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Altitude 4053 Feet

SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN

Climate Is Best In The
United States

VOL. XVI

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PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1927

(Single Copy 5 Cents)

NO. 3

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

Mrs. Ruth W. Quire and son, Guy, of San Rafael Valley. Mrs. Harlow Mills and Miss Basha Simons of Patagonia motored to Ajo Thursday to spend Christmas with Mrs. Mill's father. Miss Simons will visit California before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Bird of Nogales, who have been spending some time visiting relatives in Phoenix, have returned home.

David Dowd, who has been visiting in California, was a Nogales visitor Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Hogan and Mrs. Richard Farrell of Harshaw were Nogales visitors early this week.

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. Ralph H. Zimmerman are entertaining the former's parents over the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Blaine Lewis were among the Nogales shoppers Monday from the San Rafael Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hooks and children will leave Saturday for Phoenix to spend Christmas with Mrs. Hooks' parents, Judge and Mrs. W. R. Smith.

Mrs. Ruth W. Quire and Louis Osborn, guests at the San Rafael Valley ranch of Miss Grace Van Osdale, were Nogales visitors Wednesday.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Kinsley of the San Rafael Valley were shopping in Nogales this week, accompanied by their children.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Northcraft were county seat visitors Monday.

Glen Perry of the Pennsylvania ranch was a business visitor Monday in the county seat.

Miss Grace Van Osdale of the San Rafael Valley was shopping Monday.

Ernest Best and Pete Bergler of Serrano Canyon were county seat visitors Monday.

LOST OR STOLEN—A small leather case, at the dance, Saturday night, December 10, at Sonotta school house. \$10 reward will be paid for return of papers contained therein to The Patagonian office, and no questions asked. 2tp

J. W. Whitson and wife and daughter, Mrs. J. W. Buchanan, of San Rafael Valley were Nogales visitors Monday.

J. J. Sullivan and son, Mark, were Tucson visitors Tuesday, taking a loading of turkeys with them from their San Rafael Valley ranch.

MICKIE SAYS—

"MY BOSS SEZ THAT IN A LONG AND ARDUOUS CAREER HE HAS BEEN BUFFETED ABOUT UNTIL HE PAYS NO MORE HEED TO A COMMON KNOCKER THAN AN ALLIGATOR DOES TO A WOODPECKER. AND YET SEZ HE, 'I ABSORB COMPLIMENTS LIKE A DOUGHNUT SOAKS UP COFFEE.' SO IF YOU THINK WERE GETTIN' OUT A GOOD PAPER, TELL US"



Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barnett of Rockdale ranch were among the Christmas shoppers in the county seat Monday.

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. James Parker and daughter, Jewel, of Vaughn were Nogales visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Etchells were shopping in Nogales Monday.

All schools in the county were closed Wednesday afternoon until after the Christmas holidays.

HONOR SENATOR CARL HAYDEN WITH IMPORTANT POST

An exceptional proferment was granted to Senator Carl Hayden of Arizona by his election to membership on the powerful committee on appropriations, according to a special communication to The Patagonian from Washington, D. C. Membership on this great committee is highly coveted and it is very unusual for a Senator to be chosen at the very beginning of his term of service.

The senate committee on appropriations consists of 19 members, and under the budget system all of the bills providing for the support of widespread activities of the federal government are referred to that committee for consideration. The total appropriations to be reported at the present session of congress will exceed three and a half billion dollars.

Senator Hayden has commenced his six years' service in "the greatest deliberative body in the world" under most favorable auspices. Twenty-three of his former colleagues in the house of representatives are in the senate with him, and he has the advantage of their friendship.

That the senator's old friends have not forgotten him was well demonstrated by a beautiful basket of roses sent to his office on the opening day of the session by Hon. Homer P. Snyder of New York, former chairman of the house committee on Indian affairs.

BIG POULTRY SHOW FOR TUCSON

The Arizona State Poultry Federation and Trades Exposition to be held in Tucson January 5 to 7 will be the first of its kind ever held in Arizona, according to Harry Embleton, vice president, and will be the first show held under the auspices of the Arizona State Poultry Federation. It is planned to hold this yearly, and each year it will be held in a different location within the state.

Aside from a 1000-bird poultry show with birds entered from California, New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, and Colorado, there will be educational exhibits from the rodent animal control bureau and the predatory animal control bureau, both of the United States department of agriculture, as well as exhibits by the state game warden. The entomology and poultry department of the University of Arizona will also have very interesting exhibits.

There will be an educational program each evening of the show, at which several prominent men of the state will speak. A band concert will also be held each evening.

MATHIS' BODY FOUND, 'TIS SAID

Tucson, Dec. 21.—Almost a year from the time Andrew J. Mathis, 60, eccentric rancher, who lived near Pastime Park, disappeared his body was found hidden some 200 yards in front and across the road from his little ranch house, two miles north of here.

Over a period of three months, the disappearance of Mathis commanded front-page attention, with the finding of Mrs. Eva Dugan, Mathis' housekeeper, guilty of stealing his automobile, and the sentencing of her to a term of from three to six years in the state penitentiary.

Only yesterday the body was found, although Sheriff McDonald has unsuccessfully searched for it since the reported disappearance of Mathis.

We may rest easy so long as Senator Hefflin stands as a bulwark between us and the pope.



LINDY HAS CALLED UP IN AIR

Mexico City, Dec. 20.—President Calles and former president Obregon made separate flights with Lindbergh today in a commercial plane. Ambassador Morrow also goes up with him.

Joe Dan of Shelton, Wash., who was to be in a canoe crossing a river, died recently at the age of 103, survived by a brother who is 111.

Princess Noy of Slam has entered Semoville College to study for a degree in history.

