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# SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN

Climate Is Best In The  
United States

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PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1927

(Single Copy 5 Cents)

NO. 2

## Improved Mining Methods Develop Patagonia

### O. D. Bleakley Dies Suddenly in East

Was President of the Richardson Real Estate, Mining and Commercial Corporation, a Local Institution, and Brother-in-Law of the Late Col. R. R. Richardson of Patagonia; Was Prominent Financier and Banker; Had Established Winter Home Here; Many Mourn

Franklin, Pa., Dec. 5.—O. D. Bleakley, 73, president of the Franklin Trust Company, one of the best-known bankers of northwestern Pennsylvania and prominent citizen of Franklin, died at 4:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon at Robinson, Ill., after a short illness.

Mr. Bleakley had been taken ill on the Sunday previous while en route to Robinson, and his condition became such within the next day that his two sons, Rollin and Wayne Bleakley as well as his devoted wife, hurried to his bedside. He rallied several times, and even early Saturday afternoon seemed to be so far on the way to recovery that doubts as to his condition had vanished.

News of his death, while more or less expected over a period of several days, nevertheless came as a distinct shock to countless friends in this and neighboring cities. It had been realized for a time that his health was failing, but, possessed of great vigor and a remarkable will power that was developed in overcoming many obstacles, he seemed to keep the matter of his health in the background while he partially looked after the affairs of business at the bank with which he was identified for so long.

It falls to few men to achieve the position to which he rose in a com-

munity he loved so well, and to attain the high regard by which he was held by so many friends.

Mr. Bleakley is survived by his widow, and two sons, Rollin R. and Wayne W. Bleakley, and two sisters.

Mr. Bleakley was well known in Patagonia, being a brother-in-law of the late Col. R. R. Richardson, founder of the townsite of Patagonia. He had paid several visits here and had intended making this his winter home. While here he made many friends, who will be grieved to learn of his sudden death. Mr. Bleakley was president of the Richardson Real Estate Mining and Commercial Corporation, a local institution, and had the interests of this community at heart.

The heartfelt sympathy of his many friends here is extended to the bereaved family.

#### THE METAL MARKET

New York, Dec. 16.—Bar silver, 58 1/8c; Mexican dollars, 44 3/4c. Copper quiet; electrolytic, spot and futures 14 1/8c. Iron steady and unchanged. Lead quiet; New York spot 6.50c; East St. Louis spot 6.32c. Zinc easier; East St. Louis, spot and futures, 5.70@5.75c.

### PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

The Patagonia Volunteer Fire Department will hold a New Year's Eve dance at the local opera house. This will be the season's biggest and best dance, and a record crowd is expected to attend. Good music and midnight lunch.

Our Golden Crust Bread is the best that can be made. You can get it fresh in Patagonia by 9 o'clock a. m. Made by HOME BAKERY, Nogales, Ariz.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Baldwin and Mrs. Bud Baldwin of the San Rafael Valley were in town Wednesday.

The trial of M. L. Shellenberger of Patagonia for the killing of John Yeas last September at Salero began this week. The jury had not reported its findings at the time of going to press.

#### MICKIE SAYS—

TELL ME, FRIEND MERCHANT, AIN'T Y'GOT SOME THINGS IN YOUR STORE THAT NOBODY WOULD EXPECT TO FIND IN A TOWN OF THIS SIZE? BUT DO FOLKS KNOW IT? IF THEY DON'T, WHOSE FAULT IS IT? AND CAN YOU BLAME 'EM IF THEY GO TO BIGTOWN TO BUY THOSE THINGS?



Mrs. Grace A. Farrell, county superintendent of schools, is in Los Angeles attending the national convention of vocational training teachers.

Mrs. Quire and son, Guy, of San Francisco are guests at the San Rafael Valley ranch of Miss Grace Van Osdale.

A new telephone booth is being installed in the pool hall of R. A. Campbell. The line was extended 2000 in order to make the proper connection.

Fire extinguisher chemicals may be obtained of Bert Blabon at the East Side garage, Patagonia, for all makes of apparatus.

LOST OR STOLEN—A small cat case, at the dance, Saturday night, December 10, at Sonolita school house. \$10 reward will be paid for return of papers contained therein to The Patagonian office, and no questions asked.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Keaton of the San Rafael Valley were Nogales visitors Monday.

FINE APPLES—Golden Greenings; good keepers and the finest that grow. Five thousand pounds to be sold at from 3c to 6c lb., to pay taxes—or we might call it rent. Bring boxes and come a-running—JAMES BRASH, Patagonia, Ariz.

H. H. McCutchan has the contract for building the road to the new hotel being erected near Nogales on the highway. The road begins near the residence of Jake Rochin and will circle the hills, terminating in the rear of the building. Lown & Wood, Nogales contractors, are building the new hotel.

Our Golden Crust Bread is the best that can be made. You can get it fresh in Patagonia by 9 o'clock a. m. Made by HOME BAKERY, Nogales, Ariz.

Efforts are being made toward restoring eyesight through the application of infra-red light rays.

## Christmas [1927]

THIS should be the most successful Christmas in our history if we try to make it so. Let us crowd hate and its kindred, suspicion and gloom, out of our hearts. Let us focus our eyes on that guiding star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode, and in the warmth of its glow rekindle in ourselves the genial flame of charity.

Let us, for the day at least, forget the things that worry us. In their places let us substitute thoughts of the many things for which we may be thankful. Let us forgive our enemies and lean heavily upon the staff of friendship. Thus each of us will become a center of happiness and able to spread that cheer which is at the heart of Christmas observance.

No season of the year so delightfully excites one's imagination or calls more sympathetically to one's tenderest emotions. We do not need to be reminded that the festive occasion commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, for the feeling is all around us. It expresses itself in tranquility for the old and in joyous promptings for the young. Happiness is in the air.

The penetration of the Christmas spirit encourages us in the faith that the world is growing better, for it cannot be otherwise than that the recurrent planting of such seeds year by year tends more and more toward the fruition of universal love and brotherhood.

Our greeting to you is for a merry Christmas and the wish that all of us may carry much of the spirit and blessings of the day into every other day of the year. Thus shall we draw nearer to the fulfillment of the ideal typified by Christmas.

THE PUBLISHER

### LINDBERGH MAY FLY TO S. A.

Mexico City, Dec. 15.—Following his successful non-stop flight from Washington, D. C. to Mexico City, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh has been flooded with invitations from South American countries and elsewhere to pay visits in his now famous Spirit of St. Louis. He will spend Christmas in Mexico City, and plans to fly to Central American countries.

### HOUSE PASSES REVENUE BILL

Washington, Dec. 16.—The new revenue bill carrying a \$289,000,000 tax reduction, passed the house last night. A move to recommit the bill to the ways and means committee was previously defeated, 301 to 93. The final vote was 366 to 24.

### SCHOOL NOTES

(Frank Seibold, Editor)

The Christmas entertainment will be given December 23 at the school house.

There will be three entertainments given. The program will begin at 1:30 in Mrs. Fortune's room. Everybody is invited to attend.

Carlton and Andrew Floyd have left school, as they are going to Los Angeles.

Myrtle Hooks, Gladys Camoll, Marthe Valenzuela, Eva Perez, Elena Saldate and Jean McDonald had perfect papers in this week's spelling test.

In Art, the Fourth grade has been making Christmas decorations to adorn their tree and room.

The Second and Third grade room made Jello this week. Golda Dalton and Mary Louise Eschells served it to the pupils.

### ELKS TO BRING XMAS JOY

Following the usual custom, the Nogales Lodge of Elks has taken up a collection among its members to relieve all worthy needy families in the county. All Elks have subscribed liberally, and all kiddies should be made happy on Christmas day. Anyone knowing of cases of distress should report them to the Elks' lodge, Nogales, so that steps may be taken to relieve them.

### TO INVESTIGATE HEARST'S TALE

Washington, Dec. 16.—The special senate committee investigating the Hearst newspaper charges that President Calles of Mexico ordered \$1,200,000 paid to four United States senators decided in executive session to employ secret service men to get at the truth.

## "TWO DAYS TO MARRY"

TO BE PRESENTED BY  
PATAGONIA UNION HIGH SCHOOL  
Wednesday, December 21st, 1927

At 8:00 o'clock P. M.

AT THE METHODIST CHURCH

Admission, 50c

Reserved Seats, 25c

### Morning Glory Most Active In the District

Patagonia District Now Employing More Than 350 Men In Its Mines, a Fact Given Little Consideration by the Public; Increase in Operations Has Been Carried On With a Steady Gain and No "Boom" Tactics Used

#### MORNING GLORY MINE BEST EQUIPPED HERE

A Summary of Conditions at the Various Camps Is Given Below; New Men Constantly Coming to Inspect Old and New Prospects; Best Outlook the District Has Had for Development of Its Mines in Many Years

The Morning Glory Mine, the most active at present of the 20 or more properties now operating in this district, has one of the best equipped properties in the county, which is saying a great deal. The mine lately installed two 55-horsepower Diesel engines, built new bunk houses, blacksmith shop and engine house. The camp is neat and clean and gives the visitor an impression of thoroughly efficient management. The ore bodies already blocked out at the mine assured milling operations for a long time, and sinking is going ahead rapidly with a crew of competent miners.

Mr. A. J. Hamilton, general manager of the Morning Glory, states that present plans include sinking to the 1000-foot level in the Mineral Hill ore body and cross cutting each 100 feet to reach the Morning Glory vein on the east, and on the southwest the Gold Hill and the 315 veins; on the north to cut vein No. 309.

A treatment plant will be installed to reduce the ores on the property. The average value, according to General Manager Hamilton, will run 4 per cent copper, with silver running more than 4 ounces. All the ore carries some gold.

Plans are made for rapid development of the property with the intention of putting it on a 500-ton per day production basis at the earliest possible moment.

Recently, Mr. Louis Noble, a mining engineer of international reputation, was here from Denver, Colo., and made a thorough examination of the Morning Glory mine. He predicted that the mine would one day rank with the largest producers of copper in Arizona. The immense body of low grade ore already blocked out is sufficient to keep a large mill in operation for an indefinite time, and more and better grade ore is constantly being developed. The winze being sunk in the old tunnel shows very good ore at the 180-foot level, and seems to be increasing in value, judging from the samples recently brought to town.

Considering the large number of live prospects here, it is difficult to do justice to them within the limits of this article, but we give a short summary of conditions as they are at present of the following few:

#### The Santo Nino

Mr. J. P. Fulton of the Santo Nino mine, located at the southern end of the Patagonias, near the Mexican line, has decided to ship in future from Patagonia, having arranged for the daily delivery here, by truck, of 20 tons of good grade copper ore.

Former shipments of many cars were made by hauling to Zorilla station on the Cananea branch of the Southern Pacific railroad, necessitating inspection by government officials and having to do business at a switch without depot or operator.

This mine has just produced 1000 tons of molybdenum ore which occurred in the vein associated with copper.

Robert J. Coleman Prospecting Here

Robert J. Coleman of Nogales, a mining man of prominence, has been doing some prospecting on a new find of low grade ore on the San Rafael valley road. This is a continuation of the conditions which prevail from Patagonia eastward, taking in the Dr

Hardtmayer, the Braash, Bible, Pryor, and other locations.

#### Find Good Ore on Bible Property

The California company, represented by Mr. Smith is continuing sinking, having reached commercial ore at 100 feet on the Bible claims.

This property started on a streak of decomposed, leached cappings showing lead stain, which has steadily grown into firm sulphide with increasing depth. This entire district along the Harshaw road has several places which will give similar results by sinking to water level, from 50 to 200 feet.

Fred Bostwick has taken option on the Proto and Gladstone mines, near the Homestead, with a view to immediate beginning of shipments to the Douglas smelter.

J. J. Farley continues to drive a tunnel on the Humboldt, owned by Bracey Curtis of the First National Bank of Nogales. This lies between the World's Fair and the Big Jim, and has produced fine ore.

Near this, the January is sinking two shafts under the management of Mr. Gallagher, who has equipped for a thorough prospecting of this old-time producer.

The Trench, nearby toward the Big Jim, is unwaivering. This mine has been a big producer in past years.

The Big Jim is putting on another shift, and will begin production again at once. The mill has been temporarily in use by Hugo W. Miller of Nogales concentrating second-grade molybdenum ores from the Santo Nino. The concentrates obtained by flotation were sacked and shipped from Patagonia.

Mining timbers for mines in every direction are going out daily from Patagonia. This is a reliable indication that substantial development is now being made in the various mines tributary to Patagonia.

The Flux has been a steady producer for many years and still ships regularly under management of E. F. Bollinger, executor of the Richardson estate.

The road from the highway to the 3-R is being rebuilt by the St. Louis parties who recently bought, for cash, the famous mine, and the mill is being overhauled preparatory to starting operations in the near future.

In the 3-R canyon between the mine and the highway lies a placer belt being developed by Mr. Overton of California, who is making some changes in his process to avoid losing some of the finer gold, which now passes the

(Continued on page 12)



# Christmas Card is 81 Years Old



the First Greeting Card

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

**I**T WAS some unknown wit who made the statement recently that "Christmas greeting cards will cost this country \$55,000,000, and that does not take into account the time lost in trying to remember to whom they should be sent." Although it would be difficult to estimate the value of the time "lost in trying to remember," as this wag suggests, there are those who can testify to the fact that his estimate of \$55,000,000 as the total cost of Christmas greeting cards is a modest one, if not actually an underestimate.

Dealers in Christmas cards will tell you that their business has virtually doubled each successive year for the last five or six years. And the season of 1927 probably will exceed all others in the volume of sales. One wholesale dealer in Christmas cards has reported that early in November his orders had already passed the 1926 total and each week saw a steady increase over the previous week. The number of Christmas cards used in the United States long ago passed out of the realm of millions into billions.

If there is anyone who can testify to the increasing popularity of the custom of sending Christmas cards, it is Uncle Sam's mail man. He will tell you that these gay little bits of cardboard have doubled and trebled and quadrupled the burden on his back around Christmas time. Time was when you could send a Christmas card for one cent. Now it costs two cents, but not even this extra penny—which soon runs into the thousands of dollars for the coffers of the Post-Office department—has diminished the flood of cards which begins to pour into the mails at the beginning of the third week in December and continues until after January 1.

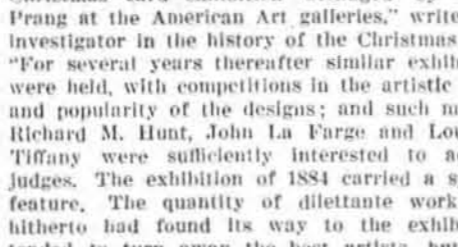
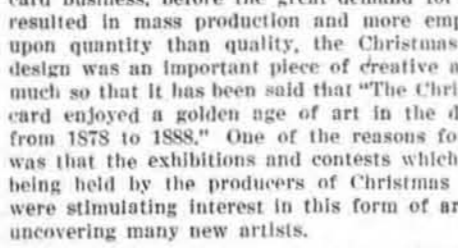
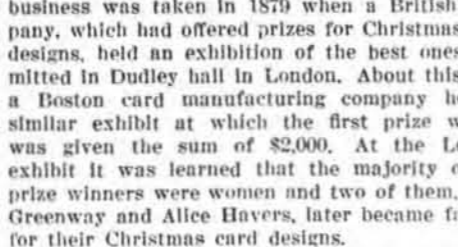
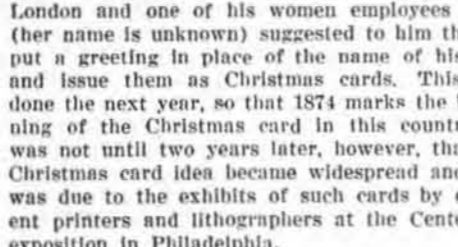
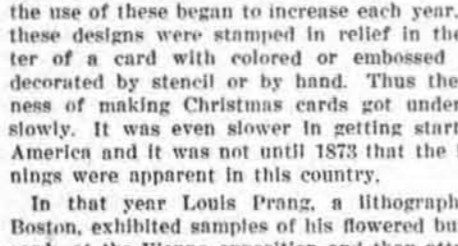
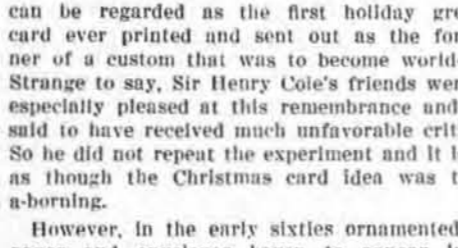
For the Christmas card is a gift in universal use for remembering one's friends at the holiday season. Rich and poor alike send them. The "social leader" has her cards of special design engraved on costly vellum and sends them out by the hundred. The working girl buys hers at the "five-and-ten" and sends them out by the dozen. Count that man poor in friendship, indeed, who has never received a Christmas card. And some complain of an "embarrassment of riches" in this regard, for the problem, as suggested by the wit in the opening paragraph of this article, is a real problem to many. How many times have you, looking through the stacks of cards that the mail man brought you during Christmas week, come across one which held your attention more than momentarily as you said, "Here's one from Mr. and Mrs. Blank. Did we send them one this year?" In fact, the custom of sending Christmas cards has become such a problem to those conventional-minded persons who have never fully realized the meaning of the "gift-without-the-giver-is-late" statement that they have declared, "Never again!" But the next year finds them adding their quota to the mountain of Christmas cards which pile up in post offices throughout the land.

Although the Christmas card is a comparative newcomer among Christmas traditions, it can by no means be regarded as an "infant industry." The figures already cited prove that. But as one regards the amazing growth of the idea, one wonders sometimes how our forefathers ever managed to celebrate Christmas without Christmas cards. For it was only 81 years ago, in 1846, that the first Christmas card—first, at least, in the sense that it was the forerunner of the present Christmas card idea—was sent out. The man who originated it was Sir Henry Cole, later famous as a social and educational reformer. He had already begun applying the fine arts to manufacture and was the pioneer in illustrating children's books with woodcuts of famous paintings.

Just where Sir Henry got the idea—if it was not original with him—for his Christmas card is not known. Lover cards and illustrated writing paper had been popular in Europe for many years. In Germany illuminated cards were sent on Nomenclatur, the feast of one's patron saint. In 1844 some unknown person in the city of Leith, Scotland, is said to have sent out New Year's cards to his friends bearing a laughing face and the words "A Gude New Year to Ye," but since this did not have a wide circulation, it is doubtful if Sir Henry got the idea there. He may have got it from the custom of English school boys of writing "Christmas pieces" on paper which they decorated with many scrolls and much flourish of penmanship.

