

W. S. S. Campaign Shows Gratifying Results Up to Date

Imagine, if you can, every man, woman and child in the United States handing Uncle Sam during July a two-dollar bill as an investment of personal savings...

Of course, not every man, woman or child in this country is as yet a war saver, but the National War Savings committee authorizes the conservative estimate that approximately 31,409,000 Americans have acquired partnership with Uncle Sam through the ownership of War Savings and Thrift Stamps.

Some of the statistics recently released by the National War Savings committee show in a most illuminating manner the magnitude and the splendid success of the War Savings campaign to date.

In a few words, these treasury receipts mean three things:

- 1. An investment by over a third of the country's population, and thrift at this time is a patriotic achievement.
2. A loan to the government in support of the war.
3. A lessening of competition with the government for man-power and for raw material.

DRAFT GETS FIDDLIN' HUSBAND

Here is a letter received by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and referred to Provost Marshal General Crowder:

"Dear U. S.: My husband ask me to rote for him a rekoment that he supports his family he ant done nothin but drink lemon essence and play the fiddle since I married him 8 years ago and I gotta feed seven kids of hisen. Take him away and welcome for I need the grub and his bed for the kids may be you can get him to carry a gun for hes good on squirrels and eating. Dont tell him but take him.

Sunday, the 25th, there will be a Red Cross dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Woods, near Canilla. These dinners are always enjoyed by those attending, and Sundays' affairs will be looked forward to with much pleasure.

"We must translate rhetorical utterances into commonplace and practical institutions," says Felix Frankfurter, assistant to the secretary of labor and chairman of the War Labor Policies board.

Bodies Authorized to Solicit for War

At the August meeting of the State Council of Defense, the matter of organizations permitted to solicit financial contributions within the state was considered by a committee consisting of members V. M. Shipper, Theodore Marsh and Homer E. Wood, which report to the Arizona State Council of Defense as follows:

"We, your committee appointed to draft rules and regulations governing the solicitation of financial contributions within the state of Arizona, beg leave to report as follows:

"That those organizations recommended by the National Council of Defense, namely—The Red Cross; the Salvation Army, and the six under the Fordick commission (Y. M. C. A. and the dRo Triangle League, Y. W. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Jewish Welfare League, the War Camp Community Service, and the American Library Association), and those well-recognized local and state charitable, religious and eleemosynary associations and corporations shall have permission to solicit funds within the state of Arizona.

"All solicitation of funds by any persons or organizations not enumerated above is hereby prohibited until authorization is first obtained from the Arizona State Council of Defense."

Phoenix, Arizona, August 19, 1918.

PERSONAL MENTION

Frank Johnson, familiarly known as "Fritz," son of Section Foreman Nick Johnson, died Wednesday night at 8 o'clock at the home of his father. The funeral was held today, the body being laid to rest in the Patagonia cemetery.

H. R. Sisk, manager of the Nogales Herald, was a Patagonia visitor last Sunday. He is said to be contemplating photographing the Patagonia jail with a view to having Nogales pattern after it in case it is necessary to rebuild its institution.

Two companies of colored troops from Fort Huachuca camped in Patagonia Tuesday night. They were on their way to Nogales, where they will be stationed indefinitely.

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

Jess Gattin met with an accident early in the week near Nogales when the horse he was riding fell and pinned him underneath. He was rendered unconscious, but escaped with a few bruises and scratches.

The dance at the San Rafael valley schoolhouse, last evening, was well attended, and, as usual, a good time was enjoyed. The dance was given in honor of Mrs. Pearl Wilson, who expects soon to join her husband in California.

W. D. and Jim Parker of the San Rafael valley were business visitors to Patagonia Tuesday. Jim brought in a couple of ore that he believes is sheet-iron—and we hope it is.

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.

"Rastus" Karns is again in the Patagonia neighborhood, being at present located at the Ashburn ranch.

Supervisor J. S. Gattin was in attendance at the supervisors' meeting in Nogales last Monday.

Mrs. Pearl Wilson and Mrs. Ruth Bartless accompanied Geo. W. Parker from Nogales to the San Rafael valley. Mrs. Bartless will take care of the Nevada ranch.

Howard Keener has been appointed registrar for the new draft, the date of which is tomorrow, the 24th. All men who reached the age of 21 years since June 5, 1918, including tomorrow, are required to register. The Patagonian office will be open all day Saturday to register those of draft age.

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.

Ernest Best was a business visitor Tuesday to the border city.

President Wilson has told the United States employment service that its task is infinitely more difficult than that of raising an armed force. That's why it needs YOUR help. There's an office near you—use it.

Saving Sugar Saves Shipping



AMERICAN families would have less sugar than the people of war torn France, if we depended entirely on our home-grown sugar stocks.

Approximately 75 per cent. of our sugar is shipped to our shores. We produce about 1,000,000 tons of sugar a year. Our imports from abroad amount to over 3,000,000 tons a year in normal times.

The United States Food Administration asks each family to limit its use of sugar to two pounds per month per person for household use. The military situation demands that every available ship be placed at the disposal of the Army or Navy. When we save sugar, we save shipping.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to sincerely thank the many friend and neighbors who, during the illness and death of my beloved wife, rendered their assistance and expressed their sympathy. Their kindness will never be forgotten.

M. M. ALLRED.

BANK HERE? MAYBE

The rumor that Patagonia is to have a bank has been current for many months. That a bank is needed in Patagonia is a fact. But when the bank will be established is not yet known.

MRS. M. M. ALLRED PASSES AWAY

Sunday morning at 8 o'clock Mrs. M. M. Allred died Sunday morning at 8 o'clock after an illness that had extended over a period of many years. The body was taken to St. David, near Fairbank, for interment. She is survived by Mr. M. M. Allred, her widower. The heart-felt sympathy of the community is extended to Mr. Allred in his hour of bereavement.

A call at the office of the U. S. employment service should be the rule of every employer or manager whenever he visits Washington.

COUNTRY CLUB OF ELGIN TO GIVE DANCE AUGUST 31

The Country Club of Elgin has planned the largest dance this community has ever held for the benefit of the Red Cross, to be given at Floral Hall, Sonoita, on August 31st. Dinner will be served from 11 p. m. to 1 a. m. Music will be furnished by a military orchestra.

MOEUR WITHDRAWS

Mr. W. A. Moeur has officially notified the press that he has withdrawn as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor "in the interests of party harmony."

Think not only of the sugar you save but of the good you do by saving.

War Time Sweeteners

AMERICA has several excellent war time sweeteners that will be used largely during the shortage in the sugar supply.

They are maple sugar, syrups, honey and molasses and may be used in preparing desserts and other dishes requiring sweetening.

When a cup of syrup or honey is used to replace a cup of sugar the liquid in the recipes should be decreased one-fourth. One-third of a cupful of sugar is equivalent to one-third of a cup of honey, about one-half cup of syrup and about one-half cup of corn sugar. One-fourth of a cup of sugar is equal to about one-half cup of syrup or one-third cup of corn sugar. One tablespoon of sugar is equal to one tablespoon of honey, about one and one-half tablespoons of syrup and one and one-third tablespoons of corn sugar.

Sugar may be saved by the use of raisins, dates, figs, dried pears and fruit pastes used on the breakfast cereals.

Fruit marmalades, butters and jellies should be used to take the place of the ordinary sweetening at a meal and not as accessories to it. Fruits may be preserved without sugar. It may be added when sugar is more plentiful.

Preserving demands this year a thin syrup instead of a heavy syrup.

If sugar is used one-half of the amount may be replaced by another sweetener.

Drying is a means of preserving (without sugar) apples, cherries, strawberries and black caps.

When ready to use they may have added the needed sugar in the form of a syrup. When sugar is more plentiful fruit juices may be made into jellies or may be used as fruit juices with or without sugar, as beverages, fruit gelatins and frozen desserts.

Fresh fruits supply the place of sugar in the diet. They should be used freely. Desserts where sugar is scarce may be made of gelatins, junkets, custards, puddings and cakes.



Many Nurses Are Needed for Army

An army of a million men needs 10,000 nurses, according to General Ireland, U. S. A., who has cablegrammed the National Red Cross Department of Nursing in regard to conditions brought about by the present offensive.

There is a shortage of nurses in France, according to this estimate, as we now have more than a million men there and less than 8,000 nurses—less than half the number required in times of actual warfare.

One thousand nurses per week for a period of eight weeks is the enrollment asked of the American Red Cross by the surgeon general's office to meet this shortage and replace those being withdrawn from encampments for service in France.

The need appears very urgent and the probability is that a large number of graduate nurses will be sent over.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL

Why pay a fee to a private employment agency for getting a job when the U. S. employment service will give you a job free?

There will be no need of putting the women to work on the farms if we will get the able-bodied men and boys to work. The U. S. employment service supplies farm help—ask them.

E. H. Evans, president of the Evans Mercantile Company, was a business visitor to Nogales Wednesday, going down on the Patagonia-Nogales stage.

T. P. Thompson, candidate for the state senate, and Sheriff R. R. Farhart were in Patagonia Monday afternoon. They were accompanied by Mr. Turner.

C. A. Pierce and Robert A. Campbell of Patagonia are live wires for Democratic precinct committeemen. They did not get out nomination petitions but their many friends will write their names on the ballot September 10.

T. E. Heney, manager of the Cananea Cattle Company's San Rafael ranch, accompanied by Harold Leshan, was in Patagonia this week superintending the unloading and storing of a carload of cottonseed cake, preparatory to the winter feeding of the pure-blood stock on the company's ranch.

Mrs. T. E. Heney, wife of the manager of the San Rafael ranch, is in Kansas City, her former home, on an indefinite visit with her mother. She has not been in the best of health, and went to the middle-west city to be under the care of her family doctor. A recent letter to Mrs. Grace Van Osdale of the San Rafael valley Mrs. Heney says she is getting on nicely and expects to be home in a few weeks strong and well.

Howard Keener has been commissioned agent of the United States Public Service Reserve for the Patagonia district. Those who wish to register for employment will please call at the Patagonian office and fill out one of the cards so the government will be able to know your qualifications and location in case your services are needed.

Mrs. George Ringwald of Harshaw is enjoying a visit from her sister, Sybil Simpson, who resides in California. She expects to stay indefinitely.

Supervisor George W. Parker and family recently went to Tucson to meet Mrs. Parker's brother, Archie Smith, who is in the U. S. Navy and was on a through train bound for the east, where the boys expect to engage in overseas service.

Mrs. Clotilde Carey of Lovell has secured a position with the government at Washington, D. C., as stenographer. She is a daughter of Mrs. A. S. Henderson.

Miss Lola Hendricks of Globe is visiting her uncle, Clyde Melthorn, at his San Rafael valley ranch.

Arizona State Fair dates are Nov. 31 to 16, inclusive. The premium catalog has just been issued, and the fair promises to be as successful as former ones.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Parke and children, Mrs. I. M. Wood, Mrs. W. D. Parke's mother; Supervisor and Mrs. Geo. W. Parker and children, and Miss Grace Van Osdale and nephew, Howard Keener, spent last Sunday at the beautiful ranch of Henry Dyeatt, at Canilla. The day was spent picnicking, fishing and swimming.

Mrs. J. M. Forsyth, formerly of Patagonia, arrived here Monday night from Toronto, Canada where she had been living for some time. She is the guest of Mrs. A. S. Henderson.

What Will Become of the Poor Dollar Patriot After Oct. 1?

At the August meeting of the State Council of Defense the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Federal Food Administrator for Arizona has, through a letter of June 24, 1918, to Hon. Geo. W. P. Hunt, governor of Arizona, and ex-officio chairman of the Arizona State Council of Defense stated that "The assurance you give of the co-operation of the Council of Defense is gratifying, and

WHEREAS, Hon. Donald Dunbar, an attaché of the United States Food Administration, who visited the Arizona State Council of Defense on August 14, 1918, stated, when asked if an order for other Arizona State Council of Defense requiring all merchants to plainly mark both the cost and selling prices on all articles, would be of assistance to his department in the attempted elimination of profiteering, that it would be; and

WHEREAS, One of our allies in the great war now being waged, viz. England, has found that the only solution of the profiteering question has been by an order requiring all merchants to plainly mark both the cost and selling prices on all articles offered for sale, and

WHEREAS, It is only through mutual trust and understanding that the spirit of loyalty which induces sacrifices without complaint can be properly encouraged, and

WHEREAS, So many rumors are current as to the cause for the rapid and continuous change in prices of all commodities, and

WHEREAS, The restoration of public confidence in retail merchandising will do much to allay agitation and prevent the spread of the most dangerous form of pro-German propaganda; and

WHEREAS, We owe to the brave boys in France who are doing our work (your work and my work) the speedy elimination of profiteering (if any) upon their wives, children and mothers; now, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED, That the Arizona State Council of Defense, by virtue of the authority in it vested, order that: On or after October 1, 1918, all retail merchants, dealers in commodities of merchandise, foodstuffs, articles of wearing apparel, and all other articles sold retail, shall mark in plain figures the cost and sale price of each article sold, displayed for sale, or kept in stock, either on each unit of sale, or in such a conspicuous manner in the immediate vicinity of such article or articles, that no confusion or error can arise in any interpretation of the cost and sale price of each unit of sale.