Rufus, the family cat, awakened the 10 persons in the McCowan home in Atlanta just in time to enable them to escape from the burning building.

STRODE IS HUNT'S SECRETARY

Phoenix, Dec. 21.—J. W. Strode, editor of the Miami Daily Silver Bell, was yesterday appointed secretary to Governor G. W. P. Hunt. He will take up his duties January 1, 1928, the governor announced.

Strode has been a resident of the state for a number of years and has been a close friend of the governor since the latter took office in 1923.

Fumes from gas in an oil field near McCamey, Texas, are so dangerous that workmen and their horses and mules must wear gas masks.

Charles Sello, 67, recently started to row a 12-foot boat from New York to Miami, expecting to complete the trip in three months.

BOULDER DAM BILL UP SOON

Washington, Dec. 20.—The house irrigation committee decided today to start the hearings of the Swing-Johnson Boulder Canyon dam bill on January 6 and close them within eight days.

An Iowa writer avers that "cigarettes soften the brain, degenerate the body, weaken the will and damn the soul." Well, well! Most of our citizens seem to be in a bay way.

Cozette Parker, 13, piloted an airplane alone 138 miles from Anderson, Ind., to Kankakee, Ill., to visit her grandfather. Her brother, Farnum, flew alone from Anderson to Washington when he was 13.

PATAGONIA

In old Sonotta's river vale,
Where ne'er the wintry blizzards wall,
Nor Summer's stifling winds oppress,
But rather bring a soft caress,
Where lofty ash and cottonwood
For more than span of life have stood,
Where little stream, with verdant
Of native beds of watercoas,
Flows gently on its winding way,
Ner stops to watch the minnows play,
Where every canyon cent'ring there
Brings float of metals rich and rare,
Where manzanita's red boughs bring
The first-born fruit of early spring,
Where treasure mountains overlook
The fruit and tree and bird and brook,
There's Patagonia.

Old Baldy's mighty peak of stone
Stands sentinel, a noble throne,
Sometimes bedecked with wreath of
Which nips with frost the buds below.
The knolls which overlook the stream
Have graves of those who yet may
And live again each blissful day
Before the Paleface came their way,
And slay again in childish pride,
With cedar bow from mountain side,
Some grand old gobbler of the crest,
Or partridge with his dotted vest,
Or antlered buck with lofty prow,
Or squirrel from the swaying bow,
Where tread the streets, with virgin
The sunny maids of Sunnyside,
Where promenade, with grace and
The bonny belles of San Rafael.
Old Harshaw's brunette beauties, too,
Bring challenge to the blondes in blue,
Where I would spend each day content
And bid farewell when life is spent,
There's Patagonia. —H. L.

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State Mining Notes

Yuma—Arthur Haack of the Castle Dome mining district recently shipped a carload of concentrates and lead ore to the Douglas smelter.

Ajo—New Cornelia mine turning out about 6,500,000 pounds of copper a month.

The Calumet & Arizona Mining Co. produced 4,314,000 pounds of copper during the month of October.

Phoenix—The Treasure Vault mine at Katherine, Mohave county, claims 12 feet of \$800 ore.

Biabe—Phelps Dodge Warren shaft is down 1600 feet.

Biabe—Phelps Dodge selective flotation mill is receiving ore.

Biabe—Small mill to be built on Cave Creek Canyon mine, near state line.

Superior—Belmont Copper Co. plans great reduction plant for low-grade ore.

Kingman—Rich gold strike made on 600-foot level of the Katherine Treasure Vault mine near here.

Biabe—A 250-gallon capacity electric pump installed at the 2000-foot level of the Denn shaft by Shattuck-Denn Mining Corporation.

Prescott—Operations to be resumed at the old Senator mine near here.

Biabe—Development work is progressing on the 200, 600 and 800 foot levels of Biabe Queen mine of the United Verde Extension Mining Company.

Kingman—Two shifts working at Dixie Queen mill near here.

Oatman—Plans making for early resumption of operation at Tom Reed mill here.

Kingman—12 feet of excellent mill grade ore disclosed in Golden Door mine in Black Canyon range.

Hackberry—Walkover mill handling 25 tons of good ore a day.

Kingman—New vein discovered on property of Divide Extension.

Tombstone—25 cars of silver-lead ore shipped to smelters from here during November.

Kingman—Tom Reed shaft being worked from three levels.

BOILER BURSTS AT MERCER CO.

A steam boiler at the Nogales Buick Mercer Co.'s automobile storage room blew up with a dull, sickening roar last Wednesday morning, shattering glass and scattering equipment all over the place. No one was injured. Too much steam, is given as the cause of the explosion.

HICKMAN, ARRESTED IN OREGON, HAS RANSOM MONEY IN POCKET

Denies Murder of Parker Girl, But Admits Abducting Her and Returning Dead Body

Pendleton, Ore., Dec. 22.—William E. Hickman of Los Angeles, fugitive, was arrested this afternoon at Echo, Ore., by State Officer Buck Lieuwailon and Tom Gurdane, chief of police of Pendleton. The money found on his person corresponded to that received by Hickman at Los Angeles.

Portland, Dec. 22.—William Edward Hickman, captured at Echo, Ore., today, admitted his identity, said advice received here by the Union Pacific railroad.

Hickman, when arrested, at first denied, but later admitted, his identity to officers here that he was wanted in Los Angeles. He said some one else killed Marian Parker, 12-year-old Los Angeles girl, who was kidnaped last week.

Hickman was captured after a spectacular chase along the Columbia river highway.

In a statement to police, Hickman said the girl was killed Friday and the deed was the work of a fiend who was not named in his confession.

He said no anaesthetic was used during the dissection of the body. She was strangled by wire in the hands of the murderer and he declared the deed was not committed in the Bellevue apartment.