But wherever Sir Henry got his inspiration, after deciding to send out cards to his friends bearing his good wishes for their happiness at Christmas, he went to J. C. Horsley, a member of the Royal Academy in London, for the design, and Horsley's product was that shown at the head of this article. The German influence may be seen in the Germanesque style of leafy trellises which divide the card into three panels. The smaller side panels show two of the acts of charity—feeding the hungry and clothing the naked—and the central panel shows three generations of a family party at the festal board quaffing their Christmas cheer. This card was six by four inches, colored by hand, and a thousand copies were issued. For some unexplained reason, Horsley issued his design under the nom de plume of "Felix Summerly," and the card bears the line "Published at Summerly's Hive Treasury Office, 2 Old Bond Street, London."

Since this card bears the inscription "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to You," it



Greeting Cards of Today



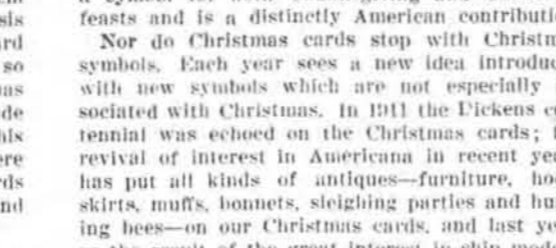
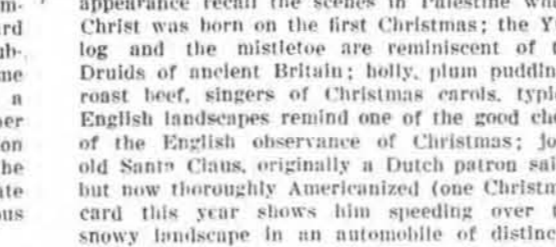
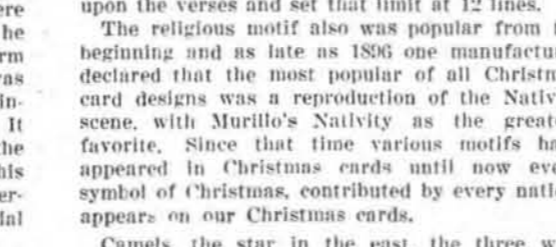
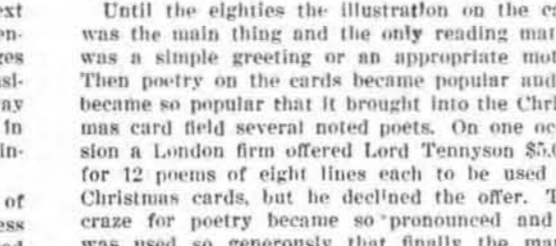
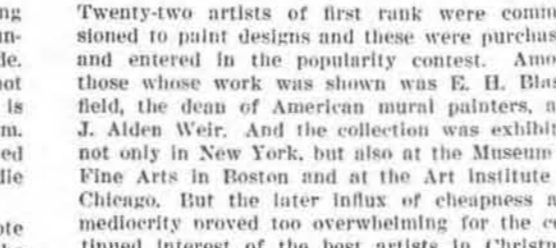
Christmas Greetings Best Wishes for a Happy New Year



Heartly Greetings and Best Wishes for Christmas and the coming Year



GREETINGS With Best Wishes for Christmas and the coming Year



Greeting Cards of Today

## POWERFUL INDIAN TRIBES DISAPPEAR

War, Disease and Intermarriage Cut Roster.

Enid, Okla.—War, disease and intermarriage have swept away many once-powerful Indian tribes and are reducing others to mere wraiths of their former might.

George Rainey, authority on Indian history, finds time rapidly adding to the roster of lost tribes, many of which are remembered chiefly because their names have passed to cities and towns in the region where once they roamed.

The Tonkawas, once disdained by other Indians, who accused them of cannibalism, have been reduced to about 26 members. They dwell near a town of that name in Oklahoma. The Kichai, for whom a small town near Wichita, Kan., was named, are gone. So are the Natchez, for whom the Mississippi city was named; the Biloxi Indians of southern Mississippi; the Molegans; the Pamunkeys; the Pequot; the Pedees; the Ketchikan; the Mobilians, for whom Mobile was named; the Wacoos, whose name Waco, Texas, bears, and many another star-wart tribe of red men.

Of these vanished tribes the Natchez have a particularly tragic history. Rainey relates in a forthcoming book. The French found them living near the future site of Natchez in 1682. Numerous conflicts with the French cost the Indians dearly, one of the most sanguinary fights taking place in 1772, when the right of the French governor to occupy the site of one of their principal villages as a plantation was contested.

The French swept down upon the tribesmen with musket fire and sword killing large numbers at Fort Roselle, Miss. With the Choctaws, the foreigners later attacked the remaining warriors and almost exterminated them.

A remnant of the band took refuge on Cicely Island in the Mississippi river, near the mouth of the Washita river, and here again the French set upon them, killing many and selling others into slavery in Santo Domingo. Some of the red men fled to the Chickasaw country in South Carolina, afterward moving to the Cherokee country in Georgia. Gradually their numbers dwindled and their language and traditions passed. Their tongue had ceased to be spoken in 1890, Rainey says.

## "Vital Egg" Decides Your Size, Is View of Doctor

Stockholm.—A formula for the growth of the human organism is the sensational discovery just announced here by Dr. Gaston Backman, Swedish physician, whose announcement has caused a furore in scientific as well as lay circles.

The size of human beings as well as their physical characteristics which now distinguish the various races are all determined by what he calls the vital egg and are not dependent to any great extent upon external influences. Thus, he dispels the belief that the offspring of the wealthy, due to better nourishment, are inclined to be taller than the offspring of the poor.

Simultaneously with the sudden appearance of Dr. Gaston Backman in the scientific limelight, his brother, Dr. Louis Backman, has stepped to the fore with the announcement that he is leaving for the United States for the purpose of studying pedagogic methods as well as the co-operation between medicine manufacturers and public hospitals for the purpose of eliminating excessive private profit.

Dr. Backman's American visit is expected to be the first step in a widespread reform among Swedish medical schools. His visit will be in the nature of an official mission.

## Italy Reorganizes Its Entire Consular Service

Rome.—Italy has just completed a reorganization of her entire consular service, a reform unattempted since the foundation of the kingdom.

Forty new consulates have been created in places where before there were no representatives of Italy. A considerable number of consulates have been raised to consulates general, while many honorary consuls, often persons of non-Italian nationality, have been supplanted by regular consuls belonging to the service.

## Graven Initials Mark Old Trysting Place

Topeka, Kan.—The tokens of many a Nineteenth-century romance are graven in stone at the crest of Burnett's mound, tallest hill in the vicinity of Topeka.

Initials, always in pairs and accompanied by figures representing dates, are carved by the score in the big boulders until soon scarcely remains for more inscriptions.

Dozens of initials and date-inscriptions are scattered about the base of Burnett's mound up its steep sides to the summit, or if they do they do not record their trysts in stone.

## ANCIENT ELEPHANT FOUND IN NEBRASKA

Giant Tusk Built on Lines of Steam Shovel.

Omaha, Neb.—They've found a new elephant out here in Nebraska. Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, famous paleontologist of New York, says it's a real discovery and that nothing like it has ever been found before.

The new elephant is built along the lines of a steam shovel. Its great tusks extend straight out in front and the ends are shaped just like a shovel. These tusks extend from the lower jaw and from the joint they measure seven feet. The length of the lower jawbones of the largest mammoth elephants heretofore known is less than two feet.

Dr. E. H. Barbour, head of the paleontological department of the University of Nebraska, and curator of the university museum, says the animal walked the earth some 1,000,000 or 2,000,000 years ago.

Dug Up in Nebraska.

This particular type of elephant, which has been named "Amedelodon Frickei," used to roam the Nebraska plains. The individual skeleton has just been found in Frontier county, this state, and is now in the museum of the University of Nebraska. Only the lower jaw, the huge tusks, tremendous teeth, still in place in the jawbone, a rib and a toe bone have been found, but the expedition from the University of Nebraska is now searching Frontier county for other traces of the big fellow who carried a spade like a steam shovel out in front of him as he walked.

The ends of the two tusks are set very close together, making practically a broad, straight continuous line across the end where the "spade" comes in contact with the earth. The huge molars measure nine inches long and are still firmly set in the jawbone. These molars are in perfect condition, and the tusks have the density and other marks of true ivory. The specimen is perfect. It will be mounted in the Nebraska university "hall of the elephants," which scientists say is the greatest collection of prehistoric elephants, mammoths and mastodons in all the world. Practically all the specimens in this collection, except several modern elephants, were discovered in Nebraska.

The gigantic combination of steam shovel and animal just discovered tilted the Nebraska prairie and turned the sod over with as perfect an ivory shovel and plow as can be imagined. In the days that the big fellow roamed the earth Nebraska was either the shores of an ocean or was a great inland sea. The "steam shovel" was used to turn the sod, dig up food such as seaweed from beneath the waters, or for excavating in mud or loose earth and sand in its search for food.

Mystery About Tusks.

The end of the jawbone proper into which the heavy tusks are set is a comparatively light bone, seeming not nearly strong enough to stand the heavy strain which might be supposed to have been exerted in the heavy digging of which the shovel-tusks would be capable. This peculiarity makes something of a mystery out of the use of the tusks. Doctor Barbour hazards the guess that as the great mammoth dug, he wrapped his trunk around the "shovel" in the heaviest part and that this took most of the strain off the jawbone.

"The shovel-mastodon," says Doctor Barbour, "must have carried his head high in order that the protruding mandible could clear the ground when it walked, and not interfere with progression. Fortunately our specimen is perfect. The tusks have the whiteness and the density, as well as the descending lines of ivory. The bones are white and firm and the molars almost unblemished."

The shovel-tusks extend from the lower jawbones in this elephant, while in other elephants the tusks extend from the upper jaw. Doctor Barbour makes a guess that the upper tusks may have been dwarfed or possibly aborted altogether in this new mammoth.

First indications of the presence of the fossil remains of the big "shovel" tusk were reported to the university by A. S. Keith of Freedom, Frontier county, and a geological expedition was sent to that county to search for other remains. It was this expedition that gathered the lower jaw, the tusks and molars, the ribs and the toe bone. It is hoped that additional remains will eventually be found of the "steam shovel" elephant.

## Orange Juice Ousts Lime in British Navy

London.—The British seaman has lost his traditional name. Anek is no longer a "limey."

The admiralty has changed the ration of lime juice—given to sailors since time immemorial to prevent scurvy—and is now giving a daily portion of orange juice. The lime juice was always dealt out with a rum ration, but now the sailor must take his orange straight.

"Oranges possess more vitamins C—the 'bottled sunshine,' said an admiralty spokesman. "It is also less bulky and cheaper. The navy spends about 25,000 sterling a year for lime juice. It is also heavily fortified with rum. But orange juice will be given plain."

Jack wants to know what becomes of the rum.

## WOMAN, 75, GUIDE OF 3,100 SEMINOLES

Mrs. Davis First of Sex to Be Tribal Chief.

Wewoka, Okla.—Mrs. Alice B. Davis, first woman chief of an Indian tribe, now 75, the seventy-five-year-old "guide, philosopher and friend" of 3,100 Seminole tribesmen, whom she ruled for two brief periods in 1922.

She frequently appears in the District court here as an interpreter in litigation involving the oil lands of the Seminoles.

Her father, John F. Brown, a Scotch physician and graduate of the University of Edinburgh, had come to the United States as a surgeon during the Civil war. At that time he married Lucy Red Beard, a Seminole.

A son became chief of the tribe and won the title of "Governor" Brown. After the latter's death, his sister Alice was appointed by President Harding to serve as chief for one day in order to complete business which her brother had left unfinished. A month later she was reappointed in order to sign authoritatively a deed in behalf of the Seminole nation. The deed called for the transfer of Emahaka mission to a private individual.

A school for Seminole girls, the mission had been condemned and abandoned and the federal government wished to dispose of it. Mrs. Davis refused to sign the deed. She contended that the land had been sold without the consent of the tribe and that the Indians received no part of the purchase price. For her refusal she was immediately "separated" from her position as chief of the tribe.

Her retirement to private life by no means lessened her activities. She keeps a record of births, deaths and marriages among her people and is always prepared to supply information to a fellow Seminole. She wishes to prove his claim to all rights.

The federal government has sent Mrs. Davis to Florida three times in the last generation to act as interpreter in trials involving Seminoles.

After being educated in Indian missions, the daughter of the Scotch physician and the Seminole maiden became the wife of a white man, George Davis. She is the mother of eleven children.

## Had Alphabet 10,000 Years Ago, Stone Shows

Vichy, France.—That man possessed a definite alphabet 10,000 years ago, apparently has been established by the finds made by the International Commission of Scientists investigating the excavations at Glazel, near here.

Controversy over the authenticity of the supposedly Neolithic remains developed last September when Rene Dussaud, conservator of the Louvre museum, said that the implements and bones were "planted" at Glazel less than twenty years ago and probably as a hoax.

The anthropological congress which heard his charges then took up the appointment of a committee to determine the authenticity of the find. The scientists began digging after taking precautions against fraud. At first they found nothing. But later, in a field believed to be the site of a Neolithic cemetery, they unearthed a piece of polished stone. This showed a drawing of a deer and six distinctly engraved characters of the supposed Glazel alphabet and a red clay idol on which the Glazel death mask—a face without a mouth—was visible.

## Ex-Kaiser Buys Island in Lake Maggiore

London.—A Geneva dispatch to the Daily Express says that the former German Kaiser has bought two small islands in Lake Maggiore, facing Locarno, Switzerland. One island is to be rechristened "Island of the World's Peace." It is reported that the ex-kaiser intends to build a winter residence there. The purchase for £14,000 (roughly \$70,000) was effected by the ex-kaiser's business manager, Baron Von der Hiltl.

## Invents New Lens to Take Colored Movies

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Using only a special lens attachment for ordinary cameras, a new motion picture optical color process was demonstrated here recently for the first time.

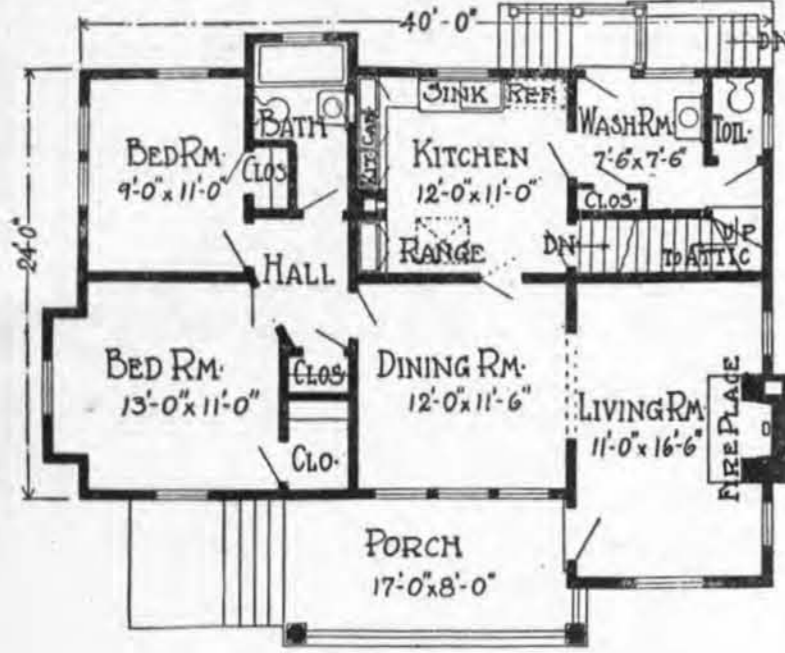
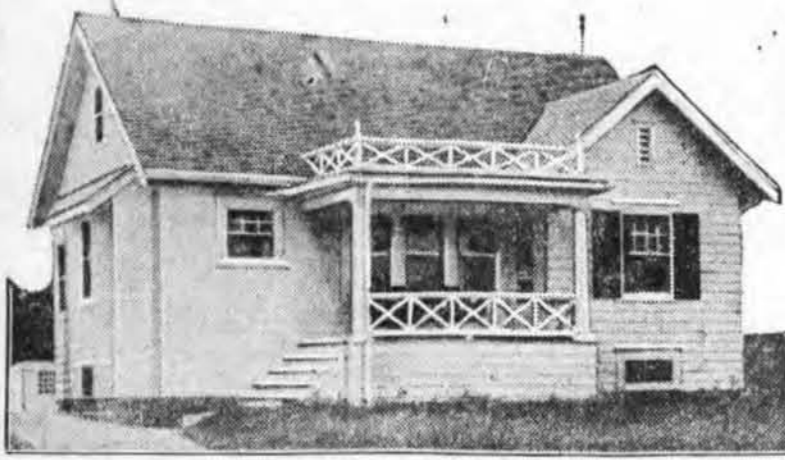
The process was invented by Harold N. Cox of Pittsburgh, formerly connected with the Edison Research Laboratories.

Cox said the new process calls into use "a simple lens attachment which can be placed on any camera." The pictures taken by the process can be developed in any laboratory fitted to turn out the ordinary motion picture, printed on black and white stock, neither tinted nor hand-colored, with regular printing equipment, and projected on any projector or be again using similar lens attachment or shown on any screen.

The process according to its inventor can reproduce any color or shade that the eye can perceive. Cox claims that with his invention, color films can be produced with an increase in cost over the present black and white method.



Compact Five-Room Bungalow Planned to Save Time and Labor for Housewife



Floor Plan.

By W. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to practical home building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as editor, author and manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

For convenience of arrangement the house shown in the accompanying illustration is one of the best which could be designed in the bungalow type. The housewife who is charged with its care will be impressed, every day, by the fact that its compact arrangement of rooms saves many a wearisome step and many a precious minute in the busy routine of housework. It is only a few steps from the kitchen, the real center of the house, to the dining room, bedrooms, and bath, living room or washroom.

This all-important room, the kitchen, is placed at the rear center of the house. Directly in front of it is the dining room. To one side of these central rooms are the sleeping quar-

ters, two bedrooms and the bathroom. They are admirably separated from the dining room by a small hallway where, also, a linen closet is provided. Each of the bedrooms is also furnished with a closet of ample size. This accessible location of bedrooms and bath will be most greatly appreciated by the mother who has babies to care for.

At the opposite side of the central rooms is the living room, in which the front entrance opens, directly from the porch. This is a room of the general favored shape with the ever-popular fireplace at one side. It connects with the dining room through an arched doorway.

