

WILL NOT STAND FOR ANOTHER LUDLOW: PHOENIX, Nov. 26.—Adjutant General Charles Harris said today that an investigation by Arizona state officials revealed the fact that three mining companies at Clifton are importing strikebreakers to take the place of the men who stuck last September. "Nine hundred non-union men," said Mr. Harris "have assembled at Duncan near the Clifton copper mining district. It is not decided what course the officials will take; but it is certain we will not allow conditions to exist in Arizona like those around Ludlow, Colorado."

AMERICAN SOLDIERS FIRE INTO MEXICO: NOGALES, Nov. 26. (12:40 p. m.)—American soldiers fired on Mexican soldiers across the boundary line at 10:45 a. m., today, when Mexicans sent a number of bullets into the American town. One American soldier was wounded; the bodies of half a dozen Mexicans are visible as a result of the return volley, fired by the U. S. soldiers.

ARIZONA SENTINEL

YUMA SOUTHWEST

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YUMA, ARIZONA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1915.

ARIZONA SENTINEL FOUNDED 1870

Examiner Staff Man Graphically Describes Earthquake Region

VISITORS FALL IN LOVE WITH YUMA AND ITS FINE CLIMATE

People who come from the bleak and breezy east and north on a visit to friends living in Yuma and San Pascual valleys invariably fall in love with the country and return to their homes with a hope in their hearts that some day they will be privileged to live in this favored land.

Two Washington gentlemen and one lady, who were visiting here all last week, are no exception to the rule. All three were fascinated with the climate and the beauty of the surroundings, and announced their intention of speedily arranging to return to Yuma, and never, never, permit themselves to be pried loose.

The Examiner with pleasure announces the return to Yuma of two other Washingtonians, namely: Bert Pearson and L. Z. Heard, who both agree that there is no other place that can compare with Yuma and each expects to increase their holdings here.

TURKEY SO STRONG IT BROKE A RESOLUTION

(Associated Press)
OMAHA, Nebraska, November 26.—Arthur Hauser, a confessed holdup man who is awaiting trial for murder, declared last Tuesday that he would starve himself to death. But yesterday he was unable to resist the big Thanksgiving turkey, and ate a large portion last night.

INTERNAL TAXATION FOR THE NATIONAL DEFENSE

(Associated Press)
WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.—The cost of the administration's defense program for the first year will be met by an increase in internal taxation, not a bond issue, if Congress approves the suggestion of Secretary of the treasury McAdoo.

YUMA ALFALFA SEED 99.59 PER CENT PURE

A letter from William Kelly of El Centro, who has purchased much alfalfa seed in Yuma county, to S. P. Huss, states that the seed raised here is of the very best found in the country. The seed he spoke of was 99.59 per cent pure, containing no dodger and but .04 per cent of weeds and .37 per cent of dust.

MR. AND MRS. GARVIN ENTERTAIN FRIENDS

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Garvin entertained friends in a most delightful manner at their valley home Wednesday night. The affair was the first of a series which will be given by the charming hostess. Kewpies and original verses, composed by the guests, and a book-lover's contest formed a pleasant evening's entertainment.

Prizes were won by Mrs. Oscar Luifer, Mrs. John Chew, Mr. Chew and C. A. Garvin.

AMERICANS RETURN FIRE OF VILLA SNIPER

(Associated Press)
NOGALES, Nov. 26. (1:35 p. m.)—Carranza forces have taken Nogales, Sonora. A courier advises that Col. Sage, commanding the Americans, was shot in the wrist and fell from his horse. He is being brought here for treatment. The American soldiers returned the fire of the Villa snipers deliberately. Col. Sage afterward saying that he had orders to repulse any firing from the Mexicans if it be deliberate. Gen. Funston is due here tomorrow.

Three soldiers of Company L were seriously wounded, but order is now being restored.

VILLA CAPITAL IS MOVED TO HERMOSILLO

(Associated Press)
EL PASO, Nov. 26. (1:35 p. m.)—Col. Hipolito Villa states that he has just heard that Gen. Villa has captured Hermosillo, and that Gen. Villa will now make that city his capital and base for future operations.

Manager-Owner Johannsen, of the Casino theatre, who yesterday put on the historic play of Julius Caesar, stated to the Examiner that such plays were of great benefit to the school children who were out in force to see it.

THE WEATHER REPORT
At 5 p. m., Thursday, Nov. 25, '15, the temperature stood at 64 degrees, with a relative humidity of 18 per cent.

Joe Huss, Emzy Lynch and Orville McPherson, of Yuma, played for the University of Arizona in the Whittier, Cal., football game yesterday and they were the stars of the contest.

