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PARTY REPRESENTATION

AN assembly bill provides that the governor shall fill vacancies in the legislature created by death after the general election. This amendment is a good one but it should be safeguarded by the stipulation that such vacancies be filled from the party deprived of its representative or senator. If he is a Republican, the place should be filled by the appointment of a Republican and, if a Democrat, the same rule should apply. This is essential to preserve the parity of political expression by electors who must not be robbed of their representation by the accident of death. Without some such provision the proposed amendment would be slated for defeat. Otherwise it would be dangerous to entrust such arbitrary powers to any executive who would be placed in a position where he could thwart the will of the people on a joint ballot.

FROM A SWIVEL CHAIR PHILOSOPHER

SECRETARY OF LABOR WILSON is giving out a lot of silly twaddle in reply to complaints that the demobilizing policy of the nation has failed to measure up to the requirements of two million men looking for work without displacing those who took their places while they were away fighting their country's battles. To reports and facts attesting a serious condition among the industrialists, Mr. Wilson sums it all up by stating the country is in a state of "hysteria" over unemployment and there is no reason for any dissatisfaction with the situation. Admitting that the weekly reports of men unable to find employment are steadily increasing, the secretary who has a soft snap at Washington without having to think of where his meal ticket is coming on the morrow, chooses to indulge in academic treatises on the "lack of confidence" manifested by employers and the maintenance of high values for food. He avoids saying these are artificially inflated against the consumer by the very government that gained its present mastery at Washington through specious promises of reduced cost of living. It was all right and every citizen with an atom of common sense admits that high prices were the natural concomitant of war which had to be endured while this country was wrestling with its greatest enemy overseas. The war has been over for three months, the supply of foodstuffs is far in excess of domestic requirements but the government is essaying to bolster up markets at the same old rates. The secretary says that after reconstruction there will ensue a greater period of industrial activity than at any time during the war and that there will be work for all who are willing to stoop their shoulders to manual labor. To what extent this will help the man who is out of work and without any immediate prospect of securing a job surpasses understanding. It is the old story of live horse and get out. With maniacal audacity the government suddenly dynamited the whole industrial fabric by cancelling contracts calling for billions of dollars and at one fell swoop shattered the foundation on which capital rested. It was the administration that precipitated the near panic which the country beholds with apprehension and it is the self same administration which adds to the general chaos by refusing to aid local employers in securing a readjustment of the wage question. No one else is to blame. The bungling of amateur statesmen is on a par with the outrageous handling of allotment and pay accounts of the army and navy by which two millions of accounts still remain unattended to by the department at Washington. Unless the president comes home and devotes a few hours to a study of domestic conditions instead of trying to arrange for American troops to police the remotest corners of the globe where we have no interests and where we have no business to interfere there will be a wave of Bolshevism in America that will not subside until it dashes against the doors of the White House itself. This will be no Coxey army of ragged troublemakers but an army of men who have the right to demand work from the government that lured them from other jobs to the shipyards of the nation under promise of employment for at least two years after the war. Like other promises of the Wilson administration this appears to have been made for the pleasure of breaking at the will of a few understrappers temporarily elevated into executive positions in Washington. In this connection it is interesting to note that the war expenses show no sign of recession from the pinnacle established when our armies were hammering their way through the forest of Argonne.

PAYING THE BILLS

GREAT BRITAIN will not stand for confiscation of property whether that property is located in the United States, Africa or Australia. Human rights and individual interests are protected by that government in a manner that should appeal to citizens of the United States. For instance England has notified the state department that she will expect an indemnity of \$150,000,000, more or less, for the loss sustained by British capital through enforcement of the constitutional amendment declaring the country on a dry basis. So far as the American brewer or distiller is concerned he has to grin and bear. He must stand by and see his financial holdings wrecked, his property destroyed and his business confiscated without murmuring. In view of the fact that British capital is protected from confiscation through legal process the same principle should apply to domestic investors. There should not be any favoritism shown the foreigner when our own citizens are asked to lamely submit.

Mrs. Sadie Hurst, the only woman member of the assembly, will learn through some kind friend the folly of raking up troubles from hearsay testimony. After listening to the story of an exciting badger fight in the rooms of one of the members the lady indignantly demanded an investigation and punishment of those implicated for violating the statutes against cruelty to animals.