At this same side of the building and opening off the kitchen is a washroom into which the rear entrance opens. Placed as it is on the first floor and adjoining the kitchen much climbing of stairs will be saved on washday and when it is necessary to do a bit of extra laundry work. Off it there is an extra toilet, a much-appreciated convenience in the truly modern home.

Steel Bridging Assures Floors of Good Support

The function of bridging in residential construction as it is usually executed in this country is an important one, although its position under the subflooring renders it less likely of notice than many less essential structural members.

Steel, because of its great tensile strength, is ideal for bridging when formed into ribbed members which fit over and under each joist, and automatically are adjusted, when installed, to any slight irregularities.

One new style of steel bridging is so formed in manufacture that no nails are necessary. Triangular bits of metal, forced at right angles in stamping, engage the wood of the joists in several directions, assuring rigidity.

This is a further point in economy, as the carpenter simply places the individual pieces in place, bends them to conform with the beam and strikes a few hammer blows at the base of the pointed triangular clinches, finishing the job.

Stucco One of Oldest of Building Materials

Stucco formed an important division of decoration in our colonial mansions, although it is seldom mentioned.

The wealth of beauty in ceilings, chimney pieces and some walls and cornices, which still exist, especially in the South, amply repays one for a careful study of them.

This ornamental use of stucco, which is defined as "a general name for plaster of any kind used as a coating of walls, particularly a fine plaster composed of lime or gypsum, with sand and pounded marble, used for interior decorations," etc., was an old art even in the days of the Romans, who carried it to the height of perfection, for the magnificence of Pompeii was due principally to the use of stucco, and this heritage of Italy from the past has made her foremost in its use down to modern times.

Floor Is Important

Why mar the effect of pretty furnishings with a commonplace floor? Rooms are much more livable and radiant when the floor plays its part in the color scheme.

Color for Bathroom

Modern bathrooms express their individuality with colors in tile and marble.

Oak Still Holds Place as Stanchest of Woods

"Sturdy as an oak." What school-boy doesn't know this king of the forest as the symbol of strength and rugged character? From the earliest days of recorded history to the present time, oak, as an article of utility and beauty, has held first place in range or use of any known wood.

The extraordinary durability of oak made this wood serviceable to primitive man, and as civilization refined itself and found room for expressions of beauty, this same durability led carvers and craftsmen to trust their finest inspirations to oak.

The Middle Ages created oakier shrines, halls, churches and public edifices of matchless beauty, standing as monuments of good preservation today.

Shipwrights, ancient and modern, knew what wood to use. Furniture makers, from the time when massive articles of oak graced the halls of medieval nobility, through periods of more refined and delicate design to the present day, dominated by demand for utility, appreciated and used the strength and enduring qualities of oak.

Asbestos Shingles May Be Laid Over Old

Rigid asbestos shingles have the advantage of being successfully laid over old roofs as well as their use on new work. This use over old roofing gains in that an additional insulating layer is added and the labor and confusion entailed in ripping off old shingles is obviated. Sudden rainstorms have been known to do considerable damage when a house has been exposed during roofing and before the new roofing material is in place.

Rigid asbestos is fireproof and resists the ordinary effect of time and erosion to a remarkable degree.

Brick and Iron Are Home Beauty Points

Rough brick, rugged timbers and wrought iron seem to have been accorded natural affinity and are widely used for detail treatment as well as actual construction in modern adaptations of period houses. Brick panels laid up between timbers in diapered pattern, frequently frame doorways which are hinged with wrought iron butts extending across the face of the door. Wrought iron knockers, foot scrapers and handles are also widely used.

Just for Christmas You Know



THE sun was gliding the crests of the Rockies. He glided then, this Christmas Eve! A line of gold ran to north and south, blocking them out against the champagne sky like huge crumpled masses of purple cardboard. Great fan-shaped shafts of light were piercing the heavens, touching to bursts of color every tattered remnant of cloud. But below, the shadows were settling on the foothills, and in the valleys it was almost dark.

Almost dark, too, it was in the heart of little Mrs. Derrit. For three years she had worked the farm alone, and each Christmas seemed a little darker than the one before. She was beginning to wonder if it is true that time heals all sores. It was five years now since Dave had died, and three since young David left the farm, and the ache seemed heavier than ever.

Mrs. Derrit rose from the rocker where she had been sitting beside her kitchen stove. The glancing had swallowed up the walls; her few cheap pictures had faded into night; only a stray flicker from the fire glinted on the cream separator in the corner of the room. She crossed the floor and with a hand fumbling in the darkness, found the match-box on the wall. Then she lighted her lamp and set it on the kitchen table. One must eat, even on Christmas Eve.

If Olson, the hired man, had stayed it would have been not quite so bad. But he had done his chores up early and left for the dance in the Swedish settlement across the valley. Olson was Mrs. Derrit's right hand, without which the farm work would have been impossible. He was a bachelor, living in a lean-to beside the machinery shed, and coming to the house only for his meals, which he ate for the most part in silence.

Mrs. Derrit placed food on her kitchen table, and sat down before it. Her meal was frugal, not so much from necessity as from weariness. She ate and drank mechanically, then arose, washed her few dishes and put them away, wiped her table and spread a colored cloth upon it. The light from the lamp fell gently on its patterns. She drew the rocker to the table and sat down. The little clock on the shelf said only six o'clock. It was three hours until bedtime, and who could say how long until morning?

Her little hands found work to do—mending for Olson. For a while her needle darted back and forth, trailing a little thread of silver light in the glow from the lamp; and presently work and needle rested in her lap. For was not this Christmas Eve? And down through memory came a procession of these gracious anniversaries, marking the birth of the Child, and sacred to children everywhere in



Then Presently Work and Needle Rested in Her Lap.

Christendom. In a moment or two Mrs. Derrit was no longer seated in her little cabin in the vast foothill valley, but was back in that home down East where little David had first entered her life. What Christmas Eves were those! What laughter and shrieks of delight when Big Dave, her husband, with his great fur coat with the red sash and whiskers of cotton, battling burst through the door, being unable to accommodate his bulky form to the chimney after the tradition of Santa Claus! What feasting and fun, and after little David had grown tired of play, what hours of domestic rapture linking husband and wife! It all seemed now so strange and unreal, as though it had been part of some previous incarnation.

Down the years came memory. David was now a healthy lad. Troublesome, sometimes, but never bad; just overflowing with that boyishness which no mother quite understands and none would ever relinquish.

Then the breaking of the old home ties and the plunge into the great West. Young Dave had taken to the new land even more readily than did his father. How he grew! How he

loved to show his strength in the field, his skill in the corral! How soon his mother found she had no boy at all, but two grown men in her household!

And then that sad, sad night when Dave, his father, had been brought home by neighbors who found him in the road. Just at the crossing of the creek, in the lower end of the farm, it was. No one ever knew how it happened, but all supposed he had slipped from his wagon as it lurched on the prairie trail. It was piled high with wood from the valley; perhaps he had been clambering down to steady the load as it lurched, and slipped under the great rear wheel. There was frost in the earth, and a little snow on it; she remembered there was still snow on his face when they laid him in the room.

David had stood by her for two years, but his infatuation for the Ransom girl had been his undoing. They would have nothing of the farm, after that. David could earn big wages in a distant city, working in an automobile factory, where there were no cows to milk and no chores to do after supper. So they had gone. She had blessed them—what else could a mother do?—and had settled down to her farm and her memories.

For some time glowing letters came back from David, and from his wife, whom Mrs. Derrit still thought of as



The Winding Road Along Which They Brought Him.

the Ransom girl. She held no spite, did Mrs. Derrit, but if it hadn't been for the Ransom girl! Then after a while the letters fell off, until they almost stopped. It was two months now since she had heard from David. Not even a letter for Christmas!

Mrs. Derrit arose and went to her window. The moon was now up, flooding the great shoulders and sides of the valley with light, just as it had done that night when they brought Dave home to her, with the little patch of snow still on his cheek. There was snow tonight, too, just a light sifting of it as there had been then.

It would be cold and frozen down by the creek. For a while she had avoided the spot, but afterwards it had a fascination for her. Often, on moonlight nights, she had walked that far. She wondered if Dave—her Dave—knew? Perhaps. Who could say that even tonight, this Christmas eve, he was watching, waiting somewhere, wondering if she still remembered? Remember? Aye, for ever and ever!

She drew on a shawl. It could not be so very cold, the night was so bright, the moonlight so soft against the edge of the hills. The door creaked as she opened it; there was frost on the hinges, but her heart was warm; she was going to do her vigil for Dave. Down the winding road she went; the road along which they had brought him home. How warm it was! Or was it cold? Cold and warm are so much alike. How the road stretched on and on! It never had seemed so far. And the moon—why was the moon growing dark, when it had not yet reached the zenith? And what made it sway like that?

Ah, here was the spot, the very spot. She sat down on the ground. This was where they found him. Her hands touched the snow, but it was not cold. Nothing was cold. All was warm. But the moon had gone out. Why had the moon gone out? . . . Ah, there he was! Dave! She felt his arms about her; she felt his kiss on her lips. There was snow on his cheek! . . .

"Don't you know me, mother? Don't you know me?" he was saying, as she opened her eyes. She was in her room, there was no doubt about that. Yes, it was her room; through the open door she could see the cream separator in the kitchen. But who was that woman, that—Why, it was the Ransom girl! And what was she carrying? She was bringing it to her; why was she bringing it to her? And David, kneeling beside her bed?

"We brought you another little David, for Christmas, mother," the Ransom girl was saying, and before Mrs. Derrit knew it a little face was pressed against hers, and suddenly her hand, dry cheeks were wet. "David, David," she cried. "Your Grandpa's David!"

Big David's hand was in hers. "You found me on the road, David?" she asked, after a while.

"Yes," he answered, gently. "Just—just where—it happened."

Her eyes were big and bright. "I knew he would come," she said. "But I didn't know he would bring you, and wee David, and—and the Ransom girl!"

"Well, here we are," the Ransom girl rejoined. "The city is all right for a while, but when a man has a wife, and a family, it's back to the farm! We were keeping it a secret from you, just for—just for Christmas, you know!"

(© 1927 Western Newspaper Union.)

Community Building

"Health Center" Has Cut Mortality Rate

East Harlem, one of the most congested districts in Manhattan, has carried on a most interesting health program during the past six years, resulting in a decidedly reduced mortality rate, writes Savel Zimand, in the New York Times.

The East Harlem health center is operated by the health department of the city, assisted by private health and social agencies. During the last five years the general death rate of Manhattan has increased while that of East Harlem has been reduced materially. The rate for Manhattan in 1925 was 4.9 per cent greater than in 1920 and that of East Harlem was 20 per cent lower, according to Kenneth D. Widdemer, executive director of the center.

One of the most important gains was made in the case of infant mortality. From 412 deaths of children under one year of age annually in 1916-20, the number dropped to 194 in 1925. All of the children's diseases decreased.

The American Red Cross was responsible for the origin of the center, providing headquarters and the funds during the first three years. Six years ago the city health department and 22 agencies established the real center. From time to time departments have been added and the facilities increased.—Welfare Magazine.

Close Association of Parents and Teachers

The Kansas City Council of Parents and Teachers, organized as a council in 1915, has grown to a membership of 22,000, standing as one of the foremost councils of the national parent-teacher organization. The council is made up of the following groups: Sixty-nine grade school associations, with 19,252 members; 26 preschool associations, with 537 members; 6 high school associations, with 948 members; 4 junior high school associations, with 1,217 members; and 2 church and community house associations, with 112 members. The largest single group membership comes from the Baneroff school, where 1,054 parents are active members. The North-east Junior high school, with 630 members, is the largest high school association in Missouri. The J. C. Nichols school association has the distinction and honor of having every father, mother and teacher a member.

The room-mother plan, together with the hearty co-operation of principal and teachers is held responsible to a large extent for this 100 per cent membership. Mothers act as sponsors for each room, answering questions of parents as to the purpose of the movement, its value to children, and the use of dues. The mother sponsors work with the membership committee.—Christian Science Monitor.

Trees for Highways

The following communication to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch is pertinent: "I should like to ask through your columns just why do the advocates of tree planting on the public highways not advocate fruit and nut trees, where the soil is adaptable or suitable for such trees. Inasmuch as fruit and nut trees would be so much more valuable to the citizens of the state and reduce the cost of fruits and nuts, which are becoming prohibitive?"

"At least every other tree should be a fruit or nut tree, and I believe every citizen would be willing to pay for at least one fruit or nut tree. I'm sure I would pay for more than one."

"Make the highways attractive by mixing fruit and nut trees among the shade trees—half of each, at least, and give fruit and nuts to all."

See Home as It Will Be

Architectural service is not an extravagance, not even an expense—it is an investment and a genuine saving. Always build from plans, and before going ahead have a picture made of what the plans call for; in that way avoiding disappointment later when the building is up.

The expense of a rendered perspective sketch is small, and it often reveals the need of changes here and there. These can be easily made in the plans.

The Weed Law

Rank weeds give a neighborhood a scraggly and unkempt air. The complete citizen attends regularly to the moving and removal of unsightly weed patches wherever he may be responsible for those unpatriotic growths. Where the property owner or vacant lot owner neglects his duty, there is authority and responsibility to inspect and act for the community good at the expense of the delinquent weed-crop producer.—Lafayette Journal and Courier.

Don't Spare Paint

Those who refrain from adequately painting exposed wood are in the class with the penny-wise, pound-foolish. In addition, failure to paint loses one an esthetic pleasure which must be classed with one of the truest joys of life.

Tides in Earth's Surface

Like the seas, the earth's crust rises and falls in tides as a result of the attraction of the sun and moon. Dr. Walter D. Lambert, geologist of the coast and geodetic survey, asserts. These movements have never been measured, says Popular Mechanics Magazine, because instruments for the task have not yet been devised and complicated computations are involved, but scholars have established the existence of such movements beyond all reasonable doubt, he declares.

An Exception

"You can't be in two places at the same time," remarked the Thoughtful Guy.

"Well, I've been in debt and in bed at the same time plenty of times," reported the Wise Guy.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Everything's Lovely

Brown—A taxicab hit you? Well, you seem to be pretty cheerful about it.

Smith—Sure. The company's going to settle with me, and I've already settled with the driver.

So Here It Is

The Actress—I don't wish to attract attention. I don't like publicity. The Press Agent—Great stuff! We'll make a big story of this.—Boston Post.

Look at Him Now!

"Did the woman recognize you as a burglar?"

"No, unfortunately she mistook me for her husband."—Berlin Der Brunner.

Everybody Happy

"You all seem to enjoy your radio."

"Yeh, father likes the bedtime stories, while little Oswald gets a great kick out of the Wall street reports."

Sarcasm

Golfer—"This can't be our ball—it's a very old one." His Caddie—"Still, it's a long time since we started out, sir."

Huh! That All?

She—I wonder how the expression, "an arm of the sea," originated?"

He—Perhaps somebody noticed that it hugged the shore.—Montreal Star.

Financial Fluctuations

"Mr. Featherlight says he never knows exactly how much he is worth."

"Of course, he doesn't," replied Miss Cayenne. "His wife plays hedge."

All Set

Banker—"Are you saving for a rainy day?"

Lois—"Yes, I'm saving your letters."

High Stakes

"How are the women taking to politics?"

"They haven't as yet started to bet hats."

Control Yourself, Dear!

Mae—"It was such a sad ending!"

June—"Don't cry, dear. You'll get your cheeks all black."

Ended It

Alice—Why did you marry Dick?"

Mae—"I got so tired having him around all the time.—Life.

CORNS



Ends pain at once!

In one minute pain from corns is ended. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do this safely by removing the cause—pressing and rubbing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, healing. At all drug and shoe stores. Cost but a trifle.

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Sure Relief



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SINCE 1846 BALSAM OF MYRRH IT MUST BE GOOD Try it for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, etc. All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not satisfied.

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has been relieving coughs due to colds for sixty-one years.

Soothes the Throat

loosens the phlegm, promotes expectoration, gives a good night's rest free from coughing. Also and 80¢ bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

Double-Barreled

"Care to buy some lathing girl jokes?"

"Might if you locate 'em in the English channel."

A wife is the making of her husband—but the job is seldom satisfactory to all parties concerned.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ailment. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

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Soap 25¢. Ointment 25¢ and 50¢. Talcum 25¢. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 53, Malden, Mass." Cuticura Shaving Stick 25¢.



**NOGALES-TOMBSTONE STAGE**

Bob Laney, Prop.

Nogales-Bisbee Stage's new time table, effective August 1, 1927. Though stage to Bisbee, making connections for Douglas, Lordsburg, Deming and El Paso. Train connections made at Fairbank or Douglas for all points east on No. 2.

NORTHBOUND		SOUTHBOUND	
Nogales, Leave	11:30 a.m.	Douglas, Leave	2:15 p.m.
Patagonia, Leave	12:30 a.m.	Bisbee, Leave	3:30 p.m.
Fairbank, Leave	1:40 p.m.	Tombstone, Leave	4:45 p.m.
Tombstone, Leave	2:05 p.m.	Fairbank, Leave	5:00 p.m.
Bisbee, Arrive	3:15 p.m.	Patagonia, Leave	6:00 p.m.
Douglas, Arrive	4:15 p.m.	Nogales, Arrive	7:15 p.m.



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**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

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| Constipation | Wind Colic         |
| Flatulency   | To Sweeten Stomach |
| Diarrhea     | Regulate Bowels    |

Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opium

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Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Dairy Farmer                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Needlecraft              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Everybody's Poultry Magazine | <input type="checkbox"/> Open Road (Goya)         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Farm & Fireside              | <input type="checkbox"/> People's Home Journal    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Farm Life                    | <input type="checkbox"/> People's Popular Monthly |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Farm Journal                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Sportsman's Digest       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fruit & Garden               | <input type="checkbox"/> Successful Farming       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gentlewoman Magazine         | <input type="checkbox"/> Woman's World            |

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*Home*  
*Again at*  
**Christmas**

by W.D. Pennypacker

"Most of us," remarked one of the travelers, after he was comfortably settled and the train was well out from the yard limits, "still have strong ties in the old East."

"It is true, indeed," replied the man sitting beside him. "I love the West. I admire its freshness and big-

ness, its grain fields, its many diversified interests, and the fact that its possibilities for further development are still apparently limitless. I, too, am bound for the old fireplace in the city of my birth, but I can never expect the old metropolis to appeal to me as it once did. There are too many high walls, too narrow streets

and too little opportunity for growth such as we know on the prairie lands, to appeal to me. And the people are not as frank and friendly as they ought to be."

