

# This Is The Last Week Of J. W. Mason's Big Sale

**THIS SALE**  
Positively closes on Saturday, March 18. It will pay you to attend between now and then.

Thousands of people have attended this great sale and not one went away dissatisfied because Mason kept every promise that induced the coming. Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 16, 17, 18 are the last three days of this sale and prices will be cut in every department in the house.

**DON'T**  
Be deceived by other "would be sales" but look for the Big Yellow Sign, "The Sign of Economy."

## LAST CALL---The Beginning Of The End---LAST CALL

Men's and Ladies' Heavy Underwear, 50c value <b>39c</b>	Dress Gingham, 12 1-2c <b>9c</b>	Men's Union Suits, \$1 value <b>79c</b>	Work Gloves, 75c value <b>49c</b>	Men's Hats, \$2.50 value <b>89c</b>
Monarch Shirts, value \$1.00 <b>79c</b>	Dress Shirts, 75c value sale price <b>39c</b>	Work Shirts, 50c value <b>39c</b>	Men's Suits, \$15.00 value <b>\$11.79</b>	Men's Overcoats, \$10 value <b>\$4.98</b>
			Serges, 50c value <b>39c</b>	Men's Shoes, \$3.50 value <b>\$2.98</b>

# J. W. MASON

Laurinburg,

North Carolina

### VILLA'S TREATMENT TO AN AMERICAN WOMAN

**Held Captive Nine Days—Forced to March With Bandits While Suffering From Hunger and Fatigue—Released After Bandits Attack American**

Columbus, N. C., March 9.—Mrs. Mand Hawk Wright, an American woman who said she was held captive by Villa for nine days and was liberated in the midst of today's fighting, declared today that Villa announced on March 1 his intention to attack Columbus and proceed north under forced marches to carry out his purpose. His men, with scant supplies of water and meat, suffered severely, she said, and many dropped from their horses on the march to Boca Grande. Villa, she declared, ruled them by fear and his officers with the flats of their swords beat the soldiers into submission sufficient to reach that point where they rested and prepared for the raid.

Tuesday, Mrs. Wright related, Villa's bandits attacked Espea, of the Palomas Cattle Company, engaged in rounding up cattle, killing four Americans.

**Ordered to Abandon Baby.**

Mrs. Wright said her husband, Edward John Wright, formerly of Houston, Texas, and Frank Hayden, a youth, employed at the LaBooker saw mill, were taken from the Wright ranch March 1 and possibly killed. When she was taken prisoner and forced to ride away with a detachment of Villa's men under Colonel Nicholas Servantes, she said a bandit ordered her to give her baby to a Mexican family.

Mrs. Wright was cared for today at the home of Mrs. Storum, wife of Colonel Storum. There she told the story of her capture and experiences from the time she was taken from the ranch at Colonia Hernandez, west of Pearson, where the de facto Mexican government was reported to have maintained a heavy garrison for the protection of Americans.

Up to yesterday, she said, Villa wore civilian clothing, a queer little round straw hat and rode a small mule, but just before the fight this morning he appeared clad in a trim military uniform and rode one of those handsome pearly chargers which had not been used during the long

march. Mrs. Wright said Villa led nearly 1,500 men upon the sleeping American town at which were quartered less than 300 American troops. Just before she and her husband were taken prisoners with the Hayden boy, Mrs. Wright said, the Villa men told her they had raided Colonia Juarez, an American Mormon settlement, west of Pearson, looted all the stores and had killed some of the foreigners.

**Pretended to be Carranza Men.**

"Servantes, with 12 men, came to the ranch the night of March 1," Mrs. Wright said in her story. "They pretended to be Carranza soldiers and asked me if I had any food to sell. My husband and Frank Hayden were at Pearson buying supplies. I told them we had only a little flour and meat—just enough for our family and the family of a Mexican employe. I was cooking in expectation of my husband's arrival home and Servantes asked if he might buy food for some of his men. I told him I would sell him and his men something to eat.

