



Considerable Activity Is In Evidence Throughout The Patagonia District

J. C. Longstreet is working on his copper property in the Santa Ritas, above Casa Blanca canyon.

A. H. Glidewell has a small force of men at work on the Indiana group of claims, three miles north of town.

George Wieland gives encouraging reports concerning the work and showings made recently at Jefferson Camp.

John Glasson is busy opening up the Bradford property, having a small force of men to start the work, after which an increase will be made.

Mr. Tompkins, who has taken over the Gringo group of claims, is quite ill at Globe with la grippe, and active work at the Gringo will be delayed until his recovery and arrival here.

The wize in the tunnel on the Andes property is still in ore and it looks like C. C. Sanders is going to prove up a big mine on the end of Red Mountain and fulfill the predictions of the former owner, Col. Richardson, that Red Mountain would produce the biggest mine in the district.

Never before in the history of the trade were sales of copper booked so far ahead as they have been recently says Walker's Weekly Copper Letter. Contracts have been made for deliveries extending up to July and August next year at approximately the present price level. Producers have sold a very large

portion of the total amount of copper they will be able to deliver during the first six months of next year, and thus the market has been put into a position which makes any material decline in price during the coming six months exceedingly improbable.

Exports of copper so far reported for the month of November aggregated 43,447,040 lbs., this being a decrease of about 7,000,000 pounds as compared with the October total. Exports continue to report it is extremely difficult to arrange for carrying facilities, and it is understood that a considerable amount of copper is piled up on the docks waiting for ships to take it away.

It was reported this week that representatives of German manufacturers had purchased 200,000,000 lbs. of copper in this country for deliveries beginning 90 days after the termination of the European war.

It is stated on what appears to be good authority that a number of aluminum transmission lines have been taken down in the west recently, replaced with copper wire and the aluminum wire shipped east, melted down and sold for export. It is declared that this was done to take advantage of the prevailing high price of aluminum, around 60 cents a pound. Such an assumption, however, seems to be ridiculous. No power company would permit its operations to be interrupted for the sake of making a few cents a pound profit which would remain after paying for labor, transportation melting and selling charges. If aluminum transmission lines are being replaced by copper it is because the aluminum wire has failed to give the service expected. Copper is an almost incomparably better conductor of electricity than aluminum. It is stronger and in the long run is very much more economical to use. What is now going on, therefore, marks simply the gradual elimination of aluminum as a substitute for copper in electrical transmission.

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

Genuine Codfish at the Washington Trading Co. —adv

"Patsy" Patteson was ill several days with an attack of la grippe.

Brock Shannon and Johnny McDonald were passengers to Nogales Thursday.

Dr. J. M. Harris writes that he is well pleased with his position at Fort Grant.

Dr. Ray Ferguson was in Nogales several days, transacting business and returning home on Monday.

Mrs. McKee and charming little daughters arrived Wednesday from Tucson and are guests at the H. B. Riggs home.

The Cold Storage Market has closed its business and all bills will be payable at A. S. Henderson's store. —adv.

The Fourth Annual Farmers' Short Course will be given at the State University in Tucson, January 2 to 15, 1916.

Mrs. R. S. Withrow returned Wednesday from Nogales, where she took examination for teachers' certificate Monday and Tuesday.

W. T. Roath of Elgin, was in Nogales Saturday night to attend the meeting of Santa Cruz County Democratic Central Committee.

Val Valenzuela Sr. was laid up this week with an injured arm, his butcher shop being temporarily in charge of the versatile George Coughlin.

George W. Parker drove down to Nogales Sunday to attend the county board meeting. He found considerable snow on the road at Washington Camp.

R. R. Earhart was ill with la grippe several days last week, but the popular county treasurer is out again and transacting business at the court house.

Mrs. George H. Francis has several nice paintings on exhibition at the postoffice. She will give an art exhibit next Tuesday, December 14, at her home on North Third avenue, from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Nicholas Johnson came in from Dome Tuesday, bringing his quarry crew with him, to resume work at the Sanford Mountain rock quarry. His sons Albert, Will and Frank returned with him.