Hickman said he wanted money to go to college on and thought the kidnaping was an easy way out. The officers making the arrest stated that Hickman had a sawed-off shotgun on the seat of his automobile.

A large crowd is milling around the police station in Pendleton where the prisoner is held.

L. F. BARBER HELD BY BANDITS

Washington, Dec. 21.—An urgent representation was made to the Mexican government today by Ambassador Morrow in connection with the capture by bandits of Lyman F. Barber, American mining engineer of Los Angeles, who is being held at Noxtepes, although 8000 pesos have already been paid by his family for his release. The bandits are now demanding an additional 15,000 pesos.

Mr. Barber is well known in Patagonia, having been employed by the Big Jim Mines, Inc., to overhaul their mill at Harshaw and install new equipment.

What's New?

It is predicted that television machines for home use, which transmit moving pictures by radio, will soon be produced at a moderate price.

A new attachment for a saucepan rings a bell when its contents reach the boiling point.

A French scientist claims discovery of a method of making the human body transparent, so that the working of all the organs may be observed.

Many standard remedies are vendd by a London slot machine which is really a miniature drug store.

Radio signals for the benefit of navigators are being placed around practically the entire coast of the British Isles.

A midget phonograph which may be carried in the pocket has been produced.

About Women

Miss Agnes Davis, lyric soprano of Denver, 23 years old, won first prize of \$5000, a gold medal and two years' tuition in a conservatory in the Atwater-Kent national radio contest in New York.

Mrs. Myra Allison of Indianapolis, 81 years old, traveled 30,000 miles last year, mostly by automobile, but including one air trip. She expects to buy an airplane "in a few years."

Miss Elsie Boardman of London, who was, until recently, a stenographer, received an ovation at her operatic debut in the role of Carmen with the British Nations Opera Company.

Leland S. Miles of San Bernardino, Cal., was arrested and placed under \$500 bond for chasing a flock of wild geese in his airplane.

Famous Artist Depicts Coolidge As "Human, Kindly, Thoughtful"

Howard Chandler Christy, internationally famous artist, illustrator, and portrait painter, disagrees with those who picture President Coolidge as "the grim, silent man of the White House."

The President, reputed to be taciturn and uncommunicative, has even been described as cool and unapproachable. That this impression of Mr. Coolidge has gained wide currency is indicated by the frequent newspaper references to "Silent Cal," and waggish comparisons of the executive to an iceberg and other objects descriptive of frigidity and immobility.

"If the impression prevails that President Coolidge is cold, unapproachable, silent and lacking in human qualities," declares Mr. Christy, who was a guest at the White House for several weeks while painting a portrait of the President and Mrs. Coolidge, "then I should say that the President is an excellent actor."



Howard Chandler Christy

Mr. Christy was seated in his beautiful New York studio where such celebrities as Col. George Harvey, former Ambassador to England, Will Hays, Czar of the Motion picture industry, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Senator Coleman Du Pont, and others, have sat for portraits. Beside him stood his dazzling wife, the famous "Christy Girl" of a thousand magazine covers and illustrations.

"From the viewpoint of a portrait painter, just what impression did you form of Coolidge, the man?" urged the interviewer.

"He is one of the most human men I ever met," replied the artist. "He is really a most interesting conversationalist. He is extremely thoughtful of others. I could relate a dozen incidents illustrative of his solicitude for others, his humanness and kindness. Being very human himself, he likes to make human contacts."

"The President may be cool and unapproachable to politicians who come bearing gifts in one hand and axes which they want to grind in the other, but he is an entirely different man when with his family

and friends. He radiates charm, geniality, and kindness. I honestly believe that President Coolidge is one of the most popular presidents we have ever had. If he is unpopular with certain politicians, this is more than compensated by his popularity with the masses, with the average citizen of Main street, throughout the year, on special occasions, anniversaries and holidays such as Easter, Saint Valentine's Day, Christmas and New Year's, the White House is literally deluged with greeting cards and personal expressions of greetings pouring in from every section of the country. This to me seems significant. It certainly does not convey an impression of unpopularity, nor does it indicate that people who really count regard the president as "cool and unapproachable." I found him to be the very opposite, and I am sure that the expressions of good will which come to him each day from all over the country are not for Coolidge the President, but Coolidge the Man."

Quaint Lines Combine Smartly with the New



Just as though it weren't joy enough to be young and slender, the slim young thing has this piquant new frock to increase the fun of living. It is adorably quaint with its full skirt gathered to a fitted bodice, yet undeniably modern with its basque top cut on a square neckline. As though to link the pleasantly old-fashioned with the smartly new-fashioned, a long streamer bow ties through bound slashes in the frock just below the left shoulder, and similar bows trim the long sleeves. Plain or fancy taffeta, radium or crepe de Chine make this frock prettily, as do soft satin or velvet. (Copyright, 1927, by Butterick)

Sidelights

What is the trouble with our young people? That question has agitated many solicitous persons for quite a while. A recent writer answers the question to his own satisfaction, at least, thus: "Two things are the matter with young people. First, they are young; second, they are contaminated by association with their parents."

Rev. G. A. Leichter of Buffalo recently made a nomination for a new title, if an address before the Kiwanis club of that city was correctly reported. He said: "We have the greatest number of star-spangled jackasses in the world, and the jackass-in-chief is Mayor Thompson of Chicago."

Mrs. R. C. Shoop Flick Taylor Judie Learn Trimmer Chronitor of York, Pa., is only 37, but has had seven husbands, four of whom met death in accidents. In spite of her tragedy-filled life, Mrs. Chronitor is still optimistic and declares that her present husband is the best of the lot.

Jesse Roberts, St. Louis salesman, returning home from a regular trip, passed at the threshold of his home to listen to his wife, a minister and a lodge brother discussing plans for his funeral. They were not plotting to kill him, however. The body of a tornado victim had been "identified" as that of Roberts.

