

GORITZ TORN TO PIECES IN LAST GERMAN DRIVE

Correspondent Sees Shell-Battered City Just Before the Italians Retreated.

PAINTS PICTURE OF RUIN

Newspaper Men Have Narrow Escape as They Watch Artillery Battle—Outlines of City Still There, but It Is a City Sieved by Bombardment.

Headquarters of the Italian Army, Northern Italy.—Goritz is a symbol. "On to Goritz!" was the cry of the duke of Aosta's soldiers as they pressed through the little town of Lucinico a few months ago, fighting their way down to the Isonzo river, then across the western bridge leading to the city, when the cry changed to "Goritz at last!"

Then this was reversed when the overwhelming invading force of Austro-Germans took up this same cry, "On to Goritz!" pressing down from the north, across the northern bridge to the city and ending with "Goritz at last!"

This Goritz has become a symbol of the huge change which has occurred. It was one of the furthest points forward on the Italian line, the center of a vast arc of fighting front stretching from Piavice, far in the north, down to the Adriatic at Montefalcone, and it was the most populous and important city in the great crescent of territory which the Italian army had sliced off southwestern Austria—some six hundred square miles in all. And so Goritz was symbolic of that entire region which has twice changed hands in this war, and of the furthest advance in the first Italian campaigns.

I went to Goritz and saw the city on the eve of its agony. It was the last trip made there by anyone outside the military before the retreat began. The roar of the great Austro-German offensive already had commenced, though for the moment it was taken for a spasmodic renewal of the cannonade which had been going on for weeks. Within twenty-four hours the enemy had crossed the Isonzo 15 miles further north, turned the Italian left wing, beaten back the second army under General Capello, threatened to envelop the third army under the duke of Aosta, brother of the king of Italy, and put in execution that gigantic hammer stroke by which they hoped to finish Italy and cripple the whole entente.

Roads Left Clear. My trip was made by invitation of the supreme command, with staff editor from headquarters as escort. As we sped along the road in the big army automobile I noted there were no troops along the road and bordering fields as one sees approaching Verdun or in the Somme or Flanders. This absence of troops in the rear was part of the system adopted, it was explained. All the re-provisioning of the army was done at night and the roads were left clear by day most of the time.

Ten miles out we crossed the Italian-Austrian frontier and entered Austria.

At Cormons, an Austrian village on the road, the signs above the shops were all in Italian, showing the Italians were right in the claim that all this section was really Italian.

The cannonade began to be heard for the first time ten miles west of Goritz—a low rumble to the north and east, with now and then the muffled boom of a great gun. Day by day the fire was getting heavier, said our escort, who knew the ground by heart, and he added that the enemy forces had been increased from 120 battalions to 330 battalions.

As we passed through the town of Lucinico, a far-out suburb of Goritz, it seemed to be half destroyed. Along main street ran rows of battered buildings, with walls half down and shell holes making ugly gashes. But business was going on, men were at the cafes and women and girls strolled the street unconcernedly. Now the automobile turned up the steep side of Padgera hill, one of the outer defenses of Goritz where bloody hand-to-hand fighting occurred. One could see the old trench and wire system, now grass grown. All this hill had been swept bare by shell fire, but nature had kindly obliterated the scars and the hillside was again smiling with its verdure. The sound of firing had now increased to an enormous roar as we passed Padgera hill.

Turning the corner of a shattered wall we saw the Isonzo river lying ahead and on the further side Goritz rising in terraces with the huge battlements of the citadel towering on the right. The river looked about the width of the Potomac at Washington, but with swifter current from the mountain feeders. Along the edge of the river ran rows of shell-torn walls with gaping windows. This whole waterfront had been torn to pieces, and yet many of the demolished remnants of the buildings were occupied and work along the river wharves was proceeding.

