

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 Namiquipa, 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 derisively in the distance.

The grief of that army mule was the grief of Ortel to 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 birds 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 places, they flounder 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 Namiquipa 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.

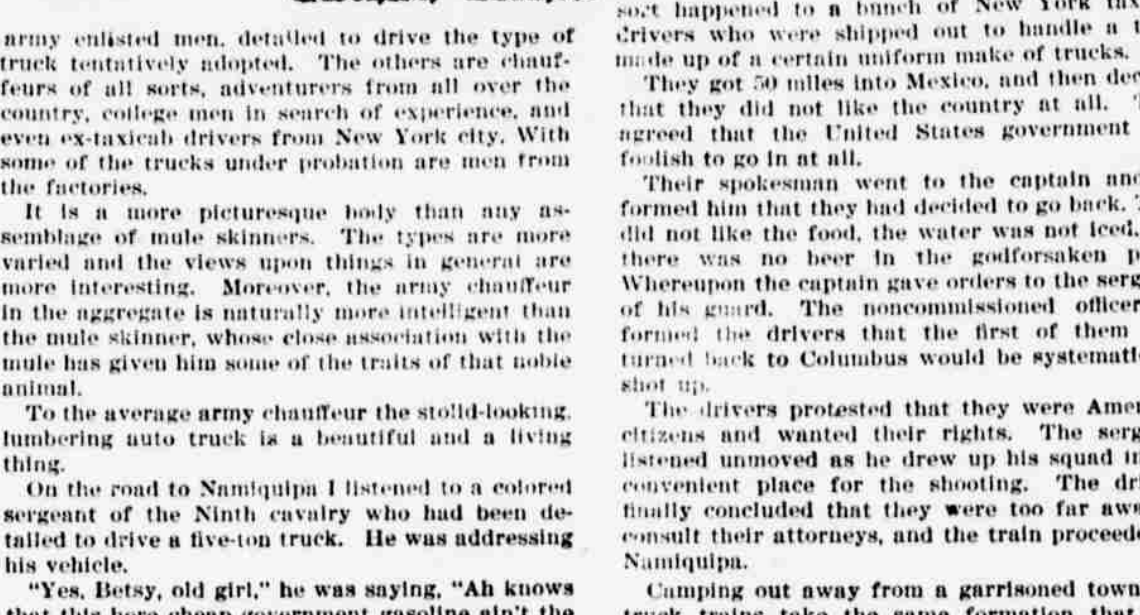
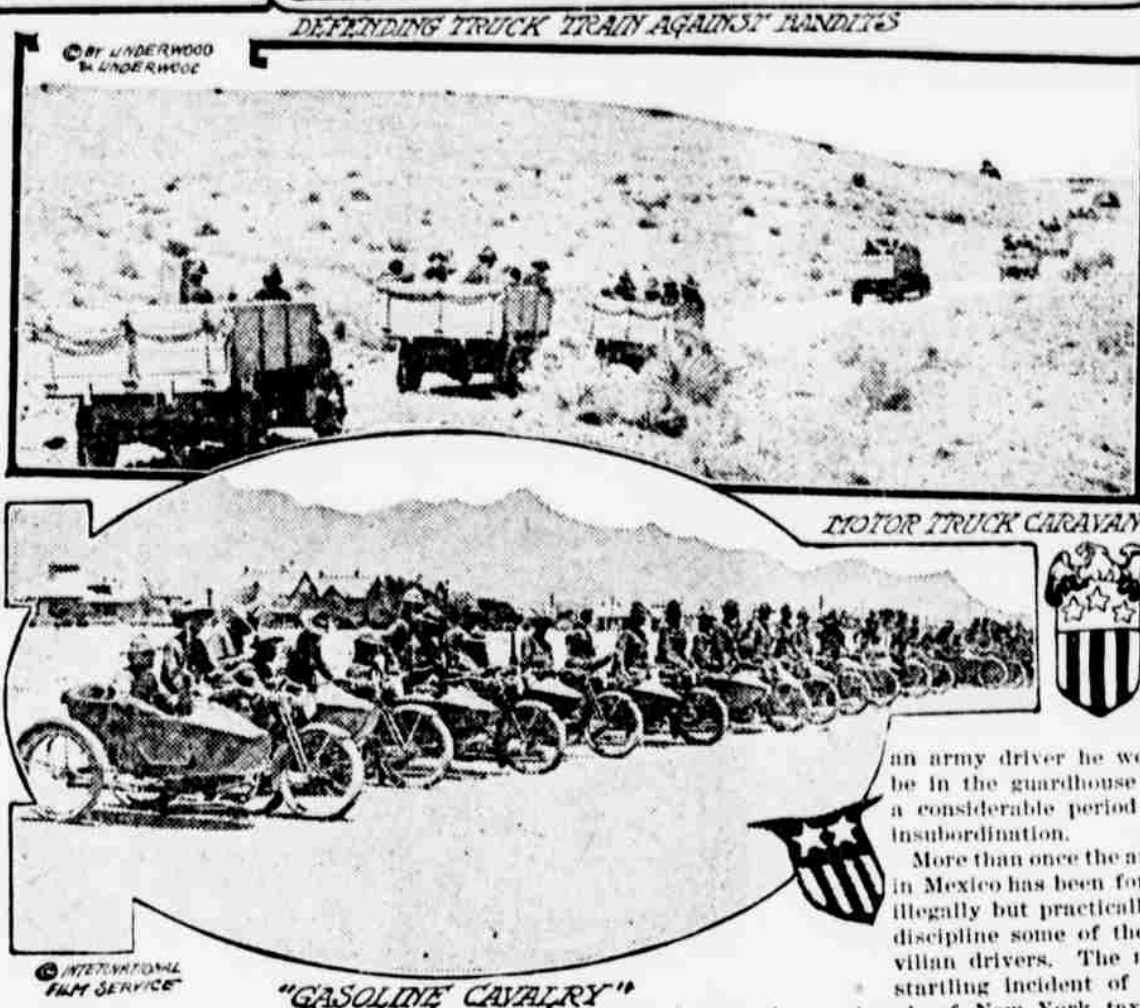
There are several hundred auto trucks at the army base at Columbus. On a pinch those trucks could move an entire brigade in one day twice as far as all the horses and mules in the world could move it. This is true, despite the fact that many of the trucks are badly ricked because of bad driving.

