

Patagonia Has the Finest
All-Year-Round Climate in
the United States; Altitude
4053 Feet; Good Schools

SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN

Patagonia Has Some Very
Promising Silver, Lead and
Copper Mines That Need
Capital to Develop Them

VOL. XIV

(\$2.00 a Year in Advance)

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1925

(Single Copy 5 Cents)

NO. 2

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

BIG CONFETTI DANCE

Sonita School House Dec. 31
PUN FOR ALL—COME!

Mr. and Mrs. John Costello, son
Tommy and daughter Mary were in
the county seat Saturday doing their
Christmas shopping.

Deputy Sheriff James Kane was a
business visitor in Nogales Monday.

Immigration Inspector Lou Quinn of
Tubac returned Thursday from a trip
to San Francisco and Los Angeles,
which was made in his official ca-
pacity.

Xmas Stationery—all shades and
quality.—Washington Trading Co.—
Advertisement.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Kinaley of the
San Rafael Valley were accompanied
by Miss Melvina Williamson on a
shopping trip to Nogales Wednesday.
Mrs. Pete Bergler and Mrs. George
Sayre and daughter Virginia were in
the county seat Saturday.

Mrs. Frank Nell and Miss Boulah
Bateman of Elgin were Nogales visi-
tors Saturday.

Several residents of Patagonia and
County School Superintendent Mara
Grace A. Farrell met Sunday after-
noon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R.
C. Blabon to discuss the advisability
of starting a union high school in this
part of the county. It was decided to
take the preliminary steps necessary
to get the matter before the public.

Mrs. Ed Le Gendre of Sonita was a
Nogales visitor Saturday.

Oliver Rothrock of Elgin was shop-
ping Saturday in the county seat.

Mrs. Eva Barnett and Mrs. Reeves
of Elgin were Nogales visitors Satur-
day.

The Misses Alice and Thelma Deck-
er, Harshaw school teachers, were
among the Christmas shoppers in the
county seat Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Yost and the
former's mother, who is visiting from
Cleveland, and Miss Sophia Sjoberg
were among the Nogales shoppers
Saturday.

Mrs. C. A. Pierce and Mrs. P. M.
Etchells and children were Nogales
visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodie Gatlin were
county seat visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Parker Jr.
spent Saturday shopping in Nogales.

Miss Alice Eastman and Miss Grace
Van Osdale of the San Rafael Valley
spent Saturday in Nogales shopping.

If you wish to make life happy for
your wife, buy her a Pressure Cooker
at the Washington Trading Co.—Ad-
vertisement.

Supervisor James L. Finley of Can-
nille was in the county seat Saturday
for supplies for his ranch.

Blaine Lewis of the San Rafael Val-
ley was in town Thursday.

A report was circulated in Patago-
nia some time ago to the effect
that John Cady, an old-timer here,
was dead. The rumor is without founda-
tion. Mr. Cady is a resident of the
Soldiers' Home, Sawtelle, Calif., and
is reported to be in good health de-
spite his advanced age.

Edwin Raines, Bob Bergler and
Fred Barnett of Alto were in Patago-
nia on business Wednesday.

H. H. McCutchan, who has a contract
at Sopori for road work, was in
Patagonia Wednesday night for a vis-
it with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Le Gendre of So-
nita were dinner guests Sunday at
the Commercial hotel.

Local school boys are planning to
give a minstrel show Saturday night,
December 26, at 8 o'clock. Everybody
is invited to attend.

OH, EMERY!
Chalfant's peanut brittle is a real
home-made confection. Fancy boxed
candies for the Christmas trade. You
can't beat 'em. 235 Grand, Nogales.
—Advertisement.

R. C. Blabon and wife were Benson
and Tucson visitors this week.

Olive Douglas of Sonita gave a par-
ty Monday night. Punch and sand-
wiches were served. An enjoyable
evening was spent.

A school play will be given tonight
at the Elgin schoolhouse.

W. M. Wickham of Tucson was in
town Tuesday on business.

J. W. Paine of Tucson was a busi-
ness visitor in Patagonia Wednesday.

Mrs. C. B. Wilson was a business
visitor to Nogales Friday.

Jim Reagan returned this week
from the Rail-X ranch.

Lee Zinsmeister of the Circle-Z
guest ranch and Richard McCormick
were county seat visitors Tuesday.
They took some moving pictures of
Nogales, Sonora.

Beautiful Sweaters, Silk Hosiery,
Dainty Handkerchiefs—to delight the
most fastidious.—Washington Trading
Co.—Advertisement.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Zinsmeister re-
turned Tuesday from Tucson.

Mr. and Mrs. Budrow of Douglas
were Patagonia visitors Monday. Mr.
Budrow is general manager of the El
Tigre mine, Sonora, Mexico.

Ira Rothrock of Elgin has purchased
a new auto.

Dinner will be served at the Com-
mercial hotel Christmas day between
the hours of 2 and 3 p. m.

A. G. Keating, president of the Big
Jim Mines Incorporated, arrived from
Los Angeles Friday morning and left
immediately for the company's prop-
erty at Harshaw. He was met in No-
gales by Superintendent J. J. Peter-
son.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Northcraft left
Wednesday for Los Angeles by auto,
where they expect to spend the
Christmas holidays with relatives.

A. F. Kearney, who has been look-
ing over mining properties in the
Patagonia district, left Monday for
Tucson. He is expected to return in
the near future.

Last Monday Neil McDonald, who
is operating the Alta mine, near Har-
shaw, slipped on some ice and fell
among some rocks and severely in-
jured his shoulder. He is getting on
nicely considering the painful acci-
dent.

Mrs. H. M. Yost and son, Harold,
visited the Tumacacori mission Tues-
day on the Tucson road.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Powers of the
World's Fair mine and Joe Collie of
the Corner Store went to Tucson this
week on business. They returned Fri-
day.

E. F. Bohlinger and Neil McDonald
were Nogales visitors Thursday.

Toys—Xmas tree decorations—can-
dles and candle holders.—Washington
Trading Co.—Advertisement.

Mrs. and Mrs. P. M. Etchells were
in Nogales Tuesday doing Christmas
shopping.

George D. Elliott and Howard E.
Davis are spending a few days in
the county seat.

S. W. Anderson of La Crosse, Wis.,
and James Ries of Gary, Ind., were
Patagonia visitors Tuesday on mining
business.

B. Maier, Benson merchant, was in
town on business Tuesday and Wed-
nesday.

GIVE BROS.' STORE WILL MOVE

On another page is an advertise-
ment by Given Bros.' Shoe Store, No-
gales. The firm is forced to move
from their present location owing to
the fact that the Montezuma hotel
building is to be razed to make room
for a modern hotel on the site.

Given Brothers are trying to reduce
their stock before moving time ar-
rives, and are offering some excep-
tional bargains in footwear.

The Patagonian, 82: Worth the Price

SCHOOL NOTES

Hettie Lee Dalton, Editor

Program for Christmas Entertainment
Song—by Mrs. Swyers' room.
Recitation—Dixie Yost.

Xmas Health Rhyme—Herbert and
Verne McCutchan, Jack and Sonny
Steinborn.

Song—Primary girls.
"Advice to Santa Claus," Alice Par-
ker.

"Hurrah for Old Santa," Primary
boys.

Song—Mrs. Carter's room.
"The Three Trees," Primary room.

Operetta—"Santa Claus' Doings."
The Christmas program will be in
the opera house, Wednesday, Decem-
ber 23, at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

By Gabriela Perez, 6th Grade

The spirit of Christmas is happiness
and cheer. We should help to make
children happy as well as grown-ups
that are ill or sad. We should give
Christmas goodies to children less for-
tunate than we. All should be happy
on Christmas eve. As we should be
thankful for the light given to us by
birth of Jesus. If it had not been for
the birth of Jesus we would still be
in a very dark world, and that is why
we are all thankful and celebrate on
Christmas day.

"Fowl Deeds" will be witnessed at
Cady hall Saturday, December 26.

INCOME TAX EXTENSIONS

Income tax extensions are made in
an amended rule authorized by David
H. Blair, commissioner of internal
revenue, John R. Towles, collector of
internal revenue for Arizona, an-
nounced this week.

He explained that extensions are
granted in cases of absence, sickness,
inability to obtain correct data to
make a correct return, with certain
provisions.

In no case will an extension be
granted for more than 90 days. The
usual time is from 30 to 60 days. No
extensions will be granted to corpora-
tions or individuals except on condi-
tion of a tentative return and pay-
ment of one-fourth the estimated tax,
on or before that date prescribed by
law.

Physical culture is a good thing,
but it won't enable you to lift a mort-
gage.

MICKIE SAYS—

NOPE, WE AIN'T GOT AS BIG A
CIRCULATION AS THE BIG CITY
DAILIES, BUT WE COME LOYS
CLOSER TO COVERING OUR
FIELD THAN ANY OF THEM
DO THEIRS. DYA HEAR THAT,
ADVERTISERS?



VAUGHN NEWS

Approximately 70 persons attended
the church services at the Little
Adobe Church last Sunday.

Mrs. W. H. Anderson and Mr. and
Mrs. Will Collie visited relatives in
Dallas, Texas, last week. They re-
port a delightful trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Frazer were vis-
iting Monday in the county seat.

Harry Warren, the Vaughn school
teacher, contemplates spending the
Christmas holidays in Valentine, Tex.

There will be a Christmas tree at
the Little Adobe Church December
27 at 1 p. m. Church services will be
held at 2 p. m. Everybody invited.

Through the kindness of John Mc-
Carty, the Vaughn church is supplied
with fire wood, for which the com-
munity is very grateful.

Henry Barton Jr. sold a truck load
of apples recently in Tucson.

Pat McCarty of Canille was a No-
gales visitor Saturday.

The Step-Child



Copyright 1925, New York Herald Tribune.—Courtesy, New York Herald Tribune.
While Uncle Sam has been giving tax relief to nearly all the other products which had to bear
special excise burdens during the war, these federal war taxes still remain on the automobile, commercial
vehicle, repair parts and accessories.
Motor club officials will appear before the Ways and Means Committee of the House early this fall to
seek relief on these taxes.

GRAND COUNCIL FIRE HELD IN NOGALES LAST MONDAY

Nogales.—Ten seven Camp Fire
groups of Nogales held a Grand Coun-
cil Fire at the Masonic Hall last Mon-
day night at 8 o'clock. This Grand
Council Fire meeting was held under
the leadership of Miss Ruby Latti-
more, state executive in Camp Fire
work.

A large crowd was present to view
the Candle Lighting ceremony.

The Whoelo call was given by Miss
Lucy Bowen and was immediately an-
swered by all the Camp Fire girls as
they came down from the upper floor
of the Masonic Hall and formed two
circles.

Three girls from three different
groups did the Candle Lighting cere-
mony. Alma Williams, member of the
Saguaro Camp, which is under the
guardianship of Miss Lucy Bowen,
lighted the light of Work. Jeanette
Bristol, member of the Apache Camp,
which is under the guardianship of
Miss Emma Mae Barney, lighted the
light of Health. Cecilia Temple, mem-
ber of the Okichiyapi Camp, under
the guardianship of Mrs. Sprinkle,
lighted the light of love.

Following this ceremony all the
girls sang and did in pantomime
"Burn, Fire, Burn." The Camp Fire
Credo was then recited by Irene Ma-
son, member of the Saguaro Camp
Fire group.

Miss Lucy Bowen took in five new
members: Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Temple,
Cristina, Donnadieu, Alberta Nevius
and Bertha Munoz. Mary Smelter
was honored with the rank of Wo-
odgather. Miss Bernice Simpson was
made a Fire Maker, which is the sec-
ond rank to be attained. Miss Ruby
Lattimore then bestowed the highest
rank, Torch Bearer, on Miss Lucy
Bowen, president of the Guardians'
Association and guardian of the Sa-
guaro Camp Fire group, and on Mrs.
Grace Farrell, who has done more
than anyone in Nogales toward en-
larging and helping the Camp Fire or-
ganization.

Rev. O. A. Smith gave a splendid
talk on the second law of the Camp
Fire, "Give Service." He compliment-
ed the girls for having taught Marg-
rita Escalante, a blind girl, to type-
write. He also gave them the mes-
sage that the Kiwanis Club would be
glad to accept the services of the
Camp Fire Girls at their community
Christmas tree.

Miss Ruby Lattimore gave five Na-

AMOS BETTS USING INFLUENCE TOWARD BETTER MAIL SERVICE

On a recent visit to Patagonia Amos
A. Betts, corporation commissioner of
Arizona, was asked to try his influ-
ence with the Southern Pacific and
the United States postoffice depart-
ment in an effort to get better mail
service for patrons along the Nogales-
Benson branch of the Southern Pa-
cific railroad. He promised to do all
he could to have the matter remedied,
and the following letters show he is
doing all possible to adjust things to
our satisfaction:

Phoenix, Ariz., Dec. 11, 1925.

Editor Keener, Patagonian.

Mr. C. A. Pierce, Mining Engineer,
Patagonia, Arizona.

My Dear Friends: For your infor-
mation, and in conformity with my
promise to you of Tuesday, I have
written to the Assistant General Man-
ager of the Southern Pacific Com-
pany at El Paso concerning mail ser-
vice in your district. A copy of my
letter is enclosed herewith.

Assuming that the Southern Pacific
Company will be in accord with this
proposal, it will, of course, make it
easier to accomplish our purpose, for
which reason I deem it best to first
secure Mr. Sweet's written consent.

I shall be more than glad to follow
this matter vigorously, and hope that
at an early date we may be success-
ful.

With sincere personal regards, I am
Yours truly,

AMOS A. BETTS,
Commissioner.

Mr. Betts' letter to Mr. Sweet fol-
lows:

Phoenix, Ariz., Dec. 11, 1925.

Mr. A. E. Sweet, Asst. Gen. Mgr.,
Southern Pacific Company,
El Paso, Texas.

Mr. Dear Mr. Sweet: On Tuesday
of this week I was in Patagonia and
learned from citizens there the ex-
treme difficulties with which they
have had to contend for some months
past in the matter of mail service.
This condition, it appears, arises out
of the fact that you are operating
trains on an infrequent schedule. Due
to the fact that this train must handle
both freight and passenger business,
and it is alleged that it is scarcely
ever, if at all, on time, and that even
first-class mail is often days in reach-
ing its destination only a short dis-
tance away.

It is my understanding that your
company is willing to relinquish the
handling of mail, and in fact would
be glad to do so if arrangements
could be made with the government
for the cancellation of your contract
and the transfer thereof to the stage
line, which operates regularly during
daylight hours, and which could offer
vastly superior service.

