

ANCIENT COACHES CARRY 71ST AWAY

No Pullmans for Guardsmen Who Leave N. Y. After Wait in Yards.

CROWDS GREET MEN IN AVENUE MARCH

1,400 Depart to Tune of "We'll Hang Carranza to a Sour Apple Tree."

With two silk American flags whipping from her boiler, engine 3,071, of the New York Central, gasped a long breath, then coughed, at exactly 2:17 p. m. yesterday, and the first section of the 71st Regiment was on its way to the Mexican border.

Behind the first came the three other sections of the "71st Special." The first three were filled with officers and men and the last was a long equipment train. To a string of flatcars were wired and blocked the combat wagons, in which were packed the tents and much of the equipment of the regiment; also one carload of mules, four of horses, several of munitions, cars loaded with rations for the first days at Brownsville or any emergency and two day coaches for the armed guards of the equipment train. It was this section of the "71st Special" that delayed the regiment's departure for two and a half hours while the 1,600 men, in heavy marching order, stood in the Eleventh Avenue midway sun.

Men Begin March.

After the high mass in St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church, at which Bishop Hayes officiated, the men of the 71st returned to their armory, at Fourth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, ready for the first lap of their long journey. Shortly before 10 o'clock the "assembly" sounded and the men fell in. Chaplain William Crocker, of the Church of Epiphany, stepped before the lines and offered a short, earnest prayer for the men who go and for the women who stay. The flag of the United States and the regiment were presented. Then a sharp order was given.

At 10:50 a. m. the 71st marched out of the armory and swung across Park Avenue amid a deafening cheer from the crowds in the street and in the windows of the Park Avenue and Vanderbilt hotels.

Turning north at Fifth Avenue, led by a squad of mounted police and a band, they marched up the avenue beyond crowds that lined the sidewalks deep. Governor Whitman, with his military aid in full uniform, reviewed the regiment as it passed St. Patrick's Cathedral from the rear seat of an automobile. With the throng that crowded the cathedral steps he removed his hat and as the colors were carried past him, the men in turn, saluted with their rifles as they passed the Governor.

Long Wait Experienced.

The first touch of the hardships that await the guardsmen greeted them at the New York Central yards at Sixty-ninth Street and Eleventh Avenue. The train was high and the day was oppressively sultry when they were halted. Then came a wait of two and a half hours.

Nobody seemed to know the cause. Soon it was discovered that the ammunition was just being loaded from the New York Central docks into the muniton train. A hostler with his military aid in full uniform, reviewed the regiment as it passed St. Patrick's Cathedral from the rear seat of an automobile. With the throng that crowded the cathedral steps he removed his hat and as the colors were carried past him, the men in turn, saluted with their rifles as they passed the Governor.

Straight Up All Ways.

They will have no Pullmans. They will not even have the luxury of the Western chair cars, in which one can have a fairly comfortable nap. They will ride "straight up" all the way, for they are travelling as "freight"—at least, they are limited to freight speed, and will probably bump along over the outside freight tracks. Thirty miles an hour is to be their maximum speed.

A TALE OF THE LAST WEST

HAPPY VALLEY

A BIG, gripping story of homesteading in the last of the virgin West. There is tragedy to touch the sympathies, comedy to raise a smile, romance to fire the imagination, but best of all there is the cheerful, battling, indomitable spirit of the Pioneer—the spirit of America.

By ANNE SHANNON MONROE All Bookstores A. C. McCLURG & Co., PUBLISHERS

ing engines. Engine 3,071, after all her gusto, was due to have a deep sigh and desert the regiment there. The men of the 71st will get their rations from a kitchen car, placed in the middle of each train, and carry their hot coffee and beans back to their jolting seats. Before the train had gone half a dozen men had spilled their coffee over their uniforms. After five days they can wash up in Texas.

Leaving the New York Central at Buffalo, the 71st will travel over the Nickel Plate to Cleveland, thence through the Ohio Valley over the Big Four to St. Louis. With the temperature in a bullish mood, they will then travel due south many miles for two days and nights over the Katy, at length swinging into San Antonio.