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.



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 Namiquipa.

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 look 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 Espla. 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.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR AUG. 6

GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

(Temperance Lesson.)

True ministry is in the exercise of spiritual gifts (Eph. 4:7-15). Every believer is a member of the body of Christ, and therefore has a definite ministry. Though the gifts are diverse, all are equally honorable because they are bestowed, administered and energized by the Holy Spirit. Love alone gives value to the ministry of any gift.

1. **Fill the Gift With Love (vv. 1-3).** Just as the body is dead unless a living soul abides in and inspires it, so is the gift unless filled with the spirit of love. This is the "more excellent way" to which Paul makes reference at the conclusion of Chapter 12. In praising love Paul does not fall into the error of criticizing others, not even his followers, and suggests that even we may be wanting in this trait. The Corinthians were eager to attain excellence and to be prominent in wisdom and philosophy; to understand the world in which they lived; to be scholars and teachers and improve and correct society. Paul therefore shows how vain are such things unless filled with the motive of love. (1) The gift of tongues. The saints in the church at Corinth seem to have been particularly gifted in this direction, and to have been proud of it. (Ch. 14: 2-23) and eager to outstrip the others. Paul tells them that such boasting amounts to little. The grace of love is a far more excellent way. (2) The gift of prophecy. The New Testament prophet was a forth-teller, not a teller of the future. To be a forth-teller was a thing to be coveted and admired, but not unless accompanied by love. (3) Miracle working. A man can have this in the most powerful form conceivable, and yet if he has not love, he is nothing.