BE IT RESOLVED, That each member of the Arizona State Council of Defense be, under Section 8 of House Bill No. 26, First Special Session of the Third Legislature of the State of Arizona, authorized and empowered to require any person, association or corporation in production for examination any book, documents, or papers in his or its possession; it being expressly understood that no money be himself or with other members of the Arizona State Council of Defense, except at a regular and legal Arizona State Council of Defense meeting, can make public any information derived by such examination, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That all resolutions or orders heretofore passed or made, that are in conflict with this Resolution, is hereby rescinded, voided and made obsolete.

Phoenix, Arizona, August 19, 1918.

The Patagonian received a letter from Carlos Valenzuela last Friday, too late for publication in last week's issue, in which he asked to be remembered to all his friends. He said the boys at Camp Fremont, Cal., are under orders to travel soon. Their destination is unknown, but the boys hope to be sent to France, as they are all enthusiastic to get into action against the "terrible Hun."

Government trappers operating in this section have asked the Patagonian to notify the public that they are here with dogs and to warn cattle owners and others not to poison dead animals or to get out poison in any form, as the dogs are likely to be poisoned.

The Sonoita fair this year will not be held, it is said, owing to the fact that the county failed to make an appropriation for it. In its stead the fair association is contemplating a county picnic, which will give the people of the county an opportunity to have their yearly "get-together."

Des S. Phillips of Scranton, Pa., arrived in Patagonia last Friday. He is investigating mining conditions here.

"Outwitting the Hun"

By **LIEUTENANT PAT, O'BRIEN**

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

AFTER WEEKS OF HARDSHIP O'BRIEN MEETS A FRIEND WHO OFFERS TO HELP HIM ON HIS WAY.

Synopsis.—Pat O'Brien, a resident of Moline, 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 Courtrai. 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 Luxembourg, traveling at night and sleeping by day, living on garbage and raw vegetables stolen from gardens. He is driven almost to desperation by hunger and, reaching Belgium, he risks detection by going in the middle of the night to the home of a Belgian family, where he obtains the first cooked food he had tasted in 18 days.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The knack of making fire with two pieces of dry wood I had often read about, but I had never put it to a test and for various reasons I concluded that it would be unsafe for me to build a fire even if I had matches. In the first place, there was no absolute need for it. I didn't have anything to cook nor utensils to cook it in even if I had. While the air was getting to be rather cool at night, I was usually on the go at that time and didn't notice it. In the daytime, when I was resting or sleeping, the sun was usually out.

To have borrowed matches from a Belgian peasant would have been feasible, but when I was willing to take the chance of approaching anyone, it was just as easy to ask for food as matches.

In the second place, it would have been extremely dangerous to have built a fire even if I had needed it. You can't build a fire in Belgium, which is the most thickly populated country in Europe, without everyone knowing it, and I was far from anxious to advertising my whereabouts.

The villages in that part of Belgium through which I was making my course were so close together that there was hardly ever an hour passed without my hearing some clock strike. Every village has its clock. Many times I could hear the clocks striking in two villages at the same time.

But the hour had very little interest to me. My program was to travel as fast as I could from sunset to sunrise and pay no attention to the hours in between, and in the daytime I had only two things to worry about: keep concealed and get as much sleep as possible.

The cabbage that I got in Belgium consisted of the small heads that the peasants had not cut. All the strength had concentrated in these little heads and they would be as bitter as gall. I would have to be pretty hungry today before I could ever eat cabbage again and the same observation applies to carrots, turnips and sugar beets—especially sugar beets.

It is rather a remarkable thing that today even a small of turnips, raw or cooked, makes me sick, and yet a few short months ago my life depended upon them.

Night after night as I searched for food, I was always in hopes that I might come upon some tomatoes or celery—vegetables which I really liked, but with the exception of once, when I found some celery, I was never so fortunate. I ate so much of the celery the night I came upon it that I was sick for two days thereafter, but I carried several bunches away with me and used to chew on it as I walked along.

Of course, I kept my eyes open all the time for fruit trees, but apparently it was too late in the year for fruit, as all that I ever was able to find were two pears, which I got out of a tree. That was one of my red-letter days, but I was never able to repeat it.

In the brooks and ponds that I passed I often noticed fish of different kinds. That was either in the early morning just before I turned in for the day, or on moonlight nights when the water seemed as clear in spots as it would be a simple matter to rig a hook and line and catch some fish, but I had no means of cooking them and it was useless to fish for the sake of it.

One night in Belgium my course took me through a desolate stretch of country which seemed to be absolutely uncultivated. I must have covered twelve miles during the night, without passing a single farm or cultivated field. My stock of turnips which I had picked the night before was gone and I planned, of course, to get enough to carry me through the following day.

The North Star was shining brightly that night and there was absolutely nothing to prevent my steering an absolutely direct course for Holland and liberty, but my path seemed to lie through arid pastures. Far to the

east or to the west I could hear faintly the striking of village bells, and I knew that if I changed my course I would undoubtedly strike farms and vegetables, but the North Star seemed to plead with me to follow it and I would not turn aside.

When daylight came, the consequence was I was empty handed and I had to find a hiding place for the day. I thought I would approach the first peasant I came to and ask for food, but that day I had misgivings—a hunch—that I would get into trouble if I did, and I decided to go without food altogether for that day.

It was a foolish thing to do. I found, because I not only suffered greatly from hunger all that day, but it interfered with my sleep. I would drop off to sleep for half an hour, perhaps, during that time I would dream that I was free, back home, living a life of comparative ease, and then I would wake up with a start and catch a glimpse of the bushes surrounding me, feel the hard ground beneath me, and the hunger pangs gnawing at my sides, and then I would realize how far from home I really was, and I would lie there and wonder whether I would ever really see my home again. Then I would fall asleep again and dream this time, perhaps of the days I spent in Courtrai, or my leap from the train window, or the Bavarian pilot whom I sent to eternity in my last air fight, or my tracer bullets getting closer and closer to his head, and then I would wake up again with a start and thank the Lord that I was only dreaming it all again instead of living through it!

That night I got an early start because I knew I had to have food, and I decided that rather than look for vegetables I would take a chance and apply to the first Belgian peasant whom I came to.

It was about 8 o'clock when I came to a small house. I had picked up a heavy stone and had bound it in my handkerchief and I was resolved to use it as a weapon if it became necessary. After all I had gone through, I was resolved to win my liberty eventually at whatever cost.

As it happened, I found that night the first real friend I had encountered in all my traveling. When I knocked timidly on the door, it was opened by

CHAPTER XI.

I Encounter German Soldiers.

What the Belgian told me about the need of a passport gave me fresh cause for worry. Suppose I should run into a German sentry before I succeeded in getting one?

I decided that until I reached the big city which the Belgian had mentioned—and which I cannot name for fear of identifying some of the people there who befriended me—I would proceed with the utmost precaution. Since I had discarded my uniform and had obtained civilian clothes, I had not been quite as careful as I was at first. While I had done my traveling at night, I had not gone into hiding so early in the morning as before and I had sometimes started again before it was quite dark, relying upon the fact that I would probably be mistaken for a Belgian on his way to or from work, as the case might be. From now on, I resolved, however, I would take no more chances.

That evening I came to a river perhaps seventy-five yards wide and I was getting ready to swim it when I thought I would walk a little way to find, if possible, a better place to get to the river from the bank. I had not walked more than a few hundred yards when I saw a boat. It was the first time I had seen a boat in all my experiences.

It was firmly chained, but as the stakes were sunk in the soft bank it was not much of a job to pull them out. I got in, drank to my heart's content, shoved over to the other side, got out, drove a stake into the ground and moored the boat. It would have been a simple matter to have drifted down the river, but the river was not shown on the map and I had no idea where it might lead me. Very reluctantly, therefore, I had to abandon the boat and proceed on foot.

I made several miles that night and before daylight found a safe place in which to hide for the day. From my hiding place I could see through the bushes a heavy thick wood only a short distance away. I decided that I would start earlier than usual, hurry over to the wood and perhaps, in that

"You Can Hear and Talk if You Wish—Am I Not Right?"

a Belgian peasant, about fifty years of age. He asked me in Flemish what I wanted, but I shook my head and pointed to my ears and mouth intimating that I was deaf and dumb, and then I opened and closed my mouth several times to show him that I wanted food.

He showed me inside and sat me at the table. He apparently lived alone, for his ill-furnished room had but one chair, and the plate and knife and fork he put before me seemed to be all he had. He brought me some cold

potatoes and several slices of stale bread, and he warmed me some milk on a small oil stove.

I ate ravenously and all the time I was engaged I knew that he was eyeing me closely.

Before I was half through he came over to me, touching me on the shoulder, and stooping over so that his lips almost touched my ear, he said in broken English. "You are an Englishman—I know it—and you can hear and talk if you wish—am I not right?"

There was a smile on his face and a friendly attitude about him that told me instinctively that he could be trusted, and I replied: "You have guessed right—only I am an American, not an Englishman."

He looked at me pityingly and filled my cup again with warm milk.

His kindness and apparent willingness to help me almost overcame me, and I felt like warning him of the consequences he would suffer if the Huns discovered he had befriended me. I had heard that twenty Belgians had been shot for helping Belgians to escape into Holland, and I hated to think what might happen to this good old Samaritan if the Huns ever knew that he had helped an escaped American prisoner.

After my meal was finished, I told him in as simple language as I could command of some of the experiences I had gone through and I outlined my future plans.

"You will never be able to get to Holland," he declared, "without a passport. The nearer you get to the frontier the more German soldiers you will encounter, and without a passport you will be a marked man."

I asked him to suggest a way by which I could overcome the difficulty. He thought for several moments and studied me closely all the time—perhaps endeavoring to make absolutely sure that I was not a German spy—and then apparently deciding in my favor, told me what he thought it was best for me to do.

"If you will call on this man" (mentioning the name of a Belgian in a city through which I had to pass), he advised, "you will be able to make arrangements with him to secure a passport, and he will do everything for you."

He told me where the man in question could be found and gave me some useful directions to continue my journey, and then he led me to the door. I thanked him a thousand times and wanted to pay him for his kindness and help but he would accept nothing. He did give me his name and you may be sure I shall never forget it, but to mention it here might, of course, result in serious consequences for him. When the war is over, however, or the Germans are thrown out of Belgium, I shall make it my duty to find that kind Belgian if I have to go through again all that I have suffered already to do it.

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way, I could cover two or three miles in the daytime and gain just so much time. Traveling through the wood would be comparatively safe. There was a railroad going through the wood, but I did not figure that that would make it any the less safe.

About three o'clock that afternoon, therefore, I emerged from my hiding place and hurried into the wood. After proceeding for half a mile or so I came to the railroad. I took a sharp look in both directions and seeing no signs of trains or soldiers, I walked boldly over the tracks and continued on my way.

I soon came upon a clearing and knew that someone must be living in the vicinity. As I turned a group of trees I saw a small house and in the distance an old man working in a garden. I decided to enter the house and ask for food, figuring the woman would probably be old and would be no match for me even if she proved hostile. The old woman who came to the door in response to my knock was older than I expected. If she wasn't close to a hundred, I miss my guess very much.

She could not speak English and I could not speak Flemish, of course, but nevertheless I made her understand that I wanted something to eat. She came out of the door and hollered for her husband in a shrill voice that would have done credit to a girl of eighteen. The old man came in from the garden and between the two of them they managed to get the idea that I was hungry and they gave me a piece of bread—a very small piece—which was quite a treat.