Courtesy usually has its reward, although not often in such substantial manner as that which came to Alfred Cronberg of Chicago. Years ago, when employed by a gentlemen's club, Cronberg had been particularly attentive to Robert Forsyth, a millionaire who died recently, leaving him \$100,000 as a token of appreciation.

Rear Admiral William S. Sims is among those who believe aircraft will decide future wars. He says: "In another war the best thing to do with our relationships would be to send them ashore as possible up the Mississippi river out of harm's way."

Lindbergh was received with wild enthusiasm upon completing his non-stop flight from Washington to Mexico City in a little more than 27 hours. In view of the strained relations between the United States and Mexico it would not be a bad idea to keep him there a while. He could make more good will than our whole diplomatic corps.

OUR COUNTRY HAS SOME MONEY

The largest total resources ever reported by United States national banks in our country, including Hawaii and Alaska, were reported recently as \$27,213,824,000. The total exceeded that of last June's report by \$631,881,000.

Wouldn't it be cute if one of our magazine cover artists would hit on the idea of representing the New Year as a naked baby?

Americanism: Skirmishing around for bootleg liquor with which to celebrate Christ's birthday.

where they use dangerous weapons, and uphold the law-abiding citizen in his constitutional rights.

WALTER P. CHRYSLER'S TRAFFIC TALKS

DRIVE CAREFULLY--WALK CAREFULLY

With the increase in the number of motor vehicles on our streets and highways it is imperative that the necessity for careful driving be pointed out constantly. But it is of equal importance that we have careful walking. Not only the motorist but also the pedestrian must keep constantly alert.

The person who jay-walks, that is, crosses a street at a place other than a crossing, is careless. And the careful driver must be constantly alert in watching for the careless walker.

The person who crosses a street while the traffic light is against him, is careless. The motorist who faces the green light and has the right of way must also be alert to keep an eye on the person who insists upon taking chances by darting through lines of moving vehicles.

The person who alights from a street car and then walks around the end of the car and starts across the street without looking to see whether any vehicles are approaching, is careless. But the careful driver will watch, in approaching a standing street car, for just such a person.

The person who starts across the street without looking to see whether any vehicle is coming around the corner is a little bit careless. The careful driver in rounding a corner will be particularly careful, and courteously he will permit the pedestrian to cross first. I have no patience with the driver who requires the pedestrian to run to cross in safety.

What is needed constantly is careful driving and careful walking. The motorist must be respectful of the rights of the pedestrian and the pedestrian must be respectful of the rights of the motorist. Thoughtfulness always pays.

It begins to look as though Messrs. Smith and Vane have bought rather expensive gold bricks. Some get a kick out of life by fooling around the business end of a mule.

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

The Patagonian Offers Its Readers

This Week Only MAGAZINES AT

COST

Your Choice Of Any 5 Magazines and This Newspaper

FOR ONLY \$2.75

An unheard of bargain. Enough reading for the whole family—a wide variety of high class magazines—all at a price to fit your pocketbook. Don't fail to take advantage of this money-saving opportunity. No need to wait as Renewals will be extended from date of present expiration.

Clip and mail this coupon to-day!

Gentlemen: I wish to take advantage of your Magazine Bargain Offer. I am enclosing the above amount in payment for a one year subscription to your paper and the FIVE Magazines I have marked with an X below. All subscriptions are for a full year.

Name
Town..... State.....
St. or R. F. D.....

- American Poultry Journal
- American Swincherd
- Capper's Farmer
- Dairy Farmer
- Everybody's Poultry Magazine
- Farm & Fireside
- Farm Life
- Farm Journal
- Fruits & Gardens
- Gentlewoman Magazine
- Good Stories
- Household Magazines
- Modern Homemaking
- Needlecraft
- Open Road (Boys)
- People's Home Journal
- People's Popular Monthly
- Sportsman's Digest
- Successful Farming
- Woman's World

CHOOSE Mark this coupon now and bring or mail it to our Business Office TODAY

The United States produces about two and a half million barrels of petroleum a day and the Lord only knows how much "banana oil."

Some politicians, too, should be forced to muffle their exhausts.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

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

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

Are 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 Neoshu 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. Neoshu 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 Neoshu Nurseries, Neoshu, Missouri, or to myself will put you in touch with one at a reasonable cost.

RALPH C. MCINTYRE

Parker Canon, Arizona

SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN

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WHAT MINING MEANS

Addressing the thirtieth annual convention of the American Mining Congress, in Washington, D. C., William H. Lindsey, president of that organization, traced the development of the mining industry from the earliest days of creation, declared that it embraced national and international relations of the highest order and required the cooperation of industrial leaders and statesmen in its service to humanity.

"Mining has been the keynote of progress of the human race," said Mr. Lindsey. "The production of salt was the first mining venture. The early miners discovered that the hatching of copper produced a better weapon than the stone hatchets. With the progress of the human mind has grown the need for things to be had only by mining. Today there is no industry that is not based on mining. Present-day comforts and luxuries are possible only through mining. Our medium of exchange is based on mining."

Santa Cruz county is dependent more upon mining than any other industry, so let's boost this industry for all we're worth. If you have mining news to impart to the outside world, bring it to this office so we may print it, thereby doing your bit toward the development of our chief industry.

A NATION OF METAL USERS

Metal users are always progressive nations. If the figures were compiled it would probably be shown that the average American uses more metal per capita than any other individual in the world.

This is due to the fact that we have more railroads, more automobiles, more steel buildings, more electric development, more telephone equipment and more radio apparatus than any other nation. These all take metal.