It is my desire to take this up with
the proper government officials in or-
der to secure authority at an early
date for the transfer of the contract
to the stage line, and assuming that I
have been correctly informed as to
your company's attitude, I wish you
would confirm the same in order that
I may proceed with negotiations at
once.

Awaiting an early reply, I am
Yours truly,

AMOS A. BETTS,
Commissioner.

MEXICO SENATE PASSES ALIEN LAND LAW

Mexico City.—Passage of the bill to
enact Article 27 of the Constitution
regulating foreign ownership of lands,
water and minerals appears certain
following the senate's action of De-
cember 17 unanimously approving the
bill in principle.

EMBARGO ON MEXICO BEANS

Nogales.—Ruling that the crops of
beans and corn this year in the state
of Sinaloa, Mexico, are only sufficient
to care for home consumption, the
state has placed an embargo on the
exportation of the two commodities.

National Service Honors to the four girls
who had had anything to do with the
teaching of Margarita Escalante, and
also gave one to Margarita Escalante.
Those receiving these honors, which
are the highest that can be given,
were: Ruth Abbot of the Eskwall
Camp Fire group, under the guardi-
anship of Miss Gladys Walker, Consuelo
Munoz of the Saguaro Camp Fire
group, and Irene Mason, also of the
Saguaro group. A National Service
Honor was given to Ruth Abbot so
that she in turn might give it to her
sister, Elizabeth, who is in Tucson.

After the National Honors were
awarded the girls sang "Mammy
Moon" and the "Closing Song."

AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

The House passed the \$325,000,000
tax reduction bill.

Defenders of Colonel Mitchell came
to his defense in congress.

Both sides of the world court fight
swung into action in the Senate.

Ogden H. Hammond of New Jersey
was nominated for ambassador to
Spain.

The first of the annual appropri-
ations bills was reported to the House.
An investigation of the effect of the
British rubber monopoly was asked in
the House.

The BULL'S EYE



America is Safe with "Bull" Durham

A gang of Scientists left on a
boat for a year's cruise to
study queer kind of Fish in
the South Atlantic Ocean.
They should have stayed here
in New York and went to see
and hear what I did the other
day, a real Red Bolshevik
meeting. They would have seen
queer looking Fish there, Suck-
ers, Eels, Flounders, Bullheads,
and every Guy that ever got up
was a big mouth Bass. They
denounced everything in
America, The Weather, The
Constitution, White Gloves
for Pall Bearers, Mah Jongg,
Lower Taxes, Suspenders,
Cross Word Puzzles, Shower
Baths, League of Nations
and Ice Cream Pies. After
looking them all over I found
what was the matter with
them. There wasn't a one
of them knew enough to roll
his own. How are you going
to improve on a Government
if you don't know that much.
Every man you see pouring
"Bull" Durham into his paper,
you can bet he is satisfied with
America, because its the
old right down to earth Amer-
icans that do it.

Kill Rogers

P. S. There is going to be another piece
in this paper soon. Look for it.



"BULL"
DURHAM
Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
111 Fifth Avenue, New York City

FORCED TO VACATE

GIVEN BROTHERS

 MUST VACATE THIS STORE
WITHOUT FAIL

GIVEN BROTHERS

 MUST VACATE THIS STORE
WITHOUT FAIL

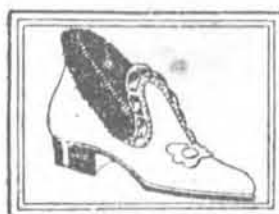
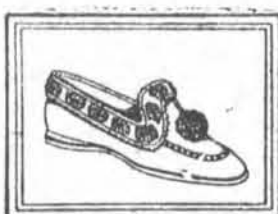
OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF HIGH GRADE SHOES FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN WILL BE PLACED ON SALE

MONDAY, DECEMBER THE 21ST

Ladies' Footwear of Good Quality

AT

\$1.89



AT

\$1.89

LADIES' FINE FOOTWEAR

\$9.50 and \$7.50 quality, Forced-to-Vacate Sale Price.....	\$5.95
\$7.00 and \$6.00 quality, Forced-to-Vacate Sale Price.....	\$4.95

We want you to bear in mind that no matter what you pay for Given Bros.' Shoes you may expect satisfactory wear.

This lot includes a splendid assortment of styles in satin, patent leather and tan in low and medium heels.

NOTICE

WE RECEIVED NOTICE THAT THE MONTEZUMA HOTEL BUILDING WILL BE TORN DOWN IN JANUARY AND WE ARE COMPELLED TO CLOSE OUT OUR LARGE STOCK IN A VERY SHORT TIME.

OUR PRICES WILL GET THE RESULT AND YOU CAN GET THE BENEFIT.

We have enough styles and sizes for everybody, but do not wait until our stock runs low.

It is advisable to come early to make the best selection. Do not delay.

LADIES' FINE FOOTWEAR

\$5.00 and \$5.50 quality, Forced-to-Vacate Sale Price.....	\$3.39
\$4.00 quality, Forced-to-Vacate Sale Price.....	\$2.89

Children's Shoes

High or Low

Every pair of shoes in this department has been reduced.

One Lot of Children's High Shoes

49c


Boys' Shoes

For School or Dress

These manly shoes for little men are famous among the boys of any city where there is a Given Bros.' store. You can buy them now at a very considerable saving.

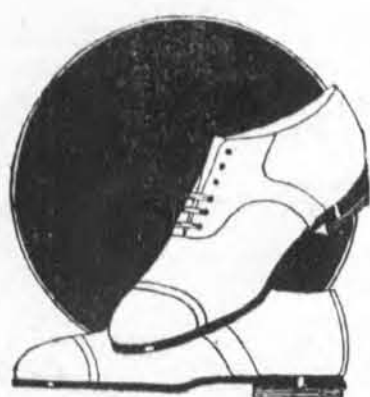


SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTIONS IN OUR

MEN'S SHOE DEPARTMENT

DRESS SHOES

\$7.50 quality, Forced-to-Vacate Sale Price.....	\$5.95
\$6.00 quality, Forced-to-Vacate Sale Price.....	\$4.95
\$5.00 quality, Forced-to-Vacate Sale Price.....	\$3.95
\$4.00 quality, Forced-to-Vacate Sale Price.....	\$2.95


 Genuine Leather
Smoked Elk
Work Shoe

\$1.89
BOOTS AND WORK SHOES

\$10.00 quality, Forced-to-Vacate Sale Price.....	\$7.45
\$8.00 quality, Forced-to-Vacate Sale Price.....	\$4.95
\$5.00 quality, Forced-to-Vacate Sale Price.....	\$3.45
\$4.00 quality, Forced-to-Vacate Sale Price.....	\$2.45



These drastic reductions are made for the first time in the history of Given Bros.' Shoe Co.

Every pair is backed by our guarantee, regardless of price.

BUY NOW SHOES THAT YOU NEED AND SHOES THAT YOU WILL NEED A LITTLE LATER FOR YOURSELF AND FAMILY.

SEE OUR WINDOWS

GIVEN BROS.' SHOE CO.

213 Morley Ave., Nogales, Ariz.

TO BUY TWO OR THREE PAIRS OF EXTRA SHOES AT THESE PRICES IS A SAVING — NOT AN EXPENSE.

Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION

25c and 75c Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

Pimples

What can I do?

"Oh, why can't I have a skin like other girls? Why do I have to have these ugly pimples, blotches and blackheads?"

"If I could only find something that would clear up my skin and give me back my soft, rosy complexion, I know I would be the happiest girl in the world! What can I do?"

Is that you talking? If it is, you don't have to worry a minute! Just build up the rich, red blood in your body. Then your skin will be as clear and soft as anybody's.

That's what S. S. S. has been doing for generations—helping Nature build rich, red blood! You can build red-blood-cells so fast that the impurities that cause breaking out on the skin hardly get into the system before the pure blood annihilates them—kills them right out—stops them from breaking out through the skin.

And then this rich, red, pure blood feeds and nourishes the tissues of the skin and keeps it looking healthy.

That's all there is to it. Healthy, vigorous, red blood such as S. S. S. helps Nature build, makes you healthy all over. It beautifies your skin—drives away pimples, blackheads, blotches, rash, boils and eczema—gives you back your appetite—builds firm, plump flesh and fills you full of new life and energy.

All drug stores sell S. S. S. Get the larger bottle. It's more economical.

Baby Loves A Bath With Cuticura Soap

Hand and Footing to Tender Skin

Dr. Isaac Thompson's EYEWATER HELPFUL EYE WASH

410 River, Troy, N. Y. Booklet

W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 50-1925.

Plain Talk

"We must have evidence which no one dare dispute," said the judge, severely. "That's what I'm giving, your honor," answered the witness. "It was my mother-in-law who told me."—Gros Pled.



"They haven't missed a single day at school!"

"They're well all the time. The doctor says they are the healthiest children he knows."

"He told me constipation is what makes so many growing children sickly. Poisons from the waste matter spread through the little bodies, and lower their resistance to disease. So I'm very careful to guard against constipation. I simply give them a little Nujol every night."

"Nujol isn't a laxative at all, you know, but it keeps them just as regular as clockwork. They like it, and the doctor says it's just the thing for them."

Nujol helps Nature in Nature's own way

Mothers are the best friends of Nujol. When their children's health is at stake they seek the remedy that medical authorities approve because it is so safe, so gentle, so natural in its action.

Constipation is dangerous for anybody. Nujol is safe for everybody. It does not affect the stomach and is not absorbed by the body. Nujol simply makes up for a deficiency—temporary or chronic—in the supply of natural lubricant in the intestines. It softens the waste

matter and thus permits thorough and regular elimination, without overtaxing the intestinal muscles.

Nujol can be taken for any length of time without ill effects. To insure internal cleanliness, it should be taken regularly in accordance with the directions on each bottle. Unlike laxatives, it does not form a habit and can be discontinued at any time.

Nujol

THE INTERNAL LUBRICANT For Constipation

Ask your druggist for Nujol today and let your children enjoy the perfect health that is possible only when their elimination is normal and regular.

One Incentive Left

Mrs. Nagger had married a wealthy husband and as a consequence had spent much of her married life in travel. At home she had had her every wish gratified almost instantly. In fact nothing interested her any more. She was bored with life.

"Sometimes," she said one afternoon to Mrs. Holland, who had dropped in for tea, "sometimes I feel I have nothing in the world for which to live."

Mrs. Holland shook her head sadly, then suddenly brightened. "Well, there's spite, my dear, there's spite."

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

Condensed Bible

A complete copy of the Bible on a single strip of paper has been made by a Japanese Christian missionary, Doctor Ishizuka. The paper scroll is about 110 inches long and 30 inches broad. The strip can be read, but only with the aid of a magnifying glass. The text is in Japanese, more than 1,000,000 characters covering the scroll. It required four years and three months to complete. At its completion Doctor Ishizuka fell into a long swoon.

Bandages in Demand

With more than a dozen accidents occurring in two days at or near a death trap at Peconic, Pa., on the Pittsburgh road, Mrs. Holtzman, owner of a rooming house, informed the Red Cross that all her bed sheets and pillow slips had been used to care for the injured. The local chapter replenished her supply and sent enough bandages and sheets for emergency cases.

Riveting May Go

There is a general tendency in the building industry to adopt the welding process in steel construction, and discard the riveting process. It is claimed that welding costs less and produces a stronger joint. Another benefit claimed for welding is the elimination of terrific noise that always accompanies the erection of steel structures.

Pearls on Half Shell

A. J. Alpin while dining at the Putnam Inn on the Connecticut shore not long ago was served with a plate of oysters. Upon eating them, he one by one found three pearls, all apparently almost perfect specimens and graduated in size.

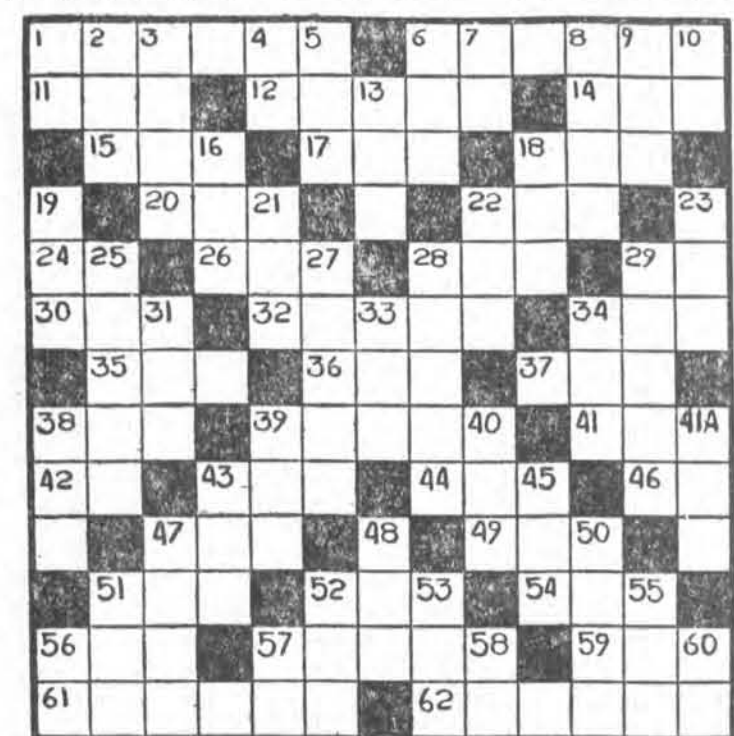
Sweden Divides Land

Old-time country estates in Sweden, some of them owned by the same family for 600 years or more, are being displaced by small holdings and modest cottages. Modern economic conditions make the cultivation of large estates unprofitable, it is claimed.

Death brings to some people the only real knowledge of life they ever had.

Wit is folly when in the keeping of a fool.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



Horizontal.

- 1—An arbiter in a baseball game
- 6—Certain kind of marbles
- 11—Common level
- 12—Proportion
- 14—Past
- 15—An obstruction in a waterway
- 17—A thick black liquid
- 18—Certain ship equipment
- 20—Still
- 22—The sun
- 24—On
- 26—Honor
- 28—A domestic animal
- 30—A heverage
- 32—A turning point or decision
- 34—Complement of a lock
- 35—Part of the verb "to be"
- 36—Guided
- 37—A disease of fowls
- 38—A branch of learning
- 39—A southern state
- 41—A slight flap or appendage
- 42—Exists
- 43—Crazy
- 44—A male descendant
- 47—Boggy land
- 48—A domestic animal
- 51—The binding custom of a community
- 52—A mountainous ravine
- 54—Sorrow
- 56—A goal
- 57—A fertile spot in a desert
- 58—Aged
- 61—Weapons
- 62—A simpton

Vertical.

