

SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN

VOL. 3.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1915

No. 42

Patagonia Mining District

Being Visited By Investors

Pete Etchell was in from Mansfield camp this week and made a trip to Nogales.

Work was resumed at the French mine Sunday, after a few days' shutdown caused by the breaking of the engine.

C. H. Schultz was in from the Alto section Saturday. He is stoping on the Royal Blue vein and will soon have another car load out for shipment.

Charles H. Hoffman, mining engineer, has taken some fine photographic views of Patagonia and the mines surrounding, copies of which have been received by the Patagonian.

Fred J. Miller and J. England were in from Mowry Wednesday and took out a load of machinery and supplies. Mr. Miller is superintendent of the Red Mountain Mining Company, which is going steadily ahead.

Card of Thanks

On behalf of myself, family and relatives, I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks to the people of Patagonia for their many acts of kindness throughout the illness of my beloved wife and in their unstinted sympathy to the bereaved. Those ladies who were so untiring in their efforts in ministering in every way to her peace and comfort, will always be cherished in my memory.

NICHOLAS JOHNSON.

J. S. Gatlin and Geo. W. Parker, supervisors, were in Nogales this week for the meeting of the county board.

Tomorrow, Arizona Good Roads Association Conference will be held at Flagstaff, Ariz. Subjects that will be discussed are as follows: "General Highway System," "The Road Drag," "The Need of a Uniform System of Road Accounting," "Concrete Highway," "Why State and County Officials Should Encourage Good Roads," "The Importance of County Bond Issues for Good Roads," "Roads on Reservations and Federal Aid," "Road Signs" and "A Permanent Road Exhibit at the Arizona State Fair."

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

Postmaster Francis has received a fine line of Patagonia pennants.

Mrs. Best was in town this week from her home near Harshaw.

A. L. Paschall, farm advisor for Cochise and Santa Cruz counties, will hold farmers' meetings October 8 and 9 during the Santa Cruz County Fair at Sonoita.

Judge W. A. O'Connor passed through here Saturday on his way to Elgin, where he received several land applications, returning to the county seat on the evening train.

Elder P. L. Knox and wife left for Phoenix Tuesday, to attend the camp meeting of the Seventh Day Adventists, which holds forth in that city from the 7th to the 17th of the present month.

W. H. Collie of Elgin and Geo. W. Crayne of Sonoita were Nogales visitors the early part of the week, being down in the interest of the coming county fair. Mr. Collie returned Tuesday morning, Mr. Crayne remaining until Wednesday.

Edward S. Black is over from the Twin Butte country this week, where he is employed on the Bush Baxter property recently taken over by the Guggenheim interests. He went out to his Sonoita ranch Wednesday to visit until after the fair and will build an addition to his house before returning.

Howard Keener, linotype operator on the Tucson Star, was in town for a couple of days this week. Mr. Keener owns a ranch in the San Rafael valley which he is gradually bringing to a productive stage as is witnessed by the fact in marketing his first crop of pink beans of the season in Patagonia this week.

Premium list of the Eleventh Annual State Fair to be held at Phoenix from November 15 to 20, was received this week.

Father Militello will hold services in the Catholic church next Thursday, the 14th, and an early mass Friday morning the 15th.

G. Lou Stevens, A. D. Page and Merrill Knaapp were in the Casa Blanca canyon last Friday and were among the first to bring in a deer.

S. P. Prouty, who has a ranch near Mowry, was here Wednesday and Thursday. Mr. Prouty has been employed for several years at the Red Mountain mine, formerly known as the Four Metals.

Basil Dillon Woon, who has been city editor of the Nogales Daily Herald, from which he recently resigned, is in the city visiting his friends. He will leave shortly for Mexico, where he will gather material on the west coast for a story he has in prospect.

The Gary system pertaining to education, wherein among other things the school day is to be six hours instead of five and six days to be a school week, is receiving considerable comment in the press of the country. By this method it is claimed that it will shorten the educational course from eight to seven years.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold J. Brown were passengers from Los Angeles Friday evening. They were accompanied from Fairbank by Miss Ruth Parker, who is attending school at Tombstone. Mr. Brown continued his journey to Nogales on a business trip and Mrs. Brown and Miss Parker went out to Parker Canyon on the stage Saturday morning for a visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Parker Sr.

The first county fair to be held by the Santa Cruz County Fair Association today and tomorrow started off with a large attendance and all indications are for a very successful affair.

El Paso, Tucson, Benson, Nogales and Patagonia are represented by large delegations. The Southern Pacific will run a special train tomorrow, leaving Nogales about 8:30 and returning from Sonoita at 11 p. m.

The people of the county have taken a great interest in the fair and all have contributed to the success of the occasion.

The best of the exhibits will

E. E. Bethell and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Northcraft went out on a deer hunt last Saturday, returning Sunday, having bagged two nice bucks and their friends were presented with fine venison.

People who send children to stores after gasoline, should see that the container is supplied with a top or cork. An open can or bottle of gasoline is dangerous when a match is lighted near by.

Edwin McFarland and Clay McGaskey motored over from Rosemont the first of the week and went to Nogales Monday, accompanied by Mr. McFarland's daughter, Mrs. Simmons, and Mrs. J. M. Harris.

