

Unnamed Alien Against Whom Proof Has Been Obtained Disappears

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON, of The Vigilantes

The mysterious disappearance of a man without a name.

In the sentence lies the true solution of the spy problem.

The morning newspaper laconically announces that during the preceding night an unnamed man was seized by operatives from the department of justice. A curt, sinister line completes the story: "He will never be seen nor heard of again."

No comment. No putting forward of the name or deeds of the man for friend or foe to praise or curse. No long, detailed account for the curious or the morbid to read. Nothing more than the paragraph: "Last night an unnamed alien against whom conclusive proof has been obtained was taken into custody by operatives from the department of justice. He will never be seen nor heard of again."

Complete obliteration.

A man mysteriously missing from the circles in which he moved; a man for whom some will inquire at first and then grow silent with dread and awe; a man whose name will never be mentioned, whose fate will never be known, whose evil will remain forever unheralded.

The world will never know what has become of him. His friends will know that he is gone from their midst. His wife and his children, his father and mother and brothers and sisters will know that he no longer walks among them. They will wonder and they will whisper his name. But they will never know the length nor the nature of the journey he has taken. They will never know whether he lies dead in an unmarked grave, buried in quicklime, or alive in a cell from which no word may ever issue forth.

Alive or dead, the silence of death enshrouds him.

The world only knows that last night a traitor, a spy, was taken; it will never know anything more about him.

No account of his trial, no mention of his deeds, no gruesome tale of the firing squad or sombre picture of prison walls—nothing but the blackness of oblivion!

Wiped out! Gone! Unrecorded! That is all. A spy has passed.



IGOROTS, WILD BUT LOYAL



Igorot Chiefs and Warriors.

THOSE wild men of the mountains of the island of Luzon, the hardy, brown-skinned Igorots, have gone to the caves and hiding places where they buried their treasure in the long ago before Dewey broke the shackles of Spanish rule and have unearthed sacks of Spanish and Mexican coins and carried them over mountain trails to Gov. Hilarlo Logan as their Liberty loan contribution.

"Please send this offering for the use of the Great Apo across the sea," was their simple request. It amounts to about \$8,891.

As an example of how this primitive people answered the call of the Great Apo for help when the last Liberty loan drive was made by Governor Logan, it is told that three Benguet Igorots came in from an out-of-the-way corner of the mountains one day, carrying sacks of old Spanish treasure, amounting to more than \$1,447.50. Commenting on this humble offering, the Manila Bulletin says:

"The 1,500 pesos, while not in themselves a great amount when the Philippine total subscriptions of over \$6,500,000 is taken into consideration, are regarded by the authorities of the mountain province as the most significant contribution to the entire Liberty loan campaign in the islands, coming as they do from an aboriginal people who never before trusted any savings bank but mother earth, but have been led in 18 years to confide in the integrity of the 'Great Apo across the seas' to such an extent that they unearth their treasure and lug it over the mountains that it may be sent to him to aid in prosecuting the war against Germany."

"This was not all of the Igorot subscription by any means, according to the reports which have just reached this city from the mountain capital, these stating that the 4,900 pesos subscribed by the Igorots of Benguet province formed a part of the 44,000 pesos (\$42,640) subscription given by the civilian residents of Baguio and the immediate vicinity. The greatest surprise of all was the eagerness of the Igorots throughout the subprovince and Governor Logan may well be proud of his work. In the few days he had at his disposal he reached even the most distant towns in the mountains and aroused the Igorots to their great demonstration of patriotism."

Want to Go to the Front. Not only did the Igorots give their treasure, but they offered their services to Governor Harrison, and are anxious to go to France to help the Great Apo to win the war for freedom. Judge James Ross of the colonial administration, who recently made an extended tour of Luzon, said that every mountain station where he stopped was filled with natives who asked for a chance to enlist. Each native came in with his discharge papers, showing the length and quality of service he had rendered to the government of the Philippines. Then, saying that he had heard the United States was at war with Germany, he would urge his claim to bear arms under the American flag. Judge Ross would advise the sturdy volunteer to rejoin the constabulary, in which many vacancies exist, but this would not satisfy the Igorot. One and all wanted to fight.