The other acquiesced. Most persons who have lived in the West any length of time feel this way. The men were not patrons of the pullman though both were well-dressed and appeared reasonably prosperous.

"I wouldn't miss the opportunity of riding in a day coach at this time of the year and studying my fellow passengers," ventured the first speaker.

Most every seat was occupied, and there were a number of babes and children among the passengers.

Two seats before them sat an attractive young mother with a babe just able to walk. In spite of its zig-zag journey and the lurching of the train as it negotiated numerous curves, the youngster persisted in walking up and down the aisle, attracting a great deal of attention and getting in the way of brakemen and passengers who had to pass to and fro. Across the aisle was a child of about three, quite amiable, but swinging in his small hands a half-eaten banana with its golden envelope dangling about it, to the evident annoyance of an elderly semi-invalid and her dignified daughter who sat nearby.

But the holiday season was approaching and no one was "crabby" enough to complain. Old maids and confirmed bachelors, if there were any in the car, either enjoyed the baby or kept their thoughts to themselves.

Passengers moved about frequently, as is quite common on a long journey, and some of the more restless ones. It is safe to say, occupied nearly every seat in the car before they reached their journey's end.

Near the front of the car sat a woman whose only child was a son

Having attended Sunday school without a miss for 25 years, Claus T. Warner had fellow members of a jury at Rockford, Ill., go to church with him to save his record.

Among the receptacles which have been used for smuggling drugs are metal bedsteads, hollowed-out oranges, pans with false bottoms and tiny boxes woven into rugs.

Herbert Hamilton, a Canadian rancher, advertised in England for a wife and received 83 applications from willing maids.

canary, and who divided her time about equally between coaxing the bird to "sing for mother, pretty," asking the Negro brakeman questions, climbing up to get something from her suit case, or changing about from seat to seat.

It was merely the restlessness of the usual traveler, but the two men were interested.

Between their eager observance of this restlessness and their notation of the almost limitless amount of fruit, ice cream cones and confections consumed, they wondered what would come next.

But candy, and restlessness and travel have little noticeable effect. At last the train was drawing into its eastern terminal. As it crawled past a multitude of switches everyone was expectant. There was the usual climbing or reaching for hand luggage in the upper racks, the assembling of hats and outer garments, and a general effort to be ready to leave the train quickly.

The wheels stopped. Brakemen announced "All out!" In less than a minute there was a mad rush through the waiting room and towards the taxi stand.

"Hello, there, I've been looking for you," cried a man in a friendly voice, as he laid his hand on the stranger's shoulder and in-quired:

"You just came in from the West on that train, did not?"

"I did," he replied with a degree of wonderment. "Why?"

"You left this envelope in your seat. It looks important. I wondered how I would find you."

"Gosh! It is important! There could be no Christmas for the kiddies without it. I don't know how it got out of my hand bag—probably when I removed my time table to study it. Well, you're a friend of mine and the kiddies, I am sure."

"I heard you remark that easterners were not friendly," said the new arrival composedly. "I'm a New York City man, just come in from a short business trip. What's your name?"

The two men withdrew to a corner and exchanged cards.

"Come out with me," said the new-made friend to the westerner-by-adoption. "My car will be waiting just around the corner and I can take you part way to your destination."

The offer was accepted. The men became warm friends.

But the envelope? you ask. What of the finding of that big white envelope.

It was that that made Christmas!

(©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

**Origin of Christmas Trees**

The modern Christmas tree can be traced back to the Sixteenth century. It originated on the banks of the Rhine. Sixty years later the fir tree was used to carry gifts in celebration of Christmas all over the civilized world.

A Philadelphia newspaper says prohibition is taxing our best minds. Well, why not? Everything else is taxed.

When Hans Vierlan of Amsterdam peeped into a girl's bedroom she threw acid into his eyes, totally blinding him.

Another problem of the coming winter is to keep the wolf away from the garage door.

We couldn't print what some of our hog-callers call the road hogs.

**PIGGLY WIGGLY**

**EXTENDS TO ALL**  
**A VERY**  
**Merry Christmas**

Your new store, located next door to the present one on Grand Avenue, will open for business Tuesday morning.

PIGGLY WIGGLY will give something to all the kiddies on this opening day, and favors for the ladies. Come and see the latest in PIGGLY WIGGLY stores.

Your Nogales Store will be the largest in the State and one of the best in the United States, which is a credit to both Nogales and Santa Cruz County—all of which you helped to make possible.

It will be impossible to mention the numerous items and the wonderful bargains that will be offered for Christmas week.

**A Few Good Bargains:**

**CANDY**

FANCY MIXED, PER POUND .....18c

**POTATOES**

TEN POUNDS FOR .....23c

**SUGAR**

TEN POUNDS FOR .....65c

**Pride of the Rockies Flour**

48-POUND SACKS, EACH .....\$2.10  
(The finest Flour in the State.)

- ALL KINDS OF NUTS, DATES AND FIGS  
APPLES AND ORANGES—A WONDERFUL ASSORTMENT  
CIDER AND MINCE MEAT  
ORANGE AND LEMON PEEL, AND CITRON

We will have a wonderful assortment of fresh fruits and vegetables:

- LETTUCE, CELERY, CAULIFLOWER, ARTICHOKEs,  
CRANBERRIES, ORANGES, GRAPEFRUIT, LEMONS,  
APPLES, FRESH COCOANUTS, PERSIMMONS, AND  
GRAPES.



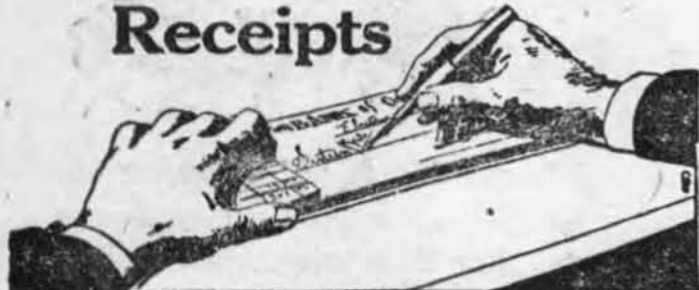
**PIGGLY WIGGLY**  
*All Over the World*

**Nogales,**

**Arizona**



### 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

## A Reminder! Valet Auto-Strop Blades



The Blades that keep your face young

May be purchased at all local stores carrying shaving supplies

### Valet Auto-Strop Razor

Sharpens itself

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 656 First Ave., New York, N. Y.

### TRADE AT HOME!

Arizona Packing Company's meats are from cattle raised in Arizona. Cactus brand Bacon and Ham is as good as can be procured anywhere, and we cure them from the meat of Arizona-raised swine. Patronize Arizona industries whenever possible and help your state grow. The money you send away stays away.

**ARIZONA PACKING COMPANY**  
NOGALES, ARIZONA



### 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**  
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.

**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.  
**HARRY RENSCHAW,**  
Exalted 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

# "It's Easy"



A small down payment and convenient terms make you the proud owner of a good

## USED CAR

"with an OK that counts"

### Look at these Bargains!

- Chevrolet Coupe \$250.00
- Buick Touring \$100.00
- Ford Touring \$100.00
- Dodge Touring \$375.00
- Ford Touring \$175.00
- Chevrolet Roadster \$325.00

When you look over our selection of re-conditioned used cars, you will be surprised to learn how fine they are...both in appearance and performance—

—and you will be even more surprised to learn how low they are priced... and how amazingly easy the terms are!

Here is quality you never thought possible at such low prices—value that you will agree is nothing less than a sensation in used car merchandising.

Come in—and see for yourself. You'll find a choice selection in the body type you want—and the red "OK" tag attached to the radiator of each car protects your purchase.



**C. C. Cheshire Motor Co.**  
NOGALES, ARIZONA  
Phone 99 243 Morley Avenue

**USED CARS** with an OK that counts

## LA BARATA

### Home of Good Values

Do Not Fail to See Our Complete Assortment

—of—  
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS AND DRESSES

WE INVITE COMPARISON OF OUR PRICES AND QUALITY

Lowest Prices for Quality Goods

COURTEOUS, PROMPT SERVICE

## La Barata

Henry Weinberg, Prop.  
NOGALES, ARIZONA

## International Casino

Alex Rossi, Mgr.

At the Plaza, Sonora, Mexico  
(Just across the border)

THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS PLACE TO EAT AND DRINK

## HANK'S GARAGE

Hank Myers, Prop.

**AUTO REPAIRING**

STUDEBAKER SERVICE

CARS GREASED AND OILED

340 Grand Avenue, Nogales, 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

### SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

1927

Santa Cruz Patagonian,  
Patagonia, Arizona.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$\_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ year... subscription, at \$2.00 per year:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

St. and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_

## For the Best in Nogales, Sonora

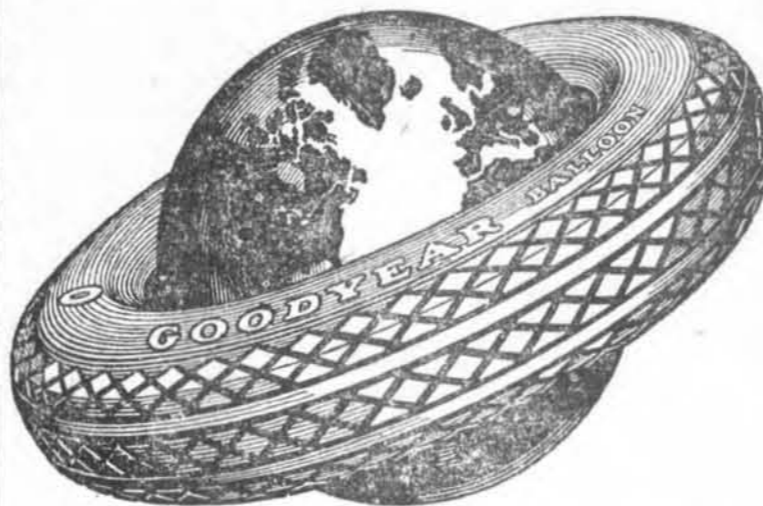
VISIT THE FAMOUS

## Cave Cafe

CUT IN SOLID ROCK

We specialize in Sea Foods and Game in Season. All kinds of Chinese dishes to your order.

Where the Tourists eat their meals in the cool recesses of dining-rooms cut into the rock hill-side.



People who wouldn't think of going to any but a good, reputable dealer for food, clothing, or furniture, patronize the worst kind of "dumps" when it comes time to buy a tire.

They do this thinking it is necessary in order to get a tire bargain.

We'll sell you the best tire made—a Goodyear—at a price as low as you can get anywhere.

### EAST SIDE GARAGE

R. C. Blabon, Proprietor

PATAGONIA ARIZONA

## MAIL US THAT Old Pair of Shoes

We'll fix them up and promptly return them to you.

All latest new machinery.

PRICES RIGHT

### Nogales Saddlery

313 Morley Ave.  
NOGALES ARIZONA

### "LA PERLA"

Jewelry Store  
F. A. Sarabia, Prop.  
107 Morley Ave.  
NOGALES, ARIZONA  
Elgin and Waltham Watches  
Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairing. All work guaranteed.  
Reparacion Perfecta, de Albasas y Relojes. Trabajo garantizado.

### DR. M. A. WUERSCHMIDT

Optical Specialist

### Arizona Optical Company

313 Morley Avenue  
NOGALES, ARIZONA

### KEY CITY TAILORS

H. T. CONNER

183 Grand Ave. Phone 212  
Nogales, Ariz.

Up-to-Date Cleaning and Pressing  
Hats Cleaned and Blocked  
Suits Made to Order  
All Dye Work Guaranteed  
Mail your clothes to us. We will deliver them on time.

Our Work, Our Prices, Our Service  
Will Please You



**SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN**

HOWARD KEENER  
Publisher and Owner

Subscription Rates, In Advance:  
One Year ..... \$2.00  
Six Months ..... 1.50  
Three Months ..... 1.00

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

Advertising Rates on Application

**WESTERN FRUITS FOR WORLD'S CHRISTMAS**

San Francisco, Dec. 8.—Christmas cheer in the form of countless thousands of the west fruits and nuts will this year stuff the stockings of at least 20,000,000 kiddies throughout the world, according to the traffic manager of a western railroad.

Probably half a million boxes, or 1250 cars of oranges will be demanded in this country alone for the holiday trade, while between fifteen and twenty thousand boxes have been shipped to Australia and the Orient especially for Christmas trade.

Citizens who make Christmas gifts of fresh and dried fruits and nuts to their eastern friends will at the same time be giving valuable advertising to the west's products.

Even the elevator boy works as an uplifter half the time.

Henry Ford has been sued for six million dollars. Wonder if he'll apologize that off.

Watch The Patagonian for Christmas Bargains.

It is a truly modest man who can make a hole in one without developing a superiority complex.

King Boris of Bulgaria is the only bachelor ruler of marriageable age in Europe; also the only one who never drank intoxicants. But if he should take a few shots of American bootleg he might commit bigamy.

The perversity of human nature is also illustrated by the fact that some persons still insist that parsnips are fit for human food.

# The Cavern

"The Border's Finest Cafe"

We extend to the people of the border an invitation to come and dine with us. You will see one of the finest cafes on the Mexican border and you will be served with the best of foods—and be charged a reasonable price.

THE CAVERN is now open for patronage. Music while you are dining. Courteous and attentive service. Clean and sanitary. Kitchen equipped with latest electrical refrigeration.

NOGALES, SONORA, MEXICO

**DR. BAYARD FITTS**  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
Specialist  
NOGALES, ARIZONA

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Hitchcock*

## Nogales Visitors

Will receive prompt and courteous service for gasoline, oil, air, water, car greasing, tire repairing and vulcanizing at this service station.

## The Autoaide

Roy Hicks, Proprietor  
(FORMER STANDARD OIL STATION)

NOGALES, ARIZONA

We have for sale SAMPSON TIRES, used for 4 years by one of the largest western states and also by one of the largest oil companies of the nation. TRY SAMPSONS NEXT



We extend to our friends and customers our hearty good wishes for the Holiday Season and may the New Year bring Abundance of Happiness and Prosperity.

## Washington Trading Company

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

House of Honest Values and Home of Dry Goods, Shoes, Boots, Face Creams and Powders. Everwear Brand Silk Hose

All-Wool Blankets and Full-Size Quilts

EVERYTHING IN CHRISTMAS TOYS AND GIFTS FOR ALL AGES

# BIG PRE-CHRISTMAS SALE MEN'S GOODS

AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF TREMENDOUS IMPORTANCE TO THE BUYING PUBLIC! A PRE-CHRISTMAS EVENT EXTRAORDINARY—A CLEARANCE SALE OF ASTOUNDING PRICES FOR IMMEDIATE SELLING. OUR ENTIRE STOCK GOES AT THESE EXCEPTIONAL LOW PRICES, NOTHING SPARED, EVERYTHING GOES. NOW IS THE TIME TO AVAIL YOURSELF, AT THIS SAVING, FOR YOUR OWN USE OR FOR GIFTS. WE SINCERELY URGE YOU TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE GREAT SAVINGS. AN OFFERING WORTHY OF EVERYONE'S ATTENTION.

**SOCKS**



Such a varied selection in Silks, Woolens and Mixtures, in all color ranges and sizes. Entire stock goes at 20 Per Cent Reduction.

**SHOES**

The famous Bostonian Shoes. Other equally famous makes in quality offering for every occasion, in color, style and weight. Prices greatly reduced.

- \$5.00 quality, now ..... \$4.25
- \$7.00 quality, now ..... \$5.75
- \$10.00 quality, now ..... \$8.75

**HATS**

Our entire stock is drastically reduced, excepting Stetsons. We offer a large selection in various kinds of weights, colors and styles. Roll brim, snap, all newest innovations in style.

- \$5.00, now ..... \$3.95
- \$6.00, now ..... \$4.75
- \$7.50, now ..... \$5.95

**CAPS**

A varied selection in beautiful Caps. Newest colors, materials and styles.

- \$2.00 value, now ..... \$1.65
- \$2.50 value, now ..... \$1.95

**ROBES**

Bath Robes in imported Terry Cloth, Beacon, Flannel. Lounging Robes in beautiful colorful Rayons, Brocades, faultlessly tailored and handsome appearance. Prices drastically cut.

- Regular \$7.00, reduced ..... \$4.75
- Regular \$12.00, reduced ..... \$9.75
- Regular \$18.50, reduced ..... \$13.95

**TIES**

Annual Sale of Men's Neckwear at exceptional low prices. In this group a remarkable quality in ties one finds beautiful Moires, Repps, Satins, and Brocades.

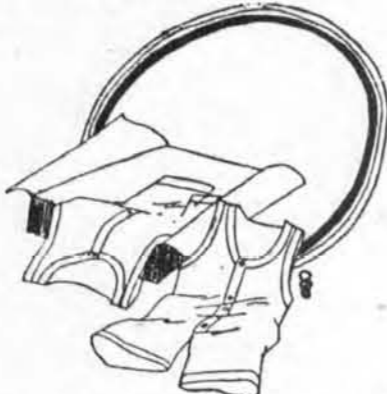
15 Per Cent Reduction

**HOUSE SHOES**

In all the wanted materials and sizes. Felts, leather, with or without heels.

- Regular \$1.50, now ..... \$1.25
- Regular \$3.00, now ..... \$2.55

**UNDERWEAR**



Exceptional values in our underwear department. All weights and styles in Union Suits, Two-Pieces, with Slip-Over Shirt and Shorts. Light Woolen, Silks, Jerseys and Broadcloth.

20 Per Cent Reduction



## Pre-Holiday Sale

Suits and Overcoats  
\$16.75 TO \$37.50

A tremendous sacrifice in our entire stock of Coats and Suits. Suits for every kind of wear, in beautiful mixtures Tweeds—in the predominating materials and styles—mostly two-pants suits. Overcoats handsomely tailored in just the correct weight and length, in Fall's most beautiful materials.

**SUITS**

- \$25.00 value, now ..... \$16.75
- \$37.50 value, now ..... \$27.25
- \$45.00 value, now ..... \$34.50

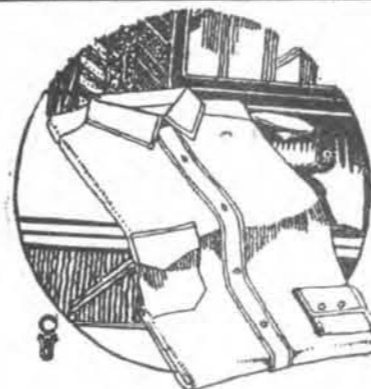
**OVERCOATS**

- \$25.00 value, now ..... \$16.25
- \$35.00 value, now ..... \$24.50
- \$50.00 value, now ..... \$37.00

**SHIRTS**

An Outstanding Shirt Event! 3000 fresh, new, quality Shirts, including the most popular materials and patterns, collar attached and neckband styles—a complete size range. A full line of beautiful woolen shirts.

