

CITIZEN SOLDIERS OFF FOR "FRONT" Girl Bugler Just Forgotten, So Dinner Gong Sounds Assembly

One Little Woman Cries as Her Warrior Entrains with Khaki-Clad Horde.

1,600 IN FIRST ARMY AT PLATTSBURG CAMP

Lawyers, Doctors, Bosses and Employes Start Drills To-day—7,000 in Next Force.

Five hundred and sixteen good Americans, citizen soldiers of Uncle Sam's second training regiment, moved out of the Grand Central Terminal last night in a railroad drive on Plattsburg. They were divided between two sections of a special train, scheduled to land them at their upstate camp at 7 o'clock this morning.

For an hour before leaving time—8:40 o'clock—the terminal had the aspect of an army post. At least half the men, who for the next month will forget their clients, their patients, their customers, their employers and their employes, were already in uniform. A few carried rifles in leather cases.

Wives, sweethearts, sisters and clams by the hundreds were there to see them off. Of all the women, just one cried when the gates were slammed behind the last of the summer camp volunteers. She, a slender little person, who looked as if she might have been a young bride, wept as bitterly as if it were to real war, instead of real work, her soldier was going.

"Wonderful!" Says J. L. Derby.

One man in the throng about the Plattsburg gate viewed the entraining with special satisfaction. He was J. Lloyd Derby, secretary of the National Training Camp Association, relative by marriage of Colonel Roosevelt and one of the group which developed the summer training idea.

"It's wonderful!" he exclaimed. "As a demonstration of the patriotism that lies in the heart of our plain American business man, nothing could be more striking."

"You remember how the whole thing started? It was just after the sinking of the Lusitania that a few of us got together and started to talk preparedness. We hit on the summer camp plan and went to General Wood. He promised to have such a camp if we would sign up a minimum of 200 men.

"A year ago to-day we had only fifty men pledged. It looked then as if we weren't going to put it over. But we did—and now look at the result! This first month we'll have about 1,650 men in camp and next month there'll be 7,000, many of them 'repeaters' from last year. Those who had the training of 1915 and took General Wood's correspondence course during the winter will come pretty close to being real soldiers before fall."

Entire Nation Represented. Of the 1,600 and more men making up the first Plattsburg camp, about 1,000 are from New York. Others come from distant places. States as far west as Oklahoma are represented, while there are also recruits from Alaska, Porto Rico and Panama. Thus the camp at Plattsburg will in a special sense fulfill the ideal General Wood has desired in military training—that is, to help weld into a homogeneous whole the 100,000,000 people of the United States.

Once within the lines of the camp, the recruit passes under strict discipline, with all distinctions obliterated except for special reasons, such as sickness, he will not be allowed to leave the camp until he has put in the full four weeks.

Neither will any one be accepted who reports late. He must be at the camp some time to-day or he cannot enter. A recruit may, however, have

Soldierettes at Weewappo Farm Otherwise Went Through Camp Inspection After the Fashion of Seasoned Campaigners.

If the blue-eyed and bronzed-haired Psyche detailed to blow the bugle in the camp of the Emergency Service Corps, at Erskine, N. J., knew a little more about producing the proper notes at the proper moment yesterday's visiting day—the first of the girls' encampment—might have passed off without a smile. As it was, things were not quite so straight backed and dignified as they could have been.

For fear of the very thing that happened there is a set of musical dinner gongs in camp upon which can be played a simple melody. They served a purpose yesterday when it came time for evening parade because the bugler forgot whether she ought to pursue her lips to blow a high note or just blow without pursuing.

Brigadier General E. Z. Steever, U. S. A. (retired), issued the order for the assembly call through Captain Candace Hewitt. She transmitted it to the bugler.

Dinner Gong Sounds Assembly. "Would it make any difference if I played it on the dinner gongs?" the bugler asked General Steever, blushing like a girl soldier the while. "I'm not just sure I can blow it."

General Steever smiled, but said he guessed it would be all right. So from the tinkling gongs arose something that sounded like "assembly," though a seasoned woman campaigner was heard to remark afterward that the bugler started the call on the wrong note and played the wrong tune.

Visiting day failed to produce a chocolate cake. With Spartan self-denial the thirty girl advocates of preparedness sent word to their mothers

and sisters—and perhaps to their sweethearts—that that dainty and all others would be frowned upon. They felt obliged to stick to their bacon and hardtack as long as they were in camp. The fact that bacon and hardtack on the Weewappo farm consists of chicken soup, strawberry shortcake and similar good things has nothing to do with the case. Soldiering is soldiering.

Fifty visitor girls went inspection, conducted by General Steever and Captain Candace. Two girls stood at attention before each tent and silently hoped the inspectors wouldn't find any powder specks on the camp mirror.

