

F. G. CROW

Lumber Yard

We helped to build McAllen, houses, barns and buildings.

We have supplied lumber to all the troops stationed in McAllen.

Perhaps we've helped to make your Company more comfortable. What we build stays built.

For lumber for buildings of all kinds, either permanent or temporary, come to F. G. CROW. We have several carloads ready to fill your orders.

"Let Us Figure on Your Bill"
McAllen, Texas

Plaint of the Ragged Soldier Who Needs the Help of the Q.M.

If you look like a Bowery bum in his business suit—if your toes stick out of your socks and your socks stick out of your shoes; if your knees stick out of your olive drab breeches and your said O. D.'s are of wool; if your woolen O. D. shirt fits you like one of Caesar's cast-off tunics, or clings to you with the almost pathetic fondness of a late model in women's bathing suits; if your peaked campaign hat is warped into a shape resembling a futurist picture of a church and the tassels on the cord consist of a round piece of wool with fringe on them; if you wish pay day was near, so you could buy some underwear that won't get larger every time you bend over to tie another safety knot in your shoe string; if—well, if your "clothes" are in that condition and then somebody suggests that your "uniform" looks sloppy and ought to be cleaned up a bit—well, then—and not until then, mind you!!—you may visit your Q. M.

You don't hear the rest. You have heard it before. The only comfort you get is down the street. There is a fellow down there growling about his "uniform," who would look just exactly like you if it were not for the indisputable fact that you are short and stout and he is tall and thin. You stop and listen to him. He is saying: "Oh, we've got the stuff all right. All we need is a quartermaster!"

You grin, smile, laugh aloud. Your troubles are all over. You chew the fat with the tall gink for a half an hour and finally exchange certain articles of clothing with him for the sake of further mutual comfort, and go your way with peace in your heart.

It took a New York tailor to say that clothes make the man and that may do very well for his advertising literature—in New York. It won't do for the National Guard in Texas. It doesn't fit any more than a rookie's uniform does—whether the uniform is as new as the rookie or as old as the Guard. But this is really neither here nor there so far as the quartermaster is concerned, for he doesn't care whether the uniform he hands out of his canvas cave of wonders is new, old or indifferent, so long as the man outside takes it. Generally the man outside that cavern takes anything he can get from the Q. M. with hands just blistering with thanks, because it's mighty seldom he gets anything from that place.

But softly, brother, softly. Keep on thy soiled and ragged shirt yet a little while. This seemingly soulless Q. M. will yet brighten your shreaded existence by giving out to you some raiment that will be as radiant as those very shoes you once so longingly gazed upon. And you shall have the nice, neat cotton O. D.'s, and even leggings that fit you and do not crumple up at the ankles. Your hat shall have tassels that are bright and new and the brim of it shall remain straight and stiff, after the fashion of your colonel's Stetson.

And what, pray, would you have done with these brilliant garments had you cut cactus in them and thrown the mud of many ditches upon their brightness? What would have happened to these clothes if you had had them before your camp was complete, before the rain streams were unable to get under your head and carry it down to the Rio Grande at the rate of fifty miles per hour? The optimist exhorts: "O thou faithless one, have patience! And pity the poor Q. M. who got his orders same as you! Give him a chance to get his invoices and his orders before you accuse him of 'holding out on you!' You are not the only one! (Poor devil!) Old Uncle Sam still loves you and is proud of you for ever coming down here to this misery. And you'll not only look pretty, but you'll be strong. And until such time, curse not the poor Q. M. neither publicly nor secretly, for he is not to blame."

BRIEFS

"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT"
There was a bullet that flew close over the town of Pharr the other night. The buildings there are not tall ones, either.
"Bang! ee-EEEE-ee-ee!"
That's the way it sounded, just about time for "Taps," and right out of a stillness so thick you could cut it. Clouds were covering the moon. There were some men in town on late passes and every mother's son of them testifies that the others all ducked for a doorway or started to claw clay dust like they had orders to intrench. A 23rd officer, with his nose to the path, said nervously, "How much change did that last fellow give me? I thought I dropped a nickel." A staff man started to strike a match. "Don't, Gawd sakes, I got it!" exclaimed the owner of the money.
At the command of a superior officer a timid one advanced "by thin lines" to ascertain the cause of the shooting. He had not far to go. Out in the gloaming he discovered a disturbed young officer who was just after admonishing a guard relief, a member of which had been trying the mechanism of his rifle without first looking to see if the contraption was loaded. Unfortunately the malfactor was not connected with this brigade and his end was not learned.