The house they lived in consisted of just two rooms—the kitchen and a bedroom. The kitchen was perhaps fourteen feet square, eight feet of one side being taken up by an enormous fireplace. What was in the bedroom I had no way of telling, as I did not dare to be too inquisitive.

I made the old couple understand that I would like to stay in their house all night, but the old man shook his head. I bade them good-by and disappeared into the woods, leaving them to speculate as to the strange foreigner they had entertained.

From the great density of the population in this section through which I was now passing I realized that I must be in the outskirts of the big city which the Belgian had mentioned and where I was to procure a passport.

Village after village intercepted me, and although I tried to skirt them wherever possible I realized that I would never make much progress if I continued that course. To gain a mile I would sometimes have to make a detour of two or three. I decided that I would try my luck in going straight through the next village I came to.

As I approached it, I passed numbers of peasants who were surling along the road. I was afraid to mingle with them because it was impossible for one to talk to them and it was dangerous to arouse suspicion even among the Belgians. For all I knew, one of them might be treacherous enough to deliver me to the Germans in return for the reward he might be sure of receiving.

About 9 o'clock that evening I came to a point where ahead of me on the right was a Belgian police station—I knew it from the red lights—and on the other side of the street were two German soldiers in uniform leaning against a bicycle.

Here was a problem which called for instant decision; if I turned back the suspicion of the soldiers would be instantly aroused and if I crossed the road so as not to pass so closely to them they might be equally suspicious. I decided to march bravely by the Huns, bluff my way through and trust to Providence. If anybody imagines, however, that I was at all comfortable as I approached these soldiers, he must think I am a much braver man than I claim to be. My heart beat so loud I was afraid they would hear it. Every step I took brought me so much nearer to what might prove to be the end of all my hopes. It was a nerve-racking ordeal.

I was now within a few feet of them. Another step and—

They didn't turn a hair! I passed right by them—heard what they were saying, although, of course, I didn't understand it, and went right on. I can't say I didn't walk a little faster as I left them behind, but I tried to maintain an even gait so as not to give them any idea of the inward exultation I was experiencing. No words can explain, however, how relieved I really felt—to know that I had successfully passed through the first of a series of similar tests which I realized were in store for me—although I did not know then how soon I was to be confronted with the second.

As it was, however, the incident gave me a world of confidence. It demonstrated to me that there was nothing in my appearance at any rate to attract the attention of the German soldiers. Apparently I looked like a Belgian peasant, and if I could only work things so that I would never have to answer questions and thus

give away my nationality, I figured I would be tolerably safe.

As I marched along I felt so happy I couldn't help humming an air of one of the new patriotic songs that we used to sing at the air-drome back in Ypres.

In this happy frame of mind I covered the next three miles in about an hour and then came to another little village. My usual course would have been to go around it—through fields, back yards, woods or whatever else lay in my way—but I had gained so much time by going through the last village instead of detouring around it and my appearance seemed to be so unsuspecting that I decided to try the same stunt again.

I stopped humming and kept very much on the alert, but apart from that, I walked boldly through the main street without any feeling of alarm.

I had proceeded perhaps a mile along the main street when I noticed ahead of me three German soldiers standing at the curb.

Ah! my heart started to beat fast, I must confess, but I was not nearly so scared as I had been an hour or so before.

I walked ahead, determined to follow my previous procedure in every particular.

I had got to about fifteen feet away from the soldiers when one of them stepped onto the sidewalk and shouted:

"Halt!"

My heart stopped beating fast—for a moment, I believe, it stopped beating altogether! I can't attempt to de-

scribe my feelings. I thought that the jig was up—that all I had gone through and all I had escaped would now avail me nothing, mingled with the feeling of disgust with myself because of the foolish risk I had taken in going through the village, combined to take all the starch out of me, and I could feel myself willing as the soldier advanced to the spot where I stood rooted in my tracks.

I had a bottle of water in one pocket and a piece of bread in the other, and as the Hun advanced to search me I held the bottle up in one hand and the piece of bread in the other so that he could see that was all I had.

It occurred to me that he would "frisk" me—that is, feel me over for arms or other weapons, then place me under arrest and march me off to the guardhouse. I had not the slightest idea but that I was captured and there didn't seem to be much use in resisting, unarmed as I was and with two other German soldiers within a few feet of us.

Like a flash it suddenly dawned on me, however, that for all this soldier could have known I was only a Belgian peasant and that his object in searching me, which he proceeded to do, was to ascertain whether I had committed the common "crime" of smuggling potatoes.

The Belgians were allowed only a certain amount of potatoes, and it is against the laws laid down by the Huns to deal in vegetables of any kind except under the rigid supervision of the authorities. Nevertheless, it was one of the principal vocations of the average poor Belgian to buy potatoes out in the country from peasants and then smuggle them into the large cities and sell them clandestinely at a high price.

To stop this traffic in potatoes, the German soldiers were in the habit of subjecting the Belgians to frequent search, and I was being held up by this soldier for no other reason than that he thought I might be a potato smuggler!

He felt of my outside clothes and pockets, and finding no potatoes seemed to be quite satisfied. Had he but known who I was he could have earned an iron cross! Or, perhaps, in view of the fact that I had a heavy water bottle in my uplifted hand, it might have turned out to be a wooden cross!

He said something in German, which, of course, I did not understand, and then some Belgian peasants came along and seemed to distract his attention. Perhaps he had said: "It's all

right; you may go on," or he may have been talking to the others in Flemish, but at any rate, observing that he was more interested in the others than he was in me at the moment, I put the bottle in my pocket and walked on.

After I walked a few steps, I took a furtive glance backward and noticed the soldier who had searched me rejoin his comrades at the curb and then stop another fellow who had come along, and then I disappeared in the darkness.

I cannot say that the outcome of this adventure left me in the same confident frame of mind that followed the earlier one. I was sure I had come out of it all right, but I could not help thinking what a terribly close shave I had.

Suppose the soldier had questioned me! The ruse I had been following in my dealings with the Belgian peasants—pretending I was deaf and dumb—might possibly have worked here, too, but a soldier—a German soldier—might not so easily have been fooled. It was more than an even chance that it would have at least aroused his suspicion and resulted in further investigation. A search of my clothing would have revealed a dozen things which would have established my identity and all my shaming of deafness would have availed me nothing.

As I wandered along I knew that I was now approaching the big city which my Belgian friend had spoken of and which I would have to enter if I was to get the passport, and I realized how low essential it was to have something to enable me to get through the frequent examinations to which I expected to be subjected.

While I was still debating in my mind whether it was going to be possible for me to enter the city that night, I saw in the distance what appeared to be an arc light, and as I neared it that was what it turned out to be. Beneath the light I could make out the forms of three guards, and the thought of having to go through the same kind of ordeal that I had just experienced filled me with misgivings. Was it possible that I could be fortunate enough to get by again?

As I slowed up a little, trying to make up my mind what was best to do, I was overtaken by a group of Belgian women who were shuffling along the road, and I decided to mingle with them and see if I couldn't convey the impression that I was one of their party.

As we approached the arc light, the figures of those soldiers with their spiked helmets loomed before like a regiment. I felt as if I were walking right into the jaws of death. Rather than go through what was in store for me, I felt that I would infinitely prefer to be fighting again in the air with those four desperate Huns who had been the cause of my present plight—then, at least, I would have a chance to fight back, but now I had to risk my life and take what was coming to me without a chance to strike a blow in my own defense.

I shall never forget my feelings as we came within the shaft of light projected by that great arc light nor the faces of those three guards as we passed by them. I didn't look directly at them, but out of the corner of my eye I never missed a detail. I held a handkerchief up to my face as we passed them and endeavored to imitate the slouching gait of the Belgians as well as I could, and apparently it worked. We walked right by those guards and they paid absolutely no attention to us.

If ever a fellow felt like going down on his knees and praying I did at that moment, but it wouldn't have done to show my elation or gratitude in that conspicuous way.

It was then well after 11 o'clock and I knew it would be unsafe for me to attempt to find a lodging place in the city, and the only thing for me to do was to locate the man whose name the Belgian had given me. He had given me a good description of the street and had directed me how to get there, and I followed his instructions closely.

After walking the streets for about half an hour, I came upon one of the landmarks my friend had described to me and ten minutes afterwards I was knocking at the door of the man who was to make it possible for me to reach Holland—and liberty! At least, that was what I hoped.

O'Brien is promised help in getting across the frontier to Holland, but just as he is rejoicing over the prospect of early freedom, he is rudely awakened from his dream. Read about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Last Photograph Taken of Lieutenant O'Brien Before His Capture. With Him is His Chum, Lieutenant Raney.

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Wood Grapple Saves Work.

The handling of logs by means of a crane equipped with a good grapple is not only more spectacular than the old method, but it effects an immense saving in labor and has made it possible to pile logs in a great height. Similar outfits are used in handling ties, posts, pulp wood, etc. The grapple is made like a clamshell bucket except that the scoops are replaced by curved steel tines, in the grasp of which a large number of logs can be held at once.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The Roman catacombs are 580 miles in extent, and it is estimated that something like 15,000,000 dead are there interred.

ASTHMADOR AVERTS-RELIEVES HAY FEVER ASTHMA Begin Treatment NOW

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. No flies, no flies, no flies.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books Free. High class references. Best results.

Soldiers Soothe Skin Troubles with Cuticura Soap, Ointment, Talcum, etc.

Denver Directory

Wilson Never Break Trace SADDLERY CO. DENVER

NEW TIRES 40% LESS GOODRICH - FIRESTONE - MILLER

W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 33-1918.

Only Thirty Days. Gus Peterson hasn't care much for his bar society business, but sum tam his wife her drag Gus out and he has awful tam fling out vote to do with his hand and feet.

Last week Missus Peterson took Gus to dinner party at Washington hotel and Gus he hav to set between in society vimmen. Those vimmen tank it bane gode yoke and they try to talk to Gus, but he ain't say vary much.

"A got letter from my son. He's in Yale, you no," said one of the vimmen.

"Ay got bruther voi bane there tu," Gus say.

"Is that so? Vot year?" ask the vooman.

"He don't got no year," Gus tal her. "He just punch a Norwegian feller in the eye and the judge give him 30 day in jail."

Lemon Juice For Freckles Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard wild, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle, sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion whiter, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands and see how freckles, sunburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.—Adv.

She Wrote It. The mother of an eight-year-old girl wished to send her on an errand to the grocery.

"Get a can of peas," said the mother; they're little peas. I think they are called Lilliputian peas.

"I can't ever remember that name," said the small girl.

"Very well," said the mother, "then write it down."

And this was the puzzle she presented the grocer:

"One can Lilly Puh Shun peas."

Don't be misled. Ask for Red Cross Bag Blue. Makes beautiful white clothes. At all good grocers. Adv.

No Kick Then. The motorcar dealer met an undertaker one afternoon to whom he had recently sold a second-hand car.

"Well, Lane," said the dealer, "how about that car I sold you? Everything going satisfactorily?"

"Well," replied the undertaker, "it did give me a little trouble at first. I used it for a mourning vehicle, you know, to carry the mourners and friends, and they don't like to be shook up in their grief. But now I'm using it as a hearse, and I haven't had any complaints so far."

What Englishwomen Are Doing. Six hundred and seventeen thousand English women have gone into business—108,000 into government positions; 62,000 into transport services; 50,000 into banking and finance; 307,000 into selling and clerical positions.—From McK. C. R. Drug Topics.

Be sure you're right, then be sure you're sure.

Your Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Marline Eye Remedy.

YANKEES QUAIL AT PINK DECORATIONS

Women Hero Worshipers "Plumb Flabbergast" Our Dough-boys in Paris.

MIGHTY POOR MATINEE IDOLS

But Can They Fight? Oh, Boy, You Can't Stop Them—Ask the Major, He Knows—Also About the Marines.

By RICHARD HENRY LITTLE, (Chicago Newspaper Man, Now in Y. M. C. A. Service on Atlantic.)

New York.—American soldiers are grand fighters but very poor matinee idols. When women spring from their seats in the sidewalk cafes in Paris and thrust flowers in their hands, they look as ashamed as a dog caught stealing eggs.