Four girls put up a wall tent in an exhibition drill, while four others were detailed to go trout fishing. The fishermen brought back twelve trout, which were speedily popped into frying pans.

Soldierette Wounded with Axe. Dorothy Ives, a member of the wood-chopping detail, missed a blow with the axe and cut her hand. Immediately the camp hospital table, loaded with arnica and all sorts of grisly things, was wheeled out into the sunlight, where the moving picture men would be sure not to miss it. Miss Alice Thorne, it may be said, thought the cut on Miss Ives's finger was at least half an inch long.

Miss Mildred Rives was quite indignant when she discovered that she had meant when she discovered that she had been photographed with the rest on parade. She issued positive orders to the photographers that the pictures were not to be used until she saw the proofs. She has no money, it is known, that her skirt hung correctly.

Zeus, a Great Dane sentry, attracted lots of attention from the visitors. His bite is said to be even worse than his bark, and the soldierettes have no fear with him on guard.

White's Flock Ready for Trial. Some idea of the defence to be presented by members of Bouck White's flock this morning when they are tried for burning the American flag last Thursday night filtered through their meetings yesterday at 125 West Twenty-first Street. Karlo Chetyann, who placed the Japanese flag in the pot with the others, arose at the recess during the long meeting yesterday afternoon and said:

"I have two feelings as I think of appearing to-morrow for trial. One is of regret and the other is of joy. I regret it because the public will not understand the spirit in which we did it, but I am glad to suffer if I have to for the bigger thing, the international flag."

Louis Cherkoff, a Russian, who has been here nine years, spoke more at length. Judging from his speech, his defence will be that:

"America means unity—the unity of forty-eight flags into one. Our action was that of merging the national flags into one of humanity, in the same spirit in which the United States is united. When Benjamin Franklin received a present of the flag one time he said that he hoped the stars would some time represent one flag, that of the nation. I hope that all flags will some day be represented by one. If I am a traitor, Benjamin Franklin is, too."

The afternoon session was held in the same yard where the flag burning occurred Thursday night. It was interrupted frequently by neighbors in windows above who were displeased. After a luncheon of sandwiches and cocoa, "at proletarian prices," and an hour of song and informal discussion, the evening meeting was called to order indoors.

J. G. Hiff, instructor in Teachers' College, Columbia University, made the principal address. He spoke mainly of the difference between the Church of Social Revolution and other religious organizations, but alluded to flags in direct terms.

"The United States and China have the same trouble. Both worship the past. A great-great-great grandfather is super-sacred. George Washington was little more than a plain, sensible man, and John D. Rockefeller when he died. We have come to a worship of the government at Washington. It is necessary that we hold that in high respect, but there is a loyalty that is higher."

Places Red Flag on Top. "I shall never put my flag above my kind. I care very little more for the Stars and Stripes than for the stripes of Germany. I am not, therefore, a German. I simply place the red flag (I suppose it is red) of humanity above the Stars and Stripes and pray for the day when every one shall do so."

Mr. Hiff pointed out that the Church of Social Revolution was different from others in that it believed in the "soundness of the human heart and in some ultimate hope for the world."

NEWLAND SUICIDE; BODY DISCOVERED

Mind Affected by Business, He Had Been Missing Since Thursday.

SEARCH COVERED ALL OF WESTCHESTER

Revolver Clutched in Dead Man's Hand—Corpse Found in Woods Near Hartsdale.

While hundreds of searchers were scouring other sections of Westchester County, the body of John Newland, of White Plains, a wealthy manufacturer, was found by a pedestrian yesterday afternoon in a clump of woods midway between Hartsdale and Scarsdale.

A revolver was clamped in the dead man's hand, and there was a bullet wound in his temple. Newland disappeared Thursday. Though his wealth was estimated at \$500,000 and his business, the Hall-Gilbert Dress Form Company, of 30 West Thirty-second Street, was said to be in excellent condition, his family explained that his mind had been affected for some time by worry over business affairs.

When he left home Thursday he said he was going to New York, but his friends began a search for him late that night when he failed to communicate with his family. It was known then that he had taken a revolver with him. An acquaintance told of seeing him in Grand Central Terminal Thursday, but nothing else could be discovered of his movements until the body was found on Fox Meadow.

Bands of citizens were organized in White Plains; they began to search the county Friday. It was continued Saturday and was still in progress when word came that the body had been found.

Ten days ago Mr. Newland returned from Florida, where his family persuaded him to go three months ago, hoping that the change of climate would relieve his mental aberration. He returned apparently in a normal condition, and went about his business as usual until Thursday.

The nature of the business troubles which worried the dead man is not known to his family. His attorney, Frederick C. McLaughlin, has made an examination of the estate, but has found nothing of a disturbing nature. Despite this fact, members of the family say that some time ago a revolver was wrested from Mr. Newland's hand just as he was about to use it on himself.

