

Army Week Brings Soldier and Civilian Into Close Relation



LIGHT BATTERY ON WAY TO DRILL

SOLDIER boys came and conquered—conquered the hearts of the people, aroused patriotism to highest pitch, and incidentally during a week of action at Fort Omaha, including a week-long parade Thursday afternoon, furnished the Ak-Sar-Ben carnival its most important, most patriotic and most instructive feature.

Throughout the week, a splendid program of military events and athletic stunts was offered at the fort every afternoon, and citizens of Omaha joined thousands of out-of-town visitors in packing the grandstand to the very limit. Never before in time of peace was such interest aroused concerning the army as was shown on the parade. The people brought into such close touch, and never before did the army do itself greater credit by way of clever maneuvering.

Soldiers, soldiers—soldiers—they seemed to come into Omaha from every direction. Big, brave, gallant fellows, the finest types of physical manhood, they made a splendid appearance. By reason of this military tournament, the people of the Missouri valley know more about the army than they ever knew before, and as a consequence thereof, the public appreciation has been greatly increased.

The maneuvers at Fort Omaha during the week far surpassed ordinary drills. Take the sham battles, for instance. There, the action was so realistic that even the most phlegmatic spectator was aroused to enthusiasm. As the men, women and children in the grand stand watched the engineers build bridges under fire, as they watched the agile regulars scale the wall, as they watched the artillery fire with action and the cavalry dash, it required no abnormal stretch of imagination to fancy that a real war was under way. In fact, it was an absolutely faithful reproduction of actual war, as was shown in those days of scientific fighting, with the one exception that blank shells were substituted for deadly missiles.

Almost every maneuver known to army life was given at Fort Omaha. By way of variation from the grim war spectacle shown in sham battles, there were beautiful and rhythmic Butts manual—as pretty a drill as was ever staged in any play house. Fancy a hundred or more athletic soldiers, each standing alert and straight as prime Indian chief, keeping time to catchy music, with bayoneted guns, going through fancy motions that would excite the envy of a ballet master, the glint of polished bayonet flashing in the sunlight—fancy this, and you have a mind picture of a Butts manual exhibition.

Monkey drills, rescue races, signal corps exhibition drills, artillery drills, cavalry drills, wall scaling and various other acts of war kept the vast audiences constantly on the alert.

Visitors especially remarked the skill of the cavalry as riders and the beauty and mettle of the cavalry horses. No finer aggregation of horseflesh was ever assembled and no more skillful horsemen ever rode in the west.

The week at Fort Omaha was a week of army triumph and a week of matchless entertainment and instruction for the thousands who attended. It would be interesting to know just how many people visited Fort Omaha during the week. Every day was a big day and every day the grandstand was packed and jammed to the limit of capacity.

General Smith, commanding, and Major Burnham, chief of staff, along with various other officers of the Department of the Missouri, executed the supervision with the inflexible system and precision characteristic of United States army perfection, and the soldiers performed their various parts free from even the slightest blunder.

"What a wonderful organization! What perfect system!" many a spectator exclaimed.

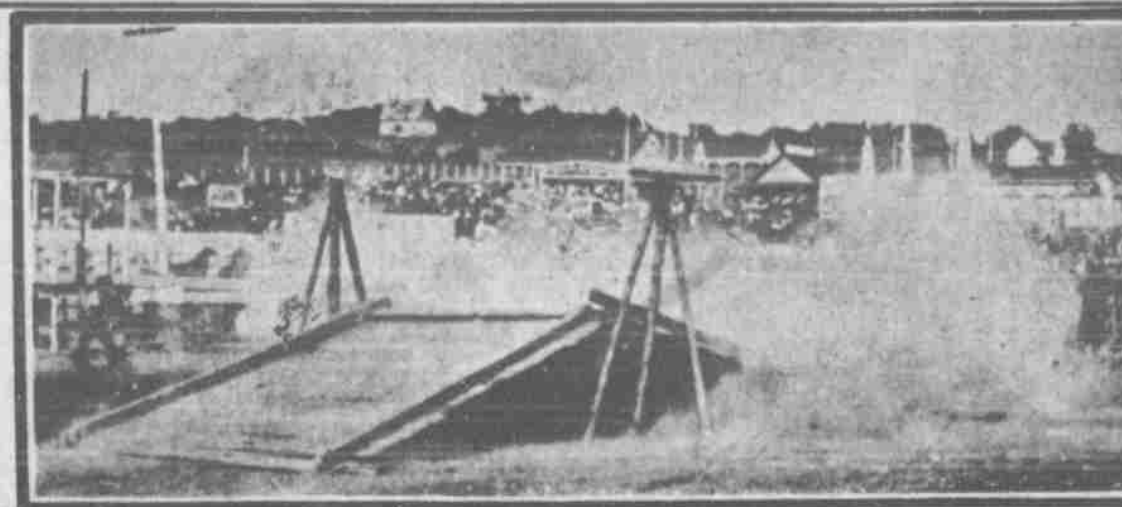
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ENGINEERS BLOWING UP BRIDGE

