

Santa Cruz Patagonian

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HOW DAUBIT ROSE TO FAME

Painter May Have Had Successful Qualities All the Time, and Then Again—

"Realism may not always prove up as an artistic quality," explained the old critic, "but it sometimes hits the spot as a business proposition."

"I'm thinking of Daubit. Daubit was a middle-aged painter with a future behind him in the little town he hailed from. He stuck to idealism until he saw that it was no use, then he turned realist and took the step that made him."

"About this time he met a spinster in ill health, fifty years old, and rich as Croesus. The spinster was passionately fond of cats, and of one big old tabby in particular."

"Daubit saw his chance. He pulled the strings and arranged for a business interview with her. He talked glibly and persuaded her to sit for her portrait. She agreed to let him paint her as she liked best to sit at home, with the stipulation that if the picture did not suit she need not pay one cent."

"But our painter wasn't to be balked or daunted. He borrowed money on his dress suit and fixed his studio up and had her easy chair and other things hauled down and back every sitting. He posed her in the chair, and he put beside it the basket in which her favorite tabby always took her ease. He painted this basket empty."

"When the picture was done he let her wait for a day or two before he invited her and her friends to come and see it. He sent a special invitation to the big old tabby, too. That pleased her, but she kept her critical air and made ready to declare that she did not want the picture enough to pay real money for it. Just when she was ready to speak the tabby approached the picture, seemed to notice it for the first time—it was on the floor—and then, smelling, mewling, and evidently delighted, did her best to get at the basket."

"The spinster changed her mind instantly. She took the cat's word for its excellence and bought the picture at a good round price."

"She hung the picture in her home, and in six months Daubit was there with her to help her enjoy it. His marriage to her made him a celebrity among all the rich people, and now he sells more than he can paint."

"How do you account for his sudden success?" asked the inquiring friend. "Had it in him all the time, I suppose, and just needed an opportunity?"

"Maybe," went on the old critic, "but a friend of mine who runs a little animal store near Daubit's old studio told me that Daubit came in the day before the exhibition and bought some catnip."

"For my part, I make no rash charges—genius is genius, even when it pursues a dark and devious way."

POINT HE HAD OVERLOOKED

Wife's Question Made Broker Wonder Whether He Might Not Have Been Deceived.

A Wall street broker of English parentage and an unusual name was talking to several other brokers, business not being particularly rushing at the moment.

"If anybody in this crowd has a gold brick for sale," he said, "I wish he would try to dispose of it to me at a good figure. Why? Well, I'm in the market since yesterday for that sort of material."

"It happened this way. About 4 p. m. a very nice-looking man of the working class came into my office and asked for me. I saw him and asked him his business. He told me he had seen my name in the papers, and as his name was the same as mine he thought, the names being so unusual, he would call on me."

"He was very unmistakably English, and the similarity of names was of some interest, even though I hardly thought he was in my class. Still he might have been a hard-up titled nobleman working for his living, as some of the best of them do rather than sponge it off somebody else."

"He talked along about his family and where they lived and asked me where mine came from and said he had been living in Canada for fifteen or twenty years, where his father had gone from England. Times were hard and he had come to this country, where they were no softer and—well, it ended by his touching me for \$5. His name was good for that, I thought, whether he was wholly deserving or not."

"When I went home in the evening I told my wife about it and did she applaud my respect for my family name? Not on your parish register she didn't. She looked at me critically and said: 'John, did the man show you any papers to prove that his name was the same as yours?' Right then I awoke, and if any of you gents have a gold brick to sell will you please pass it on to me?"

Dust and the Lack of It

That "the mean and mighty have one dust" is true. But those who have the dust are mighty, and those who haven't feel mighty mean.—Louisville Courier Journal.

GIVE EMPLOYER YOUR BEST

No Man Can Serve Himself Well So Long as He Is Dissatisfied—
"Knowledge is Power."

As long as you work for a man, give him your best. If the conditions surrounding your position are unpleasant, keep on the watch for another job. If you have a definite idea of the character of the work you like best, it would be a good idea to advertise for it. But remember, we should first serve an apprenticeship before we may expect to take the reins in our own hands. No man can serve himself well, or his employer, so long as he is dissatisfied.