Old Bridges Replaced. The Isonzo river was crossed by the wooden bridge which Italian engineers built after all the old bridges had been blown up. On one side lay the wreck

of a big pontoon. It was on pontoon bridges that the Italians entered the city and this wreck was one of the remnants of that crossing. The big railroad bridge was lying in a wreck from artillery fire. Further on was the massive stone bridge, with one of its main arches blown to pieces. Near these bridges lie several important paper mills, where paper is made for government notes. All these mills were masses of ruins, with a few tall chimneys still standing among the debris.

Goritz itself was under the rain of terrific bombardment, for the full force of the great offensive was now only a few hours off.

And yet with the imminent danger many persons still clung to their homes and belongings with that same tenacity which makes the Vesuvian peasants cling to the mountainside when the volcano is raging and threatening to bury them. But most of these people on the streets are the poor who could not get away and the small shopkeepers who cannot afford to abandon their goods. The big stores are all closed and the place has an air of a deserted city, with only a few stragglers bringing up the rear. Goritz had 30,000 people, but only 5,000 are left, and these make only a scattered showing in the wide main street fringed on either side with its shell-torn fronts. It was raining hard and this added to the lugubrious spectacle.

Entering the city we passed the extensive Jesuit establishment where 600 seminarians are located. One corner was knocked off, the cornices were hanging and several big holes told where the shells had found a mark. The main contour of the street was preserved and the buildings were intact as a whole, but every second or third had been hit, some collapsing entirely, others with their front wall gone and their upper rooms with household goods showing from the street. But there was no vast area of completely leveled debris, as at Verdun or Monastir. The outlines of a city were still there, but it was a city sieved by bombardment.

Trip to the Citadel.

The trip to the citadel was the event of the day. This is a huge pile, with old-time moat and battlements and a great tower dominating the whole country for miles around. Here we were to view Mount Gabriel, Mount Michael, the Bianzizza plateau and the whole range of ground which had passed through this upheaval. It was uphill to the citadel. Everything showed the havoc of long continued fire. In one great court there was a pretty little chapel which had come through the ordeal untouched, though all around was a wreck.

Once upon the battlements a commanding view was ahead. There was one point of vantage where this view was particularly good, known as the observation post. We halted a moment, about to enter the post, but others wished to push on to the very front of the wall, and this view prevailed. It was a most fortunate decision, as we soon after had reason to know.

On the battlements a splendid view stretched out for miles over this battleground of mountains, valleys and plains, with the city houses clustered below and the roads winding off through the valleys and foothills. There in front was Mount Gabriel, this side held by the Italians, the other by the Austrians.

"There runs the dividing line," said the escort, pointing to a line of trees and depressions near the summit.

The Italian trenches could be plainly seen, but there was no need of indicating a dividing line, for the bursts of smoke along one side of the summit and the answering bursts from the other side told where the line was. Off to the left was Mount Michael, once swept clean by shell fire, but now green again. Nestled in a hollow was the convent of St. Catarina. The Bianzizza plateau was off to the left, and through the mist were the dim outlines of the mountains.

UNCLE SAM'S PHOTOGRAPHER



Sergt. Leon H. Caverly, United States marine corps, one of the "movie" camera men of Uncle Sam's fighting forces in France, photographing our participation in the great war for the nation's archives. These men daily risk their lives recording the world's greatest drama for future generations. Enemy soldiers spot him with powerful glasses and because they fear his records, train their guns on him.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

An old bachelor says the best pet dogs come in glass. Don't worry. You will always look good to your friends. If a man has a good memory he knows when to forget. Men who do the most work don't always do the best work. A woman seldom attempts to hide her jealousy under a bushel.

lines of snow-topped Mount Nero, that outpost of the Italian advance.

As we stood surveying this scene there was the steady rumble of guns, with the crack of quick-firers and then the long "whizz" of ever-passing shells. But there was one "whizz" which instantly engaged every attention. We could hear it coming, and it was not going over, nor under, nor at either side. Every one instinctively recoiled, and then—

Crash!

