

OREGON GUARDSMEN ALREADY BEGIN TO SEE REAL BORDER LIFE



Third Battalion Members Drink Soda Pop and Attend Exercises; Getting Sunburned

By Corporal A. E. Houston.
Company M, Third Oregon Infantry
The great American Independence day was celebrated by the 325 men in the Third battalion, encamped at San Ysidro, on the Mexican border, by washing soiled hosiery and cleaning rifles. One clean rifle and two clean feet are necessary for every soldier in the army, and without them he is worthless. The Mexicans in San Ysidro did not appear to be so particular about their feet, and many visitors thronged the camp to be photographed in the company street or grouped about the machine guns. Firecrackers and soda water bottles popped, and almost the same old-fashioned picnic smell of home prevailed. Lemonade was served at noon mess in the company kitchens, and the ladies who visited camp gave the boys strips of hunting and flake.

Exercises Are Held
The American colony of San Ysidro held exercises in the city library, to which the soldiers were invited. The library is of the bungalow type, with a huge fireplace in the center. The roof is of shingles and the sides of the building are of canvas. One wing is used for dancing, and the soldiers and the señoritas tripped a few two-steps while the older people clattered through a Virginia reel.

The formal program was opened by singing "America," in which all joined. One Philippe Ruiz read the Declaration of Independence, and Miss Amarilla Hernandez sang "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," in a good soprano voice. All in all, we Americans felt quite fraternal after the afternoon program was over.

It Was Real Music.
The warblers secured a guitar from a Mexican garlic grower and a mouth harp from the postal clerk, and filed up to the library, where the elite of San Ysidro dug its toes into the cracks of the floor while "Sweet Adeline" was rendered, and "My Hula Hula Love" was offered. The repertoire was catchy and varied, and included "When the Roll Is Called I'll Be There," as well as "How Dry I Am."

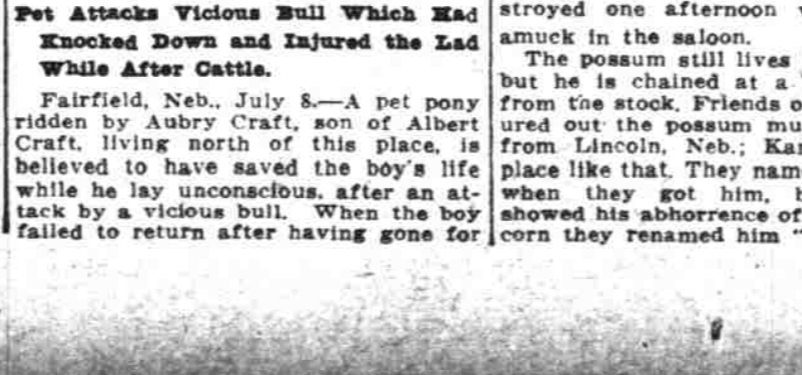
The pipes of the warblers were finally plugged with cake, ice cream and fried chicken. The boys were told they might also have some frijoles, but they only received beans.

Sunburn Is the Rule.
The boys are soaking up experiences with the sunburn, and when they return to Oregon they will be able to assist their admirers in making heroes out of all border veterans.

The Fourth of July coming so soon after our arrival here had a slight tendency to make some of the boys homesick at times, but most of them were relieved the pressure in their chests by writing a long letter to "her." In general, however, the boys are undergoing a great change, and, stripped of all home influences and protection, they are learning self-reliance and discipline, which will make better men of good boys. Some may fail, to be sure, but the rank and file of the organized militia company is far above that of the regular army in intelligence and industry.

That there is no fear of death or thought of the end, though the guns of the Mexican fortress at Tijuana frown on our camp from the 2000 yard range, is shown by the fact that the boys sleep soundly from taps to reveille.