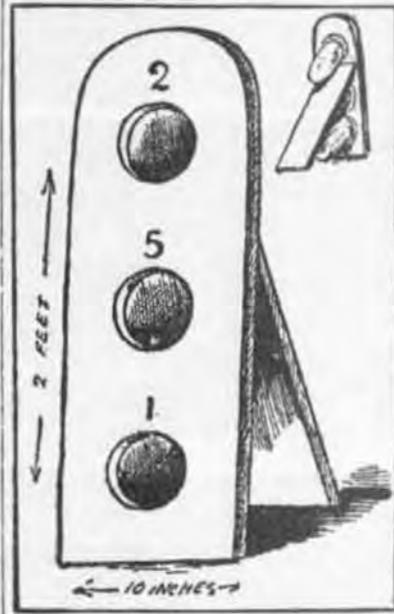
Don't work for a man to whom you cannot give your best; nor should you work for a man you can't respect. If your wages are not enough to allow you to live decently, search around for some other line of endeavor. Always be ready for promotion—this means you should learn your business root and branch. Read good books; as you read, study—think—thoughts are real live things. Fix good solid business ideas in your mind and something good will come to you. Let this be your slogan: "Knowledge is power." It is within your province to gain the necessary knowledge to put you at the head of a great institution.—Aims and Aspirations.

EXCELLENT GAME FOR BOYS

Amusing Pastime That Any Youth With Ordinary Tools and Trouble Can Make for Himself.

This is an amusing game that any boy with a little trouble and ordinary tools, can quite well make for himself, and which can be played equally well in a room or out of doors in the garden.

For it, will be required in the first instance a piece of board about ten inches in width, two feet in length, and an inch in thickness. In this board three circular holes are cut, each four inches in diameter, and one end of the wood should be rounded for appearance sake. It can then be



A Game for Boys.

painted and left to dry, and afterwards the numbers painted in some contrasting color above each hole.

Then the small bags made of linen or any other material are tacked on behind each hole, and this may be seen in the small sketch on the right which also illustrates the support that must be fastened on the back.

This game is played with rubber balls, the competitors standing at an agreed-on distance from the board and in turn throwing. When a ball enters a hole and stays there, the player scores the number that is above the hole, and if the game is fixed at, say twenty points, the first player who reaches that number wins. To add to the fun of the game small prizes for successful competitors can be easily arranged.

STREETS GIVEN TO CHILDREN

Certain Thoroughfares in New York City Closed to Traffic to Permit Youngsters to Play.

New York city is trying the experiment of closing certain highways to traffic daily and letting the youngsters romp in them. Huge signs are placed across these thoroughfares reading: "Street closed for play."

Miss Ruth Robinson, chief play organizer, says: "It brings an ache to the heart to see how reluctant some of the babies are to cut loose and play in the open street. Play seems intricately associated in their little minds with guilt. No one, after watching for an hour or two the healthy spirit that grows among the children in these allotted play streets can doubt their benefit to the little people of New York."

Play is the best constructive factor in child growth. Even kittens and puppies will not thrive unless permitted to play. Play is the most skillful of physical trainers and moral teachers.—Child Betterment Bulletin.

Boyhood Troubles

Mrs. Dawson—My sister is worried to death over her Reginald. She wants him to enter the ministry, his father wants him to go into business, while Reginald himself has his mind set on being an actor.

Mrs. Dawson—Hum—how old is he? Mrs. Dawson—He's going on seven.

Not a Straight Field.

When it is a straight field not perfectly straight? When it is a rye (wry) field.

The Governor's Lady A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play

By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

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SYNOPSIS.

Daniel Slade suddenly advances from a penniless man to a millionaire. He is ambitious to become governor of the state. His simple, homely wife fails to rise to the new conditions. Slade meets Katherine, daughter of Senator Strickland, and in her all that Mary is not. Slade decides to separate from his wife and takes rooms at his club.

CHAPTER V.

Mary Slade sat down to the breakfast table with a certain sense of bewilderment. It was the same this morning as it had been each successive morning since Dan's departure. She could not bring herself to the realization of the fact that Dan had not come home—apparently did not intend to come home.

She had waited up the night he had gone to the club, just as she had waited up every night of their married life, no matter where her husband was or how late he might be coming home. As the night hours lengthened into day she was forced to the conclusion that Dan meant to stay away for the night. That he wouldn't be home at all through the day never occurred to her. She reasoned that a night's sleep would clear his mind and that he would have recovered from his "tantrum" the next day. But Dan didn't "run in" that day nor the next. The days had become weeks, yet neither by telephone nor letter had he sent as much as a word.