- 1—Above
- 2—Angry
- 3—To supplicate the Divine Being
- 4—Railroad (abbr.)
- 5—To consume
- 6—To ventilate
- 7—To proceed
- 8—A flexible appendage
- 9—An article of food
- 10—Therefore
- 13—To pierce so as to draw off a liquid
- 16—To cry like a cat
- 18—To propel a boat
- 19—A head covering
- 21—A gratuitous offering
- 22—An habitual drunkard

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.

CANADA OPPOSE
LIE OPERA PUR
ARE TAB SEER
IDRY RWINO
MY TEN WANOR
ON SAVED AN
RUD REE TIED
A WIG X OIL I
MA CAB PUP HL
UP PAVER GO
IDEA TIN DOUR
TIERS M PULSE
STREWS PADDED

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.

NURSERY RHYME PUZZLE



AS I was going along, along,
A singing a comical song, cal song,
I'm sure I sounded as good as Caruso,
I could be a star if I wanted to do so.

Find four other singers. Right side down, along trees; right side down, in trees; upper left corner down, along arm; upper right corner down, along back of head.

ARIZONA NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

Constable Joe Reel was placed under arrest in Ajo after Robert Cunningham was shot and killed during an argument at Rowood, near Ajo.

Pima county's agricultural products, exclusive of livestock, have been worth more than \$1,000,000 yearly, according to the total value of \$6,260,500 for the past six years given out by County Agent C. B. Brown.

Frank R. Stewart, collector of internal revenue of the state of Arizona for the past four years, has been succeeded by John Towles of Phoenix, recently designated to the position by the commissioner of internal revenue.

The trial of Charles Blackburn, Mesa rancher, who is being held at Safford on a charge of murder in connection with the death of Miguel C. Bernal on the highway near the San Carlos bridge, Oct. 4, will be held in Graham county on Jan. 11.

Many settlers are going into Mohawk Valley, a rich agricultural country being opened up by a new railroad line. Many acres of land are reported to be under preparation for crops next season. Numerous wells are being put down for irrigation purposes.

That the prohibition laws of the United States as they have been administered since the Volstead law went into effect have been a failure was the statement made in Tucson by Bishop Daniel J. Gercke, who heads the Catholic diocese of Tucson.

C. E. Towne, special deputy collector of customs for the port of Douglas, for the past year, has been promoted to a station at Nogales. John B. Murchison, Jr., is promoted from the rank of inspector to that of special deputy collector for duty at Douglas.

Radio equipment at the University of Arizona is inadequate for use as a radio broadcasting station, according to Professor Paul Cloke, electrical engineer. An expenditure of from \$15,000 to \$25,000 would be necessary to make broadcasting possible, it is stated.

Frank C. Pellet, writing in the American Bee Journal for November, calls attention to the Giant Cactus of Arizona as unique and confined to the state except for a few scattered specimens throughout California, but growing prolifically to the southward in Mexico.

Giving as his opinion that the workmen's compensation law is "valid and constitutional," Superior Judge Dudley W. Windes of Phoenix sustained a demurrer filed by defense attorneys in an injunction suit attacking the constitutionality of the law and dismissed the complaint.

The New Cornelia Copper Company at Ajo, which pays nearly half of Pima county's taxes, by March 1, 1926, will have paid off \$2,000,000 of notes, issued to complete the \$5,000,000 mill recently completed by the company, according to a report issued by Cameron, Michel and Company.

"Gold and Copper Deposits Near Payson, Arizona," a 44-page bulletin by Carl Laussen and E. D. Wilson, geologists in the University of Arizona, is now ready for distribution from Arizona bureau of mines, university station. The 33rd annual report of the university agricultural department has also been completed.

The end of November finds more than 20,000 bales of cotton ginned from the 1925 crop on Yuma project lands and the lands in the Gila valley. This is the largest ginning ever made from this section at this time of the year. The crop is probably 80 per cent ginned, and another month will find it pretty well cleaned up for the 1925 season.

Construction work on the new Lone Star Baptist Church in Prescott has been discontinued temporarily, it was announced, due to the fact that the funds recently secured by a drive among the church members, which were sufficient to finish the building, are tied up in the Prescott State Bank.

From Oct. 1 to Nov. 30, 1924, the Phoenix Arizona Ad Club received a total of 2,354 inquiries. During that same period, eight families registered at club headquarters as coming in direct response to the advertising campaign. From Oct. 1 to Nov. 30, the club received a total of 3,114 inquiries and eighty-six families actually registered at club headquarters.

Conditions among the Indians on the Mohave-Apache reservation, commonly known as the Fort McDowell reservation, are deplorable, according to representations made to United States Senator Ralph H. Cameron. The senator was informed that many of them are suffering from a serious lack of food, and a request has been telegraphed to the commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington to send an inspector at once to investigate the report.

J. F. Beals is overhauling and rebuilding the Mesa gas plant for the city.

A pageant comparable to the "Pillgrimage Play" and other great spectacles of the country, to be presented with all the color of Arizona's past amid the historical settings of the famous Casa Grande ruins, is planned as a new attraction for the tourist and a new means of keeping alive the state's romantic ages, by a group of Casa Grande women who have taken the lead in founding the Arizona Pageantry Association.

TAILORED SUITS THE MAINSTAY; INTEREST IN BLOUSES REVIVED

THAT long-time mainstay of every woman's wardrobe—the severely tailored, plain, two-piece suit—has been conspicuous by its absence from the streets during the passing fall season. It has not lost any of its trim appeal, but styles have tended toward greater elaboration in day frocks and new lines in coats, and the novelty of these modes has compelled attention to them at the expense of the tailored suit. But anything so dependable and so chic cannot remain long in eclipse, and now new tailored suits are making their appearance and challenging other street clothes to comparison.

These new suits, while strictly tailored, have great vivacity and very interesting new style points. Plaid

Once again one may achieve almost any character of costume by acquiring a velveteen and a satin skirt, and with them a variety of blouses. The growing popularity of two-piece modes has revived interest in blouses and blouse makers have taken advantage of it by adding blouse-ensembles to their displays—that is, they present blouses with skirts to match in color, either of which can be worn separately. The displays include overblouses, in simple and in formal types, costume blouses, tunic models, tailored and sports styles.

Materials featured in the less expensive models, for ordinary wear, begin with rayon fabrics, balbriggan and flannel and end with velveteen, satin and crepe; velveteen leading in inter-



Typical Tailored Suit.

materials or combinations of plaid and plain goods are featured in many of them and pleasing new colors are employed, as cloud gray, blue spruce, demish blue and bottle green. In plaids, grays predominate barred with white, green, yellow or blue, and occasionally, a fine line of red. But the staple dark colors are well represented as navy, brown and black.

Skirts in tailored suits, preserve the straight line, but are provided with "kick" plaits as shown in the picture at the front, or with plaits at the sides. Some coats are short and straight, reaching only to the hip line. Others are longer and introduce a flare in the skirt portion. Vests or waistcoats in contrasting, plain colors

For formal types tinsel brocade and other tinsel fabrics, moire, chiffon velvet and satins are conspicuous. Flanger-tip or wrist lengths are popular, along with high necks and long sleeves, but neck lines are much varied. Many tailored blouses have convertible collars that may be worn fastened up about the throat or turned down to form a small "V"-shaped opening at the front.

One of the most popular models in dressy blouses is shown at the left of the two illustrated, where a tinsel fabric is used. This blouse is finger-tip length, with long sleeves and round neck. It is bordered with bands of georgette and velvet, in contrasting colors and trimmed with an applique



Two of the Modern Blouses.

are sometimes substituted for blouses. The ensemble idea is carried out in suits with plaid skirts, plain coats, lined with plaid, and vests in contrasting color. A snappy model of this kind is shown in the picture. Other suits made entirely of plaid material have shorter coats and are worn with blouses, but usually the coat is buttoned up at the front. There is a pretty fall for wearing a flower on the coat, repeating the dominant color in the bars that cross the material, thus a chrysanthemum in yellow is pinned to the right lapel on a gray coat with an inconspicuous bar in yellow.

Flannel and balbriggan, for sports and utility wear, are successful rivals of velveteen and washable crepes. They are made in varied, simple ways, with long sleeves and more or less high necks, which may or may not have contrasting materials in the collars. A pretty flannel blouse is pictured with belt and tie of self-material and a crepe collar.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
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Santa and His "Calling List"



Dorinda and Her Christmas Locket

She Decides to Reveal Mysterious Picture Back of Tiny Glass.

By MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

DORINDA'S hair was so pretty that you almost forgot to look at her face, but when you once looked at her face, you forgot all about her hair. At least that's what Sandy McQuinn said, and he ought to know, if anybody. Sandy had made a thorough study of Dorinda at all seasons when it was possible. In fact his research work would have done credit to a scientist.

There were times when Sandy felt exuberant, and there were other times when he called himself a complete idiot. This simple barometer of emotions indicated the various moods of Dorinda. Dorinda could scintillate with wit and mischief; Dorinda could droop in lovely wistfulness; Dorinda could be severe, and Dorinda could be



Strode About the Room Like a Pirate.

melting. One never knew which Dorinda, of her many selves, one would find.

"And," declared Sandy to his mother, who had gently inquired about his restlessness, "she keeps wearing that silver locket. She won't say who gave it to her and she won't let me peek inside. If she's got some other chap in there I'll just drop her! She need not think she can lead me around by the nose!"

Sandy struck an attitude of great superiority and strode about the room like a pirate. His mother smiled a little, but said nothing.

After a few dark mutterings and final gestures, Sandy said he was "going out" but would be in early. He lifted his hat from a hook in the hall and went straight as his feet could carry him, to the house of Dorinda Kent.

This sort of thing lasted all fall. By Christmas time Sandy had worked himself up to a great state of nerves over the locket. Dorinda was quite sweet about it, but also quite firm. She would never let Sandy see the contents.

Christmas eve Sandy's mother gave

a little party to her son's friends. It was done chiefly for Dorinda, so Sandy's mother would have the opportunity of judging the girl's charms for herself. Sandy was earnest and solemn about all the arrangements, and even went to the point of asking his mother if she had dusted the back part of the piano—was she sure?

"We'll probably sing, you know," he said, "and I want everything to look just right."

"Yes, my son," answered his mother. Dorinda floated in like a bit of thiselwood. She was the last to arrive. Immediately she became the lively center of a laughing group. But she had not forgotten her manners: pushing the young people away, she went up to Sandy's mother, and captured her in half a minute. Mrs. McQuinn did not even know when she surrendered. "No wonder," she mused aloud, when the lovely girl had returned to the others, "no wonder poor Sandy is temporarily out of his head—she is a witching lass."

Of course there was dancing; of course there were good things to eat, and of course there was a bit of mistletoe cleverly concealed in an obscure corner. Sandy had privately seen to this. In fact the whole party revolved around this particular bit of mistletoe.

Just before the last dance Sandy lured Dorinda into that corner by saying he had something very important to tell her. When she stood directly under the tiny bough, looking up at Sandy with her dark, laughing eyes, Sandy opened his campaign. He put his arms around her and kissed her on her soft, flushed cheek.

She was furious. In the resulting scramble, the silver locket snapped its ring and dropped to the floor. Here was opportunity! Sandy ducked, evading the swift reach of the girl's hand. He had the locket in his grasp. It was open!

"You shan't look at it!" cried Dorinda, looking stormy but adorable.

"I've got it!" announced Sandy, "and if you don't let me look at it I shall probably kiss you again!"

Dorinda stamped her little satin slipper. "Oh, well, I don't care!" she said and shrugged her shoulders.

Sandy looked down at the open locket. It was perfectly empty.

"There!" triumphed Dorinda. "See what you have for your pains! Nothing but a locket to let."

Sandy drew her farther into the corner. "Why not put me in as tenant?" he suggested coaxingly.

And do you know what happened? After five minutes of battle, of Dorinda growing prettier every minute, of Sandy's profound arguments, the girl took the locket from him, and after prying up the tiny glass from one section, and removing a blank paper, said shyly: "Look, Sandy McQuinn!"

And Sandy found his own grin beaming up at him out of the silver square of the locket. It was a snapshot taken in the summer when Dorinda and he had been on a picnic.

"Was the party a success?" asked Sandy's mother as they were parting for the night.

Sandy was inarticulate. He waved his arms about in excited circles. He made funny little noises in his throat. At last he was able to speak.

"I guess she likes me, all right!" he said. "I found out what's in that locket!"

Christmas Morning

By EUGENE FIELD

THE angel host that sped last night, Bearing the wondrous news afar, Came in their ever-glorious flight Unto a slumbering little star.

"Awake and sing, O star!" they cried. "Herald the tidings far and wide—He that shall lead His flock is born!"

The little star awoke and sung As only stars in rapture may. And presently where church bells hung The joyous tidings found their way.

"Awake, O bells! 'tis Christmas morn—Awake and let thy music tell To all mankind that now is born What Shepherd loves His lambskins well!"

Then rang the bells as fled the night O'er dreaming land and drowsing deep, And coming with the morning light, They called, my child, to you asleep.

Sweetly and tenderly they spoke, And lingering round your little bed, Their music pleaded till you woke, And this is what their music said:

"Awake and sing! 'tis Christmas morn, Whereon all earth salutes her King! In Bethlehem is the Shepherd born, Awake, O little lamb and sing!"

So, dear, my child, kneel at my feet, And with those voices from above, Share thou this holy time with me, The universal hymn of love.

Brice's Christmas at Old Farm Home

Jolly Girl Gives Uncle and Aunt and Young Friends Happy Surprise.

By FRANK HERBERT SWEET

BRICE HARPER stepped happily from the train. A whole month vacation, with Christmas only ten days away. That meant nearly three weeks for after-Christmas

jollification, skating, visiting around, and curled up before the big fireplace popping corn and reading and talking—just playing lady. After three steady, grinding years in the department store it would be heavenly. Wouldn't Aunt Margaret and Uncle Jack be surprised and pleased! It was to be a surprise. She had not written them.

She flashed a look down the platform. Yes, there was wooden-legged Sam, the expressman, peering into the baggage room for possible business.

"Hoo-hoo!" she challenged. The old expressman looked up, stared, then stumped forward.

"Brice Harper, for a fact!" he cried. "Back home ag'in. Come to stay, or a-visitin'?"