His friends believe that he went to New York on Thursday with the firm intention to kill himself, transacted some business and then went to Hartsdale. He walked through the woods to Fox Meadow, on Miss Emily O. Butler's estate, set down against a tree and shot himself.

The body was found by R. C. Colver, of Scarsdale.

Italy Puts Clock Ahead. Rome, June 4.—Legal time was advanced one hour throughout Italy, beginning at midnight last night.

PRIEST SAYS JOHN D'S FUND IS CHURCH FOE

Warns Catholics of Tyranny of Big Foundations.

RED BANK COUPLE OFTEN QUARRELLED

Husband "Only Meant to Scare" Wife, Who Is Dying in Long Branch Hospital.

Red Bank, N. J., June 4.—As nine-year-old Dorothy Hodges, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodges, of New York and Red Bank, N. J., played jacks on the sidewalk in front of her parents' home, on Branch Avenue, this afternoon the sound of voices raised in anger came from a bedroom window.

Almost immediately there followed three revolver shots. Dorothy ran into the house, and at the foot of the stairs met her father.

"Have you shot my mother?" she cried. "Get out of my way!" he shouted as he pushed past her. "I've done it."

Hurrying to her mother's room, the child found her lying on the floor with a bullet in her temple. One of the shots had taken effect. She still lived, but was unable to speak.

Girl Telephones Physician. The little girl ran to the telephone and called Dr. H. W. Young. When the physician arrived he summoned an ambulance, which took the injured woman to Monmouth Memorial Hospital, at Long Branch. Doctors there do not expect her to live.

Meanwhile neighbors, alarmed at the sound of the shots, had gathered in the streets. Hodges had gone to the home of Fred Wagner. He told Wagner he had shot his wife, went to the barn, hid his revolver and then walked to Borough Hall, where he gave himself up.

After being placed in a cell in the county jail at Freehold Hodges sent for his lawyer, Warren H. Smock. He was taken before Justice of the Peace Badesu, waived a hearing and was bound over to the grand jury on a charge of atrocious assault with intent to kill.

"Only meant to scare her," was his single statement. Divorce Suits Involved. Hodges is an insurance adjuster for the Casualty Company of America, with offices in New York City. His wife, who is about thirty-five years old, is a former Long Branch girl who was much in society before her marriage to Henry Hagerman, a Red Bank business man. Hagerman divorced her, naming Hodges as correspondent, and she and Hodges were married shortly after his second wife had divorced him. His first wife was killed in a runaway accident twelve years ago.

Hodges owns valuable property, including two residences on Branch Avenue. He was once in the butter and egg commission business in New York, where he is said to have accumulated a comfortable fortune, much of which was later lost, according to rumors here, in speculation. Neighbors of the couple have long

GIRL CALLS HELP TO MOTHER, SHOT

Daughter Pushed Aside by Father, Frank Hodges, Who Then Surrenders.

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GUARD AIR CORPS GETS FEDERAL AID

War Secretary Asks \$75,000 to Equip Proposed Aviation Schools.

BANDITS FIRED ON PREY NEAR MENDHAM WITHOUT WARNING.

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The War Department has decided to appropriate \$75,000 to purchase equipment for a Signal Corps aviation school for the United States Army.

In a letter to Alan R. Hawley, president of the Aero Club, Secretary Baker of the War Department says that estimates have been submitted for \$1,000,000 to begin the equipment of such aero units of the national guard as the War Department may authorize.

This announcement was made in reply to a letter sent by Mr. Hawley pointing out that the national guard of forty states were anxious to organize aviation sections, and that after having asked for assistance at the War Department, which could not be given because of lack of funds, the national guard turned to the Aero Club. It is estimated by the club that approximately \$100,000 would be required properly to equip the national guard of each state.

After referring to the appropriation, Secretary Baker said further: "After the appropriation becomes available, should a state make application for the organization of an aero company it would be favorably considered and probationary recognition granted for a period of one year from the date of inspection by a United States Army officer."

"At a date not later than one year from the date of the probationary recognition another inspection would be made by an officer of the aviation section of the army Signal Corps. Continued recognition as a unit of the national guard and the issue of the standard equipment would be made contingent upon the following conditions, the existence of which would be determined at the second inspection: (a) Conformity to organizational standards of the regular army, (b) technical and physical ability of aviators, and (c) provisions for training personnel and care and maintenance of material."

Liquor and Church "Ads" Mingle. Montclair, N. J., June 4.—In the programme of the Montclair horse show yesterday there appeared side by side two strangely incongruous advertisements. One told of the merits of a certain well known café; next to it was a space which held the simple words: "Jesus will heal when doctors can't." The man who had inserted the religious advertisement, it was stated, requested that it be placed next to that of the café.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 4.—While the members of the crew were away from Columbia quarters on their jaunt over the hills, Manager W. E. Walker effected a spectacular rescue of a young girl visiting the boathouse.