Finally Mary had mustered up her courage and telephoned his club. It took courage for Mary to use the telephone on any occasion. She was afraid of the sound of her own voice the moment she began to talk into the transmitter. This time she feared Dan's displeasure and his possible harshness. Mr. Slade was out, had left no message, they did not know when he would return, was the disappointing result as she hung the receiver on the hook.

This morning, as the maid served her breakfast, she resolved to try again. The situation was getting unbearable. It was bad enough to live in the great house and be surrounded by servants with Dan there. Without him she felt like a prisoner of state and locked on the servants as so many falters.

Leaving her breakfast practically untouched, Mary again ventured to the telephone. With faltering voice she repeated the number. "One-three-nine-four;" with beating heart she inquired for "Mr. Slade;" with sinking courage she received the answer that Mr. Slade had gone out, leaving no message. Again and again during the day she repeated the call, only to receive a similar reply. The possibility of her husband having left such a message to be delivered to her, whether he was there or not never occurred to the truthful, simple-minded little woman.

But Slade did not want to be reached by her, and if an untruth, more or less, were necessary, the telephone boy was easily bribed.

Meanwhile Slade was eagerly looking forward to his new life. Never a man to waver, he did not once look back to the wife he had so coolly deserted. He was being dined and banqueted and feted, being everywhere hailed as the candidate for governor.

Slade was sniffling the first breath of future glories with keenest delight. This was the sort of thing that made a man feel big! This was the sort of life to lead—with men bowing and saluting all around him. He walked with a firmer tread. His shoulders were thrown back a bit more arrogantly. His chest was more noticeable as he walked down the street.

The inate conceit and self-esteem of the man made him overlook the fact that the party needed a rich man. He was quite satisfied that he was being boosted by Strickland and the others because of his brains, his unusual ability, his oratory and his power to lead men. He was happier than he had been for years. Every day the new life looked brighter and the old less desirable.

If he gave a thought to Mary it was a passing one. Mary was "comfortable." She had everything that money could buy. The servants would be taking good care of her, of course.

Of the lump in Mary's throat as she sat at the lonely breakfast table and as she went through the still more lone-some ordeal of the formal dinner, he knew nothing. Of the woman's aching heart and her eyes bright with unshed tears as she tried to keep up before the servants and make excuses for his absence, Slade was heartlessly oblivious. Or perhaps it was self-esteem again, that made him unable to feel for her—the self-esteem of the successful man who feels no wounds when fighting for what he wants, and neither knows nor cares that others feel them. He had a heart, but it was unpleasingly like Pharaoh's.

But of Katherine Strickland's statuesque beauty and her cosmopolitan manner he was delightfully aware. During the weeks since he had left home Slade had been calling regularly at the Strickland home, partly to consult with the senator and partly for the purpose of posing for the bust which Katherine was modeling.

As they sat hour after hour, he posing comfortably, she working deftly and

taking even more cleverly, Slade and Katherine had come to a mutual understanding. The more they saw of each other the more each became convinced that their paths would inevitably converge.

Katherine talked animatedly and entertainingly of social life abroad and of the gay times in Washington, and Slade's heart warmed and his eyes flashed as he pictured himself a part of that charmed circle. With keen penetration he saw the longing of the girl's nature, her iron will, her determination to gain social honors at almost any cost. He flattered himself that when he said the word Katherine Strickland would be ready to cast her lot with him.

"Let me see," she recollects, "when I was your confidante, you were twenty-one, Katherine, and you, Rob, were twenty-four. I can feel Rob's hands gripping mine yet: 'O, Fannie—please see her for me—the senator doesn't approve of it.' And the tears you shed on my shoulder, Katherine—why, it feels wet to think of it."

"O, Fannie!" Katherine's voice was not as firm as usual.

"I always said," the woman persisted, "Rob, he'll come home to you in the end—"

"I think I'll go back and listen to the discussion," and Bob flung dismally out of the room. At the door he almost collided with Merritt. Katherine had hurried out to see a reporter who wanted the whereabouts of the whys of the dinner party to Slade.