Jake Johnson went out to the Bixie group last week to do the assessment work. G. M. Hoffman was out to the Bixie, Monday, and made an examination of the property and will return later for further investigation.

Dr. H. R. Hitchins of Tucson, stopped in town Monday night and departed early Tuesday in quest of nothing less than a 6-prong buck. Bring in the head with the carcass, doctor, we are all game wardens here.

"Patsy" Patterson and County Ranger Stevens motored to Nogales, Monday, in Jewell Trask's speedy little car and brought back parts for Mr. Stevens' car, which was out of commission. Mr. Stevens made the trip to the county seat Tuesday in his own car and brought back Mrs. Stevens and little daughters, Minon and Louise.

People who fall back on the Mosaic law for an argument to justify capital punishment should, if they really desire to live up to the Mosaic law, quit eating hog, which that law forbids. They can also eat grasshoppers and locusts, which that law specifies they can do.

Then, if they are sticklers for the letter of the law as well as the spirit, they must get circumcised. God dealt directly with the first murderer, and he did not murder him to punish him, and God outranks any other authority on this matter.—Col. E. A. Rogers in Prescott Courier.

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Santa Cruz Patagonian

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WONDERFUL CAVE IN MINE

Michigan College of Mines Has Collection of Minerals From Cavern That Had to Be Destroyed.

The Michigan College of Mines has a collection of minerals from the wonderful Shattuck cave near Bisbee, in Arizona. According to Science, Shattuck cave was discovered in 1913, after a heavy blast on the third level of the Shattuck mine. When the miner who had been working in that part of the level returned with the night shift, he found a great opening that reached farther than his light could penetrate. Looking upward, he could see tiny lights flashing and in the belief that they were stars, he ran back to the shaft and declared that he had blasted a hole clear through to the surface. On investigation, the mine officials found that the blast had opened a great circular cavern 340 feet in diameter and 175 feet high, which seemed like a piece of fairyland. On the roof, myriads of crystals reflected the lights from the miners' lamps. The walls, the roof, and the floor were covered with great clusters of crystals, and near the center of the cavern a mass of stalactites, 40 feet long, hung from the ceiling like a great chandelier. For the most part the crystals were pure white; but in places where the filtering water had contained iron and copper, great transparent stalactites and stalagmites, some ruby red, others a clear emerald green or azure blue, added to the beauty of the scene. The mining company illuminated the cave with electricity, and has permitted thousands of visitors to see it. The mine workers had to fill the cave with waste rock—necessity that led them to send the specimens of minerals to the Michigan College of Mines.

FEW PERFECT DAYS IN LIFE

Like All Other Joys, It Is Because They Are So Rare That They Are So Highly Prized.

There is a pretty little sentimental song which begins with the words, "When you come to the end of a perfect day." It relates to true friendship and to an unforgettable incident, and it suggests that perfect days are rare in human experience. Perhaps they are. For perfect days depend upon many factors, and some of these are beyond the control of the individual. You cannot produce a perfect day at will, any more than you can summon perfect weather to suit your convenience.

The hasty conception of a perfect day would be such a one as falls out to be entirely to your liking in every respect. That requires a combination of circumstances which is exceptional. You might set forth in the morning with the determination that, in respect to your own actions and affairs, and your power over them, the day should be perfect, but in an hour or two external influences might intervene and the whole thing go glimmering. If there be one element lacking, whether it be an environment, in the attitude of others, or in yourself, perfection is not secured, and the day takes its place in the common category, inspiring neither song nor rhapsody, and occupying no permanent place in the storehouse of fond recollections. In fact, it is the very rarity of perfect days in a lifetime that makes the subject one of comment, of story, of poetry, of cherished memories.

HEADS ADVERTISING CLUBS



Herbert S. Houston, vice-president of Doubleday, Page & Co., who was elected president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World at the recent convention in Chicago. Mr. Houston was born in Illinois and has been in newspaper and magazine work all his business life.

HEROISM OF SKIPPER SOOEY

Brave Captain Inserted Himself in Rant in Steamer's Side and Saved Craft.

When news of the heroic exploit of Skipper "Hi" Sooey of the good ship Henry Summers reaches the British shores, the admiralty will undoubtedly seek out Skipper Sooey for special service in the submarine zone, according to the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. For here is a skipper who saved his ship from certain loss, under circumstances closely approaching those of the submarine assault, and did it not only personally and unaided, but distinctly in person and by that means alone.

