



## Few Exemptions Are Being Granted from New Selective Army

The war draft is still drawing heavily upon the young men of this vicinity, and uncertainty of the exemptions is causing some anxiety. Business in all lines is feeling the effect of the draft. Few other communities in the United States of the same size will suffer as much from the operation of the draft in raising the new selective army as Patagonia, owing to the large proportion of Mexican alien population. The native-born Mexicans will be drafted the same as the American boys, of course, but it is astonishing what a large percentage of the Mexican youths resident in Patagonia were born across the line, and are therefore not subject to military duty.

It has been learned definitely from the district board at Tucson that Ray Blabon (Buck Nix), master mechanic at the Three R mine, has not been exempted. Ray Sorrells' claim for exemption on the grounds of being a family man has not been favorably acted upon as yet. The Farrell family at Harshaw was hit harder than most families by the draft, three sons—Will, Tom and Rich—being called from this home, although there is a possibility one of them may be exempted. Others from here who have been called before the local board at Nogales this week to complete the quota from this county are Victor Holcomb, Harry J. Patterson and Albert Davidson, all of whom, like Buck Nix, have dependent wives and the first two are fathers. Their claims for exemption have not yet been settled.

Considerable surprise was occasioned when it was learned that "Buck Nix" had not been exempted, as it was believed the plea of a dependent wife, as explained in President Wilson's instructions to the selection boards, would be sufficient to excuse him from service. It is understood a plea for exemption on occupational grounds was also made in his case. Neither was accepted.

A Mexican-American boy, Leopoldo Sequeiros, had no money with which to pay his fare to Nogales, and was therefore compelled to walk there to appear before the local board, also to walk

back. He had a sore finger, and claimed he also had dependents. The road between Patagonia and the county seat is in fine condition, so he found walking good; but his sore finger bothered him a lot, and before he got home he had a sore toe or two, and a blister on his heel added to his troubles. Although born in this country, Leopoldo is not very familiar with quotations from our great men. If he was he would probably agree with the famous remark of Gen. Sherman about war.

The masquerade ball given by Kent Fryer last Saturday evening was one of the most enjoyable social affairs given in Patagonia for some time. Many original and unique costumes were worn, some quite elaborate, and thoroughly disguised the wearers. Perhaps the best of the ladies was that of Miss Carolina Valenzuela, in a Dutch girl costume, including the comical wooden shoes. Among the men, Mr. F. B. Parker, as a clown, was generally voted as the best sustained character. The host was resplendent in the regalia of a matador. Many guests from Nogales and Tucson attended. Light refreshments were served, and dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Keaton were camped a few days early this week at the Monkey springs on O. F. Ashburn's ranch, where Mrs. Keaton took the baths for rheumatic trouble. While there Mr. Keaton killed a snake which had swallowed a catfish, the head of which was almost twice as large as the head of the snake, and the horn or fin of the fish was protruding through the snake's side. This may sound like a "snake story," but we tell the story as it was told to us.

A telephone toll line from Patagonia to Nogales should be a paying investment to anyone with the little capital necessary to finance the enterprise. Afterwards the line could be extended, and 'phones put in at many Patagonia homes.

## CANDY

All kinds. Summer candies on hand and more coming in. New line of fancy chocolates coming soon.

Once more we have increased our order on magazines. All the standard publications arriving daily.

## OYSTERS?

You bet. Celebrated Nouma oysters arriving Mondays-Thursdays

Peerless Parlors  
McIntyre & Ijams, Props.

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

Oyster Cocktails; try them. Peerless Parlors.—Adv't.

Ed Lawless and sister were in town Monday from their home in the San Rafael valley, on a shopping trip.

Lou Quinn is laying off from the milk route for a few days, to take part in the roundup started this week, just below town.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Parker Jr. and little daughter, Dorothy, have returned to Patagonia after an absence of a few months.

Mrs. Newt Taylor returned to her home in Nogales Wednesday, after a few days' visit with relatives and friends in Patagonia.

"Shorty" Wyatt, a well known cowboy, met with a painful but not serious injury Monday, when his horse became frightened and ran into a tree.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McLane of the Babocomaria country visited a few days this week with the family of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hand in Patagonia. Mrs. McLane is Mr. Hand's sister.

Harry Overlock Jr. came over from Douglas this week to join his wife and baby, who have been visiting with Mrs. Overlock's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Farrell Sr. at Harshaw.

School opened Monday of this week with a total attendance of 127 children, as against 90 on the opening day last year. Warm weather of the first few days did not seem to bother either the teachers or the young hopefuls.

Frank Stone returned early this week to Winkelman, in answer to the call for the first soldiers from Gila county. Frank has an injured knee joint which may cause his exemption when the army surgeon at Fort Riley examines it.

Our Ice Cream business keeps up wonderfully.—Peerless Parlors.—Adv't.

Through an oversight, the name of Miss Alice Bradford was omitted from the list of Patagonia teachers, printed in last week's Patagonian. Miss Bradford teaches in the primary department, and is popular with both parents and pupils. Instead of three teachers, the local school has four, and with the better attendance expected this year,

there is a possibility this force will be increased next year.

Hayden Pendergrass, proprietor of the local amusement parlor and soft drink establishment, has been in "poor form" the past week, from what he believes to be a sort of ptomaine poisoning.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Koller, and Mrs. Weaver's sister, Mrs. Kirke Moore, wife of the county attorney of Pima county, came up from Nogales Monday in Mr. Koller's big car and spent the afternoon visiting friends here.

J. S. Carver of Sonoita was through town Monday. He says it has rained exactly 24 days since it has rained at his place. As a consequence, the bean crop is pretty well burned up in his vicinity. The sorghum, milo maize, etc., are doing well, however.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Meriwether left Wednesday for Nogales, where they will reside in future. Mr. Meriwether was forced to abandon his plan to locate in Deming and start a photograph gallery owing to the high rents in that town since the establishment of a cantonment there.

Next week, on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 13 and 14, "Intolerance," the greatest show in the world, will be presented at a Nogaes theatre. Albert Davidson will make a special rate on his automobile stage to all who wish to go down, bringing them back the same night. See him early and make reservations.—Adv't.

Two young bulls from the herd which has been corralled in Nogales during the past few weeks by the livestock sanitary inspector's rangers and deputy sheriffs, over which considerable trouble has been raised owing to defaced and burned over brands, passed through town Wednesday morning in a cattle car, being shipped back to their rightful owner in the Tombstone country.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Miller and son, Charley, and Mrs. W. S. Mitchell came down from the Miller ranch near Mowry Tuesday morning in their big car.

T. N. STEVENS  
Civil Engineer and U. S. Mineral Surveyor.  
TUCSON - - - ARIZONA.

and went on to Nogales, being accompanied from here by Mrs. E. E. Bethell. Mr. Miller said the new farm tractor he recently bought proved a fine success at the tryout, when it was set to plowing hard dry sod. He will use it in many ways about the ranch.

A. L. Kinsley and son were in town Monday, from their home in the San Rafael valley. They report crops in the valley as needing rain, but not actually suffering from lack of moisture. Some of the farmers in the valley have been cutting prairie hay, which is abundant this year, owing to the big rains early in the season.

Paul M. O'Neill, who answered the call of the Government for the first contingent of the new selective army Tuesday morning, was the first Patagonia boy to go. He was registered in Cochise county and went from here to Bisbee, to be sent to Fort Riley, Kan., with the first quota to be sent from that county. He has been in and around Patagonia for some time, where he has been engaged in mining, but was in Cochise county, on mining business, at the time of registration. He is the son of R. P. O'Neill, now living in Pasadena, Cal., who owns the Rupert mine a few miles above town. Paul is a fine young man, a college boy and athlete. That he will come back with shoulder straps is the belief and hope of his many friends in this community.

The Arizona State Bureau of Mines is compiling and making a census of the mineral deposits of the State of Arizona. Owing to the marine transportation difficulties, a shortage exists in many minerals formerly imported and urgently needed in war work at this moment. This shortage will very soon develop in other minerals. In order to make the compilation as complete as possible and of immediate benefit to the government, the bureau asks prospectors, miners, engineers, mine managers, superintendents, etc., to fill in the blank below concerning any mineral deposits known to them which is worked or not worked, prospected or not prospected, and forward it to the Arizona State Bureau of Mines, Tucson, Ariz.:  
Name of mineral.....  
Location where found.....  
Name of mine, if any.....  
Your name.....  
Address.....

Don't forget the dance tonight.

Fresh Cream, 30c pint, at the Peerless Parlors.—Adv't.

**Catarrahal Deafness Cannot Be Cured**  
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrahal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrahal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrahal Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Circulars free. All Druggists. 75c.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

## Denver Mining Paper Has Things to Say About Mines Here

The Daily Mining and Financial Record of Denver, in a recent issue, has the following to say under the department, "Queries and Comment," about two Patagonia mining properties:

**CONSOLIDATED ARIZONA COPPER MINES COMPANY.**

New York City, Subscriber.—This company is organized under Arizona laws, with a capital stock of 5,000,000 shares, par value \$1.00 each, to operate a group of mining properties in the Patagonia mining district, Santa Cruz county, Arizona. The property owned by the company comprises 170 acres. Of the capital stock 2,000,000 shares were placed in the treasury.

Adjacent and contiguous mines include the Red Mountain Copper company, the Mowry mines, the Duquesne and World's Fair. The Mowry Mines sideline the Consolidated Arizona property.

The report of operations of this company for the quarter ended March 31 showed net profits of \$263,713.44, but it is stated that weather conditions were unfavorable and tended to somewhat curtail production.

Two branches of the Southern Pacific railway operate in Santa Cruz county. The Benson-Nogales line passes through the country from north to south between the Santa Rita and Patagonia mountains. The town of Patagonia, on this railroad line, is nine miles from the Consolidated Arizona mine. A good wagon road gives an outlet for the transportation of ore to the railroad, and a haul of but a few miles to the custom smelters at Douglas, Bisbee and Hayden.

The officers of the company are: J. A. Ritzler of Kansas City, Mo., president; Vernon Ross, vice-president; Wm. H. Ward, secretary-treasurer, also of Kansas City. C. A. Jemerson of Kansas City is fiscal agent for the company. His office is in the Kansas City Life building.

We have been unable to secure from Mr. Jemerson a statement regarding the internal affairs of the company.

## RUBY COPPER COMPANY

Burton, Iowa, Subscriber.—Considerable has been published regarding this company and we shall assume that our inquirer is familiar with its history. The property owned by the company is at Patagonia, Arizona.

At the present time the company is carrying forward no underground work, but is testing out some of its deposits by drilling. This work is being financed and carried on by a certain part of the present stockholders, who are providing these funds. We are advised that no publicity is being given to the results of this work, it being only imparted to those of its present stockholders who are contributing to the work through bond purchases.

The office of the Ruby Copper company is 303 Midland building, Kansas City, Mo.

# SURE ???

Are you two young folks sure you won't be poor in your old age? Are you providing for it or just slipping and tripping along with no fear of the years? If you fail to be thrifty old age will be shift.

This bank makes special provisions for young married folks. Husband and wife can open a "joint account" which permits either to draw out and deposit funds. It makes them SURE they won't be POOR in the evening of life.

## The First National Bank of Nogales,

Nogales, Arizona.  
ASSETS OVER \$2,000,000.00

J. E. Hopkins. F. D. Valles.  
**THE AMERICAN GARAGE**

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A. F. KERR, President. E. W. BUTLER, Cashier. W. H. LAND, Vice-President.

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Transacting a General Banking Business in Nogales, Santa Cruz County, Arizona.

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Sizes ranging from 2 yrs. to 8 yrs. Middy Blouses. White Canvas Mary Jane Slippers. Hats—many colors and a large variety.

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## Washington Trading Co.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

## DRAMATIST GIVES SOME GOOD ADVICE TO HIS SOLDIER-SON

Some Suggestions That May Prove of Great Value to the New Soldier.

### HOW TO REST BY RELAXATION

Wonderful Currents, Curative, Restoring and Replenishing Flow into the Submissive Body During Moments of Relaxation.

BY AUGUSTUS THOMAS, of the Vigilantes.

New York.—This is a genuine letter, a "document," written by the distinguished dramatist to his son about to go to France. Mr. Thomas when writing had no thought of its publication. He is an enthusiastic Vigilante; others of the organization happened to see the letter and persuaded him to let it be published.

#### My Dear Son:

I was interested in the report of the boys in their hike under the full packs, and their readiness to fall asleep when chance came at the end of the day. That "dog-tired" fatigue is the kind that brings the most complete relaxation and the fullest recuperation. We learn late in life—some of us—that the secret of recuperation, and therefore the secret of power, not only physical power, but also power mental and spiritual, is the ability to relax.

You are probably going to France, and if so will often have great need of the quickest replenishment of your expended strength. Perhaps you will remember more definitely some suggestions about relaxing if I give you the basic reasons for them.

I used to amuse you when you were a little fellow by "hypnotizing mosquitoes." You will recall that a mosquito that would fly from my hand or face when you tried to catch him would sit still for me until I slowly picked him up. The trick in that was my waiting until I felt his sting, and then taking a deep breath, and "pushing on it" or tensing up. That tension automatically closed all the pores of the skin, and the mosquito who had put his bill into one of these pores found it gripped and held there as a bear's foot might be held in a spring trap.

That closing of the pores under tension is one of nature's means of protection. A man suddenly plunged into water instinctively inhales and automatically closes his pores. He does the same thing if startled by danger or attacked by any emotional shock. He does it also when making any considerable effort.

#### Strength From Without.

It is only with age and some humility that we come to realize how much of our so-called strength comes from outside of us, actually flows into us and through us on what, if the phrase won't frighten you, I might call the "cosmic currents."

There is a little scientific instrument called the biometre that registers, and to some extent measures, this strength-giving current. I hope it won't bore you if I tell you of it briefly.

The biometre is a small glass bell or dome, inside of which there is a copper needle suspended by a silk thread. The bell rests on a board under which is a coil of copper wire. The needle swings free, not quite touching the supporting base. When a man approaches the biometre with his left hand the needle is drawn toward him slightly but perceptibly. When he approaches with his right hand, the needle swings away from him more perceptibly than it swung toward him in the first experiment.

If two biometres are used, one for each hand, the needle in the left one is drawn toward the man, and that in the right one is repelled. That would seem to indicate that a current was flowing into us and through us from left to right.

Furthermore it is possible to produce this interesting phenomenon: If the man tries to affect the current by a tensed effort, the right needle moves further from him than before, but the left one ceases to be attracted and hangs plumb. This would seem to indicate that his effort expended the energy which the right-hand needle registered, and at the same time the effort closed the body to any intake of the supply.

