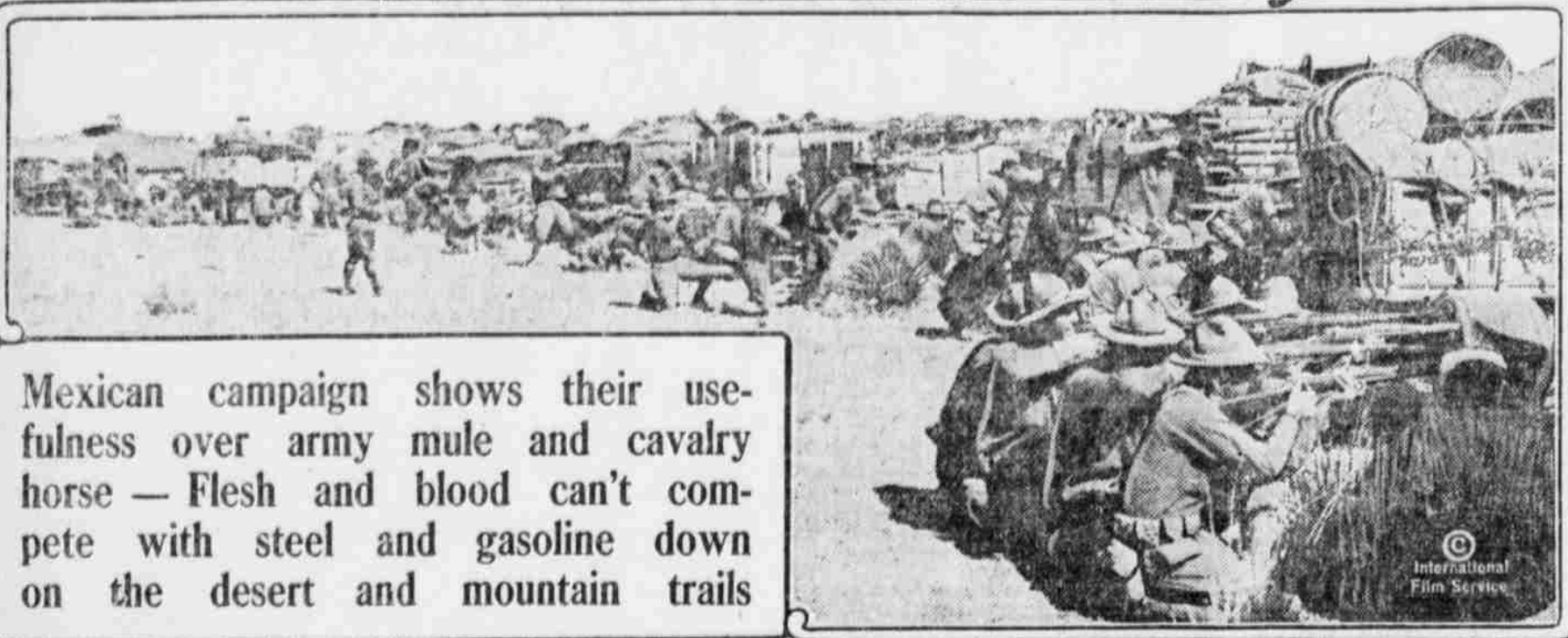


# Auto Trucks and Motorcycles



Mexican campaign shows their usefulness over army mule and cavalry horse — Flesh and blood can't compete with steel and gasoline down on the desert and mountain trails



SORROWFUL and prophetic army mule stood beside a Soto cactus near the American end of the long, dusty road from Columbus, New Mexico, to Naniquipa, Old Mexico, so writes W. O. McGeehan in the New York Tribune.

Down the trail from the base of the punitive expedition swept a train of 30 auto trucks. They were heavily laden with the variety of cargoes that are required for an army in the field. Each truck carried four or five troopers in olive drab squatted insecurely on top of the load.

