

TONOPAH DAILY BONANZA

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W. W. BOOTH, EDITOR AND MANAGER

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OUR LADY-LIKE WAY

It would be interesting to ascertain the motive of the government in dealing with the enemy aliens interned at various points in the United States as though they were afraid of them or fearsome that some reprisal would be inflicted on our unhappy boys who are prisoners behind the German lines. This is a mistaken policy and one that has no foundation in either sense or warfare. Why should this country conduct a war of mercy when it is opposing a foe without the slightest claim to consideration. Germany shows no mercy either to its captives or its vassals. Our boys are tortured and starved while the Prussians have the unmitigated gall to ask the United States to give its subjects every consideration and the most favorable treatment. No fault could be found with this policy were we assured of the existence of some reciprocal arrangement by which Americans in the toils of the enemy would be assured of food and lodging at least as good as that which is meted out to the worst criminal in the United States.

The Hun has no mercy. He is the instigator of the system of polluting young innocent maidens and then scourging them forth into neighboring towns that their diseased condition may be accepted as a warning to the women of bordering countries if they ever dare to show fight against the minions of the kaiser. It is the German who devised the atrocity of ripping open the wombs of enceinte women, tearing the foetus from its holy resting place and thrusting therein the decapitated head of the father. It is the Hun who invented the esalted cruelty of crucifying gallant young Canadians, heads down, and planting the crucifixes on the highways of France that they face might be a warning to all comrades and deter them from doing their duty to their God and their government in exterminating this horde of demons.

Why then should there be any delay in compelling the interned enemies to do something to repay the country that harbors them instead of sending them to the executioner? There is not a shadow of excuse for this dawdling policy that handles avowed enemies with silken gloves that their tender flesh may not be hurt by the touch of their jailors. They way things are going in Europe forces the conviction that this will eventually develop into a war of savagery where the United States will have to repay with compound interest every blow delivered against our helpless boys in German prison compounds. The Hun is specializing on refinements of barbarities such as attacking hospitals and bombing nurses, sisters of charity and doctors who have consecrated the best years of their lives to the amelioration of the rigors of war. These gentle people know not friend or foe when a man calls on their ministrations. It is their proud pleasure to do or die if they can be of any service in alleviating injuries. Let Washington speak plainly through its Spanish intermediary a warning that for every hair of the head of an American that shall suffer, the subjects of the kaiser in this country will be visited with reprisals of a thousand fold.

"CAN" THAT ANGLO-SAXON STUFF

BRITISH editors are patting themselves on the back and hugging the delusion that in some mysterious way they are progenitors of the great American army that is now hurrying to the relief of the gallant troops on the western front. The conduct of the Americans at Cantigny furnishes the text for many fulsome editorials about the "Anglo-Saxon boys" from across the Atlantic who are bringing their strong red blood into the battles of the world. The sentiment is all right. None of us will deny that the boys bearing the khaki of Uncle Sam are capable of putting up a noble fight and holding their own against their weight in wildcats, but it is galling to have this Anglo-Saxon stuff rubbed in with every editorial paragraph that is flashed under the Atlantic. This sort of Tommy rot is nothing more than gilt edged balderdash emanating from a lot of British blatherskites who can hardly distinguish the difference between an aboriginal American and the boys over there who realize their are fighting for their own homes as well as for the principles of a world-wide peace.

The American army is no more Anglo-Saxon than it is African. If anything it is more of the latter since we have whole regiments of colored troops right in the thick of the engagement. Our army is AMERICAN spelled in the biggest circus type that you can find. The United States army is American, the most cosmopolitan of any body of men ever amalgamated under one flag and imbued with one thought, one hope and one aspiration. If this is an Anglo-Saxon army where will you find room for the boys of Irish, Italian, Slavonian, Gallic, Spanish, Latin, Greek, Croatian, Lithuanian, Russian, Turkish, or Armenian ancestry? Yes, and the true blooded patriots in whose veins courses the blood of the races that gave us a Kosciusko, a Pulaski, a Von Steuben and a De Kalb. If this is an Anglo-Saxon army where are we to place the Afro-Americans and the red-skinned descendants of Tecumseh and Black Hawk, the greatest native warriors of American lineage.

