FINDS IT EASY TO BE A "WOMAN"

Mexican Poses as Fair Cloak Model and Dupes Many Lovers.

HAS MANY PICTURES

Mementoes of Conquests Held by "Gertrude," Who Finds Build Better Fitted for Feminine Than Masculine Robes.

El Paso, Tex.—The most remarkable case of masquerading on record is that credited to "Gertrude" Garcia, twenty-three years old and of Mexican parentage, who successfully gulled department managers of San Francisco, El Paso, Tex., and other cities; beguiled scores of lovers; hoodwinked the police and even posed as a cloak model in exclusive women's establishments, demonstrating how easy it is for clothes to make the woman.

But "Gertrude" failed to fool one man, Immigration Inspector E. M. Marnell, on duty at the international bridge at El Paso, when he attempted to come across the American boundary from Juarez with a passport si d "Maria" Garcia. A dazzling frock, high-heeled shoes, the latest twist in coiffures, pencilled brows, jet ear pendants and a stray dimple were not sufficient "camouflage" to fool the keen-eyed inspector, and "Gertrude" and two of her latest admirers and dupes were turned back.

Garcia's Amazing Dual Life.

The exposure brought to light the amazing dual life led by Genobeba Garcia, born in Zacatecas, Mex., who first entered the United States in the guise of a woman in 1915, accompanied by a man who posed as her husband. Garcia's face is as smooth as a child's. It never has known a razor. His habits, physiognomy, deportment and appearance are those of a woman. His hands are small and tapering and he walks with a feminine stride, due probably to the constant wearing of high-heeled shoes, examining physicians state.

"It will be difficult for 'Gertrude' to make a living as a man," was the report of immigration service physicians, "because of the peculiar mannerisms

"Gertrude" Failed to Fool One Man.

and feminine characteristics which his constant pose as a woman for many years have developed to a marked degree." His hair, which he wears like a woman, extends far below the waist, when taken down. It never has been cut.

Mexican Had Many Admirers.

Trunks which Garcia attempted to get across the Mexican border at the time he was apprehended contained quantities of feminine attire. They also contained pictures of many men, who, Garcia explained with a smile, had been admirers of his and who never had penetrated his disguise. Garcia told the immigration officials that many of his conquests were made while he was posing as a cloak model in shops at El Paso, San Diego and San Francisco.

There is something for you in the Want Ad column today. It's on the last page.

Bank Responsible for Error.

An interesting decision has been made by the Missouri court of appeals, relative to holding the sender of a telegram reponsible for a mistake in transmission. A Wyoming bank telegraphed a brokerage house, offering a carload of potatoes at $1.35 a hundred pounds. The telegraph company's mistake in transmission made the price 35 cents a hundred. The supposed offer was accepted by the brokers and the potatoes were shipped. When payment was tendered at the rate of 35 cents a hundred the Wyoming bank refused to accept the money and brought suit for the full amount. The Missouri court of appeals ruled that the bank had made the telegraph company its agent in forwarding the telegram and that as the brokerage house acted in good faith it could not be compelled to pay more than the amount quoted in the message.

State Protects War Gardens.

The supreme judicial court of Massachusetts held, in the case of Commonwealth vs. Gallata, that where a landlord terminated a tenancy at will of city lots, the tenant was entitled to growing crops as against the landlord and a subsequent lessee with knowledge of the first tenancy.

The court said: "The general principle is that where a person is in possession of land under a title that may be determined by an uncertain event not within his control, it is essential to the interests of agriculture that such a termination of his lease shall not prevent him reaping what he has sown and we see no reason why a tenant should be denied the right to emblements by the act of the landlord where the crop is raised on a city lot rather than on a farm."

Yours Is Coming, William!

Bad as things are, it is impossible not to smile at William Hohenzollern.

Of the Russian peace he said:

"The complete victory fills me with gratitude. It permits us to live again one of those great moments in which we can reverently admire God's hand in history."

Did a more sanctimonious scoundrel ever cut a throat?