things militarily. Yet, if the Kaiser had sat on the reviewing stand in front of Omaha's city hall, within the welcome arch shadow of Uncle Sam's mighty army passed, pilgrimaged as his Teutonic make-up is, he would undoubtedly have been impressed to the point of exclaiming: "Hoch der Uncle Sam!"

While the greatness of the German army is conceded, the fact remains that the new army of the United States is the greatest, the best drilled, the mightiest all-around army in the entire world, and it is Germany's tribute to Uncle Sam that a personal of the roster at any of the United States army posts reveals many a name betokening ancestry from the land of the Rhine. Every soldier in Uncle Sam's army is first of all an American. If he were not intensely American in sentiment and general character, there would be no place for him in the army. Yet, many of these soldier boys date their ancestry a generation or so back, to some country in the old world, and statistics show that German and Irish ancestry leads among the enlisted men. The German may not be so quick to begin fighting as the Irish, but if the Irishman begins the fight, German is there to help finish it—and in the heat of the battle, when battle does come, ancestry is forgotten for the time and it is an all-American affair.

Omaha and Omaha visitors were attuned to the martial spirit as the great parade moved through the streets, and many a fluttering handkerchief held aloft in dainty feminine hand told a story of admiration for the brave, sun-tanned fellows whose lives are devoted to the service of their country. The gold lace of the army officer's gaiters, but the rough-and-ready garb of the enlisted regular is even more impressive, for he is after all, the real fighter when fighting is to be done. Almost any man would be glad to be an army officer, but not every one would be willing to change places with the weather-seasoned private, and it was a pretty little echo of common patriotism when thousands of fashionably gowned women sent up dainty cheers from the reviewing stands as the enlisted boys marched by.

At times the applause was more marked for the men chimed in, and when the band played "Star Spangled Banner," every face along the route was illumined with patriotic animation.

While it is true that privates in the United States army are well cared for in all things material—wholesome food, medical attention when needed, clothing and as much money net as the average salaried man has after paying the expenses incident to civilian life, it is nevertheless a fact that there is an element of personal sacrifice in the enlistment of nearly every private. He is ever on duty for the government, though he carries his army manners with him and he is so drilled in army life that he is a soldier all of the time, whether working, playing or sleeping. Many different deals of fate send men into the army as privates, and many a romance is held secret beneath the fluttering banner of the army boy. Sometimes it is a girl who marries the other fellow, sometimes it is a defeated ambition in some civilian walk of life, sometimes it is one thing, sometimes it is another—but every soldier is human, every soldier has his memory of other days and beneath the fighting garb of every man in the army, whether he be a dashing cavalryman, an elastic-stopping infantryman or a bronzed mule whacker, there beats a human heart, and it has its story.

Among the soldiers who passed through Omaha's streets Thursday afternoon, perhaps every state in the union were represented, for enlisted men come from all directions. Many of them have perhaps enlisted several times, for it is true that the average soldier re-enlists after his first term of service is ended. In Thursday's parade was many a grizzled veteran whose



CAVALRY CROSSING TEMPORARY BRIDGE



UNCLE SAM'S NEW FIELD PIECE



WALL SCALING—THE START

gray-streaked temples told of encroaching age. These, perhaps, entered the army when they were mere lads. But the old soldier is as spry as the young soldier, and it was remarked very generally by spectators that the elder men of both infantry and cavalry were as agile as their juniors.

So much has been written into frontier history concerning the invincible Seventh cavalry that when a fluttering banner proclaimed the coming of that branch of the army, cheers rent the air. Memories of Custer, and others of that intrepid band of early-day guardians came thick and fast, and the all-American audience that lined every street along the route gave vociferous utterance to its patriotic gladness.

And the Fourth cavalry—Omaha's own—came in also for round after round of cheering. In fact, there was not a feature of the entire procession that was not cheered at various points.

