

SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN



VOL. 3.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA. FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1915

No. 31

Blue Eagle Mine Will Be Reopened by Stevens Brothers

Lou and Harry Stevens have purchased a small hoist for use at the Blue Eagle mine in Alum Gulch and when it is ready to run the mine will be unwatered and development work proceeded with. Several good shipments have been made from this property when the price of copper was much lower than is now quoted, and the Blue Eagle should be made into a good producer.

A car of distillate was received Friday for the Trench mine.

The Duquesne Mining and Reduction Company received a car of mining timbers Saturday.

The Patagonia Lumber Company received a carload shipment of mining timbers last Friday.

An order of rails and piping from Roy & Titcomb, Inc., was taken out to the Duquesne mine Monday.

The Trench mine shipped in a large storage tank this week, which came from Roy & Titcomb, Inc.

Edward E. Bethell is working two shifts on the Blue Lead, a rich silver-lead property, from which a shipment will be made shortly.

Edward Bohlinger, the popular superintendent of the Three R mine, left Saturday morning for a vacation to be passed at Los Angeles and San Diego.

C. H. Schultz is unwatering the lower levels of the Royal Blue shaft. Mr. Schultz sent out a car of good ore the past week and shipments will be made from the lower levels, where several feet of very rich ore is exposed.

Notice for Publication

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Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, July 2, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Fred Gentle, of Elgin, Arizona, who, on December 8, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 016044, for E 1/2 SW 1/4, W 1/2 SE 1/4, Section 5; S 1/2 SE 1/4, NW 1/2 SE 1/4, Section 6, Township 20 S., Range 18 E., G. & S. R. B. & Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Edward L. Mix, Clerk Superior Court, at Nogales, Arizona, on the 10th day of August, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: Michael T. Lavelle, William H. Smith, Tjitzie Abes de Boer, Emma C. Marsh, All of Elgin, Arizona.

Thomas F. Weedon, Register. First published July 9—Aug. 6

A GOOD TIME TO BUILD

IF YOU ARE GOING to do any kind of building or repairing at all this season, now is the best time of all. Weather conditions will be favorable, the price of material is as low as it will ever be, and we are prepared to make prompt delivery of all supplies.

IF YOU NEED to repair your ranch fences, we have an abundance of boards, posts, and everything needed for that purpose, and now is a good time to do it.

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING in the line of Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Doors, Blinds, Sash, Moulding, Glass, Lime and Cement, we have it ready for you, and the quality and price are as right as right can be.

PATAGONIA LUMBER CO.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

Johnny Jones rode over from Parker Canon and transacted business Wednesday.

Louis Koller was in from the Morry on Thursday, bringing in a load of freight from the Valley.

Jens Petersen was in Tuesday from the American Boy mine for a load of supplies. The mine is being developed steadily and the best ore is sorted out for shipment. Chris Rasmussen of the Joplin mine was with Mr. Peter sen.

George L. Walker, in The Boston Commercial, says that producers do not seem to be worrying over the future of the metal market. They are practically unanimous in the opinion that consumption is increasing more rapidly than production and they believe that this will cause the metal to advance in price.

The hesitancy of consumers during the past few weeks apparently has for its basis the belief that when the enormous war orders for munitions of various kinds were placed, one to three months ago, the companies taking those orders immediately purchased enough copper to complete the work. It is reasoned that this immense buying was responsible for the very sharp advance in the price of the metal and that, these requirements having been covered, the volume of buying for some time to come, or until another batch of war orders is placed, must be very much smaller. In defense of their opinion that the price of the metal will decline they point to the generally increasing production and to the materially reduced volume of exports.

On the other hand, producers refer to the fact that all of the brass and copper manufacturing plants in the country are running at full capacity, largely on war orders, and that the shells, rings and cartridges made here and shipped abroad represent an enormous outgo of copper which is not included in the export figures. They also declare that, although practically all of the manufacturers in the Connecticut Valley are working on war orders, many of them have not yet purchased sufficient copper to carry them through September, and this is considered an indication that the manufacturers of war materials in general have not yet purchased all of the copper they will need to complete their contracts.

Among the other things indicating that copper production is increasing are the very great improvement in the iron and steel business, the output of which has practically doubled in the past six months.

Shipment of Ice Received.

H. H. McCutchan has received a carload shipment of ice which he is selling at \$1 per 100 lbs. Ice storage room open to local residents from 7 to 9 a. m.—Adv

THE REXALL STORE

International Drug Co.

Nogales - - - Arizona

C. H. Hector, Manager

Box C Phone 67

MAIL ORDERS OUR SPECIALTY

Physicians' Prescriptions prepared at all hours, day or night, by Registered and Competent Druggists only. A full line of Rexall, A. D. S., Dykes' Specialties always on hand.

We promise satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded.

It's a Long, Long Way to Go

Messrs. Frank Shadley, Bushing and Jaegers came over from Fort Huachuca Saturday night in the Shadley auto and started for the Elgin dance with Misses Isabella, Toots and Ollie Stone, and Miss Emma Kane.