Though not an imposing craft, the Henry Summers is well and more or less favorably known. She—applying the romantic terminology of the sea to the Henry Summers—takes people down to the fishing banks to catch fish, or, at least, to spend the day trying. Her personnel, in active service, consists of Skipper "Si" and the cook and crew, whose name is "Bill." Coming up the East river, after successful trip to the banks, having discharged her cargo of fish, fishermen, bait and bottles at the Battery, the Henry Summers hit something. If it was a floating mine or a torpedo it failed to explode. It merely made a neat hole two and one-half feet across in the side of the Henry Summers just at the water line. Skipper "Si" Sooey, at the helm, exclaimed, "Look that, gash d-u-n it!" The cook and crew were asleep forward. Skipper Sooey sounded the call for all hands on deck in every urgent manner known to maritime usage aboard the Henry Summers. The cook and crew slept peacefully on. The East river continued to come in through the hole. The cockpit of the Henry Summers was quickly knee deep with water, and her stern began to settle. The situation was desperate, but Skipper "Si" Sooey was there to face it, or—perhaps it would be better to say—to show the stuff he was made of. He pulled a lantern to the mast head, reversed his engine, lashed his wheel and inserted his substantial person snugly into the rent in the good ship Henry Summers' side. Then, as the Henry Summers backed swiftly down the tide, the skipper did all that he could, vocally, to make up for the lack of a steam siren in the equipment of the Henry Summers. At the foot of East Tenth street a police launch came alongside and its crew pried Skipper "Si" from the leak. He was shivering and exhausted, but the good ship was saved. The police launch towed her ashore before she could founder. And Skipper "Si," being much in need of brisk and warming exercise, woke up the cook and crew quite thoroughly.

That Hyphen Again.

Jamie's mother tried hard never to forget what she was pleased to call her "Scotch descent." Everything that Jamie wore, if possible, had a touch of plaid in it. Scotch scones and Scotch shortbread were the family fare. Cold, bare knees the season through would have been Jamie's fate, if his father had not objected.

Jamie was walking home from the movies with his father and mother. It was bright moonlight, with patches of fleecy clouds in the sky.

The tassel on Jamie's little Scotch cap went flap-flap against his back because he was looking up intently at the sky.

"Mother, look!" he exclaimed. "It's a bea-u-tiful finnan-haddie sky!"

"There are you. This is the limit," said Jamie's father to his mother. "I guess we better cut out this Scotch business. Your grandfather's birthplace was safe in the north of Ireland and there is no doubt about my grandfather—he came from Hamburg."

"After this, son, you are an American. And that bea-u-tiful sky is a mackerel sky, not finnan haddie."

Littile Change in Warfare.

Contemporaries have always mentioned the singular gravity of Napoleon. He could be expansive and even gay in youthful society—when he was himself young—but the mood never lasted, and historians mention his somberness in the Italian campaign when he was only twenty-six years old. The solemn profundity and fixity of his gaze always struck the stranger. He made himself respected and little feared even by his friends. His art, of course, was different from the art of today, for his battles were won with army corps instead of armies, as we now account them. But at bottom, warfare is always the same. Joffre and Napoleon have this in common—that the smile of both is particularly kind and engaging, and they praise freely those who have done well.

A Clash of Wits.

He—I love you.
She—But I haven't a cent in the world.

He—Excuse me; you didn't allow me to finish. I love you not.

She—So! I only wanted to try you. I have a fortune of \$50,000.

He—Yes, but you interrupted me again. I love you not for your money's sake.

She—Well, I'm so glad, for that was only a joke about the \$50,000.

The Poultry Dreamer.

"Do you think Bliggins is a practical farmer?"

"No. He's only a beginner."

"What makes you think so?"

"He is still at the stage when he thinks a dozen eggs and a setting hen will lay the foundation for an enormous fortune."

Old Lady Number 31

By LOUISE FORSSLUND
Author of
"The Story of Sarah"
"The Ship of Dreams"
etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Captain Abraham Rose and Angelina, his wife, have lost their little home through Abe's unlucky purchase of a Gold Mining stock. Their household goods sold, the \$100 auction money, all that they had left, will suffice Abe and Mrs. Rose to live in the Old Ladies' home, "Terror of the Old Ladies," a self-sacrificing but Abe decides: "My dear this is the first time I've had a chance to take the wust of it." The old couple bid good-bye to the little home. Terror of the Old Ladies' home, bears of the ill-fortune of the old couple. She tells the other old ladies, and Abe, that she is double as bad as the only double chamber, voices the unanimous verdict that Abe must be taken in with his wife. Abe awakens next morning to find that he is "Old Lady No. II." The old ladies give him a hearty welcome, and Abe is made to feel at home at once. "Brother Abe" expands with the winter reception of the sisters, and a reign of peace begins in the Old Ladies' home.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

It "plagued" the others, however, to see that none of them could get ahead of Bloody in their noble endeavors to make Abraham feel himself a light and welcome burden. She it was who discovered that Abe's contentment could not be absolute without griddlecakes for breakfast three hundred and sixty-five times a year; she it was who first baked him little saucer cakes and pies because he was partial to edges; and Bloody it was who made out a list of "Don'ts" for the sisters to follow in their treatment of this grown-up suitor's missives.

To her still sentimental eyes the colors remained unfaded, and each would bring to her mind instantly the picture of the writer as he had been in the golden days. But save to Bloody's eye alone there were no longer any rainbow tints in the little old trunk; for every ribbon and every cord had faded into that musty, yellow brown which is dyed by the passing of many years.

Abraham discovered her there, too engrossed in the perusal of one of the old letters to have heeded his creaking steps upon the stairs.

"Didn't see yer, till I most stumbled on yer," he began apologetically. "I come for the apple-picker. That's a handful of russets in the orchard yit, that's calc'latin' ter spend Christmas up close ter heaven; but—Say Bloody," he added more loudly, since she did not raise her head, "few seem anythin' o' that air picker?"

