



State Library

Sporting Goods Supplied Soldiers in Training Camp

If figures are any indication, the men in southern training camps are going in heavily for all kinds of athletics.

Of this amount, nearly \$11,000 goes for baseballs and bats alone. Eight hundred dozen new "Louisville Slugger" bats and 3000 baseballs, for use in the camps of Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Louisiana, show that there is no letdown in the playing of the national game in the southwest, but only a shifting from civilian to military centers of activity.

There are also catchers' and fielders' mitts, boxing gloves, footballs, volley balls, and other pieces of equipment which are to be added to the stock -- the Y. M. C. A. puts for use by the soldiers. The preference of the boys for certain brands of goods, wearing quality as well as prices, are all taken into consideration in distributing the frequent orders among the different companies dealing in sporting goods.

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MINES AND MINERS

SULPHUR PLANT--NOT ACID

Dr. John B. Magruder, who was reported some time ago to be preparing to erect a sulphuric acid plant in the Patagonia district, arrived in town Tuesday. Mr. Magruder stated to the editor of the Patagonian Wednesday that the plant may yet be built, but not for the manufacture of sulphuric acid.

Joe Miller and Charles May, well-known in Patagonia, have taken a lease on a lead prospect about 12 miles from Nogales on the road to Montana camp.

Work of sinking deeper the shaft at the Trench mine is progressing rapidly.

The Flux mill is now in operation to capacity, and there is ore enough in sight to keep it going indefinitely.

The Harshell mine has added some new "jigs" to the mill, and concentrates are being turned out at a rapid rate, as is evidenced by the tonnage reaching the shipping platform at Patagonia.

J. C. Wilson and associates are taking out and shipping manganese ore from their property, near the Mowry.

George Wieland reports that he is momentarily expecting to cut the Buffalo vein on the Wieland group of claims at Harshaw.

J. W. Mitchell, superintendent of the Mowry mine, and W. W. Beatty of Albetown, Pa., one of the owners were Patagonia visitors last Saturday.

"Captain" John Cady of Cady's Patagonia hotel, left Wednesday morning for Portland, Ore., to attend the annual encampment of the G. A. R.

Newt Shaeffer, formerly of Patagonia, is again with us, being employed by the county engineer repairing a bad piece of the county road just south of the townsite.

Jack Welsh, formerly a miner in the Patagonia district, but now with the state highway commission, was in town Wednesday renewing old acquaintanceships.

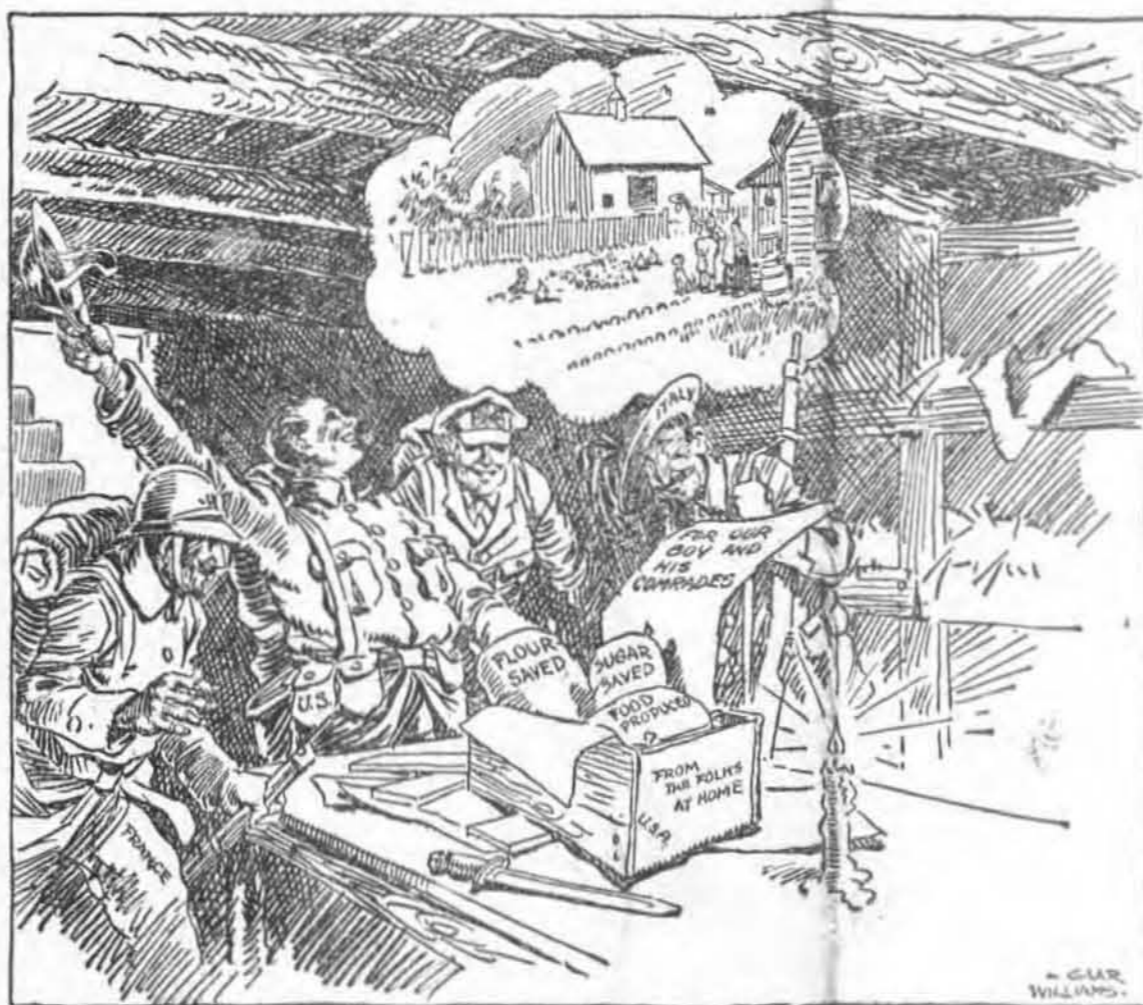
Mr. H. B. S. Randall, superintendent of the 3-R mine, met with a painful accident last Friday while showing the property to an engineer who was there on an inspection tour. The engineer received a badly sprained ankle at the same time. The accident was caused by a rock rolling against them while under ground.

John Hoy, superintendent of the Trench mine, recently returned from Tucson, where he had been attending a meeting of stockholders of the company.

BELLING EGGS BY THE POUND

Canada has been making the experiment of selling eggs by the pound instead of by the dozen, according to Consul Fred C. Slater, Sarnia, Ontario.

A BOX FROM HOME



Drawn by Gaar Williams, Division of Pictorial Publicity.

Food savings of millions of Americans during our first year of war enabled this government to send enormous food shipments abroad for our fighting forces and the Allied nations. Our savings in cereals--out of a short crop--amounted to 154,900,000 bushels; all of which was shipped to Europe. We increased our meat and fat shipments 844,600,000 pounds. This was America's "box from home" to our army abroad and the civilians and military forces of the Allied nations.

HUN AIRMAN TURNS GUN ON HELPLESS

Falling to His Death, Malevolent German Shoots Women and Children.

The desperate malevolence of a German airman, who, falling to his death, tried to "go west in style" by taking with him as many women and children as he could is graphically described by Mrs. Laura Forest of the American fund for French wounded in a letter from Epernay, where she had taken part in the evacuation of a hospital before the German advance and witnessed the fall of the Hun plane.

"It was just after breakfast on Sunday when the guns announced the approach of an enemy plane and we crowded around the doors of our hotel and watched what we thought was the successful carrying out of a dangerous move, the sudden dropping down of the plane through the area of bursting shells and out of the reach of the guns. Right over the building he came, raking the street with machine-gun fire--and then came such a burst of joy from the throats of the people as is seldom heard: 'Il est tombe! Il est tombe!' (He has fallen.)"

"When I found myself I was running with the men and women and children of Epernay, and with them I kept on running till the fallen plane was in sight. Wounded as the aviator was, he turned his machine gun on the crowd and fired, killing a woman and a child. And still we ran on and found him and only the arrival of a motor with the police let him live as long as he did. He died within a few hours. The second man was buried under the machine and the crowd was well dispersed before he was brought out, badly wounded, and carried away. I never heard whether he lived or died."

GIVES UP DESERTER SON

Alabama Father Turns Him Over to Military Authorities.

Starling Hicks, Jr., alleged to have deserted his command at Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga., two months ago, is back in the hands of military authorities, through the instrumentality of his father. The young man, who is said to have hid in the woods near his home, at Jasper, Ala., after leaving camp, was turned over to the authorities by his father, who had spent several nights in the woods before finding his son.

"It nearly broke my heart to have to arrest my own son and turn him over to the authorities on so serious a charge," the father told federal officials, "but even if he is my son I cannot harbor him as a deserter or countenance his action."

Publication of any news of the movement of merchantmen is prohibited in Spain. This is the first application of the new antispy law.

BRAVES SHELLS TO CHEER BOYS AT FRONT



Scorning the danger of German shells whistling near by Elsie Janis, American vaudeville actress, is shown here entertaining American troops near the fighting lines. Her songs and capers make a great hit with our boys. The soldiers have gone so far in their admiration for the fair Elsie as to name one of their big guns after her. Miss Janis has been doing Y. M. C. A. work in France for some time.

DEATH DREAM TRUE

Sergeant Wegner Was Killed in an Accident.

A vivid dream in which she saw her foster son, Sergt. A. E. Wegner of the Medical division, Third Hundred and Thirty-second Infantry, at Camp Sherman, killed and which prompted her to write the soldier warning him against using a horse in his work, has come true. It was learned the other day from Mrs. Ira Farr of No. 1229 Upton avenue, Minneapolis, the mother.

Worried over the dream, Mrs. Farr wrote the soldier, who in turn said that his work did not require the use of a horse. However, before the letter of reinsurance had reached her Mrs. Farr received a telegram from the war department advising her that the boy had met with an accident. Investigation showed that he had been thrown from a horse, suffering a fractured skull, from which he died.

Castor Beans Thrive. Responding to the government's request farmers of South Georgia have planted castor beans extensively. The plants are thriving and in splendid condition, being impervious to the attacks of insects.

Number "14" for Soldier. A Seattle shoe factory has just completed a pair of shoes for a Camp Lewis soldier, size No. 14. The shoes measure 17 1/2 inches in length and across the ball they are 5 inches.

It was reported last Monday that W. A. Moser had withdrawn from the gubernatorial race, but Wednesday afternoon Mr. Charles E. Hardy received a telegram from Mr. Moser denying the report.

BOWMAN--CAVANAUGH

Wednesday at high noon the marriage of Miss Edna Bowman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Bowman of Nogales, and Mr. William J. Cavanaugh of Tombstone was solemnized. Rev. N. G. Deynux performed the ceremony in the presence of a few friends of the family. The bridegroom is attached to the quartermaster's department of the U. S. A. The wedding came as a surprise to the family's many friends.

The wedding took place at the beautiful home of the Bowsmans on Cavalry Hill. After the ceremony a delightful luncheon was served. The happy couple left for Los Angeles immediately following the luncheon followed by the best wishes of their many friends.

FIRST MORO GIRLS RECEIVE DIPLOMAS AS GRADUATE NURSES

The first Moro girls ever graduated as nurses received their diplomas as members of the class of 1917 from the Philippine general hospital. The three young women, Miss Uma Mustafa, Miss Jurdide Debuok and Miss Fatima Mustafa, passed their examinations "brilliantly," according to the Philippine Review.

ELGIN NEWS

Mrs. V. P. Hanson last week received word of the death of an elder sister in Las Vegas, N. M.

Mrs. L. E. Heanener has been seriously sick for several days.

Born, one day last week, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Anderson, a daughter.

Mrs. W. H. Collier and daughter, Miss Leslie, returned Monday from a two months' visit to Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Fenderson of Naco were Elgin visitors last Monday.

Roy Blair of Elgin passed through Patagonia Wednesday on his way to Nogales.

James L. Finley, candidate for supervisor of Canille was a Patagonia visitor Tuesday.

NOTICE TO POLITICIANS

All political publicity, advertising and announcements which appear in the Santa Cruz Patagonian will be charged for at the following rates: All display advertising, 50 cents an inch, each insertion.

All reader advertising, 10 cents a line each insertion.

Formal political announcements \$10.00 a run until the primaries; \$15.00 from date of primaries until election.

All Political advertising must be paid in advance.

SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN.

PERSONAL MENTION

Fritz Johnson, son of Nick Johnson, section foreman of the S. P., is still in a very weak condition, and his sister is still a patient in a Nogales hospital, suffering from a severe case of typhoid fever.

Miss Caroline Valenzuela was a weekend Patagonia visitor, visiting her relatives. She is taking a course in a Nogales hospital, preparatory to becoming a trained nurse.

Howard Keener has announced himself as a candidate for the nomination on the Democratic ticket at the September primaries for the office of county treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mitchell of Mowry were Nogales visitors Wednesday.

Watkins' Chocolates now at the Peerless Parlor. They are the best chocolates on the market today.--Adv.

Ray Sorrells and M. N. Davidovich, cattlemen, left on this morning's train for Michigan to investigate grazing land conditions in the timber belt.

Mr. H. B. Meriwether, formerly of Patagonia, has returned to town, and will enter the photographic business in the building formerly occupied by J. H. Howard.

Mr. O. P. Ashburn, of the Pennsylvania ranch, recently returned from the east, where he had gone to investigate the grazing lands in the cut-over lumber districts of Michigan. Mr. Ashburn reports that it is his opinion that shipping cattle from this district to Michigan for fattening would be a profitable venture. He has tied up 20 sections of the land.

The American Garage is ready to supply you with Red Seal Dry Batteries, the best dry batteries to be obtained. They are guaranteed to give satisfaction. Try them.--Adv.

Judge A. C. Baker, member of the state supreme court and a candidate for reelection, was in the county early this week renewing old friendships and looking after his political fences.

