

# THE EYE OF TRUTH

By LILIAN C. PASCHAL

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CONSISTING of clippings from various newspapers, files of 1948.

From the Butte (Mont.) Daily Digger, Sept. 12, 1948:

Yesterday afternoon a remarkable circumstance occurred on the volcanic eminence west of the city, known as Big Butte. It was an adventure of two miners who had been prospecting for the new mineral silvoro. They had unhooked their patent divining rod from a ledge of rock where they had located a lead of the precious metal, the natural amalgam of gold and silver, now so much more in demand than the old fashioned gold.

The electric filaments on the finder of the appliance were observed to be in a state of great agitation. Instead of searching the face of the cliff for silvoro, as the delicate threads were accustomed to do, they were waving wildly toward the western sky. Upon looking in that direction what was the astonishment of the men to behold what appeared to be a strange bird of gigantic proportions flying swiftly toward them. Transfixed with fear, they watched the terrifying object as it dropped its inflated black wings and settled noiselessly to earth near the spot where they stood.

On nearer view it seemed to be a sort of air ship. Its machinery gleamed with silvoro, which explained the action of the divining rod. Over its side appeared the head of a most grotesque personage. Steadying his uncanny craft, he leaped out with surprising agility. He was of alarming height, and his head seemed to center toward one terrible eye in the middle of his face.

He approached and spoke to them in a strange kind of English, saying he was well acquainted with the races of the earth at a distance, having studied their ways and listened to their various languages through the astronomical apparatus in one of the public observatories in his home on the planet Mars.

Conversing genially all the way, the miners brought their strange guest in to the city. He was not to be seen when the reporter called at a late hour last night. He is said to be remarkable in appearance, nearly twelve feet in height and clad in garments woven of one piece without seams.

His awestruck captors aver that his one eye possesses a basilisk power, but in a peculiar and alarming direction—that of evoking absolute truth from the unfortunate victim of its fascinating glare; that, no matter what is in the speaker's mind to say, the unvarnished truth, however unpleasant it may be, comes from his lips with that dreadful eye upon him.

They also ascribe to their celestial visitor among other black arts the power of becoming invisible at will whenever and to whomsoever he chooses. Possibly the latter faculty belongs also to his air ship, as no trace of it can be found on Big Butte.

But should his possession of this truth compelling power of eye prove to be a fact it is rather disquieting to speculate upon the direful changes that may be wrought in human affairs by the presence of this unique being in our midst.

Clipped from the Anaconda (Mont.) Copper Sheet, Sept. 16, 1948:

Many accounts have been given of the man from Mars who arrived last week from the sky. He has been seen



THE TESTER IN THE BILLBOARDS.

by few, but it appears that little escapes his eye. That forceful orb wreaks itself upon inanimate things as well as upon man. It has evidently been turned upon the billboards of the city during the past night, so changed are they from yesterday. Such advertisements as these confronted the startled gaze of our citizens this morning:

"Quack-All's Hair Destroyer! Wanted to produce gray hair and baldness in one month!"

"Harvard Gleanings. Most indigestible of breakfast foods!"

"Satin Skin Soap! Ruins the hand and complexion!"

"Fincher Shoes promote profanity and corns; will cripple for life. After one pair you will never wear any other!"

Farther down in the suburbs the most astounding posters met the eye:

"At the Grand! The Screamer Opera company! Worst of the season's tortures!" And the portraits of the beautiful stars of that troupe were distorted into the faces of wrinkled old women.

"Coming next week! Smallest show on earth! No animals worth seeing; jokes all musty with age; 2 cents' worth for only half a dollar!"

The campaign notices of our estimable townsmen who are now running for office on various tickets we forbear to publish. It would be too harrowing.

This public terror must be hunted down. Such things must not be in our law abiding city. No one is safe while this monster is abroad. A mass meeting is to be called tonight. The Martian must go!

Locals from the city columns of Butte Daily Digger, Sept. 21, 1948:

Since the appearance on our streets at mysterious intervals of the man from Mars most of the doctors' and lawyers' signs have disappeared. The occupation of the latter is gone when every one in the court room, themselves and witnesses included, tells the exact truth. The Martian is a daily visitor at the courthouse.