The road was uneven, it was full of ruts, but the auto truck train glided along at the rate of from eight to ten miles an hour. The vehicles kept a perfect alignment. The troopers swore softly but earnestly as the trucks jolted.

Even as the army mule watched, the sweating, swearing truck train disappeared into a cloud of dust beyond the border line. Then the mule tilted back his dejected head and gave vent to a secret sorrow in one far-reaching vocal effort. As though mocking his grief, the horns of the auto trucks tooted back deviously in the distance.

The grief of that army mule was the grief of Othello with his occupation gone. He sunk behind the Soto cactus and subsided into painful meditation. He had just seen his finish.

He realized at that moment that the army mule would never again hold a high place among the factors which win battles. He realized that practical poets would no longer sing of the virtues which the army mule could display upon great emergencies. He was already obsolete, down and out.

Even the "mule skinner," with the picturesque vocabulary and the hard words, had abandoned him. The mule skinner was now driving one of those auto trucks, and was addressing it with strained politeness when he spoke to it at all.

It was all wrong. By the martyred mule of Matanzas, of which the army barrels sang during the Spanish-American war days, it was all wrong! There was no use to pull against the auto truck. He had tried it when they hitched him to the rear of one. He decided to drag the thing back over the desert. But, instead, he was relentlessly dragged on his haunches for a mile, and he gave it up.

The Columbus expedition has demonstrated that in the matter of army transportation "the mule is dead, long live the auto truck!" It had already been demonstrated at the battle of the Marne, when motor vehicles checked the German advance and saved France.

But our war department moves with excessive deliberation. It clung tenaciously to its faith in the mule until the first auto truck train went galumphing into Mexico, making three times the distance that a mule could make over roads which no motor-driven vehicle could be expected to travel.

The consequence was a rush order for auto trucks and drivers. The auto trucks are standing up wonderfully well. They plow through the alkali dust up to the hubs, they jolt over the rocky grades, they founder through the sandy wastes that grind the bearings, and they puff through the mountain passes. They go anywhere the mule will go, and they get there in better time.

While the long trail from Columbus to Naniquipa is lined with the carcasses of mules and horses, the auto trucks go rumbling on in their work of keeping the field army supplied with food and ammunition. They perform new miracles upon every new emergency.

There are several hundred auto trucks at the army base at Columbus. On a pinch those trucks could move an entire brigade in one day twice as far as all the horses and mules in the world could move it. This is true, despite the fact that many of the trucks are badly racked because of bad driving.

Not only does the successful test of the auto truck spell the passing of the mule train. It also means the passing of cavalry, the most picturesque branch of the service. Even cavalry officers in the punitive expedition will admit that three or four auto trucks will get a company of infantry twice as far on a forced march as the best-mounted troop of cavalry could travel.

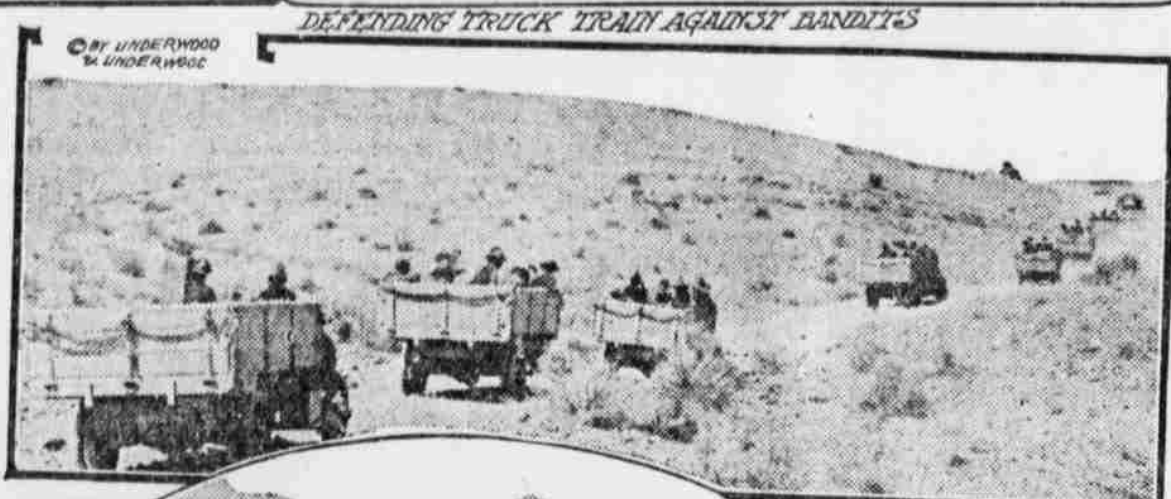
Cavalry charges are rare in these days of rapid-fire rifles and machine guns. The horses are used only to get the men to the front, where they operate as infantry. When the gasoline-fed mounts can get them there so much faster than the horses, it begins to look bad for the cavalry horse.