- \$2.00 value, now ..... \$1.65
- \$3.00 value, now ..... \$2.45
- \$4.00 value, now ..... \$3.25



Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

# NEXT ON THE PROGRAM CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S

THEY ARE THE GREATEST HOLIDAYS OF THE YEAR

You Must Visit Our Store We're Prepared to Meet Every Demand in the

Way of GIFTS, TOYS and WEARING APPAREL

## "LA VILLE DE PARIS"

Nogales' Largest Store

## Trees, Shrubbery And Vines

As necessary to the yard and home as clothes are to the person. They are a mark of distinction; a protection from the ravages of the elements and a comfort that is incalculable.

The Neosho Nurseries, in the Ozarks, are taking a personal interest in the adornment of your yards that you cannot afford to pass up.

Their guarantee affords you a greater protection for the moderate expenditure required to beautify your grounds than any I have seen written.

I will see you in plenty of time to take care of your 1928 requirements, with prices on fruit and ornamental trees, shrubbery and vines, f. o. b. Neosho or delivery.

In the meantime, if you are desirous of the assistance of an expert landscape artist in the arrangement of your grounds, a letter addressed to the Neosho Nurseries, Neosho, Missouri, or to myself will put you in touch with one at a reasonable cost.

**RALPH C. McINTYRE**  
Parker Canon, Arizona

COME EARLY BEST BARGAINS GO FIRST

# WM. TIDWELL

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING SHOP

108 Morley Ave.

Nogales, Arizona

ALL CASH PRICES. NO CHARGES



# OUR 25th YEAR J.C. PENNEY Co. OUR SILVER YEAR

A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION

"where savings are greatest"

MORLEY AVENUE, NOGALES, ARIZONA

## Christmas Gifts

For Everyone At the Right Price

The sort of things you would buy for yourself make the best gifts to give others. Stocks at their best right now. The Stylish Gift, the Enduring Gift—the Useful Gift!

### Tailored Undies

Of Fine Rayon For Christmas

Rayon of a splendid quality, almost silk-like in texture, fashions tailored underthings.

Vests, 79c and 98c

Bloomers, 98c and 1.49

Combination Suits, 98c and 1.49

The miss in her teens and her mother will be pleased with these garments for Christmas.



### Crepe de Chine

Makes Charming Gift Lingerie

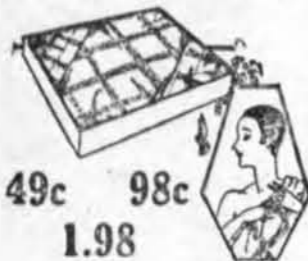
Garments of exquisite daintiness are fashioned of crepe de chine with trimmings of ribbon and lace. Gowns, chemises and dancettes that fit into your Christmas list.

2.98 and 3.98

### Useful? Yes

And Decorative, Too

Turkish towel and wash cloth sets will please your friends.



49c 98c 1.98

Two wash cloths to match the towel—in plaid or novelty jacquard patterns.

### Gift Handbags

She Will Like

A roomy pouch in a tan shade to match her coat, perhaps—or any of a number of other smart shapes and colors.



98c to \$7.90

### Belts for Men

Boxed For Gifts

Handsome belts in various patterns are packed in attractive boxes for Christmas giving.



49c and 98c

### Men's Neckwear

In Christmas Boxes

Newest color-effects; unusual patterns, at—

49c, 98c, \$1.49

### Penco Bags

A Man's Gift

Genuine cowhide; brass catches; double handles—

\$11.90

### Holiday Sets

Of Fancy Garters

Lace, ribbon and flowers make these garters attractive.

23c and 49c

### Frocks That Are Social Successes

Are Graceful—Feminine—Softly Shaded

Such frocks as these we are showing will make the holidays a round of happy times! Soft georgettes and heavier crepes—velvet and taffeta.

### For Holiday Occasions

Christmas just begins the winter parties—a new frock then will be ready for the rest.

\$14.75 to \$24.75

Women—Misses—Juniors



### Smart To Your Finger Tips!

If Your Gloves Are Fresh

No woman of fashion neglects her gloves when she is selecting a costume for the new season.

#### Fabric Gloves

Because they can be kept fresh all the time, fabric gloves are generally favored. Novelty cuff styles for pair—

79c

#### Novelty Kid Gloves

French kid of finest quality makes these very lovely gloves—unusually handsome cuffs trim each

2.98

### They're On Every Christmas List!

Fine Handkerchiefs

For a small gift—or a large one—but always in good taste—give one or several handkerchiefs! Boxed handkerchiefs are especially nice for gifts.

Swiss-Linen—Novelty Silks 10c to 49c

Embroidered corners, colored hems, lace edges—a score of novelties you'll like.

Boxed Handkerchiefs, 25c to 89c

### Give Her Our Silk Hosiery

The Satisfaction of Such a Gift Lasts For Many Months

Everytime she wears them, she will remember your thoughtfulness at Christmas time. An array of smart colors in sheer and service weights.

No. 449 and 455—our own—are a gift of distinction! \$1.49

### "Jaciell" Holiday Sets

Are Exquisitely Packed In A Satin Lined Box

A delightfully feminine gift—that is a compliment to her good taste.

The five-piece set illustrated includes face powder, talcum, toilet water, perfume and a compact in regular size \$3.98

A three-piece set consisting of powder, talcum and toilet water sell for \$1.98

### These Table Scarfs for Gifts

Are Attractive Without Being Expensive

Gay embroidered designs and scalloped edges in color are attractive details of these table scarfs—some with rounded and some with square ends. Come early while the selection of patterns is varied.

49c and 98c



ABEZ GORM was a hard nut to crack and proud of it. Nobody realized it more than the group of hard men who sat around a table with him, comfortable in their arm-chairs, warm with the heat of steam radiators and plenty of coal, and little interested in those who could not pay for protection against the bitter late December cold.

"I guess he could pull through if we nussed him a bit," one of the group was remarking. "He's young, and enthusiastic. His organization's good. Never let himself get cornered like this before. Sure will be a lesson to him."

"Nurse him long enough, he'll get into the wholesale line and increase competition. Aren't there enough of us already?" It was Jabez Gorm who spoke.

"If you don't encourage the good ones a bit, you're apt to get all the more bad ones." A hard voice from a hard face was speaking on the other side of the table.

"Ever seen a good one when he's selling against you?" Jabez countered.

"Kinda hard to hammer a fellow the first time he's up against it," a rather kindlier voice broke in.

"Harder he's hammered the tougher he'll get. That's how I got toughened," said another.

On and on the debate went. Figures were tabled, how much the debtor owed; how much he was likely to produce in bankruptcy; how much the dividend would be; whether it would pay better to take 60 per cent and get rid of a potential rival, or get 75 and let him start again with a clean sheet, or give him lots of time to pay in full.

On and on they argued. The snow clattered up the window and deflected the outside sounds of happiness and good cheer, of hasten-



"Look, Daddy, What Santa Claus Left for Me!"

ing feet, of shivering limbs, of arms flapping to keep hungry and ill-clad bodies warm.

And the argument went on. Cheerful greetings, happy salutations, heartfelt good wishes were exchanged right and left in the street below; but in an upper room of the big hotel the hard-faced group argued on and heard nothing.

"Well, look, fellows, we can't stay all night. I gotta take the train tonight. All packed up an' everything. Going to play golf in Florida over the holidays. Gotta get this thing over quick or I miss that train."

"Lucky dog. I can't afford to play golf in Florida." This from Jabez Gorm. "Neither can I afford to play good Sunnitar to bankrupt young fools. Let him assign and be done with it."

The final decision was so registered, and the creditors' meeting broke up, one to fly for a train heading south; some to join hilarious parties in the banquet halls of the hotel; Jabez Gorm to return to a big, stern-looking house in which many servants had prepared with professional efficiency the seasonal decorations, the gifts and the festive touches that fashion and social custom required to be provided for the children of this very elegant house.

Seven o'clock next morning. The bells were ringing their annual message of peace and good will. A choir in a little nearby church was singing. "Noel, Noel." Charlie Gorm, five years old and full of faith in the things that really matter, was dancing round the paternal bed of the Gorm household.

"Look, Daddy, what Santa Claus left for me!" (A letter with it an' everything.) Look!

Jabez roused himself and read: "I was climbing up your house when I saw the kid's stocking hung up and remembered about Christmas. Hate to do anybody a bad turn on Christmas Eve. Here's a buck for the boy's Christmas. Look out for your silver and other valuables some other night."

Not so long ago Jabez had taken prizes at Sunday school.

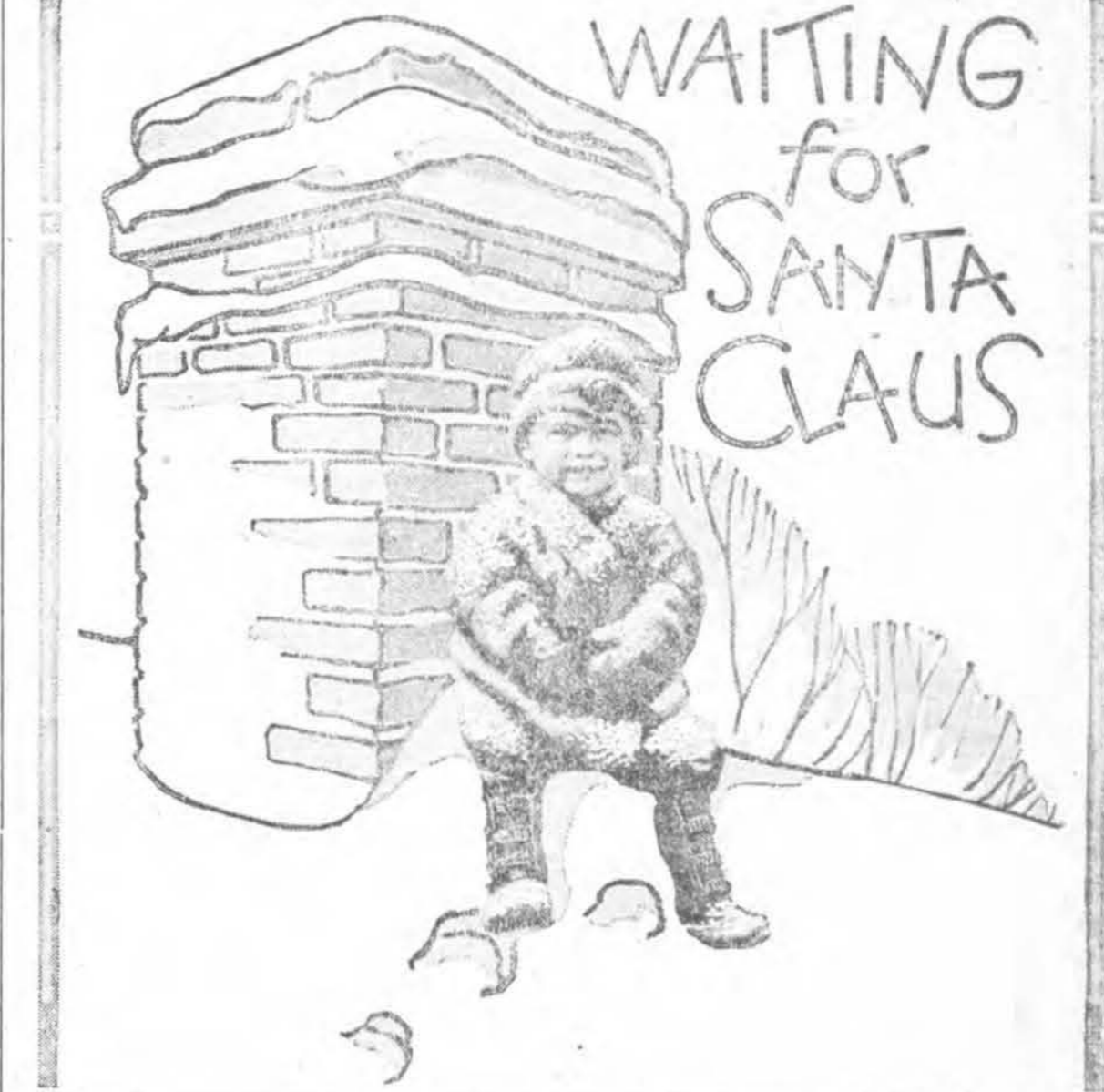
Funny that the only lesson he could think of now was about another thief who repented in time and won the first guaranteed pass through the pearly gates of heaven.

Jabez Gorm would have given a hand to call that meeting back.

But they were gone their several ways. Not far months could they all be got together again.

The church bells pealed once more. To Jabez Gorm they seemed to sing: "Two late, too late, too late, too late."

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### Christmas Story

by ALICE B. PALMER

WAS Christmas Eve and everything in the small town of Robbinsville was bubbling over with the true holiday spirit. Brilliantly lighted Christmas trees, holly wreaths and bells shone through the windows of most every home in town; while each church joined in with its usual Yuletide celebration.

A snow storm the day before had clothed the town in white, as if in preparation for the great holiday. The children just knew that it was sent on purpose, so that Santa Claus could come in his loaded sleigh and fill their stockings.

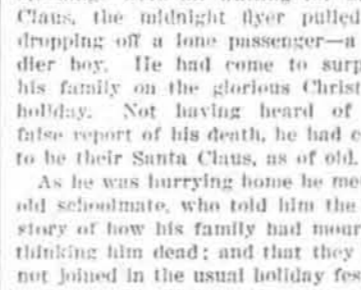
But amidst all this joy and beauty there was one sad family, who lived at the far end of Main street. They had just received word that their eldest son, Ray, had been lost on the field of battle. Father, mother and the four remaining children were seated within the living room in silence while the lumpy celebrations were in full swing on all sides of them. Each one was filled with thoughts of other years and how happy they had been.

Each saw visions of the heavily loaded Christmas tree gleaming in all its beauty, while their son and brother presided over it in his Santa's outfit. Thus they sat speechless, with lumps in their throats, until bedtime. One by one they retired broken-hearted to finish their visions in the far-off dreamland.

When quietness covered its cloak over the little town and the children's stockings were all waiting for Santa Claus, the midnight hour pulled in, dropping off a lone passenger—a soldier boy. He had come to surprise his family on the glorious Christmas holiday. Not having heard of the false report of his death, he had come to be their Santa Claus, as of old.

As he was hurrying home he met an old schoolmate, who told him the sad story of how his family had mourned, thinking him dead; and that they had not joined in the usual holiday festivities.

Suddenly a beautiful surprise filled his consciousness, and with the aid of his friend he scoured the town from end to end, frantically awakening all the storekeepers. Loaded with



Here He Trimmed the Tree, Hanging All the Smaller Gifts.

gifts, and with his friend carrying the Christmas tree, they proceeded homeward, while the full winter moon looked down upon them, knowingly.

Bidding his companion a Merry Christmas, and thanking him heartily, he crawled in through the basement window and carefully ascended to the living room. Here he trimmed the tree, hanging all the smaller gifts upon its branches and placing the larger ones upon the floor beneath.

When it was completed he lay down

upon the old couch of his childhood and dreamed happy thoughts. He, too, felt a lump in his throat, but his was a lump of gladness, as theirs had been one of sadness.

Here he remained in silence, his heart filled with joy, until Christmas morn. As he beheld the sun glimmering upon the snow-covered scene, making diamonds everywhere, he realized that it was to be one of the most gorgeous Christmas days he had ever witnessed.

He hurriedly dressed himself in a bright new Santa outfit, his heart wildly thumping as he did so; and he had just scented himself beneath the glowing tree, when he heard his dear old mother's soft, familiar footsteps upon the stairway.

He listened hopelessly while she descended and passed through the hallway into the kitchen. Then soon the old familiar odors of coffee and griddle cakes came floating in. He could hardly contain himself, as he wanted to rush out and smother her with caresses. With sheer will-power he remained silent until the family was called to breakfast.

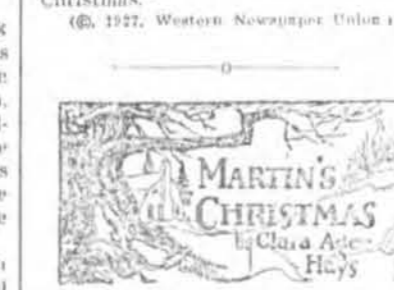
Then little Ray stole into the living room to see if by chance Santa had left her anything. She gave a series of delight as she beheld the marvelous tree loaded with gifts, and Santa himself actually sitting beneath it.

The next moment the whole family stood wide-eyed, gazing upon the scene before them, too surprised to utter a single word.

Thoughts of a practical joke by their friends came to them, and they hardly knew what to do or say. Tears came to mother's eyes with the memories of her lost son.

Just as father was going to speak, Ray, their own son, pulled the mask from his face and smiled a "Merry Christmas."

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MARTIN'S CHRISTMAS by Clara Acton Hays

MARTIN jabbed his knife into the block, folded the upon gingerly, and jammed it into a hamper in the back room. He sighed.

"By Golly! The first time I've had even to think! Dread 'em every year, Tomorrow's Christmas." He shrugged deprecatingly. Something about the drooping half-smile of his mouth was pathetic.

A brindle and white mongrel paused for a moment in his excited search for scraps, eyed his companion quizzically, and returned resolutely to his sniffling.

"Turkeys and ducks and chickens, 's all they think of. Now and then bacon or lard. I used to think Christmas was different."

The young man rolled down his sleeves and reached for his coat.

"Even she—" his bitterness deepened, "with everything. Fished around turkey? Lord! I wonder what you'd think if she knew how I feel. More than likely doesn't know I'm alive, and she falling all over myself to save just one for her! Oh well, come on, Spud!"

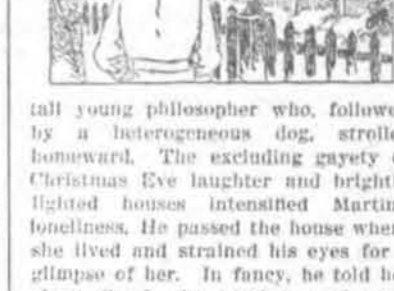
Spud crunched a meat scrap reluctantly.