No More Observation Post. Five of us went down in a heap, stunned as with a hammer blow. There was a great, enveloping noise, with the smash and crack of walls, the flying of fragments, and then the heave of tons of earth, mortar and masonry, plowed up by the huge missile.

It had struck that observation post, just 15 feet away, which we were about to enter. There was no more observation post; it was swept clean. But fortunately the shell had gone straight through, battering down massive walls and digging a deep trench into the earth where it had exploded underground, throwing up great geyzers. But while the earth and stone flew like hail, the underground explosion had held the shell fragments. Stunned as we were, the first impulse was of self-preservation. A hasty glance showed no one was seriously injured, though the trickle of blood on the right temple of one of the party told that a flying stone had found a mark.

"They have this range," said the escort as we struggled to our feet, "and one shot means that another will follow." There was a hasty scramble from the battlement, over the tons of debris thrown up, which now completely blocked the three-foot path skirting the wall. The shell had suddenly brought to a close our observation of the battle front with all its tragedy and majestic beauty. But worst of all, it put an end to all trips to Goritz, for the officer said no further chances of this kind could be taken. It was just as well, for now the great offensive of the enemy burst unexpectedly, and with it came the retreat from the Goritz line. Fortunately or unfortunately, I had seen it at the last moment when the tide was turning.

Situation Explained. At the cafe where we went for lunch the officer from headquarters laid out the big military map on the table and explained the military situation. It was this: The enemy was bringing great masses of men to the north of the Bianzizza plateau. His design was evident. The Italians by their last advance had swung a ring which was threatening Trieste. To save Trieste the enemy must force the Italians back to the Isonzo river, as another Italian offensive would clear the Carso range and give the Italians the mastery of Trieste. To the enemy the time had come when he must act before the Italians played their final card and held the jewel of the Adriatic.

As we pored over the map the increasing roar of the artillery told that the enemy was losing no time in his part of the military game. The proprietor of the cafe was an intelligent old man, and I asked him if the fire we heard was the same as usual. He shook his head and said: "No, it is very much heavier and it seems as though something was going to happen." This was the instinctive feeling of the people on the spot who had gone through this day after day for months. They felt the blow coming.

On the corner there were two women of the working class talking together under an umbrella, for it was raining hard. Their indifference to the shelling seemed strange, and I stopped to ask them if the bombardment did not frighten them and keep them awake at night. They were puzzled for a moment, as though not comprehending such an inquiry, and then they shrugged their shoulders.

"We are used to it," they said. "It used to frighten us at first, and the children still cry at night. But what can we do?" These were typical townswomen who had become habituated to the danger and destruction all around them and were now stopping on the street corner in the rain to exchange the latest gossip. One of the women had the features of an Austrian, and she smiled as she heard the rumble of the Austrian guns and looked off toward the enemy lines so near.

Within three hours when we got back to headquarters the full force of the blow had been struck and the great Austro-German offensive against Italy was in full operation.

Big Profit in One Hog. Lindale, Ga.—Charles Guyton, a farmer, bought a hog last September for \$25. He slaughtered the animal the other day and sold it for 30 cents a pound. The hog weighed 900 pounds, dressed, and brought \$270, a net profit of \$245.

WAR CREDITS GRANTED BY U. S. TO THE ALLIES

The treasury department authorizes the following statement of the totals of credits extended to foreign governments by the treasury since the United States entered the war: Great Britain..... \$2,045,000,000 France..... 1,285,000,000 Italy..... 500,000,000 Russia..... 325,000,000 Belgium..... 77,400,000 Serbia..... 4,000,000 Totals..... \$4,236,400,000

Tomatoes filled with minced pineapple, celery and chopped nuts mixed with mayonnaise are delicious. Pack glass and china in hay that is slightly damp. This will prevent the articles from slipping about. Apples, cored and filled with chopped dates or figs, then baked, make an excellent breakfast dish. Parsley and sweet herbs should be gathered on a sunny day when full grown if they are to be dried.

