

FIRST PICTURES OF THE DAMAGE DONE BY THE CORPUS CHRISTI HURRICANE



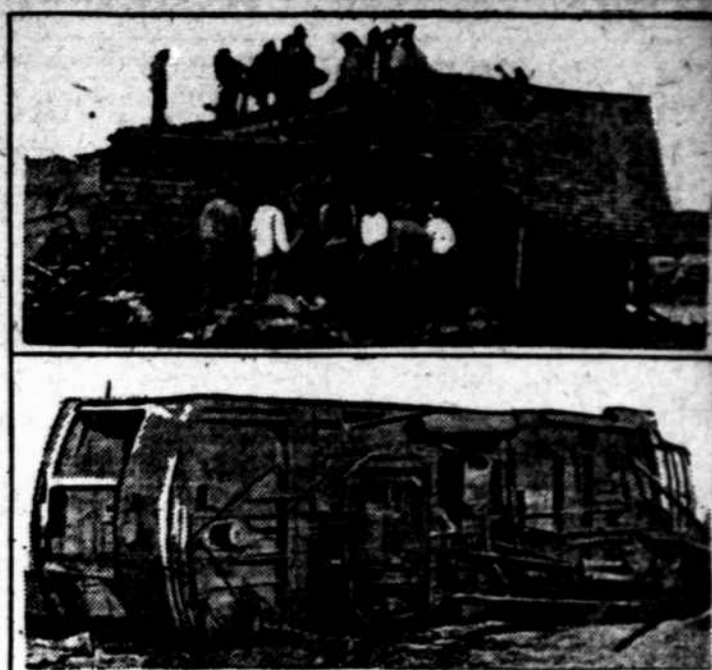
Chapparral street in Corpus Christi, Tex., the day after the big storm, was filled from end to end with a mass of debris. Mexicans here are at work cleaning up the wreckage.



This house was lifted by the hurricane and flood that struck Corpus Christi and deposited on top of the boat part of which is seen in the foreground.



Cotton bales from a warehouse a mile and a half away were strewn thickly in Williams st. after the waters had gone down.



The house above was floated ten blocks on the flood and the street car below overturned while going to the rescue of Corpus Christi citizens.

75 ARMY TRUCKS SOLD AT CAMP HOLABIRD

The sale of army motor trucks continued at Camp Holabird, Md., yesterday, and despite the small crowd that turned out to the sale, bids started off very spiritedly, seventy-five light trucks being disposed of in about three hours.

Many of the heavy machines that were inspected by prospective purchasers were found to be badly worn and rusted, and lighter trucks were favored because of the lower price and good condition.

Major Ralph C. Evans, in charge of the sale, announced that all checks should be made out to the finance officer of the camp, to make the sales more convenient to both purchaser and army officials.

AFTER SUFFERING A WHOLE YEAR

Mrs. King Was Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Iola, Kansas—"I was a constant sufferer from female trouble for about a year. I had pains in back and stomach, in fact all over me, and was all run-down. A friend of mine was cured of the same trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it and it gave me health and strength and made a new woman of me. I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too highly, and you may publish my testimonial as it may be the means of helping some other suffering woman."—Mrs. INEZ KING, 105 West Campbell St., Iola, Kansas.

The great number of unsolicited testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory, many of which are from time to time published by permission, are proof of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, in the treatment of female ills.

Every ailing woman in the United States is cordially invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free, ready to bring you health and may save your life.

EARLY LIFE OF GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING

AUTHENTIC STORY OF THE BOYHOOD DAYS OF THE FAMOUS GENERAL

By HAROLD F. WHEELER.

CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.

"Some way those days stand out and the recollection of them has always been to me a great spur and stimulus.

"What memories come rushing forward to be recorded! It was at Col. Huse's school, now called 'The Rocks,' I believe, with splendid old Caleb (Col. Caleb Huse, principal of the military prep school, 'The Rocks,' where Gen. Pershing prepared for West Point—H. F. W.) at its head that several of us got the first idea of what we were really in for. Deason, Frier, Winn, Andrews, Clayton, Billy Wright, Stevens, Legare (classmates—H. F. W.) and the rest of us at Caleb's used to fly-speck page after page of stuff that we forgot completely before plebe camp was over.

"This brings up a period of West Point life whose vivid impressions will be the last to fade. Marching into camp, piling bedding, policing company streets of logs of wood (matches—H. F. W.), carelessly dropped by upper classmen, pillow fights at tattoo, with Marcus Miller (a tactical officer—H. F. W.), saber drawn, marching up and down superintending the plebe class, policing up feathers from the general parade, light artillery drills, double timing around old Fort Clinton at morning squad drill, Wiley Bean (a classmate—H. F. W.), and the sad fate of his soccer ruck coat, midnight dragging and the whole summer full of events can only be mentioned in passing.

"May I Crawl Under Your Bed?"

"No one can ever forget this first guard tour, with all its preparation and perspiration. I got along all right during the day, but at night on the color line my troubles began. Of course, I was scared beyond the point of properly applying any of my orders. A few minutes after taps ghosts of all sorts began to appear from all directions. I selected a particularly bold one and challenged according to orders:

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"Whereupon the ghost, who was carrying a chair, sat down, when I promptly said:

"Halt! Who sits there?"