The trip was made without incident until they reached the Sonoita where it flows under the railroad bridge, two miles west of Sonoita station. There the machine stuck in a chuck hole in the bed of the stream, and despite the efforts of the seven occupants, for the girls got out and lifted, too, it was found to be impossible to move the machine.

When they were working with the car—in a driving rain—the flood waters came down from the storm raging up the valley and they soon were in four feet of water. The car was given up and they started for Sonoita, with the rain beating down on them, the ties slippery, the only light being the flashes of lightning, and the railroad culverts into which they fell being full of water.

When Sonoita was reached they woke up Mrs. Frye at the section house and were taken in, and all gathered around the fire, and the girls were given dry clothes and made as comfortable as possible.

The boys returned to the auto in the morning, after a thoroughly enjoyed breakfast, got the machine out and proceeded to Sonoita to get the young ladies. They got as far as the Pennsylvania ranch on the return trip when they were again stranded by the breaking of the steering knuckle.

Mr. Ashburn then brought the party to Patagonia Sunday afternoon in his big car, and say, they had been so thoroughly drenched in the storm of the preceding night, and the colors were so fast they run, that their clothes resembled the coat of many colors, and when Mother Stone saw them there was a roar that could be heard above the rolling of the Sonoita.

The gentlemen returned to Huachuca on the Monday morning train and Mr. Shadley came down Wednesday, replaced the broken part, and returned to Fort Huachuca in the car.

Santa Cruz County Fair Association

Charles Brossart of Sonoita was here this week in the interest of the Santa Cruz County Fair Association, which will hold fair at the grounds near Sonoita the latter part of September. Mr. Brossart was in Nogales a week and reports a very successful campaign in selling stock and arranging for exhibits.

Arizona Good Roads Association

A vote of the officials of the Arizona Good Roads Association has decided that the next conference of the association shall be held at Flagstaff at a date after the middle of September. The president of the association, Dwight B. Heard, is preparing the call and same will be issued in a few days. The September meeting of the association should be a hummer. Plan to attend the next conference of the association at Flagstaff in September.

Pioneer Is 77 Years of Age

James Foley, one of the famous pioneers of Southern Arizona, was 77 years of age Monday. Mr. Foley carries his years well and says he is good for the century mark. He is a veteran of the civil war, after which he served many years in the regular army. Mrs. Henry Kane gave a dinner Sunday night in honor of the anniversary, and Monday night Mrs. James M. Harris gave a Spanish dinner for Mr. Foley and Dr. Harris, whose anniversary was also on the 19th.

Patagonia Smoke House

Cigars, Tobaccos, Newspapers and Magazines.

Ice Cream Parlor in Connection

H. H. McCUTCHAN
Patagonia Arizona

Irrigating Machinery

Pumps, Windmills, Boilers, Steam and Gasoline Engines.

SPECIAL GAS OIL

The Economical Fuel for Gasoline Engines

ROY & TITCOMB, Inc.

NOGALES, ARIZONA

We must get rid of our stock of

Fine Studebaker Buggies

and to do so will close them out at ACTUAL COST. Everything goes. Nothing held back.

A Real Chance to Save Money

Come and look over our stock

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B.
MARSH,
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Nogales - - Arizona

Santa Cruz Patagonian

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
H. P. GREENE Editor and Lessee
J. B. PRICE Owner

Small Fish Ponds.

The American Fisheries society fathers a project that has already received serious consideration in many parts of the country, and should, if put into practice, help to reduce the cost of living. This project is the creation of small ponds, an acre or two in extent, on every farm large enough to contain them. The ponds should be six or seven feet in depth and furnished with vegetation suited to the needs of the fish with which they are stocked. As no other food would be required the cost of providing a continual supply of fish would be very small. Trout have been for many years hatched and reared in the waters of sporting clubs, and immense numbers of them have been raised for commercial purposes. In a small pond fed by cold springs they can be bred in great quantities as to furnish sport as well as food. Carp, pickerel, eels and perch can also be reared without great expense. Dr. Charles H. Townsend, the director of the New York aquarium, has shown his interest in the project for establishing these small ponds by preparing a booklet giving detailed information in regard to their stocking and maintenance.

Man Who Was Always Late.

Private — was known to all his chums as "the early bird," probably because it was an exact description of the very opposite to what he really was, for "the early bird" was always late, the last man to get out of bed at reveille and the last man on parade, and when his regiment sailed for France his chums declared that he was the last into the transport ship and the last out of it.

When his regiment was doing spell in the trenches "the early bird" was sent for by his officer, and as he was creeping along the trench towards the dug-out a stray bullet caught him in the shoulder, just as he was outside the officer's shelter.

After seeing that he wasn't seriously wounded, the officer exclaimed, with a twinkle in his eye. "If you had just been a second earlier you would have missed that."

"I would, sir," returned Private, "or if I had been a second later it would have missed me." —London Times.