#### It's worth thinking about.

To Relax is an Art.

Sometime in the early nineties I saw Kid McCoy knock out a fighter named Billy Stiff. Between the rounds Stiff took the usual rubbing and fanning by his seconds, but McCoy occasionally substituted a system of deep breathing and relaxation as he stood by the ropes. I believe he was the first fighter to spar with open palms, closing his fists only as he struck. I recall some interviews in which he was quoted as saying that he conserved his strength by that manner, being relaxed when sparring, and tensing up only for a blow. The fact was that strength flowed into him in those moments of relaxing as it flows into all of us. The big cats are instructive in that respect. It's wonderful to watch their complete relaxation in most attitudes. Children, too, have the quality. Great peace is with us only when we are completely relaxed, and "let go" as it were.

To relax is somewhat of an art. It

can't be fully done without a deep breath first, and then the "let go." One can't relax from "half tension" as it were. Often we think we are relaxed only to find, after hours of waiting when utter exhaustion slumps us, that we have been in some respect holding ourselves away from the bed.

A rehearsal in the theater is a dire thing for tightening one up who is directing it and unconsciously lifting each character. After many years I've come to recognize the condition in time, and often in the dark auditorium, when the actors or scrub women can't see me, I lie supine on the carpet in an aisle or the foyer, and with arms outstretched for a minute relax all over. It isn't so simple as it sounds.

Even after the deep breath one has to think down to the very finger tips and toes, and by mental command dismiss the accumulated tension. Then last of all, the muscles of the face—to let them fall with half-closed eyelids and the lips slipping away from the teeth as they do on dead men. It's quite astonishing what a refreshing indulgence even a half minute of such relaxing is. As I've said, it's an art to do it, and very useful when you get it.

#### Practiced by Japs.

The Japs are past masters at it. They were taught it and practiced it conscientiously in the Japo-Russian war. After lying supine for a minute, each Jap soldier would be taken by the head by a comrade, and firmly pulled until the packed vertebrae of his spine were drawn apart and re-

leased from the day's pressure on them. Recalling your physiology lectures, you will remember that each spine bone has its two wings or flanges, each pierced by a small hole about the diameter of a lead pencil. Through those holes the great trunk nerves travel with the smaller nerves branching from them. A few hours' march, even without gun or pack, sags these vertebrae together as tight as their cartilage cushions will permit. Lying down helps greatly to remove this pressure, but the Japanese slow pull on the head does it at once. A man can do it somewhat for himself by lifting his shoulders as he lies on his back and "bunching" them along as if trying to get them as far as possible from his belt. When I'm on my back for my two minutes' rest cure, I take two or three such bunches at intervals, trying to hold my gain each time by an anchorage of the shoulder blades against the carpet. Generally I can hear the vertebrae as they slip from their packed contact to an easier adjustment, especially if in my bunching I have lifted my head so that some pull is put on the spinal column. Sixty seconds of such rest is worth an hour in a chair. Richard Harding Davis told me, or maybe it was Irvin Cobb, "I heard tell of the German soldiers utilizing even a few minutes' halt to throw themselves on the ground flat and extended."

I wish you'd try it, especially over there when they send you and I fancy it will help if you really believe and know, as you yield yourself to the ground, that it is somewhat more than rest—know that into your submissive body the divine and wonderful currents are flowing, curative, restorative and replenishing.

It's really the "Big Medicine." Affectionately, FATHER.

## REAL SOLDIERS TO LEAD NEW ARMY

Men Appointed to High Command Have Proven Ability in Service.

### PICKED FOR THEIR RECORDS

Most of the 200 Major Generals and Brigadier Generals Recently Appointed Were Cadets Together at West Point.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

Washington.—If there should be a mobilization of the 200 major generals and brigadier generals appointed to commands in the new selective service army, the affair would be a reunion of men most of whom were cadets together at the West Point Military Academy.

This means that there is hardly a new major general in the list who does not know the methods and the manners of service of every brigadier general who will serve under him and it may be said also that there is hardly a brigadier general who does not know all about the record, the penalty and the idiosyncrasies of the major general who, as a division commander, will give him orders.

Some of these men who have been appointed to high rank in the new army are within one, two or three years of the retirement age. It may be that out of their ranks will come a Joffre, a Haig, or a Petain, but so many in Washington look at it, it seems likely perhaps that the greatest American soldiers of this war are more likely to be produced from the ranks of the younger men, although military ex-

### LEADS "TANGO ESCADRILLE"



Capt. Baron Manfred von Richthofen, commander of Germany's famous "Tango Escadrille," which gave battle to four American flyers who sought to break the noted squadron's air supremacy.

The commander is the youngest captain in the German army. The Germans claim for him the title of "King of the Air," as he is reported to have downed 58 machines. Guemeyer, the French aviator, is his closest competitor, having brought to earth 50 machines.

The famed "Tango Escadrille" of which he is chief is composed of six airplanes. Recently the escadrille was set upon by a group of four American flyers, Lufbery, Parsons, Willis, and Lowell. After a 45 minute fight the American airmen flew away,

parts admit that in recent wars many elders of the services have made everlastingly good.

#### Selected on Their Records.

The 37 major generals of the new National army nominated by the president were all selected on the basis of their records of service. On going through this list I find that out of the 37, 22 were cadets at the United States Military academy at the time that I attended that institution. Some of them I knew well when I was a cadet. Others I did not know well because they were upper classmen when I was a junior classman, but with the plebe and the yearling's interest in the older fellows I learned a lot about them while they hardly knew that I was in existence. This is the way of things at the military academy.

Seven of the new major generals were my classmates and it ought to go without saying that these men I know well, but at present I shall write nothing of them except to say that every one of them has a good military record. It happens, however, that with some of the upper classmen of that day I have had more or less intimate acquaintance in recent years and in some cases strong friendships have developed.

Frederick S. Strong is one of the new major generals. Strong, I think, will look after the men lucky enough to be in his division as a father looks after his children, but when it comes to a case of fighting he will display the Roman father's fortitude and will lead his children to the front with no thought of sparing them if sacrifice is necessary to win the battle.

Strong's just but kindly disposition led the military academy to put him in charge of the incoming plebe class in the year 1879. Those were the days of hazing and hades at West Point. Strong guarded the peace of the new cadets. Made major general with him are half a dozen men who received their first soldier instruction as plebes at West Point from Frederick S. Strong.

#### Are Real Leaders.

Major Gen. Edwin St. John Greble, who either will lead a National Guard or a new army division to the front, is a son of the first officer of the regular army to be killed in the Civil war. The elder Greble fell at Big Bethel. This newly appointed major general was a grandson of the late Gen. O. O. Howard, sometimes known as the "Christian soldier." When Howard went to West Point to become the academy's superintendent, Greble, his grandson, was a first classman and the cadet adjutant. Greble cut up some dido or other and Howard promptly reduced him to the ranks.

The relationships of father and son and godfather and godson do not make for leniency in the army when regulations have been violated. Greble's offense would not have amounted to a hill of beans at college, but at West Point it was made to appear a mountain. Major General Greble's record of service is one of the finest that appears in the pages of the Army Register.

It was predicted six weeks ago that Joseph T. Dickman of the Second cavalry, who then was promoted to a brigadier generalship from the rank of colonel, would on the next promotion occasion be made a major general. The prediction hit the mark.

The regiments that go to the front with Dickman can be sure that they are following a soldier. Dickman is a hard-fisted fighter, much more ready to spare his men than to spare himself, but he will spare neither unless the occasion requires sparing. He has fought everywhere that there has been a chance to fight since the year of his graduation.

## We're Growing Sea Island Cotton in America Nowadays

By W.A. Orton

SEA Island cotton differs from the ordinary upland cotton in many respects. The plant is taller, the leaves smoother and more deeply lobed, the flowers brighter yellow, the bolls smaller, longer, and more pointed, the seed nearly bare of fuzz, and the staple longer and finer. It is more closely related to Egyptian cotton, which it resembles in appearance.

The original home of the plant is thought to have been the West Indies. When first introduced into the mainland of America, it is reported to have been considerably different from the present form. Through several generations the planters have selected seed from the earliest, most compact, and most productive plants with the longest and finest staple, until the character of the plant has been radically changed and greatly improved.

A well-regulated water supply is the most important factor influencing sea island cotton. Thorough drainage is essential. On this account more and better cotton is grown on the slightly elevated margins of the Sea Islands than in the lower central portions. The drains make possible the cultivation



Map of the Sea Island Cotton Area of the United States. Each Dot Represents an Average Production of 500 Bales.

of land otherwise too wet. In the interior, cotton is grown only where there is suitable drainage. On the other hand, a liberal and regular supply of water is needed, and wherever cotton is planted on the dry hills in the upper edge of the Sea Island cotton belt inferior results are secured, the staple becoming shorter and harsher. The lower lying lands are better, provided they have adequate drainage.

Soils very rich in humus appear to be unsuited to Sea Island cotton, producing too rank a growth; but a deficiency of humus is also a serious objection, as such land produces a small plant with a tendency to the shedding of bolls and to rust.

Atmospheric humidity appears to be a prominent factor influencing the quality of the staple. On the Sea Islands, fields having an ocean exposure are said to produce a finer and glossier staple on account of the moisture-laden ocean breezes, and in the interior one advantage of the lower lands is doubtless their moist air, which is conserved by protecting forests and near-by swamps. In the absence of sufficient moisture in the air the staple becomes harsh and shorter. This is further shown by the fact that a wet season is more favorable to Sea Island than to Upland cotton, while the Upland varieties do better in a dry season. The relative production of Upland and Sea Island cotton in the northern counties fluctuates with the season and the changes in acreage due to varying market conditions.

The mixing of seed and the hybridizing which result from planting cotton of both types in the same community are a serious handicap to the growers of Sea Island cotton. In this respect portions of Florida where only Sea Island cotton is grown possess a marked advantage and the introduction of Upland varieties should be discouraged.

In addition to the effect of the high prices in stimulating the industry and of low prices in depressing it, a factor which must be considered in connection with the production of cotton in either old or new sections is the supply of available labor. Until present methods are revolutionized a relatively large amount of fairly cheap labor is required, and it is a great advantage if the laborers have had long experience with the crop. Throughout the Sea Island cotton belt there is now a growing scarcity of labor, which is likely to restrict the acreage planted. The farmers must meet the new conditions by the adoption of labor-saving machinery in planting and in cultivation, but there will continue to be difficulty in getting the cotton picked.

#### Irish Wit.

The pat answer which has been defined as "an Irish come-back" is more typical of Irish wit than the bull. Bulls which are common to the humor of all hands usually indicate slow comprehension or lax thinking. But the Irish bull is often an instance of thought overlapping itself—a flash of perspicacity. When a shrewd doctor says that "warm stockings are the best chest protectors," we recognize a forcible and picturesque statement; when Napoleon declared that "most

people dig their graves with their teeth," we see a pointed truth. But when a Kerry doctor remarks dryly that "people are dying this winter that never died before," we see a merry Irish "bull."—Catholic Citizen.

The development of trucking and lumbering industries restricts the less profitable cotton crop, and there is a steady exodus of laborers to engage in railroad building, etc., making the labor problem still more serious.

The cost of cotton production is greatly increased by the prevailing credit system, owing to the high cost of supplies and the reduction of the farmers' ambition and efficiency. The change from credit to a cash system now going on is a great gain for good farming and should be encouraged.

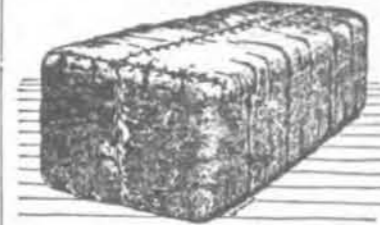
The common practice of renting land for a share of the crop greatly hinders the adoption of improved methods. It means instead of the continuous planting of cotton without attention to seed selection or soil improvement. When the owner cannot operate his farm himself, he should retain strict oversight over the work done by his tenant and provide, through a written contract, for a specified system of rotation and seed selection.

If the period of renting were three or five years instead of one, there would be more incentive for the tenant to build up the soil. The owner who keeps his land in a high state of cultivation has no difficulty in securing the best class of tenants.

There is a tendency among cotton buyers to pay an average price for all grades of Sea Island cotton, especially in the smaller markets. This means that good cotton brings less than its value, and inferior or dirty cotton too much. This practice is an injustice to the farmer who produces a superior article, and it tends to discourage him from selecting for quality. Unless buyers are willing to pay full value for the best cotton, farmers cannot be expected to improve their seed in any respect except to secure larger yields per acre.

It is an advantage to the farmer who has a superior grade of cotton to secure competitive offers from large buyers before selling. In this direction much good can be done by farmers' organizations.

In Georgia and Florida the breeder should work for a staple not less than one and five-eighths inches or more than one and three-fourths inches in length. In South Carolina each planter is guided by his own preference, some planters choosing the medium kinds on account of their greater productiveness and others finding it profitable to grow the extra fine and long varieties. Experience has shown, however, that these fine strains, having a staple two inches to two and one-half inches long and selling from the Sea Islands at 40 to 60 cents per pound, are not profitable in the interior. As compared with the medium sorts, they are less productive and more subject to disease, while the bolls are smaller and the cotton harder to pick. The fine staple requires more care in handling than the interior farmers are accustomed to give, and the interior markets will not pay as high prices as Charleston. In the past the best results in the interior have been obtained



A Bale of Sea Island Cotton in the Interior Cotton Region Ready for Shipment.

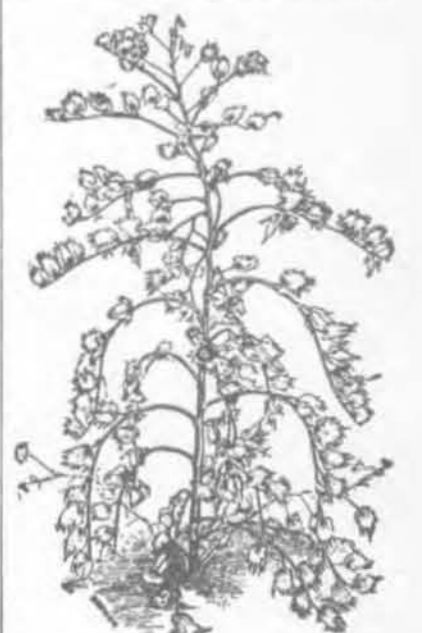
with strains classed on the Sea Islands as medium fine, such as Hinson and Sembrook.

In the cotton market the term "staple" refers to the length and fineness of the fiber, and these points are influenced most by seed selection. The term "grade," on the other hand, indicates the appearance of the cotton as regards cleanliness and color, qualities influenced mainly by the manner in which the cotton has been handled. The price is considerably influenced by the grade.

