp life by the mule than by any other one thing. There is no quiet humor in a mule—until the dust of battle has settled; and then, nine times out of ten, there is a diabolical twinkle in the mule's eye.

Here is a typical, harrowing example, with John Page, of Ambulance Company No. 2, of Philadelphia, as the hero or victim. He is a guard at the House of Correction, and his strenuous civilian job probably was the underlying motive in his selection as "mule skinner" for the doctors. The other actors—"bad actors"—they were two mules, Antitoxin, a big riding mule, and Arsenic, a little pack mule, both very appropriately named, inasmuch as Antitoxin is powerful and Arsenic is of a venomous nature.

ANTITOXIN BALKS.

Page wanted Antitoxin to obey orders. Just what these orders were is not essential. The fact was Antitoxin didn't want to obey any orders, no matter what they were; if they had been to eat six rounds of alfalfa, Antitoxin would have balked. Unaware that Antitoxin's wicked mind was in such a deplorable state, Page approached the Missourian affably, agreeably, then with surprise and finally with firm decision. He spanked Antitoxin as a father might chastise a child. The next moment Page found himself facing the dangerous end of Arsenic, who was standing 12 1/2 feet from Antitoxin. He doesn't remember how he got there.

"Well, what are you doing here?" pleasantly inquired Page.

There was no answer from Arsenic, who was meditating on the evils of life.

"You green-eyed, red-eyed, whoop-jawed, long-eared sea turkey," continued Page, "take that!" And he whacked that portion of Arsenic's anatomy corresponding to that of a cow from which butchers carve rump steaks.

VICTORY FOR PENNSY.

Witnesses say that for the next few minutes Page resembled a shuttlecock as he traveled with great rapidity between the busy rear batteries of Antitoxin and Arsenic. But when he recovered from his dizziness, like that well-known American sea captain, he had just begun to fight, and when the fray had ended one of those rare victories scored by Pennsylvania over Missouri had been won.

Two days was the time it required Captain Fuller's and Captain Bradford's engineers to conquer their issue of long-eared sea mules. The mules were Antitoxin, Tritritolouene, their cousin, and Nitroglycerin XIV—there are 27 Nitroglycerins scattered throughout the regiments—left camp one day without permission. It was the last straw in a series of outrages. The entire battalion of engineers was called out. They found the mules at the close of day out on the horizon, fraternizing with horned toads and prairie dogs. There was a fierce battle and the mules were brought back to camp—all but Dynamite II. He, perhaps, is on the next horizon grazing on cactus and limestone.

It is not only the mule, but his diminutive relative, the burro, that has the devil born within his skin. This small model of a mule has all the mule's qualities under his quiet exterior. He is not as violent as a mule, but is as vile as the whisky for which he is bought for a dollar and a half, or a drink of "licker" is the price demanded by the Mexicans who traffic in burros.

The burro's attitude is unconsciously hostile. Perhaps the donkey and his cousin, Ted Furlong, of the Second City Troop—now Troop D—meant no harm when he ate Joseph P. McGuire's leggings, but he caused McGuire to be late at roll call just the same. He ate the leggings in the same spirit that he consumed a case of valuable cantaloupes and a library of magazines and newspapers which some thoughtful mother had sent to her son. That spirit was that of inherent wickedness.

The army mule and his mind are not pure fiction. The boys from Philadelphia who were detailed as "mule skinner" formerly only read about the mule and his habits. Now they know.

FIELDER HOST TO THREE CANDIDATES FOR PLACE

Three Aspirants for gubernatorial Nomination Entertained at Politicians' Luncheon in Sea Girt

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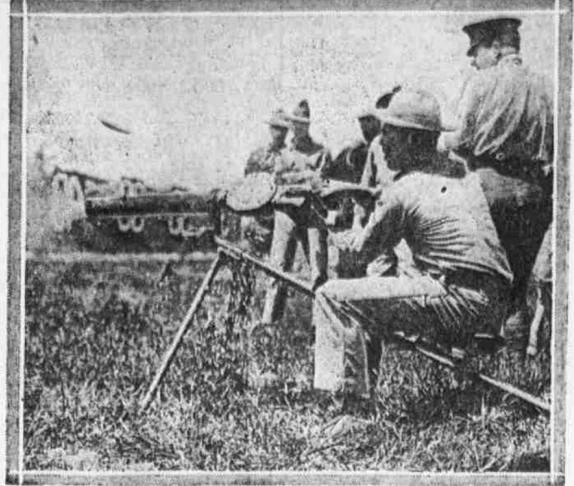
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SECOND REGIMENT GETS MACHINE GUNS



This is the Lewis machine gun, four of which were issued to a Philadelphia company at El Paso yesterday. Its characteristic feature is the revolving disk magazine which feeds the cartridges into the breach. It is the invention of an American, but was not taken up by the United States Government till the Belgian, Canadian and French armies had adopted it. It is guaranteed not to jam.