The most awful suffering I saw in Paris was the case of a big husky from an infantry outfit. A lady of great distinction had stopped her machine in the middle of the street while the soldier was crossing, and, leaning out, had enthusiastically tied a bright pink ribbon around his neck. Amidst much rejoicing from the assembled French spectators the lady went her way and the big soldier looked as if he was just about to choke to death, although it was a very thin ribbon and loosely tied. I saw him an hour later and he still wore the ribbon and had turned deathly pale and was evidently in terrible pain.

The Captain's Orders. "Listen," said the infantry husky in a hoarse whisper, "the captain said we was to receive any compliments given us by the French with a smile and show 'em we appreciated it and not hurt their feelings by ditching it, but if I have to wear this pink ribbon around me neck for another hour I'll go nuts and bite myself in the leg. For the love of Mike do something."

I removed the ribbon from the suffering soldier's neck and after a while he grew calm and quite rational and he told me some stories of the front regarding the first assault of the Americans against Chateau Thierry.

"They can't hold us guys," he said, "when we git started we just keep goin'. All anybody says is just kill 'em, kill 'em, and O boy, you ought to see our lads go to it!"

"There at Chatty Teery the officers were making an awful holler about the boys running too fast and ducking right through the barrage and not paying attention to nothing except spearin' Boches. Our colonel came over before we started and he was much particular-like in pointing out a bunch of rocks where he wanted our battalion to halt.

"The major said all right, that he would stop his four companies right on the line of them rocks, and then we started. We got it right in the

nose, from every Dutch gun in front of us, but the boys just yelled and laughed and away they went. Say, they didn't pay no more attention to the major when we came to them rocks than if he hadn't been there at all.

"I went back to give him a message from my captain and he was standing by the rocks and up came the colonel and the colonel gave the major blinking hell for not stopping the battalion where he said, and the major was madder 'n a hornet, and he double damned the colonel right back again and he said: 'How the crucified damnation could I stop them crazy, wild-eyed sons of perdition? If that hog-faced crown prince and his whole damnety damn Dutch army couldn't stop 'em, what the h— could I do?'"

And Those Marines. I asked him if the marines were good fighters.

"Good fighters?" the soldier said; "say, every time I see a marine I want to go up and give him a kiss.

"If they ever get started again they will never stop till they get to Berlin. Now, you listen to me, I know. Say, do you know what I saw them marines do?"

"They had taken three trenches and was stopping in the third to fill their pockets with grenades and bombs before tackling the next trench that was chuck-full of Boches. The Dutch was using mustard gas and we was all wearing our masks. The grenades was passed around.

"The marines filled their pockets and hung 'em on their belts and then they seemed to decide that they needed more for the job than what they had, so what did those crazy outs do

SPOILING HUN'S SLEEP

Desultory Bombing Distracts Antiaircraft Gunners.

Drop Two and Flit Away; When Fritz Settles Down, Wake Him Up Again.

Behind the British Lines in France. One of the most exciting tasks to which airmen are assigned is "desultory bombing" over one spot for an hour or more. The object is to distract the attention of the antiaircraft defenders of a given district.

A machine carrying a dozen or more bombs is employed for the work. The airman, a pilot and an observer approach their target cautiously. With engines throttled down, the craft glides nearer and nearer.

Below all is quiet. No German searchlights are sweeping the sky. When the attackers are almost over

FOOTBALL STAR IN SERVICE



An adept at tackling, Howard Barry, once a captain of football and now a lieutenant in war. Lieutenant Barry was last year's captain of the University of Pennsylvania's football team and is now a lieutenant at Camp Gordon, Ga.

but whip off their gas masks and fill 'em up with grenades and then, snuffing their masks like they was market baskets, they jumped and down they comes on the Dutch in the next trench all spraddled out, and they bombed 'em till there wasn't nothing but just grease spots left.

"Oh, you marines, boys, my hat is certainly off to you."

And likewise you infantry and you artillery.

their object a rocket rises and bursts into a cluster of red stars.

The machine has been discovered. At once six or seven searchlights throw their beams aloft. The pilot looks at his watch; it is time to begin bombing.

He flies steadily on, although a barrage of bursting shells lies now in front of him. The observer looks through the wires of his bomb sight. He thrusts his lever forward and releases two bombs. A few seconds later he sees the flash of their explosions, and hears two dull rours. He signals to the pilot and the machine sweeps away from the fiery ring of shells and searchlights.

A few miles away the airplane flies to and fro at top speed. The puzzled searchlights vainly feel the sky in all directions and then, one by one, are switched off.

Then the pilot quickly returns toward the target. Another bomb is dropped. As it explodes the searchlights reappear and the barrage is renewed, while through the shell bursts are threaded the chains of green flaming globes so much used by the Germans.

Again the machine flies away and this time to bewilder the soldiers below, the observer fires a white Very light, which slowly drifts down and fades out. All the searchlights follow it until it dies.

Repeatedly the airman returns to the attack. Bombs are dropped at intervals until the end of the hour, when the machine departs, flickering fires and clouds of smoke filling of the havoc wrought by the bombs.

IN WATER 19 HOURS IS SAVED BY COFFIN

Indiana, Pa.—In the water for 19 hours and a portion of the time clinging to a rough box which contained the rudder of an American soldier who had died at sea was the experience of Frank S. Koppie of Advance, near here, following the sinking of the steamer President Lincoln, according to a letter from Koppie to his folks here.

AMAZE THE ITALIANS

Yankee Flyers Credited With Great Heroism.

Exploits Quickly Win Honors Given by King Victor Emmanuel Himself.

Italian Army Headquarters.—The Italian commandant under whose direction the American flyers are working on the Italian front has only one fault to find with them. They never want to remain on the ground.

The exploits which brought five of the American airmen decorations cannot yet be published, but the value of their services may be judged from the fact that King Victor Emmanuel traveled to the section held by the Americans to make the presentation.

A few days ago Lieut. Alexander C. Craig of New York, while flying over Austrian territory, was attacked by a

chaser plane. By skillfully handling his own machine, after a few minutes of jockeying he put his adversary at a disadvantage and maneuvered his own gunner into such a position that a burst of machine gunfire shot the attacker dead and sent his plane to the ground in flames.

Lieut. Harry L. Holtz of Burley, Idaho, showed he could combine great coolness in danger with a thorough understanding of Italian habits and customs. On his way back over the Austrian lines after a deep raid into enemy territory his plane was struck by a burst of shrapnel from anti-aircraft guns. One fragment lodged in the body of Holtz's machine, another tore a hole in the right wing, while a third splintered one of the left-wing spars, at the same time cutting one of the aileron control cables to such an extent that a single strand of steel wire was left.

Lieutenant Holtz calmly pointed out

Judicial Pun.

A certain judge was trying a case where a dealer sued a steamship company for the loss of some pigs in a fire on board a cross-channel boat. It came out in evidence that the steamer had a large deck load, and here the damage was greatest.

The judge thus began his charge to the jury: "Gentlemen, to put these pigs on deck was a rash act, but to fry them was a rasher."

One Thing That Holds Its Own. Everything else is getting smaller—doughnuts and cakes and pies—but the "piece of mind" we get from our critics is the same old regulation size.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Don't Poison Baby.

FORTY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Casus Belli. "Yes'm," through his bruised lips confessed the little boy whose limbs sprangled unmercifully and whose freckles were as the sands on the seashore. "I've been fighting Skinny Smith for me a thousand dollars that his brother who is in the army would kill more Huns than my soldier brother would. I bet him a million dollars his old brother wouldn't do any such thing. Then he bet me a billion he would, too. I didn't know any bigger number than that, and so, of course, I had to whip him."—Kansas City Star.

His Disappointment. "I found a letter lying on the sidewalk this morning," grumbled old Riley Rozzibow of Petunia. "It was signed 'Lucile,' and at first looked as if it might be worth reading. But when I had read the first line or two, which said, 'John and I went to Bethel to the big singing last Sunday; I just throwed it down again. What kind of a letter was that to lose on the public street?'"—Kansas City Star.

Jamaicans can raise two vegetable crops yearly.

GOOD-BYE BACKACHE, KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES

For centuries all over the world GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has afforded relief in thousands upon thousands of cases of lame back, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatism, gallstones, gravel and all other affections of the kidneys, liver, stomach, bladder and allied organs. It acts quickly. It does the work. It cleanses your kidneys and purifies the blood. It makes a new man, a new woman, of you. It frequently wards off attacks of the dread and fatal disease of the kidneys. It often completely cures the distressing diseases of the organs of the body filled with the bladder and kidneys. Bloody or cloudy urine, sediment or "brickdust" indicate an unhealthy condition.

Do not delay a minute if your back aches or you are sore across the joints or have difficulty when urinating. Go to your druggist at once and get a

box of imported GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They are pleasant and easy to take. Each capsule contains about one dose of five drops. Take them just like you would any pill. Take a small swallow of water if you want to. They dissolve in the stomach, and the kidneys soak up the oil like a sponge does water. They thoroughly cleanse and wash out the bladder and kidneys and throw off the inflammation which is the cause of the trouble. They will quickly relieve those stiffened joints, that backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gallstones, gravel, "brickdust," etc.—They are an effective remedy for all diseases of the bladder, kidney, liver, stomach and allied organs. Your druggist will cheerfully refund your money if you are not satisfied after a few days' use. Accept only the pure, original GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. None other genuine.—Adv.

Watch Your Stomach In Hot Weather

A Cool, Sweet, Strong Stomach Your Best Safeguard Against Summer Sickness

"Keep your stomach in good working order during the hot summer months and you will have little to fear in the way of sickness" the advice many physicians give as hot weather approaches.

Good, sound, common sense advice, too. For very frequently, and especially in hot weather, these common stomach disorders which so many people seem to regard as of minor importance, do open the way for serious illness.

So keep your stomach sweet, cool and comfortable all summer long. The extra work—change of diet—poisons that come with hot weather—all hit us in the stomach. The strongest stomach will need help this summer as never before.

The one easy way if you have the right remedy is to rid the stomach of too much acid. Because it's so important that interferes with digestion and assimilation, and this causes about all those stomach miseries you are so familiar with—heartburn, food repeat-

ing, indigestion, sour, gassy stomach and that miserable, bloated, puffed-up condition after eating.

Now here is good news. An easy, sure relief has been found to get rid of the harmful acidity and gases in the stomach. It is called EATONIC, a good tasting compound that you eat just like candy. A tablet or two of EATONIC after meals will work wonders. You can have no idea of what sure, quick comfort EATONIC brings until you do try it. Use EATONIC after your meals, enjoy a good appetite and get full strength from the food you eat. At the same time protect yourself from summer stomach and bowel miseries.

Get a big box of EATONIC from your druggist today. He will tell you that people who have used EATONIC say that they never dreamed that anything could give such quick and wonderful results. It costs only 50c a box and if it fails in any way, your druggist, who you know and trust, will return your money.

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE Get under the Shower of Gold coming to farmers from the rich wheat fields of Western Canada. Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$30 per acre and raise from 20 to 45 bushels of \$2 wheat to the acre it's easy to make money. Canada offers in her provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta 160 Acre Homesteads Free to Settlers and other land at very low prices. Thousands of farmers from the U. S. or their sons are yearly taking advantage of this great opportunity. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. Good schools; markets convenient; climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to W. V. BENNETT Room 4, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb. Canadian Government Agent

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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.

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AMERICANS ASKED TO LIMIT USE OF SUGAR

Must Use No More Than Two Pounds Per Person a Month if the Present Meagre Allied Sugar Ration Is Maintained.

Stocks Will Be Short Until Beginning of New Year—Ration May Be Enlarged Then.

Two pounds of sugar a month—half a pound a week—that is the sugar ration the U. S. Food Administration has asked every American to observe until January 1, 1919, in order to make sure there shall be enough for our Army and Navy, for the Allied armies and for the civilians of those nations.

By New Year's the world sugar situation will be relieved somewhat by the new crop. Cuban sugar of this year's crop will be arriving in this country.

Every available sugar source will be drawn on by the Food Administration during the next winter months to maintain sufficient stocks here to keep up our national sugar supply. During October the first American beet sugar will arrive in the markets. By the middle of November some of our Louisiana cane crop will be available. All of this sugar and more may be needed to keep this nation supplied on a reduced ration and to safeguard the Allied sugar ration from still further

reduction. In Europe the present ration is already reduced to a minimum.

Our Situation.