While her companion was talking to Coach Rice the skiff in which they had made the trip across the river drifted away from the boat, and in her attempt to hold the craft fast the girl leaned too far over the side and was plunged into the water.

Although the surface of the stream at this point did not rise above her chin, Manager Walker had a great strategy and tact to extract the young woman from the Hudson, so afraid was she that her new straw hat, which was undamaged by the water, would be ruined.

Walker went in with all his clothes on, while Coach Rice, standing on the float, helped lift the unfortunate sight-seer back to dry land.

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Saks & Company Broadway at 34th Street In the Men's Furnishing Dept. today Men's Finely Tailored Pajamas and Nightshirts in a variety of new styles and fabrics At all seasons of the year you will find at Saks the largest and most select assortment of men's pajamas in New York City. For today we have selected a wonderful assortment at the following prices: At 95c—A number of new models in fine quality mercerized fabrics, in plain colors. Very carefully tailored. At \$1.10—Well-cut garments, made of woven Madras, in stripes and plain colors; superior quality mercerized cloths in plain colors, and fine quality crepes. At \$1.50—Pajamas made of excellent quality crepes, mercerized fabrics in jacquard designs, genuine soisette, fine woven stripes, plain weaves and new blazer stripes. At \$2.00—Fine tailor-made pajamas, the product of America's leading pajama manufacturer. Cut and made to fit like a regular suit. Very sightly for lounging on hot Summer days and nights. Made in a wide range of exclusive fabrics, trimmed with silk frogs or pearl buttons. Men's Summer Nightshirts at 55c and \$1 In a most inclusive collection of light-weight Summer materials, very carefully tailored and finished. For One Week, Beginning Today 1200 Men's High-Grade Shirts at \$2.50 In silk and cotton; also pure silk Not a job lot or "seconds," but high-grade garments from our regular stock, made for men who demand the finest of shirtwear. The colors, designs and weaves are NEW. The fabrics are of a kind usually confined to exclusive Fifth Avenue specialty shops. The Designs: Hair line stripes, cluster stripes, candy stripes, and lustrous plain colors, including tan, helio, grey, light blue, green and light grey.

WHITE'S FLOCK READY FOR TRIAL Co-Workers Outline Their Defence Pleas at Yesterday's Services.

BOY HANDCAR THIEVES NARROWLY MISS DEATH Towerman and Station Agent Save Group from Tragedy.

ITALY PUTS CLOCK AHEAD. Rome, June 4.—Legal time was advanced one hour throughout Italy, beginning at midnight last night.

A Most Exceptional Limited Offering of Saks Suits for Men Specially Priced for This Occasion at \$22.00 And every suit Saks-made from the loom to the label! The actual, regular, former and future selling prices of these Suits are substantially higher than \$22—but it is against our policy to publish them. The reason is simple: This is an extraordinary event, and we cannot afford to fall into a common clothing practice and run the risk of having a genuine opportunity confused with a bad habit! The purpose of these great values in Saks Suits at \$22 is to demonstrate our initiative in one of the most difficult woolen seasons ever known! Of course, initiative is our business. It's nothing new for us to set the pace for values. But we are eclipsing ourselves on this occasion, and we are doing it under adverse conditions, like a horse that hangs up a new record on a wet track. In an era of unprecedented prices for woollens and all the et ceteras of clothes-making, we have assembled for this event a line of suit values such as New Yorkers have never before seen in the height of the Summer season. Single-breasted Models—Double-breasted Models—Pleated Back Models—New Norfolk Models. And that doesn't mean just four models—it means forty models and then some. Saks & Company Broadway at 34th Street

The Faith-Cure By faith, we are told, we can move mountains, not necessarily physical mountains, but certainly mountains of fear and trouble. Because such mountains may be so moved there is no less credit due the source of inspiration. The fear-sickness into which this country worked itself was thus cured by the Government Bond issue of 1892. What the Federal Reserve Act has done for us during the past twenty-two months is no less striking an example of the faith-cure. There are times in the life of a nation when, as in business, it is good to take inventory. Independent of the benign influence of the Federal Reserve Act, we have an Income Tax Law actually upon our books; we have a Federal Trade Commission; we have the admirable work of the Department of Justice; we shall have a bi-partisan tariff commission—these things have not only given the United States a place in the sun, but they have helped to create a public instead of a partisan spirit. Our quadrennial political upheaval is at hand, but the Harriman National Bank is convinced that, regardless of the hysterical vocal utterances on topics of the day, the underlying conservative sentiment of the sober, though as yet perhaps silent, judgment of the country will be ultimately served. BANKING HOURS FROM 8 A. M. TO 8 P. M. SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS 8 A. TO MIDNIGHT HARRIMAN NATIONAL BANK FIFTH AVENUE AND 44TH ST., NEW YORK