Bloody glanced up from her ragged, cracked billet-doux with a start, and dropped the envelope to the floor.

For the moment, so deep in reminiscence was she, she thought Captain Darby himself had surprised her; then, recognizing Abe and recalling that Samuel's winter visits were invariably paid in the afternoon, she broke into a shamefaced laugh.

"Oh, is that you, Brother Abe? Don't tell the others what you found me doing. These," with a wave of her delicate, blue-veined hands over the trunk and its contents, "are all old love letters of mine. Do you think I'm a silly old goose to keep them cluttering around so long?"

"Wa'al"—Abe with an equally deprecating gesture indicated Bloody's horsehair trunk in the far corner of the loft—"yew ain't no more foolishier, I guess, over yer old trash 'n me am' Bloody" he added more loudly, since she did not raise her head, "few seem anythin' o' that air picker?"

Bloody pretended to be relieved, protesting that she was delighted to find that she would now have an extra hour in which to ponder the question. But the second train came and went, and still no Captain Darby.

All the afternoon long Bloody wore her lace gown, thinking although there were no more trains from the eastward that day, that Samuel would still find his way to her. He might drive, as he usually did in June, or he might even walk from his home at Twin Coves, she said.

Recovering the envelope that she had dropped, he quainted at the superscription. "Not meanin' ter be inquisitive or personal, Sister Bloody," a teasing twinkle appearing in his eye, "but this looks dreful familiarity, this here handwritin' do. When I run the beach—yew've heard me tell of the time I was on the life-savin' crew over ter Bleak Hill for a spell—my cap'n he had a fist jest like that Uster make out the spickest, spanniest reports. Lemme see," the twinkle deepening, "didn't the gals say yew was a 'spec'nt somebody terday? Law, I ain't seen Cap'n Sam'l fer ten year or more. I guess on these here poppin' trips o' his he hain't wastin' time on no men-folks. But, Bloody, yew better give me a chance ter talk to him this arternoon, an' mebbe I'll speak a good word for yer."

Bloody, not always keen to see a joke, and with her vanity now in the ascendent, felt the color rise into her withered cheek.

"Oh, you needn't take the trouble to speak a good word for me. Any man who could ever write a letter like this doesn't need to be coaxed. Just listen:

The man you take for a mate is the luckiest dog in the whole round world. I'd rather be him than king of all the continents. I'd rather be him than strike a gold mine reaching from here to China. I'd rather be him than master of the finest vessel that ever sailed blue water. That's what I would. Why, the man who couldn't be happy with you would spill tears all over heaven.

Bloody's cheek was still flushed, but no longer with pique. Her voice quavered and broke; and finally there fell upon the faded page of the letter two sparkling tears.

Abraham shuffled uncomfortably from one foot to the other; then, mut-

tering something about the "pesky apple hook," went scuffling across the floor in the direction of the chimney.

Bloody, however, called him back.

"I was crying, Brother Abe, because the man I did take for a mate once was not happy, and—and neither was I. I was utterly wretched; so that I've always felt I never cared to marry again. And—Samuel's wig is always slipping down over one eye, and I simply cannot endure that trick he has of carrying his head to one side, as if he had a left-handed spell of the mumps. It nearly drives me frantic."

"Brother Abe, now tell me honestly: do you think he would make a good husband?"

Abe cleared his throat. Bloody could not be laughed at. She was his friend, and Angry's friend; and she had come to him as to a brother for advice. He, too, had known Samuel as man to man, which was more than any of the sisters could say.

stroking his beard thoughtfully,

therefore, he seated himself upon a convenient wooden chest, while Bloody slipped her old love letter in and out of the envelope, with that essentially feminine manner of weighing and considering.

"Naow," began Abe at length, "this is somep' that requires keerful deatin'. Fust off, hawsomever, yew must remember that wigs an' ways never made a man fit. Es i riccole' Sam'l, he was pooyt good as men go. I shud say he wouldn't be any more of a risk ter yew than I was tew Angry; mebbe less. He's got quite a leetle laid by, I understand, an' a tidy stor-ay-a-half house, an' front stoop, an', by golly, can't he cook? He's a splendid housekeeper."

"Housewifey," remarked Bloody sagely, as she began to gather her missives together, "is an accomplishment which has always made it seem impossible for her and Samuel to be scorned in a young husband, but not in an old one. They say there hasn't been a woman inside Samuel's house since he built it, but it's as clean as soap and sand can make it."

"I bet yer," agreed Abe. "Hain't never been no fly inside it, neither, I warrant yer. Fly can't light arter Sam'l's cleanin' up nohow; he's got gotter skates."

"He says he built that little house for me," said the old lady, as she closed down the lid of the trunk. There was a wistful note in Bloody's voice, which made Abraham declare with a burst of sympathy:

"Tain't no disgrace ter git married at no time of life. Sam'l's a good provider; why don't yew snap him up terday? We'll miss yew a lot; but—"

"Here's the apple picker right over your head," interrupted Bloody tartly, and Abe felt himself peremptorily dismissed.