The Western metal mines furnish the essential metals for many of our greatest conveniences. These mines have been leaders in adopting new and progressive methods and utilizing ores which a few years ago were considered as so much waste.

The nation owes the American miner a debt of gratitude for the courage and perseverance which he has shown in giving the world some of the earth's greatest treasures.

As a nation, we should maintain our

interest in mining, and encourage its development by every legitimate means.

ARSON RING CAUGHT

With the enticement in November of a band of crooked merchant and professional firebugs that refocused to setting fire to a large warehouse in New York City, one of the most spectacular arson cases in the country has just been satisfactorily closed.

Judge Goddard, in the United States district court, meted out sentences of six and eight years in Atlanta federal prison, with a corresponding heavy fine to the principals responsible for robbing the insurance companies of large sums of money in arson fires. All of those guilty threw themselves upon the mercy of the court.

Judge Goddard, speaking to United States Attorney Tuttle after the sentences had been imposed, said:

"Mr. Tuttle, it is quite proper for the court to state that through the very efficient handling of this case by yourself and your assistants and the gentlemen who have been associated with you here, the fire department of the city of New York, the fire commissioner and the fire marshal, you have succeeded without any trial, in ridding this community of men who are a real menace to life and property of this city."

Similar good work should be encouraged. Make this country too hot to hold an arsonist. He is one of the lowest criminals in the list and deserves no public sympathy.

MAKE IT HARD FOR CRIMINALS

There is a whole lot of talk about the crime wave and how to reduce crime. A few practical suggestions have been made, but most of the publicity is given to proposals which would favor and pamper the criminal at the expense of the law-abiding citizen.

If we want to stop crime, the surest way to make it unpopular is to make it more unpleasant for the criminal.

A law to deny the private citizen the right to buy and own a pistol or revolver merely gives the criminal a safer field in which to operate. We already have regulatory laws regarding the sale of revolvers and the carrying of concealed weapons. These laws, in the past have been effective when they were enforced.

The average man has no business carrying a concealed weapon. If he has the occasion to he can get a permit to do so. The crook has no business being a crook but if he is a crook, still he has no business carrying a concealed weapon.

Therefore if he is arrested in the act of lawbreaking and later convicted, he should be subjected to the penalty the law imposes. If he uses a gun in the commission of a crime, why not double the penalty?

This would punish the criminal who uses a gun unlawfully, rather than the private citizen who under the Constitution has a right to own and possess guns.

In other words, enforce our present laws, double the penalty for criminals

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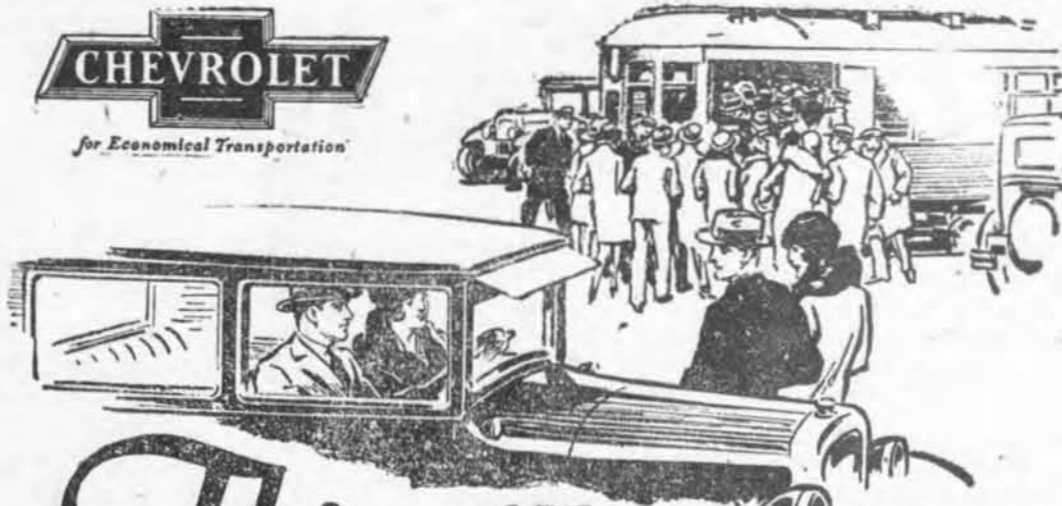


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If you do not own an automobile, or if you need an additional car for yourself or the family—come in and see the bargains we are offering in re-conditioned used cars!

For an investment so small that it will amaze you, we can provide you with a car that will give you miles of dependable and satisfactory service... one that you will be proud to own and drive!

Come in and inspect these real values. We have a choice selection—many of them driven but a few thousand miles. All are priced for quick sale—and all are available on terms to suit your convenience. Come in today!

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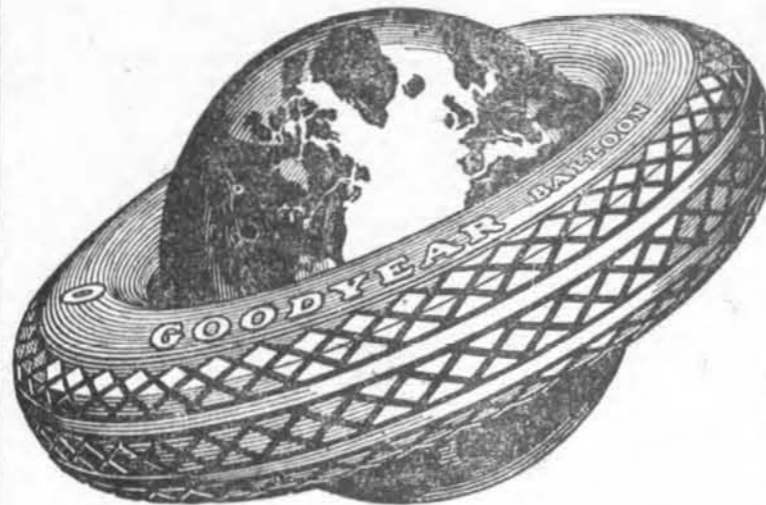
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They do this thinking it is necessary in order to get a tire bargain.