Then the Southern Pacific will pick them up and haul them over to Sinton; the St. Louis, Brownsville & Mexico Railroad will then drag them over the last sizzling log of their journey to Texas—and they will have a bath.

But they departed amid the plaudits of the multitude, singing "We'll Hang Carranza to a sour apple tree" to a well known tune.

COMPANY FIGHTS ON TO STOP 80-CENT GAS

Kings County Concern Wants Permanent Injunction.

Justice Whitaker yesterday set July 5 to hear argument on the application of the Kings County Lighting Company for an injunction to restrain the state from putting into effect the 80 cent gas law in the Thirtieth and Thirty-first wards in Brooklyn. The Kings County Lighting Company has a temporary injunction which it seeks to make permanent.

7TH UNDAUNTED BY CANNED BEEF

Continued from page 1

good share of the line officers in the next two. In the rest, except for the one baggage car that the beans and beef and bread are in, are 600 non-coms and privates. As a rule, the privates and non-coms follow in the second section.

Although the baggage train is far behind the men have with them sufficient equipment to take at once to the field.

"We could stop the train right here and get off and fight," said Colonel Fiske, "and we could put up a good fight, too, as long as our sixty rounds of ammunition lasted."

The men are carrying only the sixty rounds because the government has promised to have an adequate ammunition store at Brownsville, Tex., the present objective. The rest is in the combat wagons, far back. There is a feeling among the officers that they will have little to do at Brownsville and get their men into shape. The town which will hold 25,000 men of the New York National Guard are to concentrate, is practically on the coast and in a zone in which no trouble has been reported.

With a few naval vessels off the coast, even were trouble to develop there would be little need for a strong land force.

On Road to Vera Cruz.

On the other hand, Brownsville has direct communication with Galveston, the logical point from which to send troops to Vera Cruz once that support has been taken by the navy; and Vera Cruz would be the logical base from which to launch a drive on Mexico City. It is recalled, also, that a war plan against Mexico has ever been devised by the General Staff of the United States army which has not pivoted on the capture of the Mexican capital.

So, hearing the discussions of the tacticians among them, few of the men would be surprised if the latest of a few weeks found them aboard transports. None of them expect to be back in New York before Christmas.

The 7th has been marching through such a country as Alice might have found herself in had she made another trip through the looking glass—a topsy-turvy land, where men in factories and fields stop work and about themselves hoarse as the train passes, where the whistles of switch and freight engines cut all sorts of capers, where boys quit baseball games in the inning and throw bats and hats and gloves at the sky; where tiny human figures jig on distant roofs and wave their arms like semaphore; where building hangs so thick along the right of way that the prospect from the train windows as cities and villages fit by seems one continuous blaze of red, white and blue.

If every train on this route got such a series of ovations, Gregory Hunt, the septuagenarian conductor, doesn't remember even having heard tell of it.

Maybe it is because the way the people we pass act that the B Company quartet sings so loud to the tune of "The Jolly Sophs"—and so much as if they mean what they are singing.

Col. Bates Keeps Word to Women and 71st Halts for Last Goodby

"God Bless You! Come Back Safe!" from Quivering Lips Stills Cheers and Chaff, Sending Guardsmen Silently to Waiting Trains.

By EMMA BUGBEE.

"They can well on the manly bosoms 'til the train rolls on." Colonel Bates, of the 71st Regiment, made this promise two days ago, and he lived up to it nobly yesterday. It wasn't his fault if every one of the thousands of women who lined Texas Avenue didn't find the particular bosom she wanted to weep on. For two hours the regiment waited, no one knew exactly why, unless it was the shy, old colonel, who had an eye on those mothers and sweethearts all the time he was pretending to be busy with unromantic things like ammunition and baggage.

It was the women who were militant yesterday. There was fire in their eyes, and if any militiamen or mere police had tried to keep them from their boys the war would have begun then and there. The women didn't know Colonel Bates as well as his men did. That was why we stood on the curb, angry, desperate, silent, all those long, hot hours. Would we have a chance to say goodby?