Various rumors indicate that the recent revolution against medical men began with one Mike Doolan of the Anaconda mine. It seems that Dr. Dash, the company physician, while writing a prescription for Mike was startled by the sudden appearance of the giant form and truth extracting eye of the Martian; hence Doolan's discovery that all the potent symbols on the bit of white paper signified no more than salt, water and soda.

"Faith," he was heard to declaim to a gaping crowd of listeners, "ain't it that's what we pay'n' him folve hoonder dollars a mont' fer we moight as well put it into a few tons o' sody crackers an' tak' it that way livery marnin', begorry!"

The man from Mars was reforming the schools yesterday with his optical search light. During his visit to the high school the history lesson was a marvelous disclosure. Heroes were shown up to be only very common men. Washington had told several lies and sworn several swears. Youth was instructed that goodness is Siamese twin brother to loneliness; that many bad people are happy and various other truths that caused the dismissal bell to ring in agitated haste at 2:30. At the general teachers' meeting a like commotion was caused by the same planetary headlight. We refrain from publishing the remarks of the superintendent to his teachers. The Martian must go!

From the Evening Continental, Butte, Mont., dated Sept. 24, 1948, extra edition:

### HARROWING HORROR!

The Martian Murderer! Done to Death! Pulled From the Pulpit!

The Rev. Dr. Blank, pastor of the People's church, lies in a critical condition at the City hospital, the victim of violence at the hands of his own parishioners.

The Sabbath quiet of that church was rudely broken by a scene of riot and bloodshed. No clear account can be obtained, though we append exclusive interviews with prominent members who were present.

But it seems that regular service was in progress when the magnetic presence of the Martian was felt by all, and it is presumed that his evil spell was over the minister, the eloquent Rev. Blank, and caused those astounding utterances which enraged his usually decorous congregation into insurrection against him.

They rose as one man and literally tore him from the pulpit. He escaped, though seriously injured, through a side door and was taken to the hospital. Fears for his safety even in case of recovery are entertained, so great is the feeling against him.

The crowd was dispersed by officers of the law amid much excitement. The Martian must go!

From the New York Earth, Jan. 1, 1949:

### THE SCOURGE REMOVED.

This is the day of special thanksgiving appointed by the president to show our gratitude that a national scourge has been mercifully lifted from our land. We may once more walk freely forth into the light of day without fear of the immense shadowy form and piercing eye of the Martian who has caused a reign of terror in the United States for the last three months. Some little resume of his career may not be amiss here.

In the town where he first appeared, Butte, Mont., there are yet traces of his ravages. He put an entire stop to the system of social calls among the ladies. Instead of joyful greetings the caller met with such remarks from her hostess as "Old frump!" "Hateful thing!" and "What did you come here for?"

To which the visitor responded, to her own horror as well as that of her dear friend, "Just to see if you had bought any new furniture to replace that shabby stuff in your parlor."

It grew too dangerous. After the first week of hair pullings all calling ceased. No woman could call her tongue her own with the baleful Martian influence upon her. For the same reason there have been no dances at the clubs this entire season, and the churches and schools are yet in a chaotic condition.

The town itself is now divided in half, East Butte being the abode of the larger part of the grown male population and West Butte occupied by the

majority of the ladies. There are but few residences or homes occupied. They are chiefly boarding houses now.

This is the direct result of the busy month when the divorce courts turned out an average daily grist of 213 decrees, a total aggregation of 6,391, for the month of November, 1948. On the other hand, many are reunited who had been estranged before.

Several prominent and highly esteemed citizens are residing for the present in the city jail, while as many prisoners are released, their innocence having been proved beyond a doubt since the advent of the Martian.

Everybody has read the famous Truth Issue of the Anaconda Copper Sheet. It has been translated into fourteen languages. As is well known, it was caused by an unexpected visit of the Martian to the editorial rooms just as the printer's devils began their nightly rush for copy.

We need not describe that memorable sheet, pocket edition, size 5 by 9 inches, its advertising columns of bargains reduced to facts and four stieks of nonpareil, its society news shorn of all glory or glowing adjectives, the microscopic corner occupied by police items divested of their padding, reminding one of a row of brownie skeletons; the page devoted to paying gold mines and rich strikes in the Klondike shrunk by the hydraulic pressure of that Martian eye to five lines, the uncomplimentary nature of the remarks about the "greenroom" and the results thereof—all this is well known to our readers. This was the last edition destined to be issued from the Copper Sheet fonts. That paper is now no more. The building was burned to the ground that night. The editor was forced to fly for his life, but he afterward made a great fortune by printing souvenir editions of the Truth Issue, which have been sold in all parts of the world. The editor has since retired to private life.