(By B. F. Fly)
MEXICALI, Mex., Nov. 25.—I spent all of yesterday as the guest of honor of Gov. Cantu, Chief Justice Guajardo, Superior Judge Gonzales, Mayor Montejano, Commercial Agent Lazoda and other distinguished officials of Mexicali and Lower California. And no prince of the royal blood was ever more royally entertained than I was. Nothing was too good for "Don Pancho of Texas," as my distinguished friends affectionately termed me.

The gates of hospitality were thrown wide open. The right hand of fellowship was extended to me from every side, indeed the courtesies were so persistent and consistent that often I was thoroughly embarrassed for the want of words to express my gratitude—for when educated, patriotic Mexicans made up their minds to entertain a guest they do it in a manner peculiar to themselves alone. There is no half-way business about it. They go the limit.

The entertainment consisted in making a trip to the mud lakes where the violent volcanic eruptions occurred last Saturday. Gov. Cantu was as anxious to see that section of his domain as I, for the eruptions had caused one of the heaviest earthquakes that this section has ever had, and yet strange to say, they did no damage to the buildings in either Calexico or Mexicali. The first shock was of twenty seconds duration, during which this whole section was rocked as if it were a swing, backward, forward, backward, forward, and then a sudden stop as though one had fallen from the swing.

Naturally every one wanted to know what damage the shock had caused the irrigation system and the levee that runs from Andrade to the Black Butte mountain. To this latter spot my distinguished friends led me. There were three automobiles required. The first was occupied by Mr. Perry and Mr. Best, officials of the Mexican irrigation system, who acted as the pathfinders. The second machine contained Gov. Cantu, Chief Justice Guajardo, Mayor Montejano, Commercial Agent Lazoda and myself. The third machine contained Superior Judge Gonzales, A. Guajardo, brother of the chief justice, Dr. Roel and others. I had been provided with an automatic shotgun with which I was expected to kill ducks enough to feed a regiment. Gov. Cantu had a similar gun and other members of the party were equally as well armed for the day's sport.

We approached the levee carefully for the road was cracked so badly that auto traveling was rather precarious.

We spent three hours walking along the banks of the mud lakes. At the foot of Black Butte the soil was so hot that it was steaming. There were cracks in the levee big enough for a man to hide in, but, strange as it may seem all of them were longitudinal.

not one was across the levee—a freak of the shock that must be very gratifying to those whose duty it is to see that the levee is kept in repair. And the same is true of the damage that was done to the irrigating canals—if damage it can be called, the cracks all running lengthwise, resembling cracks in an over-ripe watermelon.

The air was so filled with the fumes of sulphur that one would conclude that pretty nearly all the sulphur in the world was right at that particular place. In a few instances, beds of sulphur were burning, and in other places I saw pure sulphur piled up as though human hands had but just finished the work. At the foot of Black Butte there is a hot sulphur spring that was gurgling and smoking to such an extent that I hastened away from it, for it seemed to me that I could almost hear the devil chopping wood and replenishing his unholy fires—it was too awe-inspiring to make a fellow feel comfortable. Gov. Cantu laughed heartily at me, but I noticed that none of the party went any closer to that noisy well than I did, and I would never have gone as close as I did had I known what rumblings could be heard through the crevices that stretched out from its base.

We took lunch near this peculiar well, and such a lunch one rarely lives to enjoy. It had been prepared under Governor Cantu's order. My friends, Lozada and Arturo Guajardo, took particular pains to see that the order was put into perfect execution, and thus we feasted, within a stone's throw of a mud lake that only two days before had been spitting mud, sulphur and sulphuric fumes in columns that reached away up in the clouds, and for all we knew was liable to repeat its antics at any moment. After lunch the "dead soldiers" were ranged in lines at the foot of the first small hill and all of us tried our hands at pistol shooting. Governor Cantu and Attorney A. Guajardo proving the most expert in that line.

I suggested that they had probably better save their ammunition for real live soldiers, but my friends only laughed and assured me that they had all the ammunition they would ever need, and having had the privilege of inspecting the supply depot the day before I confess that I can't see how so much ammunition will ever be needed anywhere, for it was stacked up in carload lots by the hundreds.

The duck shooting was poor, for the water was too hot for the ducks to remain in it without taking the skin off their feet. Being the special guest of honor my friends insisted in giving me the first shot at everything. They gave me credit for having killed one duck, one water turkey, a curlew and a snipe, all the game that was killed. On our way back home, over an entirely different route, we saw thousands of quail, but the brush and fields were so thick that none of us

even got a shot at them.

We traveled along the bank of a main canal for many miles, and a goodly portion of this time Gov. Cantu and I were walking. The banks were so thickly lined with pumpkins that at times it was really difficult to get through them, free to every one who will take the trouble to gather them, many thousand of which would take blue ribbons in an international fair, grown without cultivation—the seed simply scattered along the banks and the vines left to get along as best they can. The fact that the ground is covered with them shows how rich the soil is—it's just like Yuma valley.

