

VILLA'S ALLY READY TO FIGHT CARRANZA MEN

Gov. Maytorena of Sonora, Who Refuses to Resign Office, Has Force of 2,000.

MOGALLAN, Sonora, Mex., Aug. 24. Gov. Maria Maytorena, Governor of Sonora, announced to-day that he had come here at the head of 2,000 or more troops to dislodge the "enemies

of honest government." Maytorena is supported by Gen. Francisco Villa. Those whom he proposes to war against have the support of Carranza. Maytorena, in a signed statement, declared his action was decided upon when Carranza, after having banished supporters of the Governor, ignored his protests and demanded his resignation. "I have no political ambition," Maytorena concluded. "My only wish is to serve my country, and I will gladly turn my office over to a duly elected successor in 1915."



You can't do your best work on a poor breakfast. Whole-wheat is a sustaining food. "Force" is whole-wheat in its tastiest form.

Counterfeits.

Read what one of the GREATEST NEWSPAPERS IN AMERICA has to say on this subject:

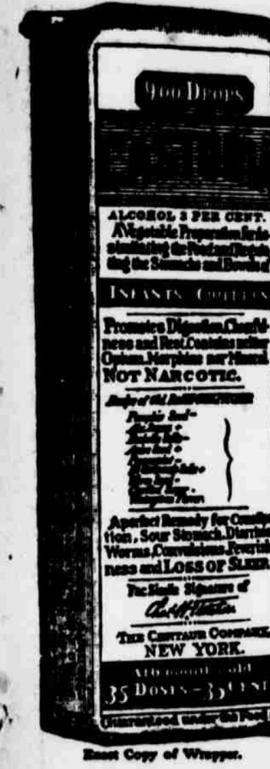
"The manufacturers of Castoria have been compelled to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to familiarize the public with the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. This has been necessitated by reason of pirates counterfeiting the Castoria trademark. This counterfeiting is a crime not only against the proprietors of Castoria, but against the growing generation. All persons should be careful to see that Castoria bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, if they would guard the health of their children. Parents, and mothers in particular, ought to carefully examine the Castoria advertisements which have been appearing in this paper, and to remember that the wrapper of every bottle of genuine Castoria bears the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, under whose supervision it has been manufactured continuously for over thirty years.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Letters from Prominent Druggists addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

George Bros. of St. Paul, Minn., say: "Fletcher's Castoria is certainly full of merit and worthy of recommendation."
 C. G. A. Leder, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "For 30 years we have sold Fletcher's Castoria and are pleased to state that it has given universal satisfaction."
 The Schott Drug Co., of Denver, Colo., says: "Fletcher's Castoria has surely become a household word. Seemingly every family where there are children uses it."
 Henshaw & Henshaw, of Boston, Mass., say: "We have nothing but good to say about your Castoria and we do not hesitate to give it our unqualified endorsement."
 Eiber's Drug Store, of New York City, say: "Fletcher's Castoria is one of the oldest and most popular preparations in our stores. We have nothing but good to say about it."
 Wolf-Wilens Drug Co., of St. Louis, Mo., says: "Of the thousands of patent medicines for which we have demand there are a very few of them that we can conscientiously recommend and your Castoria is included in this few."
 D. E. Dyke & Co., of Chicago, Ill., say: "The increasing demand for your Castoria shows that a discriminating public is not slow to seek out a remedy of merit and once convinced that it does all and even more than claimed they do not hesitate to recommend it to their friends."
 The Owl Drug Co., of San Francisco, Cal., says: "We have always been a believer in the 'original man protection' and have been particular never to sell anything but the genuine and original Castoria (Fletcher's). We have many calls every day for this article from people who say they would not be without it in their homes."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
 Bears the signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
 In Use For Over 30 Years.
 THE GREAT LAKES COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



Autumn Models of L. R. Corsets Are Here

They were designed to give the long lines which the new gown fashions demand.

Besides the new models, we have received shipments of

- L. R. Riviera Corsets, \$6.
- L. R. Fashionable Corsets, \$5.
- L. R. Singer's Corsets, \$5.
- L. R. Rest-Tricot Corsets, \$5.
- L. R. Dancing Corsets, \$3.50.

Lay the foundation for many successful autumn and winter gowns by being fitted to an L. R. Corset.

We shall be delighted to show you the new ones and choose, from the sixty L. R. models, the corset best suited to you.

Exclusively here.

Third floor, Old Building.

JOHN WANAMAKER
 Broadway at Ninth Street

WANAMAKER'S

Store Open 8:30 to 5

WANAMAKER'S

Closed All Day Saturday

Arrived Paquebot "La France," August 20, First Steamer from Havre Since the War SEVENTY-ONE PARIS GOWNS AND WRAPS To Be Exhibited in the Wanamaker Auditorium, Tomorrow and Friday of This Week, at 11 and 2

From the countries where war has been let loose have come many thrilling tales of refugees; but this is the first account of the difficulties met in gathering fashions in war times, and in bringing them back to America for the start of the Fall season.