"Just visiting, Uncle Sam. A whole month, though. After three years, I'd never have believed I could stay away that long. I want you to take my trunk right out, and I'll ride with you."

"Ain't ye heered—had a letter nor nothin'?" asked the old man, whose face had been growing troubled.

"No. Anything the matter?" with sudden anxiety.

"No, except they ain't there. Folks round here know all other folks do, ye recollect. So I did hear your Aunt Margaret Holmes said Christmas was so lonesome here she wouldn't spend another like the last. Two, three days ago she an' your Uncle Jack went over into the next county to spend Christmas with a cousin who has a regular passel o' children. I was by there yesterday, an' the house did look dismal, all shut up, with hens an' turkeys complainin' all over the place."

"Isn't there anyone to look after them?"

"One o' the Dill boys was asked to, I believe, but he's neglectin' 'em shamefully. He—"

A shrill hail came from a store across from the station.

"Say, Brice," wheedled the old expressman, "would ye mind waitin' three

or four seconds? That mad shouter was storekeeper Tomson. Been 'spectin' a box o' Christmas stuff more'n a week, an' 't was just throwed off this train. He was yellin' to me. S'pose I take the box over to him, then come an' carry you and the trunk out to one o' your girl friends? They'll all be glad to have ye visit 'em."

But Brice had been thinking rapidly.

"Take the box over, Uncle Sam," she said, "and I'll run across to the post office while you're gone. I want to write some postals. And no, I won't



"Take the Box Over, Uncle Sam," She Said.

embarrass any of my girl friends. You may carry my trunk right out to the farmhouse. I know where Aunt Margaret hides the key. And I know she and Uncle Jack would want me to go right there and use everything as my own. I'll take care of the poultry," enthusiastically, "and I'll bake one of the turkeys for Christmas, and cook everything that goes with it, pies and cakes and all. Won't it be fun?"

"You can invite a lot of your girl friends to eat with you, too," grinned the expressman.

"Afterward," agreed Brice. "They will all want to eat at home of Christmas. Then we'll have a round of nice visiting. But for the real Christmas I'm going to depend on the postals. There are lots of nice girls in the department store who haven't any home, and who will have to depend on the cheap boarding houses they live at. I'll write a postal to Aunt Margaret, and five or six to girls I know will be glad to spend their week or ten days vacation with me. And say, Uncle Sam, I'll look around the house, and then make a list of groceries and other things I want you to bring out, and—any place where I can buy a Christmas tree?"

"Ain't none better than grow right down on your uncle's lower shed meadow."

"All right. I'll get the Dill boy to help, and we'll cut and rig up a nice one—Or no, I'll wait a few days until some of the store girls come. If they feel like me—and I know they will—they'll want to help get the tree, and trim it, and to help cook the dinner."

"Need any Christmas present stuff?" chuckled old Sam. "Tomson's been sayin' he was havin' the grandest holiday goods ever opened up here, comin' in that box. Maybe ye'd like to see him pry the cover off."

"Deed I would," promptly. "I'll be right over from the post office."

The girls condemned to a prospective boarding house Christmas accepted Brice's invitation relievedly. On the third day old Sam brought the hilarious five out in his ancient express wagon. In the three days Brice and the Dill boy had been making the house ready

for them and looking over the roof and apple cellar and preserve closet with an eye to Christmas.

Then the girls piled in like a whole jolly Christmas in itself, and the old farmhouse seemed like to burst itself.

The Christmas tree was cut and drawn home with all the appropriate songs and carols and huzzas they could think of, and trimmed as never a Christmas tree had been trimmed before.

Greens found among the leaves at the edge of the swamp, a small holly discovered, and a sprig of mistletoe bought at some store. The kitchen became filled with fragrance and song, the evening cracked with popping corn, rang with voices about the awakened organ, and the fireplace glowed with the logs behind and the half circle of baking apples in front.

And then right in the midst of it the hearty voice of Uncle Jack roared through the door, mellowed by the softer, happy laugh of Aunt Margaret that accompanied it.

"I'm going to have that dinky post office over yonder indicted," guffawed Uncle Jack. "Kept that postal four days before the R. F. D. delivered it. Fifteen minutes after that we were on our way. Of course we had to come. Five more girls to help wake the old house up. Whoopie! Why didn't you write so we needn't have left the lonesome place?"

"Why didn't you write you were going away, so I'd have known what to expect?" retorted Brice.

"Lucky none of us didn't," laughed Aunt Margaret. "For then we might not have these nice five extra girls. But come, I must get into the kitchen."

"But we've cooked and cooked and cooked, till—"

"Not enough," declared Aunt Margaret firmly, "no matter how much you've done. There are all your old friends that must be invited to come, though they would, anyway. And we want your friends here to meet 'em. Then we must invite a lot of extra young people in evenings to help keep things going. Then—my land! If I hadn't forgotten! There's a wagon load outside. Where's Jack? Oh, I guess he's gone out to look after 'em. You see, Cousin Mary didn't want us to leave, being nigh Christmas. So we brought 'em all along. Not any danger of havin' too much to eat. Then there ain't much Christmas goods over in the next county, so Jack's goin' into town this evenin' to buy more."

"But Aunt Margaret, we've got a tree ram-jammed full," explained Brice.

"Not enough," firmly. "We can pack more on the floor under it. Now I'm goin' into the kitchen. Can't you see, girls, her firm voice suddenly dropping pathetically; "being Christmas, I've just got to cook something."

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Dreaming of Santa



RING OUT, GLAD BELLS

RING out glad bells a joyous strain For Christmas time has come again. Let all of us be glad and gay And make of it a merry day. —Katherine Edelman. (© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Giving Happiness—Passing It On

Extending Joy to Others Is Agreeable Form of Indirect Payment.

By PATIENCE EDEN

YOU are always doing some kind thing for me, I don't understand it."

Janet, a small creature with enormous eyes and frail hands, looked up at the woman

standing before her. "You come to see me, you bring fruit and flowers and books," she continued; "you are unfailingly thoughtful. I can do nothing for you except give you gratitude and thanks."

The older woman smiled.

"Janet," she said, "you are like a great many other people I know. You have to understand things that are not necessary to understand. And you think you must give return payment for things that should not be considered in that light."

Janet looked puzzled. "Well, but Mary," she floundered, "you must admit that I have accepted gifts rather gallantly. Gifts . . . and gifts. . . and gifts. I must speak about it. I can't take things from you forever and not mention it, even though I'm still unconquered from that accident."

Mary drew a chair nearer and sat down. "Oh, give me all the gratitude you like. I don't mind that. Only don't worry about it. You take all the fun out of it. Accept, my child, and don't be tormented with silly ideas of some kind of payment. Here it is Christmas Eve, when the Spirit of Giving is abroad in the land. There is nothing so lovely as giving. But how can one enjoy this pleasure if intelligent people like you insist on regarding it so seriously? Listen to me, Janet, and I will tell you a story of another Christmas Eve."

Janet rested her head on the back of the chair and regarded her friend with grave affection. Mary was a tower of strength. What would have been these bleak months of recovery without her?

"Once when I was about ten years old," began Mary, "I was visiting at my grandfather's farm. We always went there for a good, old-fashioned Christmas. It was a delightful place. Sleigh rides, coasting, skating, trips into the woods for Christmas greens. Everything that a child would find joy in doing. Christmas Eve particularly was overflowing with a kind of intox-

icating joy. Stockings pinned to the mantel, a tree in the corner, secrets whispered about surprises—oh, the finest feeling in the world, Janet.

"Well," continued Mary looking out into the dusk with a gentle wistfulness in her face, "at this time I mention, I happened to be hiding behind the Christmas tree in the corner. The other children had been packed off to bed. I think I was trying to sit up and determine, once for all, if there was a Santa Claus. My mother and grandfather were talking together by the fireplace and my mother was trying to express her feelings about being there. She told grandfather that it meant everything in the world for her to bring her children to the farm for Christmas. 'They will never forget this season of happiness,' she said.

"Christmas to them will always shine in a glow of joyous memory. You are giving them and me the most precious capital in the world; one on which we can draw for inspiration as long as we live! Then she asked him how she could ever repay him for his generosity.

"Grandfather looked at her and said slowly, 'If these Christmases mean what you say to your children, you need not worry about any returns to me. Payment does not always come back directly. It goes on in other ways. Your children, from the happy memories in this house, will continue to carry on the tradition. They will make other people happy for the sake of the merry times they had here. My payment comes in knowing this. I give happiness to you and them, and they, in turn, will pass it on to others. It is a form of indirect payment. The satisfaction of seeing the seed of joy blossom into generosity towards others is the best payment in the world.'

"Janet," went on Mary, "I did not see Santa Claus that night I hid behind the Christmas tree, but I sneaked out and went to bed thinking about grandfather. It is something I can never forget. If it has been possible to bring you a few things that help to while away the dull days, blame it on grandfather. He started the debt. I'm paying him partly through you. . . ."

Mary's voice trailed off into silence. She was thinking of that low, square room in the farmhouse where she spent so many happy holidays.

Janet leaned forward and touched her softly. "It is a beautiful way to explain your kindness," she whispered, "but whom am I to pay?"

Mary looked at the frail girl in the big chair. "I overheard the little maid who comes in to mop your door say that you were 'the beautiful patient in the hospital.' She adores you as a kind of goddess. Maybe you can find a happy target in her. Aim one of your enchanting smiles at her and see what happens. Now I must go. Merry Christmas!"

Mary left in a breeze of cheerfulness. A quarter of an hour later found Janet and the little maid who mopped the floors in a gale of laughter. Janet was telling her a story and had heaped her arms with fruit. The little maid seemed transfused with happiness. And it is said that she later gave most of her fruit away to the cook.

"Indirect payment. . . ." whispered Janet to herself as she slipped that night into the harbor of sleep.

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Diogenes has a new job

HE at last found his honest man making the Durham-Duplex blade—THE BLADE MEN SWEAR BY—NOT AT. He tried it—liked it—and forever more he will be seen with a clean shave.

Finding this honest man meant that he was out of a job but the Durham-Duplex Razor Co. found one for him. They gave him a razor with one blade—the same razor as is contained in the \$1.50 sets—to present to every man with their compliments. He was merely to charge a fee of 25c (to cover his expenses).

If he has treasured you as yet, mail coupon below along with fee and you will receive post paid a Durham-Duplex Razor and blade exactly as stated above.

New Durham-Duplex Sets Including two packages of 5 blades \$1.50 each. Interchangeable blades 50c for package of 5.

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I enclose 25c for a Durham-Duplex Razor and one blade.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____

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USKIDE Soles

The Wonder Sole for Wear

Twice the wear of best Leather

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JUST THE THING FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

This Child's Rocker is a practical and useful gift. Will please every child. Made of hard wood, finished smooth, varnished. Height of back 16", depth of seat 13", width of seat 13", weight 10 lbs., shipped "knocked down." Well constructed, easy to assemble. Very attractive piece of furniture. Price, \$1.25, delivered anywhere in the United States. Send money order to

CHARLES W. FISH LUMBER CO. ELCHO, WISCONSIN

Trailing by a Hair

Given a single hair the modern scientific tracker of criminals is able to discover with the aid of his microscope the sex, approximate age and nationality of its late owner.

A Good Reason

Uncle—I never married because I never met a girl I could not exist without.

She—In other words, you've always had sufficient to live on, without getting married!—Judge.

Colds Fever Grippe

Go Stop them today

Stop them quickly—all their dangers and discomforts. End the fever and headache. Force the poisons out. Hills break colds in 24 hours. They tone the whole system. The prompt, reliable results have led millions to employ them. Don't rely on lesser helps, don't delay.

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Nothing on this earth so good as Joint-Ease for joints that are creaky, painful, swollen or stiff and any good druggist will tell you so.

Just rub it on and away Joint-Ease speedily goes through skin and flesh right down to the tendons and ligaments of the bone—right where all joint trouble starts—then its comforting influence is quickly felt.

Used by millions for bothersome rheumatic joints that need helpful attention.

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Neighbors

By ROBERT STEAD

Author of "The Cow Puncher," "The Homesteaders"

WNU Service

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"You suppose," she repeated. "That's right. It just supposition. Nobody knows; that is, the public doesn't know. But what is their happiness? An ox-like acceptance of the routine. Breakfast, work; dinner, work; supper, work; sleep; breakfast—the whole circle over again. I couldn't stand it, Frank; there's no use pretending I could. I'd—I'd run away with some one!"

"Jean!"

"Yes, I know what you're thinking. But it would break the routine, anyway; it wouldn't be that way I would lose my soul; perhaps that way I might save it."

"You're a strange girl, Jean."

"Yes. After all these years? I am so glad. As long as I am strange you will be interested in me. That's the trouble with you; you're not strange. I know all about you. And I wouldn't be your housekeeper for life for the sake of being your lover for a week."

"Jean!"

"Shocking, isn't it? But true. Don't you know that's what happens, nearly always? It must happen, unless there are new points of interest arising. I have the misfortune to think, and so I see these things in advance, and try to shield you from them."

"The misfortune to think?"

"Of course. Otherwise I could accept the ox routine and grind out my soul in the treadmill of three meals a day. I suppose that's what people call morality—ideal wife and mother, etc. I'd run away from it all."

I, too, punched the snow with my heel. "I never heard you talk like that, Jean," I said at length. "I didn't think you thought—along those lines. You wouldn't excuse people who run—who disregard their marriage vows?"

"The first of which is to love," she shot back. "When that fails, all falls. Why make a mockery of it?"

"But I would love you, always—always. You would be to me the only—the only possible girl in the world!"

Slowly she turned her face toward me; she had been giving me an opportunity for profile study during this dialogue. Her eyes found mine; her lips—in them again I saw the rose-leaf beauty of her childhood. When she spoke her voice was low and tremulous and musical.

"You dear boy! You think so. I only wish it were true!"

The last words came with a catch in her breath. I thrust forward and clasped her hands in mine.

"You mean that? Oh, Jean, if you do..."

"Yes, I mean it. That is the great difficulty. It isn't true. You wouldn't love me always. I wouldn't always be the only girl."

"Jean, you would. I swear it!"

"Then I must reverse it. I wouldn't love you always. You wouldn't always be the only man in the world."

My spirit, which had gone pounding upward, fell like a burst balloon.

"Why?" I demanded.

"Because your vision is too small. Because it is bounded by the corner posts of fourteen. Because I couldn't live penned up in such a pasture."

"You'd be breaking out toward section Two."

"Frank!" It was her turn to exclaim.