Ah, William! You rest on the knees of the gods, and far from safety. Any moment, over you may go, face down, and our turn will come to admire God's hand in history, applied with emphasis where it will do most good.—Life.

MURPHY AT THE BAT

President Wilson Says--"The Country's First Business Is to Win the War"

This means that everything which will help win must be given right of way.

Food—grain and meat—is one of the prime essentials and you farmers are responsible for the grain and meat.

Your Barn, Hog House and Granary --- Yes, and Your Machine Shed

are just as important as war winning equipment as are the munition factories.

You owe it to your country to have buildings which will help you produce to the limit at lowest cost and also help you prevent waste of feed and machinery and loss of stock.

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Materials will NOT be any cheaper.

St. Hilaire Retail Lumber Co.

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In the very first letter written home from the cantonment, one of the new National Army men said, "Please send me a pocket book." He, like thousands of others, found out that he couldn't carry money in soldier's clothes as he did in citizen's clothes.

Barker's has genuine leather pocket books in styles and sizes best adapted to a soldier's needs—pocket books and bill books. They are genuine leather, strongly sewed and finely finished—good things for you as well as for soldiers. Prices range from 25c to $10.00. Here are some other good gift-things, in leather, soldiers will be glad to get. See that your boy has them.

Military Sets **$1.00 to $6**
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If there is anything that you want the quickest and best way to supply that want is by placing an advertisement in this paper

The results will surprise and please you

The Maker of Bandages

Red Cross Workers Solve in One Minute the Mystery of the Stony Hearted Mrs. Britt.

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER
Of the Vigilantes.

A diamond is not the hardest thing in the world. A diamond will cut glass and bore through case hardened, tempered chrome steel, but glass and steel—the diamond itself too—are soft compared to some things. The hardest thing in the world is a hard woman.

Mrs. Britt was such a woman.

I have seen hard women in my time, but never one who was harder. She smiled seldom, and when she smiled it was like the glitter of ice. She spoke infrequently, and when she spoke her speech was the tinkle of hail on slate roofing. She did not look as if she had ever wept in her life.

Every morning Mrs. Britt appeared at the Red Cross auxiliary in upper Broadway. She was the first to arrive in the morning, the last to leave at night. No one knew much about her, though. She was not the sort that make confidences. But that she was a worker—a hard worker—no one would dispute. Efficiency, as you'd suppose, was a trait of Mrs. Britt's.

Are Efficient Women Hard?

Efficiency—dreadful word that! How often hard women are efficient! How often efficient woman are hard! She was both, Mrs. Britt. The moment she came in at the door she had her hat and jacket off. The next instant she was at her place, her mouth set, grim, austere and hard—hard at work. Probably she did her work only from a sense of duty. Hard women always profess that trait. Duty, duty! But, then, few women are as hard as Mrs. Britt.

In contrast to her was Mrs. Farlow. She was soft and womanly and gentle—the exact opposite. She was not very efficient, of course, though she tried. Day after day Mrs. Farlow sat at the work table, her mouth quivering, smiling wistfully, the tears starting in her eyes. The bandages that came from her were often soiled and rumpled, poorly sewn, too, by her poor little trembling fingers. It was a wonder she could even see to sew at all. Again and again what she turned in had to be thrown away.

But no one reprimanded her. No one even let fall a hint that she was more of a burden than a help. The hearts of all those women ached with womanly pity for the poor, stricken mother. Once in awhile, though, in her corner at the back of the room Mrs. Britt would turn around and throw a glance at her. The glance was as hard as rocks—harder, in fact.

Mrs. Farlow had a son in the Rainbow division. The son was the oldest of her four children, and until he went away the little mother had been the happiest woman in the world. Now any day he might be ordered off to France. His picture was in the locket she wore. Every half hour she would stop her work to look at it. Sometimes, her face wistful, she would show it to the other workers, voicing the anguish that with every waking breath she drew twanged hollowly in her mother's heart.

One afternoon Mrs. Farlow's oldest daughter came hurrying in. Her face was white. She had just learned that the Rainbow division had been ordered overseas.