Scarcely had he left the attic, however than she, too, hastened down the steep, narrow stairs. She spent the remaining hours before train time in donning her beautiful lace gown, and in making the woman within it as young and ravishing as possible. And lovely, indeed, Bloody looked this day, with a natural flush of excitement on her cheek, a new sparkle in her bright, dark eyes, and with her white hair arranged in a fashion which might have excited a young girl's envy.

The hour for the train came and went, and lo! for the first time in the history of twenty years Captain Darby did not appear.

Bloody pretended to be relieved, protesting that she was delighted to find that she would now have an extra hour in which to ponder the question. But the second train came and went, and still no Captain Darby.

All the afternoon long Bloody wore her lace gown, thinking although there were no more trains from the eastward that day, that Samuel would still find his way to her. He might drive, as he usually did in June, or he might even walk from his home at Twin Coves, she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Found in a Glacier.

Sir Martin Conway has recently told this story of finding a lost ax in the Alps: Zurbigen, one of the celebrated mountain climbers of the world, in scaling a peak of Les Anglaises, near Chamounix, accidentally let his ax fall near the summit of the peak. It fell some thousands of feet in the normal course of things it was buried in snow and swallowed up in the glacier, being covered deeper and deeper each year, and at the same time being carried slowly downward as the ice flowed on. Seven or eight years afterward Hon. G. C. Bruce and Harkbir, a Sepoy chief, in descending a peak of the Alps just as night was falling, and a great crevasse barred the way, being unable to find the bridge over it, cut a path down to the bottom, where Harkbir stepped on an ax which had M. Z. Zurbigen's initials on the handle. There could be a mistake as to the identity of the ax, as Harkbir had seen it and used it before.

He Knew That Money Talk.

He couldn't talk English, though perhaps he understood a little, but he knew a thing or two. He was riding on a huckster's wagon past a public school. His partner had gone into a house to sell some truck, and he was learning the business. His clothes were ragged and shabby, much like those of the stage tramp. The children started to jeer at him, making remarks about his clothes. He seemed to understand that they were making fun of his clothes, so he reached in his pocket and pulled out the bromide "roll of bills that would choke a cow." These bills he waved at the children, for apparently he believed that money would insure respect, even if he did have old clothes.

WARSHIPS IN DUEL

British Dreadnaught Drives Turkish Cruiser From Strait.

Salvos of Monster Shells Sweep High Over Ridges of Gallipoli at Dardanelles—Aviator Directs the Fire.

By LOUIS EDGAR BROWNE, (Correspondent of the Chicago News) Mudros, Allies' Near Eastern Base.

The Queen Elizabeth and the Goeben have been engaged in battle with each other. The great British dreadnaught, the most powerful battleship afloat, attacked the Goeben under most extraordinary conditions. Although the Queen Elizabeth fired salvos of gigantic highly explosive projectiles, the Goeben escaped unhit.

Since the allies' forces landed at the Dardanelles late in April the German-Turkish battle cruiser has seriously hampered the advance toward their goal—Constantinople. It has supposedly a base at Chardak, an auxiliary naval port, on Gallipoli strait, 25 miles above the narrows. Nearly every day the Goeben has taken a position between Matios and Cape Nagara, just above the Narrows, and has supported with killing fire the Turkish troops facing the Australian-New Zealand line running in a semicircle from below Suvla bay southward toward the line of the English and French forces advancing up the peninsula.

Turkish engineers have established a line of communication between posts of observation and signal stations somewhere east of Matios. Because of these the fire

JUST A WORD
ABOUT YOUR

HEALTH

If your health is poor as a result of a weak stomach, lazy liver or clogged bowels

— TRY —

HOSSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

IT HELPS NATURE CORRECT SUCH TROUBLES AND IMPROVES HEALTH

The Way of Robert E. Lee.

General Lee was in the cars going to Richmond one day, and was seated at the end farthest from the door. The other seats were filled with officers and soldiers. An old woman, poorly dressed, entered at one of the stations, and, finding no seat and having none offered her, approached the end where the general was seated. He immediately arose and gave her his seat. Instantly there was a general rising, each one offering his seat to the general. But he calmly said: "No, gentlemen, if there was no seat for the infirm old woman, there can be none for me."

The effect was remarkable. One after another got out of the car. The seats seemed to be too hot for them, and the general and the old lady soon had the car to themselves.—Southern Churchman.

To Break in New Shoes

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrown nails and bunions. At all drugists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. (advt)

Censor Requires Interpretation.

The mysterious German word "Zugel" recently produced trouble in a family residing in Cothen, says a Hamburg dispatch. A son serving in the German army wrote his parents that he was returning home on a leave of absence. He added that he would stop over in Brussels and asked for money to enable him to return to Germany. A few days later the family received a telegram: "Send 100 marks to Victoria hotel, Zugel." The parents hesitated to send the money, as this was not their name. They made inquiries at the office of military officials. The answer came: "Zugel no bunks steerer. You can safely send the money. Zugel is an abbreviation added by the censor, meaning 'zuge lassen' (passed)."

Need Fair Notice.

It is said Marconi has invented a device which will enable one to see through a brick wall and detect what is going on within them. We hope the inventor will give fair notice of putting this invention on the market. The poker games will need time to hide in the basements and caves.—Houston Post.

WOMEN WHO ARE ALWAYS TIRED

May Find Help in This Letter.