Packed in cedar hampers, and taken in a swift automobile from Paris to Havre, through the military lines, the gowns which we shall show tomorrow form the first important exhibition of new Paris fashions given in this country for Autumn 1914.

The story of the search for them is so full of human interest touches, of thrills and of pathos, of what is happening in this part of the world of Paris and what fashion-making in war time means, that we give it in full.

I.

When I reached Paris a few weeks ago in quest of the new fashions for the Wanamaker Store the city was hung with flags. They streamed from every window along the Boulevards and streets.

The wireless had told us of trouble in Serbia, the railroad all the way down from Havre was patrolled with soldiers, but no one appreciated the seriousness of the situation.

"Is it a fact?" some one asked lightly. "No, it is war," was the grim reply.

II.

A friend telephoned early the next morning: "Better leave for London; if mobilization is declared you will have difficulty in getting out of the city. And there will be nothing to stay for—no fashions. Everything will be closed."

That evening this notice was posted:

**MINISTRY OF WAR
 CIRCULAR OF EXTREME
 URGENCY
 ORDER OF GENERAL
 MOBILIZATION
 THE FIRST DAY OF THE
 MOBILIZATION IS
 SUNDAY, AUGUST 9**

All night long the city echoed with the tramp of feet, the singing of the "Marseillaise" and the famous "Chanson du Depart."

With morning came those scenes which one who witnesses them can never forget.

A quick good-by, a clasp of the hand, a kiss, a hastily brushed aside tear, and a cheery, "there, there, little mother, it had to come some time, but it won't last long, and perhaps I may come home with the medal of honor"—and thousands of families were separated, never to be united again.

III.

Americans and other tourists were in distress, also, though not so seriously. They found posted on bulletins this notice:

Foreigners wishing to leave Paris must do so today (Sunday); those remaining must shortly obtain "Permis de sejour." Foreigners must leave the entrenched camp of Paris before the end of the first day of mobilization, that is to say, midnight tonight. They will have at the time of their departure to justify their identity to the Special Commissariat at the station. They will not be able to avail themselves of automobiles.

Crowds rushed to the stations and left for London at once. Others besieged the steamship offices for passage home, taking storage accommodations without a murmur. Still others waited to see what the new day would bring forth.

But by the next day conditions were worse.

Authority passed from the civil to the military. Banking operations were curtailed. Letters of credit and travelers' cheques were not honored. Gold was unobtainable. One hotel after another closed its doors. Trains and omnibuses were requisitioned by the military. The subway was crippled.

Only third-class tickets were sold to Havre, and the journey there took 11 1/2 hours. Millionaires found themselves in cattle cars labelled "thirty-six hours," and they were glad to be there.

"What shall I do," I said to myself. "Have I come three thousand miles for nothing. Shall America have no Paris fashions this Autumn?"

We shall see—

IV.

I left the waiting crowds in front of the Embassy clamoring for passports. I left them in the ticket office seeking transportation.

I turned away and started to make the rounds of the couturiers.

Callot was not ready.

Cheruit promised an exposition for the thirteenth.

"Women must have clothes, war or no war," said Madam Cheruit, "and those who make them must have a way to earn the living. Yes, we shall keep open and make what we can."

I went to the beautiful atelier of Paul Poiret. It was closed and the uniformed porter missing. I went around to the private entrance on the Faubourg St. Honore. I entered the courtyard. I looked into the windows. There I saw Monsieur Poiret, dressed in a soldier's uniform, surrounded by a crowd of weeping women, his devoted helpers.

I entered quickly. "I am going to join my regiment," said M. Poiret calmly. "An artist is nothing when a soldier is wanted—France needs men today, not artists."

"But have you nothing ready—no models, that I may show again to America your gowns," I said.

"No, the atelier is closed, it shall remain closed, with nothing touched until I return—if I do return."

I passed out silently.

At the famous Rue de la Paix House of Worth I was greeted by Jean and Jacques Worth, also in soldier's uniforms. They were taking a last look at one of their gowns, just finished, which by the

ure. I took them all—some two hundred garments. Sixty-four are in the present exhibit; the remainder are on their way.

"At last my quest is ended, I have succeeded," I said.

VI.

But I spoke too quickly.

The real problems were still ahead.

How to get the gowns on the boat?

Trunks were barred from the trains. And they were too heavy for the automobile.

"I will try those huge French oyster baskets," I thought, "they are light."

Into them the garments were packed and taken to my hotel.

Then I waited word from the steamship company.

Sunday morning it came. "La France sails tonight at midnight."

The big Daimler was summoned. With it came the manager.

At the sight of my luggage he was appalled. "We can't take all those pieces," he said.

"But that isn't all I have," I replied with a smile. "Around the corner are two big baskets. I must take those also."

"No, no, no, it can't be done," he replied.

"Now I AM in trouble," I said in despair.

These words and the way they were uttered, I afterwards learned, saved me. The chauffeur was English. He understood them. And afterwards he said, "I decided to see you through, trouble or no trouble."

And so we went through he did, as you shall see.

VII.

"We can manage those baskets," said the chauffeur, and after much trouble he tied them to the rear of the

Our difficulties seemed over. At high speed we flew along the smooth road. But our troubles had only begun.