The United States army of the near future will travel extensively on gasoline. There will be few more heart-breaking infantry hikes, and there will be few more wild cavalry rides, leaving in their wake dead and dying horses. Even field artillery can be carried by the auto trucks.

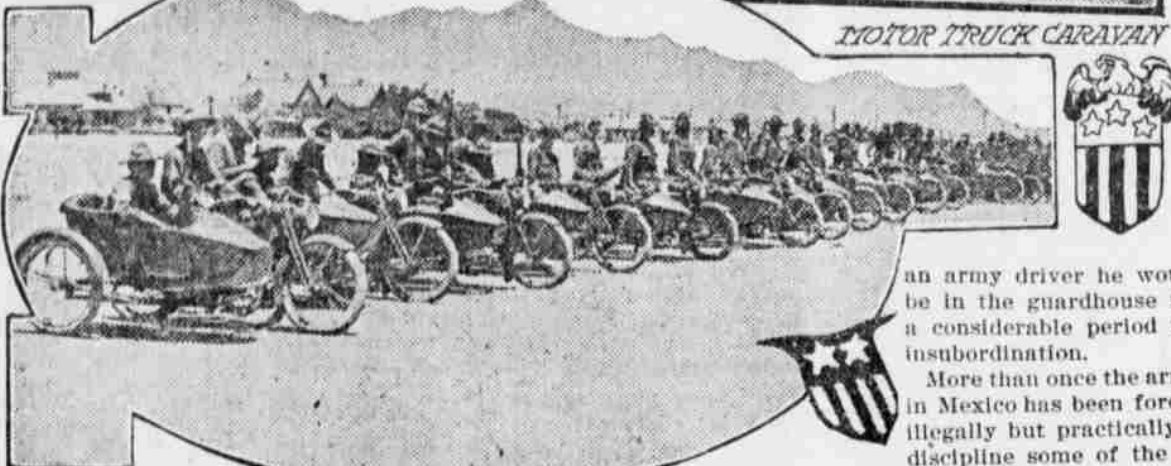
All of this should have been realized before. One of the lasting benefits of the punitive expedition will be the modernizing of the military transportation branch. The auto truck has passed the stern test.

For the present the auto truck trains with the army in Mexico are not working under any definite system. The organization of the truck train of the United States army has not been decided upon. Neither has the type of truck to be used in the organization been decided upon. Captains and lieutenants are busy taking notes as to net mileage and gasoline requirements; also, as to stability and reliability of the different makes of trucks in the service.