British editors better drop that sort of back handed compliments for a majority of the citizens of the United States now on the firing line spring from races which boast that they are untainted by a drop of Anglo-Saxon blood.

We are AMERICANS, the most homogeneous army ever brought together under one flag, the finest composite of manhood the universe has ever seen and the bravest assemblage of diversified races ever mobilized by the call of our president to save the colors from Hessian hands. That's what we are, but, Anglo-Saxon, never.

McAdoo as director general of the railroads has ordered Pullman porters to bathe—once in a while, but he has not the nerve to stop the tipping system established by Mr. Pullman, the provident parent of the palace car.

Lucifer must feel like resigning his scepter when he hears of the most recent exploit of the kaiser in asphyxiating whole villages as a reprisal against rebellious peasants. It is too bad that we did not give Von Bernstorff a dose of that medicine.

The life of a railroad president is not a happy one these days when the snickersnee hangs in dangerous suspense likely to drop at any moment and sever the owner from the monthly pay check.

Remember there is no war tax against the swimming pool, so there is no excuse for everybody not turning out and helping to clear the debt from the institution. Have a dip.

Oddie and Kearny are entered for the Republican preliminaries for the nomination for governor either of whom would prove an improvement on the present executive.

Truckee has doffed its snowshoe garb and chilly mien to don the carnival costume and glad hand for the Native Sons who hold their state convention there today.

The soap box orators on trial in Chicago in the arraignment of the I. W. W. will wish they had not written so many letters about their plans and purposes.

With new potatoes selling at 12 cents a pound it hardly required an embargo on the part of the food administration to prevent their consumption in Nevada.

Napoleon played a waiting game and always won when he was good and ready.

That fight or work order should catch our burly friend, Jack Munro.

FAILURE AUSTRIAN PLOT TO BLOW UP ITALIAN SUBMARINE FLOTILLA

MILAN, April 30.—Permission has been granted me today to tell fully the story of the Austrian raid of April 4 on Ancona.

Though the Austrian admiral chose to risk some 60 lives only in the enterprise, the expedition was well planned but badly carried out. Its objective was threefold—namely to blow up the submarine flotilla in Ancona harbor, destroy the captured Austrian torpedo boat B11 lying there, and seize the naval motor-boat squadron.

The invading party left Pola at 4 o'clock in the afternoon on board the torpedo-boat 69, having a motor launch in tow, and escorted by a destroyer, headed for the Italian side of the Adriatic at a speed of 16 knots an hour. When fifteen miles from land the invading detachment took their places in the motor launch, whose engines were carefully covered to suppress noise.

Shortly after 2 o'clock in the morning they disembarked at a solitary spot on shore, to find that owing to a big error in their calculations they were 17 miles north of Ancona. Formidably armed with bombs, pistols and daggers, and carrying 55 pounds of dynamite they moved in rows four abreast along the road skirting the coast. Since all spoke

fluent Italian with a Venetian accent and wore uniforms indistinguishable in the darkness from that of the Royal Italian marines, they aroused no suspicion in the mind of the coast guards and sentinels whom they passed and from whom they inquired the nearest route to Ancona, it being taken for granted that they had disembarked from some friendly vessel lying off shore.

At daybreak, having spied a lonely cottage, of which the only occupants were one woman, two small children, and a big dog, they decided to seek refuge till evening. During the interval two cadets disguised as peasants were sent to Ancona to purchase necessities and spy out defenses and the exact position of the vessels in port. The information which the spies brought back determined the officers to forgo the plan of blowing up the Mandracchio sugar factories, with other items of their program, and to concentrate their efforts on capturing the motor-boat squadron in which they could get away from danger as quickly as possible.