"Halt!"

Seventeen times that word had been thundered at us.

Seventeen times we had been forced to halt and show our papers.

The minutes were slipping by and the "France" was to sail at midnight.

The seventeenth time we came to rest at a military camp only twenty-six miles from Havre.

Four armed sentinels barred the way.

An officer was routed out of bed. He refused to pass us. Another officer was summoned. He examined the night pass and to our dismay found the Rouen Commissariat had failed to date it.

The car was surrounded by officers with fixed bayonets.

Now the officer was mad, indeed. "Where is the passport for this boy?" was asked—the boy we had taken on at Rouen. He had none.

"Decendras" came the order.

The poor lad, frightened half out of his wits, made no move to leave the seat.

"Prepara-tous a tirer" (get ready to shoot) roared the lieutenant.

For one second everyone was petrified. Then the chauffeur gave the boy a push! "Get down faster than you ever did anything in your life," he said in French.

The boy elbowed down. At a word, two soldiers took hold of him and marched him away—under arrest. We never saw the lad again, but undoubtedly he was released in the morning and sent home happy with the fee we had given him to set us on our way.

Then the automobile was ordered to turn round and wait for morning. There was a bridge in front of us. In turning we got near the bridge. The officer thought we were trying to escape. "Halt," and the soldiers started to bayonet the tires.

How we turned I do not know, but we managed it, without losing either our tires or our lives, and back to the nearest town we went with a sad heart thinking we had missed the boat.

My departing memory of that midnight camp is of sentinels with pointed bayonets and a very angry adjutant.

The next morning we decided to go to Havre, as the Chicago was also there. Three times we covered that bit of road, passing through the camp in the gray of the morning.

And great was our joy when we pulled into Havre to find that the "France" was still there, her sailing again delayed.

On her decks were the Americans who had been there idle for more than a week while I was getting those much-wanted fashions in Paris.

The baskets, with their precious freight, and the other parcels were placed on board.

Four days later we sailed, reaching New York August 30, the first French ship to reach our shores since the war.

And the first—and latest—French fashions!

VIII.

While in Havre, I wanted to get a photograph of the car which had carried the first Paris fashions to America. Loaded with the bags and baskets, we drew up the automobile in front of the Hotel de Ville, as a good background, and the photographer prepared to make the exposure. But an official rushed up to us—

"You will all be in jail in two minutes!" he cried. "Stop! Stop!"

And so we have no photograph to show here as a souvenir of that wild night ride.

But the gowns are here!

The gowns are here!

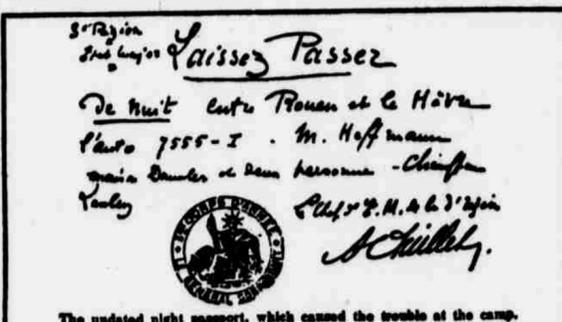
car, the manager expostulating all the time.

It was then four o'clock in the afternoon. Havre was 140 miles away. "La France" was to sail at midnight and we had to make the run through a great part of the French Army.

We started, skirting the levely old forest of St. Germain, and out through Conflans and on towards Rouen we sped.

My last look at Paris was sad, indeed. The city and its environs never looked so lovely. "Beautiful Paris, your wonderful buildings, your museums of art, your great workshops and stores, your princely treasures—will they be here just the same when I return? Who knows?"

At Rouen we found it necessary to get a special police permit to travel after night-fall—"a laissez-passer de nuit." This we obtained through the courtesy of the Police Commissariat and at 9.30 we proceeded again, taking with us a native boy to show the way to Havre.



The undated night passport, which caused the trouble at the camp.

way will be shown in the Wanamaker exhibit tomorrow. Their father, M. Gaston Worth, who retired some years ago, was called into the business again and is in charge of the House while his two boys are fighting for their country.

At Douillet's on Place Vendome, the same scene was repeated. M. Douillet had joined the volunteers, but a few gowns were made up and these I also procured.

That day's tour, sad as it was, showed that some fashions were to be had.

"I will wait and finish my quest," I said, "and get home the best I can."

The great steamer "La France" was being held at Havre; "the sea is not yet clear," they said.

"Let me know the latest minute to leave Paris," I said to the manager of the Compagnie Trans-Atlantique. "I have work to do, and I don't want to waste any time waiting for the boat to sail."

I arranged for an automobile to leave at a moment's notice.

I procured my passports and steamer accommodations.

I started again my visits to the couturiers.

Then came the great opportunity. The House of Bouchouff-David was forced to close. M. Bouchouff also had been called to arms.

His entire collection was offered to me—at war prices; half the usual fig-

Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co. **JOHN WANAMAKER, NEW YORK** Broadway, Eighth to Tenth Street