Swan Creek, Mich.—"I cannot speak too highly of your medicine. When through neglect or overwork I get run down and my appetite is poor and I have that weak, languid, always tired feeling, I get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it builds me up, gives me strength, and restores me to perfect health again. It is truly a great blessing to women, and I cannot speak too highly of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."—Mrs. ANNIE CAMERON, R.F.D., No. 1, Swan Creek, Michigan.

Another Sufferer Relieved.

Hebron, Me.—"Before taking your remedies I was all run down, discouraged and had female weakness. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and find today that I am an entirely new woman, ready and willing to do my housework now, where before taking your medicine it was a dread. I try to impress upon the minds of all ailing women I meet the benefits they can derive from your medicines."—Mrs. CHARLES ROWE, Kennebago, Maine.

If you want special advice 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.

PRISONERS TO CUT WEEDS

Will Be Used to Improve the Highways in Wayne County, Indiana.

Richmond, Ind.—The elimination of weeds along the public highways is a part of the work of the "road improvement," according to Superintendent Jones of the Wayne County Department of Highways, and accordingly he will begin within the next few weeks to cut weeds all over the county.

Prisoners from the county jail will be used in this work, as they have been during the spring in road repair work. The county now has an automobile truck used for the transportation of prisoners to various parts of the county.

The experiment of working prisoners on the roads was undertaken with some misgivings by citizens, but now, according to county officers, the only objection comes from the prisoners themselves, who prefer, in most cases, to be permitted to spend their time in idleness at the jail.

KEEPS FOLKS AT HOME BUSY



A scene such as this is not uncommon in the countries stricken by the war. This picture was taken in one of the picturesque hamlets of the Spreewald, one of the outskirts of Berlin. The natives of this part of the country are descendants of a very ancient race, the Wenden. They still speak among themselves the ancient language of their ancestors. The children, at an early age, are trained in household duties. This custom now shows its real value to the country for the young children, together with the older women, knit stockings for the men at the front.

POTATOES FOR THE POOR

Welcome Relief Promised for Destitute Families in Hartford City, Ind.

Hartford City, Ind.—On the suggestion of M. M. Weller, a prominent business man, the Magazine club of this city will put into operation a plan which, it is believed, will afford welcome relief for many poor families in Hartford City next winter.

The club will obtain permission from the owners of a number of vacant lots in the city to plant potatoes. It is believed that from 600 to 800 bushels can be raised in this manner during the summer. Next winter, when calls for help are received from destitute families, the potatoes will be distributed. Mr. Weller has agreed to donate the services of several teams and men and also to permit the club to use several lots owned by him.

GOVERNMENT AT LAST PAYS

Settles Claim for Property Seized by Federal Troops Fifty-one Years Ago.

Boonville, Mo.—Fifty-one years ago federal troops converted to their use personal property belonging to a citizen at Tipton, Moniteau county, conducting a livery stable. This property consisted of mules, horses, etc. After his death his daughter, Mrs. Mary Christopher of this place, began the prosecution of a claim against the government of the United States to recover damage for confiscation of her father's property.

Twelve years ago Attorney C. W. Journe took the matter in hand and worked unceasingly in behalf of the complainant. A few days ago W. W. Trigg, appointed administrator, received a government voucher for \$10,000, what was left of the claim of \$12,500. The attorneys in the case were allowed \$2,500 by the government for their services.

Grave Digger's Record.

Brazil, Ind.—William de Brular, who has been a grave digger since 1881, has dug more than 262,500 cubic feet of earth and rock from graves alone. Of the 3,500 graves 171 were for persons who met death by accident, five were victims of murderers, one was murderer who took his own life and 63 were for persons who had committed suicide. Mr. de Brular was formerly a minister.

My Client's Queer Case

By Augustus Goodrich Sherwin

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman)

out avail. Now he had come to me, believing that his presence in the district would cause Thorpe to remain in concealment.

Twice Thorpe has been seen in the last week—once in a range of hills near the coast, once running out in the lake in his launch but at a distance and speeding to cover when hailed.

These facts I verified within a few hours after my arrival at Clyde. Dacre had searched the hills in vain. I wasted no time in that direction. It was the man who had seen Thorpe in the launch to whom I paid the most attention. He was a fisherman and he was positive of his identification of the man I was after.

"You see," he observed to me, "there are one or two charges against Thorpe for violating the game laws, and of course he is under cover to evade arrest. With a steam craft, though, you can make up your mind he won't take much to over-country rambling."

"That looks reasonable," I conceded. "Where did he disappear to when you last heard of him?"

"Between Point of Rocks and the Bay, as we call it. There's a mile stretch. Somewhere along there he disappeared. Cave or a secret path up those steep cliffs, I don't know, but when I ran in shore there was no sign of either craft or man."

"You are sure it was Thorpe?"

"Humph! I guess so. That yellow sweater and red fox of his are not to be mistaken," was the confident reply.

I secured a small row boat and spent the better part of two succeeding days on the lake. I particularly hovered about the points of location designated.

It was late in the afternoon and I was midway between Point of Rocks and the Bay, when I saw a light gasoline launch making from the open water for shore. I saw, too, the man in charge—yellow sweater, red fox. I was on my way to Clyde, for the sky had become overcast and a sudden breeze threatened.

