

OREGON GUARDSMEN END BUSY WEEK IN CAMP

Members of Third Infantry Make Fine Showing on New Rifle Range at Clackamas Station.



DRAWING WATER FOR A WASH



LEAVING CAMP



OFFICERS' MESS



PITCHING TENTS



MILITARY



MESS TENT

AN INTERESTING and valuable demonstration of the effectiveness of the new rifle which can be kept up by a National Guard regiment in all branches of military work, despite the few advantages in the way of regular instruction, has been afforded by the annual field exercises of the Third Oregon Infantry which have taken up the week just ending at the Clackamas rifle range.

From the hour of pitching camp up to the entraining for home stations, a remarkable degree of thoroughness was exhibited by the command. There were many recruits and some mistakes of a minor nature. But the training and capability of the veterans of the regiment soon invaded the entire personnel and errors became scarce every day.

"The Third regiment could be put in the field for effective service at this moment," said an officer of the regular Army, on visiting the camp Thursday and witnessing the remarkable combination of field movements followed immediately by dress parade.

Not only was perfect discipline maintained at all times but a delinquency court officer, who had expected busy times, sat about with his hands folded and had nothing to do. Open camp was maintained. At the outset Colonel McDonald, camp commander, advised his troops that the first abuse of the privilege of an open camp would result in its being rigidly closed down. No need of reminding the order occurred.

The troops behaved so well that the delinquency court officer was on the point of resigning his command in disgust. There was not a single infraction against discipline worthy of the name. Colonel McDonald was greatly pleased.

From the hour of reaching camp last Monday up to the final scene, which occurred today, there has been no lull in the military programme. On Monday the establishment of camp kept everyone busy most of the afternoon. The command showed a commendable thoroughness in the manner of pitching camp.

The field maneuvers which commenced Tuesday camp routine, target practice and drills in close order were held. Wednesday the programme was the same except that the drilling was in extended order. On Thursday the drills were in company and battalion reconnaissance and patrols. Friday minor problems were worked out in advance and rear guard work and regimental drill was held.

The field maneuvers which commenced last night and terminate today rounded out the week's programme. The health of the camp has been excellent, no sickness of consequence breaking out among the 400 officers and men of the regiment who attended.

Many valuable suggestions were made during the week by Major Noble, First United States Infantry, who was assigned to the regiment as instructor. Lieutenant Brevington, Third United States Infantry, also rendered much valuable assistance in the various drills and exercises.



THE MEN MUST EAT WHERE THEY CAN BEFORE THE MESS TENT IS READY



INSTRUCTING THE MEN IN THE ART OF TABLE MAKING



MESS TENTS ARE PLACED IN A ROW

THE WHISTLES WILL SHRIEK WHEN TUBES OPEN

New York to Celebrate Completion of Hudson Tunnel—Strange Case of Early—Fire Stops Bread Distribution—No Class Distinctions Among Smugglers—Portland Gives New York First Tip.

NEW YORK, July 17.—(Special.)—Monday will be an important date in the history of Gotham, for then the twin tubes under the Hudson River from Cortlandt street to Exchange place, Jersey City, will be opened. This means that Jersey commuters will no longer be in danger of delay on ferries because of ice and fog, and that towns 30 and 40 miles away in our sister state will be brought into close communication with the metropolis.

Strange to say, in the celebration which has been planned, the city of New York, which will be greatly benefited, has no part. Our Mayor is up in the Adirondacks, and our other officials are "too busy" to take any part in the merry-making. But just the same there will be plenty of unofficial excitement.

The first train will leave for the Manhattan terminal. When it starts on its trip Jerseyward with the tunnel-day guests as passengers, 20 dynamite bombs will be exploded high in the air over the Pennsylvania Railroad ferryhouse. Then every locomotive and factory whistle in the lower part of Jersey City will be expected to get busy and every ferry and tugboat on the river will be expected to join in the racket.

There is a "plan and a scope committee," which is working overtime preparing for the celebration, and Frank J. Sheppard, general superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has promised that he will issue orders to his locomotive engineers to "whoop things up for all they are worth." Other railroad superintendents will follow Mr. Sheppard's example. A feature of the celebration will be a fireworks

display at night at the West Side Park, just outside of Jersey City.

The new tube, which will now be open to the public, has been under construction for many years. It is really far more important than the McAdoo tunnel for Hoboken, as it serves a far greater territory, and also has the important advantage of landing in the heart of the business section of Manhattan.

The strange case of "Lepus" John R. Early has convulsed the metropolis for several days. Early, who was formerly a private in the U. S. Army, was supposed to have contracted the dread disease in the Philippines. The discovery was made at Washington in August of last year, and the patient was promptly isolated and left for death to relieve his suffering. In the natural course of events he would probably have become the eldest inhabitant of the Nation's capital (for Early is young and vigorous) had it not been that Dr. L. Duncan Bulkley of New York came along and announced that Early was simply suffering from an ordinary skin disease.