The situation which the United States faces in its efforts to maintain a fair distribution of sugar to the Allied world is as follows:

Sugar supplies throughout the country, in homes, stores, factories and bakeries are at a low ebb. We must make increased sugar shipments to the Allies.

Production of American beet and Louisiana cane crops have been disappointing.

Porto Rico crops have been curtailed.

Immense sugar stocks in Java cannot be reached on account of the shipping shortage; ships are needed for troop movements and munitions.

Army and Navy sugar requirements have increased as well as those from the Allies.

Most industries using sugar have had their allotment reduced by one-half; some will receive no sugar.

Households should make every effort to preserve the fruit crop without sugar, or with small amounts of sugar. Later, when the sugar supply is larger, the canned fruit may be sweetened as it is used.

SABBATH DAY IN FRANCE PICTURED

Not What Yanks Are Accustomed to at Home.

TYPICAL SUNDAY DESCRIBED

Former Insurance Man Conducts Religious Services and Later in the Day Referees Boxing Match—Decency and Wholesomeness of Young Americans Impresses New-comer—Mothers Would Be Proud of Them.

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER.

A churchgoer of the ordinary, old-fashioned kind would be a bit puzzled, no doubt, if he were to see the way the American army in France observes the Sabbath day. Sundays over here are not the same sort one is accustomed to at home. Even the most religious among our fighting men have widened their views regarding the Sabbath.

Understand now, this does not mean that our boys have grown ungodly. It is the very opposite, rather. The first thing that impresses the newcomer, in spite of what he may have heard at home, is the striking decency and wholesomeness of this host of young Americans. France, in fact, has nurtured at our soldiers' self-restraint; for no matter what history has to say of other great bodies of armed men, our boys have conducted themselves in a way to make their mothers proud. So, even though it is said that their attitude toward Sunday has altered, this does not mean—far from it, indeed—that it has altered for the worse. It means merely that among them Sunday is not devoted entirely to religious observances. Here, if you like, is a picture of one Sabbath in France.

The place is up in the Luneville sector. That Sunday the sun was shining, glowing down with a dazzling radiance on the flowering fields and hills behind the lines. Out in front, a bare three kilometers away, was the ugly, scarred zigzag of the front-line trenches, the one bluish on the landscape as far as the eye could see.

Insurance Man Leads.

Near by, the little town, hardly more than a village, and now battered by the Hun's bombs and shells lay peaceful and quiet in the morning air. Presently one heard a burst of song, that good old hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." It rose on the quiet air, propelled from a hundred or more sturdy lungs. The source of it was a Y. M. C. A. field hut, now tenanted what once had been a blowy drinking place. Inside morning services were going on. The leader of the services was a former Buffalo (N. Y.) real estate and insurance man. He was not a preacher, he never had been one, but the war had imposed on him this new duty. The services were brief but they were earnest.

After they had finished it the extempore pastor gave them a little talk. There was nothing smug about it, nothing neatly mouthed. It was just

a King-being sort of an allocation such as might have been heard in an athletic field dressing room between the two halves of a "varsity football match.

Afterward the amateur pastor gave them his benediction, a sort of "Here's luck, fellows," valedictory. A moment later one saw the insurance man, relieved from his spiritual duties, dispensing chocolate, chewing gum and cigarettes at the other end of the hut.

These were the morning's religious services. At one o'clock the insurance man was at it again.

His chapel now had moved from the former bivouac to a bigger, more commodious temple—nature's world of out-of-doors. The insurance man's talk was a homely bit about the Holy Writ. But the boys—there were 80 of them now—listened with silent interest. "Get it?" inquired the insurance man. Yes; they got it. The "it" was something about another preacher who went upon a mountain, and what he said to a multitude.

Just Innocent Fun.

At two o'clock the "Y" man was back in his hut. The hut, by then had begun to fill. Presently the "Y" man, with a grin, called the place to order.

"The first event on the program," he announced, "will be a four-round bout, 'Splice' Anderson versus 'Battling Bill' Roberts. Shake hands. First round! Time!"

A trio of buck and wing dancers followed, after which there was a song, a very topical one. Then a recitation, "Old Ironsides at Anchor Lay." The bit of the occasion, though, was a real, simon-pure glass-ender, a young private from a neighboring unit.

So, for three hours passed the Sunday afternoon. A queer Sabbath some will say; yet what of it? One was certain of its innocence.

That night, when the writer was on his way back through the town, there rose from within a "Y" hut a rousing chorus of voices. They were young, fresh, hearty voices, and what they sang was "The Son of God Goes Forth to War."

So finished a Sunday in France.

SUBSTITUTE ENLISTMENT

Story of Friendship Like That of Damon and Pythias.

An incident has come to light at Cuero, Tex., in connection with the last draft call which is very much like the story of Damon and Pythias. The local board had exhausted its list of town clerks and had taken up the chains of farmers to select the men who could best be spared from their work. Emil Goehring was among the boys chosen to go and Wallace McCormick was deferred until a later call.

Then the word came that Emil had sickness in his family and McCormick went before the board and obtained permission to get Goehring's tag and go in his stead.

Goehring was very appreciative of the kindness done him and made arrangements for a star to go on the county's service flag for Wallace.

Nerve Tonic Was Corn Cure.

St. Louis, Mo.—Mistaking a bottle of "corn cure" for a nerve remedy, Miss Olga Pitt, nineteen, took a big dose. She was soon hurried to the city hospital in a serious condition.

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

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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.

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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.

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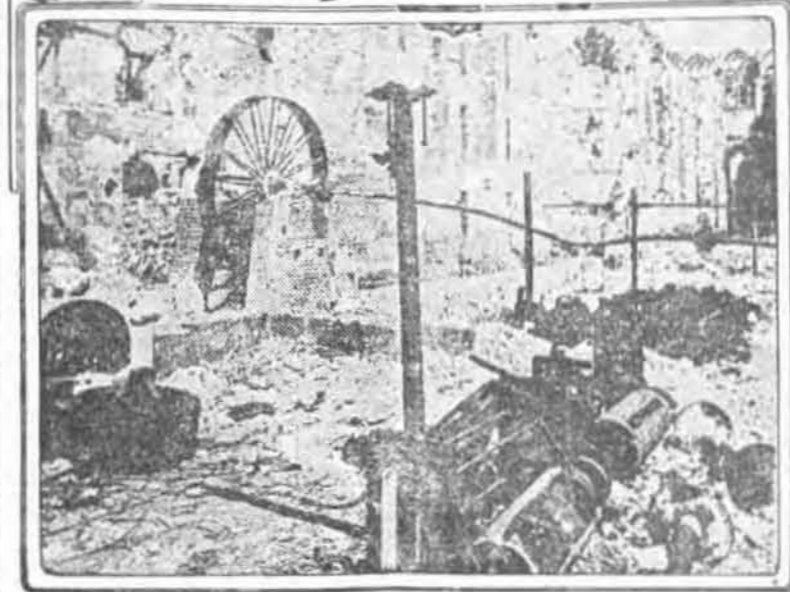
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NOGALES

Drawer D

ARIZONA

French Sugar Mills Destroyed



France must import sugar today, most of it from this side of the ocean, because the largest portion of French sugar beet land is in German hands. As a result, the French people have been placed on a sugar ration of about 18 pounds a year for domestic use; a pound and a half a month. This photograph shows how the German

troops destroyed French sugar mills. Thanks to the French rationing system the annual consumption has been cut to 600,000 tons, according to reports reaching the United States Food Administration. Before the war France had an average sugar crop of about 750,000 tons of sugar and had some left over for export.

GERMAN CROPS WILL BE SHORT

Dry Weather Curtails Production of Vegetables.

SUGAR IS MUCH SCARCER

Soldiers Sent to Russia to Harvest Grain and Seize it for Army Needs—Plague of Insects Destroys Potatoes and Cabbage—Six to Seven Ounces of Sugar Is Weekly Allowance Permitted by Government.

All the troubles of the kaiser and his aids are not confined to the Saisons-Helms sector, as is indicated by the reports of food crops in Germany which are reaching officials of the United States government. In the south and west of Germany favorable conditions prevail due chiefly to rains and intensive cultivation.

In middle Germany, however, and especially in Mecklenburg and Pomerania, the dry weather has curtailed or destroyed the vegetable crops, and importation of foodstuffs from other parts of the empire already have been found necessary.

To complicate the situation in the drought ridden areas, plagues of insects have attacked the potato crop and all but destroyed it. The cabbage crop has suffered heavily in this respect, too.

In some sections of Germany an excellent fruit crop is reported, while in other parts it is only mediocre and scarcely sufficient to meet the needs of the civilian population during the summer months.

Soldiers Harvest in Russia.
In the face of the shortage Germany is sending soldiers equipped with threshing machines into the Russian grain country, harvesting the crops and taking what she desires, usually all, and giving the peasants little. In Poland and Lithuania horses and cattle are being seized, along with timber, with no payments made and no receipts given for the supplies the Germans "requisition."

The beet sugar crop in Germany is about 1,500,000 tons short, although a price of 32 cents a bushel was allowed to the farmers as a means of stimulating its production. One of the causes of failure in production was found in the shortage of coal at the sugar factories. Many of them were unable to obtain coal at all and used fodder from the fields and other similar materials for fuel.

A report on the table allotment of sugar in Germany which has reached this country shows that from six to seven ounces a week for each person is allowed by the government. This is almost the same quantity that is allowed to the people of the United States under the new sugar conservation regulations put into effect by the food administration.

Sugar in Preserves Forbidden.
The use of sugar in jams, preserves and other canned fruits has been forbidden and all sugar is being used only to meet the table needs of the German population.

Virtually all the vegetables that are being grown in Germany are being produced by women and girls. Men, regardless of their ages, have been sent to the munitions plants unless previously called on for military service. An official of the military system occupying a position corresponding to local food director is determining the proportion of each garden and vegetable crop which the producers may keep for their own use and the part which must be sent into the cities for consumption there or canned for transportation to the front.

One of the severe hardships to which the German civilian population is being subjected is in the shortage of soap. Inability to obtain caustic soda and other ingredients used in soap making virtually has ended the supply for civilian use.

VILLA'S STEPSON JOINS UNITED STATES CAVALRY

Manchester, N. H.—William Ceraco, aged nineteen, who says he is a stepson of Villa, the notorious Mexican bandit, has enlisted in the United States cavalry here. Ceraco says that three years ago, during the border uprising, Villa shot his father and married his mother. Ceraco came north with the New Hampshire troops when they returned from duty on the border.

He says that he likes the United States so well that he has decided it is worth fighting for anywhere and was very anxious to know when he could get "over there."

FOR ARMY SUPPLIES

Build Warehouses to Cost \$218,000,000.

Permanent Structures Are Being Established at Chicago and Other Places.

Washington.—Warehouse construction, completed or in process of building, planned to facilitate the speedy handling of materials at storage points for use of the army, involves an expenditure of approximately \$218,000,000, the war department announced. When completed the projects will provide about 33,500,000 square feet of warehouse space, additional wharves and piers and improved harbor berths at various points.

With few exceptions, the war department announcement says, the projects are permanent structures of concrete, brick and steel. The building is being done under the supervision of the construction division of the army.

Warehouses have been completed at Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Hoboken, Jeffersonville, Ind.; Port Newark, N. J.; Americus, Ga.; Chicago, Dayton, O.; Richmond, Va.; San Antonio, and Middletown, Pa. Construction is under way at New Orleans, Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Newport News, Little Rock, Ark.; Schenectady, New Cumberland, Pa.; Columbus, O.; Charleston, S. C. and Norfolk, Va.

FIGURE ON COSTS FOR WAR

Investigators Get Up Production Statistics on Twenty Essentials.

Production costs of twenty essential commodities are being investigated by the federal trade commission for the confidential use of the war-making branches of the government. Twelve of the inquiries are for the use of the war industries board in determining fair prices on purchases for the government, three are for the food administration, two for the fuel administration, two for the army and one for the railroad administration. The investigations include cost inquiries into bituminous coal, petroleum, coke, pig iron, ingots, rolled steel, copper, zinc, nickel, lumber, sand and gravel, locomotives, textiles and various food supplies.

SLAPS WAR PROFITEER TWICE

Mother Hands Boastful Passenger Wallop for Each of Her Sons in Service.