There was a little woman beside me with a two months' old baby in her arms. She was really just a young girl, dressed in one of those brave little silk dresses that try so hard to be fashionable. The baby was all dressed up, too, with a tiny flag in its bonnet, in honor of its soldier daddy. The whole tragedy of war was there, in that picture; the woman silent and imploring, the baby grim, waiting with the baby which would be the impediment and at the same time the necessity for her going back into the business world to earn her own living again. However, she was not thinking of the trouble ahead. She was only wondering if she would see Carl as he passed by. We who stood with her felt as if we couldn't stand it if he failed her.

Silently Waits to Say Goodby.

She shivered a little when the bugle blew and the ranks began to creep

past. Line after line went by. There were flags and tears and shouts from everybody else on the corner, but the little woman with the baby was still straining forward, silent, when the last line came into sight. Then she saw him on the far side of the column. "Carl!" she shrieked. He did not hear.

"Carl!" again, and then she recognized one of his mates. "Arthur, tell Carl!" Arthur rose to the emergency, bless him. And Carl, too, proved himself a man to be relied on. What cared he for the blaring bugle or the fact that his regiment was on the march? Carl gave one quick look at his captain, and then he bolted. Straight through the ranks he dashed, and there wasn't a dry eye on the corner when he grabbed his little family in his arms.

It was not two minutes later that the ranks came to a halt at the entrance to the yards. Then the women swarmed. Sandwiches and fruit, soda water and all the other delicacies which affection delights in were thrust upon the eyes and weary men. Those who had no women folk to cheer them up sang "Weep no more, my lady," or jeered loudly to show they weren't jealous.

"Wonder what kind of cars they'll give," said one. "Cattle cars, most likely," answered a comrade. "That's all right. I'm a little hoarse myself after singing so much last night."

"What do we get to eat?" "Hey!"

The Last Farewell.

When the final command came to entrain the women insisted on still another farewell. The police grew desperate trying to keep impatient mothers from running in the track of the moving train. I saw two stout, red-faced men, by means the slim, handsome boys of whom one expects many farewells, cross the tracks and then stop.

"Better not go in. Mother'll be chasing us all over the yards," said one. "Evidently the wise counsel did not prevail, for half an hour later I saw the two come back, leading mother, protesting and fearful, still clinging to their arms, defining police and colonel and all who tried to separate her from her boys before the last moment.

who had begun to believe that they had been forgotten, and car pools were crowded with love scenes which the crowd was too busy to notice. For two hours the crowd waited, the tension lessening as time advanced. When, at 1:27, the first train pulled out, it was with great cheer from the men inside. Floating back from the train as it rolled out into the yards came the strains of a war song of other days, "The Soldier's Farewell," sung by hundreds of voices.

I know whether he'll be home, I know where his calls me, I know where his calls me, I know where his calls me.

Crowd Follows Train.

The second train got under way at 1:41; the following it far into the yards to wave a last goodbye. One of those who clung closest to the train, and who for the last five days had followed the regiment on all its hikes, was Mrs. Francis B. Thorne, who, as Miss Evelyn Brown, was married last October. During the long wait Mrs. Thorne had held tight to her husband's hand, and when the train pulled out she ran alongside as far as the station authorities would permit.

Colonel Cornelius Vanderbilt inspected the regiment before departure, and Colonel Dan Appleton, who was colonel of the 7th for twenty-seven years, watched the train, rapidly gathering speed, with tears in his eyes. "They're a fine lot of boys," he stammered. "May God bless them."

Adjutant General Stotesbury was another who saw the regiment off. Passing between the trains, he shook the hands of the boys, hung far enough out of the windows to greet him.

Not Enough Steel Cars.

The 7th began entraining at 4 o'clock yesterday morning, when its wagons arrived in Jersey City. All night long the quartermaster's division worked. For a time it was thought one wagon would have to be abandoned because of a broken wheel, but it was repaired in time to be loaded with the others.

The delay in leaving was caused by Colonel Fiske's desire to have all of the men as comfortable as possible, and by the fact that some of the ammunition was not loaded when the regiment arrived at the station.