After many weeks of proclamations and long-winded interviews, the Washington authorities decided to send the unhappy man here. With all due ceremony he was loaded in a box car, attached to a slow passenger train, and shipped to Jersey City. One mile outside that metropolis the train was stopped, and the patient and his attendant were notified that it would be necessary that they disembark, as the railroad company would not run the risk of exposing its passengers to the danger of infection.

Whereupon Mr. Early got out—took a trolley car to the depot, and rode to New York in a Pennsylvania ferryboat. Then

he wandered uptown to the Skin and Cancer Hospital and was received as a patient. Dr. Bulkley kept him there a day or so for observation, and then discharged him as "cured."

But what the average layman cannot understand is this: "If Early was a leper, why was he allowed to roam about Jersey City at his own sweet will? And if he was not a leper, why was he thrown off the train instead of being allowed to proceed to the depot with the other passengers?"

Of course this is a question which the railroad officials diplomatically decline to answer.

There was a fire on Broadway the other night which did damage amounting to \$1,000,000. That would not ordinarily make a newspaper story, but this particular blaze did, for one of the establishments that were wiped out was the Fleischmann bakery. And several hundred poor men depend upon this particular bakery for the food that keeps them alive.

Many years ago Mr. Fleischmann established the custom of distributing bread free to the human dorells who gathered outside of his place, and in course of time it became a nightly custom. The distribution begins promptly at midnight, but the line forms as early as 10 P. M. On an average, 300 loaves of bread are handed out to the ragged army without cost and without favoritism.

"Yes, I know that 90 per cent of them are worthless and never will reform," said Mr. Fleischmann on one occasion. "But they must need food, or they would never content to wait so long for it. And every now and then a man comes along who can be saved. It is worth it."

Baker Fleischmann is dead, but his son,

Otto, who now runs the business, declares that the fire will only work a temporary postponement of the charity.

"There is no intention of doing away with the bread line," he declared, a few hours after he had seen the place a heap of smoking ruins. "But, of course, for a few days we cannot help the men in the line. Our loss is about \$20,000, yet we are pushing work as fast as possible. As for the bread line, it was my father's idea, and as long as his descendants exist and are true to their promises, it will be followed."

And the average New Yorker thinks that this is a mighty good charity, and one that does good to the men who really need assistance.

The "employee" is Thomas Davis, a thin, wiry old man, who has been a keeper for many seasons. He is 72 years old, and does not look it by 20 years. To see him chasing bad boys who have bothered the birds and squirrels, you would take him for not over 35.

But Mr. Davis fought in the Sepoy mutiny, in India many years ago. He was a volunteer fireman, and during the Civil War received a medal from Congress for a particularly dashing rescue of the colors of his regiment. And he is as full of patriotism as he is of energy.

Congressional medals of honor are few and far between. Any old soldier will tell you that. And this particular veteran, who in his old age has constituted himself the particular guardian of the birds and squirrels in Central Park, is the right man in the right place when it comes to selecting a flag bearer.

The Chinatown "war of the tongs" did not materialize, nobody expected that it would. But it gave the police a chance

to run around, and destroy what little business the unhappy Celestials might have done.

Ever since the murder of Elsie Sigel, Chinatown has been under a cloud. In the pleasant days before the young woman's body was found in a trunk in a room over a chop suey restaurant, there were four lines of "rubberneck" wagons which made nightly trips to Doyer and Pell streets.

Now two of them have been withdrawn, and the others are hardly paying expenses. Furthermore, the sightseers who journeyed a-foot have neglected their pilgrimages, and the "quarter" has taken on the aspect of a deserted village.

All over town chop suey restaurants are closing, and laundries run by Mongolians are experiencing the hardest of hard times. Stores are empty and rents far in arrears, while the heathen horde is sloping slowly to the West.

Police Inspector Daly says that at the present rate of exodus, Chinatown will be history in another six months. He believes that the tenement-houses will soon be peopled by Italians, a race which now hems the Chinese in on all sides.

The police believe that their "crusade" has accomplished all this. The fact is, however, that the Sigel revelations have disgusted the Americans, and at present it is considered bad form to eat in a Chinese restaurant.

"All smugglers look alike to me," said collector William Loeb, Jr., when friends of Mrs. Mathilde M. Chesbrough, of Detroit, urged him not to prosecute the woman.

Mrs. Chesbrough, who is the wife of a millionaire lumberman, arrived from Europe the other day and told the customs

inspectors that she did not have any suitable goods with her. But, from information they had received, they knew better. Under false bottoms in several of her trunks they found muffs, fur coats, fur hats and princess gowns, which at the custom-house were appraised at \$329. They also inquired about a \$30,000 necklace which had been purchased at Nice, but Mrs. Chesbrough explained that he had left it in Canada, hoping that the new tariff bill would reduce the 60 per cent duty.