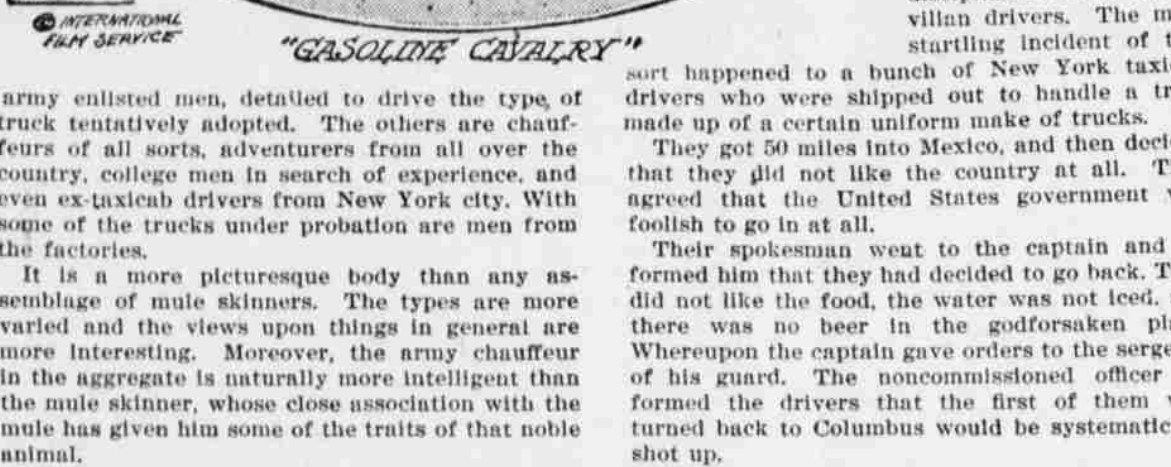
The drivers are a mixed lot. Some are regular



DEFENDING TRUCK TRAIN AGAINST BANDITS



MOTOR TRUCK CARAVAN



"GASOLINE CAVALRY"

army enlisted men, detailed to drive the type of truck tentatively adopted. The others are chauffeurs of all sorts, adventurers from all over the country, college men in search of experience, and even ex-taxicab drivers from New York city. With some of the trucks under probation are men from the factories.

It is a more picturesque body than any assemblage of mule skinner. The types are more varied and the views upon things in general are more interesting. Moreover, the army chauffeur in the aggregate is naturally more intelligent than the mule skinner, whose close association with the mule has given him some of the traits of that noble animal.

To the average army chauffeur the stolid-looking, lumbering auto truck is a beautiful and a living thing.

On the road to Naniquipa I listened to a colored sergeant of the Ninth cavalry who had been detailed to drive a five-ton truck. He was addressing his vehicle.

"Yes, Betsy, old girl," he was saying. "Ah knows that this here cheap government gasoline ain't the proper nourishment for a high-toned lady truck like you. But when we gets to Corallitas Ah'm going to put some of that nice cool spring water in your radiator. That'll freshen you up a whole lot, Betsy."

"Does you-all want a little more oil in your bearings, Betsy? If you does, jes' say so. 'Tain't no trouble at all for me. Ah jes' thought you might, because your pretty engine was breathing a little hard on that last hill. Ah don't want any of them fresh New York chauffeurs to think you was complaining, Betsy, because me and you knows that you don't complain."

The colored trooper adjusted some pink and green ribbon which was tied to the truck radiator. The whistle of the truck master blew. The sergeant whirled the crank, listened solicitously for an instant to his motor, and swung Betsy into line with her mates.

One of the difficulties which the captain of an auto truck encounters is in maintaining discipline with a mixed company of civilians and soldiers. Civilian drivers have their own notions as to how auto trucks should be driven. It is the theory of the captain that the auto train should have a perfect alignment, with the trucks a hundred yards apart.

The civilian drivers cannot see the necessity for this. Some of them want to show that their trucks can travel the fastest. Others insist that their trucks be carefully handled. The result is that the captain, fuming inwardly, has to be a diplomat when he is in command of a mixed train of trucks.

One of these trains started out at the rate of 12 miles an hour. A short distance out of Columbus it encountered bad roads. A new truck slowed down and began to pick the going.

The captain shot "cross-country from the rear in his standard runabout to see what was cutting his train in two.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded of the civilian driver.