Mrs. Farlow rose, her face tragic. One glance she gave about her, then she collapsed, sinking to the floor. In her fall she overturned a huge pile of antiseptic gauze just torn into squares for Triangulars No. 13.

The room instantly was in confusion. Instantly every one sprang to the mother's aid—that is, every one but Mrs. Britt. She rose and rescued the bandages under foot. Then, her face hard as nails, grimly Mrs. Britt went back to her work. When Mrs. Farlow, still stricken, was led away to her car outside the drab figure in the corner was plugging away as mechanically and methodically as ever. The one glance she threw over her shoulder at the weeping woman was almost contemptuous.

A hard woman, Mrs. Britt; a heartless one, too, it was agreed.

For days nothing was seen at the auxiliary of Mrs. Farlow. It was understood that in her grief and apprehension she was ill in bed. Then one afternoon, pallid and quivering, she came in at the door. She smiled wistfully when the others gathered about her. "Let me work," she appealed plaintively. "Work may help me not to think."

Her Bandages Worthless.

She took a bandage and tried to sew. She made poor work of it, however. Then her head sank on her breast and the bandage slipped from her hands. "I can't—oh, I can't!" she wept.

Once more she was led away.

The same thing happened three or four days later. A week later the mother wandered in again. By now the first of the troops were in the trenches, and her pale, transparent face was like a wraith's. She took a bandage; she tried to sew, and for a third time Mrs. Farlow gave in.

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" she wailed.

The next instant a face was thrust into hers. The face was Mrs. Britt's, and the hard, bony visage was quivering with ill concealed anger and contempt.

"Sit down! Stop it!" said Mrs. Britt. With one hand she thrust Mrs. Farlow back on her chair; with the other she thrust at her the half finished bandage. Her tone as grim as her face, she spoke, and again the sound of it was like hail pattering on slate. "You're not thinking of your son," she said. "You're just thinking of yourself!"

There was a murmur of remonstrance. Mrs. Britt heard it, and she flashed a look about her. But when she spoke again it was to Mrs. Farlow she spoke.

Think of Your Son.

"You're not the only mother in this war," she said. "If you thought a little more about them and a little less about yourself you'd be doing something. You'd be helping your son, for one thing!"

"Why, what do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Farlow.

Mrs. Britt smiled another adamant, icy smile.

"Your son wouldn't die for want of care. Any one of those bandages I've seen you ruin might save his life. Any one of them might save the life of some other mother's son!"

Mrs. Farlow shrank as if she had been struck. She'd never thought of it that way before.

The silence, the grim reserve, which had cloaked Mrs. Britt seemed for a moment to quit her. "I have no son," she said, her flinty voice biting out the words. "I had one, but he died at Guantanamo. It was in the Spanish war," snapped Mrs. Britt, "and there were no bandages—nothing. That's why he died. That's why I'm here now. It's to keep other women—mothers—from becoming the sort of woman I am." A harsh, brittle laugh escaped her. "Oh, I know what you think of me. I've heard what you said. Well," said Mrs. Britt, "my son wouldn't have died like that maybe if I hadn't sat around sniffling and snuffling, never doing a thing."

Then, her lips drawn into a bony smile, she glanced about her once more and stalked back to her place in the corner.

That night Mrs. Farlow rose from her place at the bandage table and sought the table at the back. For the first time that day Mrs. Farlow had managed to create half a dozen bandages, none of which had to be thrown away. Timidly she held out a hand to the drab, dingy figure in the corner.

"I—I've done better today," she said timidly.

Mrs. Britt looked up at her. Out of the corner of one glassy eye something welled, then fell, running slowly down her cheek.

"He was only twenty. He was all I had," said Mrs. Britt.

Remember, Tuesday, "Meatless Day"; Wednesday, "Wheatless Day."

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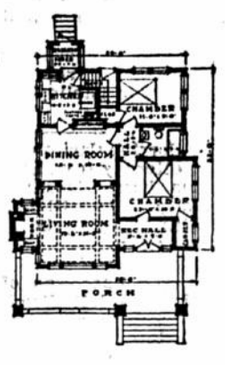

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