The Dream Farm By Victor Redcliffe. Lessons on the base drum. The sign in the window of the little cottage where Barnaby Glinn lodged and boarded. It had hung there for over two years and was faded and askew, for the cord supporting it to a tack had become old and frayed.

No one ever came to take lessons and passers-by smiled at the time-worn legend. How could there be any lessons necessary to learn to pound a sheet of sheepskin with a padded club. Where was the harmony or expression as in reced or string instruments? Why, Barnaby belonged to a band and was its most poorly paid member. Anybody could drum. "But I am an expert," insisted poor Barnaby. "Expression, why, the drum has been the first token of civilization with the world's wildest tribes. It is full of wonderful possibilities of imitation, thunder roaring waves, the booming guns of battle, the tramp of armies. Muffle it, and who could not shed tears as it accompanies a solemn death march? But the drum is underrated, and I am underrated. Hence, if I can ever save a few thousand, Theodosia will be waiting for me, and they will go to live on a snug little farm by the sea, where nature booms out the true drum note among the mighty breakers."

But the saving of the few thousands was a slow progress, and for bare bread and butter, Barnaby was compelled to brandish the drumstick year after year. Then, too, work was not regular. Talking machines and electric pianos had cut in on the band line, and the little group to which Barnaby belonged got only occasional and irregular calls.

There were six in what was left of the band, and the sextette were on board of a train bound for a particularly low-down road settlement, twenty miles away. It was at entire variance with the classic tastes of the musically aesthetic Barnaby to cater to the element now demanding his services, but times were hard, work scarce, and he sighed as he recalled olden palm days when symphonies instead of rag-time were included in the musical order of the day.

They were a jolly, harmonious crowd, those musicians. They joked and gabbed and ate their lunch, and discussed the occasion requiring their present services. The same covered a concert and ball to be given for the benefit of Pug Nibsey. In fact, that individual, a pugilist and the fistic pet of the settlement, had just been released from jail, and they were celebrating his restoration to society.

"It will be pistol shots and rough howl complete when the crowd gets warmed up," predicted the leader of the band. "Ach, it is not what I like," observed the trombone player. "At such a like they poured beer into mine instrument and broke the slides." "Hi, Glinn, look here," hailed the cornetist of the group, "you are always sighing for two or three thousand dollars to retire on. Here's your chance. Offer of five thousand dollars reward for the discovery of that stolen kid up at the Atherton."

"How can anyone be so cruel, so wicked, as to steal away a little innocent child from its loving parents," murmured the mild-mannered Barnaby. "They have found no trace, the newspaper says," continued the cornetist. "Here's the description; four years old, flaxen hair, blue eyes, half of the left ear gone."

"It's not my luck to find anything but hard work and poor business," asserted Barnaby. The event at the settlement was held in a building with drizzling quarters below and a dance hall above. The owner and fancier denizens of the

place were of a hard, vicious class, and no one of the members of the band relished the environment and companionship. They were crowded upon a little platform in one corner of the hall and began their program as the place began to fill.

The start was noisy, its progress turbulent and finally riotous. About eleven o'clock there was a vast clamor, a ring formed and a fist fight came off. It was followed by a regular duel, shots, fifteen minutes later quelled only by the police.

"I am disabled," announced Barnaby dimly to his fellow band members. "See."

One of the stray bullets had gone through the head of the big bass drum and had come out on the other side. The leader went in search of the proprietor of the place to make complaint and demand damages. This phase of the situation was adjusted, but Barnaby declared his beloved instrument to be out of commission.

"Why should I stay around here?" he questioned the leader. "This crowd will keep you here until morning. I could get a train in an hour."

"That will be all right, Barnaby," assured the leader. "You had better not try to get out of the building through that unruly mob, though. They'd like nothing better than to use your big drum for a football."