An official of the railroad said he considered the time of entrainment, two hours and fifty-seven minutes, remarkably good. The fact that no tourist coaches had been provided, he said, was because they had not been ordered by the quartermaster's department. Regarding the wooden coaches, he said he doubted if there was enough steel equipment in the country to carry all the men and their baggage without breaking regularly scheduled trains.

As there is no cook-car in the make-up of the trains, the men will have to dine on cold rations during the entire trip, unless they are able to buy hot food along the way. These rations will consist of canned beans, canned corned beef, crackers and jam.

There are forty-nine coaches and three baggage cars in the trains which are carrying the guardsmen to Brownsville. Although these stood in the station in four sections, they were pulled out as two trains, running about six minutes apart. The wagons and equipment of the regiment followed in a third section, made up of seven gondolas and three box cars. Although there was a rumble and rattle, the 7th would travel on a freight schedule and they would not reach the border before Saturday, an official of the railroad declared. The trip would take from sixty-five to seventy-two hours.

The men yesterday were wearing their heavy flannel uniforms, and each man carried sixty rounds of ammunition, one-fourth of what they needed. Although the government is supposed to furnish the ammunition, every pound of it thus far received by the 7th has come from the state.

One man, armed with a thick stick of chalk, obligingly went from car to car and marked the company travelling in each on the side. Vendors of chocolate, cigars and soft drinks did a tremendous business. The entire stock of one enterprising youth was bought by a man, who proceeded to distribute it without discrimination among the men. Many "war brides" found husbands.

18 MORE FIRMS PLEDGE FULL PAY

New York Central Gives Out Plan for Aiding Soldier Employees.

SHAVING SETS GIFTS FOR GUARDSMEN

Brewing Company to Make Cash Presents and Phonograph Concern Salary Raises.

Eighteen more business houses and corporations were added yesterday to the roll of those who will pay salaries to their employees who have gone or will go to the border with the National Guard.

A. H. Smith, president of the New York Central lines, which already had announced it would pay its employees while away, yesterday issued a detailed statement concerning the method of payment. All will be given full pay for the month of June, the time to apply on the annual vacation allowance for the year. After July 1 married men will receive full pay; unmarried men, with dependent families, one-half to full pay, according to circumstances; unmarried men without dependent families, half pay. The maximum payment to any employee, on military service, shall not exceed \$100 a month after July 1.

Employees will be reinstated in the positions equally remunerative to the ones they held at the beginning of army service if they apply within thirty days after being released by the government.

Gillette Gives Razor Outfit.

The United Electric Light and Power Company has furnished blank forms to such of its employees as are members of the National Guard, to be used in specifying to whom their salaries are to be paid in their absence. The full pay rate applies to those who belonged to the guard before June 19.

The Gillette Safety Razor Company, in addition to paying full salaries, has given each of its men who are members of Company B, 9th Regiment, Massachusetts National Guard, a Gillette shaving set, to take with them to the border.

George E. Brightson, president of the Sonora Phonograph Corporation, announces that all the employees of that concern ordered to border service have had their salaries raised. They will be paid in their absence while they are gone and after their return.

The Greenhut Company will deliver merchandise free of charge for the soldiers.

Following are yesterday's honor roll additions. Others will be published in The Tribune from day to day: Aeolian Company, full pay.

Bis-Carlton Hotel, full pay. Rival Shoe Company, full pay. F. M. Schaefer Brewing Company, full pay and cash presents.

Sonora Phonograph Corporation, full pay and raise in salary. United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company, full pay.

United Electric Light and Power Company, full pay. Vitagraph-Lubin-Selig-Essanay, full pay. John Ward Men's Shoes, Inc., full pay.

HIS HEALTH POOR, GUARDSMAN ENDS LIFE

Feared That He Would Not Pass Federal Test.

Despondency because of ill health and the consequent fear that he might not be able to pass the medical examination required of the troops who are going to Mexico is believed to have been the cause of the suicide of Corporal John E. Smith at Sea Girt, N. J., on Monday. His brother, Arthur Smith, of Paterson, said yesterday that he had received a letter from the soldier, complaining of the fact that his health might interfere with his being accepted.