The best practice in handling the crop may be briefly stated by describing the method followed on the Sea Islands, which should be adopted in the interior in so far as the labor conditions will permit.

Picking is done whenever enough cotton is open, about every ten days. The cotton is gathered as free from trash as possible and carried to the storehouse, where the next morning each picker sorts his own picking, throwing out diseased or yellow locks and pieces of bolls, leaves, and other trash. The cotton is then spread on arbors to dry in the sun. It is watch-

ed and turned frequently, and usually dries in one day. After sunning, the seed cotton is assorted by women, who remove any yellow locks, bits of leaves, etc. If very dirty it is whipped over a coarse wire screen stretched across a small box to take out the sand. Very fine cotton is again sorted or overhauled by another set of laborers. The cotton is then baled and allowed to remain from four to six weeks before ginning. During the ginning, one or two hands inspect the



Ideal Form of Cotton Plant. The Leaves Have Been Removed in Order to Show Branching.

cotton as it passes to the gins, to remove impurities, and one of two others "note" the lint as it passes from the gin to the press, by picking out yellow tufts, etc. By all these means a high grade is maintained for Sea Island cotton, which is reflected in a price per pound several cents higher than that paid for inferior cotton.

#### The Australian Aborigines.

As a hunter the native Australian is marvelously adjusted to his environment. His success lies in an intimate knowledge of the habits of animals on land, in the ground, in trees and under water and his wonderfully developed powers of observation. He decoys pelicans by imitating their cries, catches ducks by diving below them, locates an opossum in a tree by marks on the bark or by the flight of mosquitoes, finds snakes by observing the action of birds, and follows a bee to its store for honey. Any animal which leaves a track, however thin, in sand, on rock or in grass, falls an easy prey to the black fellow. Children are taught to track lizards and snakes over bare rocks and to find their absent mother by following tracks too indistinct to serve as a guide for a European.

#### Seventeen, but Looked Eighty.

In 1900 a young girl, Louise Gasquet by name, living in Paris, is said to have met with a peculiar death, though barely seventeen years of age. In appearance she was an old woman of eighty, her skin wrinkled, her eyes dull, her hair gray and scant.

Every effort known to science was tried to bring back her lost youth, but her cheeks grew more shriveled and her eyes more sunken every day, until, a month after her admission to hospital, she sank into a deep sleep and died without a sigh. A post mortem was held in the presence of many English and French doctors, and revealed the fact that the entire organization of the body had been attacked by senile decay, and, though the girl was but a child in years, she had undoubtedly died of old age.

#### Half-and-Half Music.

A jobbing carpenter came into the Wheatsheaf tavern and ordered a half-pint only. Instead of his usual amount of refreshment, the proprietor expressed amazement.

"'Tis like this," explained the carpenter: "I've allus been quite willin' to reduce my expenses once I saw the quality give a lead. And, just now, coming from a job of work up at the hall, I noticed that Sir Emory has made a start in what is called economy. His two daughters was playing music in the drawing room, and they was both of 'em playin' on one and the self-same piano."—Liverpool Post.

#### Avoiding Waste.

"Isn't there a good deal of waste in the bone of a sirloin steak?" "Not for me," replied the merchant. "I am careful to sell the bone for as much as the meat."

#### There's a Difference.

"How can I be successful in life, Uncle Jim?"

"Let me understand you, boy. Do you want rules for being successful in life or do you merely want a formula for getting rich?"

#### The Kind.

"Edward said he was going to take the baby upstairs to have a game with it. But listen to it! What kind of a game could he have started?" "To judge by the noise it is making, I should say it was a bowl game."

# COLORADO MAN GAINS 27 POUNDS

Geo. M. Dell Could Hardly Do Work Enough to Keep Himself and "Kiddies" Up.

HAS TAKEN 6 BOTTLES

"I Never Felt Better in My Life Than I Do Now," He Says—Recommends Tanlac to Everybody.

"I don't know what was the matter with me before I took Tanlac, but I do know I'm feeling strong and well for the first time in over two years and have actually picked up 27 pounds," said George M. Dell of 1359 Thirteenth street, Denver, Colorado, who is employed by the Reynolds-Reinhard Co. "All last winter," he continued, "I had to lay off constantly on account of my condition and if I got in half a week's work I was lucky. I had no appetite and what little I forced down wouldn't digest and I suffered terribly from gas on my stomach."

"I had a constant pain in my back and my legs and feet were so swollen at times I couldn't get my shoes on. My face and under my eyes were puffed up and I was told all this trouble was caused by my kidneys and was likely to develop into Bright's disease."

"I never got a good night's sleep and felt tired and worn out all the time. Nothing I took seemed to do me a bit of good and I got in such a bad fix I could hardly get in enough time to keep me and the 'kiddies' going. "My landlord advised me to try Tanlac and by the time I had finished the first bottle I noticed a great improvement. My appetite was fine and I could sleep like a log every night. I finished the sixth bottle a short time ago. All the pain has left me, that bloating has stopped and I can do as good a day's work as any man. I never felt better in my life than I do right now."

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town.—Adv.

Not What She Thought.

Horace—There is something I've been trying to tell you for a long time, but—  
Marie—Oh, Horace, not here before all these people. Wait. Come this evening.

Horace—It's merely that you have a streak of dirt down the middle of your nose, but I couldn't for the life of me get a word in till just now."

Red Cross Bag Blue, much better, goes farther than liquid blue. Get from any grocer. Adv.

An Orpheus Stunt.

"What a fine voice your wife has!"  
"You bet! Why, whenever she sings we have to close the windows."  
"Why is that?"  
"Her voice is so sweet it draws the flies."

Quite So.

"We may live to see the airplane in common, everyday use like the automobile."

"Sure! But our chances of living to see that will be better if we leave the experimenting to other people."

# PAINS SHARP AND STABBING

Woman Thought She Would Die. Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Ogdensburg, Wis.—"I suffered from female troubles which caused piercing pains like a knife through my back and side. I finally lost all my strength so I had to go to bed. The doctor advised an operation but I would not listen to it. I thought of what I had read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and tried it. The first bottle brought great relief and six bottles have entirely cured me. All women who have female trouble of any kind should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."



Mrs. Emma Donon, Ogdensburg, Wis. Physicians undoubtedly did their best, but after the most scientific treatment is surpassed by the medicinal properties of the good old-fashioned roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.  
If any complication exists it pays to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special free advice.

### BLACK LOSSSES SURELY PREVENTED BY CUTLER'S BLACKLEO PILLS

Low priced, best, reliable, preferred by women everywhere. Because they prevent where other vaccines fail.

Write for booklet and testimonials.  
10-dose pkg. Blacking Pills, \$1.00  
50-dose pkg. Blacking Pills, \$4.00

The superiority of Cutler's products is due to over 11 years of specializing in VACCINES AND DRUGS ONLY. INSIST ON CUTLER'S. If unavailable, write direct.

The Cutler Laboratory, Berkeley, California

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and fees free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best service.

# POPE'S PEACE PLEA REJECTED

PERMANENT WORLD TRANQUILITY AIM OF AMERICA AND ALLIES, SAYS WILSON.

FULL TEXT OF U. S. REPLY

WORD OF KAISER CANNOT BE TAKEN AS GUARANTEE THAT WAR WILL END.

Western Newspaper Union News Service. To His Holiness, Benedictus XV., Pope:

In acknowledgment of the communication of your Holiness to the belligerent peoples, dated August 1, 1917, the President of the United States requests me to transmit the following reply:

Every heart that has not been blinded and hardened by this terrible war must be touched by this moving appeal of his Holiness, the Pope; must feel the dignity and force of the humane and generous motives which prompted it, and must fervently wish that we might take the path of peace he so persuasively points out; but it would be folly to take it if it does not, in fact, lead to the goal he proposes.

Our response must be based upon the stern facts and upon nothing else. It is not a mere cessation of arms he desires; it is a stable and enduring peace. This agony must not be gone through with again, and it must be a matter of very sober judgment that will insure us against it.

To Free Peoples From Militarism.

His Holiness in substance proposes that we return to the status quo ante bellum, and that then there be a general condonation, disarmament and a concert of nations, based upon an acceptance of the principle of arbitration; that by a similar concert freedom of the seas be established and that the territorial claims of France and Italy, the perplexing problems of the Balkan states and the restitution of Poland be left to such conciliatory adjustments as may be possible in the new temper of such a peace, due regard being paid to the aspirations of the peoples whose political fortunes and affiliations will be involved.

It is manifest that no part of this program can be successfully carried out unless the restitution of the status quo ante bellum furnishes a firm and satisfactory basis for it. The object of this war is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by an irresponsible government which, having secretly planned to dominate the world, proceeded to carry the plan out without regard either to the sacred obligations of treaty or the long-established practices and long-cherished principles of international action and honor; which chose its own time for the war; delivered its blow fiercely and suddenly; stopped at no barrier either of law or of mercy; swept a whole continent within the tide of blood—not the blood of soldiers only but the blood of innocent women and children also and of the helpless poor; and now stands balked, but not defeated, the enemy of four-fifths of the world.

Would Need Hostile Combinations.

This power is not the German people. It is no business of ours how that great people came under its control or submitted with temporary zest to the domination of its purpose; but it is our business to see to it that the history of the rest of the world is no longer left to its handling.

Entire Family in Service of U. S.

Denver.—Jennings D. McLeod, special agent of the United States general land office in Denver, has made more than the "greatest sacrifice" to his country. He has not only given himself to his land, but has given his wife and son also. Mr. McLeod left with the rest of the Colorado troops for the second officers' reserve training camp at Fort Sheridan. Mrs. McLeod will leave for her old home in Tennessee to join the Red Cross for work in France. Their 15-year-old son, Jerry, will enter the United States naval training school at Norfolk, Va., to prepare for the navy.

Thousands Visited Estes Hatcheries.

Estes Park.—According to the records of the Thompson fish hatchery at Estes Park, since May 25, 1917, and up to Aug. 22nd, the number of visitors has been 11,437, which is an increase of 1,231 for the same period last year. All of the states of the union have been represented with the exception of Delaware. New Hampshire, North Carolina and Vermont and several were registered as halling from the District of Columbia, Cuba, Alaska and the Philippine Islands.

Provost Marshal Sends R. R. Tickets.

Washington.—More than 20,000 blank railroad vouchers are being mailed out by the provost marshal general's office for the transportation of the draft army to camp. The tickets are being mailed to the governors of states, who, in turn, will distribute them to approximately 4,500 local boards.

Opens Club for American Ecys.

Newport, R. I.—Mrs. Vincent Astor has opened a club for American blue-jackets "somewhere in France."

Colorado Senator Wants Closure.

Washington.—Senator Shafroth is getting tired of the Senate's "monkeying" with the war revenue bill. He thinks the procrastination is disgraceful and he signed a petition to invoke closure.

Church Conference Opens.

Pueblo.—The annual conference of the United Brethren Church for Colorado opened here today with about sixty ministers in attendance. Bishop G. J. Kephart of Kansas City was the principal speaker.

To deal with such a power by way of peace upon the plan proposed by his holiness, the pope, would, so far as we can see, involve a recuperation of its strength and a renewal of its policy; would make it necessary to create a permanent hostile combination of nations against the German people, who are its instruments; and would result in abandoning the new-born Russia to the intrigue, the manifold subtle interference, the certain counter revolution which would be attempted by all the malign influences to which the German government has of late accustomed the world. Can peace be based upon a restitution of its power or upon any word of honor it could pledge in a treaty of settlement and accommodation.

Responsible statesmen must now everywhere see, if they never saw before, that no peace can rest securely upon political or economic restrictions meant to benefit some nations and cripple or embarrass others, upon vindictive action of any sort or any kind of revenge or deliberate injury. The American people have suffered intolerable wrongs at the hands of the imperial German government, but they desire no reprisal upon the German people, who have themselves suffered all things in this war, which they did not choose.

Equal Freedom and Security.

They believe that peace should rest upon the rights of peoples, not the rights of governments—the rights of peoples, great or small, weak or powerful—their equal right to freedom and security and self-government and to a participation upon fair terms in the economic opportunities of the world—the German people, of course, included, if they will accept equality and not seek domination.

The test, therefore, of every plan of peace is this: Is it based upon the faith of all the peoples involved or merely upon the word of an ambitious and intriguing government on the one hand, and of a group of free peoples on the other? This is a test which goes to the root of the matter; and it is the test which must be applied.

The purposes of the United States in this war are known to the whole world—to every people to whom the truth has been permitted to come. They do not need to be stated again. We seek no material advantage of any kind. We believe that the intolerable wrongs done in this war by the furious and brutal power of the Imperial German government ought to be repaired, but not at the expense of the sovereignty of any people—rather a vindication of the sovereignty both of those that are weak and those that are strong.

Peace on Justice and Fairness.

Punitive damages, the dismemberment of empires, the establishment of selfish and exclusive economic leagues we deem inexpedient and in the end worse than futile, no proper basis for a peace of any kind, least of all for an enduring peace. That must be based upon justice and fairness and the common rights of mankind.

We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure unless explicitly supported by such conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people themselves as the other peoples of the world would be justified in accepting. Without such guarantees treaties of settlement, agreements for disarmament, covenants to set up arbitration in the place of force, territorial adjustments, reconstitutions of small nations, if made with the German government, no man, no nation, could now depend on. We must await some new evidence of the purposes of the great peoples of the central powers. God grant it may be given soon and in a way to restore the confidence of all peoples everywhere in the faith of nations, and the possibility of a coveted peace. ROBERT LANSING.

Secretary of State of the United States of America.

# POPE TO SEND SECOND PLEA

WILL CONTINUE TO SEND PEACE NOTES TO BELLIGERENTS FOR FOUR OR FIVE MONTHS.

PREPARING DOCUMENTS

PONTIFF DISAPPOINTED AT NOT BEING ABLE TO CHECK WAR AT PRESENT TIME.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Rome, Sept. 1.—After president Wilson's answer to Pope Benedict's peace proposal was presented by the British minister at the vatican, Monsignor Cerretti, newly appointed assistant secretary of state, immediately took the document to the pope.

The pontiff does not read English, but he had a rapid verbal translation made and he was much touched by its "lofty sentiments expressed and also the kindly, humane spirit and manner" used by the President in rejecting the vatican's proposals, but as to the answer received, he was unable to repress his disappointment that his efforts to check the war as yet were unsuccessful.

It is not yet known whether the pope will make immediate answer to certain points in the note, or wait until all the powers have replied and then give the same answer to all.