That the Martian monster finally traveled over this great country of ours, seeking whom he might devour.



"WHAT DID YOU COME HERE FOR?"

and that wreckage and destruction followed in his path are matters of current history. We need not repeat them here.

When he created such terrible havoc in our halls of congress, as a result of which we have had to call extra elections to fill the numerous vacant seats in both houses on account of the boodle and bribery scandals; when he tampered with the president's message, which told us how many millions accrued to that noble statesman from the sugar trust; when our marts of commerce had been closed by him; when the Stock Exchange had been made the abode of spiders and silence; when at the last he committed the heinous crime of disclosing and therefore destroying the methods by which a model machine made city government was conducted in our great vice protecting city of New York; when, in short, our whole system of living had been turned upside down and inside out by the Archimedes screw of that compelling eye. It was time for the nation to rebel. And we did.

No common methods would avail to rid us of a visitor who could render himself invisible to the police when wanted. So a day of public hypnotism was appointed. On that day, Dec. 23, 1948, at 10 a. m., the whole country joined in an effort to hypnotize the Martian back to his lair in the empyrean. Standing under the open sky and looking toward the east, every person in the United States over eighteen years of age concentrated his thoughts and prayers upon that one object.

The hum of industry was stopped; every train and mill and store and factory in the whole vast area of the continent was blanketed in one tremendous silence as the millions of people faced the morning sun as though by the swing of a mighty pendulum swayed by a common human impulse, for every soul on earth has some dread of a power which compels the unvarnished truth at all times.

The common enemy was in Washington at the time, ascending the steps of the Congressional library. So many hostile thought currents focused upon his will proved too much for him. He was overwhelmed by an inclination to call his air ship and journey again homeward.

At 10:20 a black speck appeared in the sky above the gilded dome of the library. At 10:30 he stepped into his conjured air ship, and the awful eye was seen to close slowly three times as the vessel rose above the city.



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### WOMEN SHOPPERS.

And Some of the Pleasant Little Tricks Peculiar to Them.

In a certain successful play there is a jury scene, and one of the jurors gives vent to much cynicism about women.

"Why, what do you know on the subject?" sneers a fellow juror.

"Gentlemen, I know just how fendish a woman can be," reiterates the man. "I am a clerk in a dry goods store!"

There is a good deal of cause for his bitterness. Of all the "aggravating" women, shoppers are the worst. Why on earth will a woman persist in look-

ceed to lose them outside the store?

Why is it that a woman will change her mind after a check is made out and oblige the clerk to write it all over again just because she has decided to take the parcel with her instead of sending it? Why couldn't she make up her mind in the first place? Why is it that women will lose their shopping lists and pocketbooks under the bales of goods on the counter and then set the whole department to searching for them?

Why is it that the average woman shopper seems to dispense with her thinking apparatus the minute she enters a store?

Goodness only knows!  
BEATRICE MILLER.



DON'T LOOK WHERE SHE GOES.

ing one way while she walks another. This in a crowded store, where every inch of room is precious. Result, collision, hats knocked at angles of forty-five degrees, trains ripped and trodden on.

Why will women bring small children with them to department stores and drag them around remorselessly while the poor mites lose their balance and bang first into this one and then into that one, not to speak of being walked over?

Why is it that at the hat counter when you have removed your hat and veil and made yourself comfortable a woman comes around immediately and pokes under your hat? There are plenty of other straw shapes around, but she simply must see the particular one which your hat conceals.

Why is it that women ask for samples and then immediately pro-

Charles G. Kress

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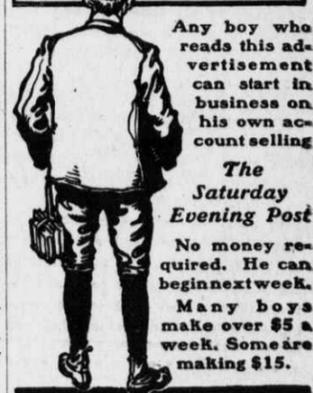
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