When one stops to consider the barbaric life that the Igorot still lives, this offer of treasure and service to Uncle Sam is all the more remarkable. For the Igorot is still very much himself and is totally different from all his other Philippine brothers. Americans are establishing schools, and education is making some progress. But the Igorots have no laws, and each community is ruled by a council of old men. They live in the northwestern section of the island of Luzon, and number about 185,000. They are a mountainous country, six days' march inland from the nearest civilized town. They are a mixture of savage, barbarian and civilized people.

Worship One God. They have one god, Lumawig, and their religious system is a sort of worship of the spirits of the departed, whom they believe to inhabit the earth just as before they died, except that they are invisible to mortal eyes. The Igorots are moral and upright, from their standpoint, and their code of

conduct, although simple, is strict. They worship in their homes, and in the fields, but have no priests.

They have no written language and no literature of any sort. But they have a number of curious folk tales. One is somewhat akin to the Adam and Eve story. Lumawig, out of love for his people, sent an old couple to earth with a new food for the Igorot tribes. The old couple on a certain day were to explain its use to the mortals, but the latter became curious and could not wait until the appointed time. Two of the Igorots stole the bag in which the new food was hidden. This so angered Lumawig that he said the Igorots thereafter would have to till the ground and gain their food by the sweat of their brows. The new food was rice. It today is the great staple of the people. Rice and sweet potatoes are the only things they raise.

Another legend tells of the origin of head hunting. In warfare the Igorot always brings home the heads of his victims. One day the Moon, which is a woman, was beating out brass. The young child of the Sun stood near by, watching. His scrutiny angered the Moon, and she threw a stick at him, causing decapitation. The Sun then appeared and put his child's head back on his trunk, declaring that because of the Moon's wanton act mortals would henceforth cut off each other's heads when in wrath.

Know How to Irrigate. Although primitive in their planting and harvesting the Igorots mastered all the details of irrigation. This is the source of their prosperity. They have terraced all the mountainsides and raise two crops of rice a year.

While the Igorots as a race are small, they are exceptionally well developed. They are great mountain climbers. Dress reform does not bother them. A thin breechcloth and a happy smile make up their costume, which they wear the year round. They are much like the aboriginal Indian of America in many customs, one in particular being that the women do all the work, while the men sit around in indolent ease, smoking green tobacco in ill-smelling pipes. The women and children smoke, too.

Superstition enters into their cures for sickness. When a part of the body is injured they tattoo little stars all over the spot, believing that by this means they will drive out the little devils that have taken up their abode there. Being exposed to the sun and weather at all times they are constantly shedding their skin. When death occurs in a family the natives take chicken meat and other foods and a great feast is held, followed by a wild dance similar to the dances of the American Indians. The body is then buried, and the personal belongings of the dead person are handed among the relatives and the visitors depart. For ornamentation the women gather little berries, which they string and which are then plaited in the strands of their black hair.

They relish dog meat, and after they have fattened a dog on rice they have a barbecue and a wild dance, beating doleful music from the copper and brass and wooden tomtoms.

But with all their quaint and savage customs the Igorots are patriotic to the American flag now, and want to go to the trenches for the Great Apo.

As a Man is Judged. Remember, it is not the kind of work you are going to do, but the kind of work you now turn out that counts. Your future is a guess forecasted only by the present. Exceptional unexpected fitness seldom appears. It never happens. It is a matter of growth if it comes at all. Lateot ability may lie dormant until challenged by some great task, but it will be a mental competence physically handicapped if it hasn't been working up to its job.

With the right intelligence and will power there is no reason why you can't work up. You have the same chance that has made others great. If your mentality and skill are equal to theirs, why can't you do what they have done. If they are not you have no reason to complain. When you make your life count, obstacles and problems will become pleasures. Men of metal rejoice in the chance to prove themselves.

STORIES OF AMERICAN CITIES

Not Strictly Ethical, Perhaps, but He Got Results

CAMP WHEELER, MACON, GA.—A company of negro soldiers, called to the national army from south Georgia cotton fields, failed to grasp the technical military terms of the drillmaster after several days' discouraging work on the parade grounds, so into the breach sprang Sergt. Thomas Washington Jefferson, aspirant for an officer's commission.