However, it is certain that the pope is daily preparing an immense amount of documentary testimony to prove that his principal points are those already admitted or agreed to by all the belligerents.

The point emphasized in President Wilson's note that no one can have faith in the honor of the German rulers, or accept their signatures to a peace treaty, is a problem that has focused the attention of the pontiff.

It is evident that he was not content to cease his peace efforts but will continue their discussion in further notes, probably for the next four or five months.

ITALY WINS ON TWO PLATEAUS.

Cadorna Forces Gain in Struggle for Monte San Gabriele.

Rome, Sept. 1.—The assault on the Russian warships by German airplanes in the gulf of Riga indicates that Germany is preparing a campaign by land and sea for the great Baltic naval base. Ninety bombs were dropped on the Russian ships in the harbor and on the harbor works.

German destroyers and trawlers have been sighted in the gulf of Riga and the big battle is expected to open at an early date.

The Italians have made new gains on the Bainsizza and Carso plateaus and against the great stronghold of Monte San Gabriele. The line is gradually getting closer to Trieste.

The British have repulsed a raid of the Germans near Lens. London also reports an advance of British troops in Palestine.

East of Cerny the French claim minor successes, and also a renewal of artillery activity on both banks of the Meuse.

On the rest of the western front the operations seem to have settled down to intermittent artillery 123456 12345 12 to intermittent artillery duels.

Child Law Ruled Unconstitutional.

Greensboro, N. C.—Federal Judge James E. Boyd declared the Keating-Owen child labor law unconstitutional.

PASTOR ADMITS AX MURDERS.

Preacher Confesses He Killed Eight in Villisca Home.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, Sept. 1.—The Rev. Lynn J. G. Kelly has confessed the Villisca ax murders in 1912. Thursday morning he called Sheriff M. D. Meyers of Harrison county, State Agent Riden and County Attorney P. D. Roadfender to his cell and asked to make confession. Mr. Roadfender typed the confession which Kelly signed.

It is a complete and unqualified admission of killing Joe Moore, his wife, their four children, Herman, Katherine, Boyd and Paul, and Lena and Ina Stillinger on the night of June 9, 1912, with an ax.

Sheriff Meyers by telephone denied the reports that "third-degree" methods had been used by the officials in securing the confession from Kelly.

Logan, Iowa.—The Rev. Lynn J. Kelly, who is reported to have made a confession in connection with the Villisca, Iowa, ax murders, repudiated the alleged confession in a statement to his attorney.

Reichstag Warns Government.

Copenhagen.—A warning that unless the German government heeds demands of the Reichstag for reforms the majority parties will take measures, was given before the Reichstag main committee. Resolutions of the majority introduced by Dr. Karl Heine, Socialist demanded for the fourth or fifth time abolition of the political censorship and limitation of the military censorship to facts connected with the conduct of the war and criticism thereof.

# Feed the Fighters! Win the War!!

Harvest the Crops—Save the Yields

On the battle fields of France and Flanders, the United States boys and the Canadian boys are fighting side by side to win for the World the freedom that Prussianism would destroy. While doing this they must be fed and every ounce of muscle that can be requisitioned must go into use to save this year's crop. A short harvest period requires the combined forces of the two countries in team work, such as the soldier boys in France and Flanders are demonstrating.

The Combined Fighters in France and Flanders and the Combined Harvesters in America WILL Bring the Allied Victory Nearer.

A reciprocal arrangement for the use of farm workers has been perfected between the Department of the Interior of Canada and the Department of Labor and Agriculture of the United States, under which it is proposed to permit the harvesters that are now engaged in the wheat fields of Oklahoma, Kansas, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota and Wisconsin to move over into Canada, with the privilege of later returning to the United States, when the crops in the United States have been harvested, and help to save the enormous crops in Canada which by that time will be ready for harvesting.

HELP YOUR CANADIAN NEIGHBOURS WHEN YOUR OWN CROP IS HARVESTED !!!  
Canada Wants 40,000 Harvest Hands to Take Care of Its 13,000,000 ACRE WHEAT FIELD.

One cent a mile railway fare from the International boundary line to destination and the same rate returning to the International Boundary.

High Wages, Good Board, Comfortable Lodgings.

An Identification Card issued at the boundary by a Canadian Immigration Officer will guarantee no trouble in returning to the United States.

AS SOON AS YOUR OWN HARVEST IS SAVED, move northward and assist your Canadian neighbour in harvesting his; in this way do your bit in helping "Win the War". For particulars as to routes, identification cards and place where employment may be had, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

W. V. BENNETT, Room 4, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.  
Canadian Government Agent.

SOLD TWO FOR FIVE CENTS

Salesman Quick to Turn Action of Irrascible to His Advantage, and Won Out.

The quick wit of a traveling salesman who has since become a well-known proprietor, was severely tested one day. He sent his card by the office boy to the manager of a large concern, whose inner office was separated from the waiting-room by a ground glass partition. When the boy handed his card to the manager the salesman saw him impatiently tear it in half and throw it in the waste basket; the boy came out and told the caller that he could not see the chief. The salesman told the boy to go back and get him his card; the boy brought out 5 cents, with the message that his card was torn up. Then the salesman took out another card and sent the boy back, saying: "Tell your boss I sell two cards for 5 cents."  
He got his interview and sold a large bill of goods.

YES! LIFT A CORN OFF WITHOUT PAIN!

Cincinnati man tells how to dry up a corn or callus so it lifts off with fingers.

Apparently So.  
"If you refuse me my life will be an aching void."  
"Another sutor told me that once."  
"What happened?"  
"He has a wife that weighs over 200 pounds and it strikes me that his life is rather full."

No Doubt.  
Upson—Smith's wife has lockjaw.  
Downey—It must be a very painful sort of affliction.  
Upson—Yes, unspcakably so.

Dying in poverty is easy enough; it's living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow.

EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME  
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA  
Offers Complete Course in Agriculture  
Full courses also in Letters, Journalism, Library Science, Chemistry, Pharmacy, Medicine, Architecture, Commerce and Law.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM  
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Denver Directory

The Oxford Hotel  
DENVER, COLO.  
400 Rooms—\$1.00 and up.  
Modern Garage, fire connection.  
JUST HALF BLOCK FROM UNION DEPOT

KODAKS DEVELOPING AND PRINTING  
Send for Catalogue a 25¢  
Finishing Price List. The Denver Photo Engraving Co.  
Estimate Kodak Co., 625 16th Street, Denver, Colorado

SMASHED ALL SPEED LIMITS  
As Cal Sized Up the Situation, That "Cyah" Certainly Must Have Been Traveling Some.

II. C. Frick said in Birmingham, where he had come to attend a Liberty loan meeting:  
"The crack troops of the Kaiser—some call them cracked troops now—are hiding in caverns forty feet underground. The man who now feels German militarism a wonderful thing is as badly doped as Cal Clay of Nola Chucky."

The M. J. O'Fallon Supply Co.  
DENVER, COLO.  
PLUMBING and HEATING FIXTURES and MATERIAL  
Kewanee Water Supply System for the Ranch or Country Home.  
Farmers' Record and Account Book Free.  
DEPT. W. N. U.

The Wyatt Live Stock Co.  
Our Specialties: Ranges, Stock and Dairy Cattle; Pure Bred Registered Horses; 1 in 1000 Selected Stock Hogs.  
Returns: Denver Stock Yards, Denver, Colo.  
Room 412 Exchange Bldg., Stock Yards, Denver, Colo.

DIAMONDS and ARTISTIC JEWELRY  
JOS. I. SCHWARTZ  
1616 & Curtis, Denver, Colo.  
WRITE OR CALL FOR CATALOG

TRE-O-NASAL BALM  
FOR CATARRH  
HAY FEVER AND COLD IN THE HEAD  
50c for Relief. Worth \$50  
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

ON 'WHEATLESS DAYS' Eat POST TOASTIES (Made of Corn)

says Bobby

The Platte River Cattle Co.  
715 E. & C. Building, Denver, Colo.  
PURE BRED HEREFORD BULLS FOR SALE  
One, two and three. See or write us before buying.  
W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 36-1917.



# WEB OF STEEL

By

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY and CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, Jr.  
Author and Clergyman Civil Engineer

Copyright by Fleming H. Revell Co.

TRY AS HE WILL TO CONCEAL HIS EXPERT KNOWLEDGE OF ENGINEERING, MEADE FAILS AND PROMOTION COMES TO HIM RAPIDLY AT THE DAM

## CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"I believe you are right," said Rodney, leaning back in his chair and starting at her through his glasses. "If we can only make him speak—But where is he?"

"Working for my father."  
"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I suspected him from the first, and as there was an opening for a private confidential man, who understood engineering—a vacancy made by the promotion of my father's private secretary—I prevailed upon him to give the position to Shurtliff. Father hates the name of Meade, but he worships efficiency and he knows that Shurtliff is the very incarnation of the particular kind of ability that he desires, so he is with my father constantly and I have him always under my eye. When we go away in the car, he goes along."

"What are you going to do?"  
"In his confidence, his affection if I can, appeal to him, and—"

"By Jove," said Rodney, "I believe you can do it. You can't drive that old man."

"I know it," said the woman. "You haven't told him that you thought it was his fault?"

"No."  
"I couldn't do anything with a man like Shurtliff. You can. You can put his devotion, you can let him see how much the reinstatement of Bert Meade in honor again means to you. You can do it."

"Meanwhile you will help me, won't you?"

"In any way, in every way. Do you know where he has gone?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. He might be in Africa, or South America, or out West, or up North. Do you see those flowers?"—she pointed to a great bunch of American Beauty roses, which had been forced for her apparently, and which she had received on that very day—"Dads, you know, the Madison avenue florist, sends me a box of magnificent blossoms—roses, violets, orchids, always different—every week. They speak to me of him."

"Have you ever tried to trace them?"

"No. I know whence they come and that is all. We will hear from him some day, somewhere, somehow."

"Don't say anything against him," said Helen Illingworth quickly. "He was mad with anxiety, shame, regret. Whatever he did, I love him just the same."

## CHAPTER XIII.

Working Up.

The autumn went by as a dream. Winter, warm and mild in that far southern clime, was at hand before she realized it. An ordinary engineer of half the ability of Bertrand

Meade, so suddenly reduced to the ranks, would have chafed against the position of subordination and would have resented the humble duties with which he was charged. But Meade was happy to be following, even in this extremely modest way, the profession that he loved. And he did his unimportant work with zeal and care. It is not much to say, but he was the most efficient of the junior engineering force on the dam.

It was not because Meade was unusual that he kept to himself—not at all. From his own galvanized-iron quarters he used to stare longingly at the men grouped around the big campfires, for the nights were growing chill, smoking and laughing, exchanging experiences and telling stories. Nothing would have pleased him better than to have joined in, and he could have told stories and related experiences that would have been unique even in that gay crowd of young adventurers. But he did not dare. He feared to betray himself. What he wanted above everything was to preserve his incognito. It would be fatal to his chances of ever working up to anything worth while if they found out who he was.

And he had a tremendous pride to sustain him. They respected him now. As a matter of fact, they put his withdrawal of himself down to vagaries of temperament or causes they could not imagine, and they grew rather to like him even as they left him alone. And a few of the men of the humbler sort to whom he had been kind on occasion, and helpful, were stoutly devoted to him.

The idleness of an aimless life did not appeal to him even in his off-duty periods. Doing nothing had no attraction. He could not get relief that way. Even rambling alone about the hills would not serve. So quick and active a man, so vigorous and buoyant a spirit, so strong a body and mind were not calculated for aimless wandering.

Meade was a very accomplished engineer indeed. There was no branch of the art about which he did not know a little, although hydraulics and structural steel were the things that most appealed to him. He got relief in the duality of his affections for these branches of his profession. Neither one of them ever palled on him because he did not work monotonously at either of them. He had a natural instinct for topography, and instead of purposelessly strolling about the country, he made a careful inspection of the valley which was to be converted into a huge reservoir by the dam.

The dam itself was, perhaps, an eighth of a mile long at the bottom and touched the receding hill on one side and the spur of Spanish mesa on the other at the top—a huge mound of earth with a clay core extending from side to side at the narrowest part of the valley. When completed it would be 125 feet high above the old river bed, with a roadway 20 feet broad on top of it. Below the dam and on the low ground between the mesa and Baldwin's knob the camp, with its galvanized iron shops, bunkhouses, dining halls, kitchens and officers' quarters, had been erected. The configuration of the ground was such that, although it was unusual to put them there, convenience had rendered it desirable in this case.

It was intended to complete the dam before the early spring of next year, which was, if any time in the country could be so characterized, the rainy season. Of course, just as soon as the dam had begun to rise, the flow of the Picket Wire below it had been stopped, except when an occasional freshet had been allowed to pass the under sluice. It was known that the run-off of the river in the rainy season of some years was so small as scarcely to fill the reservoir, and it had been decided to store all the flow of the autumn and winter so that even if the spring rainy season were deficient, the beginning of the next summer would find the reservoir full and the new irrigation system could commence operations successfully.

Vandeverter, like the lost Abbott of the International, was also a driver, who spared neither his men nor himself. The work had proceeded with astonishing rapidity, although this was partially accounted for by the fact that the spillway, which should have occupied their attention, had as yet

been only partially excavated. Now, to those ignorant of engineering, an earth dam may seem a temporary expedient, although most of the great irrigation dams of the world are of that character; and everybody knows that if the water should rise high enough to overflow an earth dam it would not last longer than it takes to describe its utter giving way. A flood would sweep it out of the way at once.

The device whereby possible floods are controlled and such dangers averted, consists of a broad channel on one side of the dam, and at such a distance below its crest that if, through any mischance or natural happening, such as the failure of the sluice gates, excessive rains, cloudbursts, or floods, the height of the water is increased until it promises to overflow the dam, this opening will carry off the surplus harmlessly. An earth dam without a spillway would presage almost certain destruction to all who lived in the valley below it.

In the case of the Picket Wire dam, the spillway had to be cut and, in part, blasted out of the mountain side—that is, through the spur of the mesa, which reached down from its high wall towards the narrows. There had been a series of blunders and mishaps, which included the explosion of a shipment of dynamite on the railroad, with very disastrous consequences to accompanying rock crushers and mixers, and other machinery. The spillway had not been completed. Its opening should have been about twelve feet below the level of the dam. Vandeverter was not responsible, of course. The chief engineer had fumed and protested, but had been directed by headquarters to go ahead with the other work and tackle the spillway later. There was, indeed, little reason to hold up the building of that particular dam because of the noncompletion of the spillway.

