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AT canteens and soda fountains insist on Welch's

THE individual "Junior" bottle sells for ten cents. Add water, plain or charged, for a long drink.

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Westfield, N. Y.



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We carry a full line of moulding, cypress and other material useful in building anything from mess shacks to clothes boxes, etc.

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For a Good Sundae, Root Beer, Coca-Cola or any other soft drink and Candies see us at our Confectionery.

AND

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Anything from a ham sandwich to a planked steak. Try our Chicken a la King.

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McAllen, Texas

PLATTSBURGHING BY A PLATTSBURGER

Military Knowledge Gained by Citizens Attending Business Training Camps

LETTER FROM PLATTSBURGH MAN

The following letter has just been received by one of the editors. It is about the sanest view of "Plattsburghing by a Plattsburgher" we have seen. The writer is an engineer of prominence, who has seen much revenue service in both Atlantic and Pacific, has circled the globe and has one brother, a captain, in the Canadian training regiment, and another just made captain for gallantry in the trenches somewhere in France.

If Plattsburgh, Texas and other influences can make the city dwellers forget their flesh pots and make the farmers forget their corn and haws, and all think along lines more than a foot wide, the Plattsburghers sleeping in a puddle and our association with Texas will not have been in vain. The letter follows:

"Just returned from four weeks at Plattsburgh and received the copy of 'The Rio Grande Rattler,' dated August 23rd, 1916. I always knew that you folks were enterprising, but had no idea you would undertake a paper for those on the Border. It is most interesting to see what you fill it up with.

"I noticed an editorial in the 'Plattsburghers,' which should apply particularly to me. The tone of the editorial seems to indicate that the Plattsburgh campers are 'Tin Soldiers.' Of course, they are 'Tin Soldiers' to a large extent, because thirty days of camp does not entitle one to be called a real soldier.

"I must say, however, that it is astonishing what a smattering of military life they give you in such a short time. You hit only the high spots, but you hit a good many of them and get quite an idea of what is needed to make a real soldier. Anyone who thinks he has become a real soldier in this short time is foolish, but I can see where it is an immense advantage to the real soldiers to have so many of us get the Plattsburgh experience.

"I think that it has a very broadening effect on the citizen to spend four weeks at Plattsburgh, and it gives him a very different idea of the army. The officers are usually picked men of rather strong personality and they make a good impression on the citizens. They keep us jumping, usually from 4:45 a. m. until after the conference at 7:30 p. m. It is a most wholesome experience as a vacation. I forgot all about business and everything else except the next bugle call.

It may be questioned whether the Plattsburgh experience does anything toward making officers, but there is no question about the advantage to the army in general in having citizens so educated. I do not know what your views are about the present military system and how it ought to be run. I don't know that I have any definite views myself, but I think all of us who have been to Plattsburgh are so much more interested in the whole question that we are better fitted to study the question intelligently. For myself personally, there is no question about the great advantage of such an experience as Plattsburgh. I became quite absorbed in all the details of the work and had no time to think of anything else. It might be that some of the experiences were not altogether pleasant, but that is true of any experience. No one particularly likes sleeping on damp ground, except in retrospect, yet somehow it is a great satisfaction to have a little experience in this line, so as to know how it feels. The food also tasted delicious to me. Some people criticize the monotony of stew three times a day. The only improvement I could think of would be to have it six times a day. Altogether I had a thorough vacation and have come back feeling 100 per cent better physically, morally and mentally.

"I do not suppose you have had time to write about your experience on the Border, but I hope you will send me copies of anything that will give me some idea of the work you are doing. While you are not engaged in actual war-fare you are living under actual war conditions and the experience must be wonderful."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

To the Editor: Why do the men of the N. Y. Division walk the dusty roads in the hot sun on Sundays? They had enough of it all week.—Pharr Observer.

Answer: Psychologically explained, it is caused by the overpowering desire prominent in the soldier's make-up, to be somewhere else. That feeling brought us here, and impels some of us to return and most of us to desire to go further south.

To the Editor: What is the meaning of the term Rookie, and how do you tell them?—Native Civilian.

Answer: That's it, you can't tell them—anything. Most of them have to have it hammered in. They are the inexperienced men, who in their daily existence vainly try to improve in Field Service Regulations and the customs of the service. They usually "hike" with the red bandana rugs around their necks, and substitute handkerchiefs for their campaign hats.

JANUARY AND STORMS.