"No trouble at all," replied the driver. "But eight miles is all that I am going to do with this load and over this sort of road. You can go ahead with those Barney Oldfields if you want to. I'll catch up with you after half of those trains are wrecked."

The captain was a trifle angry. He reminded the driver that all trains were ordered kept intact. It was no "cross-country" race. It was a military truck train. The driver was obdurate, and the train had to slow down to a reasonable pace. The driver was right, though very unmilitary. The loads which the trucks were carrying were not needed in a hurry. But if he had happened to be

an army driver he would be in the guardhouse for a considerable period for insubordination.

More than once the army in Mexico has been forced illegally but practically to discipline some of the civilian drivers. The most startling incident of this sort happened to a bunch of New York taxicab drivers who were shipped out to handle a train made up of a certain uniform make of trucks.

They got 50 miles into Mexico, and then decided that they did not like the country at all. They agreed that the United States government was foolish to go in at all.

Their spokesman went to the captain and informed him that they had decided to go back. They did not like the food, the water was not good, and there was no beer in the godforsaken place. Whereupon the captain gave orders to the sergeant of his guard. The noncommissioned officer informed the drivers that the first of them who turned back to Columbus would be systematically shot up.

The drivers protested that they were American citizens and wanted their rights. The sergeant listened unmoved as he drew up his squad into a convenient place for the shooting. The drivers finally concluded that they were too far away to consult their attorneys, and the train proceeded to Naniquipa.

Camping out, away from a garrisoned town, the truck trains take the same formation that was used by the emigrant trains when they were forced to guard against Indian attacks at night. The trucks are distributed in a circle, with the captain's runabout, the cook truck and the ammunition truck in the center. Placed in this formation, the truck train is in a difficult position for a bandit band to rush.

No doubt, many a band has been watching those valuable trains of food and ammunition, longing to pounce upon them, but they refrained. A well-ordered truck train could get into battle formation in a few minutes, and the Springfield rifles would be covering every point of attack very effectively.

A quarter of a million dollars in gold was shipped in with one train, guarded by 50 picked marksmen. Bandit bands, knowing of this, probably longed to rush it, but they did not make the attempt. At night, in its proper formation, with its outposts alert, the well-conducted train should be impossible to surprise. But civilian drivers are hard to convince of the necessity for remaining alert. They will lock their ammunition in the tool boxes; and, while they are painfully solicitous of the mechanism of their trucks, they have no regard for the mechanism of the Springfield rifles which are issued to them.

They have no respect for shoulder straps. A typical incident was one near Espin. The truck train drew into the place hot and dusty. The news was spread that there was a real swimming hole 20 feet deep in the place.

Soldier guards and civilian drivers made a dash for it. As they neared it they heard a delicious splashing, but a sentry halted them. "Sorry, boys," he said, "but there's an officer bathing there now, and the orders are that nobody is allowed in till he gets through."

A big ex-taxicab driver from New York proceeded to peel off his army uniform. In another minute he dived into the pool with a mighty splash. He came to the surface and grinned cheerfully at the indignant expression of the second lieutenant, outraged at the fact that his privacy had been disturbed, apparently by the enlisted man.

"Oh, that's all right!" shouted the auto driver. "I don't mind if you are a little bit dirty. Come on in. The water is fine."

But one of these days the truck train will be systematized. The drivers will all be enlisted men. There will be a fixed rate of speed, and the trucks will all be up to determined specifications.

When the truck train is perfected, the mule train will go. Also, the pride of the cavalry will be trailed in the gasoline-scented dust of the auto-truck train.

# PROMINENT PEOPLE

## SHE COMPUTES FOR SAILORS

To know Mrs. Elizabeth Brown Davis and her work should be sufficient to dissolve the last shred of doubt concerning the ability of a brilliantly intellectual woman to advance year after year in the course of her chosen profession, and at the same time to carry, with obvious success, the full responsibilities of marriage, which in her case comprise over 25 years of wifehood, motherhood and homemaking.