Literary Controversies.

Famous controversies over the authorship of poems include the following:

"Laugh and the World Laughs With You," claimed by four or five different authors, is now credited to Elia Wheeler Wilcox. Her chief opponent was John A. Joyce.

"All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight," was claimed by Ethel Lynn Boers and by Lamar Fontain, and each had plenty of unimpeachable integrity to sustain the claim.

"Rock Me to Sleep," was claimed by two different authors.

John J. Ingalls, the greatest Kansas statesman and writer, had his authorship of "Opportunity" disputed many times.

Walt Whitman and Mary Mapes Dodge had a stirring dispute about a little poem: "The Two Mysteries."

The authorship of Shakespeare's plays has been ascribed to Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam), Christopher Marlowe, Sir Walter Raleigh and other contemporaries.

Photographic Marvels.

In making photographs of the splash formed by a falling liquid Professor Worthington of the Royal Society, in London, has succeeded in giving an exposure of less than three one-millionths of a second. This is effected with an electric spark, which can be so accurately timed that the operator can select any desired stage in the progress of a splash within limits of error not exceeding two one-thousandths of a second.

A photographic printing machine exhibited at a recent meeting of the society had a roll of prepared bromide paper fed in at one end and turned out finished photographic prints at the other end at the rate of 2,000 to 3,000 per hour. These photographs may be used for illustrations in newspapers and magazines.

Old Men Lead.

The proverb "old men for counsel, young men for war" has generally been understood by the wise to mean that old men may be useful occasionally for proffering advice based on experience, but that strength and energy and enthusiasm of young men are essential for any real activity on a large scale, such as war. The proverb still holds good, but with a qualification. Young men are still the backbone of war—in the trenches. The old men are the counselors, but they are more than counselors. They are the active executive heads—the commanders.—Pittsburgh Press.

River Names.

Nansemund, the name of a river in Virginia, is from the Indian word Nawschimund, "the place from which we were driven away." The Flint, in Michigan, was called by the Indians Perwonigo, "the river of the flint," from the abundance of this stone on its banks. Humboldt river, in Nevada, was named by Fremont in honor of Baron Humboldt.

GOOD USES FOR KEROSENE

Excellent for Cleaning Glassware—Will Remove Rust From Kitchen Stove—For the Refrigerator.

A little kerosene added to very hot water will make windows, looking glasses and picture glasses bright and clear. Use a small, clean cloth, wring it dry and rub it over the glass, after wiping down the framework with an oiled cloth. Then proceed to the next window and treat it similarly on both sides. After that go back to the first one and wipe it dry with a large clean cloth. No real polishing is required and the window or glass will look clear and shiny.

Kerosene will clean your hands better than anything else after blacking a range or stove. Pour a little in the water, wash your hands in it, then wash them in tepid water, and finally wash them with plenty of soap and stiff brush in hot water. If possible finish up by rubbing the hands with lemon and rosewater and glycerin.

When your kitchen sink is rusty rub it over with kerosene.

Squeaks in shoes may sometimes be prevented by dipping the soles in kerosene.

The white spots appearing in the spring on the lining of your refrigerator will disappear if you rub the zinc with kerosene. Leave the refrigerator open several hours, then wash with water, soap and ammonia. The refrigerator will then be clean and sweet and all spots will have disappeared.

To clean painted walls wipe them with a cloth wet in kerosene and let stand 15 minutes. Then wash the walls with good warm soapsuds, but do not rub soap on the cloth, or the paint will be streaked. Rub spots of oil or pine pitch on clothing in kerosene before washing them.

MANY WAYS TO SERVE EGGS

Albumen Water, for One Thing, is Palatable and Highly Beneficial for Children.

After a bilious attack or any other kind of stomach trouble when a child cannot digest the yolk of the egg, it is possible to make the needed albumen more palatable by poaching just the white, removing the yolk before the white is dropped into the poacher.

Of course this can only be done in the transition period after the albumen water (raw white shaken up in water) is no longer strong enough.

Those who have babies generally know how to make albumen water, but for the benefit of those who do not know, the proportion depends upon the age of the child.

The usual formula for older children is the white of one egg shaken up in a glass of water, put on ice or served with ice chopped with a little orange juice for flavoring. If the doctor will allow it.

A refreshing drink for a sick person is the white of egg shaken up in two-thirds of a glass of water, mixed with the juice of a whole orange and half a lemon, with a little cracked ice. The acid cuts the albumen and prevents the stringiness besides adding a delicious flavor, cooling to a fevered throat.

Beefsteak Pie.

Have butcher cut $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of round steak into small squares. Put meat, with one small onion chopped fine, in frying pan with two tablespoonsful of butter and simmer for a few minutes. Cover with boiling water and boil—not too rapidly—until tender. Add four potatoes, cut into small cubes the last 15 minutes. Make pie crust and line baking pan. Prick and place in oven until dry but not brown. Put stew into this, add one-half teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one-quarter teaspoonful of black pepper and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Put on top crust and brown in oven. Serve from baking dish. Mushrooms may be added with potatoes if desired.