"Gimme yo eyes, gimme yo eyes. All along de line dar, gimme yo eyes!" His voice pierced the chill air with keen-cut vibrations. In a flash the 250 darkies were alive to what was expected of them. A smile swept up and down the lines, then quickly melted into a look of stern immobility. They had come to immediate attention. None moved a muscle. Not an eyelash twitched; not a foot shifted. They appeared like soldiers of long experience, accustomed to rigid discipline.

"Now all along de line dar, lift dem guns, lift dem guns," Sergt. T. W. J. threw his hand forward in another convincing half semicircle and snapped his fingers again and again.

Instantly every one of the Georgia cotton field patriots shouldered arms and eagerly awaited the next command. They were an ambitious lot; they were anxious to do their best for Uncle Sam.

"Now plint 'em! Make ready! Let 'em go! All along de line, dar, let 'em go!"

The rifle butts were pressed against the shoulders, aim was taken and the triggers snapped. The darkies worked in perfect unison.

"Drop dem guns, all along de line dar, drop dem guns!" Then after "order arms" had been properly executed: "Now, shift dem feet, shuffle dem brogans, right 'bout face!" And followed: "Gimme yo eyes, gimme yo eyes! Salute with dem guns, all along de line dar, salute with dem guns!" As Sergt. T. W. J. did the ivory bend and snapped his fingers with more electrifying force and speed his charge presented arms.

"Sergeant," said the drillmaster, congratulating Thomas Washington Jefferson, "it looks mightily as if your chances of winning chevrons are good. Your methods are not according to the letter of the military decalog, but they certainly attain the same prescribed results."



Mr. Blue Crane and the Indigestible Bed Spring

SAN FRANCISCO.—Mr. Fletcher, who slew his wife and fled to the wilderness or somewhere, has come back, his penance apparently done. Such was the rumor that has stirred Golden Gate park, and it was confirmed by Sergeant McGee of the park police.

"Mr. Fletcher," he continued, "is the blue crane. Lord knows how many wives he had, whatever he swallowed he bolted, and that's why he was called Fletcher."

"Well, after murdering his last wife two years ago, he flew away to escape punishment or his accusing conscience. He came back only recently—another Mr. Fletcher. Instead of standing on one leg in the buffalo paddock as before, imitating a twig, and snapping up every gopher or field mouse which came his way, and then being a twig again, he now abstains from meat eating, only fish, as he might in Lent or in Advent."

"He came and settled in Slattery's pool, down by the race track; stood on one leg, as in the old days, but only dipping after fish and eels."

"Lots of things that are neither fish nor eels get into Slattery's pool. One of them was a bed spring."

"Mr. Fletcher dipped his beak on the bed spring and gave it his usual one gulp."

"Well, Mr. Fletcher is only a blue crane, and bed springs are bed springs. The bird may well thank his stars this night that our friend Kavanaugh, here, was just going by on his horse at the time. There was the crane fighting the bed spring in the middle of Slattery's pool, and the bed spring—half down the crane's neck—fighting Mr. Fletcher and refusing to budge one way or the other."

His Conscientious Scruples Apparently Overcome

CLEVELAND.—It took A. E. Giblin, chief clerk of the district draft appeals board, about three minutes to overcome the conscientious scruples of a selective objector. A man about twenty-seven, weighing upward of 200 pounds and standing almost six feet, told Mr. Giblin he didn't believe in fighting—"It hurts my conscience," he explained.

"You don't want to fight, eh?" Giblin asked. "Don't tell me it's your conscience. It's your nerve. You're cowardly, that's all."

"You know what the Huns have done to the women of Belgium. You know what they'd do to your mother and sister if they got the opportunity. And still you don't want to fight. I'm ashamed of you!" By this time Giblin's visitor was all but frothing at the mouth. He had thrown his hat onto a chair and squared off for action. "Don't call me a coward," he yelled, making a lunge at Giblin. "You've gone too far now with your talk. I'll make you eat those words."

Giblin was accomplishing his purpose, and knew it.

"Just a minute," he said. "You suggested when you came in that Germany and the allies ought to arbitrate their difficulties. Let's arbitrate."

"Arbitrate, —!" shouted the visitor. "I'll make you fight."

Then Giblin laughed.