Safety First Idea.
A report was circulated about camp today that the Mexican fortress was equipped with two new 10 inch guns and six machine guns, and that we might expect a momentary attack in case war was finally declared. As a



World Abounds in Newspapers Published Under the Most Unusual Circumstances

British Columbia Indians Revel in the Kamloops Wawa; Most Northerly Public Print Is in Nord Kap, Norway.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
One of the queerest newspapers in the world is the Kamloops Wawa, a journal printed in shorthand by a tribe of Indians who live in the interior of British Columbia. It was established through the efforts of a French missionary, Le Jeune by name, who came to the Fraser river district of British Columbia some years ago. He found the natives superstitious, ignorant and unable to write their language. He soon learned the Indian vocabulary, and then began to write it by means of shorthand signs which represented all the sounds the Indians use in pronouncing the words.

News of Chinook Indians.
The paper was printed on a mimeograph for the first year, but after that Le Jeune succeeded in having type made, and it is now printed on a press in the nearest city. It has 16 pages, and contains all the news of the tribe and of the church that the missionary has built up in the main village. Over 2000 Indians have learned to read. It is said that a very interesting sight is presented when one looks into a wigwam, where the women still use stone implements to prepare their clothing of deerskin, and behold the family grouped about eagerly reading the latest number of the Kamloops Wawa.

Just as the "height of editorialism" may refer to the publication of the news on top of Mount Washington, so the "lowest paper in the United States" may have no connection with "yellow journalism." Burdick has given some curious information in regard to the press in the Colorado desert. His experience dates back some years; possibly today the paper he mentions may have descended to even greater depths.

Two papers were published beneath the level of the sea. The Submarine was first to be issued, "the lowest down of any paper in the world." Another publication was begun at a still lower result, we are to be moved west about three miles along the border, out of range of the fort's big guns. Naturally, the boys gave the report a second thought when they realized that we were armed only with rifles.

depth, and the Submarine, to hold its record, was obliged to move. It announced its change of locality in the following words:
"We have dropped from 22 feet below sea-level to 76 feet below. The low rumbling noise heard yesterday was caused by the office and the press taking the drop."
The Submarine was an eight page weekly, printed on blue-tinted paper. Its humorous department was edited by "McGinty," the gentleman who went down to the bottom of the sea. One column was headed "Underway." While Mr. Burdick was in the vicinity, a paper was in progress of being established in a town 325 feet below sea-level. Either the Submarine was forced to give up its prestige or else it was fated to make another move toward the center of the earth.