"All right. Finish that. No hurry." Martin studied the window and gazed out at the other festive shop displays. "Christmas is just a few people take off to eat and give presents in, and if you don't know anybody and treat out, there's nothing to it."

"One thing, Spud?" Martin's voice brightened. Spud wagged a responsive tail without looking up. "In two months we'll have the mortgage paid off this joint! God, it's been a pain

getting started into business. Ten long, long months to save two hundred dollars.

Outside a light snow was falling. Late shoppers, hurrying along, laden with bundles, scarcely glanced at the



tall young philosopher who, followed by a heterogeneous dog, strolled homeward. The excluding gaiety of Christmas Eve laughter and brightly lighted houses intensified Martin's loneliness. He passed the house where she lived and strained his eyes for a glimpse of her. In fancy, he told her about Spud, the market, and even hinted of his love for her.

From down the street a group of children chattered "Silent Night." Martin smiled bitterly. He, too, had believed that story of the birth of a Christ child, once. A "proof" at college had refuted it. Too bad. Pretty story.

She had come to the window now to listen. How lovely she—D—n!

The crowd had broken off into terrified screams. A car sped away. Martin found frightened children shivering over the writhing form of a boy. Martin carried him to the light. It was the fellow who bought his of liver and now and then a servery soup bone.

The girl must have seen the accident for she had come out and was saying that she had called an ambulance. They both rode through the crunching snow to the hospital and waited silently.

"Not as bad as we had feared," the doctor finally announced. "Bad case, though. Little fellow is mending now about which take care of his mother. Rent not paid, he says. Seems he's been earning all they've had. When I told him he might be here three months—well, I never saw a kid so down-hearted."

Martin hesitated. "I've got two hundred dollars," he heard himself saying. "If that would do the kid and his mother." He had a fleeting desperate picture of another ten months of saving and stalling off the second mortgage.

He walked home with the girl. Her name was Mary. A regular Christmas name, he said. She smiled.

"That was a beautiful thing to do, Mr. Bowman," she told him. "Did you notice the peace and happiness in that little fellow's face after the doctor had told him? Mr. Bowman, I—"

She hesitated. "I don't suppose you'd care to, but I—well, like to have you eat Christmas dinner with us. I went up this afternoon to ask you, but you were entirely too busy to notice me and—"

"Too busy to notice you?" Martin gasped. "I thought you'd never notice me!"

Spud had been waiting. His sleepy attention as he arose from the doorstep was scarcely noticed. The song of the little colored currier was running through Martin's mind and responding a cynical philosophy.

"It was a silent night like this," he said. Thoughtfully, he looked up. In the east, one star seemed larger than the others.

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The baby of Mrs. Florence Gantrell, who of Dublin, was sent to prison with his mother, convicted of shoplifting.



# Men Marooned

By GEORGE MARSH

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## CHAPTER XII—Continued

—19—

"A good lead dog has an extra sense—instinct for a trail, Castor has it; that's why he's our lead dog. He has brains, too."

"Where's Shot?"

"Oh, he's following the shore. If he misses us, he'll circle and get our scent."

"Won't he bark?"

"No, he was taught not to—at night. But I must make a decision."

"A decision?"

"We're near the mouth of the Kapiskau. It's going to be slow work—can you stand this till daylight?"

"What has that to do with the Kapiskau?"

"If you're tired—too tired to go on, we can stop at the post." She caught a note almost of appeal in his voice.

"Too tired," she protested, "an army nurse tired when there's a patient to take care of?"

"I know, but it's a bit dangerous, too," he said doubtfully. "Of course—I'd like to keep on—for his sake."

"Well, we'll keep on. It means making Elkwan hours sooner, doesn't it? And that counts, I can sleep on this sled. I'm almost asleep now."

"Thank you, Soldier!" he said, and stopped the team while he consulted his compass. "If I could only see that shore—the hounds!"

Guthrie left the sled, and fastening a long rawhide thong to Castor's collar, cried, "Haw, Castor! We're going ashore to see if we can stumble into those hounds."

But leading his team and at intervals stopping to examine the ice from his knees, to Guthrie's surprise the dogs traveled many hundred yards without reaching the drift and the shell ice of the shore. Was he deep in the mouth of the Kapiskau? And off shore?

He had been too careful to have drifted out toward Akimiski, yet he had traveled a mile straight into the shore without hitting it. The only possible solution was the wide mouth of the Kapiskau—and he had wished to avoid getting into the river—had hoped to pass well outside. Swinging the team into the northwest, he decided to travel by compass for another mile. That would bring him into the north shore, if he were inside the river mouth. It would also—

He looked toward the invisible figure on the sled—the girl who had unreservedly placed herself in his hands—who had entered on this voyage of mercy, thoughtless of self. The hands inside his mittens shut convulsively, as a warning Etienne had once given him flashed across his memory. And he had brought her—the thing most precious in the world to Garth Guthrie—into this. Why had he not camped on the Big Willow?

For minutes Guthrie walked ahead of his team, praying for signs in the ice—a gray blur at his feet—of the proximity of the shore. Then—desperate, he stood on the fall of the sled and urged his dogs into a trot, as he checked them from circling with the luminous dial he held in his mittens.

For a space Castor gingerly led the team into the black wall when through the mark sounded a brittle bark.

Aroused, the yelping huskies quickened their pace.

"Shot's found the shore—he smells something," cried Guthrie to the girl in front of him. "Queer, he barked, though!"

Again the rough voice of the alre-dale broke through the pit-like blackness. Castor answered. With a jerk the huskies started into a fast trot.

They had not traveled a hundred yards when, directly in front of the invisible team, sounded Shot's raw challenge. There was an impact of hard bodies, Castor's snarl of rage, Pollux's roar, followed by the Sedan of huskies fighting. Into the melee of enraged dogs tangled in their traces slid the sled, with the handle of his heavy dog-goad clutched, the bewildered Guthrie ran to the rescue of the alre-dale, who for some inexplicable reason had attacked Castor. Mercilessly swinging the heavy butt of the whip, calling the dogs by name, he blindly fought to free the offending Shot from the knife-like fangs of Castor and Pollux. A heaving mass of snapping jaws, the huskies, mad with excitement, tripped, hampered by their traces, were slashing wildly in the dark at their enemy and each other.

At last, taking a slash which ripped the sleeve of his parka as he reached in, Garth got Shot's collar with one hand and lifting the struggling dog while he clubbed the others back, dragged him from the milling team. Attempting to follow, Castor fell stunned by a blow on the skull, and Guthrie was free from the infuriated team, unable, enmeshed in their

traces, to drag the sled in pursuit of the alre-dale who fought in Guthrie's arms to return to the battle.

"Oh, what has happened?" called Joan Quarrier's frightened voice. "It was too awful. What started them?"

"It's all right. I've got Shot and he's not cut much. He'll cool off in a minute. For some reason he piled in to Castor."

"Attacked Castor?"

Guthrie led his dog to the fall of the sled where he made him fast. "Yes, he must have bowled Castor over on the run. Of course that started the team. But it's so dark I doubt if any of them are hurt much. They couldn't see to strike—and their traces saved Shot. He's got two on the shoulder but they're not deep."

The girl was off the sled and soothing the alre-dale trembling with the heat of the fight.

"I'll straighten out the dogs now. They don't care for this whelp-handle."

"I could hear the blows," she said. "It hurt, but I suppose it was the only way."

"They'd have killed Shot, if they once got him down. I had to get him out of it quickly," Guthrie explained, and calming his excited dogs, soon had them on their feet with straightened traces. Castor, Garth's favorite, who had taken the bulk of the blows, found the hand of his master with his tongue as he rubbed against Guthrie's leg. Garth rumbled the erect ears of the trembling Ungava.

"Poor old boy! It wasn't your fault, was it. If Shot went crazy? Don't blame you a bit, old man. I had to do it, but it's forgotten, isn't it? Yes, good old Castor!" With a pat of the massive skull, Garth went to soothe the still excited Pollux, and the rest.

But all the while his brain was busy with the strange action of the alre-dale. They were close to the beach. Shot had found—killed—something, and refused to share it with the approaching team. But why did he leave it?

With Shot lashed to the fall of the sled, and the heat of the combat cooled in the blood of the huskies through the soothing tones of the master's voice and the touch of his hand, Guthrie again called to his lead dog.

"Marche, Castor!"

As the sled started, the alre-dale broke into furious barking. Puzzled, Guthrie turned back. "What's the matter, Shot?"

The dog was clearly excited about something. With a whimper he rose on his hind legs and pawed the man's chest in dumb attempt to communicate the reason for his protest.

"What is it, old boy? What's over on that shore you don't want us to see?"

"Tell me, Shot," called the girl, and the dog left Guthrie to go to her but was stopped by his leash.

"It's uncanny. Well, I've got to find that shore to make a fresh start. Now, Shot, be quiet, will you?"

Again the driver called, "Marche, Castor!"

The dogs leaned into their collars and the sled started, but from its fall rose the howls of the protesting Shot.

"Good Lord, I've got to look into this! I'll be back shortly." And, stopping his team, Garth walked into the murk.

He had advanced but a short distance, doubled over the ice, feeling his way with his moccasins, when he stopped, as a chill, like the touch of a cold wind, cut through him.

"Tide crack!" he gasped. Within a step of the gray blur of ice on which he stood, a black streak, fading into the enveloping gloom, barred his way.

"We're in the river mouth—"

among the tide cracks—Etienne warned me! Shot—old Shot, God bless him—he knew!

Shot's actions were clear enough now. Coming upon the open water toward which the sled was hurrying, the alre-dale had returned on the sound, barking a warning as he came. Then, as the dogs came on at a trot, Shot had catapulted into Castor, starting a fight and—stopping the sled. Stunned, struck with remorse, Guthrie crouched on the lip of the gash in the river ice, into which dogs, sled—all of them, would have blindly plunged but for Shot's mad attack on the team.

To have led her to this—a hideous death with the dogs drawn under by the drag of the sled. And Etienne had warned him of the tide cracks in the river mouths. He had intended making a wide swing around the Kapiskau, but in his search for the beach, had entered the river. But Shot, staunch old warrior that he was, had through some uncanny instinct sensed their danger and taken the only method of stopping the team.

Putting her trust in Garth Guthrie, Shot had saved her. He turned back to the team, thrilled with pride in the dog who worried at his leash. The love of the man for his dog had been cemented by yet one more bond. Shot had saved her for Garth Guthrie!

"What did you find?" she asked as he reached the sled.

"I learned that we'll have to back-track straight east," he said calmly.

"Why, aren't we heading for the shore?"

"Yes, but we've got to get out of this river. When I strike the sea-ice, I'm going to circle, hit the coast, and give you some rest."

"But we ought to keep on."

"Not in this blackness. It's as thick as Flemish rain in March. I've got to lead the team," he did not add, "to watch for water ahead."

Unleashing Shot, whom he hugged as he nuzzled for a space into a hairy ear, Guthrie sent the alre-dale out as an advance patrol. He had found water once, he would find it

again if they stumbled upon another tide crack. Leading Castor on a leash, he started straight east for the sea-ice.

For an hour they walked, Shot ranging ahead while Guthrie, bent forward, eyes on the ice and his compass dial, cautiously followed. Fearful of not yet having cleared the river mouth, he led his dogs for another hour, then circled into the northwest and found the shore above Kapiskau. There he fed his dogs, cut willow and alder, and with his cedar kindling got a fire going to boil the kettles. As soon as it lightened enough to follow the coast, they would start afresh for Elkwan. After the Kapiskau, the tem-ple delta of the Atawapiskat was not to be thought of.

As Joan Quarrier sat by the comforting heat in the willow thicket, Guthrie told her the story which he had kept from her while he groped through the water traps of the river mouth.

She sat with parted lips, her serious eyes suspiciously bright, as Garth explained why Shot had hurled himself on the team.

"And you never told me what you found when you left us?"

"Why scare you? It was bad enough as it was."

She shook her head in protest. "You call me a soldier, and treat me as a woman."

"You are a woman to me—too precious to take out on a night like this and drive into a tide crack," he replied, watching the light of the fire play on her brooding eyes.

For answer she called: "Come here, Shot—to me. I want to kiss you."

The alre-dale rose, stretched, yawned, and wagged his way to her.

She brought the med-eeneeef she came. I go an' have a look at de trail."

Again Etienne stood on the cliff above the white Elkwan and watched for the moving spot on the ice, which would mark the approaching team. Disappointed, he was about to return to the women in the house when his keen eyes suddenly lit with excitement. Far on the white shell of the river seemed to move a black spot. For a space the half-breed studied the barely distinguishable object. Then he trotted to the quarters.

"Dey come!" he cried to the waiting women. "Dey turn de beeg islan!"

When the huskies that had traveled forty miles since daylight drew in to the cliff trail at a slow walk, Guthrie hurried to the waiting Etienne with the demand: "You got him here? He's alive?"

The half-breed nodded, then with a wide grin turned to the girl on the sled. "Allo! You welcome to Elkwan, mam'selle!" as he assisted her out of the robes.

"I'm mighty glad to see you, Etienne. How are Marie and the chicks, and dear Old Anne?"

"Oh, yer' fine, tanks. You have hard ride las' night?"

Joan and Garth exchanged smiles. "We surely did," replied Guthrie. "We camped at the Kapiskau."

"At de Kapiskau?"

Guthrie's thoughts were of the man at his quarters and he did not explain. With Joan and Savanne he hurried across the clearing.

"Well?" he questioned, as the army nurse finished taking the pulse and temperature of the man whose rough breathing filled the room.

Without answering she placed her ear to the broad chest of the man muttering in delirium. After a space she turned to the waiting Guthrie with puzzled eyes.

"I don't quite understand. Pulse almost normal, temperature only 101, respiration not high, and yet he's developed pneumonia in one lung. I can easily hear the rales!"

"You mean he has beaten the flu?"

"I think so; he's so strong. But pneumonia—"

"It hits the big men hardest," he said gloomily.

Joan gave the patient a hypodermic of strychnia and left the room to make some gruel.

"Craig Galbraith—Laughing McDonald" mused Guthrie aloud. "You gave all you had for Canada, and now Canada hunts you because a woman without eyes could see only your scars."

On her return with the nourishment, Joan found Guthrie still gazing with somber eyes at his friend.

With her well-equipped medicine kit, and her wide experience with influenza and pneumonia cases in the army, Joan Quarrier gave immediate battle for the life dependent on her care. But the problem confronting Guthrie was more complex. What was to become of Galbraith if he lived? Cameron would waste no time in taking possession of the schooner and its valuable cargo, which he would hold for the disposition of the authorities at Ottawa. But the schooner and cargo belonged to the estates of the dead men. McDonald was officially dead. He, a hunted man, could not claim it. Who, beside his wife, were his heirs? Garth did not know.

Then Cameron had said the police were coming shortly to the bay in search of the man who called himself McDonald. Failing to find McDonald's body, which Garth said he had seen on the boat, they would naturally come to Elkwan to talk to the man who brought the news to Albany. If Craig lived, he would be weeks in bed, recovering his strength. Where could they hide a man needing constant care if a police dog-team appeared on the ice before the post? Etienne could be hustled into bed and bandaged to corroborate the story told to Cameron, but Galbraith—what of him? Accessory though it made him to the crime of his friend, the gray eyes of Guthrie hardened at the thought of Galbraith, V. C., Galbraith the trench-raider, whose name was known the length of the British front, being hounded down in his dire extremity. Garth laughed as he pictured the police attempting to take Laughing McDonald on his schooner in the fullness of his strength—McDonald Ha! Ha! and the bearded mate who limped, with Lewis guns and the snipers' rifles they had slept with for four years.

And Joan—he had made her an unnecessary as well; asked her to nurse a man she knew, now, was wanted for murder. How was he to square his conscience with that? To pay his debt to Galbraith he not only had asked her to throw her reputation to the winds, but to defy the law—Joan Quarrier, who had stepped into his life to become his wife.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Nahant's Town Seal

The town seal of Nahant, Mass., is supposed to depict a white man purchasing the peninsula from an Indian sagamore for a suit of clothes or a pair of breeches.

This transaction occurred in 1630 and the white man shown on the seal is Thomas Dexter.

Dexter's title to Nahant was denied from the start by the town of Lynn, and, after a contest lasting 30 years, Lynn prevailed. The town seal, however, is based on this transaction.

## Uses of Understanding

The improvement of the understanding is for two ends—first our own increase of knowledge; secondly, to enable us to deliver and give out that knowledge to others.—John Locke

## Wait and See

Pasadena, Calif.—Styler in butterflies for the summer of 1927—or 10,000 years hence—will show more vivid and lighter coloring and some larger models, according to Gunder, national authority on evolution.

## DIVINING ROD PUT ASIDE BY SCIENCE

### Modern Geology Succeeds Rule of Thumb.

Green Bay, Wis.—Science is replacing the "rule of thumb" and the old divining rod in the digging of wells. Prof. F. T. Thwaites, University of Wisconsin geologist, told Wisconsin well drillers in convention here recently.

He said that after 15 years of research the state geological survey's knowledge of water-bearing formations has been brought to the point where needless expense for the well driller and tapping of water supplies that are not the best available may be avoided many times.

In those years, Mr. Thwaites explained, the survey has been collecting samples of cuttings and logs from Wisconsin and northern Illinois wells and from the study of these has developed a store of information upon the depth and thickness of water-bearing strata and the quality of water in each stratum which is constantly drawn upon by well drillers.

### Points Out Helps.

Some of the problems of water supply which the geologist can aid the well driller in solving, Mr. Thwaites pointed out as follows:

"From some regions we have enough well samples so that we can tell the precise depth at which hard or soft water will be found. As more wells are drilled in Wisconsin and more samples are submitted we can make additional Wisconsin data on quality of water at different levels.

"We have nearly enough records now to make a map for the whole state which will show the water supply possibilities in each section. Maps have been made for certain areas as the Fox river valley.

"We are studying temperatures of water from flowing wells because temperature gives a certain index to depth of the formation.

"Down to about 50 feet, the earth's temperature varies according to the season of the year. The coldest water comes from the 50 to 60-foot level at which the temperature is constant at about the mean average temperature of the locality. Below this depth temperature increases with depth. At 2,000 feet, as deep as we have been able to take readings, it stands at about 70 degrees the year around.

By determining the temperature of water from an old well we can find from what level the water comes—information which is highly important to the driller called upon to make repairs upon such a well when nothing was recorded as to formations penetrated.