Judge Frank J. Duffy of Nogales received a letter from his son, Sergeant Francis Duffy of the American Expeditionary Forces, in France last week in which he said the boys arrived safely in France with no attempt from a submarine to send them "to Davy Jones' locker." The boys are all in fine physical condition and are anxious to get at the Hun.

President Bracey Curtis of the First National Bank of Nogales is visiting Washington, D. C., on business.

The American Garage will close at 12 o'clock noon Sunday until 7 a. m. Monday in future, to give the proprietors an opportunity to rest a few hours each week.--Adv.

Mrs. F. J. Duffy and daughter, Mary, left last week for a visit of several weeks in California.

Councilman George H. Fiedler of Nogales returned last Friday from Sacramento, Cal., where he had been called by the death of his mother.

Live Stock Inspector Harry J. Saxon was a recent Phoenix visitor, having had business with the live stock sanitary board at the state capital.

James Gamble, deputy U. S. collector of customs, recently of Indian Wells, has been transferred to Herford.

John Chapman of Parker Canyon was a Nogales visitor the first part of the week.

Last Friday B. Lewis of Parker Canyon was a business visitor to Nogales.

W. D. Parker and Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Parker were Nogales visitors last Monday.

Bird Voss of Tubac was a Nogales visitor Wednesday. He recently ran a thorn into his elbow, which soon swelled to an alarming degree. The doctor was unable to locate the thorn, and the arm was poulticed in the hope of drawing the intruder from its hiding place.

Dr. Ray Ferguson of Duquesne was in the border city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Titcomb received a letter from their son, Lieutenant Edward Titcomb, announcing that he has been promoted to adjutant.

W. H. Smith, alleged bootlegger, was bound over by Justice Wilkey of Nogales Monday for trial.

M. W. Eason Tells of Response to Call for War Revenue

This letter from M. W. Eason of Canille ought to make some of the residents wake up to the fact that they have not done their duty. The purchase alone of Thrift Stamps is not what the United States government wants. Your Uncle Sam wants to know just exactly what he can expect in the way of financial help from each of you, and the only way he can find out is by having your signature to one of the Pledge Cards stating the amount you can lend him "to help win the war" between now and the end of the year.

To the Editor of the Patagonian: Wake up Patagonia and Santa Cruz county!

I notice in your last issue a few remarks relative to War Savings Pledge Cards--you having sent out 100 cards and only receiving 4 replies. What's the matter with you Patagonians and other residents of Santa Cruz county?

Someone should sound the alarm! Let me tell you what we have done up here in the Canille and Elgin districts:

In Canille not a soul at has pledged anything. We are "over the top." Our population of 90 averaged over \$25 a head. Elgin was next, with nearly \$1,400; Vaughn, over \$600; Rain Valley, over \$250--and still coming in.

In speaking for Canille, I am sure I can state without fear of contradiction that over half of us --I have to sell some of our stock to buy the stamps, but we have the spirit and are willing to sell to loan the government this money.

Can you afford to "lay down" now, when our boys at the front are being shot down? Loan the government your money, and if you haven't say sell something and get it.

Let's be able, when these boys that are fighting come back, to look them in the eye and say, "Well, old boy, you were game and we knew you would be, and so were we game; we bucked you up to the limit."

Don't let it be said Santa Cruz county didn't do her part, but wake up and come through right now, for there is no reason why every community can't meet a \$20-per-head quota.

The trouble is, we don't realize how important this matter is. The longer we delay the financial ammunition these boys need "over there" the longer the war will last. So, let's meet every obligation the government imposes upon us--willingly and with real American spirit.

Get the spirit and show before this year is over on "over-the-top" asset for our county on W. S. S. And this goes for the whole county.

If our little community (which is not a rich one by any means) can do this little so can the balance of the county. "Kick in." Do you want the "Beast of Berlin" to come and take your money--with no interest and no security and no intention of ever giving it back to you? Or do you want to lend your money to yourself at good interest with unmatchable security?

Think it over and let's hear from you--not only via pledge cards but through the columns of this newspaper.

Yours truly, M. W. Eason, Monetary Committee, Elgin, C. O. D., Canille, Ariz.

After reading Mr. Eason's letter are you not just a little bit ashamed of your attitude toward the W. S. S. campaign?

Let's attend to this neglected matter right now. There soon will be another Liberty Loan campaign started and it will outshine the W. S. S. movement--temporarily. Now is the time to act.

MR. L. H. WATKINS PURCHASES OVERLAND SERVICE STATION

Mr. W. H. Flannigan gave out the information Wednesday that L. H. Watkins has purchased the Nogales Overland service station. The new owner will take full charge as soon as Mr. Flannigan takes his departure for the coast, where he expects to join the U. S. army.

21-YEAR OLDS MUST REGISTER

Francis Marshall General Crowder, Wednesday issued an order requiring all men attaining the age of 21 since June 5, last, to register. The order was designed to quickly provide Ours I men for the September draft. It is expected that about 150,000 will fall under this ruling.

The government is badly in need of trained nurses, and has issued a call for 55,000 young women to join the United States Student Nurse Reserve and hold themselves in readiness to train for service as nurses.



# "OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien

(Copyright, 1918, by Pat Alva O'Brien)

## DRIVEN TO DESPERATION BY HUNGER, O'BRIEN GOES BOLDLY TO A BELGIAN HOUSE AND ASKS FOR FOOD.

**Synopsis.**—Pat O'Brien, a resident of Mokena, Ill., after seeing service in the American Flying corps on the Mexican border in 1916, joins the British Royal Flying corps in Canada, and after a brief training period is sent to France. He is assigned to a squadron in active service on the front. He engages in several hot fights with German flyers, from which he emerges victorious. Finally, in a fight with four German flyers, O'Brien is shot down. He falls 8,000 feet and, escaping death by a miracle, awakes to find himself a prisoner in a German hospital, with a bullet hole in his mouth. After a few days in the hospital he is sent to a prison camp at Conrtral. After a short stay there he is placed upon a train bound for a prison camp in Germany. He decides to take a desperate chance for liberty. He leaps through the open window of the car while the train is traveling 35 miles an hour. His wounds reopened by the fall, O'Brien almost literally crawls through Germany and Loxembourg, traveling at night and sleeping by day, living on garbage and raw vegetables stolen from gardens.

### CHAPTER IX—Continued.

I ran up the bank of the canal quite a distance and then swam to the opposite side, as I reasoned they would not be looking for me there. I found a sheltered clump of bushes that were in a swamp near the canal and in the driest part that I could find I crawled in and made myself as comfortable as possible. The sun came up soon and kept me warm, and I planned to camp right there, food or no food, until the Hun got tired of searching for me. I think I heard them once or twice that day, and my heart nearly stopped on each occasion, but evidently they decided to look in some other direction and I was not further molested.

At the same time I figured that it was absolutely necessary for me to change my course, even at the expense of going somewhat out of my way. I decided to go due west and I kept in that direction for four days. As I was in a very weak condition, I did not cover more than five miles a night. I kept away from the roads and did all my journeying through fields, beet patches, woods, swamps—anywhere provided I was not likely to be seen and captured. Food was an important consideration to me, but it was secondary to concealment.

At last I brought up at the Meuse river at a place between Namur and Huy, and it was here that I came nearest of all to giving up the struggle.

The Meuse at this point is about half a mile wide—as wide as the Hudson River at West Point. Had I been in normal condition I wouldn't have hesitated a moment to swim across. San Diego bay, California, is a mile and a half wide, and I had often swam across and back, and the San Joaquin, which is also a mile and a half wide, had never proven an obstacle to me.

In the wretched shape in which I then was, however, the Meuse looked like the Atlantic ocean to me. I looked for a boat, but could find none. I tried to get a piece of wood upon which I hoped to ferry across, but I was equally unsuccessful.

Get across I must, and I decided there was nothing to do but to swim.

It was then about 3 o'clock in the morning. I waded in and was soon in beyond my depth and had to swim. After about an hour of it I was very much exhausted, and I doubted whether I could make the opposite bank, although it was not more than fifty or forty feet away. I choked



"I Kept Pulling and Crawling Up That Infernal Bank."

and gasped, and my arms and legs were completely fagged out. I sank a little and tried to touch bottom with my feet, but the water was still beyond my depth.

There are times when everyone will pray, and I was no exception. I prayed for strength to make those few wicked yards, and then, with all the will power I could summon, struck out for dear life. It seemed a lifetime before I finally felt the welcome

mud of bottom and was able to drag myself up to the bank, but I got there. The bank was rather high and I was shaking so violently that when I took hold of the grass to pull myself up, the grass shook out of my hands. I could not retain my grip. I was afraid I would fall then and there, but I kept pulling and crawling frantically up that infernal bank and finally made it.

Then for the first time in my life I fainted—fainted from utter exhaustion.

It was now about 4 o'clock in the morning and I was entirely unprotected from observation. If anyone had come along I would have been found lying there dead to the world.

Possibly two hours passed before I regained consciousness, and then, no doubt, only because the rain was beating in my face.

I knew that I had to get away, as it was broad daylight. Moreover, there was a tow-path right there and any minute a boat might come along and find me. But it was equally dangerous for me to attempt to travel very far. Fortunately I found some shrubbery near by and I hid there all day, without food or drink.

That night I made a little headway, but when day broke I had a dreadful fever and was delirious. I talked to myself and thereby increased my chances of capture. In my lucid intervals when I realized that I had been talking, the thought sent a chill through me, because in the silent night even the slightest sound carries far across the Belgian country. I began to fear that another day of this would about finish me.

I have a distinct recollection of a ridiculous conversation I carried on with an imaginary Pat O'Brien—a sort of duplicate of myself. I argued with him as I marched dazedly along and he answered me back in kind, and when we disagreed, I called upon my one constant friend, the North Star, to stand by me.

"There you are, you old North Star," I cried aloud. "You want me to get to Holland, don't you? But this Pat O'Brien—this Pat O'Brien who calls himself a soldier—he's got a yellow streak—North Star—and he says it can't be done! He wants me to quit—to lie down here for the Huns to find me and take me back to Conrtral—after all you've done, North Star? I don't want to follow him—I just want to follow you—because you—you are taking me away from the Huns and this Pat O'Brien—this fellow who keeps after me all the time and leans on my neck and wants me to lie down—this yellow Pat O'Brien wants me to go back to the Huns!"

After a spell of foolish chatter like that my senses would come back to me for a while and I would trudge along without a word until the fever came on me again.

I knew that I had to have food because I was about on my last legs. I was very much tempted to lie down then and there and call it a beat. Things seemed to be getting worse for me the farther I went, and all the time I had before me the spectre of that electric barrier between Belgium and Holland, even if I ever reached there alive. What was the use of further suffering when I would probably be captured in the end anyway?

Before giving up, however, I decided upon one bold move. I would approach one of the houses in the vicinity and get food there or die in the effort.

I picked out a small house because I figured there would be less likelihood of soldiers being billeted there.

Then I wrapped a stone in my khaki handkerchief as a sort of camouflaged weapon, determined to hit the occupant of the house, German or Belgian, if that step was necessary in order to get food. I tried the well in the yard, but it would not work, and then I went up to the door and knocked.

It was 1 o'clock in the morning. An old lady came to the window and looked out. She could not imagine what I was, probably, because I was still attired in that old overcoat. She gave a cry and her husband and a boy came to the door.

They could not speak English and I could not speak Flemish, but I pointed to my flying coat and then to the sky and said "Fleger" (flier), which I thought would tell them what I was.

Whether they understood or were intimidated by the hard-looking appearance, I don't know, but certainly it would have to be a brave old man and boy who would start an argument with such a villainous looking character as stood before them that night! I had not shaved for a month, my clothes were wet, torn and dirty, my leggings were gone—they had gotten so heavy I had to discard them—my hair was matted and my cheeks were flushed with fever. In my hand I carried the rock in my handkerchief and I made no effort to conceal its presence or its mission.

Anyway, they motioned me indoors, gave me my first hot meal in more than a month! True, it consisted only of warm potatoes. They had been previously cooked, but the old woman warmed them up in milk in one of the dirtiest kettles I had ever seen. I asked for bread, but she shook her head, although I think it must have been for lack of it rather than because she begrudged it to me. For if ever a man showed he was finished, I did that night. I swallowed those warm potatoes ravenously and I drank four glasses of water, one after another. It was the best meal I had had since the "banquet" in the prison at Conrtral.

The woman of the house was probably seventy-five years old and had evidently worn wooden shoes all her life, for she had a callous spot on the side of her foot the size of half a dollar and it looked so hard that I doubt whether you could have driven a nail into it with a hammer!

As I sat there drying myself—for I was in no hurry to leave the first human habitation I had entered in four weeks—I reflected on my unhappy lot and the unknown troubles and dangers that lay ahead of me. Here, for more than a month, I had been leading the life of a hunted animal—yes, worse than a hunted animal, for nature clothes her less-favored creatures more appropriately for the life they lead than I was clothed for mine—and there was not the slightest reason to hope that conditions would grow any better.

Perhaps the first warm food I had eaten for over a month had released unused springs of philosophy in me, as food sometimes does for a man.

I pointed to my torn and water-soaked clothes and conveyed to them as best I could that I would be grateful for an old suit, but apparently they were too poor to have more than they actually needed themselves, and I rose to go. I had aroused them out of bed and I knew I ought not to keep them up longer than was absolutely necessary.

As I approached the door I got a glance at myself in a mirror. I was the awfulest sight I had laid eyes on! The glimpse I got of myself startled me almost as much as if I had seen a dreaded German helmet! My left eye was fairly well healed by this time and I was beginning to regain sight of it, but my face was so haggard and my beard so long and unkempt that I looked like Santa Claus on a bat!

As they let me out of the door I pointed to the opposite direction to the one I intended taking and started off in the direction I had indicated. Later I changed my course completely to throw off any possible pursuit.

The next day I was so worn out from exposure and exhaustion that I threw away my coat, thinking that the less weight I had to carry the better it would be for me, but when night came I regretted my mistake because the nights were now getting colder. I thought at first it would be better for me to retrace my steps and look for the coat I had so thoughtlessly discarded, but I decided to go on without it.