"My man, Reuben Thorpe, sure as fate!" I breathed.

I steadied the yawl as best I could. The little launch was headed for shore straight as an arrow. I sat spellbound. It was curdling. At full speed it seemed to crash into a great mass of grim gray rock and—disappear!

Particularly had I noticed a prominent chalky line in the rock directly where the launch had vanished. I doubted not that I could keep it in sight and took up my oars to start direct for the spot. I was off in my calculations. A tempest of wind drove one car from my grasp. The same fierce source drove me landwards with incredible rapidity.

As I neared the frowning wall of rock, I prepared to jump to evade being dashed against it. To my infinite amazement the yawl dove into a soft, yielding surface.

It was a canvas curtain painted to resemble a rocky surface on its outside and the deception discoverable only at close contact!

Just beyond this masked entrance was a cavelike apartment. There Thorpe and his stepdaughter had found refuge. I lingered unsuspected until I learned the situation. The poor girl was pining for her lover, but her stepfather was arranging to go far off to some isolated spot with the morrow. His great contention seemed to be that her suitor was too high above her to mean really to wed her.

But of that he was convinced, when later that night I sent for my client and led him to the cave.

What came of it all? Happiness complete. Dacre gave up society, time-serving friends, hollow plans for fame. In a quiet hamlet he built a pretty home. Thorpe was welcome there, and as time went on some of the roughness left his rugged nature, and he became a really presentable member of the contented group of three.

She Seemed to Feel It a Duty to Remain With the Lonely, Bereaved Old Man.

do no other person. I need your professional assistance. Can I have it?"

"In other words, you wish me to find this Reuben Thorpe and his stepdaughter, Elsa Warren."

"Precisely."

"I will think it over this evening and let you know in the morning." I answered, and with that my visitor departed.

There was a good deal to think over. Briefly, Dacre, while hunting in a wild part of the Lake Superior country, had sustained a bad fall from a cliff-side. He had lain helpless and isolated half of the day and all of one night, unable to climb up the steep incline. He had been discovered by a girl whose whole appearance suggested some wild mountain.

Her name was Elsa Warren and she lived with her stepfather, Reuben Thorpe, a hunter he proclaimed himself, but not averse to assisting border smugglers at times. He was a surly, unsociable old fellow, but with one great redeeming feature in his warped nature—he idolized Elsa as he had loved her dead mother. She seemed to feel it a duty to remain with the lonely, bereaved old man. In her presence all his rudeness seemed to disappear. Poor, obscure as they were, the girl had grown up communing only with nature, ardently fond of books. These had refined her nature, and these her stepfather always provided, no matter how poorly his desultory vocation paid him.

The old-fashioned girl who was always afraid that she might show through now has a daughter who believes that a coat of talcum powder is opaque.

Another mystery is how a thin girl can eat six square meals per day and grow thinner, and how a fat girl can eat one potato and gain four pounds.

A woman may imagine that she is saving money because she has everything charged and doesn't ask her husband for some coin every morning.

Why does a man always take a second look at a red-headed girl?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Great Wall of China.

Few people realize what an almost perfect condition prevails along a large part of the great wall of China. The bricks of the parapet are as firm as ever, and their edges have stood the severe climatic conditions of North China with scarcely a break. The paving along the top of the wall is so smooth that one may ride over it with a bicycle, and the great granite blocks with which it is faced are smooth and so closely fitted as when put in place over 2,000 years ago. The entire length of this wall is 1,400 miles, it is 22 feet high and 20 feet in thickness. At intervals of 100 yards or so there are towers, some 40 feet in height.—Popular Magazine.

A "Helping Hand" Extended to the Middle Aged Woman

THERE comes a time in every woman's life when her organism undergoes an important change. This is a critical period. It is a time when a woman needs her full health and strength. For your own sake you should anticipate this turning point.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

The latest medical science is contained in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a new edition of 1000 pages, only 31c. Address Dr. Pierce's Invalid's Hotel, Buffalo.

Sold in tablet or liquid form by Medicine Dealers—or send 50 cents for sample box

Classified Column

BOILER AND MACHINE WORKS

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Patriotism Makes Her Wealthy.

The other day an old woman came into a bank in Prague and handed to the clerk an antique savings book, which showed a credit of \$48. She asked whether this would serve for the war loan, since she had no other money. She explained that this book was left by will to her mother, who, dying, gave it to her. "Anyhow," she added timidly, "I would like so much to help a little bit."

The clerk took the book and disappeared. After a while he came back and with him his superiors, including even the president of the bank. And then they broke it gently to her that the book dated since 1838 and that therefore the \$48 amounted now, with compound interest, to about \$3,300.

Without her patriotic she would never have known how rich she was.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Palate resists acids and invigorates stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy. (Advt.)

Reversing Conditions.

Mrs. Flatbush—How that boy of yours is growing! I believe he is taller than his father.

Mrs. Bensonhurst—Yes, he is. You see we are now cutting down the boy's clothes for his father.