### Can Forecast Depth.

"By examining cuttings in the laboratory, it is possible to get much more precise information as to kind of rock than can be obtained at the well. It is possible to forecast the depths at which trouble in drilling has occurred elsewhere."

Mr. Thwaites closed with a request that drillers co-operate with the state survey in submitting sample cuttings from wells and in keeping records of the formations, especially in wells of greater depth than 250 feet.

## Advertise Heaven by Sales Talk, Vicar Urges

Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.—Ministers as high-powered realtors, selling subdivisions in heaven, is the soul-saving plan of Rev. James M. Johnson, vicar of St. John's parish here.

Doctor Johnson advocates the elimination of the "ponderous sermon and 90-cent word" from the evangelical campaign, especially in the rural districts.

In their stead he would substitute the "sales talk," selling heaven to the people on its merits over another well-known subdivision.

Doctor Johnson would conduct the revival meeting after the fashion of a Rotary club "get together," with the formal element eliminated in favor of the informal social features of the farm home.

He declares this plan had been found highly successful in the rural districts of Kansas and Wisconsin where it had been put to the test.

## Spanish Duke Jailed in France as Vagabond

Melan, France.—Don Fernando de Bourbon, duke of Durcal, reputed to be a cousin of King Alfonso of Spain, languished in jail here recently charged with being a rogue and vagabond without visible means of support. He was arrested on the complaint of a Fontainebleau hotel keeper when he was unable to settle his bill.

The duke is the son of Prince Pedro de Bourbon, duke of Durcal, by his morganatic marriage with Maria de la Caridad Madan of Cuba. It is understood that he incurred King Alfonso's displeasure. He was politely requested to travel. He has visited America and England.

Don Fernando's wife is the daughter of a wealthy Barcelona manufacturer and is lady in waiting to Queen Victoria of Spain. She is said to have paid Don Fernando's debts several times to get him out of similar scrapes.

# Willie's Dream of Christmas



## The First Christmas

NIGHT had descended upon the hills of Judea. All was hushed and still; the earth and heavens seemed resting in a great, deep calm. No sound came to break the stillness. Even the humble shepherd men who watched their flocks were silent—they, too, felt the deep thrill and mystery of the night. Humble and uneducated as they were, they could not fathom what it all meant, but in their hearts was a sense of awe and wonderment that kept them silent.

Then on the darkness of the night there came out of the heavens a dazzling light and the shepherds were frightened. But an angel of the Lord was standing beside them and in a voice that found its way to their very hearts told them to fear not, rather to rejoice. Instead, for he was bringing them tidings of great joy, that the long-looked-for Savior had been born that night in Bethlehem of Judea. And when this angel had finished speaking the glory of heaven shone brighter all about them, and looking up they beheld a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and singing the song that has echoed since through all the ages: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

After the angels had departed and the dazzling light had vanished from the hillside the shepherds whispered among themselves, and they decided to leave their flocks and go to the little town of Bethlehem, as the angel had told them. Over the hills and valleys they went, never pausing until they came to the humble stable where the Savior lay. There they prostrated themselves at His feet, praising God for the thing that had come to pass, and telling Mary, His mother, and Joseph of what they had seen and heard that night.

Then they departed from His presence and went their way, telling all whom they met of the Savior's coming.

So was it at the first Christmas—Katherine Edelman.

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## Christmas in Spain

In Spain the children seek secret places among the shrubs and bushes in which to hide their shoes and on Christmas morning they go out to find them filled with fruits and candies.—Farm and Ranch.

# Christmas Greens

by MARGARET BRUCE

HERE is one jaunt I hope never to deprive my youngsters of," said a business man the other day, "and that is the annual trip to the woods after Christmas greens for the house. Every year since we were married, my wife and I have bundled ourselves up in warm togs and gone out a day or two before Christmas and gathered armfuls of spruce and hemlock branches, sprays of ground pine, and occasionally some mistletoe, though this is rare in our part of the country.

"After the children came, this excursion into the woods became as much a part of Christmas as the tree, the stockings, and the dinner. When we were living out in the suburbs, near the open woods, we used to go out and chop down our own Christmas tree and bring it home on a low sled.

"Then the time came when we had to move into town, because of my



having a good deal of night work, and it took too long to get way out into the country late at night. We couldn't bring home our own Christmas tree any more, of course, but we could, and did, take a whole day to go out and get our Christmas greens, and we do it every year. If the weather is open and there isn't too much snow, we take the car and drive out to the woods.

"If there is a great deal of snow and it is impossible to take the car out, we go on the train to a convenient country station, get off and tramp through the woods, and collect our Christmas decorations. If we have too large a load to take into the coach, I find that the baggage car will bring it in to town for a half-dollar or so. The spirit of Christmas comes back with us from the woods, and the twining of our own greens into wreaths and festoons means a hundred times more than if we bought them out of a wooden packing box at the florist's."



Hagen Loses Favorite Club

LUCK and protection which Walter Hagen considered necessary in winning his fifth national professional golf title, cost him his famous club and his famous dun-colored sweater. The club went to Bill Walker, fourteen years old, because his red hair brought the sweater was claimed by Homer Seeley, burly policeman, who kept fans out of the way. Shortly after the tournament played at Dallas, Texas Hagen spotted Billy's glowing thatch. He promptly called the boy to him and rubbed the red hair. On the promise of any club in the bag if the champion repeated, the boy furnished "the luck" while Hagen beat Tommy Armour, Al Espinosa and finally Joe Turnesa. After the Turnesa match, Billy followed Hagen to the Cedar Crest club house, somewhat abashed by the assembly of link stars. "Which one will you have, Billy," asked Hagen. "That club you knocked the ball over the trees with on No. 11 today—if you will part with it," hazarded Billy.



Walter Hagen.

EXECUTING AN IDEA

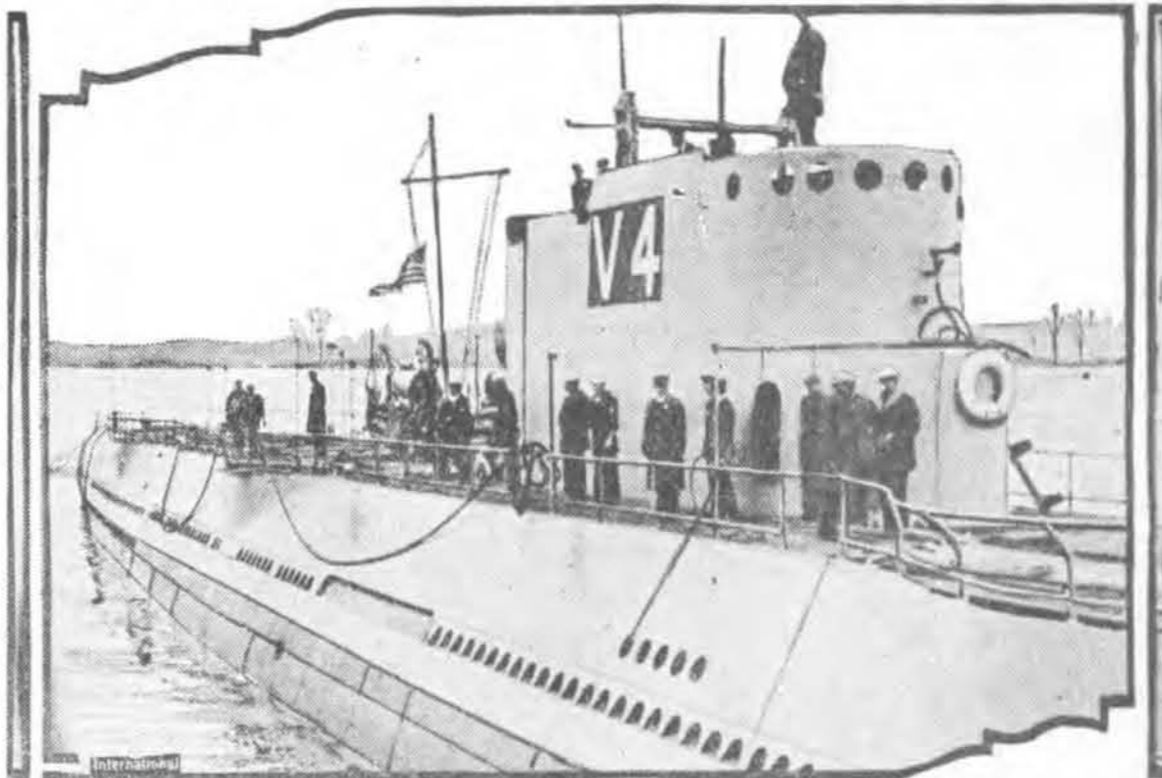
By F. A. WALKER

THE hardest thing in the world to kill is an idea. You can destroy the man who has it; you can reduce his brain to dust and his body to ashes, but his idea, if it is a right idea, will live on and thrive despite your efforts. The crucifixion did not kill the idea of Christianity. The burning of Joan of Arc did not wipe out the truths she stood for. John Brown's idea did not die with him on the scaffold. The imprisonment of Bunyan did not kill his idea; it rather helped to strengthen it, for in his cell he wrote his great "Pilgrim's Progress." The threats of the greatest powers in the world, while they made Galileo deny with his voice the truth of his theory that the earth revolved around the sun, did not change or kill his idea, for under his breath he whispered "E pur si muove" ("It does move though").



"You have to give the Spanish inquisitors credit for one thing," says Cynical Sue; "they didn't impale citizens to jury duty."

U. S. Has World's Largest Submarine



Side view of U. S. S. V-4, the largest submarine in the world, launched the other day at Portsmouth navy yard for the American navy. It is designed for maximum cruising radius and endurance, and can lay mines.

WHEN THE BIRDS TRAVEL

By MARTHA MARTIN

IT IS about time we were starting. Isn't it?" asked the Wild Geese of their leader, and the leader said: "Yes, it is time we should be starting. We are the first travelers to take the journey up further north. It is still the winter time—but we start when it is not yet spring, but then, spring expects to be along before many, many weeks pass." So the geese started off on their journey. "Even though there is ice in our marshy home we will not mind it," said the geese. And as they flew along, they said: "No, we will not mind it. We want to head the traveling procession." "Chirp, chirp," said little Mr. Robin. "It is time for me to go North. I like to be an early arrival, too. Perhaps some of my family will not come until later. But I want to go soon now. There is one person who greets me with absolute delight and joy when I appear. 'Oh, there is the first robin,' she says, 'how glad I am to see him. It seems like spring at last.' And it is a pleasure to hear her say that." Then the purple grackles began to travel, and the bluebirds said it was high time for them to be leaving. And the other birds began to follow, traveling for their spring and summer homes. They went, carrying with them no trunks and no food and no suitcases! But their little wings were strong

and their small bodies full of bravery. The ravens and eagles and owls were already starting in housekeeping and attending to their domestic duties when the hawks began their journey. The hawks traveled by day, for they were not afraid. The red-tailed hawk flew higher than the others.



So the Geese Started Off on Their Journey.

and the duck hawks were on the lookout for prey as they traveled. They would even attack the plovers. The bobolinks flew by night and from all over the birds started on their journey, which would keep them away during the spring and summer months. Always the birds had leaders who

showed the way for the others to follow. There were some young birds who had never been on a journey of any distance before, and they bravely followed along, although it all seemed quite new and strange. "Come along, come along," said the leader bird, "this is the way to come. Do not get away from me. Stay close. Follow right behind." And the birds did as their leader said. As a great flock of the robins were flying along, leader Robin sang this song:

We follow the call of spring, spring spring, And some of it with us we, too, will bring. As we go up north where it has been so cold, And even now we're being quite bold to go so early in the season. Some birds think it's entirely out of reason. But we want to go early and see what's up. And upon the very first worm we robins will sup. Oh, we call the call of spring, spring, spring, Which with it soft rains will bring, bring, bring. We'll be so happy, we'll be so gay. Oh the spring, the spring we'll follow away! "Yes," leader Robin added, "we've become quite poetical, and we're going to sing this song with many variations and beautiful touches for the little person known as Dolly who loves us and whom we love.

"We're going to see her now. Come, birds, let us hurry, hurry, hurry!" And the birds needed no further urging, for this flock was going to the place where Dolly lived and their little robin hearts were glad. (Copyright.)

GOOSE AND GANDER HINTS

By Viola Brothers Shore.

FOR THE GOOSE— THERE'S no excuse for your mouth not sayin' what you want, as long as you feed it. You can't be really sad, surrounded by people you like, or merry without them. It's only one step from thinkin' you're pretty good, to leavin' other people know you think it. FOR THE GANDER— A girl likes a man to be able to look her straight in the eye, even if she's decollette. Leave every woman have confidence in you, but never let none be sure of you. Be unexpected but dependable. Don't tell a woman when you're gonna call her up next. But if you do tell her, keep your word. (Copyright.)

Crusader Likely Entry for Coffroth Feature

That the ninth Coffroth handicap, richest of the world's horse races for three-year-olds and up, which will be run at Tijuana March 18, 1915, will attract Crusader is strongly probable. The brilliant son of Man o' War and Star Fancy, which earned \$181,433 last season and the season before under the silks of Samuel D. Riddle, his breeder, and has this year swelled the total of his winnings to \$105,698 by victories in a Suburban handicap renewal and an overnight event at Harve de Grace has had such an easy time through the summer and is so good right now Riddle has about made up his mind that a winter campaign with the Coffroth as its ultimate objective would be just the thing for him. Mr. Riddle has stated that there is no probability of Crusader's early assignment to stud service as has been reported. He has had no immediate need of another stock horse of Crusader's blood lines. Man o' War foaled in 1917, has just turned ten years and is nowhere near his prime and Man o' War's sons, American Flag and Dress Parade, are promising breeders.

Sporting Squibs

New Orleans boasts a four-club winter baseball league. Jole Ray, former speed marvel of the track, is going to try to regain his old running form. Field hockey has become the most popular sport at the leading girls' colleges throughout the country. Bill Roper, Princeton coach, likes green men on his team, as he says such men will do as they are told. The highest football score in recent years was Georgia Tech's 222 to 9 victory over Cumberland university in 1916. Many a farmer has sent his son to college to study agriculture and all he did was dig up a lot of dirt—with his cleats. Walter French, Philadelphia outfielder, has decided to quit playing professional football and is coaching this year. Jimmy Trannett, Cleveland boxer, lost his last home fight a few days ago before starting on a tour of the Far West. John Ross Roach of the Toronto Maple Leafs is believed to be the highest-salaried goalkeeper in professional ice hockey. Gene Tunney, it is reported, will abandon the squared circle of pugilism for the lecture platform of America's young manhood. Bobby Jones was only fourteen years of age when he competed for the national amateur golf championship for the first time. Out of a total of 82 varsity sweaters awarded this year by Indiana university, Walter Fisher was the only athlete to win three letters. Australia has challenged France for the Davis cup in 1928, entering the international tennis competition after a lapse of two years. The State of Illinois has been enriched \$430,550.00 through fees and taxes collected during the first season of horse racing under the new law. The State of Illinois received \$241,679 from the Tunney-Dempsey fight at Soldiers' field, Chicago. The amount represents 10 per cent of the gate receipts. The 1927 Yale football team is the tallest in its gridiron history. Nine of the eleven are six feet or over and the remaining two stand five feet ten inches. Every man on the Boston college baseball nine this season, with the exception of "Lefty" Shea, a pitcher, was a member of the football squad last fall. Jockey Romanelli has been piloting race horses for close to a quarter of a century and has ridden on almost every recognized track in the United States and Canada. Happy Abdullah, now a member of the New York Nationals in the American Soccer league, is acknowledged to be the greatest head player in the game. Abdullah is a real Egyptian sheik. Manager Miller Huggins of the New York Yanks after a brief hunt in the Adirondacks, hopped off to Cincinnati for a few days' visit and then tied to St. Petersburg, Fla., where he will spend the winter. Although women have played cricket almost since the game was established in England, the recent organization of a women's cricket association is the first attempt to give them official recognition. Amateur boxing showed a profit of \$23,437.09 for the Metropolitan Amateur Athletic union last year. Over 1,500 boys were registered with the A. A. U. and in one tournament 1,000 young boxers took part.

Star Russian Runner



The photo shows C. Riehnelt, champion long-distance runner of Russia. Russia expects much from this young runner in the 1928 Olympic games at Amsterdam.