John S. Yoas, the popular cattle man, was in town Thursday from the north end of the county Thursday. He said he had been in the Canille country, looking after the cattle of Sheriff Roberts during the latter's visit to the big cities of the east.

Capt. John H. Cady's history of pioneer days in Arizona has been placed in the hands of publishers in Los Angeles and will soon be ready for distribution. The book has received favorable commendation from the press and will undoubtedly have a large sale.

Rev. Geo. C. Golden, the Episcopal clergyman of Nogales, delivered an interesting lecture at the school house in Patagonia Thursday evening. The next lecture will be given Tuesday evening of next week, when he will be accompanied by the choir from the Nogales church.

Win a pillow or pennant at the Carnival.—Adv.

Col. R. R. Richardson is in Tucson this week on business.

C. B. Wilson motored to Tucson and Mineral Hill Saturday and Sunday on a business trip.

J. H. Gaza way of Bisbee came over Tuesday to spend the holiday season with his stepfather and mother, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Glidewell in Patagonia.

J. R. McIntyre, of Parker's Canyon, was here Wednesday on a short business trip. He advises the farmers to cultivate deeply and keep the soil well worked.

Roy Foster, advance agent of the Foster Carnival company, is here this week making arrangements for the coming of his company, which will open here tomorrow.

Mrs. T. G. Dunham and little son are getting along nicely and will return home to the San Rafael valley, as soon as the epidemic of measles prevalent there is over.

Mark Manning, Mrs. Manning and little son were visitors in Nogales several days this week, making the trip from Sonoita to the county seat in their new touring car.

Judge W. A. O'Connor of the Superior court of this county was through Patagonia Friday morning en route to Tombstone to hold court for Superior Judge Lockwood of Cochise county.

Lon Parker and Hayden Hunt arrived home this week from a trip to South America. They report a fine trip to the southern continent and enjoyed many new sight at the ports the ships touched.

Bulletin on Molybdenum

Arizona has a large supply of those ores, a sufficient supply to create a steady market, and it only remains for the organization of the industry within the state to make a large and consistent demand, and increase the strength of the monopoly which Arizona now holds in the molybdenum market.

This bulletin is published for the prospector and miner who desires to get in brief, non-technical and concise form the necessary data that he should know about molybdenum for the successful prospecting and sale of the same. More valuable is the extensive bibliography of literature published relative to molybdenum.

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County Engineer Not Yet Appointed

The county board of supervisors was in session Monday. The appointment of a county engineer was postponed until the next regular meeting of the board, as the sale of the bonds recently voted will be settled before the road question is taken up. The board will meet in special session December 14 to consider the bids for the bonds. J. W. Miller was appointed constable for Crittenden precinct to finish out the unexpired term.

Ed. F. Bohlinger has been in Tucson for the past several days on mining business.

See the big electric lighted merry-go-round at Patagonia Saturday. Only 5c to ride.—Adv.

Higher Price Expected for Silver

Since the war started silver metal has sold as low as 47 cents. Now the metal is around 56, with 60 in immediate prospect. Some mining writers even predict that the white metal will reach 70 or 75 cents. The recovery is due to the increased demand abroad for coinage purposes.

In the nations at war, gold has practically disappeared from circulation. It is not believed it will again circulate as currency in Europe, even to the meager extent that has been the rule in the past. It is believed by good authorities that after the war is over silver will be the principal circulating medium of Europe.

Judge and Mrs. A. S. Henderson returned this week from the coast, where they passed an enjoyable vacation, a visit to the Panama Pacific Exposition at San Francisco being included in the trip.

George N. Curtis of the San Rafael Valley is laying the concrete flooring in O. B. Wilson's new garage building. A pit was provided for in order to make it more convenient to work under the machines being repaired.

Camp Looks Good to Newspaperman

Jack Price, owner of The Patagonian, came in from El Paso this week, after an absence of a year, during which he visited his old home in California, and for the past several months has been employed on the Herald in El Paso. Mr. Price will take over The Patagonian, the lease held by H. P. Greene expiring with this issue. He is enthusiastic over the mining possibilities of the Patagonia country and says the prospects of the camp look better to him now than at any time since the establishment of the paper here three years ago.