I then began to discard everything that I had in my pocket, finally throwing my wrist watch into a canal. A wrist-watch does not add much weight, but when you plod along and have not eaten for a month it finally becomes rather heavy. The next thing I discarded was a pair of flying mittens.

Those mittens I had gotten at Camp Borden, in Canada, and had become quite famous, as my friends termed them "snow shoes." In fact, they were a ridiculous pair of mittens, but the best pair I ever had and I really felt worse when I lost those mittens than anything else. I could not think of anybody else ever using them, so I dug a hole in the mud and buried them and could not help but laugh at the thought if my friends could see me burying my mittens, because they were a standing joke in Canada, England and France.

I had on two shirts and as they were always both wet and didn't keep me warm, it was useless to wear both. One of these was a shirt that I had bought in France, the other an American army shirt. They were both khaki and one as apt to give me away as the other, so I discarded the French shirt. The American army shirt I

brought back with me to England and it is still in my possession.

When I escaped from the train I still had the Bavarian cap of bright red in my pocket and wore it for many nights, but I took great care that no one saw it. It also had proven very useful when swimming rivers, for I carried my map and a few other belongings in it and I had fully made up my mind to bring it home as a souvenir. But the farther I went the heavier my extra clothing became, so I was compelled to discard even the cap. I knew that it would be a tell-tale mark if I simply threw it away, so one night after swimming a river, I dug a hole in the soft mud on the bank and buried it, too, with considerably less ceremony than my flying mittens had received perhaps; so that was the end of my Bavarian hat.

My experience at the Belgian's house whetted my appetite for more food and I figured that what had been done once could be done again.

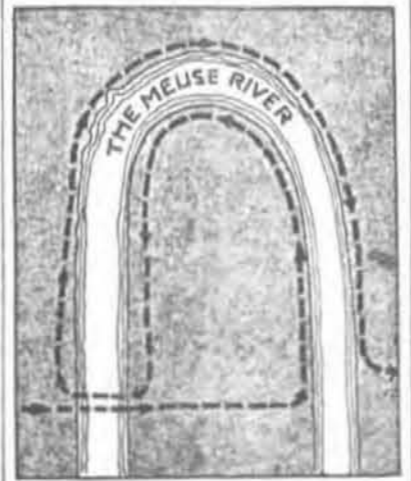


Diagram Showing How O'Brien Lost Precious Hours by Swimming a River and Later Finding That He Was on the Wrong Side and Had to Swim Back.

Sooner or later, I realized I would probably approach a Belgian and find a German instead, but in such a contingency I was determined to measure my strength against the Hun's if necessary to effect my escape.

As it was, however, most of the Belgians to whom I applied for food gave it to me readily enough, and if some of them refused me it was only because they feared I might be a spy or that the Germans would shoot them if their action were subsequently found out.

About the fifth day after I had entered Belgium I was spending the day as usual in a clump of bushes when I discerned in the distance what appeared to be something hanging on a line. All day long I strained my eyes trying to decide what it could be and arguing with myself that it might be something that I could add to my inadequate wardrobe, but the distance was so great that I could not identify it. I had a great fear that before night came it would probably be removed.

As soon as darkness fell, however, I crawled out of my hiding place and worked up to the line and got a pair of overalls for my industry. The pair of overalls I had thus far picked up with the exception of a civilian cap which I had found at the prison and concealed on my person and which I still had. The overalls were rather small and very short, but when I put them on I found that they hung down far enough to cover my breeches.

It was perhaps three days later that I planned to search another house for further clothes. Entering Belgian houses at night is anything but a safe proposition, because their families are large and sometimes as many as seven or eight sleep in a single room. The barn is usually connected with the house proper, and there was always the danger of disturbing some dumb animal even if the inmates of the house were not aroused.

Frequently I took a chance of searching a back yard at night in the hope of finding food scraps, but my success in that direction was so slight that I soon decided that it wasn't worth the risk and I continued to live on raw vegetables that I could pick with safety in the fields and the occasional meal that I was able to get from the Belgian peasants in the daytime.

Nevertheless I was determined to get more in the way of clothing and when night came I picked out a house that looked as though it might furnish me with what I wanted. It was a moonlight night and if I could get in the barn I would have a fair chance of finding my way around by the moonlight which would enter the windows.

The barn adjoined the main part of the house, but I groped around very carefully and soon I touched something hanging on a peg. I didn't know what it was, but I confiscated it and carried it out into the fields. There in the moonlight I examined my booty and found that it was an old coat. It was too short for an overcoat and too long for an ordinary coat, but nevertheless I made use of

it. It had probably been an overcoat for the Belgian who had worn it.

Some days later I got a scarf from a Belgian peasant and with this equipment I was able to conceal my uniform entirely.

Later on, however, I decided that it was too dangerous to keep the uniform on anyway and when night came I dug a hole and buried it.

I never realized until I had to part with it just how much I thought of that uniform. It had been with me through hard trials and I felt as if I were abandoning a friend when I parted with it. I was tempted to keep the wings off the tunic, but thought that would be a dangerous concession to sentiment in the event that I was ever captured. It was the only distinction I had left, as I had given the Royal Flying Corps badge and the stars of my rank to the German flying officers as souvenirs, but I felt that it was safer to discard it. As it finally turned out, through all my subsequent experiences, my escape would never have been jeopardized had I kept my uniform but, of course, I had no idea what was in store for me.

There was one thing which surprised me very much as I journeyed through Belgium and that was the scarcity of dogs. Apparently most of them had been taken by the Germans and what are left are beasts of burden who are too tired at night to bark or bother intruders. This was a mighty good thing for me, for I would certainly have stirred them up in passing through back-yards as I sometimes did when I was making a short cut.

One night as I came out of a yard it was so pitch dark that I could not see ten feet ahead of me and I was right in the back of a little village, although I did not know it. I crawled along fearing I might come to a cross-roads at which there would in all probability be a German sentry.

My precaution served me in good stead for had I come out in the main street of the village and within twenty feet of me, sitting on some bricks where they were building a little store, I could see the dim outline of a German spiked helmet!

I could not cross the street and the only thing to do was to back track. It meant making a long detour and losing two hours of precious time and effort, but there was no help for it, so I plodded wearily back, cursing the Huns at every step.

The next night while crossing some fields I came to a road. It was one of the main roads of Belgium and was paved with cobble stones. On these roads you can hear a wagon or horse about a mile or two away. I listened intently before I moved ahead and hearing nothing concluded that the way was clear.

As I emerged from the field and got my first glimpse of the road, I got the shock of my life! In either direction, as far as I could see, the road was lined with German soldiers! What they were doing in that part of Belgium I did not know, but you can be mighty sure I didn't spend any time trying to find out.

Again it was necessary to change my course and lose a certain amount of ground, but by this time I had become fairly well reconciled to these reverses and they did not depress me as much as they did at first.

At this period of my adventure, if a day or night passed without its thrill I began to feel almost disappointed, but such disappointments were rather rare.

One evening as I was about to swim a canal about two hundred feet wide, I suddenly noticed about one hundred yards away a canal boat moored to the side.

It was at a sort of out-of-the-way place and I wondered what the canal boat had stopped for. I crawled up to see. As I neared the boat five men were leaving it and I noticed them cross over into the fields. At a safe distance I followed them and they had not gone very far before I saw what they were after. They were committing the common but heinous crime of stealing potatoes!

Without the means to cook them, potatoes didn't interest me a bit and I thought that the boat itself would probably yield me more than the potato patch. Knowing the canal-boats would probably take their time in the fields, I climbed up the stern of the boat leisurely and without any particular plans to conceal myself. Just as my head appeared above the stern of the boat I saw silhouetted against the sky, the dread outline of a German soldier—spiked helmet and all! A chill ran down my spine as I dropped to the bank of the canal and slunk away. Evidently the sentry had not seen me or, if he had, he had probably figured that I was one of the foraging party, but I realized that it wouldn't pay in future to take anything for granted.

### CHAPTER X.

#### Experiences in Belgium.

I think that one of the worst things I had to contend with in my journey through Belgium was the number of

small ditches. They intercepted me at every half mile or so, sometimes more frequently. The canals and the big rivers I could swim. Of course, I got soaked to the skin every time I did it, but I was becoming hardened to that.

These little ditches, however, were too narrow to swim and too wide to jump. They had perhaps two feet of water in them and three feet of mud, and it was almost invariably a case of wading through. Some of them, no doubt, I could have jumped if I had been in decent shape, but with a bad ankle and in the weakened condition in which I was, it was almost out of the question.

One night I came to a ditch about eight or nine feet wide. I thought I was strong enough to jump it and it was worth trying as the discomfort I suffered after wading these ditches was considerable. Taking a long run, I jumped as hard as I could, but I missed it by four or five inches and landed in about two feet of water and three of mud, settling out of that mess was quite a job. The water was too dirty and too scanty to enable me to wash off the mud with which I was covered and it was too wet to scrape off. I just had to wait until it dried and scrape it off then.

In many sections of Belgium through which I had to pass I encountered large areas of swamp and marshy ground and rather than waste the time involved in looking for better underfooting—which I might not have found anyway—I used to pole right through the mud. Apart from the discomfort of this method of traveling and the slow time I made, there was an added danger to me in the fact that the "squash, squash" noise which I made might easily be overheard by Belgians and Germans and give my position away. Nobody would cross a swamp or marsh in that part of the country unless he was trying to get away from somebody, and I realized my danger but could not get around it.

It was a common sight in Belgium to see a small donkey and a common ordinary milch cow hitched together, pulling a wagon. When I first observed the unusual combination, I thought it was a donkey and ox or bull, but closer inspection revealed to me that cows were being used for the purpose.

From that I was able to observe there must be very few horses left in Belgium except those owned by the Germans. Cows and donkeys are now horses and mules. Altogether I spent nearly eight weeks wandering through Belgium, and in all that time I don't believe I saw more than half a dozen horses in the possession of the native population.

One of the scariest things in Germany, apparently, is rubber, for I noticed that their motor trucks, or lorries, unlike our own, had no rubber tires. Instead heavy iron bands were employed. I could hear them come rumbling along the stone roads for miles before they reached the spot where I happened to be in hiding. When I saw these military roads in Belgium for the first time, with their heavy cobblestones that looked as if they would last for centuries, I realized at once why it was that the Germans had been able to make such a rapid advance into Belgium at the start of the war.

I noticed that the Belgians used dogs to a considerable extent to pull their carts, and I thought many times



Burying His Uniform at Night.

that if I could have stolen one of those dogs it would have been a very good companion for me and might, if the occasion arose, help me out in a fight. But I had no way of feeding it and the animal would probably have starved to death. I could live on veg etables, which I could always depend upon finding in the fields, but a dog couldn't, and so I gave up the idea.

In Belgium, after weeks of hardships and narrow escapes from capture, O'Brien finally finds a man whom he believes to be his friend. Cheered by the prospect of final escape, he gains courage to continue his heartbreaking tramp through Belgium. Don't miss the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A new oil-burning apparatus heats and lights the room at the same time



"Carrying On" in France

By LT. CURTIS WHEELER of The Vigilantes

(These two pictures of French life are given in a recent letter from France by the author of "Letters from an American Soldier to His Father.")

Before I turn over for good this one of many other pages, I must draw for you two little pictures.

The first I saw one sunny afternoon when the shadows were beginning to lengthen out.

Three of us, Americans all, were walking down a country road that bordered a rolling field.

The French two-horse plow is hung different from ours, and does not require as much weight on the handles;

but even so, he had practically to ride it all the way. It was plain that guiding it when it threatened to twist off or slip required every ounce of strength

the kiddy had. Yet each moment he applied it at just the right moment and just the right place, so the furrow remained deep and true.

As the team came just below us in the field and started to turn for the next furrow, something went wrong.

The boy was busy swinging his plow around and didn't see it in time. When he looked at the horses they were all tangled up, the bay lunging desperately into her old team-mate.

He had only a single rein to the high horse and on this he yanked and shrieked at them valiantly enough.

They quieted obediently at the sound of his voice, but seemed unable to move. He dashed forward cracking his whip, but nothing happened.

Never Felt So Ashamed. Then I saw where the bay had her off hind snarled up in the trace, and hopped off down the road.

It was only a second's work to lift her foot out and straighten the trace. As I stood up the youngster came to me, thanked me, and looked at me squarely with his clear blue eyes.

I have never felt so ashamed in all my life. There he stood, the sweat of a long day's work beaded on his brow, in ridiculous big looped-up trousers and huge wooden shoes—his father's.

And there we stood, three great hulking, broad-shouldered figures against the sun, who had done no man's work all that day.

his eyes and screamed for mercy, but never budged. This finished, she let him go, and he squatted behind her, watching what he knew would follow.

Then, while it grew darker, she called the other dog, who was now just a shadow on the hillside. She was very, very small, but she was absolutely determined and eventually he came cringing up.

The other dog waited till she was through, and then they both raced back to their proper places on either flank of the flock and started to drive the sheep home.

When the dogs stood on their feet without cringing they came up almost to the little girl's shoulder.

I do not think she was more than eight years old. She smiled at me, with the unconsciousness of little children, and hastened back to the flock.

I stood there for some time watching her tiny figure striding down the road, driving the flock before her.

No one could have any doubt that she would handle any situation which might arise. Of such are the mothers of France.

MOTHER OF MEN. They are taking your birth and joy; but gladness comes With the roll of the drums

To the heart of each marching boy, While Right and Honor aloft are borne! Mother of men, do not mourn.

Mother of men, do not mourn, They have broken your heart, you say; And the radiant gleams Of our happy dreams

Are now all that life can show— But for Heaven and Earth your cross is borne— Mother of men, do not mourn!

Bravado and the War. Recently during an intermission at the movies a performer came out and sang with gusto a song, which pleased the audience about "Pershing Crossing the Rhine."

Every few days one reads headlines in the newspapers proclaiming that nine Americans have repulsed or vanquished 33 Germans.