"Yes, toward section Two. You've done some plain talking, Jean; now it's my turn. It is Spook that has upset your mind—put all these wild notions in your head. It is Spook that you are thinking about, not me. I suppose you think you could marry him and not drop into the routine; you would be less an ox, as you put it, on Two than on Fourteen. Perhaps that would be best, after all. Perhaps if you were fenced in on Two, you might break out toward Fourteen."

"Frank! Please don't be unkind—and unfair. . . . I am thinking about Spook, and it is just because he is not bounded by section Two. You and Jack and Jake think he's a greenhorn, and you play your silly little tricks on him, but his world is the world, and yours is Fourteen, and Jack's is Twenty-two, and Jake's is—whatever his section is. He's so big, so big!"

"I see. Spook has traveled more than we have. He has met more people. And so he is big! I bet I grow more oats to the acre than he does—you should see his plowing; looks like—'be guess and be d—d,' as Jake says."

"Quite an elegant remark; suitable to Jake, hardly to be expected from you. And your argument would be irresistible—if I were an ox."

"You're sharp, aren't you? Well, something to eat is not to be despised, even by big people, like you and Spook. Even the soul, which you are afraid of losing on Fourteen, will pick up and leave you on Two, unless you feed that body in which it lives. That's what the soul itself thinks about people who don't hustle for a living; it gets up and leaves them."

"Good for you!" cried Jean. "You are actually thinking. I have goaded you into it. Now—where are we?"

"We're at Spook. You say you could love me for a week, and him forever."

"I didn't say that."

"You as much as said it. Spook may have advantages—I admit his travel, and all that—but will those things keep him big? Won't section Two bound him in a year or so, just as you say Fourteen bounds me now? Is he different again; less ox, more soul?"

"Section Two can never hold Spook, because he—because he is big, don't you see? He reads, he thinks, he sings, he dreams. No section can hold one who does those things."

"Does he write poetry?" I inquired, innocently.

"I—I don't think so," said she, not scenting my trap, "but he is very fond of it. You should hear him read—"

"Hear him read 'Come to me. . . . Spook!'"

She turned to me fairly again. She had withdrawn her hands from mine and was crushing little crusts of snow between her mittens. Now she dropped the snow, shook her hands free of its powdery residue, then linked them about her knee. For a long moment she held me under her eyes without blinking.

"So you saw that, did you?"

"Jean—I'm sorry. I apologize. I saw it by accident—I couldn't help that. I could have helped speaking about it. I apologize."

Then her eyes dropped. "It was very foolish," she murmured. "You have a right to be amused."

"But I'm not amused," I protested. "And I'm not sure it is really foolish. At any rate, I'll confess something. Jean: when I found it I tried to write a poem—to you—but I couldn't. The only rhymes I could think of were Jean and Jean."

"Splendid! Oh, Frank, I'm beginning to be afraid—to hope—that I didn't quite know you, after all. Fancy you trying to write poetry—and about me! Let's write a verse now. I'll help you."

She whipped a mitten from her hand and sat with her fingers lightly drumming on her lips, summoning the muse.

"You'll have to write it," I said. "I'll sign it."

"All right!" she exclaimed at length, and turning to his hard surface with her forefinger this inscription:

If you will be my wife,
No matter what the past has been
I'll take a broader view of life
And try to keep you guessing, Jean.

"Oh, you used my rhymes!" I exclaimed. "But isn't that last line slangy?" I said, when we had it well laughed over and I had added at the side an idealistic sketch of Jean's face under a bridal veil. My drawing rather lost its point in the fact that I had to explain what it was.

"No, no slang—poetic license. That's a great advantage poets have; anything that isn't quite good English can always be called poetic license. Now sign it."

I signed it in bold, printed letters, and then we fell into silence.

"What's the answer, Jean?" I said at length.

"Oh, Frank, I can't give you an answer—not now. That may have been slang, about keeping me guessing, but it goes a long way down in one's nature. If you would only read, and study, and think, and learn to appreciate beautiful things—"

"Oh, Jean, I do! I appreciate you."

"Rather clever, Frank, but that isn't just what I mean. I mean like Spook: we might as well be frank about it. I've seen him watch the sunset in the pond; watch the colors change and blend and run in little ripples with a touch of breeze as though the water had been stirred with a feather; I've seen him sit for hours watching the ambers and saffrons and champagnes of the prairie sunset, and—"

"And that's why he got so little plowing done."

"Stop it! And he knows every flower on the prairies, and all you know is pigweed, and he takes note of little things, like when I worked a new strip of lace into the yoke of my dress, and when I put a dash of scarlet ribbon in my hat he said it gave me just the touch of color that one needed on the prairies and it was no wonder that the red Indians loved color, and how much wiser, in some things, they were than we, and—"

"He was spoiling you, Jean."

"He wasn't."

"Then he was making love to you."

"Perhaps. But it was very nice. You never noticed my lace or my ribbon. You didn't even notice this cap I have on today; I made it out of an old muff, all myself, and I just said to myself, 'I wonder if Frank will notice it,' but you didn't—"

"I did, too. I saw it first thing, and I thought how nice it looked on you."

"Spook would have said how nice it looked under it."

"Oh, d—n Spook!"

"Spook's an artist, Frank. You're not."

"Nor yet a poet. But I reckon I'll make a good farmer."

"We thrashed out the ox question a while ago. Let's keep on new ground."

"Very well. Here's some new ground. When did Spook tell you all these things? I understood he hadn't come into the house all the time we were away."

"He didn't either—hardly. But he

used to come over regularly to see that everything was all right about the place and to have his 'bawls,' and he had the handsomest bathing suit—white and yellow trimmings—and Marjorie and I fixed up bathing suits, too, and we used to go in—"

"Together?"

"Of course. Only Marjorie only went in once or twice; she said she was afraid of the frogs. . . . Marjorie is a knowing girl."

"My own sister! And she would conspire. . . . I crunched a clump of crust viciously under my heel."

"Well, seeing that you have confessed, I suppose I should own up, too," I said, after a silence. "I never told you that there was a girl out where I worked this summer."

"No? What was she like?" Jean's voice was steady, but I caught a new note in it. It augured well for my first attempt at romancing.

"Oh, she was a nice girl, all right. Her folks thought she would make a good ox, but she didn't quite fall in line. She had that broader vision you set so much on. Sort of hinted that she and I might do well running a rooming house at Moose Jaw; they say things are humming at the Jaw. Rather suggested—"

"Oh, Frank, she never did! . . . Wanted you to marry her, I suppose?"

"No, she didn't just say that. But she's big, you know; takes a big view of things. Of course, it might have come to that in time. I remember one afternoon it rained and we couldn't work in the fields and that night she and I went to a dance—"

"Does she dance well?"

"Oh, quite well. And free. You know—nothing staidish, or anything like that. Well, the storm came up again during the night, and we couldn't get home, and it was only a small farm house, so some of us had to sleep in the hayloft, and Nellie said she'd be a dead game sport—"

"Now, Frank, don't tell me any more. I don't believe it. . . . What happened next?"

"Oh, nothing much. It was about noon when we got home, and the old man was pretty sore, but I told him I thought a good deal of Nellie and wouldn't mind marrying her if it came to that, and I asked her to come over here and visit us next summer—"

"You're lying, Frank. Let's go home."

As we walked home in silence, trailing our sleigh, the nip of the late afternoon stung our cheeks to roses and our breaths trailed behind like the gaseous tail of a very young and leisurely comet. Jean complained that one of her hands was growing cold so I took the mitten off it and drew the hand down into my deep, warm overcoat pocket, where we took all precautions against frostbite. The other hand had to take a chance.

We walked along the bottom of the gulley for shelter from the wind which was rising with sunset. As we neared Twenty-two Jean stopped.

"Frank, I want to ask you a question," she said. "There was no truth in that story you told me?"

"Of course I care. Tremendously."

"Don't you want me to be big?"

"Not that way. I've been talking about intellectual things—spiritual things."

"I suppose Spook's bathing suit, with the white and yellow, is quite spiritual?"

"That isn't fair."

"Oh yes it is. It is merely the other ox getting bored."

"Anyway, your story wasn't true? You made it up to tease me?"

"If I answer your question will you answer mine?"

"I can't, Frank. I can't—not now. I haven't seen Spook since Christmas. Perhaps he's sick. Perhaps he's dead. Something awful may have happened."

"His smoke goes up every morning just the same."

"Oh, you've been watching it, too. But something has happened. I—I can't answer you now."

At the door of Jack's house we paused again. We were in the shadow there, and as she turned on the step her form swung close to mine. For a moment I seized her, no longer able to play the semi-Platonic. . . .

"But there was no truth in it, was there?" she whispered.

"There was some truth in it," I confessed, as I turned toward the empty shack on Fourteen.

CHAPTER XIV

Next morning I was stirring my oatmeal and water when the door opened and in burst Jack. His attire gave evidence of haste; he had thrown a pea-jacket about a somewhat incomplete toilet. I was about to summon up a peculiar remark when something in his face silenced me.

"Have you seen Jean?" he demanded.

"No. Why?"

"She's not in her room. Gone. Was there last night—part of the night—?"

"Sure she's not in the house?"

"Hard to lose her in our two-by-four, Frank. Not at the stables—I've hunted. It's snowing, and the wind is rising; there's no trail."

This was serious. Jack sat down,

and, as though oppressed with heat, threw open his pea-jacket and exposed his undershirt.

Jean gone!

In a moment he sprang to his feet again and seized me by the arm. His grip was stronger than he knew. "She's not here, Frank? Straight now, Frank, she's not here?"

I turned my open palms toward him. "If only she were!" I exclaimed. . . . "When did you miss her?"

"Ten—fifteen minutes ago, when I got up. I found my lamp out of oil, and I went to her room to borrow hers. She didn't answer, and I went in. She wasn't there. Her coat and cap are gone. How she got out without waking us!"

He turned to a window, peering through a little bare spot in the pane close to the sash. "Looks like a rough day," he said, quietly as though trying to disguise the import of his words. . . . "She's been melancholy of late; trying to hide it, but I could tell. . . . My G—d, she may have been gone four hours!"

"Then it's time we were after her!" I exclaimed, a sudden impulse for action bringing me out of my stupor. I shoved my burning porridge to the back of the stove and rushed to my room to complete dressing. And in my head was pounding one word *Spook*—*Spook*—*Spook*!

"Where?" Jack demanded from the door of my room. "What's your guess?"

But I was already becoming an artist, that artist that Jean so eagerly sought in me.

"Just two places," I said. "She's gone to Mrs. Alton's or to Mrs. Brown's. I don't think she would go to Lucy Burke's—didn't know them so well."

Jack's look of relief was pathetic. I had always thought of Jack as being in some way my superior, born to rule while I was born to obey. Suddenly I found him a child in my hands.

"You think so?" he gasped at my words. "You think—that's—where she's gone?"

"Nothing surer. We talked a good deal about Mrs. Alton yesterday," I added, out of the fullness of my invention, "and she said how lonely Mrs. Alton must be, and that we ought to go over and see her. She's started worrying over that in the night and it's

I fingered my revolver affectionately. I was glad I had brought it.

I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes after nine. I had been fool enough to start without noting the time, and had no idea how far I had traveled. Surely I should be near Spook's now.

But our engagement had never been quite canceled. Or had it? I tried to recall, but my mind blurred. Once we were engaged; we were to have been married before this time; Jean and I were to have been married at Christmas. Then Spook. . . . Perhaps Spook would be, I thought, and hated myself for thinking it.

Perhaps she was right. I was a good bit of a dolt. Never read much, never thought much. Bounded by the corner stakes of Fourteen. An ox. Jean had as much as called me an ox. Thinking more about oats than sunsets.

Didn't even mention her new cap. When I did I turned my compliment upside down; pinned it to the cap, instead of to her. Spook would not have done that.

Our poem. The snow would be deep on it now. Or perhaps not. It might have whipped clear. If—if anything happened to Jean I would go to that poem, I would yearn over it. I would caress it. I would lean upon it. . . . It was snow, and would be gone in the spring. Something about keeping her guessing. I was to keep her guessing. Well, she was keeping me guessing just now, with a vengeance!

I tried to call Jean up in my memory, to visualize her profile, her eyes, her hair, her lips, the tilting lift of her ankle, the joyous stride of her young, free limbs. It was all a mist; a picture out of focus. It was a nebulous thing, vague, indistinct, unformed. Through and beyond it I saw the gray snow falling eternally. Then about this central figure—if one may call a thing so ethereal a figure—gathered a circle of light, and it grew and glowed and brightened until it haloed about her head. It was Jean!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Times Change

A good story was told by Rev. Dr. Black at the Edinburgh section of the Scottish Burns club on the occasion of the annual dinner. Doctor Black, on going to preach in a country kirk, was asked by the headie, "Hae ye your sermon written?" When the reverend gentleman replied that he had, the headie exclaimed, "I'm glad, because when true folk come we a paper, ye ken they'll stop when that stops; but when they hae no paper an' the Almighty Himself disna ken when they're likely to be feenish." Not so long ago the written sermon was an anathema to the Scotchman.—London Post.

Land of Thirst

The Bechuanaland Protectorate of South Africa lies principally in the Kalahari desert—the "Great Thirst Land." Very little of this huge area has been explored, although the rail way from Kimberley to Rhodesia skirts its eastern edge.

There is no "housing question" in Bechuanaland. A native hut is often merely a few boughs pushed into the ground and bent at the top, over which old sacks and rugs are thrown.

Cooking is a simple matter. Meat is roasted over an open fire and meals cakes are baked on hot stones.

That, too, was the chance which

Jean had taken. It bore more and more heavily upon me as I plodded through that measureless waste of snow. I had no doubt that she had started for Spook's; whether she ever had reached there was another question. She was able to stand his neglect no longer—she was bound to have it out with him, just as, yesterday, I had been bound to have it out with her. . . . At moments I wished that she might not find Spook's. At moments it seemed that almost anything was better than that. There was the possibility that she might strike a circle and wander about on these vacant sections. It was not very cold; she would not freeze until exhaustion overcame her. Possibly even now she was wandering in these milky mists, even within earshot of me.

"Jean! Jean!" I cried, raising my voice against the buffeting of the wind, but it died unechoed in the void of space.

There was the possibility that she had been overcome; that even now she was lying somewhere on the white snow, her white, cold face turned to a white, cold sky, her little body, no longer little, forming the occasion for a drift which the sifting wind had already seized as convenient to its purpose. . . . The sweat trickled down from under my cap and I pulled it off and let the comforting snow fall on my forehead. And now I used my eyes more than ever before, to detect, if I might, any object lying on the snow. Dark specks loomed up through the mist, and many a detour I made with pounding heart, to find only a prairie boulder or a lump of tumbleweed blown into a wolf's wool.