"It was just about dark then and my husband came into the yard with two pack mules which he unloaded. As soon as that was done some of the Mexicans caught and saddled the animals. My husband came into the house and said 'That looks bad.' I said we would have to put up with it and do the best we could. Servantes became impatient and demanded to see our stores of flour and meat. As soon as I opened the store room he ordered some of his men to take all our supplies.

Then they called my husband outside. The next I knew of him his hands had been tied behind his back. My husband called to Hayden and he also was tied. Then I went with my baby in my arms to Servantes and told him that he had eaten our food and taken all of our flour and meat leaving us nothing and that I did not think it was just to make a prisoner of my husband.

"Meanwhile the soldiers, evidently at Servantes' order, began stripping the house of everything. They took 12 horses and every other animal on the ranch. I protested again and Servantes said he would order the flour to be returned, but the men to whom he gave the order never moved.

"My husband was taken out to the gate of the ranch yard and tied there with Hayden. I went out with the baby to see him and saw that they had also made a prisoner of the Mexican who had been working about the place. A Mexican soldier ordered my husband not to talk. I said to my husband, 'I am sure they intend to kill you.' The soldier told me to shut up and my husband said he thought everything would be all right, if I went into the house. He said it was too cold for the baby outside. So I went into the house, but soon afterward a soldier came in and said my husband wanted to see me. When I went out he told me to leave the baby with the wife of the Mexican who had also been taken prisoner. I did that. The soldier and I went out together after he told me that my husband was at the top of a hill a short distance away.

"The soldier told me to mount behind on his horse. When I refused he put me on one of the pack mules taken from my husband. I was suspicious and said so. I did not see my husband. When I called he did not answer, then I said, 'I am going back to my baby.'

"The soldier replied, 'We have given your baby to a Mexican family.' That made me frantic and I cried, 'I am going back to my baby,' whereupon the soldier drew his sword and declared that if I did he would kill me. I dismounted from the mule, but he forced me back and I knew then I was a prisoner.

"We rode all that night and reached Jimines, where we made camp for three hours. Three hours was the longest we ever stopped in any 24 until we reached Boca Grande river."

**Man Ruled by Fear.**

"I saw Villa at Jimines but he refused to talk to me. 'I am too busy,' he would always say. 'Talk to one of my colonels—that's what they are for.' Throughout all the nine days I was a prisoner I slept only in the saddle or the camp a little while with my head against a tree or stump. The men guarding me treated me well and one of them told me Villa's men did not love him but were ruled entirely by the fear he had instilled in them. Villa was protected from assassins throughout the march by his officers—a score of colonels and generals—led by a picked band of men known as dorados, who camped and rode by themselves."

Mrs. Wright then told of how the meat supply and water gave out dur-

ing the march northward through the desert region of Chihuahua and how men, their tongues swollen, eyes glazed and thoroughly exhausted, would drop from their horses, only to be beaten and prodded with swords by Villa's officers until they remounted and again joined their countrymen.

"From the first I knew that Villa intended to attack Columbus," Mrs. Wright continued. "It was freely discussed by the men and the officers. Some of the latter told me that Villa intended to kill every American they could find but they pointed to me as an example of their decision not to harm women. Later, as we approached the border from Boca Grande these same officers told me that Villa—his rage growing as he neared the boundary—had declared he would make torches over every woman and child as well as every man in Columbus."

"He intended," they said, "to kill everybody in the United States and would be helped by Japan and Germany." At Boca Grande I saw evidence of their determination. I did not see three American cowboys named McKinney, Corbett and O'Neill slain, but I saw officers wearing their clothing. That was after Villa had sent out 30 men to break up the Palomas cattle ranch, and round up and supply the hungry column with meat.

"I did see another American killed. He appeared in the road just ahead of the column and a squad took after him. He was trampled down by the horses of a score of men. Then Servantes dragged the American past the company with which I was marching. Servantes drew his revolver and shot him in the neck. The American ran about 40 feet and fell. The Mexicans stripped him of his clothing which they divided. The whole column then rode their horses over him and the last man fired a parting shot into his head. He was nothing more than a pulp."