This is baleful talk. Our delay in the production of ships and airplanes and guns may have been unavoidable, seeing that some people are thanking God that the United States entered the war unprepared.

We should at least refrain from bravado, stop boasting of what we are going to do and recognize the gravity of our undertaking. I heard an American officer high in command say not long ago, "If our troops ever reach Berlin, when they come to a certain building—the quarters of the German military staff, let them lift their hats."

He spoke from the point of view of military prowess. It is meet for Americans to bear in mind that all other wars which they or any other people have fought were child's play compared with this the most terrible and relentless contest in history, and that their part in it has only just begun.

Let us cease to hug the delusion that our troops are "over there" to show the others how to fight and that all will soon be over but the shouting.

HOW FARM FOLKS HELP IN THE WAR

Little Stories From Real Life Illustrating How They Back Up Uncle Sam.

LIBERTY BONDS TEACH THRIFT

Encourage Saving Habit in Those Who Never Saved Before—Great Crisis Demands the Best From All of Us.

By HERBERT MYRICK, President of the National Farm Power Group of Agricultural Papers.

Did you read that item in the newspapers the other day, of a one-time distinguished and prosperous citizen of Chicago who died suddenly in the hospital, unknown, alone, untended?

He was an old man, a victim of adversity, forgotten by the acquaintances of his prosperity. The authorities were about to consign the body to the potter's field when they found in his pocket a Liberty bond for \$50 and a certificate of a fraternal lodge to which he had once belonged.

That society was notified and gave him a Christian burial, the undertaker and cemetery accepting the bond in payment for coffin and lot.

Jamie, We Salute You! A good man and true is Jamie Bliss, age five years, who lives with mamma and papa on a farm near Eau Claire, Wis.

Jamie had heard all the discussion about Liberty bonds and Thrift stamps, and, not yet being established in business for himself, was puzzled a little to know how such a little boy could have a part in this great undertaking.

At the same time he learned how sorely our fighting men need wool and the great idea came to him. Without consulting anyone, Jamie started about the farm harvesting from hedges and wire fences the little wisps of wool left there as his father's sheep pastured.

As a result of his expedition Jamie came into the house with his pockets and inside of his waist bulging with wool. Mamma Bliss was somewhat astonished when he explained that he was gathering wool to sell so he could buy Thrift stamps, but being a wise mother, she saw the point quickly.

Since then Honorable Jamie, wool gatherer to Uncle Sam, makes daily excursions into the sheep pasture. Already his wool has purchased two \$5 War Savings stamps and a good start toward another one.

This, folks, is something which was not taught out of a book, but it is a sample of the patriotic citizenship now growing up, ready to stand at the helm a few decades hence.

Becoming a Bondholder.

Among my friends for years is a hard-working farmer with wife and several children. He never seemed to quite "get there." Though he worked hard, he just lacked the knack of getting a bit ahead.

During the past year he seemed to have prospered. When I saw him last week he said: "It's this way: I subscribed \$50 for a Liberty bond last year, and simply had to pay for it. I did so by paying in every dollar I could spare.

Instead of spending money for things we could just as well do without. It is curious how one accumulates if they go at it that way. I see now that one reason why I never saved any money was because I didn't have anything like this to take my cash a little at a time.

I used to think that I would begin saving when I had my bills paid and \$25 to the good, but I have discovered at this late date that the way to do it is to save a little at a time and put it by as you get it.

I have been surprised to find that the same is true of so many other farmers, especially renters. What they have put into the Liberty bond is money that would have slipped through their fingers.

They would have nothing to show for it, whereas now they have got a bond earning good interest, while their money is helping to lick the katser. My first bond is now paid in full and I am beginning to save up my subscription to the fourth Liberty bond.

wheat, and last spring made up his mind to devote not less than one third of the proceeds to the war.

This one family is planning to subscribe \$1,000 for the fourth Liberty loan, and if all goes well, will be able to pay down nearly half the amount.

A Horde of Huns at Your Door. You know what they would do to you and your women—a fate far worse than death.

You know how Huns have laid bare the countryside they have conquered—no animal or plant allowed to survive, even trees and vines cut off close to the ground.

Rural homes demolished, barns burned. You know how the Hoeses enslave the farmers of Belgium, Poland, the Ukraine. Words cannot depict the horror of it.

To prevent the same thing happening right here to you and your family, to your own community, state and nation—that is what our boys are fighting for "over there."

It is a question of right over might! Shall Liberty be destroyed by slavery? This is the question the war is to answer for you and me and for generations yet unborn.

This final struggle for the survival of the fittest among humans demands every ounce of our energy, every vest of our money. Noble men and women are patriotically devoting some or all of their time, without money and without price, to help Uncle Sam win a victory.

Others are giving produce or money to the good cause. Millions of our healthiest young men, the very seed of the race, are sacrificing their lives that you and I and others may live in peace.

The very best that each of us can do now is to lend our money to Uncle Sam so that he will have the funds with which to fight.

The war is costing billions. The only way the government can get the money is to borrow it from the people or tax it out of them. The more the public lends to the government, the less taxes it will have to pay.

You can help in this crisis by subscribing to the fourth Liberty loan. These government bonds are the safest investment an earth. They are absolutely good. They yield good interest.

You can get your interest money twice a year. If you have to use your principal, you can sell your bond any minute, or you can use it as security at the bank to borrow for temporary wants.

The latter is the better way, because it doesn't help the government any for you to sell your bond or for somebody else to buy your bond. For your bond direct from the government; then your money goes direct to the government and will be used by it to pay the wages of soldiers and sailors and to furnish the ships and munitions with which they shall win the victory.

Must Do Our Best. If it is up to each of us to do not our bit but our best. It's a question of life or death. Simplify, economize, go without things, so that the effort, time, thought and money thus saved may be transmuted into the things that shall enable the American flag to fly over Berlin—a symbol of the new civilization which is to insure peace through victory.

In our rural homes, on our farms, in the trenches, in other branches of service, in subscriptions to the Liberty bonds and War stamps, our American farmers have repeatedly gone over the top. Their efforts, their patriotism, their loyalty, have been universally recognized.

Now in this fourth Liberty loan our rural folks will show the same generous confidence in the eternal principles of human liberty and of self government that were championed by those Middlesex farmers: "Their flags to April breeze unfurled, Who fired the shot heard 'round the world."

GOES WOOING IN AN AIRSHIP. Maiden's Neighbors in London Suburb Have Fears for Their Roofs. London.—A pretty bit of chivalry was seen in a London suburb the other day. Early in the morning the knight-errant was out on his airplane and was flying low—so low as to make the tenants of the terrace anxious about their roofs.

On the miniature lawn in the center of the 30-foot garden the maiden waited until there fluttered down through the morning mist a little streamer of white material. It missed the garden and fell into the roadway.

The maiden rushed out and picked up her love letter.

Libby's Tempting veal loaf. WHAT is more tempting for a summer luncheon than Libby's savory Veal Loaf? Prettily garnished it makes a dainty yet substantial dish—and one all ready to put on the table!



Do This After You Eat Hot Weather "Out of Fix" Stomachs Easily Put Right

When hot weather comes, stomach and bowel unctions begin. Strong, sound stomachs as well as weak ones are easily affected by the harmful gases and acids so often produced in the things we eat and drink during hot weather.

single unpleasant thought of what may follow. EATONIC Tablets, good tasting, quick acting, and absolutely harmless, have already proven an untold blessing to thousands of people.

Every one knows that the after-eating nausea, belching, that wretched, bloated, "lumpy" feeling, sour stomach, heartburn, food repeating, and other forms of indigestion and dyspepsia are far more frequent during hot weather.

One or two EATONIC Tablets alter meal work wonders. They soothe and purify the stomach by neutralizing the trouble-making acids and gases and stop the gripping pains of indigestion and other stomach and bowel disturbances.

Could Tell Him. "Miss Oldbird keeps me guessing. I never know what she is about."

Lives 200 Years! For more than 200 years, Haaslen Oil, the famous national remedy of Holland, has been recognized as an infallible relief from all forms of kidney and bladder disorders.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fitcher.

Why Lose The Cause is Dandruff and Itching; The Remedy Your Hair Cuticura. Red Cross Flag Blue, much better, goes farther than liquid blue. Get from any grocer. Adv.

GIRLS! USE LEMONS FOR SUNBURN, TAN. Try it! Make this lemon lotion to whiten your tanned or freckled skin.

Discard Hun Music Books. San Francisco.—Because several songs in the music books used in California public schools avowed of German origin, with perhaps a trace of the well-known German propaganda in them, the state board of education has decreed that the books must go into the discard.

Build Ship in Fifteen Days. Workman, Clark & Co., shipbuilders, at Belfast, Ireland, have achieved a world's record in completing an 8,000 ton standard vessel in fifteen days after she was launched.

ASTHMADOR AVERTS-RELIEVES HAY FEVER ASTHMA. Begin Treatment NOW. All Druggists Guarantee.

The Cutter Laboratory Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill. "The Laboratory That Knows How"

Every Woman Wants Pantine ANTISEPTIC POWDER. Disolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

MOTHER OF MEN

By ALICE WARD BAILEY of the Vigilantes.

Mother of men, do not mourn, They have said that your boys must go And your empty arms

Are now all that life can show— But look at the flag so proudly borne! Mother of men, do not mourn.

Mother of men, do not mourn, They are taking your birth and joy; But gladness comes With the roll of the drums

To the heart of each marching boy, While Right and Honor aloft are borne! Mother of men, do not mourn.

Mother of men, do not mourn, They have broken your heart, you say; And the radiant gleams Of our happy dreams

Are now all that life can show— But for Heaven and Earth your cross is borne— Mother of men, do not mourn!

BRAVADO AND THE WAR

By ROBERT GRANT of the Vigilantes.

Recently during an intermission at the movies a performer came out and sang with gusto a song, which pleased the audience about "Pershing Crossing the Rhine."

Every few days one reads headlines in the newspapers proclaiming that nine Americans have repulsed or vanquished 33 Germans.

This is baleful talk. Our delay in the production of ships and airplanes and guns may have been unavoidable, seeing that some people are thanking God that the United States entered the war unprepared.

We should at least refrain from bravado, stop boasting of what we are going to do and recognize the gravity of our undertaking. I heard an American officer high in command say not long ago, "If our troops ever reach Berlin, when they come to a certain building—the quarters of the German military staff, let them lift their hats."

He spoke from the point of view of military prowess. It is meet for Americans to bear in mind that all other wars which they or any other people have fought were child's play compared with this the most terrible and relentless contest in history, and that their part in it has only just begun.

Let us cease to hug the delusion that our troops are "over there" to show the others how to fight and that all will soon be over but the shouting.

Let us open our minds to the grim truth that this war which we have pledged ourselves to win is likely to be a supreme test of American energy, endurance and self-sacrifice and to cost thousands of American lives.

We are all of the belief that no man is braver than an American, but it is indispensable that we appreciate the quality of the foe against whom we are pitted; that he is the arch-foe of military competency and power, the ruthless, unwavering embodiment of mastery, force and resistance, a monster of resourcefulness such as the world has never seen.

The prophecy that Pershing will cross the Rhine had better be postponed until he arrives in sight of it, and the confidence that two of Uncle Sam's soldiers can handle three of the enemy be put in cold storage until a later stage of the conflict.

LIBERTY BOND IN FIRE

Mixed With Newspapers It Was Used for Kindling.

Mrs. Charles Stoelckel of Georgetown, Del., found it rather cool and damp one day recently and decided to kindle a little wood fire in one of her stoves.

She used an old newspaper or two picked up from the center table, to start the wood. Among the papers was a \$50 Liberty bond, which her husband had just purchased of the

bank for his daughter, Nellie, and had laid on the table until he could present it. The bond was burned to ashes, but Stoelckel is trying to get a new one, as he has the number and the bank officials distinctly remember him buying it.

Build Ship in Fifteen Days. Workman, Clark & Co., shipbuilders, at Belfast, Ireland, have achieved a world's record in completing an 8,000 ton standard vessel in fifteen days after she was launched.



## Dress Goods and Patterns

The season's latest style dress goods and patterns have reached us, and we can now supply all your home dressmaking needs in a way that is sure to delight you.

We have all kinds of silk, woolen and cotton dress materials in a wide variety of beautiful colorings; also dress trimmings and other dress accessories made according to Dame Fashion's latest decrees.

We take great pride in the large line of dress materials that we are now able to show at prices that we believe will save you considerable money.

It will pay you to make a special trip here before the new goods are all picked over.

**BUY AT HOME**

We are never too busy to show you goods and tell you our prices.



# The Patagonia Commercial Co.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

### LET US MAKE YOU AN ESTIMATE

for furnishing the lumber for your proposed building or any improvements... When you get our figures you'll be surprised at their littleness, considering the fact that we deal in high grade lumber only. We shall be glad to furnish figures for any quantity of lumber your plans call for

**PATAGONIA LUMBER COMPANY**

J. W. MILLER, Manager.

Mail Orders Promptly Shipped

### WE PREPAY FREIGHT TO PATAGONIA LOWEST PRICES

Furniture Implements Hardware  
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**Geo. B. Marsh, Inc.**

NOGALES R. P. Olsert, Mgr. ARIZONA

### WOOD FOR SALE

We can furnish you with juniper, oak or mesquite wood—a full cord for \$9—cut to any desired length.

Transfer Service in Connection

**PATAGONIA WOOD YARD**

McCutchan and Miller, Props.

### COCHISE COUNTY STATE BANK

Tombstone	Arizona	Ben. ion
Authorized Capital		\$50,000.00
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## Packers' Profits—Large or Small

**Packers' profits look big—**

when the Federal Trade Commission reports that four of them earned \$140,000,000 during the three war years.

**Packers' profits look small—**

When it is explained that this profit was earned on total sales of over four and a half billion dollars—or only about three cents on each dollar of sales.

This is the relation between profits and sales:

Profits █

Sales █

If no packer profits had been earned, you could have bought your meat at only a fraction of a cent per pound cheaper?