Fruit Sherbet.

The juice of two oranges, two lemons, a pint of cream and a cupful of sugar syrup (or less, depending upon the fruit). Strain the juice and add the cream and syrup, then freeze.

The proportion of ice and salt for ice cream is one part salt to three of ice.

Lentil Croquettes.

Take one pint of lentil pulp, one-half pint of bread crumbs (entire wheat preferred), three beaten eggs, two tablespoonsful of grated onions, one-quarter cupful of butter. Salt and pepper to taste. Mix ingredients together in double boiler or steam until eggs are set. Chill, then form in croquettes. Dip in egg, roll in crumbs and fry in deep fat. To add one-half cupful of shredded English walnuts or pecans imparts a rich, delicate flavor.

Tongue Sandwiches.

Mince cold boiled tongue and mix it with half as much finely diced celery. Moisten with mayonnaise and to a cupful add a tablespoonful of good tomato catsup. Spread between white bread and butter.

Macedoine Salad.

Take an even quantity of cold, cooked vegetables—peas, turnips, beets and potatoes, cut fine. Add a little minced onion. Cover with salad dressing mix lightly and serve cold.

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 miner to a millionaire. He is ambitious to become governor of the state. His simple, home-loving wife meets Katherine, daughter of Senator Strickland, and sees in her all that Mary is not. Slade decides to separate from his wife and take rooms at the hotel. His desire and his love and his constant attendance on Katherine Strickland causes public comment. Editor Merritt is won over to the support of Slade because he cannot otherwise supply the money for a newspaper. Mrs. Slade is won over by Mary.

Katherine agrees to marry Slade when the latter gets a divorce. Boy Hayes, in love with Katherine, has a stormy session with the latter over her conduct toward Slade.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

She turned to him with a bitter laugh. "I'm through with you—and our insults," and she fled from the room.

Katherine did not go a moment too soon, for scarcely had the folding doors closed behind her when the door from the smoking-room swung open, and with noisy talk the few remaining members of the dinner party struggled in.

In her agitated condition, even *Kate* shone would have found it difficult to regain her composure sufficiently to meet these men.

Ex-Governor Hibbard was in a particularly happy frame of mind. The senator's excellent viands and the senator's choice wines and the senator's Havanas had succeeded in making him feel well satisfied with the world in general and with Slade in particular. His round face was flushed and his strong teeth were a trifle away.

"Had a good time, senator," he said, removing his cigar, "but there were too many swallowtails here for me to-night. When I was governor of the state I never wore one. No, nor a plug hat, either."

"I never wore one, and I never will," seconded Colonel Smith, a typical long, lean, lanky westerner, with the inevitable western cut beard and hair a bit too long.

"Governor, you're right," and Strickland gave each man a resounding slap on the shoulder. "Colonel, stick to your guns. They're a nuisance. Now, boys, forget your homes and your trains. The others are all gone. Let us, the ringleaders, adjourn to the dining-room and over one of my punches."

The governor patted his stomach tenderly. The mention of the senator's punch was all that was necessary to weaken his desire to catch a train. "Ah! Strickland's punch! I'm with you."

"Now, gentlemen," interrupted Merritt in a business-like manner, "before we split up tonight it's understood we're all Slade men!"

"All Slade men!" was the unanimous shout from the colonel, the Governor Hunt, plump old Pop Hart and Ingram.

"And we're preparing to cope with Slade's domestic trouble should it come up, and it will," went on Merritt.

"The devil, Strick!" broke in the colonel. "Can't it be patched up until after election?"

"No, gentlemen." The senator was incautious but firm. "We must take Slade as we find him or—drop him.

"We're in the hands of a peculiar and dominant personality. We can't make these big fellows to order."

"What I can't understand," complained Hibbard, throwing the stub of his cigar into the fireplace, "is why they can't get on together."

"Take it from me, gentlemen, it's their fault," exclaimed Merritt, as much in favor of Slade as he had previously been opposed to him, now that Fannie was appeased with the money for her trip to Europe.

"She's preparing to desert him now," Strickland assured them. "It's revocable."

"Well, we can't blame him for being deserted," agreed Hibbard.

"You bet we can't. My wife deserted me," declared the colonel with an attempt at facetiousness, "and she didn't do it a day too soon, either. I've gone right ahead ever since."

"Now, then," went on the industrious Merritt, "three of us own papers. These are our points: Mrs. Slade is—or—er—a woman who has no sympathy with her husband—shuns public life—is never seen—refused even to see me. And no sympathy for him, I don't forget that."

"Yep! Just like my wife," grunted the colonel.

"I don't see how the public can blame him," declared Hibbard.

"They can't," asserted Hart.

"Why, she's a semi-invalid," amended Strickland.

"My wife hasn't seen her out since she drove him out of the house five weeks ago," declared Hart.