Monessen, Pa.—"I'm making big money, and for my part I wish the war would keep up awhile longer," remarked a man on a street car here. A well-dressed, motherly-looking woman arose and gave the man a stinging slap, with "Take that for my son in France! And take that for my other son who is in camp waiting to go to France!" she said as she applied the same treatment to the other cheek. The man took punishment without saying a word.

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The Tucson National Bank

Capital \$100,000.00

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34 E. Congress St.

WHY WE ARE ASKED TO LIMIT OURSELVES TO TWO POUNDS OF SUGAR PER PERSON PER MONTH

To honorably equalize the limited sugar supply among all who sit at our common table.

To give to our soldiers and the Allied armies the sugar they require for the quick energy and the superhuman endurance necessary for fighters.

To give the people of England 2 pounds of sugar a month.

To give the people of France 1 1/2 pounds of sugar a month.

To give the people of Italy 1 pound of sugar a month.

There is only a limited amount of sugar available until the next crop. We cannot increase the amount, but

WE MUST DIVIDE IT HONESTLY

A. F. KERR,

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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.

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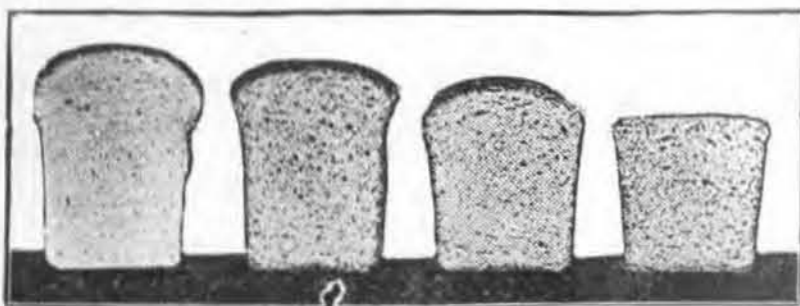
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Prompt and Accurate Work

HUGO W. MILLER, NOGALES, ARIZONA

The Housewife and the War

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)
WAR TIME BREAD MAKING.



One Kind of Bread That Should Not Be Made and Three Kinds That Should.

WHEATLESS LOAF SHOULD BE MADE

Satisfactory Yeast Breads With Cereals Other Than Wheat Are Being Baked.

SOME OF RESULTS OBTAINED

Problem Solved Both for Housekeeper and Professional Baker by Experimental Kitchen of Agricultural Department.

Housekeepers as well as professional bakers have been working on the problem of how to make satisfactory yeast breads with other cereals than wheat. Not all have solved the problem satisfactorily. The office of home economics of the United States department of agriculture has successfully worked out ways of combining the various substitutes in making a 50-per-cent-substitution bread, a 75-per-cent-substitution bread, and an entirely wheatless bread.

The first loaf pictured above has gone out of style in America; it is the all-wheat loaf that we were accustomed to using before the war. The other loaves are the kind that all Americans should use now. In the last three loaves a mixture of barley and rice flour has been used in place of wheat flour; the second loaf has only 50 per cent wheat flour; the third goes a step further and uses only 25 per cent wheat, while the last boasts of being entirely wheatless. These breads were worked out in the experimental kitchen of the department of agriculture, office of home economics and the United States food administration, home conservation section.

Increase Volume of Substitutes.
 The food administration requires that all bread sold must contain 20 per cent wheat substitutes. But, if we can make satisfactory bread using a higher percentage of wheat substitutes so much the better. Here is the recipe for a 50-50 bread that is very good.

50-50 Bread.
 3/4 cupful liquid, 1 tablespoonful corn 1/2 cupful mashed potato, 2 teaspoonfuls salt, 1 1/2 cupfuls wheat 1 1/2 cupfuls barley flour, 1 egg, 1/4 cupful rice flour, 1/4 cake yeast, 1 1/2 cupfuls rice flour.

Make a sponge of all the ingredients except the rice and barley flour. The potatoes should be freshly mashed with no fat or milk added. The water in which they cooked can be used for the liquid. Let the sponge stand in a warm place until very light. If dry yeast is used, set the sponge the night before. Add the rice and barley flour when the sponge is light. Knead and let rise until doubled in bulk. Knead again, form into loaves, place in a loaf pan, and allow to rise until bulk is again doubled. Brush over top of loaf with melted fat before putting it to rise. Bake for one hour and a quarter in a hot oven.

Other satisfactory 50-50 breads make use of rolled oats (1 1/2 cupfuls), combined with rice flour (1 1/2 cupfuls), or corn flour (1 1/2 cupfuls), or tapioca flour (1 1/2 cupfuls), in place of the rice and barley flour in the recipe.

Loaves Are Less Elastic.
 None of the loaves using a high percentage of substitutes equal the all-wheat loaf in lightness, wheat having a special substance known as gluten, which gives it elastic properties that make it specially valuable for bread-making. None of the other flours, except rye, contain this substance in any appreciable amount so that when we substitute for the wheat flour large quantities of flours that do not contain gluten, we cannot expect the same elasticity. The loaves are more compact and less porous. In the 75-per-cent and 100-per-cent-substitution loaves an egg is used as binding material and as an additional leavener.

A 75-Per-Cent-Substitute Loaf.
 3/4 cupful liquid, 1 egg, 1/2 cupful mashed potato, 2 cupfuls barley flour, 1/2 cupfuls wheat 2 1/2 cupfuls of rolled oats, 1/4 cake yeast, and 1 1/2 cupfuls rice flour.

1 tablespoonful corn 1/4 cupful rice flour or 1/2 cupfuls salt, 1 1/2 cupfuls corn flour. Make a sponge of the first six ingredients and a third of the mixture of rice and barley flour. Let stand in a warm place until light, at least two hours. When the sponge is light, work in the rest of the substitute flours and the egg slightly beaten. Shape the

dough at once and place in loaf pan. Brush top of loaf with melted fat. Let rise to double the bulk and bake in hot oven for 1 1/2 hours.

Housekeepers have been serving wheatless bread for months in the form of quick breads. Many housewives as well as many hotel-keepers pledged themselves to serve no wheat until next harvest. The need for a wheatless bread that could be kept in hand and be used for toast or for sandwiches was felt by all who took the pledge.

This 100-per-cent bread will help meet this need:

100-Per-Cent Bread.
 1 1/2 cupfuls liquid, 2 1/2 cupfuls ground 1 tablespoonful corn rolled oats and 1/4 cake yeast, 2 1/2 cupfuls rice flour 2 teaspoonfuls salt, or 1 egg, 2 1/2 cupfuls corn flour, 2 1/2 cupfuls barley or 2 1/2 cupfuls corn flour.

Make a sponge of first four ingredients and one-half of mixture of substitutes. Follow the directions for the 75-per-cent loaf.

These breads are real victory breads. Use them for the cause of liberty.

BREAD WITHOUT WHEAT.

It was long thought by most people that bread could not be made light with yeast unless a large proportion of wheat flour was used in it.

That has been found to be, in large measure, erroneous. Breads made of cereal materials other than wheat flour can be made light with yeast.

The discovery is one of the necessary war-time achievements of science.

It is available to the housekeeper and to the professional baker.

No one who has to do with bread making can perform his full patriotic duty without applying it to as great an extent as possible.

Food Waste From Rats.

In all parts of the country there is a serious economic drain in the destruction by rats and mice of merchandise held for sale by dealers. Not only foodstuffs and forage, but textiles, clothing and leather goods are often ruined. This loss is due mainly to the faulty buildings in which the stores are kept. Often it would be a measure of economy to tear down the old structures and replace them by new ones. However, even the old buildings may often be repaired so as to make them practically rat-proof; and foodstuffs, as flour, seeds, and meats, may always be protected in wire cages at slight expense. The public should be protected from insanitary stores by a system of rigid inspection.

Similar care should be exercised in the home to protect household supplies from mice and rats. Little progress in ridding the premises of these animals can be made so long as they have access to supplies of food. Cellars, kitchens and pantries often furnish subsistence not only to rats that inhabit the dwelling, but to many that come from outside. Food supplies may always be kept from rats and mice if placed in inexpensive rat-proof containers covered with wire netting. Sometimes all that is needed to prevent serious waste is the application of concrete to holes in the basement wall or the slight repair of a defective part of the building.

The necessity of co-operation and organization in the work of rat destruction is of the utmost importance. To destroy all the animals on the premises of a single farmer in a community has little permanent value, since they are soon replaced from nearby farms. If, however, the farmers of an entire township or county unite in efforts to get rid of rats, much more lasting results may be attained. If continued from year to year, such organized efforts are very effective.

Ink spots may be removed by saturating the spot with lemon juice and rubbing plentifully with table salt. Apply before washing, and in ordinary cases no trace of the spot will remain after the wash.

If you sprinkle a little salt on your coffee before pouring on the boiling water it will be wonderfully improved. Always warm the coffee pot before making coffee.

To prevent cheese from molding wrap in a cloth that has been dipped in vinegar and wrung dry. Keep in a cool place.

WESTERN MINING AND OIL NEWS

Western Newspaper Union News Service.
PRICES FOR METALS.

New York—Lead—\$8.05.
 Copper—\$25.62 1/2.
 Bar silver—99 1/2 c.
 St. Louis, Mo.—Spelter, \$8.20 @ 8.32 1/2.

Boulder, Colo.—Tungsten concentrates, 60 per cent, \$20.00 @ 22.50 per unit; 25 per cent, \$12.00 @ 12.50; 10 per cent, \$9.40 @ 12.20.

Arizona.

The Trench mine has shipped another car of high-grade ore.

The organization of the Gunsight Gold & Tungsten Mining Company has been perfected at Ajo.

Ore shipments can now be made by rail from Ray to the Hercules mill at Ray Junction on the Gila river.

The Flux mill at Patagonia has started operating. There is a large quantity of ore in the bins awaiting treatment.

Colorado.

Oil from Nevada and Colorado shale is being produced by the Crane-Boyle shale oil process at the University of Nevada, where a testing plant is installed.

Treatment of crude oil has commenced at the Apex refinery in Loomis, and a good grade of gasoline is being produced in addition to by-product.

A Pueblo report says the Equity Oil Company has started to remove the derrick from the Wildhorse Valley Oil Company's well at the Columbine well in Wildhorse park, where a derrick was recently destroyed by fire.

The Boulder Valley oil well has been added to the holdings of the Mitchell Oil Company. The well was a substantial producer some years ago and it is believed that considerable oil will still be produced.

Ore shipments from Telluride in July were: Smuggler and Black Bear mine, 14 cars of concentrates to Durango and 51 to Pueblo; Tomboy, 23 to Durango and 15 to Pueblo, making a total of 106 cars. Last year in July 127 cars were shipped.

Silverheels, located in Park county, reaches 12,764 feet above the level of the sea. In the opinion of geologists it is one of the most thoroughly mineralized elevations in the state with rich placers near its base, which are said to contain several millions of dollars in the coveted yellow metal.

July production from the Cripple Creek properties of the United Gold Mines Company, active under lease, totaled sixty-two cars, with content of approximately 2,100 tons. Estimating the general average value at one ounce gold to the ton, the gross value of the ore shipped was close to \$42,000.

Montana.

Butte and Superior in July produced 11,500,000 pounds of zinc in concentrates and 235,000 ounces of silver.

Anaconda Copper Company produced 25,400,000 pounds of copper in July, as compared with 25,000,000 pounds in June and 23,450,000 in May.

The same price now in effect, 26 cents a pound, was agreed upon by copper producers and the price fixing committee of the war industries board, to remain in effect to Nov. 1.

Anaconda Copper Company has purchased the Gambirinus and adjoining property in the Butte district, belonging to the Corbin Copper Company. Two well defined fissures have been opened in Gambirinus, striking westerly, apparently from the Gangnon mine of the Anaconda.

New Mexico.

Oil has been struck at Axter in one of the wells of the Mesa Verde Company at a depth of 800 feet. The oil is light and very high in gasoline. The production daily is estimated at 200 barrels.