Packers' profits on meats and animal products have been limited by the Food Administration, since November 1, 1917.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

### COLLECTS SOCKS TO CLOTHE WAR BABIES



A novel idea has been hit upon for making dresses for homeless Belgian babies out of old silk hose. Two stockings are sewed together and folded in such a manner that they make a comfortable dress for the little tots. Geraldine Farrar is getting the American women to aid her in the noble work of making dresses for the thousands of unfortunate Belgian infants. Miss Farrar asks women to donate old stockings, regardless of whether they are silk, bale or cotton. Contributions are pouring in daily from all parts of the country. Geraldine Farrar is shown holding a baby whom she is about to clothe in one of these dresses.

### NEW GERMAN ATROCITY

**Woman Says Huns Cut Off Right Arms of Boys.**

Germany is mutilating the right arms of every youth over ten years of age who falls into their hands, according to Mrs. Eugenie Guenter of Besancon, France.

As a result of war conditions she has lost 27 of her immediate relatives. She said that in Besancon there is not a youth over ten years of age who has not his right arm off at the elbow. Her grandmother, eighty-nine years old, was found dead with seven bayonet wounds, and two girl cousins, sixteen and thirteen years old, were attacked by the Huns, she said.

### FINE CHATEAU FOR BLIND

Art Dealer Rents Beauty Spot in Bois for Hospital.

The Chateau de Madrid, in the Bois de Boulogne, for many years one of the best and finest restaurants and summer resorts of Paris, has through the generosity of M. Jacques Seligman, the art dealer of Paris and New York, and the suggestion of George Kessler, president of the British-French-Belgian permanent blind relief war fund, been placed at the services of the blinded soldiers of the allied armies. The \$15,000 a year rent, which M. Seligman guarantees, will entitle the fund to the use of the whole house, with its 100 rooms, and the extensive gardens surrounding it. The whole domain forms one of the most beautiful spots in the Bois. The place has been rented for three years and will be opened in two weeks. M. Seligman made it a condition that the blinded American soldiers should also be cared for at the Chateau de Madrid.

### NOT SLY ENOUGH

Man Pays \$50 Fine for Getting Meat Contrary to Law.

A man whose name was given as Sly has been fined \$50 in London for obtaining meat contrary to the rationing order.

According to the evidence before the court, on two successive weeks boxes were consigned by rail to Sly, and one was discovered to contain meat weighing 23 pounds when the bottom dropped out in transit.

The second box contained 21 pounds of meat, while the members of the defendant's family only numbered four.

### TAKES UP HUSBAND'S WORK

Woman Appointed Tax Collector to Complete Unfinished Term.

While John W. Robinson of Godden, N. Y., is away at the war his wife, Grace, will not only keep the home fires burning, but will also see that the home taxes are collected as usual. Her husband was elected collector two years ago, and she has been appointed to complete his unfinished term.

### Boy Finds Box of Money.

Finding an iron box full of money while playing with companions in the ruins of the Chinatown fire at Pasadena, Cal., Manuel Garcia, a twelve-year-old Mexican boy, mounted guard over the money until it was claimed by its owner, Ah Sing. Young Garcia endeavored to lift the box, but it was too heavy. When the excited Chinese unlocked it, it was found to contain nearly \$100 in small coins, most of which were pennies and nickels.

## WAR SAVINGS STAMPS DELIVERED TO YOUR HOME

Tear Out—Fill In—Hand Letter-Carrier—or Mail to Post Office

TO THE LOCAL POSTMASTER:—Kindly have letter-carrier deliver

to me on \_\_\_\_\_ for which I will pay on delivery:

\_\_\_\_\_ \$5. U. S. WAR-SAVINGS STAMPS at \$ \_\_\_\_\_ each

\_\_\_\_\_ 25c. U. S. THRIFT STAMPS at 25c. each.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



W. S. S. COST DURING 1918					
April	\$4.15	July	\$4.10	Oct.	\$4.21
May	4.16	Aug.	4.11	Nov.	4.22
June	4.17	Sept.	4.10	Dec.	4.23
W. S. S. WORTH \$5.00 JANUARY 1, 1923					

We Will Soon Start Demonstrating

## FORDSON TRACTORS

No. 7 Oliver Chilled Plows

and No. 28 Recommended Harrows

Full Particulars Mailed on Request

**KARNS BROS., INC.,**  
NOGALES ARIZONA

## 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 shifty. 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

### THE ROAD TO THRIFT

**MAIER BROTHERS**

BESON, ARIZONA

Give Them a Trial Order for

**GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS**

And Note the Big Savings Effected

They Treat You Right

### PATAGONIA BARBER SHOP

WAL. L. ENSLER, Prop. Children's Hair Cutting

Shop Closed on Sunday

AGENT TUCSON STEAM LAUNDRY

Laundry sent on Monday, returned Saturday

## Staple & Fancy Groceries Hardware of All Kinds

Wholesale and Retail

MAY BE HAD AT ALL TIMES

at

Patagonia's Up-to-Date Store  
**EVANS MERCANTILE CO.**

## Nogales Theater

Best Ventilated, Most Attractive Playhouse in the Southwest

Courteous Lady Ushers Always in Attendance

High Class Entertainment in

the Afternoon and Evening

Furnished Under the Personal Direction of Past

Masters in the Business

**The Last Word in Movies**



# The Border Furniture Co.

The Big White Store

216 GRAND AVENUE

NOGALES

Bowman Hotel Building

ARIZONA

EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME

Write us when in need of furniture, chinaware, stoves, ranges. We carry a full line and will be glad to quote prices on application.

Agents for Baldwin Pianos and Player Pianos

Mail Orders  
Given Prompt Attention

J. E. Hopkins.

F. D. Valles.

We aim to keep in stock a complete assortment of supplies for practically all makes of cars. Thus we usually save you the delay that results from ordering elsewhere. And oftentimes we can save you considerable money on your purchases.

Our prices on tires, tubes, lamps, spark plugs and sundries of all kinds entitle us to your patronage. All we ask is an opportunity to prove our claim that we can satisfy you.

## THE AMERICAN GARAGE

## STAG BARBER SHOP

Geo. Januel, Prop. - Nogales, Ariz.

Hot and Cold Baths

To while away your leisure hours in harmless pleasure, and enjoy good fellowship, come to

**HERB M'UTCHEAN'S**  
**PATAGONIA**  
**POOL HALL**  
**AND**  
**CIGAR STAND**  
COLD SOFT DRINKS  
GOOD CIGARS  
RE-FINISHED POOL TABLES

Patagonia-Nogales

## AUTO STAGE

Leaves Commercial Hotel, Patagonia, at 9:30 a. m.; returning, leaves Montezuma hotel, Nogales, 4:30 p. m.

# COMMERCIAL CAFE

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Regular Meals and Short Orders

Open From 6:30 A. M. to 2 P. M. and From 5:30 to 8 P. M.

## ABSTRACTS OF TITLE

We are headquarters for state money. Loans secured promptly. We furnish the abstracts and certificates

**SANTA CRUZ ABSTRACT & TITLE COMPANY**  
F. A. French, Mgr. P. O. Box 667, Nogales, Arizona.

## MILTONITE

IS A NEW PUNCTURE PREVENTIVE and it absolutely prevents punctures in tires. 100 per cent less trouble.  
**M. L. COLLINS, NOGALES, ARIZONA**  
Distributor for Santa Cruz County, Arizona, and Sonora, Mexico

Hardware, Implements,  
Furniture, Glassware,  
Crockery, Rugs, Etc.

Agent for Moline Plow Co., B. F. Avery & Sons,  
John Deere Plow Co.; Bain and Winona Wagons.

## Nogales Hardware & Furniture Company

235-237 Morley Ave.,  
DRAWER D

NOGALES

ARIZONA

## ITALIANS FLEE AUSTRIAN CAMP

Eight Make Their Escape After Untold Suffering.

### TELL HORROR OF PRISON LIFE

Food Scant and of Poorest Quality—Prisoners Forced to Help Flay Their Comrades—Escaping Italians Make Their Way to Russia After Undergoing Great Hardships and Are Given Warm Welcome.

In the little hamlet of Saliceta San Giuliano, province of Emilia, Italy, lives a shoemaker, Luigi Ghittoni, in a modest home. He has four sons in the army. Two are now at the front, and two were captured by the Austrians.

One evening recently the door was burst open roughly, and the shoemaker cried out in alarm: "Who is there?" "It is I, Edward, your son," came the answer. "I have escaped from Austria."

At the sound of a loved one's voice, the little home was thrown topsyturvy, and the good news flew in a moment around the town. What a gathering there was of friends, relatives and family for welcoming him to the home!

Edward still bore on his face traces of his hardships in captivity, and after his escape. He is thirty. He had fought in Libya in the famous Italian-African campaign. As soon as Italy declared war in 1915, he hastened to the front and took part in several engagements, but July 29 he was captured on San Michael, and for 31 months remained a prisoner of the Austrians. He was taken to Labiana where he remained for six days and was sent to Mathausen. There he remained till September, 1916.

Prisoners Flogged Piteously. "Our life was a hard one," he said; "the suffering was great; the food scant and of the poorest quality; the beatings with rods frequent and without pity. Among so many tortures what raked the boys most was to be compelled by force to help flay their comrades tied to a stake. This cruelty was abolished, however, after the death of Francis Joseph."

The opportunity to escape came, however, and young Ghittoni proved equal to the emergency. In September he was sent with a batch of other prisoners to Hungary, Domnavor in the Carpathians being their destination.

"We were divided into squads of 250," he continued, "each assigned to cut down trees, which were to be used in fortifications. Our treatment did not improve, and the work was made harder every day. Blows were struck if anyone refused to work, or let up for any reason. I received my full share with the rest. Only one thing bore us up, and that was the hope of escape. In spite of all the difficulties we decided to remain our liberty at whatever cost. We were able to get some Austrian uniforms and accumulate supplies. After that we awaited our opportunity."

"Two of our companions, however," Ghittoni continued, "became impatient, and leaped over the stockade last January. They were discovered immediately, shot by sentinels when they refused to halt, and returned to captivity. What became of them? We knew nothing after that."

"Eight of us resolved to get away. We were divided into two squads. A few days later the first succeeded in getting over the stockade, and we lost trace of each other for the moment. No alarm was given by the Austrians; so we concluded that their getaway had been successful."

"A week later in the night the second squad leaped over the stockade and made for the fastnesses of the Carpathian mountains. A few miles beyond we came to a railway station."

Warmly Greeted by Russians. "A train was about to start for the Russian border. We climbed on board. A Hungarian trainman ogled us at first. Then he got drowsy. The train covered 55 kilometers and stopped. We got off. Two by two we took different ways to escape the notice of the sentinels. We asked the way to the Russian border with the utmost caution. After long drudgery we were able to get a bite to eat. For five days we dragged ourselves along, half starved, without a sign of encouragement. We passed through six barbed wire entanglements. We dropped finally to a little path covered with snow."

"At last we came upon a military post. It happened to be the first Russian outpost of a covered battery. We were received as friends, and were supplied with plentiful rations. The Russians completed our joy by reuniting us with the four companions who had escaped a week before us. We were enabled through the assistance of the French military mission to get back to Italy."

Fire Laddies Knitting. Members of the fire department at Corning, N. J., have contracted to knit 2,800 pairs of socks for the Red Cross. It is calculated that it will take six months to complete the contract.

Record by Coal Miner. William Richey, a digger in the coal mines at Coalbrook, Pa., made a record of 165 tons in two weeks' time. His pay check for the period was \$155.42.

## HARVARD MAN DOWNS NOTED HUN AVIATOR



In a thrilling airplane battle 10,000 feet above the fighting lines in France, Francis Peabody Magoun, Jr., a Harvard man, and second lieutenant in the British royal flying corps, sent one of the Germans' most noted fliers crashing to the ground, causing the Hun's death and complete destruction of his machine, according to a letter sent by Magoun to his parents in Cambridge, Mass. This was the victor's first aerial conflict.

## YELL "KAMERAD" IF THEIR BOMB MISSES

St. Louis Boy Tells of How Marines Took German Machine Guns.

An interesting description of an attack by United States marines on a German machine-gun position is given in a letter by Henry A. Bauman to his father at St. Louis. He says he is suffering from a sore caused by gas, but otherwise is all right. He says his company in several fights have killed more than 500 Germans and captured 800.

"Our battalion was picked to take a very strong machine-gun position held by the Germans," Bauman writes. "They were dug in in a large strip of woods, and the big rocks made the position what looked to me like a regular nest of fortresses."

"It sure was a sight as we marched across an open field in a valley, about 700 yards. There were three waves. We scared the Germans so badly, though, that they never tried to hold us, but beat it, leaving a lot of guns and ammunition in our hands."

"We dug in, expecting a counter-attack, which never came. The next day we made another attack where they fought like hell for a while, but the boys ended though their machine-gun fire and made such quick work of them that they broke and ran again. "It was the first time I heard the Hun yell 'Kamerad'—which he sure did. They throw a bomb at us, and if it kills us they stick a white longer. If it doesn't kill us up go their hands and off go their helmets—'Kamerad!'"

"We captured 300 prisoners, 37 machine guns and one trench mortar—that is, my company did. Altogether we killed 500 Boches and captured 800 prisoners, besides a lot of machine guns and several pieces of artillery. "Outside of shooting at us with artillery and gas for the next few days, the Boches let us alone."

## PITCHING HAY A PASTIME

Methodist Pastor Works on Farms and Preaches.

Rev. J. E. Bryan, pastor of the Methodist church at Cottonwood Falls, Kan., is showing his patriotism and is helping solve the labor shortage by putting in quite a large share of his time working on the farms of members of his church.

Besides fulfilling all his pastoral duties and preaching at funerals and performing wedding ceremonies, Rev. Mr. Bryan finds plenty of time to make a full hand in the hayfields for about three or four days out of the week—or at least that has been his recent record. He likes farm work and gardening and has done enough of this strenuous labor to harden his muscles so he can pitch hay with the best of his parishioners.

## CHAMPION WORM STORY

Field Correspondent Sends Remarkable Yarn From West Virginia.