That was a country, so the most devoted inhabitants freely admitted, in which it was always safe to bet that it would not rain, no matter how threatening might be the appearance of the sky; for in ninety-nine times out of a hundred the negative would win the bet. Said inhabitants did not say the hundredth time might compensate for all the other failures. The weather was like the little girl with the proverbial curl—when it did rain there was no doubt in anybody's mind as to the fact. Sometimes the fountains of the great deep, which, in Holy Scripture at least, extended overhead, would be broken open and the violence of the fall and the quantity of it, and suddenness of it, would be such that the Westerners would graphically call it a "cloudburst," which, indeed, it seemed to be.

Outside the rainy season cloudbursts were unheard of, and even in that season extremely rare. For the valley of the Picket Wire and in the plain beneath carefully tabulated reports of the rainfall for years had been considered by the engineers. They had chosen the right season for the building of the dam, but when its crest began to rise above the designed level of the spillway the delay in opening the channel gave cause for some alarm. It is not the probable or certain that is feared. An old version that, of "omne ignotum pro magnifico"—it is only the unknown of which men are afraid, or only the unknown to be feared! Still there was nothing Vandeverter could do but obey orders and go ahead. The danger, after all, was trifling. Another consequence of the waiting was that in his inability to work on the spillway, he had more hands to devote to the dam and it rose the quicker.

The shape of the country behind it was such that when the Picket Wire flowed with sufficient volume to fill it, a long lake going back through the valley, or canyon, and twisting among the hills for some miles would result. In other words, the dam would make a beautiful artificial sheet of water bordered on one side by a high range of hills, on the other by the dam, and on the third by the hills and the low hogback above Spanish mesa, which separated the Picket Wire valley from the Kicking Horse gorge up which the railroad ran.

Buried in his own thoughts, communing with himself, considering ceaselessly his position, dreaming of the woman he loved, planning a new career, Meade yet explored every foot of the valley and ravine. He climbed to the top of Spanish mesa, and from its height the whole country clear up the valley to the main range was visible to him. He could look down into the deep ravine of the Kicking Horse, and note the marvelous beauty and airiness of the arch bridge for all it so solidly carried the heavy freight trains of the railway.

He could see far up and around the crooked course of the Picket Wire. The big grass-covered, but otherwise bare and treeless hogback, that ran from the upper end of the stone island of the mesa was equally visible to him. As it was the low tide of the new reservoir, he descended to it and studied it carefully. On another occasion, having said nothing to anyone about his excursion, he took advantage of a half-

holiday to go out and inspect the hogback and ascertain its elevation with relation to the dam. Of course the engineers who planned the great irrigation works had done that, but he wanted to do it for himself. At one place, where the distance between what might be called the edge of the valley and the head of the ravine was narrowest—indeed, he estimated after pacing it that it measured not over twenty feet across—he discovered that the rounded earth crest was slightly lower than the intended level of the top of the dam.

When he returned to the office, he found on examining the construction drawings that an earth dike was planned to run along the hogback so that the top level should be higher than that of the dam. This dike would be only a hundred and fifty feet long and a few feet high, and could be built in a few days' time. Work on the main dam being more important, nothing had as yet been done on the dike. Meade had been promoted toward the end of the fall and in a rather unusual way. One of the transit men, a young engineer, got a better job and left his instrument. Vandeverter called Meade before him.

"Roberts," he said, "there's a vacancy for a transit man. You've done such good work so far and shown such familiarity with fieldwork, that I'd give it to you if I had any idea that you knew anything about handling instruments."

"I think I may be trusted with one, sir," answered Meade, his eyes brightening.

"Yes, perhaps; but I have watched you in odd hours. The young men around here are constantly practicing with the transits. I've never seen you put a hand to one. How about it?"

"I'm not exactly a youngster, Mr. Vandeverter," returned Meade, "and I really didn't think it necessary to practice, but if you trust me with one I believe I can manage it."

Old Vandeverter leaned back in his chair in the office and looked carelessly away from Meade to all appearances. He clasped his hands back of his head and seemed lost in thought. Suddenly he began humming a little scrap of verse about another college which Cambridge men sing with zest:

I'm a physical wreck,  
From the grand old Tech,  
But a h— of an engineer!

He stopped abruptly, whirled about in his swivel chair, and shot a quick glance at Meade. It was a trap. And as he sprang it Vandeverter surprised the ghost of a smile, repressed quickly but there, on Meade's lips. The chief engineer was satisfied. Before this, little things had betrayed a fellow alumnus, or at least a fellow student of the old Lawrence Scientific school. Vandeverter was pleased at his adroitness. He did not, however, refer to it.

"There's a new transit in that box on the floor there," he said, resuming his indifferent manner. "I've had the case opened, but I haven't taken it out. Get it, and we'll go outside and see what you can do with it."

Now a transit, for all it is used in rough fieldwork, is one of the most expensive and delicate of instruments. It is capable of the most accurate adjustment, and if it is to be of any real use, the refinement of these adjustments must not be impaired in any degree by unskilled and reckless packing. The boxes in which the instruments are shipped are very carefully constructed in accordance with the principles which experience has shown to be necessary, and each one is especially fitted to the particular instrument to be contained therein. The box is a complicated thing and the transit cannot be taken out or replaced except in one way. With a knowledge of the combination, so to speak, it is comparatively simple to take a transit from the box; without that knowledge, which none but an expert transitman, or the packer himself can have, it is rather difficult without running a risk of ruining the instrument.

This command was another of Vandeverter's tests, therefore. Meade knew this as well as his superior. In spite of himself, he would have to betray his familiarity. Well, he had brought himself to the conclusion that he could not continue his work without very soon disclosing the fact that he had been an engineer. And in case of the inevitable, the sooner the better. So long as he had to betray himself, he would have all the advantages as well as the disadvantages. He unlocked the door of the box, slid the instrument out quickly, accurately, without a moment's hesitation, and rapidly unscrewed the head from the slide-board, and screwed it carefully on the tripod. Vandeverter's eyes sparkled.

"Come outside," he said, leading the way to the side of the hill, "and set it up there over the tack in that stake and level it."

Beginners have been known to take ten minutes to get a transit set up, leveled and centered. It is good work if it is done inside of a minute; thirty seconds is very fast. In forty-five seconds Meade reported, "all ready, sir." He could have done it in less, but he was a little out of practice, he said to himself.

"Good; the instrument is yours." That was the first step and the next step came very shortly after, when, having further demonstrated his capacity in other ways, Meade was given charge of the work on the east end of the dam.

"I don't care who he is," said Vandeverter to his chief subordinate, "he knows what he's about, and if you watch him you'll see. He's keen on handling men. The other section foremen will be hard put to keep up with him. He keeps watch on himself. He's got some secret he won't betray. He doesn't mingle with the crowd, but every once in a while something slips out. What he doesn't know about engineering nobody needs to know, I'll wager."

"How do you account for his being out here?"

"Oh, it's the old story, I suppose; he's come a cropper somewhere—down and out and wants to begin again, and can't do anything but this. It's not our business, Stafford; he does good work for us and we're satisfied."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Former and the Latter Rain.

The work on the dam was progressing splendidly. Vandeverter, driving his men hard, shared in all their furious efforts. He was not only their leader, but their inspiration. He had surrounded himself with a body of able assistants, and his teamsters and workmen had been culled until they had become a small army of picked men of which to be proud.

Among all these Meade stood very high. In the four months he had been with Vandeverter he had shown such a grasp of things, such an ability to handle men, in one or two instances when, with intention to try him, the resident engineer had given him charge of some special work, that Vandeverter unconsciously looked to him in any emergency. He actually found himself consulting Meade on occasion.

He had accompanied the younger man on one of those rambles which he had hitherto taken alone. He had not broken down Meade's reserve, but he had won his admiration and regard. Vandeverter was not unknown in engineering circles. In earthwork he was by way of being an authority. His experience had been varied and extensive. Meade's reserve and reticence rather hurt the older engineer. He had invited confidence and had even given his affection. He intimated delicately that if the other were under a cloud Vandeverter might be in a position to help him.

It was fortunate for Meade's purpose of concealment, for his incognito, that most of his engineering work had been done abroad and that he had been out of touch with American engineering for practically the whole of his career. Vandeverter was a Harvard man, too, and that made it especially hard for Meade to keep from betraying himself. As a matter of fact, the younger man actually longed to make a clean breast of it, but he could not quite bring himself to do it yet. That might come later.

Three months ought to see the completion of the dam and the long canal, which was to carry the stored water to the irrigation ditches below. Vandeverter was already making plans for another big job, and he had decided, in his own mind, that among the subordinates whom he would take with him the newcomer should have the first chance. Vandeverter felt proud and satisfied when he surveyed the work that had been accomplished in the six months of labor. To be sure the delay in the completion of the spillway disquieted him a little.

The dam had reached the spillway level a fortnight before, and had now passed it. Indeed, on the fifth of January the dam builders were within five feet of the top; that is, the crest of the dam was 120 feet above the level of the valley. They had planned to run the spillway around the eastern end of the dam. The rock drills and dynamite which had been ordered had finally arrived in December, and by putting as many as possible to work on the spillway Vandeverter had succeeded in opening it for its entire width to an average depth of about seven feet below the intended top of the dam; that is, it was now about two feet deeper than the actual crest of the dam, but it still lacked five feet of its designed depth.

The rainy season, an inspection of the records and shown, was not due

for a month and a half yet. That would give him ample time to complete the dam and the spillway. This year, however, there had been some very unusual rains during the fall and the water back of the dam was now 95 feet deep, which made it 22 feet below the level to which the dam had risen and 20 feet below the spillway. This was much more water than anyone had dreamed would be in the reservoir at that time, and was perhaps more than should have been allowed. Still there was a safety margin of 22 feet, which Vandeverter was sure would be ample. The financial promoters of the project were very anxious to have the reservoir full when the irrigating season opened, and the engineer's judgment had been influenced by their eagerness to get it working.

The broad sheet of water ran back into the valley for many miles. In fact, the dam had transformed the country into a beautiful lake. Sometimes it rained in the mountains when it did not rain down in the valley, and there was a constant, if very small, rise in the level. Vandeverter personally carefully gauged the water every day. Naturally he had noted that it rose gradually, but as the dam rose proportionately more rapidly, he was not uneasy. Yet, as a good engineer, he was watchful and largely because of the unfinished spillway he urged the men to the very limit.

The weatherwise from the town, who sometimes rode up to inspect the work, assured Vandeverter that it could not possibly rain before March, and the mere fact that so much water had fallen rendered it more improbable that any more would come down. But at three on the afternoon of January sixth it suddenly began to rain hard without warning and with an premonition on the part of anybody. It was not one of those terrible downpours known as cloudbursts, but it was an excessively hard, steady rain. The heavens over the range were black with clouds and so far as anyone at the dam could see, it was raining from the crest of the mountains down. There were some anxious discussions in the dining room of the resident engineer and his American assistants.

At four o'clock it was decided to open the undersluice gate about half way, but when this was done the volume of water which was capable of discharging was too small to help very much, and on opening it to its fullest extent the velocity of the water rushing through was so great that the river bed was rapidly scoured out. For fear of undermining the toe of the dam it was necessary partially to close the sluice once more.

The water was rising, first at the rate of three or four inches an hour, then half a foot, and finally nearly a foot. By six o'clock that night it had risen two feet. It was still raining hard at that hour, although not quite so furiously as it had been. If it did rain until morning at the present rate, there would still be a margin of safety of perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet at dawn. Although the situation required watchfulness and was somewhat alarming, it was not desperate. The men were advised to put in all the time in their bunks as far as they were good and ready for the hard battle which might come in the morning, and as they were all tired out with their day's work the little group soon broke up and each man went to his quarters.

Vandeverter, however, could not sleep. The rain kept up steadily all night. The resident engineer finally got up and dressed himself, and protected by high rubber boots and a cowboy slicker and a sou'wester, left his quarters and went out to inspect the dam. He carried a lantern, of course, for it was pitch dark and, if possible, the rain dropping from the black sky made it more difficult to see.

He was surprised when he got to the dam to see on the other side another lantern. Closing the slide of his own lantern to prevent observation, and being on familiar ground, he went straight toward the other side. The noise of the rain subdued any sound that he made, and he was able to come quite close to the other light without being noticed.

How young Roberts, the mysterious engineer, uses his talents and knowledge to good advantage is told in the next installment—he gets the opportunity to wipe out all disgrace, real or fancied.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Alexandria. There are few cities that can look back to a past like that of Alexandria and fewer still with such a past that can contrive to keep up with the times and look forward to the future. The relics of 25 dead centuries of Alexandria history have to be looked for in the guide books. In the city itself they are covered up by the latest modern improvements. A few erudite Alexandrians may argue about the real nationality of Cleopatra, but most of them are talking about the price of cotton and the latest project for dredging the harbor.

Wanted Joy Distributed. Marion was given a beautiful ring Christmas eve. She was overjoyed but changed it from one finger to the other all evening. No one noticed it that evening, but she kept it up the next morning. Her mother, fearing Marion would lose the ring, said: "Why don't you put your ring on one finger and keep it there, Marion?" "Well, I don't like to be mean. When I keep it on one finger I pity the other."



He Had Accompanied the Younger Man on One of His Rambles.



He Had a Natural Instinct for Topography.

Meanwhile we will work, work, work!  
"And you will allow me to say before I go that since I have had this conversation with you I do not see how even love for his father or his family name would have led Meade to do it."

FALL GARDENING IN SOUTHERN STATES



VEGETABLES FROM WELL-KEPT GARDEN.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Because of the South's long summers and falls and short winters, a variety of vegetable seeds may be planted in many parts of that section until October or November, and should produce satisfactory crops of fall, winter and spring truck. If planting locations are chosen with some care, say plant specialists of the United States department of agriculture, the fall garden is a possibility with nearly all vegetables grown in spring and summer in practically all parts of the South except in areas of high altitude and in the more northerly portions of the region.

In many sections of the South, tomato plants have succumbed to the strain of high temperatures and dryness. In some localities they will live and continue to bear until fall, but in others they will not survive. A new crop should be planted now, and it may be profitable to try the experiment of planting both in the open ground, where the plants are to remain, and in frames for transplanting. The frames or beds should be located in a relatively cool, shady place. The same plan of field and frame planting may be used for cabbage seedlings. With this crop promising results have already been obtained by planting several seeds in a hill and thinning to one plant. If the field planting should not survive, however, in some instances, the grower, it is pointed out, is protected by having on hand the frame-grown plants. Ordinarily the seed planted direct to the field will produce an earlier crop than seed planted in a frame and transplanted.