"I can't possibly get away, dear," Merritt explained to his wife. "I've been buttonholed by some men from up the state. Shall you wait or go home—first?"

Mrs. Merritt refused to be dismissed in that peremptory fashion.

"I'll wait," she returned with acid sweetness. "Then if you are not ready I'll run along."

"Slade's had an ovation tonight," Merritt informed her, nodding toward the smoking-room. "The big out-of-town men are all here. Some of 'em in there yet. He's big, Fannie. He's big. We can't deny that. The brute attacks his point with all the force of a sledge hammer."

"Yes, that's what you lack—punch!" his wife turned on him petulantly.

"You're snowed under," she complained, bitterly. "If you'd taken my advice you wouldn't have come to this Slade feed tonight. What's your paper for?" she demanded. "If you can't attack your rival candidate in its columns? Anyone would think you wanted to make him governor—instead of yourself."

"I can't attack him publicly," Merritt retorted. "He'd put up glue factories facing our property and, with a lake breeze blowing our way—phew! My position is very difficult. Of course, election's a long way ahead, but I'm the only stick in his puddle."

"Yes," Katherine replied, lightly, "we know him very well."

"And does he ever mention his wife?" in Mrs. Merritt's most perfectly feline manner.

"Never once," admitted Katherine, without even an attempt at an evasion.

"And you have never met her?" Mrs. Merritt was in her glory if she could probe.

"No, I have never met her."

"How extraordinary! My husband—why, Wesley Merritt's name spells hearth and home, domestic purity—while Slade's! They tell me he hasn't seen his wife for weeks, and it's town talk that he's living at his club. And think he's never mentioned her to you!"

Katherine had quietly rung for a servant, and as Mrs. Merritt finished, remarked casually: "Martin, see that these letters are mailed at once."

Unabashed, Mrs. Merritt was moving eagerly about the artful room, comfortable in all its appointments, its richness enhanced and mellowed with age, a blend of color that nothing but years can give.

Fannie Merritt was a decided blonde. Her complexion had been made more than ten years before. It was a decision that, once made, must be abided by, and the woman had been living up to it ever since. Her gown was the last word of sartorial elegance and style. Daringly decolleté it clung to her long, svelte figure with loving emphasis, and trailed round her exquisitely dressed feet. Her hair did credit to the hairdresser's long and patient efforts, and long, bizarre diamond pendants flashed and sparkled from her ears. If ever a woman had become slave to her own personal pleasure and dress, that woman was Fannie Merritt. Too self-centered and selfish ever to crave motherhood, she lavished a kind of affection on a watery-eyed little poodle, which repaid her with lapdog gratitude.

Tonight she was restless and ill at ease. Like Katherine, her mind was full of one thought—Slade, Slade, Slade—but thoughts that took a different direction. She was sick of his name, sick of hearing the talk of his power and of hearing him named as "the man of the hour."

He was winning the very honors she had coveted for her husband, and taking them right out from beneath his very eyes and nose. There didn't seem to be a doubt of Slade becoming governor, the very position for which her husband had been striving for the past six terms. Slade with his millions needed the governorship no more than a pampered child needs a new toy, while to her husband success or failure this time meant either the retrieving of his fortunes or his utter ruin.

The abstraction of the two women was broken by the sudden entrance of Hayes.

"Hew!" he whistled. "They're hav-

ing a time of it in there. Good evening, Mrs. Merritt, your husband is certainly making it warm for Mr. Slade."

"Indeed," laughed Mrs. Merritt, gratified for the moment.

"Dear, dear!" she exclaimed as she watched Hayes gazing wistfully at Katherine and looking very handsome and manly in his well-made evening clothes. "It's quite like old times to see you together." Unhappy herself, it gave her a certain pleasure to make other people unhappy. The jealousy she had long felt for the younger and more beautiful woman found expression now in her purring tones, as, with amiable cruelty, she reminded them of their earlier intimacy. She took delight in making Bob writh and Katherine whiten as she recalled their passionate young love when only the senator's stern interference had kept them from wedding.

"Let me see," she recollects, "when I was your confidante, you were twenty-one, Katherine, and you, Rob, were twenty-four. I can feel Rob's hands gripping mine yet: 'O, Fannie—please see her for me—the senator doesn't approve

Classified Column

Send 10c for 24 big money-making formulas. Regular prices \$1. Need Specialty Co., Box 331, Chicago.