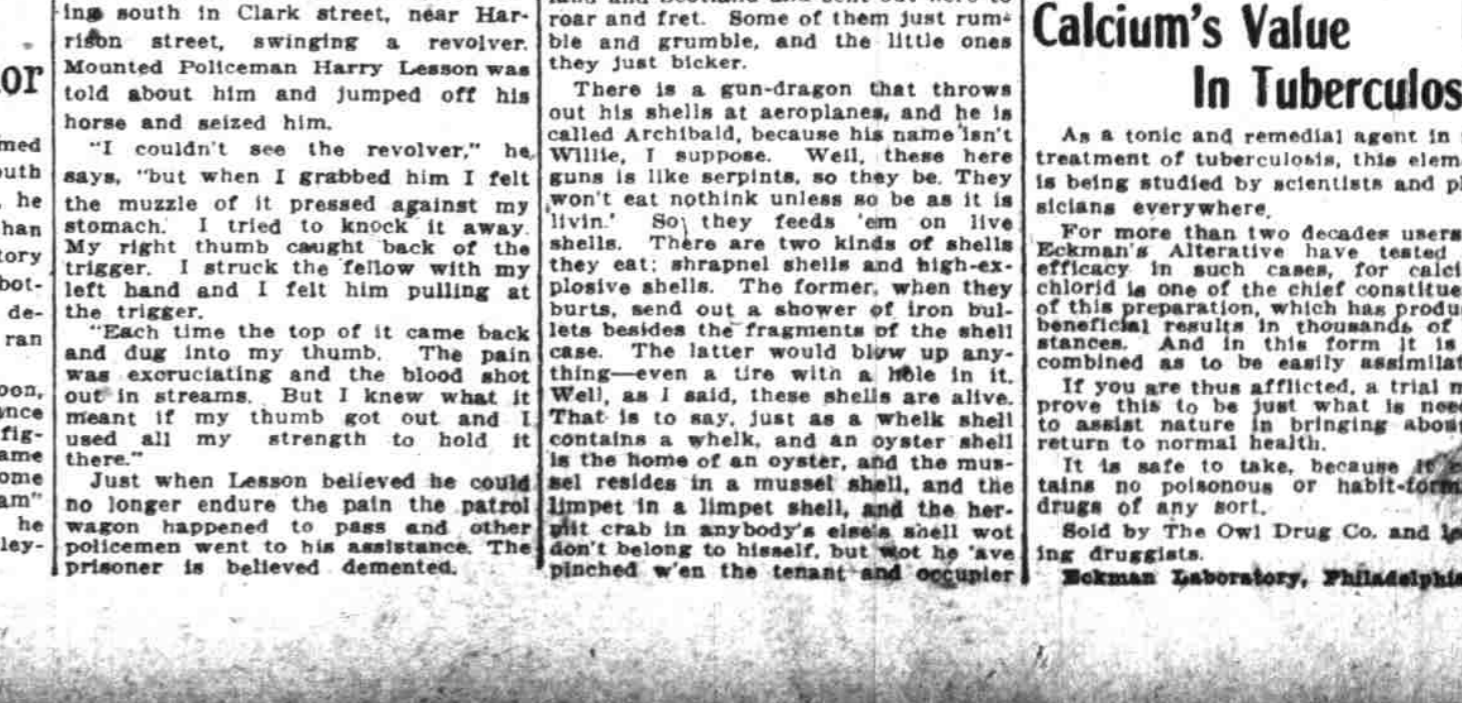
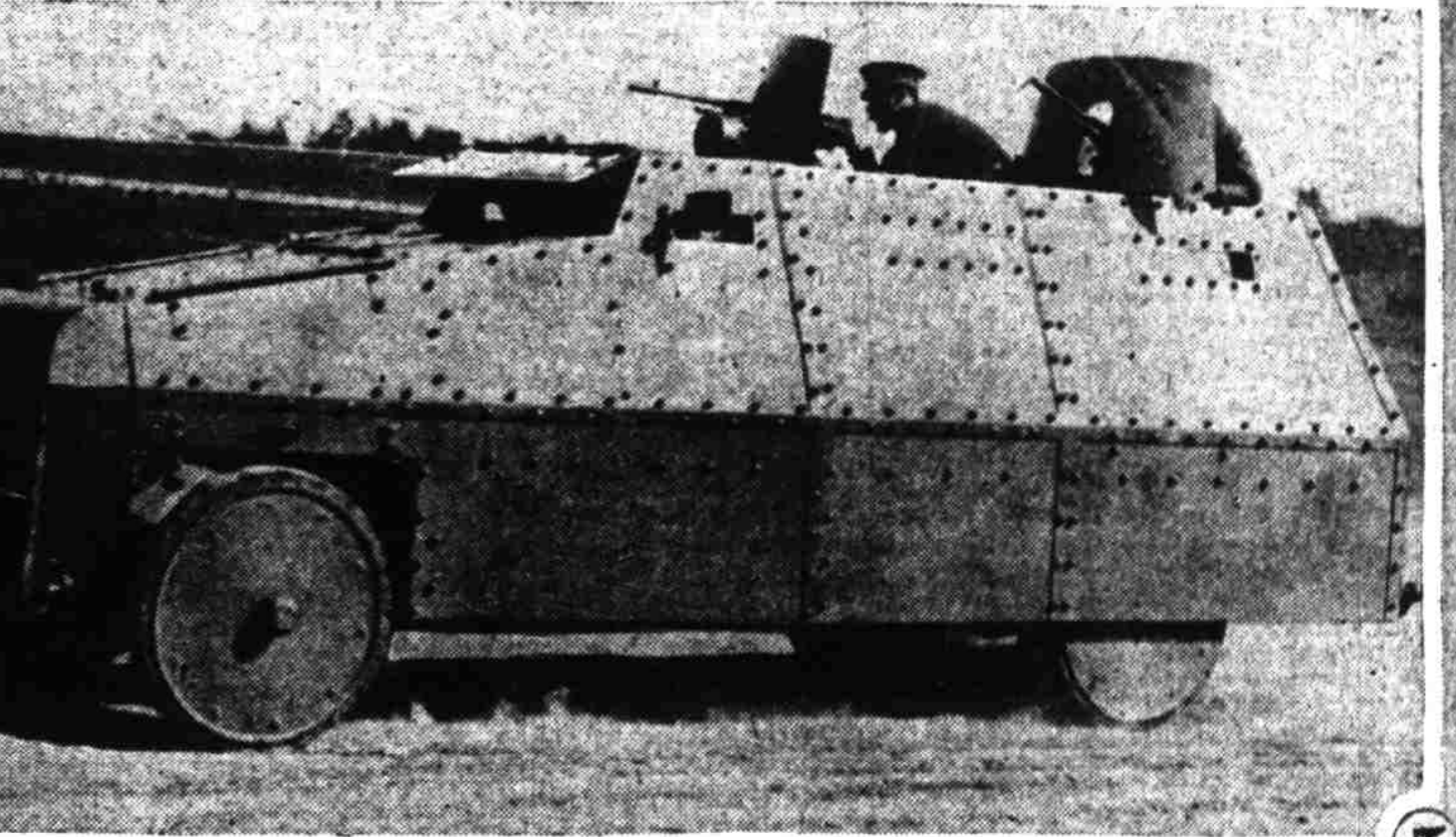
In Buenos Aires the life of an editor, according to reports, is similarly attractive. Down there one newspaper office includes a ballroom and an infirmary, where a doctor gives advice gratuitously to the whole staff. Furthermore the editors gather in comfortable rooms, seat themselves in armchairs or recline on divans and smoke long, black cigars; between puffs sipping ice-cream.