II. **Love Is Known by Its Manifestations (vv. 4-7).** Having shown the absolute necessity of love Paul shows how we may recognize it. The behavior of love can be seen and known. Paul set for us 15 manifestations. (1) Love suffereth long. Love is not passing emotion, but a fixed thought. (2) It is kind. Kindness in action, love at work. (3) Love envieth not. It does not grow out of selfishness, for selfishness is the very opposite of love. (4) Love vaunteth not itself, does not climb to the housetop to proclaim its glory. (5) Is not puffed up. There is no inflation, like a soap bubble, to dazzle the eye. (6) Does not behave itself unseemly, that is without delicacy of feeling. Unseemly conduct grows from pride and selfishness, whereas love is the foundation of true courtesy. (7) Seeketh not her own. Is not looking out for self first of all. (8) Is not easily provoked; good tempered, not irritable. To lose one's temper is a dangerous evil. The evil is not so much in the temper but in our failure to control it. (9) Thinketh no evil. Puts the best construction upon the acts of others, making all possible allowances. (10) Rejoiceth not in iniquity. (11) Rejoiceth in the truth, that is, in sympathy with all that is true. (12) Beareth all things; endureth hardships and trials for the working out of the kingdom. (13) Believeth all things; not credulous but putting the best construction upon the words of others, and having faith in the final outcome of every good cause. (14) Hopeth all things; is not discouraged in the dark and shadowy days. (15) Endureth all things; it goes on believing and hoping to the end; no obstacle can stop it. Surely such a catalogue of the marks of love is enough to make us all pause and meditate.

III. **The Permanence of Love (vv. 8-13).** The word "falleth" here denotes falling to the sense of cessation, and love is contrasted with three typical but passing forms of Christian expression. (1) "Prophecies;" not the things prophesied but the gift or act of prophesying (v. 3) which at best can only partially express God's word. Prophecy will pass away in the fuller vision and wider knowledge of God "Who is love." (2) "Tongues." The time will come when they will not be needed as a sign nor to enable us to express our varied emotions. The divinely inspired prophecies tell but a part of what is yet to be. (3) "Knowledge." It shall be done away in the fuller knowledge of the eternal world as the light of the stars vanish before the rising sun. When that which is perfect is come these lights will be seen to be only like the separate stones of a quarry which can only be fully understood when the whole building stands before us in its completion. Paul gives an illustration of this truth from the familiar case of the growing child (v. 11, 12). In conclusion (v. 13) faith, hope, love abideth, three graces, imperishable and immortal. "Hope is a fountain; faith draws the water and drinks; love distributes the water to others." Dr. J. H. Jowett. But the greatest of these is love. (a) Love is greater in its nature. It brings us closer to God, making us partakers of his nature. It is the one thing without which faith and hope are of little avail. (b) It is powerful as an influence for good and the strongest motive for the upbuilding of character.

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INDIANS IN HIGH POSITION

Members of Parker Family Have Proved Themselves Capable in Places of Responsibility.

Foremost among the "red bloods" are the Parkers—father and son. They come of a line of distinguished ancestors, of the Seneca tribe of the Iroquois stock. Frederick E. Parker, the father, is a nephew of Gen. Eli Parker, Grant's military secretary and the co-worker of Lewis H. Morgan. He is a man of fine presence and attainments. A resident of White Plains, N. Y., he has been a patent factor for clean government and social reform in his community. Mr. Parker holds the responsible position of statistician in the department of revenue of the New York Central railroad, having charge of all offices, including more than a thousand agents, between Chicago and New York.

The son, Arthur C. Parker, a brilliant young archeologist, since his appointment to the New York State museum, has practically created a new archeological museum. He is a writer of note, editor general of the American Indian Magazine, a member of the American Ethnological and Sociological societies, the 1916 medalist of Chicago University for Indian research and one of the ten American archeologists appointed to the Pan-American Scientific congress.—Christian Herald.

Called Down.

They were enjoying a plunge in the surf, he and she. He of New York and she of Boston.

She of Boston accidentally got beyond her depth and it looked like a cinch but that she would never view the "Hub" again through her spectacles.

But he of New York was on the job in the role of an animated life preserver.

She of Boston was about to make her third and farewell disappearance when he reached her side.

"Hold on tight," gasped he of New York, as he felt a pair of arms about his neck.

"Pardon me," gurgled she of Boston as she expectorated a quart of the ocean from her interior department, "but you should say 'hold on tightly.'"

And the sad sea waves rolled on.

Truth.

"What is your idea in trying to sell your car?"

"That's the only way I can raise enough money to buy gasoline."

"But the gasoline won't be of any use to you after you've sold your car."

"Oh, yes, it will. My friends will always be willing to let me ride in their cars if I furnish the gas."

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