"When we left Boca Grande I pleaded to be released," Mrs. Wright added, "but Servantes, with a smile, told me that instead, he intended to give me a 30-50 rifle and force me to fight with the Mexicans against the gringos. I told him if he did that I would throw the gun into the river."

"If you do," he said, "I will throw you in after it."

"I then told him I could die but once and that the first one I would fire upon would be him and then I would try to shoot some other officers."

"Servantes turned to some other

officers and said: 'I really believe she would, and I will not give her a rifle.' Then turning to me he said, 'You are the hardest woman I ever saw.' I replied, 'This would make any woman hard.'

"Just before the march for the border began, I spoke to General Villa again, asking him to set me free because I did not want my own countrymen, the American soldiers, firing upon me in the ranks of the Mexicans. But he laughed and said that when we got to Columbus he would give me my papers in the office of the bank there. He also said that the life I had led with his troops was making me fat. 'Your cheeks are rosey and fat,' he said. 'Sunburnt and swollen,' I said.

"We left Boca Grande yesterday and crossed the border west of Columbus before 4 o'clock. The officer in charge of the company I was with said, 'We will lay the town in waste,' and Villa said, 'We are to make torches of every man, woman and child to be found.'

**Expected Easy Time at Columbus.**

"As we entered the ditch leading past the American army camp below Columbus, the captain of my company told me that he and 20 other officers had crossed the border yesterday as spies and found that only a few American soldiers were in camp, that the others were farther west. He added that everybody expected an easy time capturing and burning the town and destroying every American in it. The Mexican inhabitants, he told me, were to be spared.

"I was in the line Villa threw along the railroad tracks after his troops had swept eastward through the United States cavalry. A bullet hit the saddle of my horse as I stood by dismounted behind it. Villa sent his men across the tracks into the town. Soon I saw buildings on fire, then the American troops, apparently got into action and in a little while the Mexicans came back.

"Villa rode among the men cursing and threatening to shoot any man who ran away. An old soldier named Manuel who said he was too sick to fight, had been detailed to guard me, because he had had enough of war, but he was afraid, and I went back with the retreating forces until I reached a point near the house where Mr. Moore was killed and his wife wounded."

"Here Villa came upon me. Again I asked him to set me free. 'You go, you are at liberty,' I went to the

Moore's house and found Mr. Moore lying face down on the steps, dead; his wife was in a nearby field wounded. She had seen her husband shot, but did not know he was dead. Some American soldiers came by. They called for an ambulance and I came to Columbus with Mrs. Moore."

Mrs. Wright assisted surgeons who attended Mrs. Moore and in the army camp she again assisted in helping wounded soldiers. She was then taken in charge by Mrs. Storum who put her to bed, the first bed she had slept in since March 1, and kept her there all day and tonight, letting her rise only to eat a little of what she described as "real food" and drink a few cups of tea.

"I have had nothing for nine days but mule meat and scorched beef without salt," she said. "You are a real mother," she added, turning to Mrs. Storum.

Mrs. Wright came from Santa Clara county, Alabama.

**DOCTOR FOR EACH 647.**

And a Drug Store for Each 2,906 Persons, Statistics Show.

New York, Feb. 26.—There is a drug store for every 2,000 inhabitants in the United States and a physician for every 647 inhabitants, according to a directory census of the drug trade just completed by The Pharmaceutical Era, a drug publication of New York.

There are 46,561 retail druggists located in 15,637 cities and towns. It also finds that there are 250 drug jobbing houses, including twelve that are owned by retail druggists on a co-operative plan. On the basis of these figures there are 165 retail drug stores for every wholesale drug house.

The number of physicians in the United States is estimated at 150,000, making an average of one drug store for every three physicians. Taking the total population of the country as 100,000,000 there is an average of one drug store for every 2,000 of our population and one physician for every 647 inhabitants.—Washington Post.

**Remodeling Residence.**

Mr. E. D. Phillips is having his residence on South Main street remodelled.

The improvement will include the removal of the house back from the street at least 50 feet and a complete remodeling.