"There is a door behind the platform. I will go that way," said Barnaby. His cherished instrument was bulky and awkward to handle, being nearly half as big as himself, but he managed to get it through a narrow doorway, down a corridor and then he lost himself in the great rambling barn of a place. He finally reached a lower floor and was making his way towards a rear open door, when a feeble piping voice reached his hearing.

"Mister, won't you get me some water to drink? I'm so thirsty."

"Who are you? Where are you?" challenged Barnaby, and then by the light of a spluttering oil lamp at the end of the passageway, he made out a door with a small wicket in it, and, pressed against this, was a white, scared face.

"Some bad men stole me away from home and have shut me in here," quavered the imprisoned child. "They haven't given me anything to eat or drink since morning. Oh, please help me, won't you?"

Now in a flash Barnaby Glinn comprehended that he had come across the kidnapped child his fellow bandman had read about in the newspaper. He was sure of it, as he peered closer. Flaxen hair, blue eyes and an ear disfigured in some accident—yes, here was the missing child for whom a reward of five thousand dollars was offered.

But not for a moment did this fact influence honest, sympathetic Barnaby Glinn just now. The pitiful appeal in face and voice of the poor little captive aroused within him indignation and compassion, all his innate manliness. He tried the door, he estimated its strength, he took from his pocket a little case containing tools used in adjusting and repairing his big bass drum. He applied them to the purpose in view, to force the door, and he succeeded.

"Little mite," he told his charge, "you are to do just what I tell you."

"Yes, sir, oh, yes, sir," quavered the child eagerly.

"Because, if you don't, those wicked men you tell about will catch both of us and never, never again may we see home and friends."

"I will do just what you say," declared the trembling child, and Barnaby Glinn began to unscrew the head of his big bass drum. He was puffing, panting and perspiring when he reached the little railway station. There he had to wait for an hour, for the train was late. He noticed several men come to the place and excitedly scurry about it. He smiled inwardly, as from some words they dropped he knew that they were looking for some one who had run away with their charge.

Barnaby got home well on towards three o'clock. He made so much noise coming up the steps and getting into the house that his boarding mistress came downstairs.

"You look all done up, Mr. Glinn," she said. "Had a hard night of it, I suppose. I am going to get you a hot cup of coffee."

"For two," spoke Barnaby, in his usual terse way. "And a little lunch."

"For two," repeated the landlady vaguely.

"If you please. Once, when I went to play at a country barn dance, I brought back a turkey."

"Yes, Mr. Glinn."

"And again, from a harvest home a jug of cider."

"I remember."

"Now," and Barnaby leaned down, unstrung the straps and clamps holding in the head of the drum, "now it is a boy."

And out of the queer receptacle, where he had lain curled up and hidden from view, stepped the little kidnaped boy for whom a ransom of twenty thousand dollars had been asked, for whose discovery five thousand dollars was offered.

And when Barnaby Glinn received the same, he married Theodosia, and moved that seaside dream farm of his, where the drum beat of the waves was a constant musical attendant.

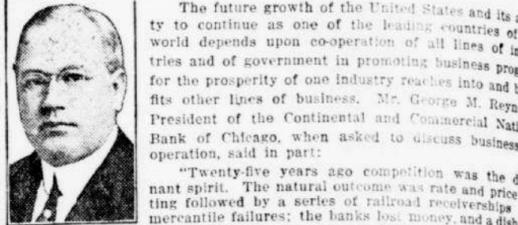
Clearing House for Babies. A clearing house for babies has been established in New York. This bureau, which is run under the auspices of the public charities department, examines children which may be committed to the city's care, and determines to which institute in the city it should be sent.

If white potatoes are inclined to turn black when being boiled, add a few drops of vinegar to the water they are boiled in.

FACTS AND FIGURES United States in 1916 quarried granite valued at \$17,418,582. United States national banks have \$18,000,000,000 in deposits. Pennsylvania railroad has sent 2,540 employees to war.