A field correspondent sends the following story of a worm offensive from Littleton, W. Va.

Millions of worms have invaded this section. For three days they passed steadily a half-mile from this city in such numbers as to drive farmers from the fields. Work was discontinued in order to shove the invaders away from homes. The army is traveling a straight course. It is 100 yards in width, three miles long and several inches deep. When one farmer, Millard McDougal, arose one morning he found worms stacked against his back door. James Fox, another farmer, was forced to stop plowing. The worms are about two inches long, one-eighth of an inch in diameter, of a golden yellow color and with many legs.

# BIG DANCE

At the Patagonia Opera House  
**TOMORROW NIGHT**  
AUGUST 17

Red Cross to Get Proceeds

## A. S. HENDERSON SHOES

for every member of the family.

Canned Goods Dried Fruits  
of all kinds, and everything in the line of

Groceries and General Merchandise

PRICES THE LOWEST

A. F. KERR,  
President.

R. E. BUTLER  
Cashier

A. M. GILLESPIE  
Vice-President

## THE NOGALES NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL, \$50,000.00

Member of the Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas

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

DIRECTORS: W. J. Neuman, S. Leeker, A. F. Kerr, J. E. Wise,  
J. A. Harrison, A. M. Gillespie

Legal Blanks for  
Sale at This Office

Come in

and pay that overdue subscription account.

Don't wait until the paper stops.

We Want You

to keep in mind the fact that in addition to printing this newspaper we do job work of any kind. When in need of anything in this line be sure

To See Us

## MR. MOTORIST!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CORD TIRES?

Do you know that "FEDERAL" Cord Tires ride easier, coast further, last longer, and save more gasoline than any other cord tire on the market today?

If you do not know these things write or call on us and be convinced.

## Roy & Titcomb,

(Incorporated)  
Automobile Accessory Department  
Nogales, Arizona.

"If It's a Federal It's Right"

## SHOES

BLANKETS QUILTS  
CHILDREN'S, LADIES' AND MEN'S  
SWEATERS  
BOYS' AND MEN'S MACKINAWES  
EVERYTHING IN DRY GOODS

Come in and ask to see the goods; it doesn't cost anything to look

**WASHINGTON TRADING CO.**  
PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

One of the best Hotels in Southern Arizona, with every home appointment for the traveling public is the

## COMMERCIAL HOTEL

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA  
Clean Beds, Clean Linen, Cleanly kept. Excellent Lobby,  
Dining Room in connection

## ASSAYS

(REVISED PRICES)

Gold or Silver ..... 75c. Gold and Silver ..... \$1.  
Lead or Copper (by best methods) ..... \$1.  
Lead or Copper with Gold and Silver ..... \$1.50  
Lead, Copper, Gold and Silver in same sample ..... \$2.00

Prompt and Accurate Work

HUGO W. MILLER, NOGALES, ARIZONA



THE WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS

A BRIEF RECORD OF PASSING EVENTS IN THIS AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

IN LATE DISPATCHES

DOINGS AND HAPPENINGS THAT MARK THE PROGRESS OF THE AGE.

ABOUT THE WAR

American airmen brought down four enemy planes on Aug. 3, the French war office reported.

There was a further bombardment of the Paris region by the German long-range cannon Thursday.

Repulses of enemy attacks in the Italian mountain regions were reported by the Rome war office.

British casualties reported in the week ended Aug. 7 totaled 9,860, compared with an aggregate of 12,893 the previous week.

American machine gunners, protecting a location on the Vesle, west of Fismes, wiped out an entire battalion of German infantrymen and machine gunners Tuesday.

German losses since July 15, the date when the crown prince began his last drive, were unofficially estimated at from 300,000 to 350,000, of which 40,000 are prisoners.

The number of prisoners taken by the French and British in Picardy exceeds 10,000, according to news from the battle front. The allies also have taken an enormous booty in guns and materials.

Under almost incessant shell fire the Americans struggled forward Thursday to slightly better positions north of the Vesle. French divisions to the east and to the west did their part in straightening the line.

The historic battle ground between Amiens and Montdidier again Thursday was the scene of a mighty contest. This time the British and French were the aggressors and under their fierce onslaughts in the first day's battle they penetrated deeply into the German positions over a front of more than twenty miles, reaching from the region of Braches to the neighborhood of Morlaucourt.

All the objectives set for the Australians, Canadians, Englishmen and Frenchmen were attained in remarkably quick time, and at last accounts Thursday night the allied forces were still making progress. Wherever the enemy turned to give battle he was decisively defeated. Thousands of Germans were made prisoner. Large numbers of guns were captured, great quantities of war materials were taken and a score or more of villages and hamlets were re-occupied. In addition, heavy casualties were inflicted on the enemy.

By defeating his greatest rival, Hollywood Bob, in the champion station stake, the feature of the Cleveland, Ohio, Grand Circuit card at North Randall, Chestnut Peter gained the distinction of being the champion 3-year-old of the year.

The new government of Archangel is prepared to assume relations, diplomatic, financial and industrial, with foreign nations for the "region of the north."

The nomination of Gov. Arthur Capper for United States senator and of Henry J. Allen for governor on the Republican ticket in the Kansas primary was indicated on the face of early returns.

Official announcement was made of the landing of allied forces, naval and military, at Archangel on Aug. 2. The landing was in accordance with the wishes of the Russian population, it is stated, and caused general enthusiasm.

Mae Coopersmith hurled a no-hit game against the Highland girls for the Cheltenham team in Denver, winning by a score of 7 to 2.

Earthquake tremors extending from east to west and lasting about four minutes were recorded by the University of Washington seismograph at Seattle, Thursday.

It is reported from Moscow, by way of Berlin, that the Bolshevik government in Russia is considering a declaration of war against Japan, says an Exchange Telegraph dispatch from Copenhagen.

An American schooner arrived at a Canadian port with eighty-five members of the crew of a Japanese freight steamship which had been torpedoed off the Nova Scotia coast. The vessel was the Tokuyama Maru.

Charged with conspiracy in allowing and accepting over a five-year period rebates on freight charges for livestock shipments, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Armour & Co., Swift & Co. and the Jersey City Stock yards Company were indicted by a federal grand jury in New York. The offenses are alleged to have been committed between November, 1912, and December, 1917.

In the week ending July 20, 32,903 more cars of coal were loaded at the mines than in the same period last year, the railroad administration reported at Washington.

Rumors of a revolt by German sailors at Wilhelmshaven, in protest against continuation of the submarine war, are in circulation, according to a dispatch from Amsterdam.

Three American fishing schooners were sunk by German submarines off Seal Island, Yarmouth county, on the Nova Scotia coast. The crews were landed on the Nova Scotia coast.

FOREIGN

The long range bombardment of the Paris region was resumed Monday morning.

The town of Fismes, Germany's great storehouse on the Aisne-Marne battle front, has been taken by the French and American troops.

After the occupation of Archangel by the allies, the Bolsheviks withdrew across the River Dvina, and Aug. 4 were again driven out of their positions there, chiefly by shell fire.

Serious outbreaks have occurred at Guadalajara, Spain, owing to the high cost of living and the poor quality of bread. Shots were exchanged between the demonstrators and the police.

There are more than 20,000 cases of cholera in Petrograd, according to the Fremdenblatt of Hamburg, which reports 1,100 deaths. The authorities, it declared, are helpless, and the disease is spreading unchecked.

A dispatch from Petrograd received at Amsterdam, by way of Berlin, says a state of siege has been declared at Archangel, Vologda, Suchowa and Koplask and other places. All the communists in these places have been called to the colors and all foreigners have been ordered to leave within twenty-four hours, according to the dispatch.

Replying to questions from members of the Right in the reichstag, Chancellor von Hertling declared that Germany intends to keep Belgium until the allies fulfill certain conditions, including payment of indemnities and re-establishment of Germany and Austria as before the war, plus the advantage obtained through the Russian and Rumanian peace treaties, according to advices received at Berne.

Proof of the falsity of the German reports of great American losses, which have been circulated to impress the German people at home, is given by the fact that the American divisions which began the fighting still take part in it. The fact no divisions have been withdrawn, and that they have been fighting virtually continuously for twenty-one days, is taken by officers to show that their losses have been much smaller than those they have inflicted on the enemy, who has been forced to withdraw many of his divisions.

Declaring that he has quit the ring for the duration of the war, Fred Fulton, heavyweight boxer, started work as a guard at a big mill in Minneapolis.

Advices from Colorado Springs state that the Broadmoor Golf Club has abandoned the State Golf Association tournament, which was scheduled for their course this month.

John D. Henry of Elkhart, Ind., won the Grand American Handicap, the premier event of trapdom, in the Grand American Handicap trap shooting tournament at Chicago, after a shootout with H. J. Pendergast of Phoenix, N. Y.

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LATE MARKET QUOTATIONS

DENVER MARKET.

Table with columns for various commodities like Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, and their respective prices.

HAY AND GRAIN MARKET.

Table with columns for various types of hay and grain like Colorado Upland, Nebraska Upland, etc.

POULTRY.

Table with columns for various types of poultry like Turkeys, Ducks, Hens, etc.

EGGS.

Table with columns for various types of eggs like Eggs, graded No. 1, etc.

VEGETABLES.

Table with columns for various types of vegetables like Apples, Cabbages, Carrots, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS MARKETS.

Table with columns for various types of metals like Prices Quoted for Metals, etc.

CATTLE.

Table with columns for various types of cattle like Cattle, calves, etc.

HOGS.

Table with columns for various types of hogs like Good hogs, etc.

SHEEP.

Table with columns for various types of sheep like Lambs, etc.

EGGS.

Table with columns for various types of eggs like Eggs, graded No. 1, etc.

POULTRY.

Table with columns for various types of poultry like Turkeys, Ducks, etc.

VEGETABLES.

Table with columns for various types of vegetables like Apples, Cabbages, etc.

ALLIED TROOPS GAIN 13 MILES

BAG 17,000 PRISONERS AND TAKE MANY GUNS IN TWO-DAY ADVANCE IN PICARDY.

BOMB SOMME BRIDGE

ENTENTE PRESSURE FORCES BACK NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN FLANKS OF ENEMY.

U-BOAT SINKS U. S. SCHOONER.

Crew Allowed to Take Launch—Ship Looted Before Sunk by Bomb.

NEW VICTORY TURNS WAR TIDE.

London, Aug. 10.—The general feeling here is that the importance of the successful new battle cannot be overestimated.

RULE LIMITING BEEF RECALLED.

Washington.—Restrictions on the consumption of beef in public eating places, and the voluntary restrictions on householders were removed by the food administration.

SPAIN SENDS GERMAN NEW NOTE.

Madrid.—Spain has addressed a new note to Germany concerning the torpedoing of Spanish ships.

ARIZONA STATE NEWS

A mining boom is predicted for the Hackberry district.

Giveaways people raised \$364 for the Red Cross at an auction.

A forty-acre tract near Yuma sold for the top price of \$420 an acre.

The school budget for Maricopa county next year amounts to \$632,460.

The total railroad mileage of Arizona is 2247.36 miles, valued at \$98,416,661.

At a recent meeting the Cochise county highway commission rejected all grading bids.

The city commission of Phoenix has decided that all paving shall cease for the duration of the war.

C. E. Adams has resigned from the position of general manager of the Ray-Herules mines at Ray.

The sale of War Savings Stamps in the towns of Bisbee and Lowell for the month of July amounted to \$37,575.

Federal authorities in Douglas have received a report of the raiding of the Piquera ranch, forty miles south of Douglas.

A "war garden cannery" has been opened in Miami by Florence Dunbar Sandige, home demonstration agent for Gila county.

The United Verde Copper Company has arranged to erect many new buildings at Jerome and Clarkdale during the next few months.

The city council of Prescott proposes to raise additional revenue by making a flat raise of 10 per cent, in the assessed valuation of all property.

Final county has now become one of the several first-class counties of the state owing to the fact that it has assessed valuation exceeding the sum of \$50,000,000.

Answering the call of suffering humanity in war-stricken Europe, Miss Mary Kavanaugh left Flagstaff for a east-coast port for immediate embarkation to France.

Mrs. Fred Schmidt, otherwise known as "Rose the Healer," was taken to the county jail at Tombstone to answer a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

There has been involved in the Phoenix land office from the general land office at Washington approval of the right of way and maps of the Tucson, Phoenix & Tidewater railway.

Otis Harbour of Douglas has been appointed a second lieutenant in the veterinary reserve corps and Raymond H. Jacobs of Tucson has been appointed a second lieutenant in the national army.

The Arizona State Federation of Labor at Miami went on record by an overwhelming majority as opposed to the proposed amendment to the state constitution known as the workman's compensation law.

The state road department is getting ready to commence the work which will connect up the state highway from Tombstone to the east end of the state highway, where it ends in the Empire ranch country.

At her home in the Smelter tract, at Nogales, Mrs. M. L. Collins was assaulted by a stranger and knocked senseless with a blow on the top of her head, a three-sixteens inch iron pipe about two feet long being the weapon used.

The outlook for this season's cotton crop is most encouraging, judging from reports which come from the territory around Mesa.

According to reports received in Tombstone from cattlemen, many cattle are dying on the ranges in all parts of the county due to a mysterious disease, which is said to affect the eyes, causing death if not treated shortly after infection.

George B. Woodhouse and Pearl Woodhouse of Florence, and an unidentified woman were instantly killed at Alhambra, Cal., when the automobile in which they were traveling, was struck by a limited train of the Pacific Electric railway.

To set at rest some misunderstanding which has arisen of late in various quarters, it was officially given out by the federal food administration for Arizona that there are no longer any wheatless or meatless days or meals in Arizona.

The campus of the University of Arizona, ordinarily almost deserted during the summer months, is a busy place and there is every indication that soldier training will constitute a large part of the work of the institution for the duration of the war.

There is no possibility that the case of the state against Cy Brome, charged with the murder of Charles Yakimovich, recently transferred in Maricopa county, can be heard this summer, according to County Attorney Kirke Moore of Tucson.