Diamond Dyes, all colors, at the Washington Trading Company. —adv

Jewel Trask and Woody Gatlin motored to Nogales Sunday on a business trip, returning Tuesday.

GLASSES

If you need glasses for weak eyes, headaches, nervousness, etc., call on Dr. Schell, the well known optician of Tucson, at the Commercial Hotel on his regular visit next Wednesday, Dec. 14, and will remain one day only.—Adv.

Carnival

THE FOSTER AMUSEMENT COMPANY

PATAGONIA

ALL NEXT WEEK
Tickets for Merry-Go-Round, 5c Each
6 for 25c

Free admission to Carnival grounds in front of Patagonian office.

Saturday, Dec. 11 and all next week

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NOGALES, ARIZONA

Santa Cruz Patagonian

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

TOO ROUGH FOR HIM

SOUTHERN NEGRO QUITS THE MOVING PICTURE GAME.

Hanging and Fire in Jail Altogether Too Realistic for Darkey Who Takes Place of Alleged Picture Actor.

A negro in a southern county seat town had been condemned to die. The day of the hanging came and Rastus was taken to the scaffold in the courthouse yard. The hood was slipped over his head and the noose adjusted. Just as the sheriff was about to spring the trap a cry of "Fire!" was heard, and smoke was seen coming from the courthouse windows. The officials and spectators, forgetting their task, rushed to help fight the blaze. Anyway, Rastus was tied and could not escape without aid.

During the fire another negro wandered into the courthouse yard and passed the scaffold. He thought he recognized a familiar form standing on it and proceeded to find out.

"Hello dar! Is dat you, Rastus?"

"Tee Rastus."

"What you all doin' on dat platform?"

"Tee a movin' picture actor now, Sam."

"A movin' picture actor?"

"Yas, sah; a regular movin' picture actor."

"Is movin' picture actin' hard-work, Rastus?"

"It's softer dan eatin' watermelon all day long."

"Is you paid well?"

"Gets five dollars every day for workin' a hour or two."

"Rastus, you all is a friend of mine, isn't you, all?"

"I sure is, Sam."

"Den if the white folks what run dis movin' picture actor business wants another actor you tell 'em about me, Rastus."

"You can come on up here and take my job right now, Sam. I'm tired of movin' picture actin' for today. Besides, I got to spend the money I've made already."

Sam mounted the steps and released Rastus from his bonds. Rastus in turn prepared the unsuspecting Sam for hanging. Then he skipped. A few minutes later the sheriff returned. He saw a negro standing patiently on the scaffold. Without further ado he sprung the trap.

Fortunately for Sam the rope was old and broke under the sudden strain. It rolled Sam into the dust of the courthouse yard. He wrenched his hands loose and jerked the hood from his head. Then, rolling his eyes around and rubbing his neck, he said:

"You all white folks can take back your old job. You all's too rough."

MARKED CHANGE IN OPINION

Naturalists Claim That Ideas Held by Former Colleagues Were Based on Wrong Conclusions.

Naturalists are not pinning their faith to all the theories of the Darwinians, as they were a few years ago. They are ready to discard any theory as soon as it is demonstrated to be incompatible with facts. One of the latest ideas to be cast into the discard is that every part of a plant or of an animal had a definite value and played a part in securing its survival.

This change in attitude is well illustrated by an article in the Journal of Heredity in which the editor expresses the opinion that the extrafloral nectaries found on cherries, cowpeas and other legumes, castor beans, ferns, etc., "just happen"; they have no particular reason; once there they remain, for they are of no disadvantage.

Nectararies are the glands that secrete nectar. They are found in most flowers, but in many are also found on the leaf stems. Many theories as to their use have been advanced, but long experimentation has proved each of these theories to be erroneous.

"We can hardly avoid the conclusion in many cases," writes the editor, "that they have no vital function and that the plant would probably get along just as well without them," although he admits that it is "dangerous for man to assume that he can understand all the ways of Nature and decide by his own standards whether or not a certain structure is of value to a plant."