We passed miles upon miles of cotton plantations, the fields almost as white as snow, for the frosts have parched the leaves and left nothing but the bolls. Wagon load after wagon load of the staple was being hauled to Calexico to be ginned, and this too despite the fact that Carranza has placed an embargo on the exportation of cotton from Mexico. The fact that Gov. Cantu permits all of it to be sent across the line shows to what extent he obeys Carranza. Indeed it is a perfect answer as to who is master of Lower California. Most of this cotton is grown by Americans, and Gov. Cantu has guaranteed them that they can market their products where they please. That they are allowed to do so only goes to show that Cantu keeps his faith with his people.

I am sure that I saw over 10,000 head of fat cattle in one pasture, and in another I saw upwards of several thousand head of fine horses and mules grazing on alfalfa. Hogs were to be seen by the hundreds at every hacienda, and every farm yard had its full quota of chickens and turkeys, showing that Cantu's domain is indeed a land of prosperity and abundance. I am sure that on one day's trip I saw food enough to feed a million men for months to come. There is, therefore, no danger of Cantu's people ever being in want. They have not only all they need, but they have enough to ship away without missing any of it.

One thing that impressed me very much on the trip from Mexicali to the mud-lake regions was the fact that at every main crossroad we were stopped by a company of cavalry—ranging in numbers from 25 to 75.

The governor and I were required to get out of the automobile and shake hands with the commanding officer and salute the soldiers.

I am quite sure this occurred not less than half a dozen times during the trip, showing to what absolute perfection Cantu's domain is being patrolled by his loyal followers. All in all, I was greatly impressed, and in this final word, I can truthfully say that I don't believe it is possible for a foe to get in striking distance of Cantu's headquarters.

ELECTED A MEMBER
Paul R. Fertig, linotype operator of the Examiner for five years past, was elected a member of the Yuma County Commercial Club at the last meeting and consequently is that much more a fixture in Yuma. He has a cozy home in West Yuma and is a credit to himself and his many friends.

A new stock of the famous, well fitting Florsheim Shoes has just arrived at The Toggery. 26-1f.

Home made candies, made in Yuma, at Peoples' Ice Cream Parlor. 11-1f.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL NOTES FROM THE BARD COMMUNITY

FORT YUMA INDIANS WIN AT FOOTBALL

The scheduled football game on Thanksgiving Day, between the Yuma high school eleven and the Ft. Yuma India team, resulted in a score of 19 to 17 in favor of the Indians, which was not unexpected, as the high school boys averaged 50 pounds per man lighter than the Indians.

The splendid Fort Yuma band rendered some of their best music before the game, and a good sized crowd of Yuma boosters went over and enjoyed the many excellent plays made by both sides. The game was the last one of the season. Following were the players of the contending teams:

Yuma High School—Center, Hubert Thacker; right guard, John Noriega; left guard, Charles Hobart; right tackle, R. T. McPherson; left tackle, Owen Clark; right end, Gladney MacBeath; left end, Wallace Evans; quarterback, Jim McLay; right halfback, Robert Crane; left halfback and captain, Vance Clymer; fullback, Ulysses George; substitutes, Clayton and Garcia.

Indian Team—Jackson, Flame, Taylor, Dewey, Wilson, Wheeler, Bryan, Chapos, Finley, Escalanti.

Field Marshal, Prof. Yoke, of the Yuma Union High School; referee, Indian Luke.

GADSDEN SCENE OF MUCH JOY YESTERDAY

A good-natured crowd of Yumaites went to Gadsden at 10 o'clock yesterday morning over the valley line railroad, where a baseball game took place between Yuma and Gadsden, and Yuma won by a score of 4 to 3. A return game will be played in Yuma on December 5, and Gadsden is coming here to win.

Yesterday the Ladies' Guild of the Gadsden Methodist church served "a fine turkey dinner," as one of the guests described it, and every one says they never had such a time in their lives.

The Gadsden people are fast establishing an enviable reputation for hospitality to visitors.

THE CASINO THEATRE
"The Broken Coin," episode No. 19, in two reels.
"Vendetta in a Hospital," featuring Billie Ritchie, in a two-reel L-Ko comedy. Also a drama.

A. H. McClure has been for two days past invoicing the stock in the Dunne confectionery for Jack Dunne, the owner, who now lives in Los Angeles.

FATLIN INSANE AND CANNOT BE HANGED

(Associated Press)
PHOENIX, Nov. 26. (1:35 p. m.)—Warden Sims of the Florence penitentiary said that he has just notified the board of pardons that Fatlin can not be hanged because he is insane.

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