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Mail or bring them to the SAFETY RAZOR MAN. Resharpened to shave better than new. Double edge, 25¢ dozen; single, 25¢ dozen; Star, 10c. We will pay return postage. Robert Hudson, 108 E. 5th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

AUTOMOBILES, MOTORCYCLES and ACCESSORIES

We offer the finest assortment of Used Motor Cars at medium prices, ever gathered under our roof. Cars that have been owned by men of means, or people who care for and do not abuse their cars. Write Dept. K for latest list. Photographs of model interesting to you will then be mailed.

THE LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY OF AMERICA, Pico at Figueron, Los Angeles.

Hungry Man's Mistake.

Prof. Sigmund Freud, the eminent German scholar, has made a study of lingual blunders, spoken and printed, and has embodied the result in his book, "Psychopathology." As an example of blundering speech, caused by subconscious cerebration, he gives the following:

"A wealthy, but not very generous American host, invited his friends to an evening party. Everything went well until about midnight, when there was an intermission for supper. To the disappointment of many of the guests, there was no real supper; instead, they were regaled with thin sandwiches and lemonade.

"As it was during a presidential campaign, the conversation turned upon the different candidates, and as the discussion grew warmer, one of the guests, an ardent Progressive, remarked to the host, 'You may say what you please about Roosevelt, but there is one thing he can always be relied upon to do; he always gives you a square meal.' He meant, of course, to say a 'square deal.' The assembled guests burst into a roar of laughter, to the great embarrassment both of the speaker and of the host."—Youth's Companion.

NEW MODERN DANCING E. Fletcher Hallamore, the leading Dancing Expert and Instructor in New York City, writes: "I have used ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, for ten years, and recommend it to all my pupils." It cures and prevents sore feet. Sold by all Drug and Department Stores, etc. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. (Adv.)

Animal Weather Prophets. Regarded as weather prophets by the natives, the 'black howlers,' largest of the Panamanian monkeys, set up a roaring howl almost suggestive of the lion for volume of sound. They howl oftenest before or during a storm, hence the native belief.

One Penalty of Fame. The Victim—"Pomona poisoning, eh? Well, I surely was a blame fool to eat the stuff." The Doctor—"But, my dear sir, you can't establish yourself as a recognized epicure without a touch of pomona now and then."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.

Shamrock, Mo.—"I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion, female weakness, pains in both sides, backaches and bearing down pains, was short of memory, nervous, impatient, passed sleepless nights, and had neither strength nor energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind, I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a place in my right side that was so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I certainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicines had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. All pains, aches, fears and dreads are gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all is pleasure and happiness in my home."—Mrs. Josie HAM, R. F. D. 1, Box 22, Shamrock, Missouri.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.



One of Most Important Factors for Success in Industry—No Waste of Plant Food.

One of the essential and most important factors for success in the potato industry is the selection of perfect seed stock from the hill, in much the same way as seed corn is selected in the field from the best individual stalks.

There is no other way to get true breed characteristics in potatoes except by selecting seed from the perfect hill, and seed should be saved only from hills producing a first-class marketable potato in the growing of which there is no waste of plant food.

No manufacturer in this day of economy could stand the loss entailed by methods of manufacture under which he was compelled to cully out and throw in the scrap pile 20 per cent of his product as waste, and no one can expect the highest success in potato culture who adopts methods resulting in a loss of 20 to 60 per cent of his crop in cully and unmarketable potatoes. But this is what the potato growers of the United States are, many of them, doing today.

Possibilities of Pork. The possibilities of expanding the production of pork are so great that we shall never see a scarcity of this product.

Waste is Important Factor.

The element of waste is one of the most important factors in determining profits in hog feeding.

ONIONS RAISED FROM SEED

Industry Is Profitable if Proper Methods Are Used—Difficult to Keep Clean of Weeds.

Seed onions are of better flavor and keep longer and are more profitable to grow than sets, though some fail to grow them in the home garden because they are more difficult to keep clean of weeds.

The best way to raise onions from seed is by sowing the seed in a bed or cold frame early in the season and transplanting later to the row where they are to grow.