"Good! We'll use that," exclaimed Merritt, eagerly. "A semi-invalid—when she's ready to be moved she will be taken away at her own request. I'll publish it myself. I'll start the ball rolling. Why, gentlemen, the world ought to pity that man."

Hayes had stood the conversation as long as he could.

"Do you realize that you're attacking this woman unjustly?" he broke

in, walking into the middle of the group.

"This is not at all true."

"You keep out of this game," warned Strickland.

"Well, boys, we're all agreed," declared Merritt. "It's one for all, then."

"And all for one," added Hibbard, excitedly.

"Hip! Hip!" began Merritt, when the door opened and the butler announced:

"Mrs. Slade."

The hurrah that had been on each man's lips died a sudden death. They looked at each other in consternation.

"Mrs. Slade!" gasped Merritt. "Whew!"

The eyes turned toward the door saw a tiny, gray-garbed woman, with great, questioning brown eyes, hesitating in bewilderment fashion as she found herself confronted by a roomful of men. Her gown with its tight basque and full skirt was dowdy and badly cut, in marked contrast to the fashionable, clinging gowns of the women who had graced the room a short time previous. Her white gloves were a fraction too short to meet her short sleeves, and left exposed thin arms and pointed elbows. But the tender face, with its sweetly expressive mouth, was unchanged. The lovely eyes were more appealing, as filled with wistful yearnings, they gazed about the room.

"I'm afraid it's a little late for me to come," she managed to say, as the senator came up to her with outstretched hand.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," the senator assured her with an urbane smile. "Gentlemen, Mrs. Slade."

"Why, my dear madame," and Merritt greeted her effusively, "I'm glad to know that the reports to the senator have been exaggerated. Your health is now—er—"

"Oh, I never felt better in my life, sir," Mary declared, puzzled that he should ask such a question.

Hayes hastened to the little woman's side.

"Oh, Rob," she exclaimed, relieved to see a familiar face. As she turned to meet her husband's angry eyes.

"Well, Dan, I'm here," and she looked pleadingly up into the unsmiling face.

"I've given in," she went on. "It's been a struggle, but I'm here. Why, I've been thinking all this evening, while I was gettin' dressed, I'd give a dollar to see the look on your face when you saw me here, Dan, and know that you got your own way. Dan—I've—well—I've given in, in fact." And, turning to Rob with an expectant little smile, "Do I look all right, Rob?"

"I think you do," Hayes replied, gravely.

"Will you take Mrs. Slade home, Robert?" Slade broke in.

"It's very late," Hayes pleaded as he put his hand lovingly on the little woman's shoulder.

"Yes, I know it is," Mary agreed, still not realizing what a fiasco her first attempt to enter into social life was. "I've been outside for half an hour—just tryin' to make up my mind, but as long as you're here yet—why—"

"There aren't any other ladies present," Hayes tried to explain, "and I think perhaps—"

"You'd better go," Slade finished for him, but not in his conciliatory tone.

"But you don't understand," Mary objected. "He doesn't understand," she turned to Hayes in a perplexed way. "My being here tonight means I've given in," and she looked up searchingly into her husband's forbidding face. "I'm going out with you every night, all the time, whenever you want me, balls, parties, dinners, everything."

"Will you see Mrs. Slade to her carriage?" Slade turned to Rob, ignoring his wife's detaining hand.

"Yes, but," Mary began to object.

"It's necessary that I join these gentlemen," Slade informed her coldly.

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ECONOMY IN HIGH-PRICED THOROUGHBRED CATTLE

Whittier State School Herd of Pure-Bred Holstein-Friesians is Making Money for the State

Many California State Institutions possess thoroughbred stock of various kinds. Such institutions as need the service of cows have for years been endeavoring to raise the standard of their herds. The continually increasing income from the sale of pure-bred stock at Whittier State School during the past two years has made such a strong demonstration that it is now the established and permanent policy of the School to keep none but pre-bred individuals in its herd. At this writing all grade animals except three cows have been disposed of; and of these three

181498, age 3 years. Milker, Cadet Albert Garcia; 7-day test; milk 279.5, butter 11.55 pounds.

Lady Mutter true of Lucerne, 129601, age 4 years. Milker, Cadet Roy Carnegie; 7-day test; milk 401.1, butter 15.57 pounds.

S. V. L. Precious Jacinta, 146588, age 4 years. Milker, Cadet John Baluff; 7-day test; milk 55.3, butter 21.36 pounds.

Whittier Rowena DeKol, 120305, age 5 years. Milker, Cadet John Baluff; 7-day test; milk 444.0, butter 17.42 pounds; 14-day test, milk 868.4, butter

SATISFIED SPARKERS

They Liked Courting Three Nights a Week Better Than Marriage.

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY. (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mr. Jason Gill was a farmer's hired man, and twenty-two years old. The song of the turtle dove hadn't yet entered his heart. When a young man, no matter how strong he is, puts in from fourteen to sixteen hours per day at farm work he is glad enough to go to bed and to sleep without losing time over thoughts of Cupid.