At sundown they buried the dynamite in the cottage garden, and at the stroke of midnight started towards town. Mistaken for a naval patrol they experienced no difficulty in passing the toll gates, but once

BADLY BURNED DRIVING TRACTOR

Joe Lima, employed at the Antelope Valley Land and Cattle company's property north of Yerington, was badly burned about the face Thursday when some gasoline about the tractor which he is operating caught fire, which in turn, set fire to his clothing. Men standing near him at the time rolled him in the sand, and after considerable effort put out the flames, but not before his clothing was much damaged and he himself badly burned on the face and hands. He was rushed to Yerington for medical treatment, and according to late reports is resting easy.

Speaking of camouflage, how about the fellow who pretends to listen to his wife's conversation while reading a newspaper?—Chicago Herald and Examiner.

Accurate war news in the Bonanza.

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DEFECTIVE WIRING DESTROYS LAUNDRY

Last Saturday about 1 o'clock in the morning the Mason steam laundry burned to the ground. The origin of the fire is not known, but Miranda brothers, the proprietors, think that it was very likely due to defective wiring. The estimated cost of the plant and building was about \$8500, on which they had \$1500 of insurance. An estimated value of the clothes destroyed by the fire is about \$7500. Good fire-fighting by the citizens of Mason saved the dwelling adjoining and the auto trucks, which were used in connection with the business.—Yerington Times.

GIRL WORKS AT THE THOMPSON SMELTER

At the Thompson smelter Miss Lucille Gallivan was installed as apprentice machinist. The enterprising young lady, eighteen years of age, applied to Master Mechanic R. J. Nesbit several weeks ago for a position in the shops and has been most persistent in her efforts to secure a position.

After careful investigation the company decided to make the experiment and if successful will adopt the policy of employing women in various parts of the smelter to replace men needed for war duty. The girl donned overalls and asks nothing but the opportunity to make good.—Yerington Times.

PASSED AWAY IN SLEEP

Mrs. Margaret O'Leary, wife of William O'Leary, deputy state controller, died suddenly at the family home on Sophia street at an early hour Saturday morning. She had long been a sufferer from heart disease and dropsy and consequent complications.

Mr. O'Leary and his wife slept in adjoining rooms and after attending to her wants about 3 o'clock this morning, Mr. O'Leary retired to his apartment, his wife stating that she was all right and could get along until morning. Mr. O'Leary arose at 7:30 and going into his wife's room found her dead.

Mrs. O'Leary was a native of Virginia, about 45 years of age, and the daughter of the late Abraham and Sarah Wall, pioneer resident of the Comstock. Besides the sorrowing husband, three children survive Mrs. O'Leary.—Carson Appeal.

INGALLS MINE

Through continued development by lessees over a long period, the Ingalls mine, 37 miles south of Goldfield in Tule canyon, now gives promise of developing into a steady producer and Al Borcharding and Sam Sneland, who have a lease on the southern part of the property, are convinced that 150 feet more in depth will lead them into an ore body that will prove a big reward for their labor and expense in opening it.—Goldfield Tribune.

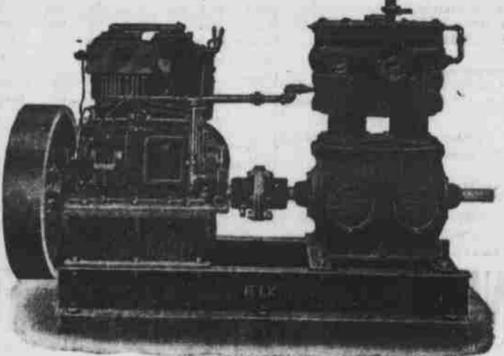
An odd Chinese ornament makes a delightful finish for a sash. Tan and gray shoes are almost as stable as black and white.

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