Taken in the aggregate, no more splendid body of soldiers, all the way from general down to privates, ever passed through city streets, and the entire parade, attesting the perfection of drill work and systematic organization, was free from blunders of any kind. Even when an over-enthusiastic mail wagon driver rushed his

wagon through the parade on Farnam street in front of the Bee building the marching soldiers side-stepped the interruption so cleverly that there was no breaking of ranks. The mail man, of course, was fortified by the badge of governmental authority, and that was, perhaps, his excuse for breaking into the line. Some carp and buffalo were secured and moved as calmly as if nothing had happened. Numerous automobilists attempted to dash through Farnam street, but vigilant policemen kept them back, and at Seventeenth and Farnam a phaeton, to which

was attached a pony driven by two little girls, came close to the edge of the parade, but again the white-gloved officers interfered and the childish drivers were sent around to Douglas street. Chief Donahoe and his men, soldierly enough themselves to wear the fighting garb, handed the crowd admirably, and the chief, leading a platoon of police mounted on horses with ginger in their veins, made a splendid appearance, reflecting credit upon the city

Quaint Features of Everyday Life

Jolly Old Tar, Aged 107.
CAPTAIN Bill Macabee, with a few old cannons and such things, about the only relic left to the government from the war that went out early to win sea fights, made himself good and cozy in a corner of the dining hall at the naval home, Gray's Ferry road and Pritwiler street, near Philadelphia, September 22, and caused his happiness, while every one from Admiral Hiram, the governor down to the hospital orderlies took a hand in the big fuss that attended the celebration of his one hundred and seventh birthday.

Cap'n Bill was about the most pampered old party this side of Fifth avenue, for his government evidently thinks a vast lot of him. It supplied, with money sent up from Washington for the purpose, a big birthday cake, on which 367 candles of red, white and blue glistened throughout the special dinner that was served in honor of the occasion to the 100-odd inmates. Cap'n Bill presided from his rolling chair, with an orderly on one side and a waitress on the other to run his errands and do his bidding generally.

The dinner was remarkable for other things than the conventional cheers. Cap'n Bill is a master of the round, rolling, sonorous, full-rigged profanity that once was almost as important an old soldier and sailor in fighting as the use of the line, and one of the counting prerogatives of his unique position is the privilege to send it crashing right and left after every one at home with the single exception of the admiral himself—and even this is a point which the Cap'n waives with obvious reluctance.

There is good reason why Cap'n Bill's government should buy him a birthday cake, as it did yesterday, and supply the red, white and blue candles and the fancy dinner. He has worn the uniform of his navy for ninety consecutive years. He enlisted when he was 17 years old to become a powdermonk on the Constitution, and once in the navy he never left it until he was discharged honorably after reaching the age limit, early in the seventies.

Vigil of Faithful Squaw.
To remain for three days and two nights on the California desert, keeping vigil beside her dead, was the pathetic lot of Ullias Bonifaz, whose brave was accidentally killed by the discharge of his shotgun. The accident occurred far out on the desert. Miners, attracted by the squaw's wailing, found her standing beside the body, her two small children asleep near by.

A long ride was made to the nearest telephone point, and Coroner C. D. Van Wic of San Bernardino notified. The long, rough ride over the mountains and desert occupied three days and nights. At some stages it required three hours to cover a mile, so steep were the grades or so deep the desert sands.

Long before he arrived in sight of the corpse, the squaw's wailing and the dirges of the Putes, were heard. In the gray of the morning the coroner reached the body. The sight of the Indian woman, standing erect at the foot of her dead brave, her black hair flying in the breeze, presented a dolorous picture, heightened by the chant of the Putes.

The squaw had broken all the brave's crockery against a tree, had flattened out his spoons, forks and other utensils on the rocks, and had staked the two horses near the body, preparing to slay them over his grave. During the long vigil the woman had taken nourishment of no kind, and would only eat after the body had been covered in the ground.

Saved by His Dog.
Ebeneser Ramsey, 82 years old, killed three bears near his home in Long Valley on the line between El Dorado and Placer counties, California, a few days ago, but escaped possible death from one of them by the interference of his dog. Ramsey's dog traced a large bear and her two cubs, and Ramsey, with an ancient single shot rifle went to investigate. Seeing the bears,

Safety of Airship Preferred

Mr. Wright is not the "nervy" man that he is pictured by most persons who look with awe upon his aerial achievements. He merely is at home and comfortable in his own business. This fact was demonstrated early after Aviator Brookings had risen from Chicago for his long flight and was circling about the lake front getting his bearings before starting for the distant capital.