SOLDIERS, AS MEXICANS, ALARM CAMP; PAY FOR JOKE WITH ARREST

Sergeant and Private, With Wide Sombreros and Spanish Talk, Fool Guard—Spend Hours in Detention Tent—Camp Notes

By CARL L. ZEISBERG

Evening Ledger Staff Correspondent

EL PASO, Aug. 4.—Practical jokes in a big body of men springing up in Camp Stewart like the whirlwinds on the plain. They range from a one-man affair, like the putting of a bit of cucumber cactus in a man's coat to a joke perpetrated upon an entire company, or a regiment, or a camp.

The joke that was carried out more perfectly than any other was staged by Quartermaster Sergeant Walter Haugerty and Charles "Reddy" Hoskins, of Company F, of the Third Regiment. For two hours they played an innocent joke on the company with the slight effort of shrugging their shoulders and muttering a few Mexican words.

The plot began when Haugerty and Hoskins, who can speak Spanish fluently, somehow obtained a couple of broad hats, such as the Mexican peons wear, and overalls. They waited for dusk and then went out to the guard lines, where their comrades in Company F were on duty. It wasn't long before they were brought to a stop by a sentinial "Halt! Who goes there?"

The alert sentries, Barney Feeney and Joe Wheeler, had seen the two figures loitering where they apparently had no business and came on the double quick. They found two seemingly sullen "snigs," with no explanation other than a shrug of the shoulders and unintelligible words.

"Hay mucho polvo," murmured Haugerty.

U. S. A. mountain and found nothing there more suspicious than an empty saddle can. And the house, one third of the way up which supposedly was inhabited by Mexicans who signaled to their friends across the Rio Grande, they found to be occupied by a very pleasant American, a little hard of hearing, whose most insidious line of conversation was upon the healthfulness of the mountain air.

FIRST REGIMENT

It's very appropriate that Color Sergeant William A. Robinson, who is a mounted policeman, should have been detailed to take charge of the horses, which include the police horses ridden by the officers. They say he's gentler than ever with the handsome creature since "Davy" Major Nichol's horse died and since he learned that his pet horse, "Frank," had to be shot while he was away. Robinson is a familiar figure around the "Davy" Major's avenue and Emerson street, Holmesburg.

Sergeant Frank Walker, of the supply company, who rode a mule five miles, would be eating off the mantel if there were one here.

Hugh Murray, of the quartermaster department, received a box of useful articles from home, with the accent on the useful. Besides that he's the champion dancer of the regiment.

The supply company is complaining about the time Clayton Smith goes to bed.

Mahlon Helsey, of 1242 South Markon street, the "weed butcher" of the quartermaster department, expects an angel cake from Dallas. He is still expecting it.

THIRD REGIMENT

Company M's minstrel troupe is making the hit of its very young life. It's very rare that a troupe like this can be organized on the spur of the moment, but that is what has been done—with all Camp Stewart for a stage. Those who have seen the performance say it has a Greek open-air play lashed to the mat.

Quartermaster Sergeant Millard Martin, of 1424 North Eighteenth street, is the chairman of the committee consisting of John McNamara, Frank Daley, interlocutor, and William Rodgers. In the circle are "Hump" Mullen, "Harber" Grubb, "Lanky Why," "Butch" Rodgers, Jim McDermott, Cy Williams, "Dutch" Schaefer and "Shorty" Shoner. The end men are "Fatty" Lewis (negro), and John McNamara (Irish) and "Boney" Jones (speech). Then there are fights and wrestling bouts between such articles as "Battling" Dross, "Pue" Swanson, "Barber" Grubb, Corporal Harvey, Sergeant Seidel and "Choker" Krumm.

ACCUSED OF ROBBING WOMAN

Man Held Without Bail for Snatching Jewels and Cash

Frank Wise, 30 years old, of 29 West Duval street, Germantown, was held without bail for court today by Magistrate Penneck at the Germantown avenue and Haines street station on an accusation of highway robbery at the corner of Stenton avenue and Graver's lane at 5 o'clock last night.

According to the testimony of Catherine Carney, who lives at the Gladstone Apartments, Eleventh and Pine streets, she was returning from her sister's home when Wise seized her roughly and wrenched from her a handbag containing about \$65 worth of jewelry and a few dollars. The thief left Miss Carney with a wrenched rib and bruises of the arm and body as he sped across lots through the darkness. She complained at the Germantown avenue and Haines street station within five minutes, and Special Officers Carney and McFadden, who were assigned to the case, arrested Wise on Graver's lane within less than an hour's time.