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

Someone has used the Encyclopedia Britannica for libel, but the World's Almanac has so far escaped. The unkindest cut was that of the columnist who referred to Lyie as "Mr. Ruth Elder, use Womack."



Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

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

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Nursery Rhyme for Grown-Ups

Mary had a little lamb,
Given by a friend to keep.
It followed her around until
It died from want of sleep.

From the murderer's standpoint
even "occasional insanity" is better
than none.

ASSAYING

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Gold and Silver in 1 sample \$1.00
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Accuracy and Promptness My Aim
13 Years in Present Business.
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The Boss Gives Orders

Professor—See here, my man, who
in the devil told you to plant all that
new shrubbery in my front yard?
Gardener—Why, your wife did, of
course.
Professor—Mighty pretty, isn't it?
Stranger—Why are you running a
steam roller over that field?
Farmer—I'm trying to raise mashed
potatoes.

FULLER BRUSHES

Make the ideal Christmas Gift.
L. T. GAINES
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Phone 216 Res. 210 East St.

HOTEL BOWMAN
Nogales, Arizona
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Tucson, Arizona

IN 1822

Someone has dug up the records of
the Lancaster, O., school board back
in 1822. In these records there is an
account of a proposed debate as to
whether railroads were practical or
not. Permission was asked to hold
the debate in the school house and
the minutes of the school board meet-
ing ran as follows: "You are wel-
come to use the school room to de-
bate all proper questions in, but such
things as railroads and telegraphs are
impossibilities and rank infidelity.
There is nothing in the word of God
about them. If God had designed that
His intelligent creatures should travel
at the frightful speed of 15 miles an
hour by steam He would have fore-
told it through His holy prophets. It
is a device of Satan to lead immoral
souls down to hell."

Not to be outdone by Florida and
California, the famed Riviera is hav-
ing a real estate boom.



IT WAS Christmas Eve—quite
the most glorious Christmas
Eve Virginia Ray had ever
known. Everything was
ready for the party—her
party—from the "Merry Christmas"
place-cards to the splendid Christmas
tree that would be ablaze all evening
with little lights and colors.

Virginia planned the last red stock-
ing to the mantel, and turned to her
mother. "I think it was real mean
of George not to offer to play Santa
Claus for me," she said. "After his
having such a nice costume, too."
"But, dear," her mother answered
"How could he when you quarreled?
I didn't know you had invited him."
"I didn't, but of course I would
have, if he had been just the least bit
nice," Virginia pouted, and hurried
off to get ready to receive her guests.
Her mother, busy with last-minute de-
tails, smiled in what might have
been reminiscence
of her own youth.



A few minutes
later she went to
the phone, held a
brief conversation,
and as she hung
up the receiver
she called up the
stairs: "Hurry,
dear. I do believe
some of your
guests are com-
ing."
"I'll be right
down," Virginia's
voice preceded its
owner by only a
second. "Do I look
all right, mother?"
"All right," said Mrs. Ray's voice,
and her eyes said, "Lovely," and her
heart said, "My own darling!"
Virginia, responding to an urgent
bur-rogg! admitted her earliest
guests. Half an hour later, when the
rooms were filled with merry, chat-
tering young people, the orchestra
struck up the first dance. Escorts led
their laughing partners to the center
of the floor, but Virginia did not dance
the first number—she had not invited
George. Neither had she invited, as
her partner, anyone else.

That dance was over, and another,
and another. The Christmas tree was
admired; the mistletoe was found,
and put to its proper use; occasional
silences made clear the distant sound
of carolers; the clock struck ten—
eleven—twelve.

At that moment the guests were
surprised (and so was Virginia) by
the sound of sleighbells, a hearty
"Merry Christmas," and the appear-
ance, from somewhere near the tree,
of as jolly a Santa as one could im-
agine. Near beside him stood Mrs.
Ray.

"Why, Mr. Santa Claus, I do be-
lieve," and then she presented him to
the company. "My old childhood
friend, Mr. Santa Claus, has come
to pay us a visit,
and as he is all
loaded down with
his various gifts,
which must be de-
livered by tomor-
row morning, I
suggest that he
give any of us
who are to receive
his attentions, our
presents now."
"I didn't know,
Virginia," said
Pudgy Clark, the
fat and awkward
youth who had stepped on Virginia's
toes during the last dance, "I didn't
know you believed in Santa Claus."
"I don't!" Virginia snapped. "All
right," he laughed, "you needn't bite
my head off."

The favors distributed, Mrs. Ray
called Virginia. "Here, dear, you and
Santa lead the grand march. If you
will all follow, I think we might find
some refreshments in another room."
"Right!" said Santa, in a decided-
ly unfrigid voice. Somehow, Santa
knew just where to go. But then, of
course, Santa Claus knows everything.
He even knew, a few moments later,
when Virginia excused herself from
the party, and slipped back to the
other room, now in a state of partial
disarray, and (for even the orchestra
members were enjoying the repast in
the other room) forlorn in its empti-
ness, Virginia was feeling particu-
larly forlorn and particularly proud.
Santa Claus must know everything,
for he knew just how long to wait
before he, too, wandered from the
merry group and joined Virginia.
And he (or was it Cupid?) knew just
what to say to make this really the
most wonderful Christmas Eve in all
Virginia's life. Just what it was, I
am not sure, but he must have told
Virginia, for presently she said, "I
know; I know," and she had cheered
up quite a bit before he put his arm
around her. Somehow she wasn't so
forlorn—nor quite so proud.