A small section of the hotbed will grow 1,000 plants until they are the size of quills, or they can be crowded. By that time the ground will be warm and all seed will have germinated so that the plants may be set in clean ground that has been worked over to kill all the young weeds.

If one lacks for room in the hotbed the seed may be sown in a sheltered place, an old brush heap, ash bed or some place where the soil is good.

If there is room to sow the seeds in drills six inches apart they may be worked some to keep them growing before they are transplanted.

When you are ready to transplant them, wet the ground and pull the plants and then cut off about half the top and slightly tip the roots.

Set the plants from two to three inches apart in the row and in rows of 15 inches apart. If very dry use water when transplanting and every one will live.

If the soil has been well manured with stable manure or poultry droppings and worked over several times before the onions are transplanted to the rows there will be but few weeds to contend with and the plants will not be checked in growth.

Onions should be pulled and placed to dry in the shade when the tops begin to turn yellow and drop over, which is usually in August.

ESSENTIAL FEATURE OF SOW

Besides Belonging to Prolific Family, Animal Should Have Well-Developed Nipples.

(By J. G. FULLER.)

Although she need not be purebred, the sow as well as the boar, should have marked characteristics of the chosen breed. By carefully selecting young sows from the most typical and largest litters and properly developing them, a splendid herd of females can be developed in a few years time.

To avoid any possibility of mistake, the choicest sow pigs from the best sows should be marked while they are still nursing their dams. They should not be penned or yarded with those which are being fattened for market, but, if possible, should be given freedom and exercise in the open, where a growing ration of green feeds, etc.

It is like this all the time," Toby said to him; "they never have winter here."

"No snow?" asked Snowball.

"No," said Toby; "it is always nice and warm here."

"Aboard, you mean," corrected Toby.

"Well, when I came aboard there were buildings on one side and my master's team was there, too, and now all I can see is water."

"Of course," said Toby. "We are sailing away now."

"How long shall we sail?" asked Snowball.

"Three weeks, if we have good weather. If it is rough, we will be gone longer."

"Three weeks?" gasped Snowball. "I cannot be gone as long as that. I must get right off."

"You'll have to swim a long way," said Toby. "Come over here and look." Snowball looked; there was water everywhere.

"You may as well make the best of it," said Toby. "You cannot get back until the ship returns. Come with me; I will take you over the ship."

"What is the matter with this ship?" asked Snowball after awhile. "It tips terribly; I cannot walk straight, and I feel so queer. Oh," he said as the ship lurched again, "my stomach is trembling in the most uncomfortable manner."

"Come over here and lie down," said Toby smiling.

"Is this what you call sailing?" asked Snowball. "I think I am going to die," he said as he crawled under a coil of rope.

"Oh, you will not die," said Toby.

"I wish I would, if I am to die like this for three weeks," said Snowball.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked.

"Don't you know what is the matter with you?" asked Toby.

"I only know that I want to die," said poor Snowball, turning on his side.

"You are seasick," said Toby. "You will be all right in a few days."

"I'll be dead in a few days," said Snowball. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" he cried, "I wish this ship would stand still for a minute."

"In a few days," said Toby, "you will be eating flying fish and—"

"Don't, don't," said Snowball; "I never want to even think of anything to eat again, and rats—Oh—I never want to see another."

The fourth day out Snowball recov-

ered and was walking on the deck with Toby when the captain saw him.

"Where did we pick up this new sailor?" he asked. "And all in white, too." He looked at Snowball's collar.

"I know who you are," he said.

"You belong to the vegetable man in the city. I wonder how you came aboard this ship?" Snowball rubbed against him in the most friendly manner and they became fast friends.

"What are these queer little birds?" asked Snowball one day. "They fly close to the water."

"Those are not birds," said Toby; "they are flying fish."

"I didn't know that fish could fly," said Snowball.

"Yea," said Toby, "and sometimes they fly around the ship and I catch them."

"I wish they would now," said Snowball. "I am tired of chasing rats and looking at the water, although the water is very pretty, it is so blue. I do not see any gold in it; you told me I would see the golden Caribbean."

"That is what they call it," said

Toby, "but I never saw any gold either."

"I'll be glad when I get on land," said Snowball.

"You'll be there tomorrow," said Toby.

The next morning Snowball was up bright and early, for he did not wish to miss anything.

"Isn't this a pretty place?" asked Toby.

"What are those queer little buildings?" asked Snowball.

