DALLAS MEN AT CAMP BOWIE TRAINING HARD

ARTILLERY AND INFANTRY UNITS AT POST TAKE SOLDIERING AS SERIOUS BUSINESS.

PAY DAY CAUSES JOY

Fort Worth Citizens Zealous in Entertaining Soldiers and According Them Hospitality.

BY WILL S. HENSON.

Staff Correspondence of The News.

Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, Texas, Sept. 22.—The 2,000 Dallas men in training here are enjoying a period of rest today, and that they are really enjoying it is attested by all, without a single exception. The schedule is relaxed on Saturdays and there is no drilling on Sundays. This applies to enlisted men of the First Texas Field Artillery and the Sixth Texas Infantry.

The order of the day throughout the week has been "intensify" and no single individual regardless of rank has escaped the intensified drill, work and study periods. Colonel Jules E. Muchert of the Sixth Texas Infantry and Colonel Fred R. Logan of the First Texas Field Artillery seemed to be agreed on the point that "we are in the army now," and must prepare for the work for which men of their commands volunteered.

The program of work begins at 5:30 o'clock in the morning when the men are roused from their bunks by the bugler's call for reveille. They dress hurriedly and "fall in" for roll call. From the first roll call they are "at" or "falling in" throughout the day until 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon when they are relieved for a short period of relaxation before retreat. They usually utilize this period to bathe, dress, shave and get ready for retreat, which is supposed to see them at their best.

For men who are on guard or are about to be put on guard this does not apply. They must make a quick toilet and be on the parade grounds at a few minutes before 5 o'clock ready for guard mount.

While camped at Fair Park both infantrymen and artillerymen joined in giving exhibition guard mounts for the public and appeared at their best. Every day is "exhibition" guard mount day at Camp Bowie so far as the men taking part are concerned and the chief spectator is the Colonel and his staff.

About the only difference noted so far, is that the general public is well pleased regardless of small details, while with the Colonel with his trained military eye details never go begging for notice.

Take Setting-Up Exercise.

After reveille, men police the grounds in the vicinity of their own tents, as well as under and around their bunks and get ready for breakfast. After breakfast they get ready to fall in for setting-up exercises. This call comes at 7 o'clock and the period lasts 45 minutes. During that three-quarters of an hour men are put through stunts that "would make a one-ring circus look like a piker" stated in the words of some of the participants.

After "setting-up" exercises, as it is called, men rest five minutes and fall in for drill until 11:30 o'clock. After dinner they go back at 1 o'clock to "make a day of it."

The gladsome, rollicksome, free days of Fair Park are now ancient history. Many of the men thought they were drilling hard there, but now find that they were enjoying a pre-training holiday season. However, to their credit, it may be stated that the spirit of Fair Park has never died. Men drill until they are ready to drop, but just as soon as "rest" is given by the drill officer they are ready for a frolic of any sort that requires no physical exertion.

The requests for privileges to go to town are few and far between. It is safe to say that even officers never go to town unless in line of duty, and there are a number of officers from Dallas that have never yet found time to take in the sights at Fort Worth, which is only three miles away with car service every few minutes.

By both enlisted men and officers "soldiering" is looked upon as a serious and almost solemn duty throughout the twenty-four hours of the calendar day. All military courtesies are strictly observed. Noncommissioned officers have been given to understand that they must exercise delegated authority over men under them or they will stand a mighty good chance to "get put and under."

Gambling is strictly forbidden by orders of company commanders and swearing is being wiped out by public opinion. Men in their respective tents, usually ten to the tent, compete with each other on being clean as to mouth and mind. Officers encourage these things, as they say it all tends to give the army a higher tone and augur efficiency.

If a Dallas boy spills his coffee on the table or drops his fork while eating he is supposed to blush, look hicked and murmur some sort of apology to the man nearest him. Loud talking in dining-rooms at Camp Bowie has been tabooed. Signs have been posted which read, "Be as orderly in this dining-room as you would at home," or "You may want to go home to eat some day so don't forget how." To see that the men comply with these requests two noncommissioned officers are detailed each day to keep order.

