

# TONOPAH DAILY BONANZA

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W. W. BOOTH, EDITOR AND MANAGER

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## COWARDICE, A MOST IGNOBLE TRAIT.

ONE of the most disgusting spectacles in these troublous times is the examination of an unwilling drafted man. The youth, glowing with health, answers every requirement. He stands stark before the physician, hops on the right foot and then on the left. The stethoscope shows his lungs to be perfect, or "normal," as the blank calls for as the qualification for excellence. He breathes deep and long. The tests for sight, hearing and other faculties prove that he is what you and I would like to be—a splendid specimen of animal young manhood.

Then he puts on his clothes and fairly cringes before he affixes his signature to the examination blank. He says: "Doctor, I'm afraid I can't go. I nearly had 'ammonia' last year and had to see a physician. Besides, my sister-in-law may become dependent upon me for support."

Some of these slackers in will, if not in deed, are of foreign birth or parentage, descendants of the people for whom the United States is pouring out its wealth and blood, without regard to cost, while others are the sons of noble American sires, and it is a toss up as to which are the more unworthy.

Yesterday the writer went to the examining surgeon with two young men of class one, and said: "Doctor, here are two boys who want to go to the colors." It developed that this was just what they wanted to escape and only appeared through fear of punishment. The spectacle was so disgusting that it was a relief to have the ordeal over and the medico, whose services are gratis to his country, expressed forcibly his opinion in the matter. Perhaps these boys were of foreign parentage, with uncles, cousins or brothers in the trenches, fighting like Trojans for home and liberty, with Uncle Sam standing at their shoulders. Maybe they were sons of Bunker Hill and Gettysburg, but at all events they were cravens, unworthy of their sires.

## A VERY GRATIFYING OUTLOOK.

FROM the Cash Boy to the Divide is a far cry, something about six miles. Between them the district has produced something like one hundred and eleven million dollars, with a quarter of that sum disbursed in dividends, and the figures here given are far below the actual sums, the companies' estimates being accepted.

The two funds, which are of late occurrence, are among the most remarkable and potent in the district and may be cited as assurance that Tonopah, instead of being nearly worked out, is simply getting into its swing and will in time rank with the heaviest producers that the world has ever known. This should be a year of rejoicing and one of confidence. Instead of having to depend in the future almost entirely upon the tributary districts and being rather a depot and entrepot for outside camps, Tonopah will have within its own confines the means of sustenance and the outlook that will make all reality and other investments safe and will assure prosperity for decades. Truly, despite the depression caused by the war, Tonopah is in an enviable position and the people who own property here, considering shareholders as property owners, are to be congratulated on their wisdom in investing and holding their interests. In view of depression existing elsewhere, Tonopah occupies a position that is a very gratifying one.

## DO YOUR BEST, NOT YOUR BIT.

THERE are so many topics, less horrid than that of war, to write about, that this column should be brightened up by optimistic and cheering themes, but really one must consider and reconsider the gravity of the war, as it is now being brought home to each of us. Not, thank God, as it is to desolated Arras, pillaged Antwerp and ravished Rheims.

It is not to write of the millions and billions that we have given to make free the world by throttling the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns, with its greed for power, its lust for blood, its abject devotion to the Frankenstein monster which will eventually—and may it be soon—be the destroyer of its creator, the pyre that will consume the withered arm that was its builder.

Today you will read, as it is now coming over the wires, of the casualties on western sectors, where hundreds of thousands of American boys are now being entrenched. And there are a million and a half more to go. Thus far the fatalities have been few, but their actual participation in the war has but begun. Let us, whose disqualifications keep us at home, neglect no opportunity to show that battles may be won behind the firing line.

## SCIZZERED FROM THE TELEGRAPH.

Senator Reed Smoot of Utah doesn't approve of all of the president's message. And it may be added that the president is not entirely in agreement with the Utah apostle in all his mental processes.

Every time a new picture of King Albert of Belgium is printed it almost reconciles us to the monarchical system.

Our idea of the most inconsequential thing in the world is a "German peace feeler."