The letter, according to the brother, was written in a rambling style, and for this reason he had planned to go to Sea Girt, fearing that worry over ill health might have unbalanced the soldier's mind. Corporal Smith leaves a wife, one son and two daughters, his mother, two sisters and three brothers.

WHERE N. Y. GUARD UNITS NOW ARE

These are the present positions of New York City's National Guard units:

- The 7th Infantry, en route to border. The 71st Infantry, en route to border. The 14th Infantry, en route to border. 1st Field Hospital Corps, leaves Camp Whitman for border to-day. 3d Ambulance Corps, leaves Camp Whitman for border to-day. 1st Field Artillery at Van Cortlandt; first battalion leaves for border to-day. 69th Infantry, at Camp Whitman. 22d Engineers, at Camp Whitman. 12th Infantry, at army. 47th Infantry, at army. 23d Infantry, at army. 1st Battalion Signal Corps, at army. Squadron A, at Van Cortlandt. 1st Cavalry, at Van Cortlandt. 2d Field Artillery, at army. 8th Coast Defence, at army. 9th Coast Defence, at army. 13th Coast Defence, at army.

1,100 MEN OF 14TH OFF FOR BORDER

Col. Foote Quits Sick Bed to Lead Command from Peekskill.

Peekskill, N. Y., June 27.—While the 7th and 71st Regiments were marching this morning through the flag-hung, cheer-echoing streets of Manhattan, members of the 14th Regiment, of Brooklyn, were entraining here for Brownsville, Tex., with only the blaze of their own band and the sharp clatter of their own arms to bid them good-speed.

Every one was bitterly disappointed. From Colonel John H. Foote down to the most obscure private, every man in the regiment had eagerly looked forward to just one more day in New York. They had believed up to the last hour that their trains would carry them to Fifth Avenue, where there would be salvas of cheers to greet them, tender kisses and loving arms to bid them adieu.

But the boys of the 14th have already commenced being real soldiers, and their disappointment gave them their first opportunity to show their spirit. They were chagrined, but not angry. They filed into the coaches that awaited them with smiles on their faces and with cheers catching in their throats.

The start was made early. Reveille floated over the camp at 5:30 this morning and by 6 o'clock the 1st Battalion was tramping along the dusty road that leads to Rosa Hook, a mile away. Colonel Foote, on sick leave, left his bed to place himself at the head of his column. Before 9 o'clock the last man had boarded the train.

The transport train ran in three sections, and carried in its thirty-seven cars fifty officers, 1,100 men, 101 animals and nineteen vehicles.



His Morning Grouch

HERE'S Friend Husband, the autocrat of the breakfast table, doing his morning pout because he forgot to have his Tribune follow him to the country and now thinks it's your fault. He can stand anything but that—eggs underdone, rolls cold, coffee muddy—he'll get away with the breakfast without a murmur if you only make sure that his Tribune is propped up beside him. But if you don't—well, when it's too late, don't say that we didn't remind you to pass along the summer address to your newsdealer.

Tell your newsdealer where to have your Tribune sent. Pay him when you get home, or send us an order if you prefer to do it that way.

The Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

2 LOST ON 10,000 MILE CANOE TRIP

Missing Brokers Drowned in Lake Huron Storm, Friends Fear.

PAIR LEFT NEW YORK TO SEEK HEALTH

Drive for Soo May Have Cost Lives—Wreckage Found in Route They Planned.

James G. Hurty and Charles Marcell, the young stock brokers who left here a year ago yesterday on a proposed 10,000-mile trip around the eastern part of the United States in a 20-foot canoe, have not been heard from since they left Cheboygan, Mich., in the early part of this month, and it is feared they have been lost in a storm on Lake Huron. They were on a health trip.

They intended, according to a letter received yesterday by Henry Clews & Co., for whom they were branch managers, to put in at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., for the Elks' convention, held there June 13-16. Cheboygan Elks inquired for them, but were told they had not arrived.