Of course, the goods have been seized, but the millionaire's wife does not mind that half as much as she does the fact that the evidence in the case has been forwarded to United States District Attorney Vreeland, of Trenton, for prosecution. The trunks were searched at Hoboken, which gives jurisdiction to the United States authorities in New Jersey. Heretofore it has been the custom, when society women are caught smuggling, to seize the goods, sell them at auction, and then drop the case out of sight. But Mr. Loeb has ordered a prosecution, and it will be vigorously pressed, despite all the influences that may be brought to bear.

If the United States grand jury at Trenton indicts Mrs. Chesbrough, as seems more than likely, she will be obliged to go there to stand trial.

Got First Tip From Portland.

The fatal illness of Congressman Francis Cushman, of Tacoma, was a news story of interest to the whole United States, but although the statesman was a patient at Roosevelt Hospital here from June 19 last, it is an interesting fact that the first news of his being stricken came from the Pacific Coast.

The Portland Oregonian knew that he was in the hospital before the local papers had received any inkling of the matter, and the inquiries of the Oregonian correspondent were the first made to the physicians by the representative of any paper.

One busy editor voiced the prevailing opinion when he said: "It certainly is tough when we have to get our first tip on local stories from Portland, Ore."

Loses Bet, May Lose Life.

The English have a pet expression of reproach, "a silly ass," and Anthony Hirsch, of South Ozone Park, Long Island, although not an Englishman, is entitled to the decoration.

Hirsch had a friend, and found him practicing with a small rifle. Hirsch claimed that the weapon could not "carry" 50 feet, and bet 50 cents on the proposition. Then to prove it, he stood 50 feet away, and permitted his friend to shoot at him.

Well, Mr. Hirsch lost his bet. He is now in St. Mary's Hospital, Jamaica, a beautifully run institution, with a bullet in his right lung. The doctors think he may live, but they will not bet even 50 cents on it. And the friend with the rifle has gone out West, hoping to achieve fame and fortune under a new name.

Hard Times in Chinatown.

Some of the "patriotic societies" emitted cries of distress because on the Fourth of July a "mere employee of the Park Department" was permitted to hoist the flag over the historic block-

house in Central Park. But persons who knew the facts in the case heartily commended Commissioner Smith for his action.

This is the silly season, of course, which explains why the metropolitan papers have devoted columns to a man who wants to sell his baby for \$500. If little Thomas Beach looks like the pictures that are printed, he would be dear at 30 cents. Harry Beach, the father, has snatched up what he will do with the money when he gets it. There will be deposited in a savings bank "for the baby to receive on attaining his majority" the sum of \$500. A business man would ask why the parents do not mark the child down to half price and let its new owners solve the savings bank problem for themselves. Then there is \$5 for clothes for the other four children (certainly a bargain), "clothes for Mrs. Beach and tools for Mr. Beach," \$50 and a "seashore trip for Mrs. Beach," \$100. Eight dollars for the land-lord and \$11 to a doctor also figure in the schedule.

It might be mentioned that Thomas is the only child of Beach's second wife, and he has not affixed price tags on any of the progeny of No. 1. This may explain the offer of the seashore trip.

Mrs. Beach, in discussing the case with one of the Sob Sisters of a yellow newspaper, is quoted as follows:

"Look there," she said, pointing to a passing automobile. "See that bulldog perched on the front seat with a pair of goggles to protect his eyes from the dust. It does seem hard that there are goggles for that dog when my poor child is suffering."

With all due respect to the Sob Sisters, one is inclined to say, "Oh, snuff!" For what would the baby do with the goggles if the bulldog was robbed of them?

Rabbi Wise Gaining Fame.

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, formerly of Portland, made a big hit the other day when he attacked Mayor McClellan at the Greater New York Taxpayers' Conference. Dr. Wise is rapidly becoming one of our best-known orators.

Some time ago he referred to McClellan as an amiable invertebrate, but he reformed the taxpayers that he felt called upon to take it back.

"Thereby apologize," said the doctor gravely. "For McClellan has since proved that he is not an amiable invertebrate. He is an unamiable invertebrate, as flabbi-ly in the wrong as he is feebly in the right."

Sheriff Tom Foley, one of the most even-tempered of Tammany leaders, read a report of this in the papers and repeated it to a group of his cronies.

"I was exactly know what it means," he confessed, "but certainly it sounds like hell."

Which undoubtedly was exactly the impression that Dr. Wise meant to convey.

Iceberg Like Small Island.

New York Sun.

An iceberg described as two and one-half miles long and 500 feet high—presumably not so high for the whole two and one-half miles—was passed recently about 1200 miles from New York by the French line freighter Mexico. It was in latitude 42°20, longitude 46°70.