"Houses," said Toby; "the people here do not live in tall houses."

"This place looks like a florist's shop," said Snowball.

"Yes, the trees and flowers are prettier here than in your country. I like it better, too."

"Is this your home?" asked Snowball.

"Oh, no," said Toby, "I live on the ship; I never go on land."

"Never go on land!" said Snowball,

"you do not know what you miss. I am going to get off the ship and look around."

"You had better stay here," said Toby; "this is a queer country."

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"Never go on land!" said Snowball,

"you do not know what you miss. I am going to get off the ship and look around."

"You had better stay here," said Toby; "this is a queer country."

"This place looks like a florist's shop," said Snowball.

"Yes, the trees and flowers are prettier here than in your country. I like it better, too."

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The Patagonia Commercial Company

DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Mining Supplies,
Groceries, Dry Goods, Shoes, Clothing and
Furnishings
HAY AND GRAIN

Drugs and Patent Medicines
Wholesale and Retail Orders Attended to Promptly

The Patagonia Commercial Co.
"ON THE CORNER"

PATAGONIA, ARIZ.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL
UNDER MANAGEMENT OF THE OWNERS
Clean, Cool, Quiet
ROOMS
Dining Room in connection
PATAGONIA, ARIZ.

Wm. POWERS
Mines and Mining

Thirty-three years in the
district.
Properties bought and sold.
Correspondence solicited.
Patagonia, Arizona.

H. W. PURDY
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
With W. F. Chenoweth, Nogales
Physician for Three R Mine.
Visits Patagonia every Thursday.

E. K. CUMMING
General Real Estate and
Insurance Broker
Nogales, - - - Arizona

S. F. NOON
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
Nogales, Ariz.

Patagonia Barber Shop
WM. PESSLER, Prop. Hot and Cold Baths
Agent Nogales Steam Laundry
Laundry sent on Monday, returned Saturday

PATAGONIA HOTEL
John Cady, Prop.
Rooms 50c and Up. Meals
served at any hour up to 7 PM

Finest Dance Floor in Town

Notice of Forfeiture.

Patagonia, Arizona,
July 1, 1915.

To A. L. Cane, deceased, his heirs
and assigns:

You are hereby notified that
we, the undersigned, expended
during the year 1914 the sum of
six hundred dollars in labor and
improvements upon the following
lode mining claims, situated
in the Wrightson Mining Dis-
trict, Santa Cruz County, State
of Arizona, to-wit:

The Pine Tree, the Fraction,
the Snow Storm, the Great
American, the American Boy
and the Longfellow, the no-

tices of location of which are
recorded in the mining records
of Santa Cruz county, Arizona.

The labor was performed and
improvements made in compli-
ance with the requirements of
the United States laws, being
the amount necessary to hold
said mining claims for the year
ending December 31, 1914.

Now, therefore, if within ninety
days from the personal service
of this notice, or within ninety
days after the publication there-
of, you fail or refuse to contrib-
ute your proportion of said ex-
penditure, as co-owner, to-wit:

One fourth, or twenty-five dol-
lars, being your interest in the

Pine Tree; one-fourth, or twenty-
five dollars, being your interest
in the Fraction; one-fourth, or
twenty-five dollars, being your
interest in the Snow Storm; one-
sixth, or sixteen and two-thirds
dollars, being your interest in
the Great American; one-sixth,
or sixteen and two-thirds dol-
lars, being your interest in the
American Boy, and one-sixth,
or sixteen and two-thirds dollars,
being your interest in the Long-
fellow, in all, the sum of one
hundred twenty-five dollars, for
the said year 1914, your interest
in the said mining claims will
become the property of the un-
dersigned, your co-owners, who
have made the expenditure re-
quired by law.

J. B. DAVID
GEORGE CLARKE
JENS PETERSEN

First publication July 2, 1915

Santa Cruz Patagonian

Subscription \$2.00 a year.

Entered at the post office at Patagonia, Arizona, as second-class mail matter.

H. P. GREENE - EDITOR AND LESSER
J. B. PRICE - OWNER

Copper 20 25@20.50

Lead 5.00@5.50

Silver 48%

Spelter (no market) 18.00

CARD OF THANKS.

Mrs. Lizzie Hale wishes to ex-
tend her sincere thanks to the
many friends and neighbors who
were so kind and helpful in her
recent bereavement.