If you happen to see any of those dressy spiral leggings walking or riding down Main Street, McAllen, there's only one place where you can get them. That is the store of January & Storms. Mr. Storms has found the sale of these popular English leggings sufficient to make it worth while to specialize in them, although he carries a full line of shirts and clothes as well. The spiral leggings are made of wool and are preferred to canvas or leather because they always fit well, are cool and comfortable and in tropical swamps, repel the bites of snakes and insects.

THE TRAINING OF BOY SCOUTS.

(By Scoutmaster, No. 20660, Boy Scouts of America, with Battery F, 2nd Field Artillery, U. S. N. Y.)

Various criticisms of the Boy Scouts seem to be implied from the phrases frequently used in different organizations that this or that outfit is like the "boy scouts." There are many so-called boy scout organizations of which the "Boy Scouts of America" as now officially named and recognized by an act of Congress with permission to use the official scout uniform is one of the most active. As one of many scoutmasters, assistant scoutmasters, scouts and former scouts in the N. G. of the U. S., may I explain briefly what the scout movement means as carried out by the Boy Scouts of America.

1. The training, physical, mental and moral boys to be of true American men

2. The preparation of these coming American men for good citizenship both in peace and war.

3. The education of the boy in his country's needs, that he may be ready to take such part as an American man should take in his country's affairs and be fully prepared to do so.

"Be prepared" is therefore the motto, to which His Excellency, The President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson has subscribed and to which Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft and other prominent men of the United States have subscribed.

The Boy Scouts of America have a national organization of which the above mentioned gentlemen are presidents and honorary presidents. Local councils in most of the cities of the United States have their own officers, subject in general to the policies of the National Council.

Troops are the units. Each unit consists of 32 or less boys over 12 years of age. Each troop has 4 patrols bearing names such as beaver, almeeek, lion, etc. Exceptional troops have more than 32 boys. A troop is in charge of a scoutmaster and two or more assistants, a patrol has a patrol leader and an assistant patrol leader.

The boys are trained in studying birds, animals, signaling and all other interesting and useful studies.

The classes are tenderfoot, 2nd class 1st class, and special classes such as eagle scout who must possess 21 merit badges in studies such as life saving etc., and is really able to command respect for the patience and care of his service.

Some of the troops have brass bands, drum corps and fire and drum corps. Others have developed into highly trained gymnasts, others have life saving apparatus of high grade like breeches, buoys and know how to use them with skill. Every boy scout learns first aid in all of its branches. In short a scout is helpful. "He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons and share the hardships."

He must do at least one good turn to somebody every day.

A scout is an honor to his home class, school, associates and no outfit need be ashamed of being likened to them, for the boys of the United States are going to be better prepared in the essentials of personal hygiene and sanitation, in loyalty, patriotism and devotion to a good cause because they are scouts.

The United States National Guard may indeed be likened to the Boy Scout of America, for in the cardinal principles of Americanism, neither will be found wanting and will earn the same words of encomium as the father of our country did, "First in Peace and First in War."

FILM MEN TAKE NOTICE.

Mr. T. R. Logan, proprietor of the Amuse Theatre, located near the camp of the 7th Infantry requests that all officers and men in the N. Y. Division who are connected in any capacity with the production of moving pictures, meet in front of his air dome at 3 p. m. on Friday, Sept. 22nd.

A little get-together meeting of the film folk in Olive Drab is planned for this occasion. A few "stills" will be taken for the Moving Picture World and perhaps a few feet of "action" for the studio folks back home. This will be the first time in the history of the great industry, in the U. S. A. that a convention of picture men on a war footing will be held so it is up to the trade to engrave the event on celluloid for "movie" posterity.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE MATCHES WILL BE HELD

Secretary Baker has announced that the Annual National Rifle Matches scheduled to be held on the Florida State Range at Jacksonville next month will take place despite the presence of most of the Regular Army and National Guard units at the Border and in Mexico.

Many of the former members of the state team in the N. Y. Division and many more expert riflemen who expected to compete for a place on the state team to represent the Empire State are disappointed in losing the opportunity.

All the members of last year's New York State team are doing duty with the troops on the Border.

THE AD MANAGER WROTE THIS.

Last week Mansur's Grocery in Mission wanted to advertise in The Rattler. "Why don't you make a special appeal to the 7th Regiment?" we suggested—thus unconsciously waving the red flag in the face of the 12th Regiment, which believes that it and not the 7th is "New York's Finest Regiment."

The Rattler picks no fights. It would much rather say nice things, sales-producing things than to knock, knock, knock. If the Mess Sergeants of the Twelfth feel that they are the finest and want to spend money at Mr. Mansur's and Messrs Field's groceries, to prove it, we urge them to go ahead. By all means.

God bless you, my children.