"After plebe camp came plebe math (mathematics—H. F. W.) and French. I never stood high in French and was prone to burn the midnight

oil. One night Walcutt and Bentley Mott (classmates—H. F. W.) came in to join me. My roommate, Lucy Hunt (he entered with the class of '8, but left the academy his first year—H. F. W.), who was in charge, coming up the stairs several steps at a time. Mott sprang across the hall into his own room. I snatched the blanket from the window, turned out the lights and leaped into bed, clothing and all, while Walcutt, seeing escape impossible, gently woke Hunt and in a whisper said, 'Lucy, may I crawl under your bed?'

"I paid the penalty by walking six tours of extra duty.

"The rest of it—yearling camp and its release from plebehood, the first appearance in the riding hall of the famous '86 New England cavalry (so named in ridicule of the New England men of the class, none of whom could ride well when he entered West Point—H. F. W.), furlough and the return up the Hudson on the Mary Powell, second class year, with its increasing responsibilities and dignity, must all be passed with slight notice.

And Girls There Were, Too.

"While the days were not always filled with unalloyed pleasure, to be sure, yet no matter how distasteful anything else may have been up to that time, there is none of us who would not gladly live that camp over again—summer girls, summer hops, first class privileges, possible engagements, 23rd hop, then the home stretch.

"As we look back from the distance of quarter of a century the years went by all too rapidly.

"The career of '86 at West Point was in many ways remarkable. There were no cliques, no dissensions; and personal prejudices or selfishness, if any existed, never came to the surface. From the very day we entered the class, as a unit has always stood for the very best traditions of West Point. The spirit of old West Point existed to a higher degree in the class of '86 than in any class since the war.

"The West Point under Merritt (a superintendent of the academy—H. F. W.), Michie and Hasbrouck (a

commandant of cadets—H. F. W.) was still the West Point of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Schofield and Howard. The deep impression those great men made during their visits to West Point in our day went far to inspire us with the soldier's spirit of self-sacrifice, duty and honor.

"These characteristics were car-

ried with us into the army and have marked the splendid course of the class during the past twenty-five years. The class of '86 has always been known in the army and is known today as a class of all-round solid men—men capable of ably performing any duty and loyally fulfilling any trust. The individual character of each man made itself

felt upon his fellows in the army from the start.

In civil life, as professional men, or as men of affairs, wherever placed, the class of '86 has always made good.

"Well may we congratulate ourselves, upon reaching this quarter-century milestone, on the achievements of the class.

"If I thought you would listen

longer, I would continue, but the evening will be full of song and reminiscence.

"Those of us out here will assemble in Manila and wish we were with you at West Point. It may be that age and experience will prevent a repetition of the lurid scenes enacted at the class dinner in New York in '86. Yet when you feel time turn backward and the hot blood of

happen. Still, all will be condensed. There is no telling what those days again courses through your veins, here's to the Class of '86, wives and sweethearts, children and grandchildren, your health and success.

Always affectionately,
(Signed) "J. J. P."
(Copyright, 1919, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc. (To Be Concluded.)

CAMELS are unlike any cigarette you ever smoked—in quality, in flavor, in mellow-mildness and in real satisfaction! Any way you consider Camels they are a cigarette revelation! Camels meet your favor so completely you will want to smoke them liberally—and you can, without tiring your taste!

Camels are an expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos. This blend is so unusual, so delightful, you will prefer it to either kind of tobacco smoked straight! It will absolutely answer every wish you ever expressed for a cigarette made to meet your taste!

Camels have a smoothness that is as unique as it is refreshing. Yet, Camels have that all there body that gives satisfaction so generously. And, you'll enjoy Camels freedom from any unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste or any unpleasant cigaretty odor.

You'll quickly realize that you very much prefer Camels quality to premiums, coupons or gifts.

LIGHT FOR ALL WHO SUFFER

GUARANTEED
Will Not Slip Will Not Deep

WHY UNDER THE SUN DON'T YOU HAVE THAT ACHING TOOTH FIXED?

Our Specialist of 28 Years' Experience Guarantees to Give You

S-A-T-I-S-F-A-C-T-I-O-N

TERMS ARRANGED PRICES REASONABLE PAINLESS METHODS

WE HAVE LEFT NO STONE UNTURNED, and have spared no expense, in equipping our Office with all of the latest apparatus known to the Dental Profession.

YOU MUST CHOOSE—WHAT IS YOUR DECISION? NOW IS THE TIME!

ENJOYMENT and PLEASURE PAIN and SUFFERING

WHICH Will You Enjoy—
The evening with a Pretty Girl
—OR—
Stay at Home and Nurse an ACHING TOOTH?

EXAMINATIONS AND CONSULTATIONS ABSOLUTELY FREE!

COLUMBIA DENTIST, Inc. Phone N. 4107
CORNER 9th and D STREETS, N. W.
ENTRANCE 403 9th STREET SAME AS GRAND THEATRE