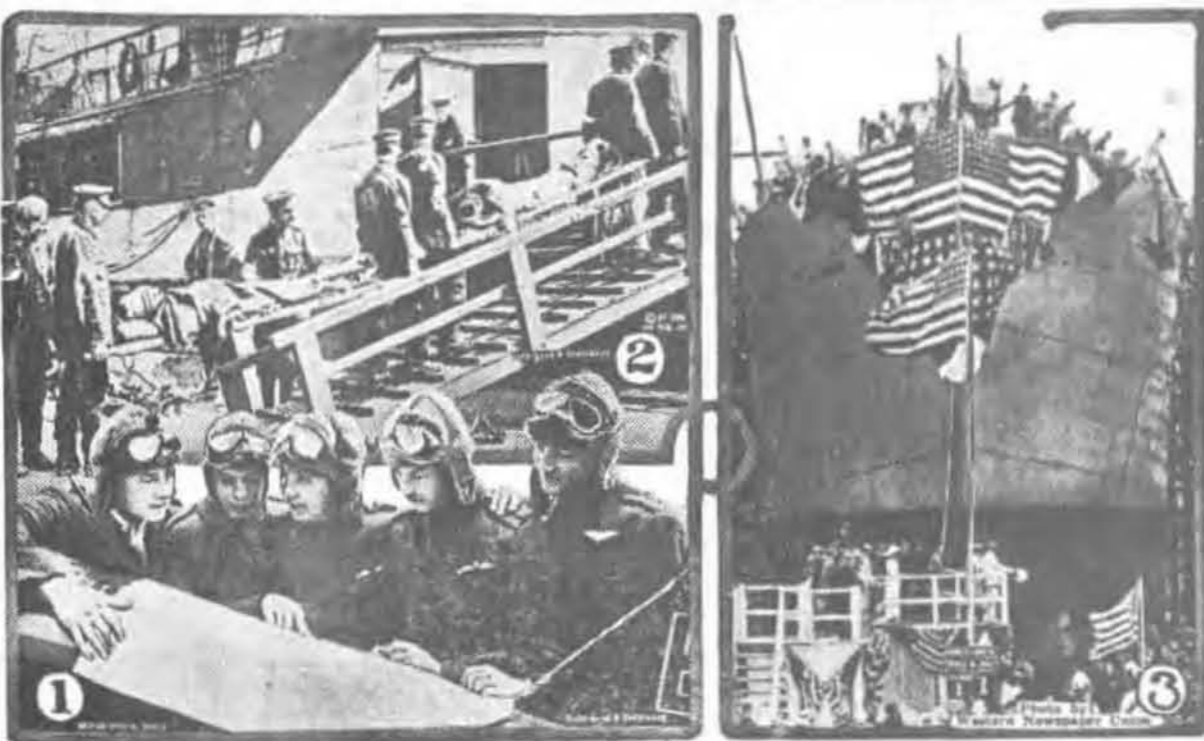
Arrangements are being made to cover the mountain road to Mogollon with crushed quartz. Ore bins and tramway have been built below the dump of the Mogollon Mines Co., where self dumping trucks can be rapidly filled.

The Socorro Mining and Milling Company of Mogollon is starting their 250-ton mill, which will add about \$2,000 per day to the camp's production. The mill has been brought up-to-date and better extraction and lower costs are expected.

An extensive area showing copper indications is to be developed near Gallup in the near future. Samples of ore show deposit of red material and runs high in carbonated, and in all probability will prove to be a commercial proposition. The area is located about sixty miles southeast of Gallup.

Wyoming.

In addition to its original holdings of 1,040 acres in the Warm Springs dome, near Thermopolis, the Kansas Colorado Oil and Refining Company has acquired 320 acres in section 23, township 49, range 91 west, in Big Horn county. This latter property, the management reports, has two wells with an estimated production of from ten to fifteen barrels each of a high grade of lubricating oil, which is found at a depth of from 740 to 760 feet.



1—American, English, Canadian, and French officers examining a map prior to a flight over the German lines in France. 2—Hun prisoners being made useful in carrying wounded British soldiers aboard a hospital ship. 3—Steamer Quisenberry, first vessel built at Hog Island yard, being launched, the president being present and Mrs. Wilson christening the ship.

NEWS REVIEW OF THE GREAT WAR

Prince Rupprecht's Armies Are Driven From Amiens Salient With Heavy Losses.

FOCH'S SECOND GREAT BLOW

Allies Force Crossing of the Veste River in Face of Strong Resistance—Plans for Siberian Expedition—March States American Army Program.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD.

Having thoroughly whipped the armies of the German crown prince and driven them back beyond the Veste river, Foch, now a marshal of France, turned his attention in the middle of the week to the forces under the Bavarian crown prince, Rupprecht. At dawn on Thursday the British Fourth army and the French First army, under command of Field Marshal Haig, began an offensive on a wide front in the region east and south of Amiens. The front under attack was about twenty-eight miles in length, from Albert south to the vicinity of Montdidier.

Within 24 hours the allied forces had penetrated the enemy lines to points from six to seven miles beyond the start, had taken more than 10,000 prisoners and great quantities of material and many guns, and had occupied numerous towns. Their own losses were remarkably light. Tanks led the infantry in the attack and did wonderfully good work.

On Friday Haig's forces drove rapidly forward south of the Somme beyond Chaulnes and its very important railway junction. North of the river the Germans put up their stoutest resistance. The British, with whom an American division was operating, had a bitter fight. However, they finally smashed through the enemy and took the whole of the Chilly spur, driving the Huns toward Bray. In this struggle the Yankees acted with the gallantry that has characterized them in every fight they have had. They had to make a forced march to go over the top at the appointed time, and went into the battle on the run. The day's operations brought the number of prisoners to more than 17,000.

By this time the two German armies in the salient were in grave danger of capture or annihilation, and General von Hutler was making every effort to extricate them from the trap. Then, Friday night and Saturday morning, Marshal Foch delivered another great blow. The French First army launched a tremendous attack south of Montdidier and that town, which had been a German base of supplies, was soon enveloped and captured, together with many prisoners and great quantities of material. The First army did not stop there, but, in conjunction with another French army on its right and the British Fourth army on its left, followed closely after the retreating Huns. By Saturday night the Amiens salient had been reversed so that its point was directed toward the Somme south of Peronne. It was imperiled if not actually taken, and the armies of Crown Prince Rupprecht were in full flight. Also the fighting had spread northward from Albert almost to Arras, with decided gains there for the allies. In the three days the allies had taken some 35,000 prisoners and quantities of material so vast they had not been estimated, together with more than 400 cannon, and had recovered a large territory and many towns. Perhaps most important of all, they had regained possession of vital lines of communication and had relieved from menace and the Paris-Amiens-Calais railways.

An outstanding feature of the offensive was the great use made of tanks and airplanes. Instead of a long bombardment which would give warning of an attack the light, swift tanks in hitherto unequalled numbers led the way, clearing the ground for the advance of the infantry. Thus the invaluable element of surprise was obtained, and the terrain was not torn up by shells in a way to make the progress of the troops difficult. In fact, the allies were able to carry their artillery right along with them, despite the rapidity of their movements. The armies went into the fight in great numbers and more daringly than ever before. Big squadrons flying low over the retreating Huns continually harassed them with bombs and machine gun fire, throwing them into utter disorder and smashing their transport trains. The aviators also directed the movements of the tanks and often brought them ammunition. The service rendered by the fleet, however, was costly, for in the first three days more than fifty British planes were reported missing, most of them being shot down from the ground.

If one may have confidence in the opinion of trained observers, there is every reason to be excited over the results of the two offensives directed by Marshal Foch. He is following out his policy of hitting continuously and hard and shows no intention of permitting the Huns to have any rest, now that he has them on the defensive. The war isn't over by any means, but the advantage has gone over to the allies and they propose to keep it. To do this requires that our efforts be sustained and greater than ever. There must be no relaxation at home, as there will be none in the war zone. Shouting over the victories won will not help to win those that are necessary in the future.

The defeated but not disorganized Huns between Soissons and Reims, as was predicted, gathered their strength for a pause in their retreat between the Veste and the Aisne. Their guns were brought into play from the plateau in that region which commands the Veste valley. The Germans, indeed, made strenuous attempts to prevent the French and Americans from crossing the Veste, especially in the vicinity of Fismes, but numerous relatively small units forced the crossings and held onto their new positions despite furious counter-attacks. These operations were mostly between Briaux and Fismes. Up to the close of the week Marshal Foch had not tried to send any very large forces across the river, probably waiting until his artillery could drive the Huns from the nearer hills to the north. The Germans were using only medium caliber guns, which was taken to mean that their heavier artillery was being placed north of the Aisne to defend that line; for there seemed little doubt that they would be forced that far north before very long. Their position south of the Aisne was said to be really untenable though seemingly strong. At the west end of the line the French and Americans were steadily pushing east along the Aisne, and at the east end immediately north of Reims the French made considerable advance between the railways running to Laon and Bethel.

The city of Fismes, which was so gallantly taken by the Americans, was as gallantly held against all attacks, though the Germans deluged it with explosive and gas shells. The machine gun and rifle fire of the Yankees was so accurate as to arouse the admiration of their allies.

Authorities admit that the Kaiser's strength is still prodigious and that he has large reserves, but all unite in asserting that he has passed beyond the high point of power and efficiency and can never regain numerical supremacy, nor can he ever again have the opportunity to achieve a victory that was his two months ago. Those of his people who know the truth now admit that his ultimate defeat is a certainty. The more fearless papers of Germany and Austria do not hesitate to say this plainly. The military and non-military leaders are held responsible, and as their only hope lies in administering to the allies the crushing blow so long promised by them, it is reasonable to expect another great Hun offensive before long. That is, if Marshal Foch gives them a chance, which doesn't seem to be a part of his present plans.

Arrangements for the American-Japanese expedition to Siberia have been going forward rapidly and the Czech-Slovak forces over there will soon have the active support of a small but

competent body of allied troops. It is announced that two regiments now in the Philippines will form part of the American contingent, and that it will be commanded by Maj. Gen. William S. Graves until recently assistant chief of staff of the army. Later it will be determined whether he will command the entire expedition. At Vladivostok the Americans will be joined by an equal number of Japanese and probably they will first drive from the Amur branch of the trans-Siberian railway the bolsheviks and the Teuton war prisoners who were armed to aid them.

Conditions in northern Russia are very encouraging. The allies have been driving the bolshevik south from Archangel, and a new government has been established in that city embracing half a dozen districts. Volunteer detachments of White guards are assisting the allies. M. I. Terestchenko, minister of foreign affairs in Kerensky's cabinet, has been assassinated in Poltava.

The submarine pirates continued their depredations in the western Atlantic, torpedoing a number of merchant ships and fishing boats and sinking the Diamond Shoals lightship off Cape Hatteras. This last-mentioned exploit may be part of a set plan of destroying important navigation signals in order to hamper shipping. The doings of the U-boats, however, no longer cause the allies extreme anxiety, for it is evident they are on the decline. Addressing the house of commons, Premier Lloyd George said 150 submarines had been sunk by the British navy, and the British admiralty announces the output of merchant ships by the allies and neutral nations for the three months ending June 30 exceeded the losses from all causes by 236,000 gross tons. The American yards are now turning out vessels with extraordinary rapidity. The launching of the first one from the great government yard at Hog Island was attended by President and Mrs. Wilson.

Our war department's army program was partly revealed to the senate committee on military affairs by General March, chief of staff, when he appeared before it to urge all possible haste in passing the bill extending the draft age limits to eighteen and forty-five years. Concisely stated, the program is as follows:

Ninety-eight divisions—3,020,000 men—to make up troops obtained under existing law.

Eighty divisions—3,200,000 men—to be sent to France.

Eighteen divisions—720,000 men—to be held in reserve in the United States while additional recruits are being trained.

An army when completed of 5,000,000 men, minimum strength.

Troop movement in France at the rate of 250,000 men a month until cold weather sets in, meaning over 1,800,000 more men abroad before the first of the year.

An expeditionary force of almost 2,500,000 men in France by January 1.

General March told the committee the United States can end the war by getting 4,000,000 trained troops, fully equipped, into France, and he intimated that Marshal Foch is only awaiting the arrival of the Americans in full strength to hurl the entire united military strength of the allies at the Huns on the western front. This tremendous blow, he intimated, was due to fall next spring. The chief of staff said he did not believe it would be necessary to send the eighteen-year-old class to the front line, but that the government wants these young men trained and in readiness. He said it would be satisfactory if the bill were passed immediately after congress resumes the transaction of business on August 25.

The federal trade commission has recommended that the government take control of all the principal stock yards, cold-storage plants and warehouses and of refrigerator and cattle cars, in order to destroy the monopoly which it declares is exercised by Swift & Co., Armour & Co., Morris & Co., Wilson & Co., Inc. and the Cudahy Packing company. The commission accuses these concerns of illegally and oppressively controlling and manipulating the meat and other food supplies of the nation, and of profiteering.