CLIPPED AND CREDITED

A lot of men love their country, but not enough to let it own the railroads.—Columbus Citizen.

It will not do to discharge a man from the fighting line into the bread line.—New York Evening Sun.

The peace table has begun on the soup and fish. The nut-cracking will, as usual, come at the end.—Chicago Tribune.

After getting the farms for the soldiers, the next job will be to get the soldiers for the farms. This is not 1865.—Duluth News-Tribune.

Also it may be possible that a majority of the Germans consider it cheaper to go Bolshevik than to pay an indemnity.—Dallas News.

German papers say that Theodore Roosevelt was the "arch enemy" of Germany. This is the most complete and wholly satisfactory eulogy that has been uttered.—New York Tribune.

Edsel Ford, twenty-four-year-old son of Henry Ford, has been made president of the Ford company at a salary of \$150,000 a year. Which makes one more Ford that got there without a self-starter.—Franklin Star.

Who was the inspired idiot that stopped the ladies' bonfire? The president draws a royalty on every copy burned, and you'll agree that a little extra change would be welcomed with so many royal butlers to tip.—Chicago Tribune.

Goethe street in Chicago has long been a sensitive spot to residents, owing to the inability of street car conductors and policemen to pronounce it. On this account some patriotic resident has suggested that the name be changed to Joffre street.—Kansas City Star.

MICKIE SAYS

EDITORS IS SURE FORGIVIN' CUSSES! A GUY KIN DIE AN' BEAT EM OUTEN ELEVEN YEARS' SUBSCRIPTION AN' THEN THE EDITOR'LL SET DOWN AN' WRITE HALF A COLUMN ABOUT WHAT A FINE FELLER THE DECEASED WUZ AN' HOW EVERYBODY WILL MISS HIM!



Wanderings of Devil Dog or Doings of W. T. Cuddy

The interesting account of a devil dog's trials and tribulations in the end of the fleur de lis written by First Sergeant William T. Cuddy, Jr. company B, 13th regiment, U. S. marines, from Bordeaux, closes with this issue. Following is the second half of the letter which began yesterday:

The sun is shining, an event of importance in the Brest section and everything is rosy. All of a sudden some of the boys who have been gazing out of the window decide to sit down. Curious! They find themselves marooned where they have been standing in a sea of packs, rifles and men who sat down while he sitting was good. Then a miniature hell breaks loose which doesn't end until the journey is over some thirty-six hours away.

The men finally decide to take turns standing and sitting. A few wise birds wiggle in between a couple of packs and then camouflage themselves with a poncho and a gun or so and thus evade the draft until some loose-footed "leatherneck" accidentally on purpose step on the recruit's one's face and promptly elicits a rise out of the camouflage.

Act II rises on a box-car setting. This same box-car is full of hungry marines. The messmen hold the center of the stage and register much action in trying to locate provisions. After they have made the rounds of the car and inventory has been taken it is found that some "dirty devil" has forgotten to put aboard the case of jam and the pork and beans. This occasions much comment of sarcastic vein, for a marine can sleep standing or not at all but when it comes to dining he is very particular about his commissary. And when said car load of sea soldiers find that the only thing there is to eat is corned beef and plain bread with one can of tomatoes "chase, and this for six meals, it doesn't fit in with their scheme of things at all. The lad that forgot the "viands de luxe" is finally discovered and if ever a man had a wretched life he did that trip; we declared open season and he was "air game" for all. He dined on bread and water and little of that. However, as all things have a beginning, also they must end and we pulled into Bordeaux one evening and I claim that joy-ride is the last one of that nature that I ever care to participate in.

We are now stationed at Bordeaux, one of the largest seaports on the continent. The city itself lies about twenty-five miles from the coast on the right bank of the River Garonne. Bordeaux boasts a population of about 700,000 and is as thoroughly cosmopolitan as any city on earth. The river front which extends for miles is lined with vessels from every allied country and province in the world, loaded with every conceivable export. As we wander in and out among the huge warehouses on the quay and listen to the many different tongues, watch the different costumed stevedores with interest as they clomp to and fro on the wharves with their ungainly wooden shoes and admire the lines of some huge vessel lying at anchor, we wish for the moment that we to were sailors and could wander to some distant land as do the ships before us.