Beans Are Rare.

Men line up for mess as they did at Camps McDill and Blair and march into the well-screened dining-rooms, where they are served cafeteria style and find places at the long tables where they are comfortably seated with hats off while they eat.

Beans are the exception rather than the rule and soldiers herald with delight "bean day." The food as served by Uncle Sam is good and plenty of it. Dallas men are well pleased with what they eat and are able to hold their own with a little boot as to corpulency.

When Dallas people come to Camp Bowie to visit they will not see the wilderness-like rock hills that they may expect, but will find a camp that in some respects resembles a well-kept park. Many of the men imbued with a "landscape tendency" work fancy designs on the face of the earth. They remove the rocks and use them to spell out their company number and regiment. If they are here when spring comes they will plant flowers in these plots. They have also used the rocks to build sidewalks throughout their regiment.

Some of the mess shacks with their tar roofs and rustic walks might be mistaken for California bungalows, if it were not for their easily recognized practical advantages.

During the last few days Dallas men have been "flush." A few mornings since, even before reveille sounded, they were awakened by the payday call. None had heard it before, but all recognized it instantly, and, as if all connected with one battery with a giant finger pressing the button, all sprung to action and exercised their lungs as they probably had never been exercised before.

As if it were a talking machine, the bugle sounded:

"Pay day, pay day;
What are you going to do.
With the drunken soldiers
Pay day, pay day?
Put them in the guardhouse
Until they get sober,
Pay day, pay day."
Etc.

But there were no drunken soldiers unless perchance they were intoxicated at the joy of getting their first Government pay after having been in the service almost six weeks. There has been no drinking among Dallas men since they have been in camp and officers say they never prove a nightmare with them, as it has with some of the less fortunate officers.

Many of the men sent their money home; others opened deposit accounts with the paymasters while still a larger number made deposits with local banks.

Fort Worth people have entered into the work of entertaining the soldiers with a zeal and enthusiasm that is a close second of that of the men for soldier life. All churches, clubs, lodges and the like have thrown open their doors and have put the entertainment of men in khaki ahead of all else. They are especially hospitable to Dallas boys; in many instances inviting them to their homes, tendering the use of their automobiles, and by showing courtesies in many ways.

Infantrymen of the Sixth Texas have begun skirmish work. Almost any day the boys who formerly drilled on their feet may be seen learning to "hit the grit," and crawl with face pressed to the ground "as lizards." Quite a bit of the work has been given during the week and the men are rapidly learning to lie flat when commanded, as gracefully as a movie star and with a lot less apparent pain.

The infantrymen have also added to their daily program a hike. Throughout this week they have been making four-mile hikes each morning. They do it in an hour flat and so far not a man has fallen out, notwithstanding the height of the mercury in the tube. This next week they will double the distance and keep adding to it by a few miles each week until they get the distance up to a full day's hike, it was said. Colonel Jules E. Muchert sets the pace, and though short of stature, his men declare he is long of stride.

Artillerymen have been drilling with horses. So busy have they been during the day that often after nightfall they hied themselves off to the woods to "rustle horses." The wooden cannon was the invention of Battery D, under Captain Frank Tillman, while encamped at Camp Sansom.

Picket lines have been established and while the course of establishment was in progress many Dallas boys had their first introduction to a crowbar and a postholo digger. Many of them declared they were studying soil formations, and termed it a scientific research, which to others was but a rose by another name. They called it labor.

Many of the units have been issued horses and others expect to get them at an early date. Headquarters Company of the First Texas Field Artillery, under Captain O. B. Freeman and Lieutenant Walter Granger, looks forward daily to the time when "bronk busting" will be the order of the day. Many of the men were never astride a horse. Those who have, keep the others in "warm water" telling stories of the beauties of being thrown head-first by a spirited artillery or cavalry mount.

Many Dallas people have visited Camp Bowie since Dallas soldiers have been here.

Edith Cavell's Last Letter.