Germany is getting ready to "switch troops from Italy." These are the same troops that were going to feed on the "sunny Italian plain," you will remember. And they would have done so, but the allies made different arrangements.

A correspondent wishes to know what has become of the old-fashioned Uhlan. If the old-fashioned Uhlan had a horse he'd eat it.

There is a growing belief that more than one politician is indifferent as to who wins the war so long as a way is opened to place the administration in the hole.

Of course, you have noticed that most of the knockers of our

war preparations, the critics of our soldiers and the hecklers of the government, really haven't any intention of joining out for actual service.

# THE FIGHTING TRAIL

## CONCLUDING EPISODE—"OUT OF THE FLAME."

At the Butler Tomorrow.

It would be folly to go down without summoning help, and Gwyn realized that Nan's rescue, not to mention his own safety, would be needlessly imperiled by such a course. As he reached the end of the building and looked down Main street the sight sent a thrill that made his hope pound high. Four abreast, carbines spitting in all directions, a troop of khaki-clad cavalry was charging straight at the center of Von Bleck's defenses. The bandits were fleeing in a wild rout as Hogan's men also kept up the fire, and then, realizing that even flight meant the possibility of death, they lifted their hands in surrender. "Casey! Hogan! Come to the jail!" yelled Gwyn, and seeing that they understood, he dashed back to the fire. Swinging his hands from the window ledge he dropped to the cellar floor and made his way to the spot where Hogan's dog was standing guard over the unconscious Nan. Tying his handkerchief about her face as a shield against the smoke he lifted her tenderly and staggered back to the window. He waited, and a moment later Casey's honest, rugged features showed in the opening.

"Hold my legs, Hogan," said Casey, turning his head, and then left himself down headforemost till his arms were free. Nan was lifted quickly upward to the window by the rough but careful hands, and others drew her safely through. Next came the dog, whose tail wagged ecstatically when he caught a whiff of the fresh air outside. Gwyn himself went up last, and Casey had to strain mightily to lift him from the floor. When finally he stood outside supported by Hogan's arm it was all he could do to retain his consciousness. Nan already had opened her eyes under friendly ministrations from the cavalry officer.

A great cheer went up from the posse and troops as Nan was lifted to her feet and walked over to stand by her husband. His arm about her shoulders, Gwyn turned to the crowd and passed his hands over his eyes as if trying to realize what had happened. "You have saved our lives, boys," he said huskily, "but more than that, you have saved the cause of democracy." "Perhaps you didn't see what else we saved," grinned the officer. "Left-overs, as it were!" And as the troopers parted ranks Gwyn saw there Von Bleck and his hand, prisoners.

"About twenty years apiece is all you'll get—if you're in luck," said Hogan comfortingly, and at Von Bleck's expression the whole company raised a shout of laughter.

The Limited rolled rapidly along the shining rails toward the East. Lounging comfortably in the soft plush seats of the Pullman, John Gwyn and the young wife he had acquired in the wilds of the Sierras gazed out the window at the scenery as it glided past. To Gwyn it was a relief and a relaxation after the long siege of strife. He was returning home, and the sense of victory and success which thrilled his soul was plainly written upon his countenance. To Nan, seated beside him, it was an adventure. The landscape, as it slipped by, seemed to her to be ever different. She

could see the trees grow smaller, the plains stretch out before her eyes, the touch of civilization became more prominent, the towns grew to cities. It was all new, all strange, all inspiring to her. The whole thing seemed like a happy experience which must soon pass and be forgotten. Her frame, her mind, her feelings, her manner, all seemed to transform within her. She felt now that she was a woman, the wife of a strong, dominating man, whose personality and strength made him a peer of his kind. She must mould herself to fit him, so that she might move in harmony in his company, in the circles in which he went. No longer was she the wild, carefree daughter of the mountains. Gwyn turned to her and spoke, and his words bore association to her thoughts.