The newspaper men, hastening to board the waiting passenger train, hustled Wright and his agent, Roy Knabenshue, into an automobile and, with a policeman on a motorcycle for a guide and a special dispensation from the city authorities, started a hurried trip to the Sixty-third street station of the Illinois Central railroad.

Before the first corner was turned Wilbur Wright showed signs of uneasiness. As the motor car wound round the corner his trepidation increased and when a second corner was turned he voiced a protest: "There's no need to hurry; we have plenty of time," he appealed to Henry Barrett Chamberlain, the newspaper man in charge of the party.

Lifting the lid on automobile speeding is not a common thing with Mr. Chamberlain—that is, not with assurance of immunity—and he did not propose surrendering the opportunity just because of the mere fact that there was no occasion for taking advantage of it. Hence, no response to the "intrepid aviator's" appeal.

One more swish around a corner and Mr. Wright could stand it no longer. "I say," he shouted, clutching frantically for a hold on something stationary, and wide-eyed with fear, "this is dangerous. I'd rather be up in an airship where it's safe."—Illinois State Journal.

Safeguard Against Cholera

IN a paper on the cholera epidemic in parts of Russia and Italy, Dr. John B. Huber, in the American Review of Reviews, tells how America is safeguarded.

There is no cause for alarm among us with regard to the present European epidemic; this is important to observe—for a blue funk is wonderfully predisposing. We should have among us no ignoble cases of psychic cholera. Our coast quarantine authorities, especially at the harbor of New York, are known to be cautious, tried and most adequately able to cope with any possible dangers—and this especially in view of the fact that the incubation period of cholera (from the time of incurring the infection to the manifestation of symptoms) is from one to five days, so that, a case should have developed sufficiently for diagnosis aboard ship and before reaching our shores. Of course, it must be stated, this will not eliminate the "cholera carrier" (who may carry the infection, though not himself ill), nor the cholera contact.

And the authorities at Washington give as little reason for fearing the transmission to us of this Asiatic guest. The Public Health and Marine Hospital service has had orders sent to the American consuls at Hamburg, Bremen, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Marseilles, Havre, Cherbourg, Genoa, Palermo, and other cities to detain steamer passengers from all parts of Russia, with their baggage, during five days, for observation and disinfection before allowing them to take ship to our ports. The guard at our ports of entry is being doubled; every quarantine officer in the service has received special instructions for the examination of vessels from ports suspected of infection or of carrying passengers from suspected districts.

We are not to rely entirely upon quarantine measures for our cholera prophylaxis. Such prophylaxis is in theory most simple. Cholera is strictly an ingestion infection. It is contracted through the cholera vibrio from the excretions or the vomit of patients, finding their way in food or drink into the mouths of healthy people—and is absolutely no other way. Cholera is not an air-borne infection—it is a contact infection; there is no danger from the air (as, for example, in smallpox), or from simply being in the vicinity of cases. No food is eaten in the sick room by the attendants, nor is water drunk there; and every time the hands touch the patient's they are carefully washed. Drinking water and food are carefully chosen. The water boiled, the food thoroughly cooked, and eaten immediately; flies are to be kept from lavatories; such precautions are of course essential only in the immediate presence of an epidemic.

The people of St. Petersburg recognize in the cholera their "Asiatic guest"—which has come annually to make its more or less insistent and always unwelcome visit. Every fall those unhappy people pray (doing little else) for an early winter, so that the cholera may mitigate its activities; but as simply goes into winter quarters, to be as regularly expected to go murdering its hosts with the melting congenial warmth of the vernal sun. Every year with the melting snows comes the warning—which as regularly finds the hosts most inadequately prepared for the "visitation."

Those miserable, blighted people of St. Petersburg, especially the poor in the overcrowded districts have had to die of cholera, precisely as they are dying today, because they have been drinking the polluted waters of the Neva, and of the vibrio-permeated canals traversing the city, cold-driven, crystal water—which, if it were aqueducted at a cost of but a "sooty of the sums those pitiless grand ducks batten upon, not a single death, nor one hour of suffering, need be the tribute to cholera in St. Petersburg.

Just for Fun.
Time ticks—gray hair.
Limon de-lit—the paragon.
A hotel life—souvenir spoons.
Fine language—Ten dollars and costs.
The best coin remover—the crow.
A popular short story—"I'm dead broke."
The black hand—holding five blades.
Buried treasure—your wife's first husband (let her tell it).—Boston Transcript.