ELGIN

Miss Lena Adams was here
Tuesday.

The fence around the grant is
completed.

County Ranger Henry Woods
was in town Tuesday.

Ben Holcomb passed Sunday
with his family in Benson.

The temperature here at 12
o'clock Tuesday and Wednesday
was 100 in the shade.

Charlie Dietze came out Mon-
day from Tucson and is the
guest of Mrs. Barnett.

V. P. Hanson has completed
a fine adobe flour bin, which
will hold two ears of flour.

Mrs. F. C. Fenderson has just
received two fine galvanized
tanks for her ranch at Canille.

A son was born Monday to
Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Dalton and
mother and child are doing fine.

A son and daughter were born
Saturday to Mr. and Mrs. J. E.
Edwards. Mother and babies
are doing nicely.

Miss Verna Turner returned
Tuesday from St. David and
says everything is looking fine at
her grandmother's ranch.

Hampton Dauer returned Mon-
day to his home in Douglas,
after a month's visit with his
grandmother, Mrs. T. J. Beaty,
at the Papagos.

SAN RAFAEL

T. G. Dunham passed the
week-end in Patagonia.

W. D. Parker was in Pata-
gonia for supplies Wednesday.

Fred Miller of Mowry was a
business visitor in the Valley
last Saturday.

Clyde McPherson brought out
another load of lumber for his
new house Wednesday.

Mrs. B. Baldwin and Miss
Loretta Lawless were shopping
in Patagonia Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Young
were in Patagonia Thursday,
Mrs. Young going in to have
dental work done.

Miss Loretta Lawless, Ed
Lawless and Elbert Kinsley
went to Nogales on land busi-
ness on Tuesday, returning
Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Jones of
Canyon passed through the Val-
ley on Wednesday, returning
from the Indian Hot Springs,
and both were benefited by their
trip.

Interment of Henry Clay Hale

The remains of H. C. Hale
were brought from Nogales on
last Saturday morning and laid
to rest in the Patagonia ceme-
tery at 4 o'clock, a large number
of relatives and friends attend-
ing the services.

Secretary Bristol Here Sunday

J. B. Bristol, secretary of the
Nogales Chamber of Commerce,
was here Sunday, on his return
from a trip to Tucson and other
points, including the big dance
Saturday night at Hunchua Sid-
ing, in the interest of the Fourth
of July celebration to be held in
Nogales next Monday.

A. S. Henderson

STOCK OF LADIES' AND MEN'S

Spring and Summer Underwear

Shoes

Negligee Shirts

LARGE STOCK OF GROCERIES

Drugs and Patent Medicines

HAY - STOCK SALT

Large Supply of
Graniteware, Lanterns and Lantern Globes

A. S. Henderson

General Merchandise

PATAGONIA : : ARIZONA

Ad. Bley, President
Max Muller, Vice-Pres.

G. Mignardot, Accountant

L. Brauer, Sec.

C. Rivera, Cashier

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

Sonora Bank and Trust Co.

Commercial-Savings-Trust

Accounts carried in both American and Mexican money.
A general banking business transacted.

Nogales, Arizona

PATAGONIA MEAT MARKET

Fresh Beef and Pork.
Jerked Meat and Tallow.

Prices Lowest Consistent with Quality
of Meat

CLOTHES

Don't make the man, but good-
ness, how they help!

Modern men wear modern
clothes—the day of the hand-me-
down is past.

Let your next suit be

Royal Tailored

Fit and satisfaction
guaranteed

And buy it here at home from
the local agent.

GEO. T. COUGHLIN

SELLS GOOD CLOTHES CHEAP

PATAGONIA - - - ARIZONA

Location Notices for sale at

McCutchan's Patagonia Smoke
House and Pendergrass's Amuse-
ment Parlor.

J. M. HARRIS, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

SAVING IS A RARE GRACE

But there are a lot of "graceful" people in this com-
munity if we may judge by the number of depositors
in our Savings Department.

Have YOU acquired the grace of saving? Better
make the start today—one dollar does it.

Savings in a bank are a mighty good thing—when
you need money in a hurry. And the time is sure to
come when you WILL need it.

The First National Bank of Nogales,

NOGALES, ARIZONA

ASSETS OVER \$1,500,000.00