The letter, which came from the Cheboygan National Bank, says the canoeists wintered at Black Lake, near Cheboygan. It does not state how they were wrecked, but says that the wreckage of some small craft has been picked up in the open lake along the route they are believed to have followed. This included paddles, gasoline cans and other articles. The canoe was equipped with a small motor.

Planned to Keep Near Shore. When they left here Hurty declared they would make it a point to hug the shores of the Great Lakes to avoid sudden storms, which often reach a greater fury than those of the Atlantic. If he and Marcell struck directly across the lake for the Soo they would have had to go approximately thirty miles through open water. They could have reached it, however, by staying close to the north shore of the Straits Peninsula and crossing the Straits of Mackinac, which are only three miles wide. This, however, would have been a very much longer way around, and it is feared they decided to dare the lake in the hope of saving many weary miles of paddling.

Acquaintance the young men made in their winter at Cheboygan have asked residents of Albany lake, apparently some distance out in the lake, to search for other signs of a wrecked canoe.

James Hurty is a brother of George A. Hurty, of Sound Beach, Conn., and New York, a member of the Clews firm. George Hurty said last night he had heard nothing further than was contained in the letter. Unless he gets some favorable word immediately he will leave for Cheboygan to organize a searching party.

The canoeists, after leaving the dock of the Columbia Yacht Club here, camped the first night below Havenstraw, and then paddled to Albany. From there they went by way of the Erie Canal to Buffalo and Lake Erie along the shore of the lake to the Detroit River, Lake St. Clair and through the St. Clair River to Lake Huron.

They intended to go through the Straits of Mackinac into Lake Michigan to Chicago, down the drainage canal to the Mississippi, to the Gulf of Mexico, and thence up the Atlantic seaboard. The canoe, built especially for the trip, was decked over for half

its length. Under the deck were carried a tent, cots and a complete but compact camp equipment.

Hurty's Alameda terrace, Patsy, accompanied the canoeists. Hurty believed the canoe was uncapable, and said before he started that if enough gasoline and food could be stored in it he would not be afraid to cross the Atlantic.

An account of the first part of the journey is contained in the current number of "Field and Stream." In it Hurty describes the adventures of himself and his partner as far as Dunkirk, near Buffalo, where they camped a night before tackling Lake Erie. He says in conclusion:

"The old lake gave some indication of how it could kick up on shore notices. Being shallow, the sea rose easily before a blow. We pushed out with the weather moderately fair, but the worthiness of our craft was to be tested sooner than we knew. We ran straight out about half a mile into the lake to clear some rocks to the west. No sooner had we headed west than from somewhere, somehow, heaven knows, all the furies of the devil broke loose and aimed at us.

"Wind, rain and hail came in such torrents that the land was cut off from our view. Before we could set the hook on the motor it stalled. We rushed to the paddles, but soon found that though working like demons, we were unable to point the canoe toward shore, either bow or stern.

"A young tornado was holding us broadside, and in a few minutes waves were breaking completely over the boat. The boat kept her keel and there was nothing to do but to hold on. It was lucky for us the wind wasn't blowing the other way.

"It is probable, friends of the young men say, that if they were drowned it was in a storm identical with the one Hurty so graphically described.

NO FASTS FOR SOLDIERS

Catholics in Service Permitted to Eat Meat on Fridays.

Baltimore, Md., June 27.—Catholic soldiers in active service on the Mexican border, including Maryland's contribution of militia, have been exempted from abstinence on Friday and other fast days, according to an announcement made to-day by the Rev. Louis P. O'Donovan, Chancellor of the Archdiocese.

The exemption was not granted in special dispensation by Cardinal Gibbons, but is one of the laws of moral theology, which provides that a person under stress is not compelled to observe fast days.

Look for the Sign. There is a correct Dixon lubricant for each part of your car.

Ask your dealer for the Dixon Lubricating Chart.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO. Jersey City, N. J. Established 1827



Advertisement for The Tribune, including the headline 'His Morning Grouch' and a list of subscription rates and contact information.