Jason Gill's time was coming, however. Indeed, it was to come within an hour from the time he was found greasing his boots at the kitchen door on a Sunday morning.

"Gohn' somewhere?" queried the farmer.

"I thought I'd go down to the river and see if the boys was ketching any fish."

"Then as you have got to go past Morton's keep your eyes peeled."

"For what?"

"Her gal Susie got home the other day. You never saw her. She has been livin' with her uncle for the last six months. She used to spend half her time hangin' over the gate lookin' for agents and peddlers, but mebbe she has improved."

"Well, I shan't bite her," laughed Jason as he set out; and long enough before he got there he saw a female figure at the gate.

"That's probably the gal," he mused. "If she's good lookin' I'll look twice at her as I go past. If she's sort o' homely I'll just give one glance out of the corner of my eye."

The girl was looking straight at him for the last 20 rods, and as he began to slow down and step softly she said: "Hadn't you better stop and get acquainted?"

"Yes, I guess I will," was the reply.

"You are Susie who got home the other day?"

"Yep. Father says he has met you, but mother never has. Why haven't you been in?"

"No gals here."

"But there's going to be one here after this."

"Then I'll be coming."

"Pa says he thinks your name is Monson Pill, but isn't sure."

"Oh, thunder! Why, it's Jason Gill."

"That's just pa, all over. I think the name Jason Gill is one of the sweetest names I ever heard. I used to think Claude C'Artagan was a sweet name, but it sounds mushy beside yours. Do you like my name?"

"I do on it."

"Then come in and meet mother and stay to dinner."

Jason didn't go to the river, but the couple sat on the veranda and talked the rest of the day. When he was ready to start for home to do the milking, he said: "Susie, I've been kinder thinkin'."

"Kinder, what about, Jason?" she asked.

"Hadn't we orter say we was engaged?"

"Why, yes, I guess so."

And so when Jason went plowing home to the cows through the dusty meadows that lined the highway he had seen, admired, loved and become engaged.

And as Susie helped her mother clear the dishes off the table, accompanied by a song and a whistle, she felt that the girl who never hung over the front gate was missing golden opportunities.

Up among the swaggers set it would have taken from six months to a year to accomplish what they had in half a day, and who could say that one couple would be any happier than the other?

The farmer's wife saw a different look about Jason when he got home. "You have seen Susie Morton?"

"You bet!" was the reply.

"And you think she is cute?"

"Cuter than small apples."

"And," continued the woman, "I'll bet you fall in love with her in a month."

"Say, Mrs. Wilkins, we have been engaged at least forty minutes."

When the cows had been milked and the stock fed Jason headed down the road for Morton's again. He didn't get sight of Susie, but he felt better for hanging around the gate for half an hour.

In the field next day Farmer Wilkins stopped his work to ask:

"Jason, why in thunder do you want to fall in love?"

"To see how it feels."

"And will you marry?"

"Sure pop."

"But what on?"

"Love and ambition and all that."

The farmer knocked three or four potato bugs off a vine, and then looked at Jason. "You are about as big a fool as they make 'em!"

Jason's bedroom window looked toward Morton's and Susie's window looked out toward Wilkins'. Each spent at least an hour at his or her window gazing in the opposite direction and fondly imagining they could see the lovelight in each other's eyes, though there were three orchards, two barns and seven haystacks between. Jason would have gone to renew his vows of constancy every evening had not someone thrown clubs at him if he came over three times a week.

If Jason had been a clubman and Susie a swagger young lady they would have had their "tiffs." As it was, they never had a misunderstanding.

KING SEGIS DE KOL MEAD

32.8 pounds.

Whittier Rowena Maid DeKol, 127016, age 3 years. Milker, Cadet Albert Garcia; 7-day test; milk 259.0, butter 14 pounds.

Whittier Pontiac Segis, 249149, age 20 months. Milker, Cadet DeVeney; 7-day test, milk 391.3, butter 14.31 pounds.

White Bess Clothilde DeVries, 85947, age 3 years. Milker, Cadet James Chaplin; 7-day test; milk 529.0, butter 18.155, butter 22.683 pounds; 14-day test, milk 1062.5, fat 35.235, butter 44.444 pounds; 30-day test, milk 2223.5, fat 79.3, butter 88.562.

These tests are to be made as a regular feature of the dairy department, and several cows are already entered on the yearly semi-official tests.

Although the financial value of the herd has been augmented under this careful treatment and rigid record-keeping, the most promising feature of the advanced work taken up is the interest and enthusiasm of the boys for their share of the matter. Probably this is the first instance on record, so far as we know, in the whole country, of inmates of an institution preparing, feeding and milking cows under test. The keen interest and rivalry of these boys has been wholesome to themselves; and the accuracy with which they have measured the feed and the watchfulness they have displayed in seeing that the cows under their care are properly sheltered and protected is worthy of emulation by much older heads.