The skeleton found on Jackson flats, close to Prescott, has been identified as that of D. Scott, a broken hip bone having made the identification certain. Scott disappeared from Prescott in 1912 and a reward of \$250 was offered for information concerning him.

MOTHERS TO BE

Should Read Mrs. Monyhan's Letter Published by Her Permission.



Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, I suffered with neuralgia, I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was entirely relieved of neuralgia, I had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all my housework. My baby when seven months old weighed 19 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."—Mrs. PEARL MONTYHAN, Mitchell, Ind.

Good health during maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., telling of health restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

WHO IS TO BLAME Women as well as men are made kidney and bladder trouble. Thousands recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the great kidney medicine. At drug stores in large and medium size bottles. You may receive a sample size by Postal Note, also pamphlet telling about it. Address Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, 233 North Third St., New York, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE. PINKER'S HAIR BALM. A reliable preparation of South African products for the hair. Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 10c and 25c at Drugstores.

W. N. U., DENVER, No. 32-1912.

Like Rice Flour. Willie—What's a substitute, dad? Crabshaw—Anything that costs more than the real article.—Life.

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

True happiness consists in getting something you wanted but didn't expect.

Watch Your Skin Improve. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free sample address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At drug stores and by mail, Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c.—Adv.

Gosh! Old Lady—Tut, tut! Do you know what becomes of little boys who tell fibs?

Willie Hibrow (aged five)—Oh, that is an optional matter with the boys' parents. Some are foolishly threatened with eternal damnation; corporal punishment is inflicted on some; others are incarcerated for short periods of time in cellars, sheds and closets or are humiliated by being put prematurely to bed. Others are subjected to a course of light mental gymnastics containing a smattering of child psychology, psychiatry, psychomania, offbeatness with an element of electro-magnetism or dactylomania. After all, the question is one of a belief in or against a personal devil. Personally, I—

(But the good old lady was gazing for breath.)

In Nowise Playful. "I understand you have quit playing politics!" "I never played politics," replied Senator Sorghum. "When I went into a campaign I never left the other fellow enough of a chance to warrant calling it any kind of a game."

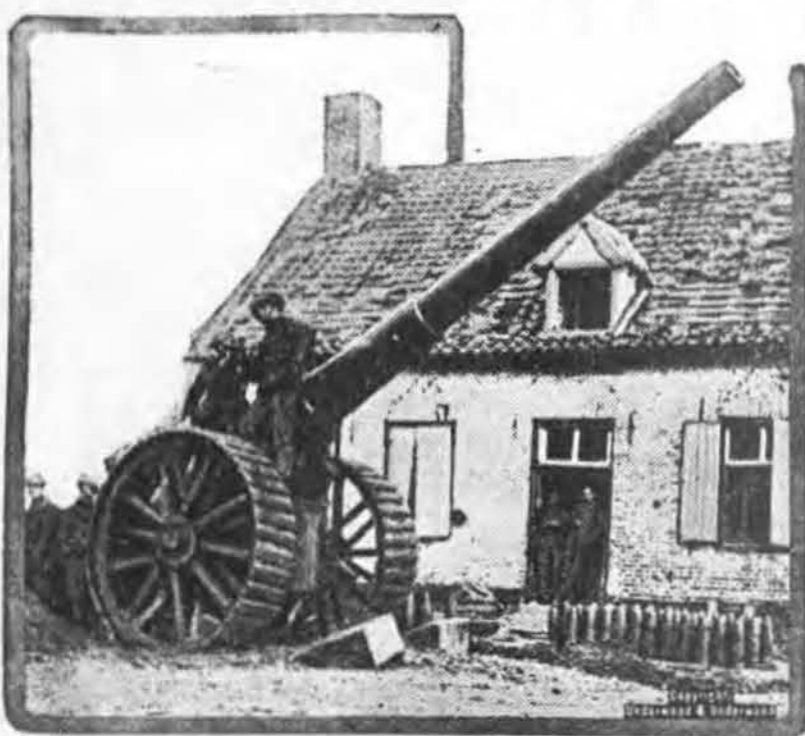
When a girl gets hold of a young man's heart strings she proceeds to tie them in a neat knot.

Some people seem to think that loud talk makes a sound argument.

A Cool Breakfast for warm weather. No fussing round a hot stove if you eat POST TOASTIES (MADE OF CORN)—Bobby.



**GUN HIGHER THAN THE HOUSETOPS**



One of the giant British guns that have been instrumental in checking the German offensive on the western front. A gun of this type is used only for long-range firing, and can fire to a distance of about 15 miles. They are placed far in the rear of the infantry.

**DESCRIBES BRUTAL GERMAN PRISONS**

**French Soldier Tells How Huns Fed Prisoners Food Even Dogs Refused.**

**TREATED WORSE THAN BEASTS**

**Rendered Half Insane by Hunger Men Fight Among Themselves for Scraps of Food—Sawdust and Straw in Bread.**

Bangor, Me.—In contrast with the anxiety or willingness of the German soldier to fall captive to the allies, so often manifested, is the declaration of Gaston Julian Defordt of Woonsocket, R. I., now visiting relatives here, that he would much rather die fighting on the front line than to go through such pains and miseries as he endured in two years spent in a German prison camp. Defordt, who is twenty-four and well educated, was visiting in France when the war came and very soon he was in the ranks. On the second day of his service at the front he was wounded in the left ear by a fragment of shrapnel and three days later he was taken prisoner.

With many other prisoners he was sent to the rear, and there they were loaded like so many cattle into freight cars and started on a seven days' ride to the prison camp at Altengraben.

"At every way station where the train stopped," says Defordt, "the German people gathered round and threw stones and spat in our faces. We were subjected to all sorts of insults. Many of us were wounded, yet we got no attention whatever, being given scarcely food enough to keep us alive and made to sleep on the floors of the dirty freight cars.

"When finally we found ourselves in the German prison camp conditions were worse rather than better. There were about 25,000 men at Altengraben, all nationalities mingled. We were guarded by German soldiers who had been incapacitated for service at the front and who on account of their wounds were revengeful toward us.

**Dogs Refused Prison Fare.**  
"It would be difficult to picture in words the awful conditions prevailing in that camp. Our diet consisted for the most part of hot water and decayed vegetables—they called it soup. Sometimes we were given herbs mixed with grass to eat. Under such treatment the strongest men soon fell sick and were scarcely able to move about. The smell of this soup often was so nauseating that men held their noses while eating it. Dogs would take one sniff at it and refuse to eat.

At times the men became so desperately hungry that they caught and ate rats and even a dog. Occasionally we were given herring broth, made by boiling whole, uncleaned herrings into

**POILU TACKLES GUM**

**Looked Like Food So They Tried to Eat It.**

**Now Have Remarkable Regard for the American Digestive Apparatus.**

Paris.—One of the struggles in which the French soldiers became involved when the Germans swept across the Aisne between Soissons and Reims was with chewing gum. I refer to Chiclé Americano, the—to us—well-known vegetable product which may be found adhering to the underside of desks, to shoe soles, and to trouser seats throughout the United States. The self-same article that at once soles the weary shop girl and the tired business man who endeavors therewith to conceal the fume of the drunks that cheer.

An American ambulance train was operating in the general region of the

**ENEMY AGENT BLAMED FOR POOR WHEAT CROP**

Safou, O.—Enemy agents are blamed for an insect pest which has reduced Butler township's bumper wheat crop to much less than normal. The ravages of the insect have been tremendous. Last winter the farmers now remember an aged man of German extraction was observed wandering about the township visiting wheat fields to the exclusion of others, and apparently digging in them with his hands, as if burying something in the soil.

and sawdust. All prisoners were made to sign papers indicating their willingness to work. If they refused to sign they were severely punished. The men supposed that they were to engage in farm work, but were sent to coal mines, salt mines and munitions factories. I refused to work in a munitions factory and was tied to a post for three hours. One group of prisoners who persistently refused to work were told that they would be shot and were placed under a special guard. At the end of 11 days, during which they momentarily expected to be executed, they were told that their lives would be spared.

"While in prison I slept on the same cot for 18 months and in all that time the straw was not changed. When I left the straw was as fine as dust and alive with vermin. After 18 months at Altengraben I was transferred to Mersburg. After an exchange of prisoners had been effected I was taken to Constance, where I was provided with a new suit of clothes and was well fed and kindly treated for eight days before being turned over to the allies. I suppose this was done in the hope that in my new comfort and the joy at being released I might forget the past.

"In Switzerland I was taken in charge by the Red Cross and kept in the hospital there for 14 months. Had the Germans given me proper treatment for my wound I would have recovered in a few weeks; as it was, after years of neglect, dirt, semistarvation and hard work, I was in such condition when released that for a time my life was despaired of. Even now, after the best efforts of the Red Cross physicians and nurses, the left side of my face is partially paralyzed and I can see but little with my left eye."

**KNITS 24 SOCKS WHILE WAITING TO TESTIFY**

Los Angeles, Cal.—Called here from Detroit to testify in the federal court, Miss Olive Kidder brought along her knitting needles and yarn, and while waiting to be called to the stand knitted a dozen pairs of socks for Uncle Sam's soldiers in France.

**BATHTUB AT THE FRONT**



The boys see to it that their pets get a scrubbing up once in a while. This photo shows a Canadian giving his pet a much-needed wash during a rest from the line.

food. They ventured further and tried it, stuffing the entire contents of a package into their mouths at one time. It tasted like food, so after a brief period of justification they essayed to swallow it. Too many of them succeeded. While no serious casualties resulted the Poilus were inspired with a remarkable regard for American digestive apparatuses and considerable awe for American willies.

**Making Greek Cheese.**

Madison, Wis.—Three factories in this state are now manufacturing Greek cheese. The factories are located at Milwaukee, Janesville and Shawano. The manufacturers are confident that the work has passed the experimental stage. They are making two varieties—Feta and Mynozetra.

**Ragtime Bugler Killed.**

Gary, Ind.—Joe Mayhew, who was recently killed in action in France, was known here as the "rag-time bugler." He was an expert bugler and was one of the few buglers in the army who played his calls in ragtime.



1—Actual destruction of a German U-boat by a depth charge dropped by an American destroyer, the photograph being taken by an officer of one of the troopships attacked. 2—Major H. D. Paddock of the American army, acting division 81211 officer, who recently won the Croix de Guerre and wears a wound stripe. 3—American troops going through wire entanglements to meet the Huns.

**NEWS REVIEW OF THE GREAT WAR**

**Aisne-Marne Salient Is Wiped Out and Huns Retreat Toward the Chemin des Dames.**

**YANKEES WIN NEW LAURELS**

**Defeat Best Division of the Prussian Guard in Desperate Fighting—Germans and Bolsheviks Face Reverts in the Near East.**

By EDWARD W. PICKARD.

The fifth year of the great war opened with the German forces in the Aisne-Marne region on the defensive after the collapse of the drive on Paris and the assumption of the initiative by the allies under General Foch; the British calmly awaiting the promised offensive by Crown Prince Rupprecht; the French and Italians driving ahead in Albania; Ukraine, Roumania and much of Russia rising against the tyranny of German domination; Turkey quarreling with Bulgaria and Austria with Germany over the spoils of war in the near East; the allies putting into execution their plans to help the anti-German elements in Siberia, and, above all, the American troops in the thick of the fighting in France and winning the plaudits of the world for their splendid work.

With the apparent intention of making a stand, at least temporarily, on the Vesle river line, the Germans slowed up their retreat from the Aisne-Marne salient last week and brought their heavy artillery into action. Despite the determined and dashing attacks of the allies from the south, west and east, the Huns had withdrawn in most cases with deliberation, choosing the ground for their rear-guard actions and saving probably the greater part of their supplies. The possibility of cutting off and capturing any very large number of them passed when it was found that their powerful resistance at the ends of the arc, near Soissons and Reims, prevented any considerable advance of the allies there. At the south front of the salient the Huns fought fiercely for days while their guns and munitions were being transported to the north, and then quickly moved back, the French and Americans following with a rush. This movement carried the battle up to and beyond the River Ourcq. There was evidence that the German commander intended to halt south of that river for a time, but he was not allowed to do this.

To the front between Fere-en-Tardenois and Passy were brought the crack divisions of the Prussian guards, to hold back the Americans, but the latter refused to be checked, and with a gallantry that aroused the cheers of the allied nations they met and defeated the best fighters of the Kaiser's armies. These Prussians, unlike so many of the Huns, fight to the death when told to hold a certain position, and the Americans, also, do not know the word surrender, consequently the combat was bloody in the extreme. It was centered in and about the villages of Nesles, Serzy and Clerges, and they changed hands repeatedly before the Yankees finally got the upper hand and established themselves firmly in the towns and then pushed on beyond the river, taking Serignes and making a salient in the German lines that threatened what remained of the enemy in the pocket between there and Ville-en-Tardenois.

That it was not an idle threat was proved two days later, when the American and French troops struck hard at this pocket, storming the heights between Serzy and Serignes. They were preceded by a rolling barrage and moved forward behind a smoke cloud. It was announced that this attack was for the purpose of straightening the allied line, but its possibilities were considerable. The advance, which was stubbornly resisted and was made difficult by miles of barbed-wire entanglements, was carried forward with increasing rapidity until, by the close of the week, the Soissons-Reims salient had been virtually wiped out

and the crown prince's armies were north of the Vesle river, hurrying to the Aisne, with a good prospect of being driven clear up to their old positions along the Chemin des Dames.

At the same time the French, with the aid of a Scottish division, captured Soissons, Vantzel, Buzancy, the Butte Chateau and Grand Rozoy and moved eastward along the Aisne to the mouth of the Vesle, establishing crossings for the future. This threatened directly the German positions on the west flank of the Chemin des Dames which runs down to Soissons.

On the eastern side of the rapidly diminishing salient the French and British moved steadily northward until the entire Dormans-Reims road was in their possession; Ronigny, Biligny were occupied and Ville-en-Tardenois was captured. From there the line was moved northward swiftly, keeping pace with the part further west, until the Vesle was reached. In this advance, which at first was stubbornly resisted, the Italians had a notable part.