Among the vegetables which may be planted at practically any time during the summer, with fair assurance of success, are beans. Bush squash may also be planted even in the hottest weather if they have not been made a part of the garden at an earlier season. With the beginning of August practically the entire list of ordinary vegetables is open to the fall gardener for choice. Beets, parsnips, carrots, celery, sweet corn, radishes, lettuce and peas may be planted at this time, many of them in succession crops at frequent intervals. Later in the month and during the early part of September, kale, spinach, mustard, turnips, collards and parsley may also be planted. During September onion sets should be put out and in October, and even later, onion seeds may be planted for a spring crop.

Crops for Winter.

Among the crops of these late plantings which the Southern gardener will find available for winter use, are beets and the other root crops, such as parsnips and carrots, and kale, collards, spinach and mustard. Many of the plants, he will find, may be carried by slight protection even into quite cold weather without suffering damage. To the crops which will be carried over for development in the early spring should be added salsfy or oyster plant, which may be planted practically any time during the late summer or early fall.

The following specific directions for fall planting of certain seeds in the South have been prepared by the department's plant specialists:

Beets.

Beets planted in the South in August and early September will produce a crop for late fall and early winter use. Where hand cultivation is to be given, sow the seed in drills 14 to 18 inches apart and cover to the depth of about 1 inch. For horse cultivation the rows should be 2½ feet apart. As soon as the plants are well established, thin them to a stand 2 to 3 inches apart. Give frequent shallow cultivation. The beets may be left in the ground through the winter to be pulled when wanted.

Varieties recommended: Crosby's Egyptian, Bassano, Early Eclipse and Blood Turnip.

Turnips.

Turnip seed may be sown during the latter part of August and throughout September and the first half of October. Sow turnip seed thickly in rows 15 to 18 inches apart, and when the plants reach a height of 4 to 5 inches begin thinning, using the young plants for greens. For good roots thin the plants to about three inches apart in the row. Keep the land well cultivated to keep down the weeds and

to leave the surface loose and friable. In a small garden, cultivation with a hand cultivator is the most practicable. Turnips may be left in the ground until needed for the table, or may be pulled as soon as they are mature, and stored in a cellar or buried in banks or pits. The varieties of turnips commonly grown in the South are Purple Top Globe, White Globe, Seven Top, White Milan, and Yellow Aberdeen.

Collards.

Collards can be grown in the same way as outlined for turnips.

Kale.

Kale can be grown in the open throughout the winter in practically all sections of the South. Sow the seed in September and October in drills 18 inches apart for hand cultivation, and 30 inches for horse cultivation. As soon as the plants reach a height of 4 or 5 inches they should be thinned. The plants pulled may be used for greens. The cultivation for kale should be the same as for turnips. Varieties recommended: Dwarf Curled, Tall Scotch and Siberian.

Spinach.

Spinach is one of the best crops grown for greens and should be found in every home garden. It can be grown in the open during the autumn and winter in all sections south of Norfolk, Va. Sow the seed in the latter part of August, in September, or October, in drills 15 to 18 inches apart at the rate of one ounce to 100 feet of row. When the plants begin to crowd in the row they should be thinned. The larger plants are selected first, and the smaller or later ones are thus given room to develop.

HOG PASTURE IS ESSENTIAL

To Make Gains Economically Porkers Need Forage Crop to Graze—Sorghum is Favored.

(By IRA W. CARPENTER, Mississippi Experiment Station.)  
It behooves every farmer not only during the food crisis but in normal times to keep up a good breeding of hogs, and see that the porkers be made to attain a weight of 150 pounds, at least, before marketing. To make these gains most economically the hogs need a forage crop to graze. Patches of oats, wheat, barley or any of the cover crops now growing on the farm can be utilized until a feed crop can be raised. Next in order is a good permanent pasture.

In case no cover crop is available the crop that will furnish grazing earliest is sorghum, planted broadcast on fertile land. The hogs may be turned on pasture or grazing crops they should be fed from one to two pounds of concentrate per 100 pounds live weight. Corn and soy beans planted together will give the earliest fattening crop. For succession crops, peanuts, sweet potatoes, corn and velvet beans, or a later crop of corn and soy beans might be planted.

WEEDS KEEP DOWN PASTURES

Noxious Plants Choke Out Grass Needed for Food Supply for Stock Destroy Them.

It is none too early to begin thinking about the weeds which will soon be choking out the grass in the pastures. If there ever was a time when all the grass possible should be furnished our live stock it is this good year of 1917. With cattle selling for double what we thought a fair price only a few years ago, we surely must not allow the weeds to reduce the pasturage, if it is at all possible to run a mower over the pastures.

TEXAS FEVER HURTS CATTLE

Ticks Can Remain on Other Animals Without Producing Disease—Not Susceptible.

The reason that Texas-fever ticks can remain on animals other than cattle without producing the disease is because these animals are not susceptible to Texas fever. Numerous experiments have shown that only bovines (cattle) contract the Texas fever, so it is not difficult to understand why other hosts can be infected with impunity.

BIG CROPS IN WESTERN CANADA

Good Yields of Wheat, Splendid Production of Pork, Beef, Mutton and Wool.

The latest reports give an assurance of good grain crops throughout most of Western Canada, where the wheat, oats and barley are now being harvested, about ten days earlier than last year. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are all "doing their bit" in a noble way towards furnishing food for the allies.

While the total yield of wheat will not be as heavy as in 1915, there are indications that it will be an average crop in most of the districts. A letter received at the St. Paul office of the Canadian Government, from a farmer near Delta, Alberta, says harvest in that district is one month earlier than last year. His wheat crop is estimated at 35 bushels per acre, while some of his neighbors will have more. The average in the district will be about 30 bushels per acre. Now, with the price of wheat in the neighborhood of \$2 per bushel, it is safe to say that there will be very few farmers but will be able to bank from forty to fifty dollars per acre after paying all expenses of seeding, harvesting and threshing, as well as taxes. The price of land in this district is from \$25 to \$30 per acre. What may be said of this district will apply to almost any other in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Many farmers have gone to Western Canada from the United States in the past three or four years, who having purchased lands, had the pleasure of completing the payments before they were due. They have made the money out of their crops during the past couple of years, and if they are successful in the future as in the past they will have put themselves and their families beyond all possibility of lack of money for the rest of their lives. It is not only in wheat that the farmers of Western Canada are making money. Their hogs have brought them wealth, and hogs are easy to raise there—barley is plentiful and grass abundant, and the climate just the kind that hogs glory in. The price is good and likely to remain so for a long time.

A few days since a farmer from Daysland, Alberta, shipped a carload of hogs to the St. Paul market, and got a higher price than was ever before paid on that market. Two million three hundred and seventy-seven thousand two hundred and fifty dollars was received at Winnipeg for Western hogs during the first six months of this year. 181,575 hogs were sold at an average price of \$15 per cwt., and had an average weight of 200 pounds each. The raising of hogs is a profitable and continually growing industry of Western Canada, and this class of stock is raised as economically here as anywhere on the North American continent. There is practically no hog disease and immense quantities of food can be produced cheaply.

It has been told for years that the grasses of Western Canada supply to both beef and milk producers the nutritive properties that go to the development of both branches. The stories that are now being published by dairymen and beef cattle men verify all the predictions that have ever been made regarding the country's importance in the raising of both beef and dairy cattle. The sheep industry is developing rapidly. At a sale at Calgary 151,453 pounds of wool were disposed of at sixty cents a pound. At a sale at Edmonton 60,000 pounds were sold at even better prices than those paid at Calgary. The total clip this season will probably approximate two million pounds. Many reports are to hand showing from six to eight pounds per fleece. 35 carloads were sent to the Toronto market alone.—Advertisement.

Art's Inefficiency.

"A successful marine painter acknowledges that he can't even row a boat."  
"Well, well!"  
"That's nothing. There's many a sweet singer of the bucolic life who doesn't know how to milk a cow."  
Advertisement.

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WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS



Capital Expects Big Increase of Population

WASHINGTON.—What will be the war's effect on the population of the District of Columbia? This question is being given consideration by the commissioners and local utility corporations, and the first attempt to answer it may be made when work is begun on the next District budget.

If Civil War figures may be taken as a precedent, there will be not only an immediate but a permanent increase in the capital's population as a result of the war with Germany. In 1860 the total number of persons resident here, according to census returns, was 75,080. The next figures reported by the census bureau, in 1870, were 131,700. The increase was approximately 75 per cent for the ten-year period. An immediate effect of the present war, according to best obtainable estimates, is that the federal government population here will be increased by 20,000 before Christmas. Many officials believe that this increase will be permanent and that it will necessitate the employment of additional persons in many industries and trades.

If the same ratio of increase should be maintained during the next decade as was recorded in the ten years following the Civil War the capital would have a total population of more than half a million by 1927.

The task before the commissioners and local service corporations is to estimate the increase and begin now to formulate plans to meet the demand for additional service. With respect to providing additional school buildings and street improvements that would be called for by an enlarged population, the commissioners, it is believed, will be impressed by the importance of starting now to make estimates. Work on the next budget will start in September and it will be next July before any appropriations that congress may authorize will become available. By that time, it is pointed out, the capital's population may have recorded a considerable growth.

Brought Back the Fleeting Days of Childhood

THE secretary to the president had put in an exhausting day. There had been much to do in the White House. There had been great questions of war policy; there had been knotty little problems—like mosquitoes, which are important only because they buzz and sing and have to be attended to because they are so annoying; and there were bothersome little gnats, even smaller than mosquitoes; like friends who wanted to get letters of recommendation for other friends. It was a day when the thermometer was away up, and piled higher than the mercury was work and worry and turmoil.

Through it all the secretary to the president went silently about his job, carrying a big load and never letting anyone know it. He was a stolid, silent, diplomatic official of government, steering between the proper buoys and never letting any of the petty troubles reach the president. Oh, you can go to the White House and say that the secretary has an easy job, with an electric fan and ice water handy in a silver pitcher, and all that—but if the secretary's hair was not a fine blond you would be seeing a white hair come through now and then, just as a matter of protest.

So when he reached home and the mother of the six little Tumulties showed him a bad little boy, scarcely up to his father's knee, and yet covered from head to foot with paint, the secretary to the president hardened his heart for one passing flicker of time and then melted again as he thought of an hour long since dead.

"That's a bad boy," he said with a terrific frown, and then turning to the little boy's mother he said: "Shucks, I used to be covered with paint every day in the week when I was his age."

And She Had So Many Suggestions to Offer!

HE WAS as white as a snowball in his new ensign's uniform, and he had come up from the art department to say good-bye before sailing for —, never mind where. And as he spoke with gallant unconcern of what might be coming to him, it was noted—by a woman on the side—that into the face and manner of each comrade who stazed up epaulets, cap and buttons with open pride had come a touch of that awed something we feel for people who walk in the shadow of death. They didn't know it, but, the look was there.

And when the little gust of farewell friendliness was over and the last prophet to predict a distinguished return was rushing copy to make up for lost time, the woman stopped pegging at stuff like this enough to wonder—in case the boy was called on to voyage over that uncharted sea that man may travel but once—if the great Admiral of all navies would land him on the heavenly shore with all the other passengers who had only goodness to recommend them, or would say to the harbor master:

"This boy loved his art. Let him learn art's meaning."  
"If it was I, I would put him to work on the seasons, so that he could learn how the colors get into flowers and to find out—at last—how many greens you have to use for fields and breakers and trees. And I'd show him how to tint the mists that no painter ever got on canvas, and the way to make every prism of the light that never was on land or sea. And when he was through with that I'd teach him how to —"  
"Look this over, please. I can't make it out."  
That's the way things go in this world! You can't even try to make things extra pleasant in heaven for a boy who hasn't got there yet, but what a copy reader has to interrupt your inspiration merely for the correction of a misspelled word—  
And a most ordinary word, at that!

Soldiers in the Trenches Must Have Chewing Gum

WASHINGTON has just discovered something new in munitions—a snow of battle that you can buy from a street peddler. It is small, harmless and inexpensive—yet it is a part of the fighting equipment of our troops in France. An American invention, used here exclusively until recently, it has now taken embattled Europe by storm. What is it? Chewing gum! Thanks to the war, chewing gum has assumed a new and dramatic importance. Technically it is neither a munition nor a ration. Actually it ministers to one of the subtlest and strongest needs in modern fighting. It satisfies a basic psychological craving of the man in the trench. It makes him fight better and die harder: England—slow, stolid England, which made fun of gum-chewing America—is now ensnared in the meshes of the elastic chicle. Her Tommies chew gum in action and her munition factories are manned by gum chewers.

A trench fighter on the first line is under a terrific strain—whether he knows it or not. Every muscle is set or about to be set. In such stress relief is to be found in gripping something with the teeth. People in all climates and in all periods soon learned this elemental fact. The soldier who chewed a bullet when he was being forged knew it. With something to bite on tenaciously, he could take his punishment without wincing. Or, to put it another way, he winced by chewing—and nobody knew he was wincing.

Getting Old Too Fast?

Late in life the body shows signs of wear and often the kidneys weaken first. The back is lame, bent and aching, and the kidney action distressing. This makes people feel older than they are. Don't wait for drops, gravel, hardening of the arteries or Bright's disease. Use a mild kidney stimulant. Try Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands of elderly folks recommend them.

A Colorado Case

Mrs. Frank Lew, 423 W. First St., Loveland, Colo., says: "I had several attacks of backache and other kidney disorders that made me miserable. Whenever I stooped, sharp pains darted through my hips and I could hardly straighten. If I stood much, the attacks were more severe. Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A GUARANTEED REMEDY FOR HAY FEVER--ASTHMA

YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED BY YOUR DRUGGIST WITHOUT ANY QUESTION IF THIS REMEDY DOES NOT BRING EVERY CASE OF ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND THE ALLERGIC SYMPTOMS ACCOMPANYING HAY FEVER, TO WATER HOW VIOLENT THE ATTACKS OR OBSTINATE THE CASE.

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR

AND ASTHMADOR CIGARETTES positively give INSTANT RELIEF in every case and has permanently cured thousands who had been considered incurable, after having tried every other means of relief in vain. Asthmatics should avail themselves of this guarantee offer through their own druggist. Buy a 50-cent package and present this announcement to your druggist. You will be the sole judge as to whether you are benefited and the druggist will give you back your money if you are not. We do not know of any fairer proposition which we could make.  
R. Schiffmann Co., Proprietors, St. Paul, Minn.

His Chief Desire.  
General Pershing told in Paris a story about a young American soldier. "He talked a lot on the voyage over," said the general, "of the delight he would take in sightseeing when on leave."  
"Don't miss Notre Dame cathedral in Paris," said a French volunteer.  
"You bet I won't!" said he.  
"Don't miss Westminster abbey in London," said a Scot.  
"No, stree! But, say, fellows," the young soldier declared, "the thing I'm craziest of all to see is the Church of England."