Among the cows tested are the following:

DeKol Pieterje Favorite Queen 2nd, 89591, age 9 years. Milker, Cadet John Baluff; 7-day test; milk 493.9, butter 22 pounds.

Jane, a grade cow, age 5 years. Milker, Cadet John Baluff; 7-day test; milk 449.6, butter 15.2 pounds.

Whittier Hartog Pontiac Korndyke, 181498, age 3 years. Milker, Cadet Albert Garcia; 7-day test; milk 279.5, butter 11.55 pounds.

32.8 pounds.

Whittier Rowena Maid DeKol, 127016, age 3 years. Milker, Cadet Albert Garcia; 7-day test; milk 259.0, butter 14 pounds.

Whittier Pontiac Segis, 249149, age 20 months. Milker, Cadet DeVeney; 7-day test, milk 391.3, butter 14.31 pounds.

White Bess Clothilde DeVries, 85947, age 3 years. Milker, Cadet James Chaplin; 7-day test; milk 529.0, butter 18.155, butter 22.683 pounds; 14-day test, milk 1062.5, fat 35.235, butter 44.444 pounds; 30-day test, milk 2223.5, fat 79.3, butter 88.562.

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Both the University experts have been won over in their praise of the boys, and have stated that never in their experience have they met the same enthusiasm to see that the work was properly done. Mr. Ballif made the further statement that he had met few even among owners who manifested the deep interest in the welfare of the animals that has been shown by the Cadet Milkers.

The herd now consists of about 80 individuals. The most recent addition is King Segis DeKol Mead, a sire who is expected to do much to raise the butter production of the herd. His breeding is of the very best, and as an individual he is a splendid specimen.

It will at once appear that the addition of this fine animal to the high producers already in the Whittier herd gives promise of some record-breakers among his progeny. There have been some good sires in the herd in time past, but none which gave greater promise.

There are several other departments on the State School farm which are of great interest and importance to the boys and to the State; but probably no one department in the entire institution is of greater importance in the two vital fields of the development of the boys and financial profit to the School.

HERBERT B. ANDREWS,
Printing Instructor.

No Desire to Be Ray of Sunshine. "These signs on the order of 'Keep Smiling,' 'Cheer Up,' etc., give me a large pain," said Sackville McKnutt, who has a very somber cast of countenance. "Did you ever see a picture of Abe Lincoln that had a smile on it? And did you ever see one of George Washington with a broad grin? I am proud that I resemble Lincoln and Washington."—Kansas City Star.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Tiny sugar-coated granules. (Advt.)

"Cost of Living" in China. One dollar to get married, ten cents to go to college, and fifty cents to graduate are some of the items in the new regulation "governing the affixing of stamps on certificates concerning human affairs" which were recently promulgated in China.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

The parents of the girl knew that Jason was a steady, hard-working young man, and, though they argued that Susie might do better, they did not fairly oppose her.

And on his sparkling evenings, when he was ready to go, the conversation would drift around to: "And, Susie, you ain't sorry I come along that day, are you?"

"Indeed, I hain't, Jason."

"And I bless the hour that I found you at the gate. Had you any idea you was going to fall in love with me?"

"Kinder of an idea—kinder. Did you think you might fall in love with me?"

"I knew I should."

When seven months had passed away Mrs. Morton said to her daughter: "Didn't you tell me months and months ago that that bump on a log had asked you to marry him?"

"Yes, the first day we met," was the reply.

"And when is the marriage day?"

"Why, mother, we haven't got to that yet."

"Well, you had better be a-gittin' it. A love match gets musty if left around a year or so."

When Jason was told of this he answered with a half groan: "Why, if I should lose you, you know I should hang myself to a tree!"

"And I should hunt out the same tree and dangle beside you!"

Another six months went past, and then Mr. Morton sent Jason around behind the barn and said: "It's a year now since you began coming to my house."

"Yes, about a year," was the reply. "And are you going to marry Susie, or are you wasting her time?"

"Why, we are going to get married, of course."

"When?"

"Pretty soon, I guess."

"But why not this week?"

"Well, we'll see about it."

"If you don't you needn't come around here any more."

"But, Mr. Morton, I love Susie so much," was protested.

And when he went into the house and demanded certain answers of Susie she replied: "I think we'd have been married long ago if it wasn't so nice to sit up with a beau three times a week."

The subject was dropped there, and for the next year the young folks went right on as before, and the girl's parents didn't know what to do with a young man that courted the way Jason did. Half a dozen times during the year Mr. Morton spat on his hands and started to make his threats good, but his wife dissuaded him.

"But what in thunder does the fellow mean?" he demanded.

"And Susie, too?" she queried.

"She's as much to blame as he is."

"Well, it shall be settled next Sunday." And thereupon they went into the committee of the whole to arrange the plot.

Each and every Sunday Jason headed for Morton's as soon as he got his chores done up, and remained all day. On a particular Sunday he was there as usual, and he and Susie were seated in the orchard when they were called in. It was to find the Baptist preacher and Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins there, while all had their Sunday clothes on.