After a while they walked over to
the tree together, and they listened to
the carolers; and then, somehow,
they stopped right under the mistle-
toe! What George said was whis-
pered in her ear, so she shall never
know, but Virginia was laughing as
she answered him.

"Why, George," she said, "how dare
you say I don't believe in Santa
Claus?"
(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Waiter (placing soup before guest)
—It looks like rain today, sir.
Guest—Yes, take it away.

We Are Taking Inventory

We want this year's inventory to
be the most successful we ever
had. We want to make it exact
to the last item. In order to do
this we just have got to clear
our present stock of merchan-
dise.

We are sensitive! We want to
do it right!

Every item in the store has been
marked at prices low and sure
to appeal! Everything is ready
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Merry Christmas

PIGGLY WIGGLY
All Over the World

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TO WOMEN SEEKING

Christmas Gifts

FOR MEN

accustomed to wearing \$3.00 Shirts; but a \$6.00 Shirt may be,
for it would be a luxury. Half a dozen pairs of 50c Socks
hardly fill the bill, but three pairs of \$1.50 Socks may make a
hit. A man likes to receive in a gift something a little differ-
ent from the sort of thing he is accustomed to buy when he
shops for himself. One way of making sure of the difference
is to choose something a trifle better.

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are included.



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

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NORMAL EMPLOYMENT CONDITIONS PREVAIL IN MOUNTAIN STATES

Denver.—The recent industrial employment survey report, issued by the U. S. employment service of the U. S. Department of Labor, states that a normal condition prevailed in most industrial lines throughout Colorado during November, excepting in the coal mining industry. The seasonal completion of a great deal of outdoor work resulted in the release of several thousand seasonal workers, and the supply of labor in all lines is more than equal to the present demand. Harvesting of the sugar beet crop has been completed, and many of the several thousand field workers who were released are migrating to southern states. Corn husking and livestock feeding will offer employment to many workers. The majority of the industrial plants operated on fairly satisfactory schedules during November. Thirteen of the eighteen beet sugar factories expect to continue seasonal operations until early in January, 1928 (five of the beet sugar factories having ended their seasonal runs recently). Meat packing establishments have increased their forces somewhat. Metal mining continued fairly steady; however, very little metal mine construction and development work will be undertaken before next spring. Oil field prospecting work is quite active in several sections of the state, particularly in the Craig district. Favorable weather permitted building and other construction work to continue with little interruption; however, a gradual decrease in the volume is expected in December. Several hundred men will be released on the completion of the Moffat railroad tunnel project, early in December. Highway activities during the winter months will be confined to maintenance work. Decreased employment is expected during December, in the railroad shops, maintenance-of-way and freight train service departments.

Normal industrial employment was reported in Wyoming during November. The labor supply is adequate to meet all requirements and an increasing surplus of outdoor seasonal workers is noted as agricultural work for this year is practically finished. Harvesting of the sugar beet crop ended during the month; many of the released workers migrated to other states for the winter period. Corn husking and livestock feeding will provide many workers with employment during the next few weeks. Industrial plants operated on normal schedules, the oil refineries running steadily. The beet sugar factories will end their seasonal runs during December. Metal mining continues active; new construction and development work will be considerably curtailed during the winter months. Most of the coal mines are operating at capacity. Some increase in employment was reported in the oil fields.

Dorothy Mackaye Sentence Upheld
 Los Angeles.—Dorothy Mackaye, Denver girl and former stage favorite, convicted of concealing facts in the death of her husband, Ray Raymond, musical comedy actor, must serve a one to three-year sentence in San Quentin penitentiary, the Appellate Court has ruled. In denying her request for a new trial, the Appellate Court upheld Superior Judge Charles Burnell, who passed sentence on the actress last spring.

When Christmas Comes



The Christmas Proposal

by Katherine Edelman

AURA WORTHLEY had passed her thirtieth birthday some years since, and although she was possessed of more than ordinary good looks, coupled with a good disposition and an inherent ability for home making, she had never had a proposal of marriage. Once, some one had almost spoken the words—Laura often thought of that wonderful evening since—but just as it seemed that the fateful moment had arrived Aunt Mabel had come seeking her for something or another. Next day Robert Barrett had left Lindenfield and Laura had never heard from him since.

The passing of time had eased the pain in her heart and she had managed to go about and show a smiling face to the world, but often she felt



very, very lonely. But she told herself that she had no right to think of Robert; he was probably married and settled down long before now in that far-off land where his company had sent him.

But, always as Christmas approached she found herself thinking of him and picturing the home that might have been theirs together. Aunt Mabel had been dead two years now, and since her death Laura had felt very much alone in the world, in spite of many friends.

But every year at Christmas time her cousin Vera, a widow of limited means, came to spend the holidays with her, and always at this time she gave a party for the young people. And lest any of them might be thwarted of love and a proposal, as she had been, she saw to it that plenty of mistletoe was in evidence.

She looked very beautiful now as she welcomed her guests to her annual party. She was one whom years give new and added charm in recompense for the rosy flush of youth that they steal, and as she walked to the door to answer a new peal of the bell, she would have attracted attention anywhere.

Opening the heavy door she looked without. A little cry sprang to her lips, for there she saw Robert Barrett. A rush of joy, of wonder, of delight, flooded her whole being. He had come—he still loved her—else, why would he be here?

Steadying herself by the doorway she bade him welcome, and as she recovered from the sudden rush of joy at seeing him again, her voice grew cool and composed as she assured herself that his coming meant nothing more than a friendly visit—that even should he be still unwed, it would be some one younger, fairer than she that he would now seek.