One-Man Task.
In a remote but busy village of the Canadian northwest there was published some years ago a weekly newspaper in the handwriting of its proprietor, editor, reporter, advertising agent and general utility man, the five combined. This man adorned his lively four page sheet with caricatures rudely copied from the comic papers of the United States and England, and decorated his horse and stock advertisements with rough cuts. This weekly appeared in purple ink from a gelatine reproducing machine, and its editorials and local news were so clearly presented that the little journal attained quite an influence in the territories and was quoted by all the newspapers of western Canada.

A newspaper produced by the same process was the Mashonaland Herald and Zambesi Times, conducted by a Briton in the wilds of Africa and supported by subscriptions and ads from miners and traders.

It is thought that the most northerly of newspapers in, or was, the Nord Kap, emanating weekly from Hammerfest, in Norway, from the little turf-roofed house of one Johannsen. The Nord Kap was, at last accounts, regularly printed from news received from a ship that touched at Hammerfest once in eight days.

about a mile from camp, which roared like artillery.
"What's that?" asked a recruit, as he peeped from his blankets.
"Well," his "bunkie" answered, "if it's a firecracker, it's harmless, and if it's the guns from the fort, they're missing us," and both rolled over and went to sleep like "soldiers in the army."



Humorous Thoughts Fill Mind of Man in Trench Despite Hail of Shot and Shell

Soldier Chats Merrily About Deadly Missives Which Drop Around Him; Sends Descriptive Letters to Little Niece in England.