Saturday night American troops were reported to be holding the outskirts of Fismes, and that important city, which had been the German base in the center of the salient, was in flames. The Huns there were trying desperately to destroy the great stores of munitions and other supplies they could not carry away, as they already had done in many towns in the territory they had been forced to yield.

German prisoners, it is said, are deeply depressed by the failure of the crown prince's drive and the success of Foch's offensive. They now realize the strength of the American arms, and the people in Germany also are beginning to learn the truth about that, despite the attempts of the leaders and the press to minimize it and to excuse the army's severe reverse.

Crown Prince Rupprecht, having weakened his forces by sending some ten divisions to the rescue of the crown prince of Germany, was compelled to shorten his lines in Picardy, and consequently retired to the east bank of the Ancre in the Albert region north of Amiens. The British pursued the retreating Huns and made secure their hold on the recovered ground. Earlier in the week Field Marshal Haig's men had struck a hard and swift blow further north, surrounding and taking the town of Merris.

There was little change in the Albanian situation, though Vienna claimed the Franco-Italian forces had met with a reverse. The Austrians are very sore over the reported bombing of Pola and other bases and are threatening retaliation on Italian cities, especially Venice.

American troops arrived in Italy last week and were received with joy that was almost hysterical.

Having reached an agreement with Japan, the United States government announced the plan for extending military aid to Russia in Siberia. The other allies assenting, America and Japan will send a few thousand men each to Vladivostok to occupy the city and protect the rear of the Czecho-Slovaks, who are moving westward. Later the United States will send a commission of merchants, agricultural experts, Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. agents to help meet the economic needs of the people of Russia.

In the near East the latest news came from Ukraine, where the peasants are reported to be in full revolt against the Huns. Field Marshal Von Helldorn, the German commander in Ukraine, who had treated the people like slaves, was assassinated by a young Russian social revolutionist in Kiev, and it was said the life of General Skoropinski, the lieutenant-a-fool of Germany—also was threatened.

German correspondents who have been traveling in Russia report that the feeling there against Germany is very strong and widespread and that the business men are all anti-bolshevik. Lenin and Trotzky admit that the bolshevik government is in part and call for "mass terrorism" against the bourgeoisie, and the repulse of the Czecho-Slovaks. A part of that remarkable force has penetrated to the south as far as the Black sea, capturing a port and vessels, and another body has taken Ekaterinberg, an important town in the province of Perm near the Siberian border, the center of a rich mining district.

From northern Russia came the news that a revolution against the bolsheviks had broken out in Archangel and that the soviet troops had fled from the city, which had been occupied by a detachment of allied soldiers.

The soviet government of Russia is reported to have renounced all claims to the great provinces of Estonia and Livonia, and these, together with Courland, probably will be united under a general government under German auspices.

From Copenhagen, the source of many lies, came the statement that Turkey had severed relations with Germany and Austria because of the disputes between the Turks and Bulgaria—over territory taken from Roumania and Russia. There was every evidence that this was "greatly exaggerated," as Mark Twain said of the report of his death, but there is no doubt that Turkey is tired of the war and is getting all the worst of it. However, Germany, being in control of Turkish finances and in command of Turkish armies, has the whip hand and probably will be able to keep the Turks to their alliance for some time yet.

The war department has prepared a bill, with President Wilson's approval, lowering the minimum draft age limit to eighteen years and raising the maximum limit to forty-five years. This measure, to be put on its passage as quickly as possible, not only will provide enough class I men to carry out the military man power program, but also will enable the war department to extend the "work or fight" order and thus do much toward solving the labor shortage problem.

General March, chief of staff, has been working out the details of a plan by which the American land forces are to be amalgamated into one army, the existing distinctions between the regular army, the National army and the federalized National Guard being wiped out. This will do away with many jealousies concerning promotions and every soldier will wear on his collar the letters "U. S.," the "N. A.," and "N. G.," being removed. The chief of staff also is beginning to "loosen up" some regarding information as to what American units are engaged in certain operations.

The war department prepared the country last week for the reception of long casualty lists. The casualties in the Aisne-Marne battle, though not excessive when the magnitude of the struggle is considered, may run as high as 10 per cent, it is stated. It is comforting to know that the vast majority of the wounded are suffering only from clean bullet wounds and will soon be back in the line.

Sir Eric Geddes, first lord of the British admiralty, told the house of commons the naval situation was satisfactory and that the civilized world was gaining steadily on the U-boats, by reducing the sinkings and increasing the building of ships. He said America's program of destroyers and anti-submarine craft is beginning to come along and "will become a veritable torrent."

More trouble in realizing the American aircraft program came to light with the information that General Pershing had told the war department to send over no more of the De Havilland-Four planes it had been building until changes were made, as they had proved useless. Secretary Baker had denied this and half admitted it by stating that improvements are being made in the plane that it is hoped will make it satisfactory, and that General Pershing has requested a large shipment of the De Havillands. The senate committee investigating airplanes heard testimony highly praising the work of General Kelly, director of airplane operations, but was told that John D. Ryan, in charge of production, was only beginning to get his bearings in the big task.

While Mr. Hoover is in Europe conferring with other food controllers, the food administration has cut the monthly allowance of sugar to two pounds per person, and warns the country is threatened with a serious sugar famine. The wheat situation is better and citizens are released from the voluntary pledge to do without that cereal.



**Santa Cruz Patagonian**

HOWARD KEENER - Editor and Owner.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
(In Advance)

One Year .....\$2.00  
Six Months ..... 1.50  
Three Months ..... 1.00

Entered at the postoffice at Patagonia, Arizona, as second-class mail matter.

**KEROSENE IS TO BE SCARCE**

The United States government is now discouraging the burning of midnight oil, for it is announced that the supply of kerosene will run short next winter. Every user is enjoined to do his part toward making every gallon do full war duty by giving forth its full measure of light and heat, and saving can be accomplished only if good care is given lamps, lanterns, heaters, and stoves.

The director of oil conservation of the United States fuel administration issues these rules for fuel-oil saving:

1. Keep all lamps and lanterns clean. Let the light out; don't confine it behind smoked and dirty chimneys.
2. See that burners and wicks of all oil-burning devices are clean. Clean burners require less oil and give better lights.
3. Don't allow a lamp, lantern, heater, or stove to burn a minute longer than is necessary. Don't light one you do without.
4. Don't use coal oil for cleaning purposes. Hot water will do the work.

Geo. N. Curtis is in Patagonia this week plastering houses for Col. R. R. Richardson and O. F. Ashburn. He expects to spend some time here at this class of work before returning to his ranch in the San Rafael valley.

General March gave out the information Wednesday that there are 1,250,000 American soldiers under arms in France. This is a magnificent record of achievement and gives the unbelievers in the United States' ability to quickly raise and equip an army an opportunity to revise their opinion.

Soldiers of the 35th infantry, who are expecting a call soon to leave Nogales, are being given farewell receptions in units in Nogales. The men have formed many friendships in the border city, and their loss will be felt by the residents of the county seat.

Persons wishing to vote at the primaries must register not later than the last day of August. If you have not registered, do so at once. Justices of the peace in the several precincts are deputy registrars and will register you if you will call on them.

Republicans of the county met Monday night in Nogales and made up a slate for all county offices, and also took steps to support the party's nominees for state offices.

**FOR SALE**—Group of 12 claims in the Harshaw district; 500-ft. tunnel; vein of ore 120 feet wide, carrying copper, silver, lead and gold; terms easy; owner engaged in other business; good wagon road to the camp; 16 miles from the railroad. Inquire at the Patagonian office. 816-3tp

**LEGALS**

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
(022088)

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, June 22, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that Bibiano O. Gastelum, of Amapolville, Santa Cruz County, Arizona, who, on April 19, 1913, made Homestead Entry, No. 022088, for S½SE¼, NW¼SE¼, and SW¼NE¼, Section 18, Township 20 S., Range 13 E., G. & S. R. 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, Arizona, on the 10th day of September, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Thomas O. Gastelum, Manuel Alviso, Raymond Grijalva, F. P. Valenzuela, all (four) of Amedoville, Arizona.

JOHN L. IRVIN, Register.  
1st pub. Aug. 9; 5th pub. Sept. 6.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
(028760)

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, July 15, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that Howard Keener, of Patagonia, Arizona, who, on September 11, 1917, made Homestead Entry, No. 026760, for NW¼NW¼, Section 19, Township 23 S., Range 17 E., G. & S. R. 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, Arizona, on the 10th day of September, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Victor J. Wager, Arcus Redbach, both of Nogales, Arizona; Grace Van Osdale, W. D. Parker, both of Patagonia, Arizona.

JOHN L. IRVIN, Register.  
1st pub. Aug. 9; 5th pub. Sept. 6.

**FOR SALE**—Five-passenger Overland; late 1916 model; lately overhauled; in good running order; price reasonable. Inquire at the Patagonian office. 1f

**FOR SALE**—Mine bells, 200 canvas ore snags, reasonable price; single snags, 25 cents each. Inquire at this office.

**THE OWL SAYS:**



We'll say that the reception to the soldiers at the Santa Cruz club last night was an enjoyable affair.

Fr. Hobson's Saraparilla cures pimples and all skin eruptions. Good blood is life. Fifty cents and \$1.00 per bottle.

We agree to meet or beat any offer by any other subscription agency. Don't give your orders to out-of-town people or traveling fake college-scholarship con tests. Your money is a great deal safer with us.

A local candidate for office—name not mentioned because we are not advertising office-seekers in this column—says that it is not necessary for a candidate to go to a genealogical professor to have one's past dug up. "The dear public very readily does that for us," he explains.

Don't forget that mail orders are given prompt and careful attention. Send us your prescriptions.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who said that we would never become accustomed to the change in time after we set the clock forward one hour.

Zena Eye Brow Pencil, black and brown, gives the correct touch and finish—10 cents.

Chas Fowler copied the following from a card placed on the table in a Venice, Calif., restaurant: "Take one spoonful of sugar and stir like hell. We don't mind the noise if it helps to win the war."

Goggles for the dust, sun and wind. Get behind a pair of our good goggles.

Here is another on the effer vescing Chas Fowler. Having recently returned from the beach Mr. Fowler remarks that "he has seen several young ladies enter the ocean in a fancy bathing suit giggling and come out gurgling."

A little extract of beef added to soup will add to the flavor and improve it in many ways—50c a jar.

We want every man and woman and every boy and girl in Santa Cruz county for acustomer.

"BUSINESS IS GOOD."

**MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION**

**Halls and Dolson**  
Owners—Owl Drug Store  
NOGALES ARIZONA

**BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL**

**C. A. PIERCE**  
Mining Engineer  
PATAGONIA ARIZONA

Exam'nation, Management and Operation of Mines  
Soliciting the supervision of such properties as demand only a monthly or bi-monthly report, consisting of surveying, sampling, assaying, supplies, costs.

**AUTO BATTERY WORK**  
done quicker and better than elsewhere. We employ an expert, and guarantee our work.

**NOGALES ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY**  
Nogales Arizona

Frank J. Duffy E. R. Purdum  
**Duffy & Purdum**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW  
NOGALES ARIZONA

**GOING TO NOGALES?**

When hungry, you just naturally start for the best food served there.

**KING'S CAFE**  
Formerly, the New England Kitchen

**T. B. FITTS, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon  
PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

**E. K. Cumming**  
General Real Estate and Insurance Broker  
Nogales, - - - Arizona

**TO THE PEOPLE OF PATAGONIA AND VICINITY**

**Where Do You Do Your Banking?**

This organization has all the facilities for keeping in the closest possible touch with its customers. We handle your banking by mail, guaranteeing the best of service.

**The Tucson National Bank**

Capital \$100,000.00

TUCSON ARIZONA  
34 E. Congress St.

The old standby for  
**FRESH BEEF, MUTTON, PORK AND VEGETABLES**  
**PATAGONIA MEAT MARKET**  
VAL VALENZUELA SR., Proprietor.

**Political Announcements**

**DEMOCRATIC**

We are authorized to announce the candidacy of

**T. P. Thompson**  
for the office of  
**State Senator**

Subject to the Democratic primary, September 10th, 1918.

We are authorized to announce the candidacy of

**C. L. Northcraft**  
for the office of  
**County Supervisor**

Subject to the Democratic primary, September 10th, 1918.

We are authorized to announce the candidacy of

**James L. Finley**  
for the office of  
**County Supervisor**

Subject to the Democratic primary, September 10th, 1918.

We are authorized to announce the candidacy of

**Oscar F. Ashburn**  
for the office of  
**County Supervisor**

Subject to the Democratic primary, September 10, 1918.

We are authorized to announce the candidacy of

**Josephine A. Saxon**  
for the office of  
**SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT**

Subject to the Democratic primary, September 10th, 1918.

We are authorized to announce the candidacy of

**R. R. Earhart**  
for the office of  
**Sheriff**

Subject to the Democratic primary, September 10th, 1918.

We are authorized to announce the candidacy of

**W. A. O'Connor**  
for the office of  
**Superior Court Judge**

Subject to the Democratic primary, September 10th, 1918.

**REPUBLICAN**

We are authorized to announce the candidacy of

**A. S. Henderson**  
for the office of  
**County Supervisor**

Subject to the Republican primary, September 10th, 1918.

We are authorized to announce the candidacy of

**Lou Stevens**  
for the office of  
**Sheriff**

Subject to the Republican primary, September 10, 1918.

The American Red Cross has contributed \$250,000 to the commission on training army activities, which furnishes recreation and amusement to the men in the uniform.

**WANT ADS.**

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**WANTED**—Anyone having old auto tires to donate to the Red Cross may leave them at the Patagonian office, where they will be turned over to Mrs. Clyde McHerson, of San Rafael valley, who is active in this particular line of work for the Red Cross.

**NOTICE TO MINE OWNERS**—To fully protect yourself from liability for indebtedness contracted by your lessees, you should publish your "Notice of Non-Liability," usually called "Mine Warning" notice in Santa Cruz Patagonian. The rates are low. Inquire.

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