Flag Winners

- ERE is a complete list of pennant winners for 1927 in the minor leagues under the jurisdiction of the National Association. In the leagues where the schedule was split the ultimate winner is designated by a star. American Association . . . Buffalo International League . . . Oakland Pacific Coast League . . . Oakland Eastern League . . . Albany Southern Association . . . New Orleans Texas League . . . Wichita Falls Western League . . . Tulsa New England League (first half) . . . Lynn New England League (second half) . . . Portland New York-Pennsylvania League . . . Harrisburg South Atlantic League . . . Greenville Southeastern League . . . Jacksonville Three-I League . . . Danville Virginia League . . . Portsmouth Middle Atlantic League (first half) . . . Cumberland Middle Atlantic League (second half) . . . Johnstown Piedmont League (first half) . . . Raleigh Piedmont League (second half) . . . Salisbury Utah-Idaho League (first half) . . . Idaho Falls Utah-Idaho League (second half) . . . Pocatello Western Association . . . Fort Smith Blue Ridge League (first half) . . . Chambersburg Blue Ridge League (second half) . . . Martinsburg Cotton States League (first half) . . . Monroe Cotton States League (second half) . . . Jackson Eastern Shore League . . . Parkley Florida State League (first half) . . . Orlando Florida State League (second half) . . . Miami Lone Star League (first half) . . . Tyler Lone Star League (second half) . . . Mexico Mississippi Valley League . . . Dubuque Texas Valley League (first half) . . . Laredo Texas Valley League (second half) . . . Corpus Christi Winner of pennant in play-off series. —Sporting News



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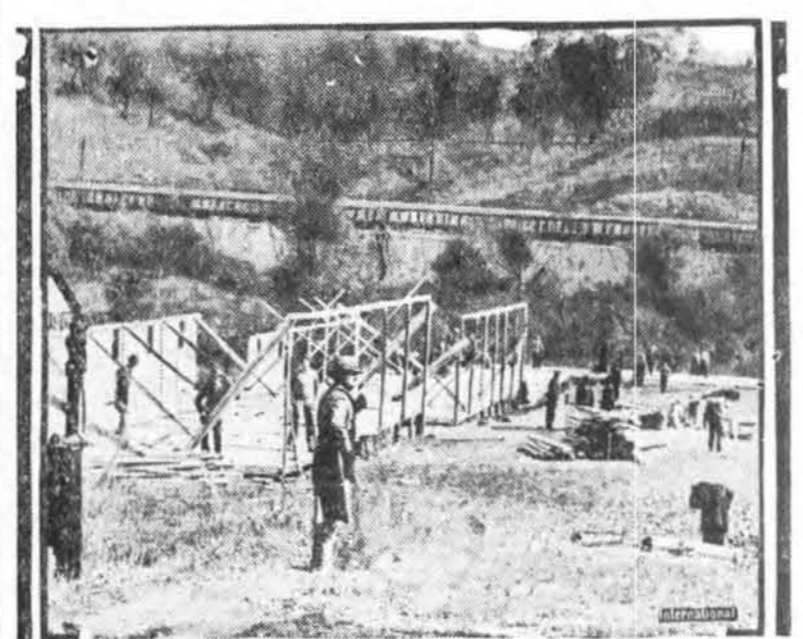
SEEKING THE LIMELIGHT

By JOHN BLAKE

THIRST for glory is instinctive. Like most things which are instinctive, it is useful. Early in life a little boy begins to take pride in the things which his parents own. He is sure that their piano is a better piano than that of the neighbor's, and that they trade with a better butcher. He does this because he can thus shine in reflected glory, which is better than no glory at all. By and by, as he grows, he fights with other boys, not so much because he is quarrelsome, but because fighting is the best way to get credit in the eyes of other boys. A little later he "shows off" such accomplishments as he has in order to gain the admiration of the other sex. It is a mistake to regard this thirst for glory as vanity. One of the reasons that war appeals strongly to young men is that it affords an opportunity for glory. There are men who fight in the ranks of other countries, which proves they are not fighting for patriotic motives. Nor do they fight for the sake of killing. They "seek the bubble reputation, even at the cannon's mouth. We have known many men who have accomplished important things in life, and we have never known one who has not been very proud of the recognition his work brought him, and very glad to work hard for more recognition. If every one was contented to be a mere plodder, to walk along the by ways of life, without ever seeking a taste of fame, nothing worth recording would have happened in the history of the world. The statesman who fights for a cause, the painter who paints a man

terpiece, the preacher who sways congregations, all are working partly for glory, and all eagerly welcome it when it comes. And why not? What is there in life any sweeter than applause and praise, so long as it is honestly earned? Lincoln, as a young man, was de-lighted at the approval he won when he fought successfully an important lawsuit. Even modest John Keats sought approval, and was broken hearted when work which he knew to be remarkable was sneered at by a parcel of snug critics. Ambition has played a great part in the progress of the world. Sometimes it has been mean and selfish, but as often it has been high and noble. It has always been an incentive to that tremendous effort and labor without which no fame and no achievement is ever possible. (Copyright.)

Miners Erect New Homes



Scene at Russelton, Pa., where hundreds of miners on strike, evicted from the company-owned homes, are building their own places to house their families.

ALONG THE HIGHWAY



"A FINE BREAK FOR US!"

Seating Guests at Table

By H. IRVING KING

IF, IN seating people at a table, an unmarried person is inadvertently placed between two married persons—husband and wife—the person so placed will be married before the year is out. This is a more or less common superstition in the United States and is one of the many superstitions based upon what might be called the "contagion of marriage." It is, in fact, another example of sympathetic magic of the "contagious" variety. Those three great changes of man's existence—birth, marriage, and death—appear to have been invested by the ancients with peculiar magical qualities. Or rather, from them were supposed to emanate peculiar magical influences. They were heavily charged with sympathetic magic. Many are the superstitious practices among people living today in a primitive state by which it is sought to insure the fertility of the race and they are all based upon sympathetic magic. Among our current superstitions, also, there are a number of exactly the same nature. Superstitions regarding death and the dead, into which sympathetic magic enters, are universal and very numerous. As to the magical literature, though it has its apparently less voluminous than that of birth and death. It will readily be seen then how a single person placed between a

man and his wife at table is liable to become infected with the marriage bacillus by sympathetic magic. But it will be noted that this placing of the unmarried one must be done inadvertently in order to have the magic work. Fate must be given a free hand—no stacking the cards. All magical operations were, apparently, divided by the ancients into two general classes—one in which the magic was performed with the express intent of bringing about a result, and the other in which the magical operation, in order to be valid, must "just happen." The superstition in question belongs to the latter class. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) Book Almost Priceless The 1927 folio edition of Shakespeare is the first edition of his complete works. The folio edition of that year is almost priceless.





God rest ye, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay!

Life words sounded through the hall of the big office building in a high, clear soprano, which made both John Harden and his son, Ralph, look up, startled and irritated. Then, as "merry gentlemen" sounded farther off, John Harden thought, "It's a good thing that woman didn't come in here singing that 'Merry gentlemen,' indeed!" and he looked over at his son, who sat brooding at his desk.

"If Ralph would only give me his confidence!" he thought. "Money trouble of some kind, I suppose, and I'd help him out if he'd only tell me. Troubles enough of my own, but not about money. If a million dollars would remove this threat of blindness, I'd pay it in a minute."

"Let nothing you dismay!" came the clear, light voice again, and Ralph thought:

"How can I help being dismayed, with a pile of gambling debts I'll never get out from under? Father suspects, too, I know, for he looks glum all the time, and keeps his hand over his eyes so much, as if he'd only ask me, maybe I'd have the courage to tell him."

As the singing voice neared the office again, Harden growled, "Tell that girl to hush up or go away!" Then the office door opened, and the words "merry gentlemen" made both men look up, impatiently. But, instead of a bold young woman—stood a scrubby newsboy, saying:

"Collectin' for the Times. Circulation manager's so busy he sent me."

"Where did you learn to sing?" asked Ralph.

"St. Luke's choir. We're practicin' for Christmas. Got fifty cents a Sunday, and I get a dollar Christmas, 'cause I sing a solo. Gee, it's tuck fer Dad's been sick and if it goes on this way, I'd never get clothes for school. Whadda think? Got five dollars out of choir money saved for a new overcoat!"

"Here's another toward it," said Ralph, "and I hope your father gets well."

"Thank you!" exclaimed the boy, pocketing the dollar. "Gee, I hope he does, too, 'cause he's all the family I got. He works in a factory where the light's bad, and sometimes his eyes go wrong."

"Couldn't he work somewhere else?" queried Mr. Harden.

"Yep; there's a grand place goin' to be vacant at the paper-box factory, where there's hardly any eye work, but there's so many after it—"

"Wait!" said Harden. "I know Mortimer, who owns that factory. I'll give you a note to take him. What's your father's name?"

"Albert Wickens, and he's all right! You tell 'em I said so—known him all my life, an' I recommend him."

Presently Harden looked up, saying, "Here's the note, and a dollar for your New Year's greeting in advance. Don't forget to come in with it—it's paid for, remember!"

"You bet I'll come! I'd get a handsome lickin' if my Dad ever heard of my belt's crooked! I'm proud of my ole man an' I want to make him proud of me."

With that, the door slammed, and the young voice was heard carolling down the hall.

The two men looked at each other, speaking simultaneously:

"Son, I have something to say—"

"Dad, I have something to tell—"

Then, with half-embarrassed amusement, they both laughed, heartily.

"I guess there's a good deal we have to tell each other," said John Harden. "I propose that we get a private room at the club and have some lunch, and talk things over."

"Great!" said Ralph, rising to help his father with his coat. "I'm not looking forward, exactly, to what I have to say, because I'm ashamed of it, but it'll be a relief."

"Nothing you can tell me will be as bad as this estrangement has been," replied his father. "If it's anything I can help you about—"

"It is, and if you'll straighten me out this time, I know I'll never get in such a hole again. When that kid said, 'I'm proud of my ole man, and I want him to be—'"

Ralph choked and stopped, but by this time they were in the outer hall, so John Harden simply took his son's arm and pressed it affectionately.

As the elevator reached the street level the two looked at each other and smiled, for down the hall they heard a high, clear voice singing:

God rest ye, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay!  
(© 1927 Western Newspaper Union.)

Rev. Brauns, a German, has invented a new explosive more powerful than dynamite, but much safer to handle.

## Improved Mining Methods Develop Patagonia District

(Continued from page 1)

riffles under the present system. The ground has been thoroughly tested, and the proposition seems to be thoroughly practicable. Its principal drawback seems to be shortage of water.

Al Hopkins and Jack Combs have a car of first-class ore on the dump at their mine adjoining the old Bullwhacker, and another car of lower grade shipping ore. Several cars remain in sight with no sign of the end of the ore bodies. These ores are lead with silver and some gold. This immediate vicinity is one of the most promising of that section of the Patagonias, embracing the Mowry, Bulwhacker, Molly Gibson, Morning Glory and others.

The Little Jim lies adjoining the Big Jim, having been under option to H. S. Williams, who, however, has lost the option. This is a group of much merit, lying in the heart of one of the best sections of the range.

The Homestake mine is installing machinery and is sinking and drifting. Work has been started on the road to this property, and, when completed, the year contemplating the erection of a large mill. This road is of great importance, as it affords transportation to a very rich district.

The old Mowry company has resumed work and is sinking a new shaft, which will overcome the caved condition of the old workings and develop new ore bodies. This revives the oldest and most famous mine of the southwest, which during the Civil war furnished the lead bullets for the Confederacy. Mr. Hazeltine of Warren, Pa., owner, visited the property recently and announced extensive development for the coming year.

The Molly Gibson mine, adjoining the Mowry and the Morning Glory mines is negotiating with eastern people, and expect to start extensive development soon.

The World's Fair, one of the richest silver mines in the southwest, which has been tied up in litigation, will resume work around the first of the year.

The Chief mine, adjoining the World's Fair, a very good producer of commercial ore, has been closed down. The option held by Broderick and associates of Los Angeles has expired, and the owners are planning to resume work.

### Tres de Mayo Gets Machinery

The Tres de Mayo mine has received the first shipment of their new mill and are starting construction at once. The mine has developed a large body of ore, part of which is shipping grade. The shaft is down 350 feet with 250 feet of drift, developing a vein which is 20 to 40 feet in width and running from \$12 to \$30 a ton in values. Some of the ore runs as high as \$600 a ton. Vanadium is

found in large quantities in this vein, which is believed to be one of the largest deposits of this ore in America. The formation extends southwest and is found on the Victory mine about two miles distant, which also has a large body of milling ore of lead, silver and copper.

### Blue Lead to Start Up

Kearney, Anderson, Liesch and Kane of St. Paul, Minn., owners of the Blue Lead, are preparing to start development of this property with the beginning of the new year.

The Victory and Mohawk mines, about a mile and a half from the Blue Lead, are now operating their new mill with two shifts, both in the mill and in the mine. These properties are operated by Dave Fishman of Detroit, Mich., and associates.

The owners of the Aita mine, of New York, are on the ground making examination and preparing to start work at once. The Aita mine of one of the oldest in the Patagonia district and is famous for its rich ore shipments.

### Hardshell Mine Old Producer

The Hardshell mine, near Harshaw, has produced for many years. It is not being operated extensively at present, but may soon have more life. There is a very interesting condition there in that there is an uncompleted shaft which will cut the big ledge below the permanent water level, and this is predicted by all the reputable mining engineers to be certain of showing immense quantities of enriched ore as well as a continuous body of primary ore whose values are substantial, even without the secondary enrichment.

### Alto District Active

In the Alto district Josiah Bond makes regular shipments of high-grade ore, often sending choice sacks to the smelter by parcel post. This section of the Patagonia district merits several articles to even begin to do it justice for the many operations now actually begun, and others in view in the near future require the careful mention of more than 20 properties.

### 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 I. 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

erties which have produced in the past and require only intelligent continuance of development to be steady producers.

Near the head of Apache Gulch the Hill Top of Messrs. Herderson and Farley has been prospected by driving a tunnel from the gulch, cutting 50 feet of ore matter before reaching the foot wall on the north. The tunnel at its mouth entered by crosscutting 10 feet of leached lead-silver creppings which shaft, now begun, shows at once a complex ore of lead-silver, gold-copper which is of commercial value. This lies near the Wandering Jew, the Apache, the famous Alto Hill mines, all of which have sent out thousands of dollars' worth of ores to the smelter in past years. These mines all now face the question mentioned above—that of putting in equipment capable of handling water and of going to depth.

The Baca Float district, or Salero, has lain practically idle for years, owing to the grant owners not caring to open it up nor to permit leasing. When conditions change here, this section will have several mines of steady and heavy production. A steady stream of ore will go to the Patagonia ore platforms when this section, known ever since the early Spanish explorers came in, gets the conditions favorable to its development and continuous operation.

A. B. Richmond, mining engineer of the Magma Copper Company, was in Patagonia December 13 to examine the Tia Juana. Stormy weather prevented a thorough investigation at this time. He announced that he will return later and complete his investigation. He reports his findings as very favorable.

There is now a fine car of ore lying on the Patagonia ore platform ready for shipment to Douglas. This ore runs over one-third lead, with a fair silver content.

F. P. O'Neil, owner of the Rupert, is developing his property, which shows fine chloride ores which he recently encountered in surface prospecting. This locality is now accessible by a fair truck road which also reaches the Hoop, American Boy, where work goes along steadily on the half-mile tunnel; also the Dixie and the Bonanza group. Near here also lies the ground of the estate of John Costello.

### Deep Mining Should Be Done

In all this section of the Patagonia district the same general comments as to the necessity of depth will apply. There are many showings of good ores remaining unleached within the general zone of extensive exchanges and alteration.

A good many persons come to this camp seeking leases and go away disappointed because they do not find big bodies of pay ore lying out in the sun. One must remember this country was pretty well run over by the dour Spaniards 100 years before the Declaration of Independence was written. So one must expect to find the surface ores exhausted.

In all these years, however, there has hardly been a mine really developed to depth, not what would be

called depth in Colorado, Nevada, California, or other mining states.

In nearly all the mines of this district the ore bodies lie in the andesites, rhyolites, diorites, porphyries and other tertiary lavas and show great leaching at the surface. This condition is common to all the camps of the entire Rocky mountain and Sierra Madre system, which have their values in igneous rocks.

There is the condition of having to handle water, which has discouraged the common miner from following his ores to depth. There are many mines

rich in sulphur. The remaining give absolute proof of the existence of bodies of sulphide ores below permanent water level, for they have strong, continuous fissures well filled with quartz, and rhyolitic intrusions, which have yielded residuary bunches of primary ores near surface, lying in places more free from the conditions leading to complete leaching.

The existence of various sulphates of the elements occurring as oxides in the original lavas, lying along the contact of the rhyolitic intrusions, gives proof that those intrusions were

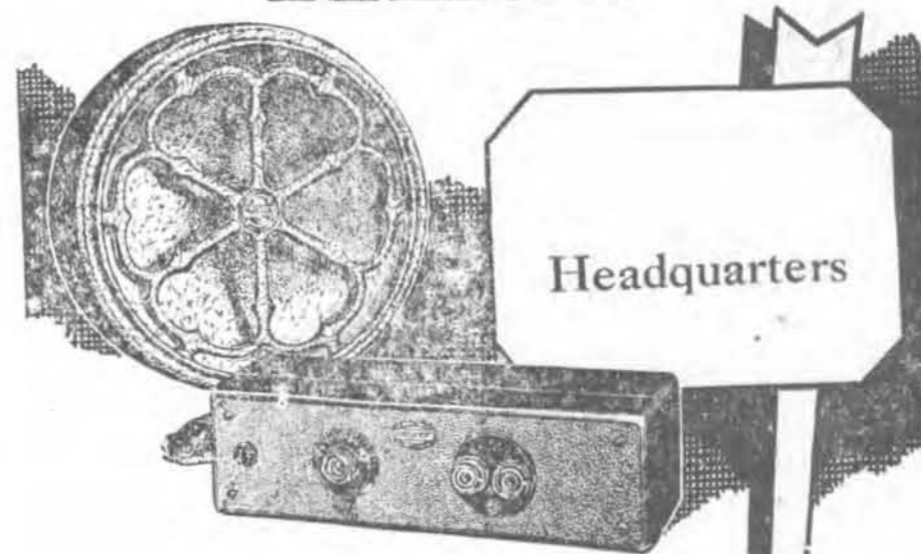
rich in sulphur. The remaining bunches, not entirely leached, indicate what metals will be found when these stony dykes as opened in the permanent water.

There are a dozen places a strong company may begin work on fissures of size enough to warrant heavy exploration and systematic development.

This camp is accessible by truck, by air, on, and tributary to, county and state highways.

All the hauls are down hill to the railroad, and general conditions are favorable to all-the-year work.

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A six-tube set complete for less than

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# Health and Prosperity

That the coming of the YULE DAY and the new year will bring you the best in life, is our sincere wish.

NOW, at the beginning of a fresh year, we repeat our sincere expressions of good cheer and our appreciation of your past patronage.

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EVERY MAN CAN USE 365 DAYS A YEAR. Haberdashery and clothing make ideal Christmas Gifts for men, because men wear them 365 days a year. Rightly-chosen, good men's wear is the most luxurious gift you can give. It helps a man do justice to himself, and it is a daily reminder of your love and thoughtfulness. When buying gifts for men, choose haberdashery and clothing FIRST. Not one man in a thousand has ALL the haberdashery and clothing he really needs. We suggest:



- |           |                            |                             |                              |           |
|-----------|----------------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------------|-----------|
| Blankets  | Two Shirts at \$2.00 each; | Boys' All Wool Lumber-      | Buckskin Windbreaker of      | Shirts    |
| Cots      | three Ties at \$1.00 each— | jacks, Leather Coats, Wind- | genuine leather, knit cuffs  | Sox       |
| Guns      | Combined, \$6.50           | breaks of Suede, Cowboy     | and collar. Was \$16.50; now | Ties      |
| Rifles    |                            | Boots, Athletic Goods.      | \$14.95                      | Belts     |
| Ammuni-   | One \$7.50 Silk Shirt and  |                             |                              | Suits     |
| tion      | three pairs of \$1.00 Silk |                             |                              | Shoes     |
| Tents     | Hose or three Ties—Com-    | One \$3.50 Shirt and three  | All-Wool Lumberjacks for     | Boots     |
| Trunks    | lined, \$10.00             | pairs of \$1.00 Silk Hose—  | Men. Assortment of pat-      | Breeches  |
| Luggage   |                            | \$6.00                      | terns. \$3.95 to \$11.50     | Athletic  |
| Novelties |                            |                             |                              | Equipment |

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GIFT STORE FOR  
THE WHOLE FAMILY