(From "Somewhere in France" a soldier has been sending letters to his little niece in England which The Spectator has been printing. They are so humorous, have such a spirit of blitheness, such an appreciation of the illusions of childhood and, withal, they are so good a picture of some phases of trench life that one of them is reproduced here.)
My dear Muffie: I am sending, addressed to Auntie Maggie, my watch, which she might have put to rights for me and return it, so that I may not in future do more than my own share of work through not knowing the time. Of course, I am very prone to do that!
Well, as I was saying, talking of guns and shells, perhaps you think a gun is like a steel cylinder that fires a shell, and a shell is an iron cylinder full of explosive which occasionally bursts (but more often not, except when you're being strafed). That's just where you are wrong, because a gun is a dragon—in capitals. It has to be fed on shells and oil. But no sooner do they give it a shell to eat than they "clicks hup" its hinged jaws so that the shell won't lie on its stomach, and the dragon vomits out the shell or spits it out so very hard that it flies away for miles and miles. And the dragon is very fierce, he is kept so hungry, so, when he spits out the shell, he roars, and the bigger the dragon, and the larger the shell, the louder he roars; and when he roars the houses shake and the earth quakes, and if you are very near you have to open your mouth or you get your eardrums injured. Of course, these gun-dragons grow and grow. Some of them that were quite tiny machine guns when the war started are now hoary-headed old 16-inchers. Some of them are very short and stout, and spit the shell high into the air, and these are called howitzers, but I don't know how-it-is. There are ever so many new little baby dragons being born every day in England and Scotland and sent out here to roar and fret. Some of them just rumble and grumble, and the little ones they are very near you have to open your mouth or you get your eardrums injured.

Chicago, July 8.—Three tubes of radium were given as collateral for \$250,000 on four-year mortgage notes. The loan was negotiated by the Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings bank and the Physicians Radium association of Chicago. Its purpose is to furnish for charitable purposes the use of radium in medical treatment.

Calcium's Value in Tuberculosis

As a tonic and remedial agent in the treatment of tuberculosis, this element is being studied by scientists and physicians everywhere.
For more than two decades users of Eekman's Alternative have tested its efficacy in such cases, for calcium chloride is one of the chief constituents of this preparation, which has produced beneficial results in thousands of instances, and in this form it is combined as to be easily assimilated.
If you are thus afflicted, a trial may prove this to be just what is needed to assist nature in bringing about a return to normal health.
It is safe to take, because it contains no poisonous or habit-forming drugs of any sort.
Sold by The Owl Drug Co. and leading druggists.
Eekman Laboratory, Philadelphia.

Big Auto Suffers Most in a Collision

Racing Automobile Weighing 4000 Pounds Put Out of Business by Car Weighing 1000 Pounds.

Pretty Prairie, Kan., July 8.—When a racing automobile, weighing 4000 pounds, driven by L. J. Dopps, collided with a small car weighing only 1000 pounds, the large car was demolished, while the small one was not damaged to any great extent.
Dopp and two other occupants of the racer were seriously injured.

Stops Trigger With His Thumb in Fight

Policeman Has Battle With Man Who Is Suspected of Being Demented; Stranger Arrested.

Chicago, July 8.—A man was walking south in Clark street, near Harrison street, swinging a revolver. Moutmouth Policeman Harry Lesson was told about him and jumped off his horse and seized him.
"I couldn't see the revolver," he says, "but when I grabbed him I felt the muzzle of it pressed against my stomach. I tried to knock it away. My right thumb caught back of the trigger. I struck the fellow with my left hand and I felt him pulling at the trigger."
"Each time the top of it came back and dug into my thumb. The pain was excruciating and the blood shot out in streams. But I knew what it meant if my thumb got out and I used all my strength to hold it there."
"Just when Lesson believed he could no longer endure the pain the patrol wagon happened to pass and other policemen went to his assistance. The prisoner is believed demented.

Pony Saves Life of a Little Boy

Pet Attacks Vicious Bull Which Had Knocked Down and Injured the Lad While After Cattle.

Fairfield, Neb., July 8.—A pet pony ridden by Aubry Craft, son of Albert Craft, living north of this place, is believed to have saved the boy's life while he lay unconscious, after an attack by a vicious bull. When the boy failed to return after having gone for

Possum Destroys Big Lot of Liquor

Joplin, Mo., July 8.—A man named Russell, who runs a saloon in South Main street, had a possum, which, he says, he wouldn't take a cent less than \$160 for. He asserts that an inventory proved that \$160 was the value of bottles of booze which the possum destroyed one afternoon when he ran amuck in the saloon.

The possum still lives in the saloon, but he is chained at a safe distance from the stock. Friends of Russell figured out the possum must have come from Lincoln, Neb.; Kansas or some place like that. They named him "Sam" when they got him, but after he showed his abhorrence of John Barleycorn they renamed him "Bill."