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

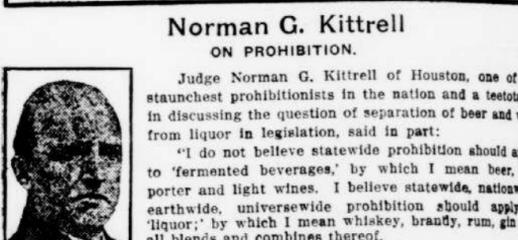
George M. Reynolds ON COMPETITION AND CO-OPERATION.



The future growth of the United States and its ability to continue as one of the leading countries of the world depends upon co-operation of all lines of industries and of government in promoting business progress for the prosperity of one industry reaches into and benefits other lines of business. Mr. George M. Reynolds, President of the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago, when asked to discuss business co-operation, said in part: "Twenty-five years ago competition was the dominant spirit. The natural outcome was rate and price cutting, followed by a series of railroad receiverships and mercantile failures; the banks lost money, and a disastrous number closed. The ruling passion seems to have been to keep a competitor from getting business, regardless of consequences. Prices fell, unemployment was general and everybody suffered. The farmer could not get sufficient for his crops to pay interest, to say nothing of lifting the mortgage. There were other contributing causes, but ruinous competition, the ceaseless scramble to build up a big volume, was responsible for a large part of the troubles. We have learned better. We have found that as a permanent aid to prosperity helpful co-operation ranks above destructive competition. The railroad official, manufacturer, merchant, farmer and laborer, have reached the very same that in thinking each other in the work of developing a nation they are doing those things that help themselves. During recent years we have all been busy studying costs, overhead charges and efficiency. If any of us operate at a loss it is had for the community, the state and the nation. This economic truth has been brought out by our studies. The rule now is to seek the best methods for our own business, and then see if our experience offers something for the advancement of others. The business man, transportation manager, farmer and banker are closer together today than ever before. There has always been a community of interest, but it was not discovered until we had gone through many periods of depression in which difficulties were multiplied by previous harmful competition. Now we are all trying to help the farmer increase the production of his soil, and he is helping the balance of us in the tremendous task of maintaining normal conditions. This spirit of co-operation is becoming more universal every day. Public officials are seeking the light and are beginning to realize that the political party that extends the most help to the various interests of the country—that devotes itself to encouraging harmony and keeping confidence alive instead of hampering business by too much restrictive legislation—will be the party likely to remain in power the longest. We must all pull together, our laws must not cripple any industry; we must ever keep in mind that the prosperity of one industry or line of business reaches into and benefits other lines of business."

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

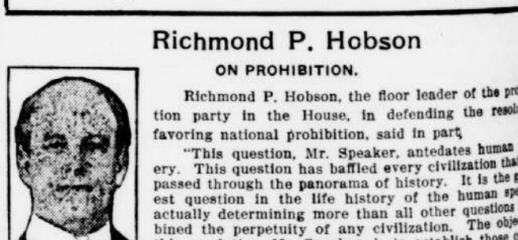
Norman G. Kittrell ON PROHIBITION.