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In their home town to take orders for hosiery and sanitary goods. Splendid profits. Goods guaranteed. Write

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A Modern School. Individual Instruction. Positions for Graduates. Courses: Telegraphy and Station Accounting; Commercial and Personal Correspondence; Commercial, English, Civil Service; Penmanship. THE BEST OF EVERYTHING. Fall term begins September 1. Call or write for particulars.

WANTED and FOR SALE

Wanted—all kinds and sizes of second-hand water pipes and other machinery for spot cash.

For Sale—Good second-hand pipe, newly-dipped in asphaltum, new threads and couplings; bargain in boilers, tanks, engines, pumps, belting, etc. Call or write for particulars.

KELLY MACHINE CO., Inc., Boyle 126 & 224 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

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No Pay or other service. An ordinary physician can't cure any TUMOR, LUMP or SORE on the lip, face or body long in CANCER. If I fail to cure
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Any LUMP in WOMAN'S BREAST

is CANCER and always poisons deep glands and KILLS QUICKLY. Get a doctor to remove it. We desire many who wait too long & must die.

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KINDLY MAIL THIS to someone with CANCER

L. A. N. U. 1915-No. 37

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Laundry sent on Monday, returned Saturday

State Fair

News Notes

The prospect of good horse events for the State Fair this year was never better. Indications already point to a great series of events at the State Fair track following the close of the great fall meet of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. It has been noticeable to all who have closely watched these events, however, that although the great events at San Francisco have been advertised as the biggest and best ever held, there are no such fast races called for as are had on the historic Phoenix track every year.

In point of entry in both the pacing and trotting classes the speediest races are the 2:00 pace and the 2:06 trot. These are slower by several seconds than the fastest class of races held at Phoenix. The purses at the Arizona State Fair have always been generous, so much so, in fact, that they have been attractive to all the big harness horsemen in the country.

Mine Warning Notice!
To Whom it May Concern:
Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, R. R. RICHARDSON has bonded to H. E. Bierce and Thomas Thorkilson the following named mining claims, located in the Harshaw Mining District, Santa Cruz County, Arizona, to wit: Flux numbers one to nineteen (both numbers included), location notices of which are of record in the office of the County Recorder, Santa Cruz County, that these mines are being operated by the said Bierce and Thorkilson, and the public is hereby warned that R. R. Richardson will not be responsible for any work done on the said mining claims, nor the undersigned will not be responsible for any debts contracted or injuries sustained by any employer or employee in working said property, and that no employer or employee is the agent of the undersigned for any purposes whatever, and that all operations engaged in such service at their own risk, and that no debt or claim of debt is valid against said mining claims or the undersigned.

R. R. RICHARDSON.

Dated Patagonia, Arizona, September 18, 1915.

9-24-15

J. M. HARRIS, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

George T. Coughlin
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Copper 18.25
Lead 4.50
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On Saturday the 23rd of this month, the people of Santa Cruz county will vote upon the proposition of issuing \$150,000 worth of "good road" bonds. This paper believes that little opposition will be met, as the question of "good roads" has become national, as most everyone, everywhere throughout the union is declaring for better high ways. Beyond question it is the most economical method by which the resources of a community may be advanced. Santa Cruz is a resourceful county and the maintaining of excellent roads will guarantee returns in the future of many times the amount to be voted for. The Patagonian is for the bonds and others, if necessary, until every section of the county is in touch with this much desired utility.

The Prescott Courier says: "Of course, Governor Hunt does not want to run for the office of Governor of Arizona again; it is the attacks upon him of the special interests press that may cause the great mass of the people of Arizona to take Hunt up and run him again anyhow. That is exactly the situation. These special interests and their henchmen may pour all their coffers empty in maintaining a mercenary press to control elections, but the control has not been in evidence up to date, and will not be."

SUMMONS

In the Justice Court, Crittenden No. 4 Precinct, County of Santa Cruz, State of Arizona. J. M. Harris, Plaintiff, vs. Y. Molino, Defendant.
Action brought in the Justice Court of Crittenden No. 4 Precinct, in and for the County of Santa Cruz, in the State of Arizona, and answer to the Complaint filed in said Justice Court, at Patagonia, in said County, within five days exclusive of the day of service, after the service upon you of this Summons, if served within this Precinct; but without this County, ten days; if served out of the County, fifteen days; in all other cases, twenty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you.

Given under my hand at Patagonia this 21st day of September, 1915.

GEORGE T. COUGHLIN,
Justice of the Peace of said Precinct,
First Publication Sept. 24, 1915—it
and, in consequence, the best
horses in America have been
yearly visitors to Phoenix.

The coming fair will be no exception to the rule. Entries for these events will close on October 1 of this year and by that time as good a list of spanking fine harness animals as can be seen at any state fair in the country will be listed with Secretary Shaughnessy.

The Arizona State Fair has two of the fastest tracks in the country. The inside track is a half mile track used for some of the shorter events. This track is always kept in first-class condition and, as a soft dirt track is exceeded in value and attractiveness only by the mile track which circumscribes it. This mile track is the pride of Ari-

zona. Here world's records have been broken and will be broken again. It is possibly the only track in the whole list of state fair tracks that is used in the same week by both automobile racers and horse racers. It is solid and yet cushiony, giving the noble animals almost an incentive to make the records of their lives.

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Prices Lowest Consistent with Quality
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