"I must have been overcome by the smoke, because, the first thing I remember, after I was staggering through the tunnel is that I opened my eyes and saw Drant standing over me," said Nan. "His eyes seemed to pierce the darkness, and he reached down to take me into his arms. Hogan's dog—I had brought him into the shaft with me—saw him and tried to protect me. He must have known that something was wrong—I think I called for help. Anyway, the dog made one leap at Drant and caught hold of him with his teeth. They struggled until they reached the ledge at the edge of the upper gallery, and Drant went over with the dog. That was the last I saw of him."

Gwyn listened to Nan's words and nodded impressively. He realized that the point she had brought out was true. Von Bleck, at the head of his great organization—the eye of the central powers—was not an enemy to an individual nor to a country, but he wielded an influence that could be felt by the world. An international spy, whose intrigues could throw history into a frenzied state of chaos, he was a man to be dealt with by the hands of no less important a power than the federal law. But now, captured and subdued, his domain would be shattered, his abominable system wrecked and his network of spies, which spread over the country like a web, would be without a leader.

Gwyn, as he thought, realized now the full gravity of the situation at Lost Mine. He could understand why things that had seemed hardly worthy of civilization and which he had thought could not happen in modern times had taken place in the Sierras. A project which had called for the presence of such a person as the representative of the central powers was a project which would warrant the risking of everything. And Gwyn, young though he was, was the man who had caused the downfall of this mighty power. He had proven himself stronger, craftier and greater than Von Bleck. He had conquered where the wealth and influence of a nation had been exerted to cause his failure. But, as he sat ruminating and musing over the events of the past few months, it was not his conquest, his accomplishment or his importance that confronted him. Conceit was farthest from his thoughts. Instead, it was his personal happiness that brightened these moments of his life. In evidence of this fact, he glanced continually at Nan, who sat, clothed in the glory of her new life, looking out the window.

### ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

#### TONOPAH GIPSY QUEEN MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business and location of works, Tonopah, Nye county, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of December, 1917, an assessment (No. 11) of two cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the secretary, at the office of the company, 265 Russ Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 31st day of January, 1918, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 11th day of March, 1918, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of Board of Directors, CHARLES D. OLNEY, Secretary, Office Room 265 Russ Building, San Francisco, California. J3-711

### ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

#### MANHATTAN UNION AMALGAMATED MINES SYNDICATE.

Location of principal place of business, Tonopah, Nye County, Nevada.

Location of works, Manhattan, Nye County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of December, 1917, an assessment (No. 11) of two cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the secretary, at the office of the Registration Surety Company, room 265 Russ Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 31st day of January, 1918, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 2nd day of March, 1918, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of Board of Directors, CHARLES D. OLNEY, Secretary, Office Room 265 Russ Building, San Francisco, California. J3-711

be able to bring you back. Nan, dear, I believe that it was a higher power than mere coincidence that took you to the home of old Don Carlos and that brought me to the same place in the accomplishment of my life work. It seems a shame that we have to leave it all behind us, with those who were so brave and loyal during the struggle."

"We're just going away for a time," she answered. "We aren't leaving it behind—we couldn't. The last thing Casey said to us at the station, after you had told him to take your place while you were away, was 'Be sure to come back soon.' And I told him that we would."

"And we shall," agreed Gwyn. A hand touched Gwyn on the shoulder and startled him from his happy reverie. He turned quickly and found himself facing the conductor.

"Is this Mr. John Gwyn?" The trainman was holding in his hand the yellow envelope of a telegram.

"It is," Gwyn answered to the inquiry.

"This was received at Denver, sir. We have just pulled out from there."

Gwyn took the telegram and the conductor nodded and departed. With nervous fingers he tore the envelope open. He could not tell from the outside where it was from, and his imagination worked rapidly as he thought of its possible contents. Perhaps Casey was in trouble; it might be that Von Bleck—

He unfolded the paper and read, while Nan scanned the lines from his side:

"Check for two million dollars was deposited to your credit at Fifth Avenue bank this morning. Wires from Barstow have given details. Newspapers are anxious for your arrival, but not as much so as we. Congratulations to you—and Mrs. Gwyn.—Balterman."