"I knew," he said, "if I got you mad enough you'd want to fight. That's the spirit. When you get to France and the Germans get you mad, you'll account for a dozen of 'em. Go on home now and get ready to join the colors."

And the conscientious objector of a few minutes before, now thoroughly angry, stamped out of Giblin's office.



Uncle Now Hopes Community Has Not "Caught On"

CAMP PIKE, ARK.—"What you don't know won't hurt you," is a maxim which operates all right until the don't-know person runs into someone who does know and then complications ensue. An officer of a line organization here recently went home on leave. Among the members of his household is a dignified, benignant old uncle, who is universally honored and respected for his kindness and uprightness. Uncle, however, is addicted to the fresh-air calisthenics habit.

Every morning he goes out on the back porch and goes through a prescribed routine of arm movements. In civil life the nephew had never given uncle's habit much consideration, but since his admission into the military service he has become an expert in semaphore signaling. On his first morning at home the officer was seated on the back porch when uncle came out, removed his coat and began his exercise—arms up, arms out, arms across the chest, etc. The officer watched him in increasing astonishment.

"Wait a minute, uncle," he said; "you mustn't do that."

"Why not?" replied uncle. "I've been doing it every morning for the past 15 years."

"Then," said the horrified officer to his equally horrified relative, "every morning for the past 15 years you have been telling the entire neighborhood to go to —"



Solving Problems of Supplying Our Sailors and Soldiers With Food

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M. D., of The Vigilantes

The vexing problem of supplying our soldiers and sailors with the vegetables so necessary to preserve them in a condition of health is now solved.

It merely requires that we leave the water at home and let the army cooks add it to the ration when they wish to serve the vegetable.

All potatoes, turnips, cabbage, onions—in fact, every conceivable variety of vegetable—goes through a process of cleansing and whatever "skinning" is required. After this they are shaved, sliced and otherwise subdivided. Then their water content is driven off in temperately heated ovens.

The 78 per cent of water carried by the mild-eyed potato, the 87 per cent of beets, 88 per cent of carrots, 73 per cent of parsnips, 91 per cent of radishes, 89 per cent of turnips—and so on, through all the list of available vegetables—is simply left at home.

What the soldier will finally get will be all the cellulose, cell salts, vitamins and nutritious matter contained in the vegetables—with the water added in France or in his own camp kettle.

The "fodder" retains all the delicate flavor of fresh vegetables, and is succulent, tender and tasty.

George T. Renke of New York and other experts on food problems compute that the adoption of this form of ration with the army and navy will save the country, on transportation alone, \$19,000,000 during the war.

Hundreds of motor lorries and thousands of men now engaged in handling canned water—with 20 per cent or less actual food held in combination—could be released for more important service.

As the desiccated material weighs on an average of only one-fiftieth as much as the canned or whole vegetables, it can readily be computed that one ship loaded with scientifically prepared food could carry as much actual food material as could fifty ships loaded in the old unscentific way.

It remains only for the government to give official sanction to the adoption of a food plan that has such a vital bearing upon the transportation problem, and that at the same time provides our boys with a more complete and more diversified health ration.

And it is to be hoped, in the interest of our country's great needs, that the necessary sanction will not be long withheld.

It Rests With Our Farmers to Show Germany Stuff We Are Made of

By L. W. BUSBEY

"The American man is very well known. He is a haggard creature, with vulgar tastes and brutal manners, who habitually rushes along in wild haste, absorbed by a greedy desire for the dollars of his neighbors. He does not care for education or art, for the public welfare or for justice, except so far as they mean money to him."

This, according to Hugo Munsterberg, is the average German conception of an American. It makes us sit up and take notice, and say, "Hm, we'll show them."

But are we showing them right now? As long as food prices go up and up, and as long as our soldiers don't have the best rations of any soldiers, Germany can nod her head and cry, "I told you so."

If we are to win the war we must show Germany that we hold something above the "almighty dollar." What could possibly strike more grief to the hearts of German sympathizers than to have every inch of American soil cultivated to the utmost? What could express our scorn of the dollar when our country is in need, more adequately than our feeding ourselves, our soldiers and our allies? It rests with you, farmers of America, to show Germany the stuff we Americans are made of!