Thoughts of life were stronger than those of death in Edith Cavell's last hours on earth says the Literary Digest. Her anxieties were directed toward the future welfare of a young girl friend afflicted with an appetite for drugs. A letter writen to this girl on the evening of Oct. 11, 1915, the night before the execution, is here reproduced:

"My Dear Girl: How shall I write you this last day? Standing where I stand now, the world looks already far away. I worried about you a great deal at first, but I know God will do for you abundantly above all that I can ask or think, and he loves you so much better than I. I do earnestly beseech you to be good and live as I would have had you live. Nothing matters when one comes to the hour but a clear conscience before God, and life looks so wasted and full of wrong-doing and things left undone.

"You have helped me often, my dear, and in ways you little dreamed of, and I have remembered our happy holidays with mother and many small pleasures. I want you to go to England at once now and ask —— to put you where you can be cured. Don't mind how hard it is, do it for my sake, and then try and find something useful to do, something to make you forget yourself while making others happy.

"If God permits I shall still watch over you and love you and wait for you on the other side. Be sure and get ready for them. I want you to know I was neither afraid nor unhappy, but quite ready to give my life for England.

"I am sending you my wrist-watch by Mr. Gahan, because it was always with me and I know you will like to wear it. I shall pray God for you at the last that he will keep you in his tender care. Forgive me that I have been severe sometimes; it has been a great grief to me to remember it. I think I was too anxious about you this last year and that was why. I am sure you will forget it now and only remember that I loved you and love you still.

"EDITH CAVELL."

Suffrage Gardener's War Song.

"The Battle Cry of Feed 'Em" is the title of the new war cry which is stirring the Pittsburgh suffrage gardeners to greater efforts on behalf of their country as printed in the Woman Citizen. Miss Mathilda Ebert is the author of the new song, which will become the official song of the harvest celebration which the suffragists will hold in the fall. Every army should have its battle cry, reasoned Miss Ebert, and she composed the song which has found favor with the suffrage gardeners. First stanza and chorus run thus:

Yes, we'll rally 'round the hoe, girls,
We'll rally 'round the hoe,
Shouting the battle cry of Feed 'Em'
All the slackers in the land
Can't persuade us to disband,
While we're shouting the battle cry of
Feed 'Em.

Chorus—
The garden forever, hurrah, girls, hurrah;
Plow up the weeds, girls,
Put down the seeds,
While we rally 'round the hoe, girls,
Time and time again,
Shouting the battle cry of Feed 'Em.

BEGIN WORK ON $100,000 ADDITION TO CRAZY HOTEL.

Special to The News.

Mineral Wells, Texas, Sept. 22.—Contractors Van Horn and Martel have begun the construction of the Crazy Hotel Annex, to cost $100,000. The annex will cover the entire Lythia corner and be fireproof and modern in every respect. It is proposed to make this the most attractive hotel in the State. The furniture and fixtures will be the latest and most attractive that money can buy.

Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. This destroys it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.—(Advertisement.)

DON'T LET WIFE DIE OF LOCKJAW

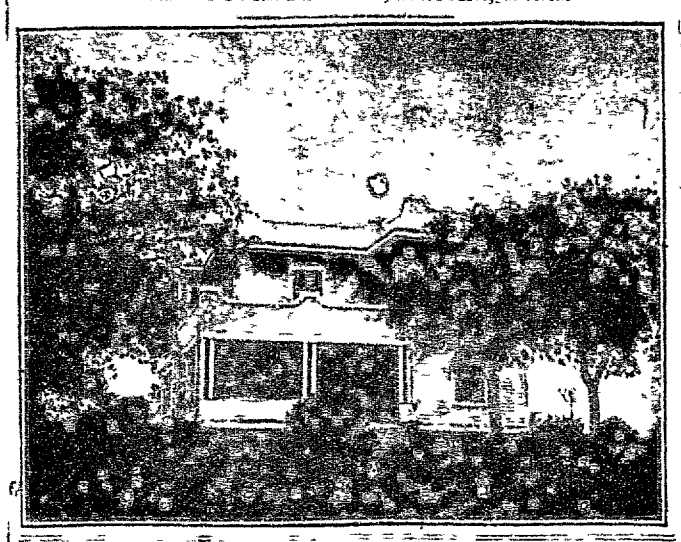
WARN HER AGAINST CUTTING CORNS BECAUSE THEY CAN BE LIFTED OUT.