"And now, little girl," said Gwyn as he listened to the sound of the grinding wheels bearing them to the East, which sounded like music to his ears, "the door is open, and we are about to pass through to a new life and a new happiness."

### THE END.

## GREASERS MUST BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN

(By Associated Press.) EL PASO, Tex., Jan. 31.—When a man of Mexican descent appears at the county tax collector's office to pay his poll tax in order that he may vote at the next election, a government officer asks him if he has a registration and exemption card. If he gives a negative answer he is taken before the department of justice investigators and examined as to why he had not registered. This is expected to eliminate many floating Mexican voters who have had their poll taxes paid for them by politicians in the past and who were known to be illegal voters, but against whom no legal proceedings were ever instituted. The federal officers will also be at the polling places at the next election for the same purpose.

### ANOTHER HOUSE CLEANING.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 31.—News has been received at the Bolshevik headquarters, according to the semi-official news agency, that the secretariat-general of the Ukrainian rada has resigned and that a new secretariat will be formed. This will be made up of representatives of the Social Revolutionaries of the Left. The Bolshevik representatives of the rada at Brest-Litovsk will be replaced.

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## SWEDEN'S FOOD STATUS GROWS WORSE

(By Associated Press.) STOCKHOLM, Jan. 31.—The food situation in Sweden is rapidly growing worse. Pork cards will be introduced and the extra bread cards, which formerly were provided for foreign diplomats, have been withdrawn, except one for each head of a mission. The export of foodstuffs has almost entirely stopped, with the exception of meat, owing to the necessity of slaughtering stock because of the lack of fodder. Even meats show a large decrease. In November last 212 tons of pork were exported, against 1,517 tons in November, 1916, and 151 tons of all other meat, against 972. The statistics of Swedish imports for the first eleven months of the past year, which are now available, demonstrate upon what short rations the kingdom has been put. The total imports of all cereals and flour were 143,619 tons, against 331,187 for the first eleven months of 1916. Coffee imports were 8,194 tons, against 37,413; tea, 83 tons, against 480; all kinds of animal fodder, chiefly oil cakes, 33,602 tons, against 22,272, and hard coal, 11,200,000 tons, against 24,500,000 tons in the first eleven months of 1916.

## HOW TO PASS AN EX. THRIFT LUNCHEON AT EL PASO IS SERVED

(By Associated Press.) EL PASO, Tex., Jan. 31.—A "thrifty luncheon" at which only army hard bread, one kind of meat and one vegetable, and with the desert missing, was served here recently for the committees conducting the thrifty stamp campaign for the government in El Paso and El Paso county. Instead of usual elaborate luncheon the "thrifty luncheon" was adopted for all of these functions and the difference in price used in buying war stamps. It was also necessary for the committees to present a thrifty card with at least one \$5 stamp on it before they would be admitted to the luncheon. Jones' apple cider just arrived at Hall Liquor company. Six bits a gallon. advN231f

**MERGER MINES.**  
Development work is progressing on the 1750-foot level of the Goldfield Merger Mines company, in the northwestern part of the St. Ives claim, where a raise is now being driven to cut and explore the shale contact zone. This work is at a point not far from the hanging wall of the big Atlanta vein, which dips to the east and toward the Merger. At one point on the 1750-foot level of the Atlanta ore-bearing zone was opened that extends directly toward the Merger, and the raise now being driven is about in line with this ore channel.—Tribune.

Jones' pure apple cider at Hall Liquor company. Just arrived. Six bits a gallon. advN231f

**NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.**  
The co-partnership now and heretofore existing between S. R. Nulley, Mrs. Anna Nulley, his wife, and Mike Bielich, in what is known and called the Pot Roast Cafe, has this day been mutually dissolved, S. R. Nulley and Mrs. S. R. Nulley, his wife, retiring. All bills due to said Pot Roast Cafe are to be paid to Mike Bielich, and all bills owing by said Pot Roast Cafe will be paid by Mike Bielich.  
Dated January 19th, 1918, Tonopah, Nevada.  
MRS. ANNA NULLEY,  
S. R. NULLEY,  
advJ21110 MIKE BIELICH

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