Again, Jean might have reached Spook's. That was going to be the most difficult possibility of all. What should I do? I fingered the weapon in my pocket, but I knew that that was nonsense. If Jean had gone to Spook she had done so of her own free will; she need not account for herself to me; she might even resent my interference. Spook might order me out as a meddling busybody; he might subject me to the torture of taking Jean from me before my very eyes. I was even less than Jack; had I been her brother I could have held him to accountability. But I would not be ordered out; I would not be abused—Surely I had a right. I was her friend, her neighbor. . . .

Her neighbor. "Perhaps that is the trouble," she had said.

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Can't Always Find Market for Wisdom

"Learning is a drug on the market nowadays," said President Sumner of Talladega college.

"A fairy," he went on, "appeared to a young mother in a vision and said: 'I offer your child wealth and wisdom. Which gift do you choose for him?'"

"Wisdom, of course," the young mother answered. "With wisdom you can obtain wealth, but wealth will never give you wisdom."

"The fairy vanished. The boy grew up. He was so wise and learned that his treatises on philosophy, biology, mathematics, history, art, literature and science were translated into ten languages, and by the time he was fifty he occupied the most important chair in one of our most important universities. Nevertheless, in order to get the wherewithal to attend an educational conference in Switzerland last summer he was glad to undertake the correction of the orthographical, grammatical and other errors in a movie magazine's memoirs at the modest rate of 25 cents an hour."

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Pupils Proletarians

In Moscow's public schools at least 80 per cent of the pupils are children of the proletariat. Boys and girls in the young Communist party, the preparatory course for membership in the adult Communist party, number 50 per cent of the pupils. Children of peasants and workmen are between 40 and 60 per cent of the total, and those of employees or members of permissible professions between 20 and 40 per cent. The others are children of employers or well-to-do persons.

He Did

Her Father—But, young man, do you think you can make my daughter happy?

Her Sultor—Do I? I wish you could have seen her when I proposed!

Both man and womankind believe their nature when they are not kind.—Bailey.

Impression made by beauty is more than skin deep.

Children Cry for

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"I have taken Beecham's Pills and NO OTHER MEDICINE with the best results for the past fifteen years. I started taking them for sick headaches, from a catarrhal stomach, and general debility. Now I don't know what a headache is, and my stomach is perfectly well."

From a frail woman weighing less than a hundred pounds, I have become well and healthy and tip the scales at one hundred and twenty."

Mrs. Percy A. Burgess, Billerica, Mass.

A clean inside means a healthy body. Sufferers from constipation, sick headaches, indigestion and attendant ills should keep the system clean by the regular use of Beecham's Pills.

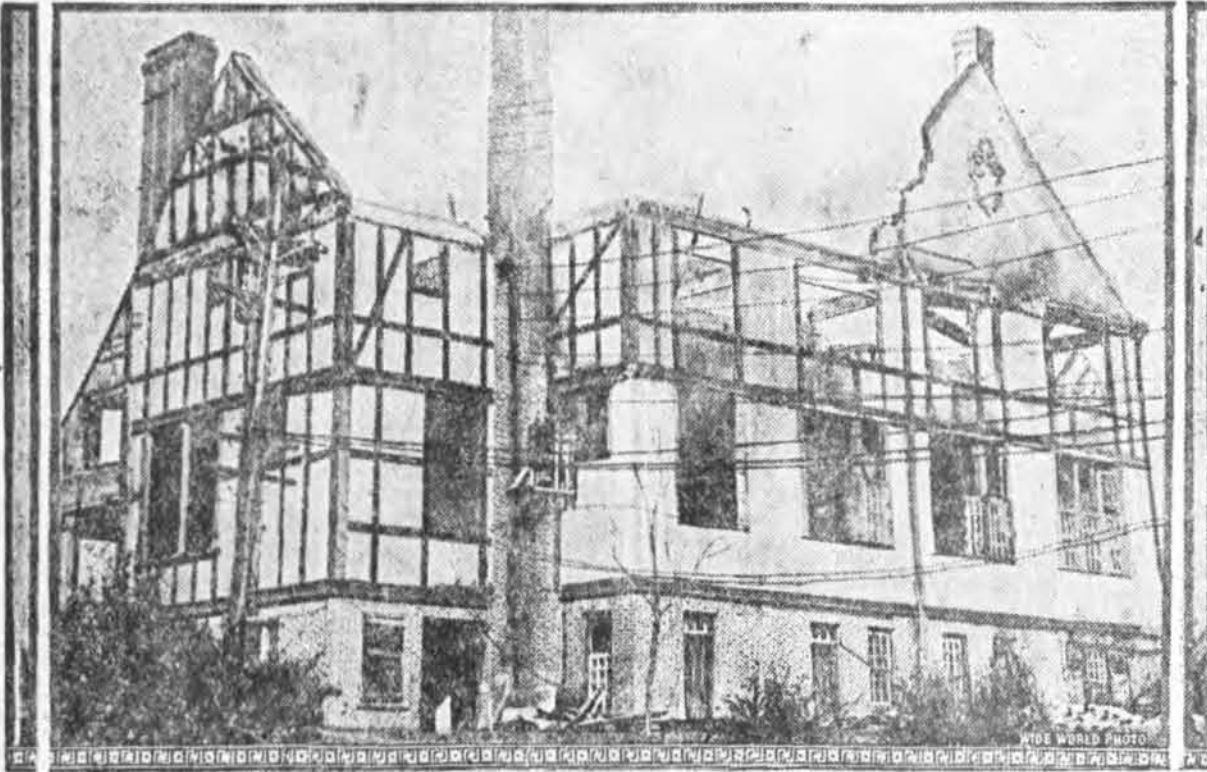
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Beecham's Pills

Boschee's Syrup

HAS BEEN

National Amateur Golf Cup Destroyed in a Fire



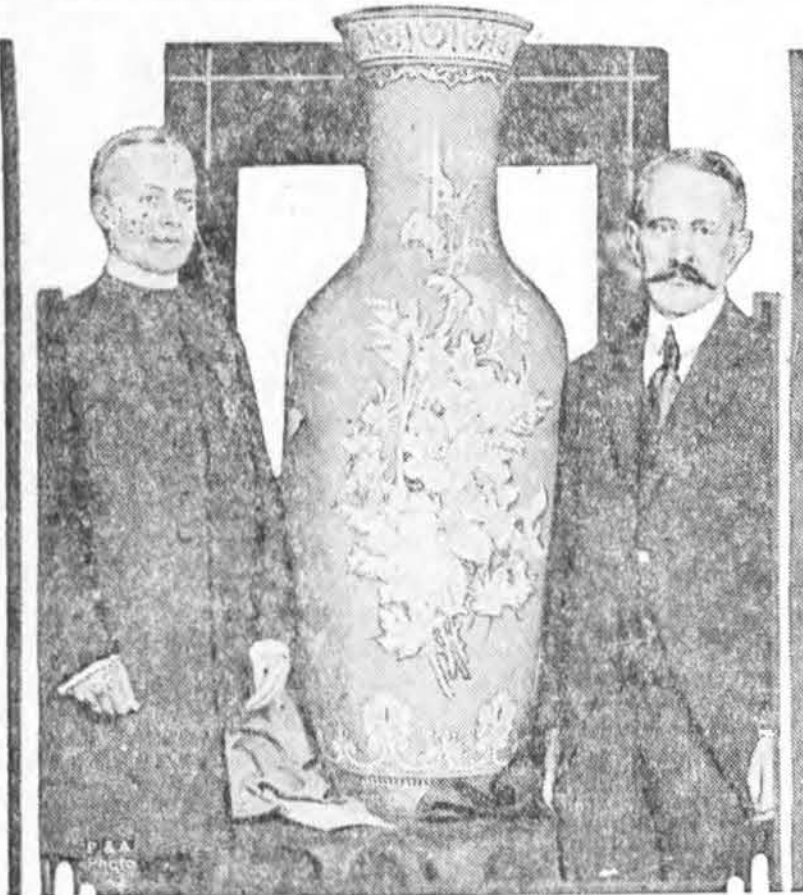
The national amateur golf championship cup, which Robert T. Jones took back to his club at Atlanta, Ga., was destroyed by the fire that ruined the East Lake Country clubhouse the other day. The ruins of the building are shown above. The lost trophy was thirty years old.

Bagged Huge Pelican With Her Motor Car



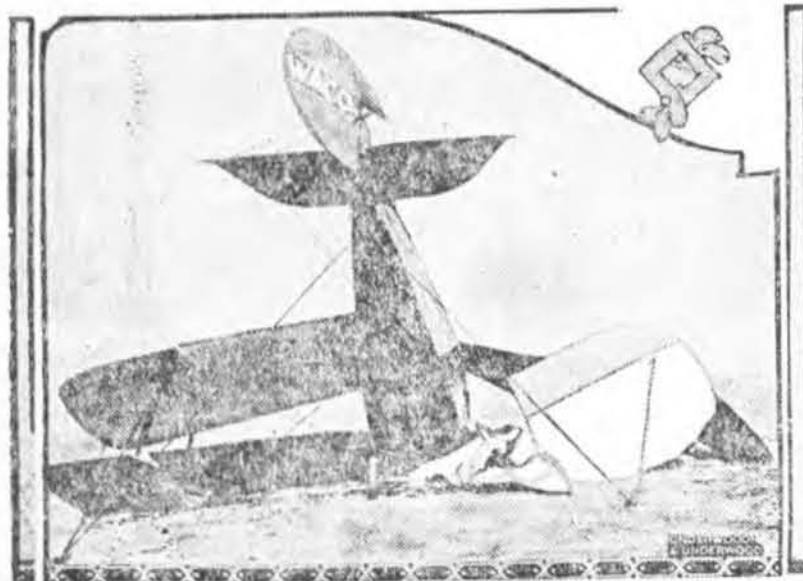
A photograph of the large pelican with an eight-foot wing spread which Miss Mabel Green (right), well-known San Francisco swimmer, ran down recently while motoring on the Pacific coast. The bird, squatting in the middle of the road, was invisible to her around a curve, and her car hit it before it had a chance to rise in flight.

Gift of France to N. Y. Cathedral



Emile Messner (right), the French ambassador to the United States, and Bishop Manning of New York, with the Sevres vase presented to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine by the French government.

Plane Crashed; Eight Injured



Eight persons were injured, none seriously it is thought, when an airplane made a nose dive in South St. Joseph, Mo. The plane was on its way from Kansas City to Excelsior Springs.

POSTMAN NEEDS AID



Uncle Sam's mail carriers will enjoy Christmas day free from work, as there will be no deliveries that day. The public is asked to do its Christmas mailing early so the postman can do his work with comparative ease.

WIN A FINE TRIP



Miss Irene Mitchell of Chicago (left) and Miss Geraldine Dyson of Springfield starting on a trip around the world which was awarded them in connection with the Illinois Products exposition of 1925.

MY FAVORITE STORIES

By IRVIN S. COBB

The Burning Question of the Moment

When Admiral Peary, then a naval commander, came back from the Pole a group of special correspondents for big city papers secured a tug from the Dominion government and steamed up the Labrador coast to meet the returning explorer and to get the first interviews with him.

In the party was one New York correspondent who spent three days framing a highly scientific and involved question which was designed, so he thought, to bring out the exact truth regarding Peary's achievement. It will be remembered that the Dr. Cook controversy was then raging.

All the way up the coast he was insisting that he should have a chance, without interruption, to fire his broadside.

Peary's answer, he stated, would inevitably have a direct bearing upon the claims of Dr. Cook and would show conclusively whether Peary had really reached the Pole.

In a body the newspaper men boarded Peary's ship and met him. After the first exchange of greetings and congratulations the spokesman for the interviewers cleared his throat and said:

"Commander Peary, this gentleman here has a very important question to ask you."

Peary turned aggressively upon the New Yorker. His bushy eyebrows and bushier mustache were bristling.

"What do you want to know?" he demanded briskly.

The New York newspaper man was seized with confusion. He fumbled in his pockets and produced a cigarette.

"What is it you want to ask me?" repeated Peary sharply.

The correspondent swallowed hard: "Have you got a match?" he inquired.

Proving There's Something in a Name

I once knew a colored child called "Exey" for short, whose real name was Eczema. The mother of the unfortunate picaninny had found the word in a patent medicine almanac and had fallen in love with its poetic sound. I also included in my acquaintance at one time a negro youth who answered to the title of Hallowed Harris.

"Yas, sah," stated his father on being pressed for his reason for choosing so unusual a baptismal prefix for his offspring. "I got dat name outen de Holy Bible. Don't you 'member, boss, what it say in de Lawd's Prayer, 'Hallowed be thy name?'"

But the Testamental name which struck me as being most interesting of all was worn by a dog—a mangy appearing, breedless, nondescript rabbit dog which trailed an old darkey whom a friend of mine claims he met on a road in the piney woods of south Georgia. The dog ranged off into the thickets and his owner ordered him back.

"Did I hear you calling that dog 'lover,' Uncle?" asked my friend. "Naw, sah, I called him 'Over,' which is short for 'Mo'over,' which it is de dawg's right name."

"Where did you get that name and why?"

"For good reasons, boss," said the old man, with a chuckle. "When I gits dat dawg he's jest little scabby pup an' allus 'nointin' of hissef wid his tongue. So I 'members what de Good Book say, 'An' de dawg, Mo'over, licked his sores.' So I knowed den I had done hit on de right name for dat pup of mine."

A Violent Indisposition

I first heard this one several years ago. I have heard it several times in varying forms since then. But for me age cannot wither nor custom state it. To my way of thinking, it is still worthy of being included in any symposium, great or small, of stories dealing with the Afro-American population.