Women wear high heels which buckle up their toes and they suffer terribly from corns. Women then proceed to trim these pests, seeking relief, but they hardly realize the terrible danger from infection, says a Cincinnati authority.

Corns can easily be lifted out with the fingers if you will get from any drug store a quarter of an ounce of a drug called freezone. This is sufficient to remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet. You simply apply a few drops directly upon the tender, aching corn. The soreness is relieved at once and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts out without pain.

This is a sticky substance which dries in a moment. It just shrivels up the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin. Cut it's out and pin on your wife's dresser.

Home of J. R. Madrall, Nacona, Texas



President Wilson Says That the Bible Tells Histories of Things You Have Wondered At

A Prayer That Is Heartfelt and Sincere—Wells Says, in New Book, "Religion Is the First Thing and the Last Thing"—Short Sermons.

The New Testament which the Scripture Gift Mission has prepared for our soldiers at the front opens with a message from President Wilson, says the Literary Digest. The society, which has distributed about 20,000,000 Testaments and Gospel portions among the soldiers of Europe so far in the struggle, now issues an edition of 27,000 for the American boys. Besides inspiration and comfort the men are assured they will draw much else from reading the Bible. This is the President's admonition:

"The Bible is the word of life. I beg that you will read it and find this out for yourselves—read, not little snatches here and there, but long passages that will really be the road to the heart of it.

"You will not only find it full of real men and women, but also of things you have wondered about and been troubled about all your life, as men have been always, and the more you read the more it will become plain to you what things are worth while and what are not; what things make men happy—loyalty, right dealings, speaking the truth, readiness to give everything for what they think their duty, and, most of all, the wish that they may have the real approval of the Christ, who gave everything for them; and the things that are guaranteed to make men unhappy—selfishness, cowardice, greed and everything that is low and mean.

"When you have read the Bible you will know that it is the Word of God, because you will have found it the key to your own heart, your own happiness and your own duty.

"WOODROW WILSON."

The New York Globe, noting that Bible reading, often as it is urged, has, as we all know, gone out of fashion, yet points to surprises in store for those who come to it with a fresh interest:

"So eminent a writer as George Moore, whose education has happened to keep him mainly ignorant of the Bible, made some discoveries that surprised him when a few years ago he undertook for a purpose to read the Bible through. Not a little of Vale he devotes to his adventures with Holy Writ. To a friend he is reported as saying of certain stories in the earlier part of the Old Testament: 'Why, really, you know, Maupassant could hardly have done them better'—from Mr. Moore praise indeed!

"The Bible provides literary variety as well as excellence in a compact form. It is from every point of view the ideal book for the soldier or sailor in campaign. The thunder of the Psalms is an antidote for the thunder of battle."

IT IS WELL FOR US TO STOP AND MEDITATE.

As our feet reluctantly turn in the latter part of life's long way, at the bend where we may almost see in the distance the "gloomy portal" through which we must pass to reach our heavenly home; as we realize that truly the things of this life are receding in the shadows of the past, is it not well for us to stop and meditate for a while on the wonder of the love which has led us thus far, day by day, and, which we know—the only thing, together with the certainty of death, whereof we are sure—of things to come—will lead us to the end? asks Zoar in the Living Church.

Oh, that we Christians, in these days of "battle murder and sudden death" for thousands and thousands of our brethren, might in the strength of that assurance learn to pray and to intercede for all men, that the mighty power of God's love may send out his light in the darkness of this world, and put an end to the murderous conflict of nations. We, who have passed through the depths, know out of our own experience that nothing is impossible to God. We know it because we have seen it, we have felt it, his love has flooded our life. When all hope seemed to have fled, we know that God is love, infinite, merciful, long-suffering, forgiving love.