Judge Norman G. Kittrell of Houston, one of the staunchest prohibitionists in the nation and a teetotaler, in discussing the question of separation of beer and wine from liquor in legislation, said in part: "I do not believe statewide prohibition should apply to 'fermented beverages,' by which I mean beer, ale, porter and light wines. I believe statewide, nationwide, earth-wide, universe-wide prohibition should apply to 'liquor,' by which I mean whiskey, brandy, rum, gin and all blends and combines thereof. Understand, I do not drink either fermented beverages or liquor. I do not belong to any club that dispenses liquor—indeed, to no club at all. I do not enter any place where liquor is sold. I do not patronize any grocer who sells liquor; yet at the same time, I do not believe that hundreds of thousands of peaceable, industrious, prosperous, law-abiding citizens should be deprived of the privilege of using fermented beverages if they desire to do so. It is known of all men that the most prosperous and peaceable parts of this state are those where the population is largely of foreign birth or foreign descent, and where beer is used by custom, habit, heredity and tradition as a daily beverage. I do not say that the peace and prosperity arises from the fact that beer is so used, but that it is coincident with such use is true beyond all doubt. It should be borne in mind that the only ground upon which the 'police power' of the state can be exercised to banish any evil is that such banishment is necessary to the preservation and protection of the public health, the public order, the public peace or the public morals. To all of these, liquor has always been a constant menace and a destructive foe. The same is not true as to fermented beverages. This being true, ground for abolishing the liquor traffic exists and there is an imperative demand for the exercise of the 'police power' as to it, while it does not exist as to fermented beverages; therefore, if 'beer' be linked in condemnation with 'liquor,' and be voted out, it will be an arbitrary and unjust exercise of a statewide majority and operate injustice to hundreds of thousands of good citizens who could protect a cherished privilege by means of local self-government and local option. That great statesman, philosopher and sage, Thomas Jefferson, said: 'It is an error to place a tax on wine. It is a prohibition of its use to the middling classes of our citizens and a condemnation of them to the poison of whiskey which is desolating their homes. Wine is the only antidote to the ban of whiskey.' If the makers of beer do not cut loose from liquor, both will go down together in defeat, never to rise again. Any way that will drive out liquor is defensible, but it is just neither to the voters, nor to the makers of beer who have invested largely of their capital and give employment to many laborers to link them with liquor makers."

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

Richmond P. Hobson ON PROHIBITION.



Richmond P. Hobson, the floor leader of the prohibition party in the House, in defending the resolution favoring national prohibition, said in part: "This question, Mr. Speaker, antedates human slavery. This question has baffled every civilization that has passed through the panorama of history. It is the greatest question in the life history of the human species, actually determining more than all other questions combined the perpetuity of any civilization. The object of this resolution, Mr. Speaker, is to establish those conditions that will make our nation ultimately a sober nation—able to compete in the world's struggle for commercial and industrial supremacy; able to maintain and preserve the liberties that have come down from our forefathers; able to protect and defend our territory, our institutions and to defend the cause of justice, liberty and peace in all the world. Mr. Speaker, we are not asking Congress to make this country dry. Let no member be deceived in this matter. We are simply asking Congress to refer the question for its decision to the states, where the legislators can either decide themselves or take recourse to a referendum to the people. The member who votes against the resolution, votes to deny the states and the people their right of referendum. The truth about alcohol is rapidly bringing men and nations out from under the alcoholic anaesthesia of history. Alcohol has the property of chloroform, and ether of penetrating actually into the nerve fibres themselves, putting the tissues under an anaesthetic which prevents pain at first, but when the anaesthetic effect is over, discomfort follows throughout the tissues of the whole body, particularly the nervous system, which causes a craving for relief by recourse to the very substance that produced the disturbance. This craving grows directly with the amount and regularity of the drinking. The poisoning attack of alcohol is especially severe in the cortex cerebri—the top part of the brain—where resides the center of inhibition, or of will power, causing partial paralysis, which liberates those activities otherwise held in control, causing a man to be more of a brute, but to imagine that he has been stimulated, when he is really partially paralyzed. This center of inhibition is the seat of the will power, which of necessity declines a little in strength every time partial paralysis takes place. Thus a man is little less of a man after each drink he takes. It should be a source of humiliation to well-informed Americans that our government shows no indications of change of attitude toward liquor. Our need for revenue is much less than that of the nations at war, and yet in sections one and two of the revenue bill, recently passed, we turned over liquor for nearly one-half of the total amount, strengthening the hold of liquor upon the finances of the government. Liquor has the same stranglehold upon the throat of our government today that slavery had before 1861, but it has done everything for the distiller, so he can place his liquor in bond and on these warrants get financial advances."

AS SHE IS SPOKE

Some queer sentences turned out by the pupils of the Methodist Girl's school at Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. When the form of a verb is changed it is called conjugation. The prime meridian is called the eternal date line. Gibraltar is the keynote in the Mediterranean.

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