"Is this the happy couple?" asked the minister as he rose up.

"It is," replied Mr. Morton.

"Why, yes," said Jason, "we are happier than two clams. What is going to happen here?"

"There is to be a marriage, I believe," replied the minister. "Am I right, my friends?"

And they said he was, and they took hold of the ceremony and rushed it to the most successful conclusion. When the bewildered victim discovered what had happened, Susie cried out: "Oh, Jason, they have gone and married us, and you can't come sparkin' any more!"

"And we'll never crack any more hickory nuts or eat popcorn together," added Jason.

But the day soon came that the husband said for both: "Why, darn it, if this hain't better than courtin' three nights a week till midnight!"

Up among the swaggers set it would have taken from six months to a year to accomplish what they had in half a day, and who could say that one couple would be any happier than the other?

The farmer's wife saw a different look about Jason when he got home. "You have seen Susie Morton?"

The Patagonia Commercial Company

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Mining Supplies,
Groceries, Dry Goods, Shoes, Clothing and
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"ON THE CORNER"

PATAGONIA, ARIZ.

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

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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. FESSLER, Prop.
Agent Nogales Steam Laundry
Laundry sent on Monday, returned Saturday

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 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

She is a land where, in the
bracing air of toil and temper-
ance, her people tirelessly labor
for the public good. Her people
resolutely see to it that all the
ends which they attempt to
achieve shall be for the cause of
their country and the cause of
truth, and neither ambition's
bugle call nor fame's alluring
smile, nor the piling up of gold,
can induce them to abate one
jot or tittle from the path of
rectitude which makes nations
truly great.—Extract from the
speech of Senator Henry F.
Ashurst at the launching of the
U. S. S. "Arizona."

A decision was recently hand-
ed down from the general land
office that applicants for desert
lands in Arizona must be citi-
zens of the state.

Chris B. Wilson was a passen-
ger for Tucson on the Monday
morning train, the heavy rains
making it impossible to drive
over in the "flivver."

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SAN RAFAEL

Elbert Kinsley and Ed Lawless
were in Patagonia last week
after loads of freight.

Mrs. Clyde McPherson was a
visitor in Patagonia Monday,
bringing out supplies.

Mrs. C. F. Young left last Fri-
day for Los Angeles to be with
her mother, who is quite ill.

Miss Ruby Shields, who has
been visiting with Miss Loretta
Lawless since July 4th, returned
to her home in Patagonia last
Thursday.

Mrs. A. L. Kinsley and son
and Mrs. George Ringwald and
young son came in last Friday
from Bishop, California, and are
now located on their new hom-
estead. Mrs. Kinsley is a sister of
Mrs. C. F. Young.

ELGIN

Don't forget the big dance at
Fruitland Hall, July 24.

Miss Verna Turner went to
Nogales Friday, returning Mon-
day.

Glenn, Guy and Pete Perry
were over Saturday to attend
the dance.

Ed Ridge made a business trip
to Nogales Wednesday, return-
ing Friday.

Lon Parker was down from
Canille country Monday, visiting
friends.

Mrs. T. J. Turner returned
Tuesday from Fairbank, where
she has been visiting her sister,
Mrs. Robert Reed.

Miss May Thiel, who has been
visiting Miss Willie Pyatt for
the past two weeks, returned to
her home in Tombstone Mon-
day.

The dance given at Elgin last
Saturday was well attended.
Everyone reports having had a
fine time. Too much cannot be
said about the Fort Huachuca
music!

Local Items

Judge Orton Phelps returned
Monday from a several days'
business trip in Nogales and
went out to his home at Mowry.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward E.
Bethell were visitors in Nogales
Monday night. Mr. Bethell took
down some samples from the
Blue Lead mine.

Mrs. John Archer returned to
her Tucson home Monday, with
her nephew, Cecil Wilson, after
a week's visit with her parents,
Mr. and Mrs. James Kane.

There will be a big dance at
Fruitland Hall, Saturday night,
July 24, at which an admission
fee of one dollar will be charged.
Ladies are requested to bring
lunch.

Frank A. Stone, the popular
station agent of the S. P., left
Monday morning for Tucson to
have his eyes examined by the
railroad physician. His place
was temporarily filled by Mr.
Cronin, Miss Toots Stone being
assistant agent.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kane
have erected a monument in
the Patagonia cemetery to the
memory of Mrs. Kane's father,
Thomas Gardner, who was the
first American settler in this
county. The structure is twelve
and one-half feet high.

Old papers for sale at this
office, 15c a bundle.

A. S. Henderson

CAR OF OLD WHEAT FLOUR

will be sold at a reasonable price considering the market

New stock of Good Work Shoes

Headquarters for Prospectors'
and Miners' Supplies

A. S. Henderson
General Merchandise
PATAGONIA : : ARIZONA

Ad. Bley, President
Max Muller, Vice-Pres.
C. Rivera, Cashier.

G. Mignardot, Accountant
L. Brauer, Sec.

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

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

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