MINISTERS' REPRESSION SAVES CUSSING OVER BORDER MAIL

Chaplain's Kindly Interest in Seeing Letters Delivered Leads to Complications With Gnarled Deliveries

By CARL L. ZEISBERG

Evening Ledger Staff Correspondent

EL PASO, Tex., Aug. 4.—The mail problem continues to vex the already too harassed chaplains. How they can preserve the dignity of the khaki cloth which they wear, how they can refrain from bursting into loud words such as mule drivers use, how they can maintain the attitude of sanctity and set an example to their military flocks and at the same time wrestle with the knotty and gnarled mails—that is the great wonder of Camp Stewart. It is more wonderful that the undulating folds of Mount Franklin, or the sunsets or the wonder sky of this land-in-between.

If fond mothers and wives and friends in Philadelphia would remember that bananas rot in the few days that it requires mail to travel from the Delaware River to the Rio Grande and that the fruit melts and spoils the package and all in it and causes it to break, no more bananas would be shipped to the boys on the border. These shoeboxes filled with bananas (also cigarettes, socks and pie) invariably break open and invariably in that case are refused by the regimental postmaster.

Insecurely packed parcels and insufficiently addressed letters constitute the bane of the chaplain's life. Here's a poor chaplain who has the remains of a red postcard box, luckily held together by a piece of cord. In the mummy-like bundle, on which rests a pair of black army shoes, socks, postage stamps and writing paper. There is no "to" or "from" in the bundle, tucked in a sock, is a letter to "Helen" signed "Charles A. Lange." What caused the postmaster to believe the mystic package was intended for some one in the Second Regiment likewise is a mystery. But that's where the bundle awaits being claimed.

It would be waste of paper to enumerate the cases where insecure packing has resulted in nondelivery of parcels and where insufficient addresses have caused nonreceipt of letters. The number of letters not addressed properly is legion.

The mail congestion here, caused by the sudden increase of population with the influx of soldiery, already has created a monumental task for those who handle mails, without the added difficulties caused by inadequate measures to insure speedy delivery. Sir, who has the remains of a red postcard box, if you wish your son's spiritual welfare to receive the utmost attention, address his mail legibly, fully and accurately and wrap his parcels securely and lightly. And please don't send him bananas. Send him a dime instead. He can buy bananas here.

"Phil Ossifer," of the Butler (Pa.) Citizen, has penned the following appreciation inspired by the sending of tobacco to Pennsylvania troops by the suffragists of the State:

While our boys down on the border keep the Mexicans in order, There's none to think that duty is a joke; Overturning sand-patrols— So the suffragists are sending them a smoke.

While they're puffing these perfectos, Billings' ends of popovers, Had best be careful where they dare to roam; For the king and thoughtful ones he's left back home, Has great love (with sand) to back it.

When he adds to sense of duty, Reminis of quaint thoughtful beauty, Who, in temptations, has sent her boy a smoke, It brings such an inspiration, That he'd like to live like that, too.

And he makes a fighting bobcat seem a joke, When the Greasers have sought cover And the cruel war is over, Recollections of the "smoke" will linger still; You will find he'll still be toting Recollections of that smoke—you bet he will!

Major Edmunds, commander of the Philadelphia squadron, has the only horse in the regiment. The horseless cavalry will be issued horses soon.

A blooming garden of cactus adds color to the tent of Captain Whitesides, regimental adjutant. He stuck the dry plants under the fly of his tent, added water and the result was flowering pink blossoms and green buds.

Anybody doubts that there are spiders here, Sergeant J. H. Hill says let him look at the "carcass" of the tarantula he found in his duffle bag. Everybody is just as quick as Sergeant Hill and sees 'em first.

The real reason Joseph P. McGuire was late for roll call for the first time in his life is Ted Furlong's burro. The donkey, which has an appetite for magazines or cantaloupes, love letters or shoe blacking, ate McGuire's leggings. It's had form to come to roll call without leggings on.

FIRST CITY TROOP

A postal card showing the snowbound Winallock at Ambler, a slight fit for the gods, has been put on the First City Troop's bulletin board by First Sergeant Thomas Cadwalader. "Keep cool, boys," says he, as the duffie bags. Everybody is just as quick as Sergeant Hill and sees 'em first.

Sergeant B. W. Frazier and C. H. Clark have returned to the troop after being home on furloughs.

Robert McLean, Jr., handles the pick and shovel like a regular.

William Warden Bodine is bossing the "chain gang."

Large advertisement for CUNNINGHAM PIANOS. Features a large illustration of a piano and a woman playing it. Text includes 'Saves You \$150 to \$200 on Slightly Used Pianos', a list of piano models and prices, and contact information for Franklin Trust Co. at 15th & Market Sts.