Some of the war newspaper correspondent, Messrs. Hadley of the N. Y. Sun, Kidd of the N. Y. Evening Journal and Russell of the N. Y. Mail and Express, enjoyed a game dinner with the officers at Division Headquarters Wednesday evening.
Brigadier General Parker being an "overnight" guest at Division Headquarters last Friday, the 1st Cavalry put on an especially fine entertainment in his honor at our own "Airdome Theatre."
A company of Engineers are working at La Gloria building a special range of 100 field targets for combat practice for Infantry and Cavalry. Many interesting field firing problems will be marked out.
Mr. and Mrs. John H. Shary of Sharyland presented Division Headquarters with "the makings" for a game dinner last week. It was greatly enjoyed and the game, like other Sharyland products, proved to be par excellent.

GENUINE SOUVENIRS AT LAST.
Don't worry because all the armadillo sewing baskets are sold out and "she" wants a souvenir which is genuinely Mexican. Rodriguez and Co., the little confectionery store back of the big Rodriguez department store, have just received a shipment totaling several hundred dollars, which young Mr. Rodriguez bought personally last week in Mexico City. These goods are now on display in the confectionery store, one block west of the bank.
The shipment includes some genuine curiosities, such as miniature figures representing a bull-fight on a field the size of a silver dollar, also cocanut shell rings and silver jewelry of remarkable fineness among other things. The goods are warranted genuine and Mr. Rodriguez anticipates a ready sale, as many of the so-called souvenirs sold around town are made in Colorado instead of Mexico and genuine Mexican goods are hard to get.
Add to Border Atrocities: A shave by the Point Isabel barber.—Illinois Cavalryman, also add a hair cut by a McAllen barber.

OUR HONOR ROLL.
Yearly subscriptions in the order received:
Maj. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Div. Staff.
Maj. S. F. Corbett, Corps of Engineers.
Lieut. Leo F. Knust, 7th Infantry.
Capt. Edward P. Dillon, 69th Inf.
Col. George Albert Wingate, 2nd Field Artillery.
Maj. George E. Roosevelt, 12th Inf.
Capt. Charles E. Fiske, 1st Cavalry.
Lieut. Hamilton H. Barnes, 1st Cav.
Maj. Scott Button, 2nd Infantry.
Lieut. Col. Henry S. Sternberger, Div. Q. M.
Capt. Guy Bates, Engineers.
Horatio J. Brewer, Spokane, Wash.
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Newport R. I.
Lieut. Col. J. M. Wainwright, Insp. Gen. Dept. N. Y.
Capt. Prentice Strong, N. Y. City.
W. J. Comstock, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lieut. Joseph A. Pitts, 2nd Infantry.

Gregory & Cardwell

HARDWARE, McALLEN

Look along the fence-rails, look on the farm wagon in McAllen, and you will see the name of Gregory & Cardwell.

It means something for you to buy your hardware at the most firmly established hardware store in the Valley. We carry everything, big and little, and our quality is always right.

Remember the name Gregory & Cardwell and drop into our big store on the west side of Main Street, McAllen.

HALL'S

GROCERY

ASKS YOU THIS QUESTION

Why go out of town to buy Groceries when we have everything needed for your commissary? Wet and dry groceries, vegetables canned goods, foods of a flavor.

We have the cleanest store in town, and the most convenient store for you to patronize. Come here to trade. We appreciate it.

THE GROCER WHO SELLS FOR LESS

A. P. HALL
McALLEN - - - TEXAS

First New York Cavalry

N. G., U. S.
HORSE SHOW
Saturday Oct. 7
Entries Open to All Horses Used in the Service

Palace of Sweets

"The Place that Gave Mission its Reputation"



We freeze 250 gallons of ice cream a day---chocolate, vanilla and strawberry.

Price 80 cents a gallon at the store 90 cents delivered in McAllen.

Get the Palace of Sweets Habit.
Elliott B. Roberts, Prop.

Too busy to write an ad this week--and that's some busy. But we always have time to talk to customers.

McAllen Hardware Co.
E. D. CABLE, Manager

PRIVATE HOOCH, The Only Plattsburgh Rookie on the Border - - - By Dreher