"What's the trouble?" asked the friend. "You seem to have something on your mind."

"I have," replied the conscientious citizen. "I'm trying to figure out a proper course of action. If I neglect to apply for enlistment my wife will say I don't love my country. And if I display a willingness to leave home and march away to the war she'll say I don't love her."—Washington Star.

THE KIND OF SOLDIERS WHO MAKE HISTORY

Nothing Could Daunt the Courage of "The Rattler's" Latest Outside Man

NOT UP TO MEDICAL TEST, BUT THERE!

To The Rattler recently came a spunky little devil, and he came in a most peculiar way. He came riding the rods of a freight, and, weary, almost unable to walk, dragged himself in the fields near the station to sleep. Next morning he was befriended by some soldiers, who saw to it that he got a room in the town, and had food and drink to revive him. His name is Charlie Jones, and he hails from New York City. He is not a tramp by any means. He came to McAllen without money, friends, or any help with the idea that he could enlist in some branch of the service, in spite of the fact that he was rejected at Camp Whitman by a medical officer of the 2nd Infantry because he was under weight and had a bad heart. The opinion of the Medical Officer notwithstanding, his heart is a mighty good one and strong, according to those who have heard this story. Else he never would have reached McAllen.

Jones lives at 223 East 67th street, Manhattan, New York City. He is nineteen years old and when he left the city for his seventy mile hike to Whitman along the State road, he weighed about 126 pounds. Now he weighs something under 105.

All his friends in his neighborhood enlisted with the 71st but Jones, although he wanted to come to the Border, delayed too long and had the disappointment of watching "his" regiment enroute. Then he walked to Whitman, for he heard that the 2nd was there and would be leaving soon. He went via auto, when able to catch a ride, but most of the journey was on foot.

He didn't stop to think about whether or not he had had sufficient training to stand it. He just went. And after rejection he just hiked back, got some fresh clothes and hiked back to Whitman once more. Then he hit the trail for Washington along the State road and walked most of the way, working for his food when he could find work, and sleeping in the fields. From Washington he freighted. In this branch of hoboism he had no previous training either. He just did it.

He came down through the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, a corner of Mississippi and through Louisiana, using mostly the Southern Pacific. In North Carolina his "bus broke down" and he walked almost all the way across South Carolina to Atlanta, Georgia, and fifty miles out of Atlanta before he could catch another freight. At Jennings, Louisiana, he was arrested and "jugged." Finding a beer bottle opener, he loosened the rusted nuts on the bolts which held the lock to the door of his jail, took off the lock, and simply vanished. He was in this shack six hours instead of thirty days, and was also two meals "to the good."

Again at a little station in Texas, somewhere near Beaumont, he wrestled with a large sized negro trainman on the top of a box car, and threw him off. The negro broke his arm and went to the hospital, but Jones thinks it was the negro's own fault, because he told the fellow to put him around, when he tried to put him around. However, when Jones turned around to make sure his assailant hit the ground, he looked into a big black hole in the front of a Colt 45. The conductor handed him over to the sheriff and the sheriff handed him over to the "jug"—which place is a good deal unlike Battery Q of the Second F. A. In this jug they were going to hold him for two days in order to fatten him up sufficiently so that he would be strong enough to work on the State roads for sixty days with a pair of bracelets on his ankles. He stayed there almost two days because they gave him plenty to eat and drink. But then he found another bottle opener from a New York brewery, by the way—and took the lock away with him for a souvenir. Unfortunately he dropped it somewhere near Houston.

Well, his troubles were about over, and the riding on the Santa Fe was pretty good—except that the bumpers are harder than a Pullman berth, and he was mighty tired and hungry. But he reached McAllen, and after three days rest found employment with the circulation department of The Rattler. It is agreed that young Jones is a rattling good "kid," and he'd be worth his thousand per if he could be a soldier. It took him more than two months to get here; and the most pathetic part of his experience is that he could not get here in time to see "his" regiment off for New York.

FASHIONS.

It's quite true as the Border in dress, there's no order—Each wears what she will And it's "comme il faut" still Some heads and a shawl Are quite jaunty withal; And a smile's very nice For they never have ice.

OUR HONOR ROLL.

Yearly subscriptions in the order received:
Maj. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Div. Staff.
Maj. S. F. Corbett, Corps of Engineers.
Lieut. Leo F. Knaut, 7th Infantry.
Capt. Edward F. Dillon, 60th Inf.
Col. George Albert Wingate, 2nd Field Artillery.
Maj. George E. Roosevelt, 12th Inf.
Capt. Charles E. Fife, 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.