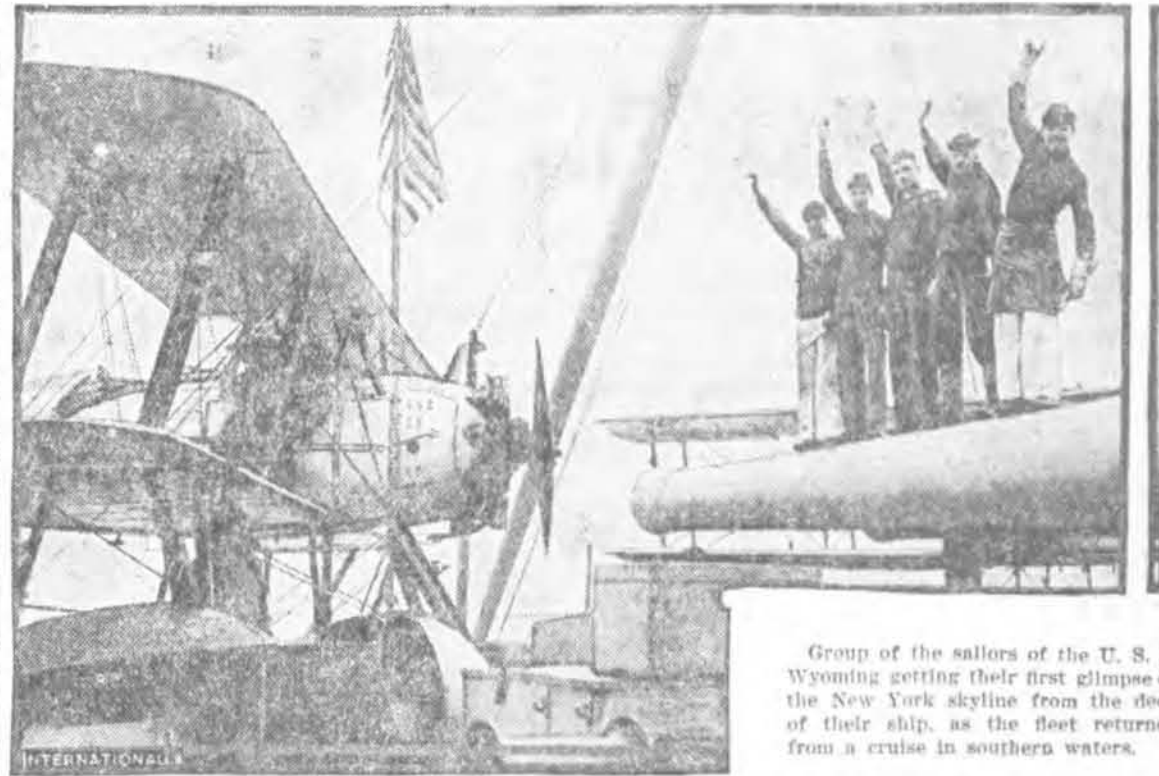
As my favorite version runs, a colored man, on appearing for work one morning wore a countenance so battered that almost one might have been pardoned for assuming that its owner had made a more or less successful effort to run it through a meat chopper. The white man for whom the scuffed and bruised victim worked took one look at that disfigured face and threw up both hands in horror and sympathy.

"Great heavens, boy," he cried, "what you been doing to yourself?"

"Me? I ain't been doin' nothin' to mysef," explained the darkey. "But somethin' is done been did to me, Mr. Watkins. It's lak dis, sah: Yistiddy evenin' I got into a kind of an argyment wid another nigger an' one word led to another, ez it will. An' purty soon I up an' hauled off an' hit at him wid my fist."

"Well, seemed lak that irritated him. So he took an' split my lip wide open wid a pair of brass knucks, an' he blacked dis eye of mine clear down to my armpit an' he tore one ear moughty high loose from de side of my head, an' den, to cap all, he knocked me down and stomped up an' down 'pon my stomach wid his feet. . . . Honest to G—d, Mr. Watkins, I never did git so sick of a nigger in all my life!"

Fleet Returns to New York From Southern Waters



Group of the sailors of the U. S. S. Wyoming getting their first glimpse of the New York skyline from the deck of their ship, as the fleet returned from a cruise in southern waters.

Big Pie-Baking Contest Held in New Jersey



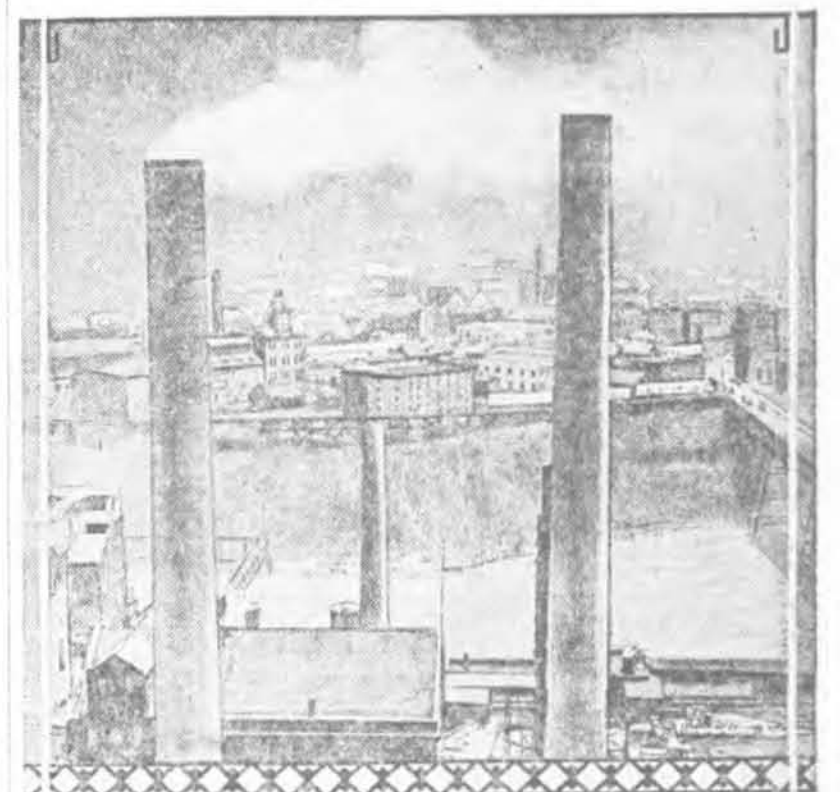
A group of citizens in the Watchung section of New Jersey, fearing that the art of pie baking is disappearing, have formed the Washington Valley Pie association, and recently held a pie-baking contest. The illustration shows the judges sampling the entries, and at right the winner, Mrs. Guy Kendall, with her coconut pie.

DIVA AND HER GUARD



When blackmailers made an unsuccessful effort recently to extort money from Cyrena Van Gordon, Chicago Civic opera prima donna, she provided herself with Erda, a German police dog, and never appears on the street now without Erda's protection.

Here's Hugest Flashlight Photo



The above photograph is the result of the biggest and most successful flashlight ever set off at night. It shows a section of Rochester, N. Y., as taken from the roof of the 15-story office building of the Eastman Kodak company, when alman of the United States army released a 14-foot bomb, containing 50 pounds of flashlight powder, 3,000 feet over the city. The photograph was taken with an ordinary press camera.

Woman Wins Honor in War on Riffs



In the center above is pictured Rosario Vazquez, nurse of the Spanish Second corps, foreign infantry, who has been awarded the military medal for her fearlessness and exemplary deportment during the fighting with the Riffians.

NEW POLICE SHIELD



This new shield has been adopted by the Chicago police for the war on audits and every station is provided with the equipment. The shield is bullet proof, easily carried and allows full vision.

Children Cry for



Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER! Fletcher's Castoria is a harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of

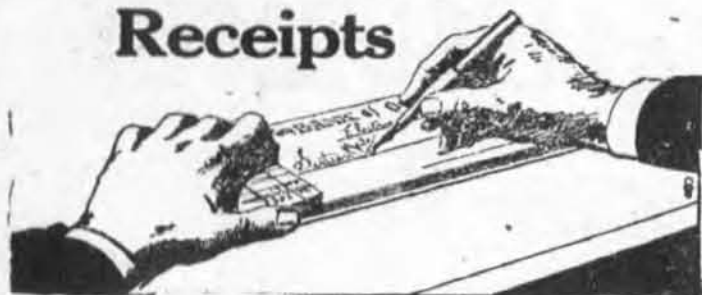
Constipation Wind Colic
Flatulency To Sweeten Stomach
Diarrhea Regulate Bowels

Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and

Natural Sleep without Opiates

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*.
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Checks Are Receipts



Checks are the best receipts in the world for paid bills. Our record of the canceled Check as it is paid and passes through our books forms a chain of evidence that cannot be surpassed or disputed. Starting a Checking Account with us is a simple matter. Let us tell you how.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NOGALES
NOGALES, ARIZONA
Assets Over \$3,000,000

ARIZONA PACKING COMPANY

Our meats are known all over the state. Our meats are butchered in Arizona

ARIZONA PACKING COMPANY
NOGALES, ARIZONA



WE HAVE A STOCK OF
Kelly-Springfield Tires
AND TUBES

We Also Carry
AUTO ACCESSORIES, GAS, OILS,
AND GREASES

We deal in Wood, Hay, Grain, and Poultry Feed, and do Hauling, both light and heavy. See us FIRST.

PATAGONIA ICE & LIGHT PLANT

BEFORE IMPROVING PROPERTY be sure your title is clear. Title to much land in Nogales, Patagonia and other parts of this county is cloudy.
SANTA CRUZ COUNTY ABSTRACT AND TITLE COMPANY
F. A. French, Mgr.

Nogales, Arizona

NOTARIES PUBLIC

Legal papers requiring a Notary's Seal and acknowledgment will receive proper attention if brought to Miss Grace Van Osdale, San Rafael Valley.

B. P. O. E.

NOGALES LODGE NO. 1397

Meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at Elks' Home on Morley Ave. Visiting brothers always welcome.

V. J. WAGER, Exalter Ruler
ROBERT E. LEE, Secretary

It's better to insure your property than to wish you had. See Howard Keener at the Patagonian office.—Adv

MAKING THE GRADE CROSSING

By Edwin Greer

"Passing the buck" is a great American institution.

That is why the motorist curses the railroads for maintaining death traps. Likewise do traffic managers of railroads condemn the motorist for "criminal carelessness."

This "buck passing" by motorist and railroad is very unfair. Both are to blame, and yet both are doing their utmost to avoid accidents.

There are about 256,362 grade crossings in the United States and nearly 20 million motor cars. To eliminate these grade crossings would cost around 15 billion dollars—a total impossibility, and yet the railroads are trying to do that very thing—commencing with two classes of crossing—those with unusually dangerous locations and those situated on heavy traffic.

The Illinois commerce commission has enacted these excellent rules:

"All crossings must be constructed so that the road space is flush with the tops of the rails, and 16 inches outside the rails. Eighteen feet is to be the minimum width or the full width of road if such width is greater. A grade is to exceed 1 per cent for the first 25 feet on each side of the outer rails, nor to exceed 3 per cent within the right of way. Railways must clear all brush 500 feet on each side of crossings and highway commissioners 300 feet beyond."

Be fair, motorist—do your part, too. It's your life that you are saving anyhow, so by heeding these few simple rules you can help reduce the death toll at the grade crossing.

Should the crossing happen to be unprotected and the view on either side obstructed, stop if you can't see ahead or to the sides. Don't take a

BABY CHIX—Golden Buff and White Leghorns (Tangled strain), Black Minorcas, Barred Rocks and R. I. Reds. Special rates to broiler plants. ENOCH CREWS, Seabright, Calif. 2tp

Howard Keener, at the Patagonian office, will acknowledge your legal papers, put the Notary's Seal thereon—and has for sale all kinds of legal blanks.

MEN, WOMEN sell guaranteed silk hosiery direct to wearer beautiful goods, fashioned and full fashioned wonderful colors. Prices lower than stores. Sell only. We pay every day. INTERNATIONAL SILK HOSIERY CO., Norristown, Pa. 10t

MAKE MONEY taking magazine subscriptions. Full information and confidential catalogue on application. SUNSET SUBSCRIPTION BUREAU, the largest subscription agency west of Chicago (owned and operated by SUNSET Magazine), 460 Fourth St., San Francisco.

PATAGONIA ENGINEERING AND ASSAY CO.

C. A. PIERCE,
Mining Engineer
Operating and consulting practice in the district for twelve years.

HANK'S GARAGE

Hank Myers, Prop.

AUTO REPAIRING

STUDEBAKER SERVICE

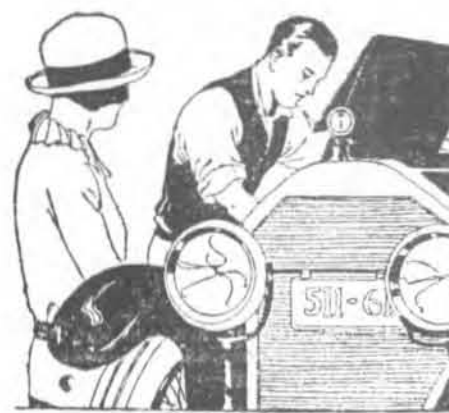
CARS GREASED AND OILED

340 Grand Avenue, Nogales, Arizona

STAG BARBER SHOP

Geo. Januel, Proprietor. Nogales, Ariz

Hot and Cold Baths



Immediate Service

When you are in a hurry—need your car right away, and something goes wrong—we give you immediate service, so you will not be delayed a minute longer than absolutely necessary. No extra charge for this service.

EAST SIDE GARAGE

R. C. Blabon, Proprietor

PATAGONIA ARIZONA

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF ARIZONA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF SANTA CRUZ

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY—No. 1750

THE STATE OF ARIZONA, Plaintiff, vs. MARY T. KANE, et al., Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an Execution and Order of Sale for delinquent taxes issued out of the Superior Court of Santa Cruz County, Arizona, in an action wherein THE STATE OF ARIZONA was Plaintiff and the respective persons hereinafter mentioned were Defendants, upon judgment rendered on the 2nd day of November, 1925, in favor of said Plaintiff and against said respective Defendants for the foreclosure of Plaintiff's tax liens on, and sale of, the respective parcels of land and real estate in Santa Cruz County, Arizona, described on the list appearing hereafter, in satisfaction of the respective amounts of said taxes thereon for the years specified, with interest thereon from the date of said judgment at the rate of ten per cent per annum, and the interest, fees, penalties, assessments, and costs, and costs of suit shown on said attached list, with accruing costs—the years for which the respective amounts of said taxes are unpaid, the persons, defendants in said action, against whom said respective tax liens were ordered foreclosed, the respective pieces and parcels of land and real estate in Santa Cruz County, Arizona, against which said respective amounts of said taxes were assessed for said years, together with the respective amounts of said taxes, interest thereon to date of said judgment, four per cent penalties, fifteen-cent fees for making back tax books, and costs, being as shown on the attached list thereof appearing immediately after this notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that I will, on the 30th day of November, 1925, at 10:00 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the front door of the Court House in the City of Nogales, Santa Cruz County, State of Arizona, separately sell at public auction, for current lawful money of the United States of America, said respective pieces and parcels of land and real estate belonging to or assessed in the name of said respective defendants, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said judgment against the same, with interest and costs, with accruing costs, to the highest bidder for cash.