The streets proper are narrow and not unlike narrow roads between steep cliffs. Every few blocks or so

there is a sort of public square, as a rule with a statue or monument to some fallen hero, or great celebrity, and known by his name; for instance the Place de Gambetti, which contains a wonderful piece of the sculptor's art erected to Gambetti, one of France's greatest statesmen of the past.

I will never forget the day and night of November 11, 1918. When the news was flashed to Bordeaux that the armistice had been signed it was the cause of the greatest excitement, and celebration that the city had ever known. The city was decked in gala attire as never before. From every cathedral spire tower and building, huge flags of the allied arms were unfurled to the breeze; each window in every building had its complement of flags, flowers and bunting. The streets were thronged with people—soldiers and sailors of every nation. Every country had its own parade and following each was a band playing the national anthems; all singing and shouting their own particular slogans. Wine flowed like water, King Joy reigned supreme. It was a magnificent Mardi Gras and well it might be for there is not a family in the land but has cause for celebration at the ending of this, the greatest war the world has ever known. During the four years that the conflict waged, the French have endured unheard of privation and suffered many a sacrifice throughout.

There is a regiment of Chinese, brought from the French colonies of Indo-China, encamped next to us. They work in the munition factories and are disciplined the same as the "French" soldiers. They have a large entertainment hall where they give their plays, musical entertainments, etc. Their orchestra consists of drums of various sizes and tones; queer looking wind instruments and wailing fiddles. When they get going good the harmony sent forth is wonderful. In fact it affects us so much that few can bear the strain and we are forced to show our appreciation by showers of Irish confetti—that is bricks, bottles, anything of a soothing nature that we may have at hand. Their folk-lore must be interesting reading inasmuch as

depicted by them in their plays of which I have witnessed a few. I was able to understand that I was viewing some fine dramatic work but just what the theme of the whole thing was I have not as yet been able to figure out. I always like to attend these functions but some discommoded marine who has no supercilious and isn't educated always throws something and of course any real actor or actress goes vexed when just as he or she is leading up to a climax, some rube in the audience throws a rubber stamp or an ancient tomato. I know how it is myself. After said throwing occurs all the white men seem to want to leave. I don't know why, but I always shove out through a window myself. "Toot sweet."

We went rummaging through an old dungeon underneath a castle the other day and by a streak of luck hit on an old hat that had not been entered for a few hundred years or so. It must have been the place where they stored members of the opposite party or taken in hidden days, to judge from the piles of bones and skulls lying around.

Both the Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C. are doing fine work over here in the line of entertainment and recreation for the men. Both have large buildings containing lounging and reading rooms, cafeterias, billiard and pool halls. Rev. Thompson, a renowned athlete and formerly pastor of a church in Goldfield, is attached to the Bordeaux section and is in charge of athletics. There are thousands of American soldiers and sailors stationed in the vicinity of Bordeaux and as a result there is been competition in athletics. I am going to a football game on Thanksgiving day between Mary Pickford's orange pickers from California and an infantry team from Utah. The only recreation that we miss over here is dancing. The French girls don't dance, with the possible exception of their folkdances which can hardly be classified as dancing in the American sense of the word.

Well, it is growing late and taps has sounded, so will close hoping that my next voyage will be back to the U. S. A. and a chance to whiff the sage brush once again.

NIPPON GIRL TAKES THE BUDDHA OATH

(Correspondence Associated Press)

TOKIO, Jan. 31.—The marriage of a young woman of the highest nobility of Japan has attracted wide attention. Her father, Viscount Sengoku, is an official of the imperial household department and the young woman is an adopted daughter of Prince Kugo. The young woman's head was shaved in the course of a ceremony of much display and solemnity at the Zaiyu temple in Kyoto, and it is understood that under her new name of "Sun Parity of the Zaiyu Temple," she became pronounced as the designated successor of the abbess of one of the great Buddhist establishments in Kyoto. As such she at once came up to Tokyo to be received in audience by the empress.

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