Shall we then fear the evening tide rapidly advancing, and the solitude of the last part of the road? True, the things of this world have lost their hold upon us, and we thank God that they have, but shall we only think of our own salvation and remain indifferent to the world's suffering? God forbid! While we are in this world, though not of it, we will pray for those who are suffering and dying wherever they may be, pray as only those who know God's love and power can pray. Yes, the lights die down on the path we take, but with the twilight comes peace, and an infinite sympathy for those who are still bearing the burden of the day.

Resolutely then, we turn our face toward the setting sun of our life, firmly believing his word—"I go to prepare a place for you"—asking only, that it may be granted to us to serve him and our fellow-men even to the very end.

GOD FIGHTS THROUGH MEN AGAINST A BLIND FORCE.

Religion is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God and has been found by God, he begins at no beginning, he works to no end, says H. G. Wells, in "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." He may have his friendships, his partial loyalties, his scraps of honor. But all these things fall into place and life falls into place only with God. Only with God—God, who fights through men against blind force and night and nonexistence; who is the end, who is the meaning. He is the only King. Before the coming of the true King, the inevitable King, the King who is present whenever just men foregather, this blood-stained rubbish of the ancient world, these puny kings and lawdry emperors, these wily politicians and artful lawyers, these men who claim and grab and trick and compel, these gear-makers and oppressors, will presently shrivel and pass—like paper thrust into a flame.

Prayer for the Day.

The following prayer is from the Living Church:

"Infinite and eternal Spirit, who dost seek us even when we turn from Thee, who art at the end of every journey and art the goal of all our desires, who with infinite persistence dost seek an entrance to our hearts and dost follow us with a love from which there is no final escape, grant that we make our complete surrender unto Thee and do Thou come into our inmost being and possess us utterly. Round our incompleteness is Thy completeness, round our restlessness Thy rest. Be unto us light in our blindness and strength in our helplessness. Even in the bitterness of strife Thou canst bring the peace which passeth all understanding. Out of the very mouth of perdition Thou canst show us the path unto Thy presence. Give us faith to believe that out of this present darkness of the world and all its misery and its sin, Thou wilt bring us to the ways of righteousness and the knowledge of Thee. In Thine infinite patience save us from our blunders, turn us from our wandering, and finally grant unto the people of this world peace with Thee and with one another. Amen."

Short Sermons.

What, then, shall we tell our children to believe? What religion shall we give them? We must live them the religion that we have ourselves, the religion that we live by ourselves. Let father speak out bravely what he does believe. If he finds no creed ready made, let him formulate one, and let him not be ashamed if his creed contains no incomprehensible dogmas—it may be all the better for that.—Cleveland Moffett.

Let us think, then, not only confident of the justice of our cause, but alert against the invasion of our own natures which we attack. "Let us in the welter of distraction expand our spirits toward the eternal sphere where life abides; let us keep our aims high, selfless and clean, [illegible] attitude that love itself, working in hidden ways, demands of us [illegible] nerve us to our bitter task.—Vida D. Scudder.

PARIS ELKS BUILDING NOW MASONIC TEMPLE.

Special to The News.

Paris, Texas, Sept. 22.—The Masonic bodies of Paris, which recently purchased the Elks' building on Grand avenue, have taken formal possession and finished moving into their new quarters today. They had been without a home since 1877, when their building was destroyed in the first big fire. The former Elks' building will hereafter be known as the Masonic Temple.

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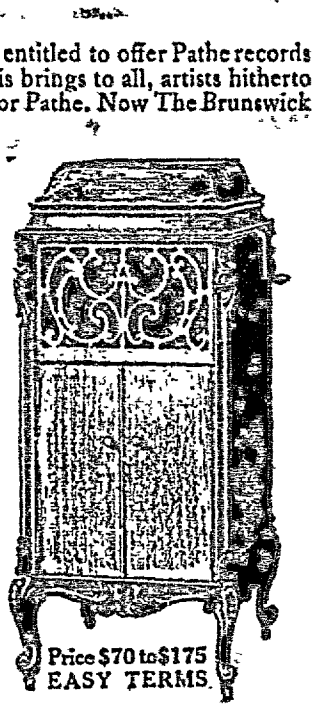

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