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.

PESSIMIST IN PARIS IS 'SIREN'

Gloomy Ones Are Named for the Unwelcome Air Raid Signal.

OPTIMIST IS A 'BERLOQUE'

People Have Joyous Time While Waiting in Subway Stations—Crap Game Holds Interest of the Crowd.

Paris.—Two more words have been added to that very growing dictionary of war words. In Paris these two words have achieved a new significance. Pessimists are now known as "sirens" and optimists are "berloques."

A Paris bookkeeper who suddenly left the city when the raids over the capital became too frequent and went to Nantes has been sued by his employer for \$60 damage for leaving without notice.

The bookkeeper's explanation was that his nerves were upset by the bombs and shells and that he thought himself justified in getting out of danger.

The darkened streets of Paris have caused many persons to roam around town after returning from the theater or a visit because of the difficulty in finding the streets and house numbers.

One would think upon descending to one of the large and centrally located underground railway stations which are used as shelters that a solace was in progress instead of an air raid.

In one corner a violin, accompanied by two guitars, was doing out a tune to which a "squadron" of youthful aviators were waiting around.

In another corner a group of Fellas, loaded down with their trench equipment, having been caught in the underground while on their way to the railroad depot and to the front, were singing "Madelon," their "Tipperary," in rather discordant tones.

An unusual feature of this particular "solace" was a genuine all-American crap game—not for keeps. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that half of the crowd in the station had edged around the half dozen spare American doughboys—three of whom were gentlemen of color—to witness this contest in bone throwing.

The colored gentlemen handled their dice with a deftness that was delightfully reminiscent of "somewhere in Harlem," to say nothing of their proficiency in the vocabulary of the game, which Parisians have since learned is a very essential adjunct to any skill at it.

Investigation of casualties following an air raid over the capital have proved to the authorities that the greatest number of casualties are not the result of injuries received from the bombs of the raiders, but of carelessness on the part of the victims.

Parisians have become too accustomed to air raids. They stay out of doors to see the bursting of the shells from the antiaircraft guns and others leave their shelters and go home before the signal.

As a result recently 23 persons were injured, some because they did not keep under cover long enough, and others because they stood at their windows watching the bursting shells as if it were an exhibition of fireworks.

The police have again warned the population. "The better protection of the city," says an order, "is no reason for neglecting the precautions dictated by common sense."

PRINCESS IS NUPSE



This picture of Her Royal Highness, Princess Mary, only daughter of their majesties, King George and Queen Mary, shows her in the garb of a Red Cross nurse.

Her Royal Highness has commenced her duties as a Red Cross nurse and is serving as a probationer at the Hospital for Sick Children, London.

DIES AS FOE FLEES

British Aviator Killed in Triangular Fight.

Salvation Army Truck Driver Figures in Tragic Air Battle at the Front.

Paris.—Dying in the arms of a Salvation Army supply truck driver at the front in France, a British aviator who had just been crashed to earth in a desperate triangular battle in the sky had the satisfaction of witnessing the defeat of his German antagonist by a French plane just before he drew his last breath.

The struggle, according to a report reaching here occurred recently just behind the allied lines in France, and was witnessed by Ransom Gifford, eighteen-year-old son of Col. Adam Gifford, head of the Salvation Army for New England, and residing in Boston.

In a short time one plane shot downward in flames and crashed to earth less than 100 feet from Gifford's truck. The young Salvationist ran to the wreckage, and after desperate efforts extricated the broken and bleeding aviator, who was still alive.

Gifford states that for a month he has not had his shoes off, and that this is no uncommon occurrence with the supply drivers. He spent 24 hours under his truck on a subsequent trip when it ran off the road into a ditch, with shells dropping around it all day and half the night.

ELOPE, THEN DIE TOGETHER

Chief of Police and Neighbor's Wife Carry Out Suicide Pact.

Rochester, N. Y.—Elmer Fish, chief of police of Macedon, and Mrs. Elmer Phelps, who were found shot to death in the woods near Spencerport on Thursday, left their homes on July 8.

Fish, his wife and their two small children lived opposite to Mr. and Mrs. Phelps in Macedon. Fish represented the Standard Oil and Phelps is a large rental operator. Mrs. Phelps was a frequent visitor to the Fish home, although Mrs. Fish protested against her visits.

Mrs. Phelps was driving Fish's automobile on July 7 and crashed into another machine. Fish took the car to Palmyra and wanted to have it repaired immediately. As this could not be done, he and Mrs. Phelps returned to Macedon. He and Mrs. Phelps left there on the trolley at four o'clock and nothing was heard from them until the finding of their bodies.

Mrs. Fish and her children have gone to the home of her father in Clinton Springs.

HERE'S GREAT CHANCE FOR WAR PROFITEERS

Manchester, Conn.—James Yeech has a hen which lays fresh eggs once a week. They are usually of large size. The latest one, a double egg, measured 8 1/2 inches in circumference and 7 1/2 inches around the center. In the center of the larger egg was a smaller one, the shell of which was harder than the one outside.

13 SONS, 17 GIRLS IN WAR

John Ward of North Carolina Has 35 Children—Boys in Army, Girls in War Work.

Raleigh, N. C.—John Ward, a negro of Goldsboro, has thirteen of his eighteen sons in the Ninth and Tenth United States cavalry, while his seventeen daughters are busy with war work. The facts are vouched for by Sheriff R. H. Edwards of Wayne county, of which Goldsboro is the county seat.

Ward was born April 21, 1850, at Goldsboro. He has married three times and his last wife is now living. His first wife bore him fifteen children, four at one time twice, three at one time twice, one at a time once. His second wife bore him two at one time twice, three at one time once and five one at a time. His present wife has borne him eight, one at a time. His first wife lived six years and three weeks after marriage, his second wife eight years and six months. The number of boys is: By first wife, eight, by second wife, five, and by third wife, five. Of those now in the service seven are by the first wife, five by the second and one by the present wife. Another son has served in the cavalry, but is now living at Wilson, N. C.

SMASHES HIS GERMAN RAZOR

Going to Buy Instead One That Bears a United States Brand.

St. Paul, Minn.—"Made in Germany." These words inscribed on a brand new razor purchased the other day by Traffic Patrolman Thomas Brown, whose station is at Fourth and Wabash streets, so enraged him after his attention was called to it by Dan Costello that he smashed the "Itan" razor against the court house wall.

"I wouldn't shave myself with any of those — I — I razors if I had to," said Brown.

"Now I'm going to buy a good razor and it's going to be marked 'Made in U. S. A.' and don't you forget it," were his parting words.

"The right man for the right job" is the cardinal principle of the United States employment service.

The only tear we can stand with a smile is the profuse.

Political Announcements

DEMOCRATIC

We are authorized to announce the candidacy of

Howard Keener for the office of County Treasurer

Subject to the Democratic primary, September 10, 1918.

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

P. R. Earhart for the office of Sheriff

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

LOCAL NEWS NOTES

Mr. J. W. Chapman of Douglas was in Patagonia several days last week. While here he went out to the field where an oil well is being drilled. The well is owned by the Washington Trading Company.

The county board of supervisors met Monday at Nogales to take up the tax levy for the coming year. The rate was slightly lowered.

W. H. Coffie and Mr. Anderson of El Paso passed through Patagonia last Tuesday on their way to Nogales.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Sander of Harlingen visited in Nogales.

Bob Berger returned this week from Saco, where he had been on business connected with the building of the Napa-Robson road, which, he says, will be completed at or about the 15th of next month.

Mr. E. B. Bhow, who has options and leases on a number of mining properties near Patagonia, has returned to the district after an absence of several months in eastern cities, where he had been endeavoring to interest capital in the valuable mining contracts he owns by contract here.

Don't forget the big dinner at the Henry Woods ranch at Vaughn Sunday noon. The proceeds will be given to the Red Cross. Remember, Henry Wood's team needed fuel and you are assured of a mighty fine dinner, as the young ladies will likely want to impress upon you the quality of a cook.

Hew's This?

We offer One Thousand Dollars Reward for any copy of Catarrh Cure that cannot be cured by other Catarrh Cure. Catarrh Cure has been taken by patients for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hew's Catarrh Cure acts thru the blood on the mucous surface, expelling the poison from the blood and healing the diseased tissue.

After you have taken Hew's Catarrh Cure for a short time, you will see a great improvement in your general health. Don't forget that Catarrh Cure acts on the blood and not the urine. Send for literature, free.

P. J. CHENEY, Dr., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists.

THE OWL SAYS:

The sweetest sweets, Chocolate Shop candies. Sold only at the Owl.

Our cigars and tobaccos are always kept in the best of condition. Nice and fresh.

Improve your writing with one of our Fountain Pens. Large stock. All prices.

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

Are you preparing for the next Liberty Loan?

The Big Owl on the coast has secured the most agency for "Tanbals." This popular medicine and strength builder is the largest seller of any patent medicine. The Owl at Nogales wishes more success by the Big Owl on the coast and Tanbals.

To prove to the world that you are not a sucker begin putting money away now for the next Liberty Loan.

Five Penny Blades have advanced in price and are now 7 for 50 cent instead that they beat 10-cent blades.

A friend of mine asked us how many times we have been strong with him with our medicine. We replied that we haven't been strong but certainly our good factors is the fact that we have not fought him.

Let a doctor's advice—private Dr. J. W. Chapman. This is the only one. Ask in his name to get his medicine.

Dr. Nelson's Prescription for Cough, Phlegm, the commonest and all symptoms of the throat, chest and lungs.

Be happy & healthy and

"BUSINESS IS GOOD" MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

Halls and Nelson Oarsmen - Owl Drug Store

NOGALES ARIZONA

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, 30 cents an inch, each insertion.

All regular advertising, 10 cents a line, each insertion.

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

All Political advertising must be paid in advance.

SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL

C. A. PIERCE Mining Engineer PATAGONIA ARIZONA

Examining, Management and Operation of Mines

Submitting the supervision of such properties as demand only a monthly or bi-monthly report, consisting of surveying, sampling, assaying, supplies, etc.

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. B. Pardum

Duffy & Pardum 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

LEGALS

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. (022089)

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

Notice is hereby given that William C. Gabel, of Douglas, Santa Cruz County, Arizona, who on April 19, 1916 made Homestead Entry, No. 022088, for BUREAU, NW 1/4 Sec. 24, T. 20 N. R. 13 E. Section 18, Township 20 N., 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'Connell, U. S. Commissioner, at Nogales, Arizona, on the 10th day of September, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Thomas G. Gabel, Manuel Alvarez, Raymond Grijalva, F. P. Valenzuela, all four of Arivodville, Arizona.

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

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. (022760)

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, July 13, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that Howard Keener, of Patagonia, Arizona, who on September 11, 1917, made Homestead Entry, No. 022760, for NW 1/4 Sec. 10, Township 23 N., 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'Connell, U. S. Commissioner, at Nogales, Arizona, on the 10th day of September, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Victor I. Wagner, Arvis Redbach, both of Nogales, Arizona; Grace Van Dsdale, W. D. Parker, both of Patagonia, Arizona. JOHN L. IRVIN, Register. 1st pub, Aug. 9; 5th pub, Sept. 6.

Political Announcements

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.

WANT ADS.

One cent a word each insertion. No charge less than 25 cents.

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 McPherson, 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.

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; 3 miles from the railroad. Inquire at the Patagonian office. 816-31p.

FOR SALE—Five passenger Overland, late 1916 model; lately overhauled; in excellent running order; price reasonable. Inquire at the Patagonian office. 17

FOR SALE—Mine lots, 200 acres ore socks, reasonable price; single-jacks, 25 cents each. Inquire at this office.

This Is the Only Place to get Periodicals and Magazines WATKINS' CHOCOLATES CANDIES ICE CREAM and COLD DRINKS The Place to Bring the Ladies —THE— Peerless Parlors McIntyre & Ijams, Props.

STOP RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE and do some thinking. Ask yourself if it is not better to pay a fair price for your Soda and get full value for your money than to pay less and get no value at all. We sell soft drinks at the lowest price reliable quality will permit. You can pay more without getting better drinks. You cannot pay less than we ask without the danger of inferiority. PENDERGRASS' AMUSEMENT PARLOR

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

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