Dated this 2nd day of November, A. D. 1925.

H. J. BROWN, Sheriff.
By H. J. PATTERSON, Deputy Sheriff.

Years	Name of Defendants	Description of Property	Interest	Amount of Taxes	4% Penalty	15-Cent Assessment	Costs
1918, '19, '20, '21	Melba Mining Co., a corporation	The Alta Patented Mining Claim in the Harshaw Mining District and the Alta Mill Site	\$161.59	\$163.95	\$18.14	\$2.10	\$7.20
1923	John Lucas and A. L. Schleimer	Lot 17 in the Walnut Grove Tract in the City of Nogales	6.30	25.96	1.44	15	7.30
1922, 1923, 1924	Atliano P. Moreno Estate, Juana F. de Moreno, Adm.	Lots 12 and 13 of the Mendibles Subdivision, Block 108, Northern Addition to the City of Nogales	40.86	270.54	10.82	90	7.50
1917	Mary T. Kane	Lot 9, Block E, of the Patagonia Townsite	1.16	1.60	.06	15	7.30

The above sale is hereby postponed until the 28th day of December, 1925, at 11:00 o'clock A. M.
Dated this 30th day of November, 1925.

Publish December 4, 11, 18, 1925.

H. J. BROWN, Sheriff.
H. J. PATTERSON, Deputy Sheriff.

It was hardly respectful to the president for Mitchell to omit him from the list of witnesses to be summoned.

PATENTS

any being quickly sold to manufacturers and capitalists.

If you have an invention, send us a model or sketches for search and report on patentability.

Our book on patents and trade-marks sent to any address.

D. SWIFT & CO.

7th & E. Sts., Washington, D. C.
Established in 1899.

DUFFY & ROBINS

Attorneys-At-Law

Nogales, Arizona

Dr. W. F. Chenoeth

Physician and Surgeon

Nogales, Arizona

If you can't boost this mining camp, don't knock it. It's going to boom!

NEW BRICKWOOD HOTEL
NOGALES (Ground Floor Lobby) ARIZONA
Steam Heat, Telephone and Running Water in Each Room—Free Auto Parking Space

Patagonia Barber Shop

WILLIAM FESSLER, Proprietor

Children's Hair Cutting a Specialty

PATAGONIA

ARIZONA

FOR DEVELOPMENT WORK, FOR SMALL HIGH GRADE VEINS,

Here Is the Mill

Efficient, Economical,
Easily Handled, Simple

Price \$3200

10-15 TON FLOTATION MILL

Extra Cost for Boiler and Engine, or Gasoline Engine, From \$1200.00 to \$1600.00

Roy & Titcomb

Incorporated

NOGALES, ARIZONA

One of the best Hotels in Southern Arizona, with every home appointment for the traveling public is the

COMMERCIAL HOTEL

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

Clean Beds, Clean Linen, Cleanly kept. Excellent Lobby.
Dining Room in connection



Why get along with makeshifts in the kitchen, where so many hours of work are done each day, when you can come here and, at very small cost, choose kettles and pans that will make your kitchen complete and lessen materially your kitchen work?

WHITE ENAMEL WARE

The following special values will prove especially interesting to thrifty shoppers:

Berlin Kettles \$1.00 to \$1.50

Coffee Pots \$1.25 to \$1.60

A full line to choose from; all sizes.

THE CORNER STORE

Patagonia, Ariz.

PIGGLY WIGGLY

All Over the World

Get the Best Pay Less at Piggly Wiggly

IT IS PIGGLY WIGGLY'S AIM TO GIVE YOU THE BEST GROCERIES AND MEATS THAT CAN BE PROCURED, AND AT THE SAME TIME PERMIT YOU TO MAKE A GREAT SAVING IN THE PRICE OF YOUR PURCHASES. OUR LARGE VOLUME OF BUSINESS PERMITS US TO SELL TO YOU AT A VERY NARROW MARGIN OF PROFIT. THAT'S WHY OUR PATRONAGE GROWS SO RAPIDLY.

LARGE FANCY GRAPEFRUIT	
Each	5c
FANCY TABLE PEACHES	
Large Can, each	25c
CRANBERRIES	
Per Pound	22c
FRUIT CAKE	
1 Pound, each	65c
2 Pounds, each	\$1.30
5 Pounds, each	\$3.00
CANE SUGAR	
10 Pounds	66c
FANCY BOX CHOCOLATES	
1 Pound Box	49c
CORN FLAKES	
Per Package	10c
PUMPKIN	
No. 2 Can, each	9c
No. 2 1/2 Can, each	13c
ORANGES	
Fancy Large Size, per dozen	48c
Fancy Medium Size, per dozen	36c
APPLES	
Large Fancy Hood River, per pound	10c
TOMATOES	
No. 1 Can, each	8 1/2c
No. 2 Can, each	12c
No. 2 1/2 Can, each	15c
FANCY MIXED CANDY	
Per Pound	20c
FANCY MIXED NUTS	
Per Pound	30c
PLUM PUDDING	
Small Size, each	14c
One Pound, each	35c
Two Pounds, each	65c
FANCY MICHIGAN CORN	
No. 2 Can, each	14c
BOB WHITE SHORTENING	
8-Pound Can, each	\$1.57
4-Pound Can, each	79c
2-Pound Can, each	40c

We guarantee Bob White Shortening to be one of the highest grades on the market.

PIGGLY WIGGLY
THE ORIGINATORS OF LOW PRICES
NOGALES, ARIZONA

Yes, We Can Take Care Of The Men

CHRISTMAS GIFTS THAT ARE USEFUL

Give him any one of our hundred items and he will be happy all winter. These are a few suggestions which may help you in making your selection. See us and no doubt we can suggest something.

WOOL SHIRTS	STETSON HATS
LEATHER JACKETS	LEATHER SUIT-CASE
BEDROOM SLIPPERS	WOOL MACKINAW
ENGLISH BROAD-CLOTH SHIRTS	WOOL UNDERWEAR
SILK SHIRTS	WARDROBE TRUNKS
RIDING BREECHES	WOOL BLANKETS
LEATHER PUTTEES	LEATHER DRESS GLOVES
BOOTS	INGERSOL WATCHES
SILK SOCKS	EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS
WOOL SOCKS	POCKET KNIVES
WOOL SWEATERS	
LEATHER HAND-BAGS	

NUMEROUS OTHER ITEMS

WATCH OUR WINDOWS

ARMY STORE

C. J. Bracker, Mgr. Phone 105

NOGALES, ARIZONA

Most for Your Money

QUALITY MERCHANDISE ONLY

MINIMUM ORE WEIGHT CUT

Phoenix.—The Arizona Corporation Commission has changed the minimum weight on ore and concentrates shipped in freight cars, fixing it at 60,000 pounds. This was at the instance of the Southern Pacific and secures uniformity with the usage on other lines.

A load of wives for the early pioneers who were conquering America! This was the cargo of the wife-ship. Read the startling serial novel soon to start in The Patagonian.

WHAT A YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW

How to drink out of a pint flask without spilling any of "it."
When to wear low-heeled shoes when taking rides with strangers.

How to have two "sweeties" and keep them both.
How to stay out late and still get to school on time.

Why some fellows never want to say "good-night."
Ever let a guy try to be your big brother. It doesn't pay.

DR. M. A. WUERSCHMIDT
Optical Specialist

Arizona Optical Company

313 Morley Avenue

NOGALES, ARIZONA

DR. BAYARD FITTS
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist

NOGALES, ARIZONA

HOTEL BOWMAN
Nogales, Arizona

TUCSONIA HOTEL
Tucson, Arizona

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

Those who are in a "run-down" condition will notice that Catarrh bothers them much more than when they are in good health. This fact proves that while Catarrh is a local disease, it is greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists.
P. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

ASSAYING PRICE LIST

Gold and Silver in 1 sample \$1.00
Gold, Silver, Lead and Copper in 1 sample \$2.50
Lead, Copper, Zinc, Manganese, Iron, Lime, Graphite, Sulfur, Insolubles (gold or silver alone) each \$1.00
Discounts on large amounts.
ORES BOUGHT L.O.B. Nogales, Ariz., at 90% of smelter value less \$5.00 per lot sampling and assay charge.
Accuracy and Promptness My Aim
12 Years in Present Business.

Hugo W. Miller
NOGALES, Box 257 ARIZONA

WE SOLICIT YOUR ORDERS FOR STOCKS AND BONDS

LISTED ON THE EXCHANGE
Write or Wire Us

FINIGAN & MILLER

Brokers

Members Los Angeles Stock Exchange

821-2-3 Stock Exchange Bldg.

LOS ANGELES

CALIFORNIA

WALTER P. CHRYSLER'S TRAFFIC TALKS

PARIS HAS ITS TRAFFIC PROBLEMS

THE American who goes to Paris for the first time or the fiftieth time never ceases to marvel over the skill of the Paris taxicab driver. Without front or rear bumpers he speeds along safely despite what seem to Americans to be curious rules for the handling of traffic.

In Paris there is very little synchronized traffic control because most streets do not run at right angles to each other. On the Champs-Elysees, for example, a traffic officer will stop traffic on one side of the street and allow it to continue on the other.

Paris, one of the greatest cities of the world, has its traffic problems. It knows real traffic congestion. In fact, it is said that some street intersections see greater congestion than New York or London or Los Angeles.

Paris is experimenting with electric signal systems. Its traffic com-

missioners have studied with profit the handling of traffic in New York and London.

Traffic problems today are studied the world over. Paris has its peculiar problems. London has its difficulties. New York has its worries over traffic congestion. But everywhere traffic experts come to the same conclusion and that is the pedestrian must be regulated for his own safety. When signals indicate that motorists have the right of way their progress must not be impeded by the presence of daring pedestrians who insist upon taking chances. Motorists obey traffic signals because to do otherwise is to run afoul of the law. Pedestrians will probably never be forced to obey traffic laws by law but there should be sufficient moral influence to teach the pedestrian that he can't exchange bumps with a motor car. Traffic laws should be obeyed by the man who walks as well as by the man who rides.

WORLD'S SMALLEST JAIL

Lake Arrowhead is believed to have the world's smallest jail. The structure is fashioned of concrete in the old Norman English style of architecture and is the turrest of a group of buildings from which it is separated by a sturdy oak portal.

The chiefs' office and jail occupies

the ground floor of the police building, while Chief of Police Tom E. Johnson and his wife live upstairs.

Read in a new serial story soon to begin in The Patagonian of the startling social conditions prevailing among early Americans, who had wives imported for them by the ship-lolad.

The difference between law and custom is that it takes a lot longer to violate a custom.

LEGAL NOTICES

ORDER

A petition was presented to the Board of Supervisors signed by F. J. Five taxpayers and citizens of Patagonia, petitioning the Board to establish a "No-Fence District," said district to comprise the Townsite of Patagonia as delineated by plat of said townsite.

Upon motion of Campbell, seconded by Miller and carried, the following order was made:

"It is hereby ordered by the Board of Supervisors of Santa Cruz County, State of Arizona, this 7th day of December, 1925, that the lands that are included within the boundaries of the Patagonia Townsite, according to the map thereof on file in the office of the County Recorder of said Santa Cruz County, be, and the same is hereby made an established a No-Fence District, pursuant to the provisions of Paragraphs 3254 and 3254A, Revised Statutes of Arizona, 1913, Civil Code as Amended."

Published by order of the Board of Supervisors of Santa Cruz County, Arizona.

JAS. L. FINLEY,
Chairman.

A. DUMBAULD, Clerk.
First publication Dec. 15, 1925.
Fourth publication Jan. 8, 1926.

WORLD'S
LARGEST
CHAIN
DEPARTMENT
STORE
ORGANIZATION

J.C. Penney Co.
A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION—
DEPARTMENT STORES

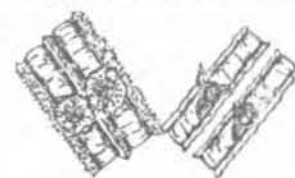
MORLEY AVENUE, NOGALES, ARIZONA

RELIABLE
QUALITY
GOODS
ALWAYS
AT HONEST
PRICES

An Advertisement That Insures Profit!

Fancy Garters

New Round Effects



New and attractive lace-edge trimmed and plain styles, with novelty and fancy bows. You will want several pairs when you see them. Excellent values, per pair—

25c to 98c

Aluminum Sets

For Wee Housewives



A Fine Girls' Gift

A set of aluminum—like mother's, only smaller, but so much fun to play with. Priced.

98c to \$2.23

Economy a Universal Principle

Economy has been practiced as a cardinal virtue to every succeeding generation. Back in the Stone Age a hoary ancestor walked miles to a cave dweller who bartered some coveted article for one skin instead of the two demanded by the neighbor tradesman.

Economy is a principle held in common by the people of all nations.

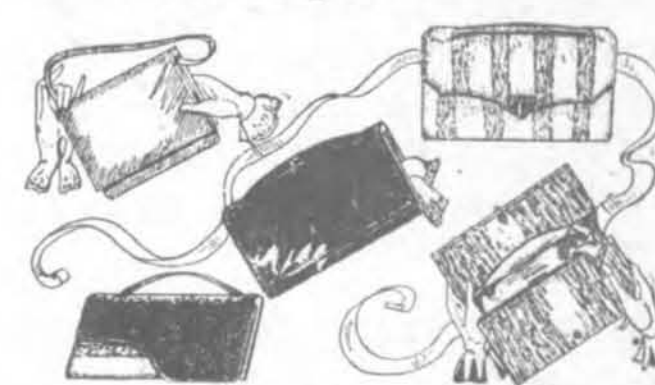
Economy is the paramount principle of our merchandising throughout our chain of 676 Department Stores, and has been during our 21 years of service to the public.

Every purchase in our Stores involves a saving to the purchaser, and these savings, accruing year after year, make for the soundest kind of economy.

J.C. Penney Co.

Newest Leather Purses

The Finishing Touch in Dress!



Neatly dressed—and with a new Leather Purse! That's the way to start a season right.

These purses are made of good leather—and it will wear serviceably. Ranging in price, from

\$1.98 to \$4.98

Boys Like Trains Best

The All-Sufficient Gift!

Mechanical Trains



All aboard! On that dandy new Christmas train, with its almost real engine and its nifty cars! Our mechanical trains please boys! Priced.

\$2.98 to \$4.49

Electric Trains



The gift supreme for boyhood! An electric train! Our assortment contains one which will delight your boy. Buy it now for his Christmas. Priced.

\$5.50 to \$9.90