Smile on wash day. That's when you use Red Cross Bag Blue. Clothes whiter than snow. All grocers. Adv.

SMALL BOY HAD NOTICED

That He Knew Man in Khaki as Marine Did Credit to His Powers of Observation.

A group of youngsters was playing on Riverside drive, says the New York Times. A military man, dressed in khaki and accompanied by a young lady, approached the group. The boys stopped their playing and, with nudges and gesticulation, were evidently trying to identify the man in khaki.

As the young lady and her escort drew nearer, one youngster with an air of superior knowledge informed his companions: "He's a United States marine."

Overhearing the remark, the young lady questioned the small boy: "How do you know he is a marine?"  
"Why, lady," exclaimed the youngster, "he wears an ornament on his hat showing an eagle, globe and anchor, but doesn't wear any hat cord."

The colored hat cords, yellow, blue and red, help many civilians to recognize at once a cavalryman, an infantryman or artilleryman. However, the United States marine dressed in khaki is still an enigma to many persons who lack the powers of observation displayed by the small boy on Riverside drive.

Too Long.  
"Haven't you and Harry been engaged long enough to get married?"  
"Too long. He hasn't got a cent left."

Coffee Drinkers who are RUN DOWN usually PICK UP after they change to the delicious, pure food-drink—POSTUM "There's a Reason"

# RUSHING SHELLS TO BATTLE FRONT NO SLACKER'S JOB

## THE "LEGION OF DEATH"



One of the courageous girls in the "Legion of Death" at parade. When the soldiers at the front refused to fight and became laggard of discipline, a number of heroic Russian women organized themselves into the "Legion of Death" and took the places of the men at the front. They fought furiously and the Germans were put to flight at the sector, where they were engaged.

The wonderful story of their deeds has thrilled the world and made history. Every girl in the battalion carries a dose of cyanide of potassium to use in event of her capture. They do not fear death, but they dread capture.

## HUNTS FOR MAN SHE LOVES

North Dakota Girl Travels From City to City Till Success Crowns Efforts.

Eugene, Ore.—Mary Dorothy Ford, eighteen years old, following the death and burial of her parents at Dickinson, North Dakota, set out three months ago to find Granville E. Wetzell, twenty, from whom she had been separated for several years. Her general knowledge was that he was in either California, Washington or Oregon. She traveled to the Pacific coast and from city to city, paying her expenses by working as a waitress.

Miss Ford came to Eugene recently and scanned the faces in the crowd assembled to celebrate Independence day here and found Wetzell, who had been making his home with his father, W. G. Wetzell, on a farm near this city.

Wetzell and the girl first became friends when both were residents of North Dakota. The girl's parents moved to another city and the Wetzell family came to Oregon. Each lost track of the other. Following the meeting at Eugene the old friendship was renewed and immediate plans were made for the wedding, which took place at the home of the bridegroom's father.

## FINDS HIS PAPERS VOID

Innocent St. Louisian is Unknowingly an Alien for 17 Years—Files for New Papers.

St. Louis.—William J. Mackle, superintendent of the American Car company, who has believed for 17 years that he was an American citizen, has learned that his naturalization papers were fraudulent and that he must file new papers.

Ten days ago Mackle appeared in the naturalization office as a witness for an alien. His status was asked and he said that he had been naturalized in 1900. The naturalization records show that around that time about 7,500 fraudulent papers were issued in an effort to pad the election registration. Mackle was told to produce his papers. These showed that he apparently had been naturalized October 15, 1900.

The records of the St. Louis court of appeals show that no papers were issued to Mackle. Mackle, an innocent party in the matter, surrendered his fraudulent papers to M. B. Bevington, chief naturalization examiner, and will file for new papers.

## Petrified Oaks Under Ground.

Fremont, Neb.—Petrified trunks of oak trees have been found 30 feet under ground in sandpits here. A theory advanced is that the trees were buried several centuries ago when the stream that is now the Platt river cut its channel through here. There are now no oak trees in the Platt river valley except transplanted specimens.

When Word Comes Men Behind Lines Work With Desperate Speed.

## DELAY MAY MEAN DEFEAT

Road Builders Who Follow Fighting Ranks Taxed to the Utmost—Motor Lorries Play an Important Part in the Work.

By F. W. WARD.

(In the New York Tribune.)  
London.—To render an advance possible and to insure that everything shall be kept up to date behind the line is no small order. There is no time for sitting down and thinking things over. If anything has to be done it has to be done at once. A few hours' delay might be very convenient to the organizer, but such delay would probably vitiate any plans he might make. That is why, when anything has to be done in the matter of repairs and rearrangements behind the line it has to be done at top speed. There are no "hours" in the army. If a job has to be rushed, then everybody buckles to the task and keeps on slogging until the job is finished. Tommy may grouse—he wouldn't be much good if he didn't—but he gets away with the job when he knows it is important.

Once a job had to be done at a spot where the Hun had been shelling for three solid days. It was just the removal of stores, and all the spare R. A. M. C. and A. S. C. men had been pressed into the service on this particular occasion. It was carried through at night, naturally, and there were no lights to be shown. The party would have been blown out of the earth if there had been any indication of their presence.

It wasn't an easy job. In fact, it was real hard work, the loading up of lorries, wagons, anything that could be got in the way of wheeled transport. "Now, then, you chaps," said the officer in charge, "I don't know who you are or where you come from. But we've got to get this job done in about three hours. If we don't we shall be shelled to h— at daylight." There was some cheerful growling, but the job was done well under the time, and a dixie of tea at the finish put every one in a thoroughly good humor.

**Motor Lorries Used.**

This was only a small job, "somewhere in France," but it was typical of an infinite number. As things are now, there are plenty of stores and material to do practically any job, but of necessity they are not as a rule on the spot, where they are actually required. Rail heads and engineer dumps cannot be carried forward on the very heels of the advance. That can be easily understood. But when something has to be done in a hurry, these materials can be brought up by means of motor lorries, with an A. S. C. driver at the wheel and an engineer officer in charge.

Ammunition dumps, with their millions of shells, have to be built so as to be within easy reach of the transport. But other roads have to be made, leading through the dump from the main route. This is necessary in order that a lorry may be brought in and loaded or unloaded from either side. These roads are of the corduroy variety, a floor of pit props being laid and made secure, for the time being. But when it does rain in France—well, you know all about it. It isn't long before the logs begin to sag, and the water gets into the ground beneath, and the first thing you know is that a lorry dips down at an awkward angle, one of the wheels disappears up to the axle, and the logs splay out in all directions.

That's where the rush begins. A strong pull and a long pull gets the lorry out of the way, up come the loose logs, the ground beneath is made up with brushwood or short lengths of timber, well pegged down, the surface is relaid, and a couple of hours later things are going on well again.

Perhaps, though, there are not enough pit props available. Round rushes an officer, gets a chit from the office of the chief engineer of the army corps operating there, hops on a lorry, and away he pelts to the nearest rail head or dump. The chit is handed in to the officer in charge there, the necessary material is issued and loaded, back goes the lorry again, and the job is done.

Perhaps a road is under water. Well, iron pipes are necessary to take

## LEAVES MILLIONS FOR RELIEF WORK ABROAD

New York.—Mrs. Warren C. Van Slyke, millionairess in her own right and wife of a leading attorney of this city, has sailed for France to take up once more relief activities she dropped a year ago.

She will join the hospital unit to which she belongs and which is now stationed along the western front. Her husband joined the Naval Reserves the day after war was declared, although he is beyond the military age.

## \$156.30 IS EQUIPMENT COST OF EVERY SOLDIER

Washington.—It costs the United States just \$156.30 to equip an infantryman for service in France. Figures made public show that of this total clothing represents \$101.21, fighting equipment \$47.36 and eating utensils \$7.73.

The soldier's gas mask costs \$12, his steel helmet \$3 and his rifle \$19.50.

The first 600,000 to 800,000 of America's fighting men will be equipped with the present Springfield army rifle, those to follow will carry the Enfield used by English troops.

the surplus from one side of the highway to a ditch on the other, and iron pipes have to be found. They do not grow on the bushes by the side of the road. They are stacked perhaps miles away on a dump, and they have to be brought up. Then, and not till then, the work can be done, and the route released for traffic again.

Even steam rollers have to be considered, for a steam roller has a soul, and has to be humored. The first steam roller I saw in France came from a London suburb, and she was resting in a ditch. The next I saw was one from the county council of a southern county. She was in a ditch, too. Both were got out, of course, but the edge of a road in France has an uncanny habit of breaking away, and then the trouble begins.

One roller I knew was the most perverse creature I ever met. She made a start by blowing out the plug of her boiler and had to be assisted from a small river twice by means of a couple of "caterpillar" tractors. Then, suddenly, she appeared to change her mind, and when I heard of her last was working as though she were at home. She had to be kept at work, too, and her repairs had also to be rushed. When the plug blew out, for instance, an officer who happened to come along took a couple of men round to a French blacksmith's shop, found some lead, made the repairs there and then, paid half a franc out of his own pocket and wasted only a few hours over the task instead of a couple of days. Economy of time means everything, and an hour saved means an hour gained.

**Real Rush Repair.**

"Somewhere in France" there is a little river about the width of a canal and with the water confined between banks some feet higher than the surrounding country. The Hun naturally shelled these banks, with the intention of letting all the stream into the fields. Now and again he got home on his objective. But in a few minutes, with sheets of corrugated iron, posts, wire bindings, rolls of brushwood—in fact, anything that was at hand—the gap was filled in and the damage repaired. This was a real rush repair, and it went on at intervals, day and night, for a week or ten days. Then Tommy shoved the Hun back, and he had something else to occupy his attention.

Getting up material for these repairs by means of motor lorries is, too, not a task for children. When you walk across a field or through a wood there isn't usually much danger in it. But the Huns know where the roads are, and he also knows there is transport coming up or down practically all the time. So, suddenly, he starts shelling, and then you have to get a real move on. You are also, I may add, just as likely to run into anything as to run away from it.

Once a lorry was going down to fetch some stuff from a dump about twelve miles back. Then the shells began to pop over. That meant putting on speed, and for five or six miles it was a race between the shells, the lorry and a motor car. The trio traveled "some," but the car couldn't gain a yard on the lorry, and eventually both ran out of range.

When the lorry came back, loaded, a couple of hours later, it was found that four shell craters had been blown in the road, but that the engineers had already been on the spot and repaired all the damage done.

## COLLEGE HEAD "DOING BIT"

Former President of Geneva College Working as Stevedore Somewhere in France.

Benvor Falls, Pa.—From college president to stevedore is a long step, but that is what has happened in the life of Rev. Dr. William Henry George, former president of Geneva college here, who is doing his bit "somewhere in France." Mr. George enlisted as an ambulance driver in the American Red Cross unit of Harvard university, of which he is an alumnus. Arriving in France, he found that there were more ambulance drivers than ambulances, so he volunteered for work in the supply division. He is now doing the work of stevedore and ordinary laborer, according to a letter received by his sister here.

**Stung 100 Times by Bees.**

Huntington, Ind.—Elgie Wampler, a farmer, is nursing a sore and much enlarged head as the result of 100 bee stings he suffered when he tried to escape from a swarm of bees which alighted on his head and shoulders. The bees selected him for a roosting place just as he was climbing on a ladder. Ross Kaufman, owner of the farm, rescued him. Kaufman counted the stingers he pulled from Wampler's head and shoulders.

# GERMANY AT END OF HER RESOURCES

Escaped Prisoners Say There Is Insufficient Food for Soldiers and Civilians.

## STARVE IN PRISON CAMPS

Boys of Seventeen in Trenches, Declare Refugees Who Recently Reached This Country—Moth-ers Are Vainly Protesting.

New York.—Germany is reaching the end of her resources, according to Max Tannenbaum and Jacob Schurek, who arrived here after escaping into Holland from German prison camps. The homes of the people have been stripped of old men and boys for the firing line, aged men and women are at work and metals of all kinds are disappearing, the escaped prisoners say.

The two men met each other in Holland and succeeded in reaching this country by stowing away on a steamship. Tannenbaum spent more than two years in mines and internment camps after he was forcefully taken into Germany from Russia. He says that the German people are coming to look upon victory as a lost hope and are so tired of war that thousands are wondering if it is worth while.

The call to arms has reached seventeen-year-old boys, and mothers are vainly protesting. The enthusiasm of the earlier days of the war is lacking. The people are thin to the point of emaciation because of scanty rations. To be fat is almost a crime, and to eat more than the government allotment is sometimes punishable by death. The people are becoming less and less stirred by optimistic government announcements.

**Was Smuggled Across Border.**

Tannenbaum, a Russian Jew, was allowed a freedom in Germany. He bribed a woman to smuggle him across the Dutch border. In Holland he could obtain no authority to leave that country, although he had left his wife destitute in Russia. He met Schurek at the Russian consulate, and after unsuccessfully trying to secure steamship passage the pair boldly walked aboard a liner. They were unchallenged and reached this city by way of Halifax. Their entrance into this country was unknown to immigration officials, but they announced their presence, and after an investigation they were allowed to remain.

To own a cat or dog in Germany brings a fine of \$500. Gold has disappeared and very little nickel is in evidence. Paper money is used entirely, and it is put into circulation by the various sections of the country. The Krapps issue their own money, which is redeemed for food.

Tannenbaum was thrown into prison for standing outside a railroad station waiting for a train. He was ordered to scrub his cell every morning with a cup of salt and a pail of water. For food he received an ounce of bread, cereal coffee, bread crumbs and soup made of potato peelings.

**Prisoners Beaten Frequently.**

In a camp where Tannenbaum spent three months with French and Belgian prisoners wooden benches were the beds, and rotten bread, with potato soup, was the food. The men were frequently examined by doctors, and often were marched naked on snow-covered ground for ice water baths. They were beaten on the slightest provocation. An epidemic of cholera and typhoid broke out, and when it was over the survivors were vaccinated.

The German soldiers and doctors deserted the camp during the epidemic, and prisoners were left to care for the sick. Finally the camp was investigated by a government commission, which ordered better food.

The food allowance for the German people was as follows: For one person, one week, three pounds of bread, 30 grams of butter, one egg, 250 grams of meat, 50 grams of sugar, 20 grams of soap, one flake of fat. The people are hungry all the time. They can have potatoes and vegetables only when there is plenty.