Mrs. Davis is said to be the greatest woman authority upon astronomical mathematics in this country, probably in the world, and has been making computations for the Nautical Almanac, published annually by the United States naval observatory at Washington, for the last 29 years.

Mrs. Davis began this work soon after her graduation from the George Washington University, under Prof. Simon Newcomb, the distinguished astronomer, who had charge of the Nautical Almanac for many years. During the early years of assisting Professor Newcomb she took a post-graduate course in astronomy and mathematics at Johns Hopkins university, whose doors opened to her before they were regularly opened to women, upon the recommendation of Professor Newcomb. From that time to this Mrs. Davis has made the computations for the Nautical Almanac.

Mrs. Davis finds her greatest relaxation and her favorite recreation in different branches of mathematics. She keeps in touch with the latest current mathematical literature and is ever seeking new problems on which to try her strength.

Although devoted to her own scientific work, Mrs. Davis takes the keenest interest in that of her husband, Mr. Arthur Powell Davis, director of the United States reclamation service.



## CANADA'S GOVERNOR GENERAL



The appointment of the duke of Devonshire as governor general of Canada in succession to the duke of Connaught has given a good deal of gratification in official circles in the Dominion.

Known as one of the richest peers in England, the duke of Devonshire is an intimate friend of King George, while the duchess, who was Lady Evelyn Emily Fitzmaurice, daughter of the fifth marquis of Landsdowne, is also said to be Queen Mary's closest friend. She received the appointment of mistress of the robes in 1910, while the duke, during 1900-3, was treasurer of his majesty's household.

The duke, who is the ninth duke of Devonshire, is in his forty-ninth year and succeeded his uncle, the eighth duke, in 1908. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge university and during 1891-08, was member of parliament from West Derbyshire. At the termination of his connection with his majesty's household, the duke was appointed financial secretary to the treasury and served for two years. He is lord lieutenant of Derbyshire and chancellor of Leeds university.

The duke, who is said to be very democratic, owns an estate of about 180 acres, on which are valuable mineral deposits. In addition to owning the famous Devonshire house in London, he has five estates, at which there are three picture galleries, a statue gallery, and an immense library.

## HETTY GREEN'S HEIR

Col. Edward H. R. Green quit Texas a few years ago and went to New York at the request of his mother, Mrs. Hetty Green, to prepare, under her able guidance, to assume the financial responsibilities so long borne by herself. Mrs. Green's recent death, at the age of eighty-two, found him still a student of the management of the reputed fortune of \$100,000,000 which gave his mother the title of "world's richest woman." He is joint heir with his sister, Mrs. Matthew Astor Wilks, of the bulk of this great estate.

Colonel Green is forty-eight years old. He was born in London, England, on August 22, 1868, while his parents were touring Europe. He attended public school in New York city, and later was graduated from Fordham college. He also studied law in Chicago, and was admitted to the bar after passing his examinations with high honors. In 1903 he took charge of the Texas Midland railroad, and is now president and general manager of that line.

He is unmarried. "When it comes to women, I find it best to give all of them a wide berth," he says. "I think I've got along easier by doing that. I've seen so many of my friends get bumped because they didn't sidestep soon enough."



## GARDNER AND THE TRAMP



They were telling a story about Representative Gardner and his fervent preparedness campaign.

It seems that a begging tramp approached a group of congressmen, and one of them pointed out Mr. Gardner and said:

"Nothing doing here, Weary, but that gentleman there is very charitable, and if you tackle him you'll be apt to make a haul."

"Tanks, boss," said the tramp, huskily, and he hurried to Mr. Gardner, while the others looked on with interest.

The tramp and the statesmen were seen to talk earnestly together for some time. Then their hands met, a piece of money plainly passed between them, and the tramp stepped jauntily away.

"Well, did you land him?" a congressman asked the tramp.

"No," the tramp answered, cheerfully. "No; I gave him a quarter towards his splendid national preparedness campaign."