He seemed rather ill at ease, and he blundered and stammered so when he spoke, that his voice was almost drowned in the sounds of gay laughter and music that came from beyond. Then, suddenly, without warning, his arms reached out and he clasped Laura close and she felt his kisses upon her lips. He was asking



the question that she wanted most to hear, and he was telling her that she meant all the world to him. When they both came back to earth he showed her the spray of mistletoe above them: "It gave me the courage I lacked long ago," he whispered.

Later he told her why he had never written. Aunt Mabel had spoken to him the evening before he left, and had told him that it would not be fair to tie Laura with a promise; also she had hinted of another man who was more favored. The company had just brought him back to Lindenfield, and as soon as he got in, learning that Laura was still free, he had come.

And because it was Christmas time, and also because the years that were coming held a wonderful promise for them, and they could afford to be generous, there was no resentment in their hearts for the thing Aunt Mabel had tried to do.

A Merry Christmas.
 (© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

A Christmas Prayer

By AMY BARRON LEONARD
 In Kansas Farmer

O God, I ask no worldly gifts,
 But give I pray, memories of happiness
 That I have known;

And to this add forgetfulness
 Of severer ties and darker paths.
 Let me atone
 For any selfish grief, for joyfulness
 And smiling see, this Christmas Day,
 The star that shone,
 To guide the Wise Men on their way.

downs to see the candles on the Christmas tree and see her okscheda dancing with joy.

Then came the wedding, and for three years she had not known where to find the "oksheda wechasta."

The paper—ah, yes. It told who Robert was. His father had been a second son from Devonshire, who had sought his fortune in the great Northwest. It told how the young wife could not stand the hardships; how the father, too, had surrendered to the storm-king's fury one Christmas Eve; how he had cached his rich find under the rock that resembled the owl near the source of the river; how he had wrapped his greatcoat about wee Robert and prayed the Great Spirit to save him.

"A great Christmas for us all, Robert; but it is the okscheda I'm thinking of most. With the war come and the business gone, there wasn't to be much Christmas—but now! See, laddie, the storm is breaking; the sun is beginning to shine. My certe! My certe!"

"There, there, lassie, here comes the little shaver. Mind you don't let him in here till I go to the store again. There are toys and things to be put on the tree. The way it's come to us on Christmas, I know we'll find the gold."

When the snows melted they made the journey together. This year, as usual, the okscheda with the golden curls and the okscheda wechasta with the black mustache are trimming the gorgeous tree that stands in the bay window of the beautiful farmhouse near the river's source. The sleigh bells jingle merrily as the cutter steps outside with a load of little Indian boys from the settlement, who are brought each year to share the festival of the "Oksheda's Christmas." And down by the brink of the river is the rock that resembles an owl.

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Oksheda's Christmas

by Noni C. Bailey

WHOSE okscheda washdaw daw?" was the semi-Stoux greeting of the plump little Scotch Canadian mother as the sunny-haired young laddie came running into the kitchen, where already the porridge was cooked and the tea brewing for breakfast on this, his second Christmas. She caught him in her arms and tossed him high above her head.

"Whose very good boy?" was what she had said, partly in the language she had learned from her husband. His nurse had been one of those squaws of the picturesque type still to be seen in Manitoba. In summer they come, selling wild red raspberries or choke-cherries; in winter, trudging on snowshoes into the village to visit their customers.

Hugging the little lad to her breast, the rosy mother half sobbed as she tried to say it cheerfully, "Whose okscheda washdaw daw?" Even as she repeated the greeting, the door swung open and a sudden gust of wind swept the fine, dry snow, like biting dust, into her face. Before her stood one of these old Indian women, apparently exhausted from a long journey through the storm.

"Oksheda washdaw daw?" she gasped, then continued in her native tongue, "Wichyenna, you speak the language of my people. You speak the cry of my heart. Last night I read it in the rainbow - hued streamers of light from the north—the night wind sang it—oksheda!"

The wrinkled old face twisted into a pained smile as she sank in a heap by the kitchen fire. A bit of paper fluttered to the floor from her hand. "The Great Spirit calls—it is the end of the trail," she whispered as the little mother bent over her, anxiously shaking her hands. She saw the faded

old eyes suddenly brighten, then close suddenly—it was the end of the trail.

"See, see," said the little lad, holding up the scrap of paper which had fallen from the squaw's hand. Opening it reverently, the Canadian woman exclaimed, "My certe! It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, sure enough. Her okscheda!"

She rushed into the living room, where her "oksheda wechasta" (married boy) was lighting the candles on the scantily decorated Christmas tree.

"Look, Robert, on Christmas Day it has come. The mystery and all—see! It is the okscheda's Christmas!" she exclaimed, as she gave him the crumpled paper to read.

Robert had been found when a baby by a band of Indians. Only the old squaw who had come to the end of the trail this Christmas morning knew the paper existed. All night long in the blinding snow storm she had traveled on her snowshoes—traveled that she might find some one to whom she could tell the story.

All these years she had guarded the paper, which she could not read, feeling that in some way it would bring good fortune to the okscheda who had seemed her very own little white baby. She had loved him so. She was afraid to show the paper to her people—the paper she had found hidden in his clothing. She was afraid she might lose him if they knew. Then one day he wandered out of her sight and the M. P. had found him by the lake alone.

No white man was found to claim him. The Indians were afraid of them. Their white brothers would ask them to explain and often their white brothers did not believe. His foster mother loved him; but she, too, was afraid. So—she hugged the bit of paper to her heart and kept silent vigil.

The M. P. took the lad home and hired an Indian nurse from the settlement to care for him. Every summer the old squaw came with her pall of red raspberries, only to grunt her thanks and look furtively about her to assure herself that all was well with the boy, then chuckle to herself as she patted her breast where the precious paper lay. In winter she would sometimes look through the open spaces in the frost-covered win-