A special permit is required for securing clothes, and articles of apparel can only be obtained after authorities have determined they are really needed. The soldiers fare little better, receiving poor clothes, and food enough only when there is an abundance. The soldiers receive three pounds of bread every four days when there is enough

## BARS UP TO GAMBLERS AT ARMY CANTONMENTS

Memphis, Tenn.—Crap shooters, card sharps and other nimble-fingered gentry are having a hard time breaking into the camps of working men established at United States army cantonments. In examining applicants for jobs pains were taken to look into the character of the men. The examiners in several instances found that the applicant was not a worker, but a gambler. Six professionals from Memphis reached the government cantonment at Little Rock. Within an hour after their arrival they had a game "going." They were deported. Other cantonments had the same experience.

## HOW SHE DOES HER BIT



Anxious to do her bit and make it the most valuable deed she is capable of rendering the nation, Miss Lucille Patterson, a twenty-three-year-old artist of prominence, is devoting her artistic talent to war work. She is now at work on a gigantic service poster for the National League for Women's Service, and to paint it she has to work on a scaffold high above the busy thoroughfares in the street below.

The poster is 20 feet high and will take the patriotic young artist at least three days to finish her task. It depicts a modern Joan of Arc holding aloft a banner and leading an army of American women in various necessary branches of the service in aid of their country. The poster will appear on the "busiest corner in New York." The use of the billboard at Forty-second street and Fifth avenue was donated to the league.

to go around. There is practically no milk and very little real coffee. It is drunk black.

The people discount the effectiveness of the United States in the war, these men who have just returned from Germany believe. They admit that this country has food and munitions, but they are taught that the American soldiers do not amount to much.

# GERMANS RIVAL TURKS IN CRUELTY

Armenian Reports Them More Merciless in Persecuting Educated of His Race.

## NOTHING SACRED TO THEM

They Have Less Respect Than Turks for Religious and Racial Customs of Their Victims—Worse Than Dante's Inferno.

Bombay.—The following statement, given to the Associated Press by a British officer now in a hospital here, presents a vivid picture of the sufferings undergone by the Armenians, of which comparatively little first-hand information has hitherto been forthcoming:

"Before I got my wound in the fighting up beyond Bagdad I came into contact on several occasions with a highly educated Armenian, who had escaped from the Turks and was being employed by us as an interpreter. The stories he told of the inhumanities inflicted upon his compatriots were so appalling that I made notes of his conversations, and have attempted here to reproduce them in something like his own language so that you can get at the heart of the man and realize what he and all educated Armenians feel. The interpreter was in Constantinople until the end of last year, when he was sent to the front with a party of Armenians, several of whom escaped."

**Worse Than Dante's Inferno.**

The interpreter's story follows: "What you have read and heard about Armenia is not a hundredth part of the truth. Dante's Inferno was a heaven compared with the hell that the Turks have made of my country. Something of the awful reality of the last twelve months I have myself seen in passing through on the way to the front."

"At Aleppo there are four factories in which, under the supervision of deported Armenians, two thousand Armenian women are being employed under terrible conditions. The women are all deported. One of them said to me: 'On a halt during our deportations I saw a gendarme bury a sick woman alive. Cold-blooded murders were an everyday occurrence. Our

guards had orders to kill on the spot anyone who lagged a pace behind on the journey. Often several were killed at once, and there was no separate grave for them—the bodies were just thrown into a ditch together and covered. It was all horrible to behold, but our eyes eventually became hardened to the sight."

"Bab, Mesquene, and Zor are three places never to be forgotten by us Armenians. I have visited them. Do you know what happened there a few months since? By the order of the governor, Afi, nearly one hundred thousand of my brothers were murdered, massacred by armed Circassians."

"At Bosanti I saw six railway trucks of little Armenian children being dispatched to an unknown destination. What had these little innocents done to offend? Was it the mere fact of being alive and being sons and daughters of our thrice unhappy race?"

**Worse Than the Turks.**

"The German soldiers that you see around the stations in Armenia are generally of a low type, and not far behind the Turks in their disregard for the rights of our people. Their cruelty is a little different from that of the Turks, but the difference is only one of kind. The Turk, for example, often respects certain things which we have learned to associate with our religious or racial beliefs; the German has no respect for anything—nothing is too sacred for his profane hands. The Turk frequently used to show some respect and deference to the upper class Armenians, the educated people, regarding them as perhaps capable of being useful even in a Turkish dominion. The German, as soon as he arrived here, pointed out the educated Armenian as the most dangerous of all, and instigated the Turks into organizing a ruthless persecution of the intellectual classes of Armenia. One day they surrounded the offices of the conservative newspaper Asadamard, arrested all the staff and deported them. I know not whether. Will they ever return? Who knows?"

"One day I walked from a place where thousands of innocent women, girls, and children were bivouacked, suffering nameless miseries. I walked away because I could not bear any more to gaze upon them, and I came to a hill where I saw a little child. I was in Turkish uniform. The child came near me and cried in Turkish: 'Give me for God's sake a piece of bread!' For five days I have eaten nothing but this! He pointed to some melon skin that had been left lying by the road. I answered him in Armenian, and the poor boy jumped into my arms, saying: 'Art thou Armenian?' He remained there for a minute, uttering no other word. But I felt warm tears falling down on my cheek.

"The waters of the Euphrates, the sands of the deserts of Mesopotamia, are the graves of the whole Armenian nation. I can no longer weep. My tears have frozen in my eyes."

## WAR CROSS TO WOMAN MAYOR

Mme. Pellequer, Also Schoolmistress at Quensy, is Decorated by General.

Paris.—Quensy, a little village north of the Oise, counts July 7, 1917, as the proudest day in its modest annals. On that day a French general, with a guard of war veterans in attendance, came to pin the War Cross on the breast of Mme. Pellequer, the local schoolmistress and mayor, for her gallant conduct.

Mme. Pellequer is one of those modest heroines of whom France has reason to be proud. When the war broke out Mme. Pellequer was teaching school in Quensy while her husband was similarly employed at the neighboring village of Maucourt. Her husband left for the front, and she took over his pupils.

The Germans occupied Quensy, and found Mme. Pellequer installed as mayor, maintaining order and attending to everything. She it was who first refused to salute the invaders, who, for once, overlooked this insubordination.

Then, at last, the French returned in March, and the report they made of the noble work accomplished by Mme. Pellequer has earned her the distinction reserved for the heroes of France.

## STEER SNAPS NECK IN FIELD

Wisconsin Animal Chased, Becomes Entangled in Growth and is Killed.

Ashland, Wis.—A story about a steer that broke its neck in a field of alfalfa was brought here by Otto Reglein.

"The steer had escaped from its pen and maddly dashed for the open field," Reglein says. "With several neighboring farmers efforts were made to chase the animal back to its quarters."

"Enraged because of its being pursued, it headed for a field of alfalfa which had grown nearly three feet high. The steer became entangled in the vines. In its fall the animal's neck was broken."

"The aid of a large scythe was found necessary to reach the carcass."

## Birds Ruin Gardens.

Marletta, O.—Blackbirds by the thousands are making their homes in Mound cemetery and are devastating war gardens around this city. In order to put the birds to flight and secure relief the fire department is called out each night and the hose is turned on the birds roosting in the trees.

**Santa Cruz Patagonian**

J. B. PRICE - - EDITOR AND OWNER  
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**Wilson at His Best**

There are still a great many people in the United States whom it will do no harm to read carefully the reply of the President to the peace proposal of the Pope, says the Boston Commercial. Some newspapers, among them the chain owned by the New York publisher who has just been enjoined by the courts from committing larceny, persist in demanding the aims of the United States in this war.

No true citizen of the United States has any doubt as to why we are in this war, but we have learned to our shame that we harbor many who possess the franchise who profess not to understand why we are at war.

If any impression can be made upon the closed minds of this class of citizens, the President's reply should accomplish its ends and bear fruit here as well as abroad.

A great deal of diplomatic correspondence is suppressed from public perusal in Germany, but it is difficult to see how it will be possible even for the Kaiser to suppress the Wilson note to the Pope. It is impossible to convince many that the peace proposal of the Vatican did not emanate from sources near the Central Powers, and that upon it great faith was placed in those countries.

This being the case, the German people are probably waiting the Wilson reply more anxiously than the people of the Allied nations, as understanding has been given them as to our aims, which have not changed in six months.

When the Teutons do have an opportunity to read it, we wonder how they will relish being told that no peace with the Hohenzollern family is possible. If they are ever to make peace it must be through some other agency. There must be some people left in Germany with sense enough of honor to appreciate the fact that the word of their Kaiser is no longer worth anything anywhere in the world.

President Wilson really speaks to the German people through the Pope and says to them that either they must put forward some responsible party to negotiate peace or they must go on until they are crushed by force of arms, the only power recognized by the Kaiser.

It may be true that the German people are of one mind with the Kaiser concerning the object and ultimate outcome of the present war, but it may be that they are more interested in self-preservation than the perpetuation of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

President Wilson holds out to them the possibility of a lasting peace without humiliation to them. If they fail to accept this opportunity, the world must conclude that the Kaiser and the German people are of one mind.

**I Want Some One**

I want some one to love me!  
Some one who'll not ask for money,  
When I need sympathy—  
Some one who'll greet me with silence,  
Not reproaches,  
When I'm lonely and heart sick;  
I want some one to love me  
When I'm bad.  
I want some one who'll follow me  
Wherever I go,  
And leave me when I wish to be  
Alone.  
I want some one to stay with me,  
Rich or poor.  
I want some one who'll not be eternally  
Telling me my pet faults.  
I want some one who'll think  
Now and then of my comfort  
And give my soul a rest,  
I want some one—  
Oh, hell! I guess I'll go and  
Get a dog! —Exchange.

There is a lot of good range in the Southwest going to waste. Thousands of cattle could be kept on some of the high mesas where grass is in abundance, if somebody had the nerve to get busy with well drills and go down to water. —Arizona Cattleman.



**JUST A LITTLE BIT HIGHER**  
in quality, a little bit lower in price are what we rely on to swing trade in this direction. That we have struck the right spot is evidenced by the always growing number of steady buyers of Sodas and other Soft Drinks here. One visit is all we ask you to make. After that you'll come of your own accord.  
**PENDERGRASS' AMUSEMENT PARLOR**

**ELGIN**

The Elgin Woman's club will give a "Plantation Social" on the 12th. All are invited.

Dr. Perrin and party were in Elgin Monday looking over the Baboecmaria grant, of which he is the owner.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hanson motored to Nogales Tuesday.

The people of Elgin, Rain Valley and Vaughn are trying to start a Red Cross circle.

Miss Thelma Jones has returned to her home in Stockton, Cal., after a few weeks' visit here with her aunt, Mrs. Eva Barnett.

School opened Monday with a nice attendance.

Young Mr. Davis, who for many months worked in Patagonia as amanuensis for the manager of the Trade Consolidated Mines Co., is now a captain in the quartermaster's department. A few days ago he was through town, in company with other officers, en route to Douglas. While in Patagonia Mr. Davis was regarded as a "good fellow," but he seems to be taking life more seriously since donning his uniform. His rapid promotion is the cause of much comment among his friends here, one of whom recalled the early career of Gen. U. S. Grant, perhaps the greatest soldier in American history, and expressed the hope that Davis, too, would find in the army that incentive to bring out the strong traits of character which apparently was lacking in civil life.

Silver sold for 95 1/2¢ an ounce in New York yesterday, and touched par—\$1 an ounce—in San Francisco, the highest it has been for 24 years, or since 1893.

A fine big rain came yesterday after noon, just in time to do a million dollars' worth of good.

**T. B. FITTS, M. D.**

**Physician and Surgeon PATAGONIA, ARIZONA**

Dressmaking—Mrs. Geo. Hand is again prepared to do dressmaking and solicits work.—Adv't.

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FOR RENT—Furnished room in private family, with use of bath; suitable for one or two gentlemen. Inquire at The Patagonian.

FOR SALE—Several small ranches, suitable for both farming and cattle raising. Also a few extra good homesteads and relinquishments. Inquire at The Patagonian.

**LEGAL ADVERTISING**

No. 58

**Public Auction Sale**

State School Land

**State Land Department**

Phoenix, Arizona, July 13, 1917.  
In conformity with the provisions of the Public Land Code of the State of Arizona, approved June 26, 1915, and amendments thereto, notice is hereby given that the State of Arizona will on Monday, September 24, 1917, at 11:30 o'clock a. m., at the County Court House, Nogales, Arizona, sell at public auction the following school land, situated in Santa Cruz county, Arizona. No improvements attach to this land:

In T. 21 S., R. 16 E.:  
SW 1-4 NW 1-4, SW 1-4 SW 1-4 Sec. 32, containing 80 acres more or less, appraised at \$400.00.

No bid for less than the appraised valuations will be considered. The right to reject any and all bids is reserved. Information regarding the land and terms of sale may be obtained from the State Land Department, Phoenix, Arizona.

By W. A. Moer, Commissioner.  
First publication July 20, 1917.  
Last publication Sept. 21, 1917.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, July 28, 1917.

Notice is hereby given that Frank Jolly, of Elgin, Arizona, who on October 2, 1915, made Homestead Entry No. 028511, for NE 1/4, Sec. 14; Lots 1 and 2, Sec. 11; Lots 3 and 4, Section 12, Township 21 S., Range 17 E., G. & S. B. & Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. F. Christmann, U. S. Commissioner, at Sonoita, Arizona, on the 6th day of September, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses: James Cunningham, James LeRoy Jones, Thomas Yeary, all (3) of Elgin, Arizona, Jerry Hetler of Sonoita, Arizona.  
J. L. IRVIN, Register.  
First publication Aug. 3-8-31-17

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, Aug. 4, 1917.

Notice is hereby given that James Francis Cunningham, of Elgin, Arizona, who, on October 8, 1915, made Homestead Entry No. 028510, for NE 1/4, NW 1/4, E 1/2 NW 1/4, Section 24, Township 21 S., Range 17 E., G. & S. B. & Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. A. O'Connor, U. S. Commissioner, at Nogales, Ariz., on the 12th day of September, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses: Allen T. Bird, Aicus Reddoch, both of Nogales, Ariz., Melvin W. Jones, James G. Fraizer, both of Elgin, Arizona.  
J. L. IRVIN, Register.  
First pub. Aug. 31-9-17.

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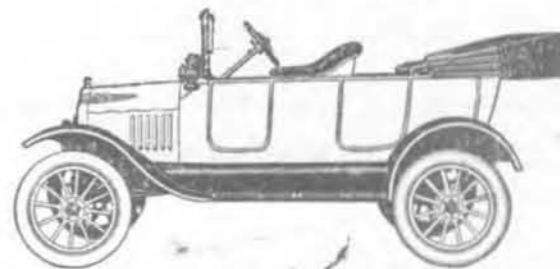
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Lead, Copper, Gold and Silver in same sample.....\$2.00

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