FROM SEVEN TO THIRTEEN

Said to Be Age When Spirit of Recklessness Especially Dominates the Child.

The motor development of the child from the age of seven to thirteen, says Philip Davis in his book "Street Land," is far greater than its mental development.

The thirst for adventure, for discovery, for taking chances is the strongest characteristic of this age.

The greatest risk, the more it satisfies certain children's unconscious calls for acts and daring and courage.

In illustration, Mr. Davis tells of discovering two boys twirling from telephone wires on which they had climbed.

"You may be electrocuted," he warned them.

"That's what we want," one of them answered grandly.

Co-operation on the part of teachers, parents, police and public service companies, the author says, will to some extent solve the social problem presented by this spirit of recklessness among young children.

The Mirror and the World.

The glass reflects the features of him who looks therein. Smile is returned for smile or tears for tears.

With the world, as with the glass, one finds what he brings to it. Is a man suspicious and looking for evil? He will meet it on every hand.

Does he seek goodness? He will find it all about him, lurking in unexpected places. The traveler intent on watching for obstacles or enemies misses the wayside flower, the song of the bird, the music of the brook, the smile of a child. If he is on the lookout for evil it seems to meet him and the good is unseen. Are you possessed of fear? You see danger in every shadow; you hear threats in the wind. Smile on the glass. Smile on the world. Hope and fear not. Believe in good and expect good in others and you will find it. Look for sunshine, look for joy, look for love and kindness. Do not miss the good while repining over wrongs, real or fancied. Be yourself what you would see in the mirror. Be yourself what you would find in the world.—Milwaukee Journal.

Clever Borrowing.

The college stadium is but another instance of the modern adaptation of ancient devices to twentieth century needs. In many things the so-called civilized nations of our day have excelled the ancients of Greece and Rome, and in many other things they have not improved much on what had been accomplished some two thousand years ago. In science, discovery and invention, especially in regard to things material and utilitarian, we have undoubtedly outstripped them; but in poetry, philosophy, painting, sculpture, architecture—in short, in the realm of the arts—we have made but little progress, and that not on particularly original lines. Their works are still serving as our models, although occasionally we do succeed in expanding their ideas to fit our own larger needs, and the modern stadium is a case directly in point. In this instance we have borrowed both the idea and the name.

Taking to the Woods.

Mrs. Flatbush—"I see Sweden is being urged to pass a law giving women the right to propose marriage."

Mr. Flatbush—"Well, I only hope the woods in Sweden are convenient to the towns."

Scared.

"I believe that woman is trying to flirt with me. I wish you would tell her I am married."

"I did tell her."

"What did she say?"

"She said you looked it."

Old Lady Number 31

By LOUISE BRUNSLUND
Author of "The Story of Sarah" "The Ship of Dreams" Etc.

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CHAPTER XX—Continued.

His face lightened. The weight of the shock passed. He threw off the awe of the glad news. He smiled the smile of a happy child.

"Now, mother, we kin buy back our old chair, the rocker with the red roses onto it. Seems ter me them roses must 'a' knowed all the time that this was a-goin' ter happen. They was jest as pert an' sassy that last day—"

Angy laughed. She laughed softly and with unutterable pride in her husband.

"Why, father, don't yer see yew kin buy back the old chair, an' the old place, too, an' then have plenty ter spare?"

"So we kin, mother, so we kin," he nodded his head, surprised. He plucked his hands into his pockets, as if expecting to find them filled with gold. "Wonder of Sam'l wouldn't lend me a dollar or so in small change. Ef I only had somethin' ter jingle, mebbe I could git closer to this fact."

He drew her to him, and gave her waist a jovial squeeze. "Hy-guy, mother, we're rich! Hain't it splendid?"

Their laughter rang out together—trembling, near-to-tears laughter. The old place, the old chair, the old way, and—plenty! Plenty to mend the shingles. Aye, plenty to rebuild the house, if they chose. Plenty with which to win back the smiles of Angy's garden. The dreadful dream of need, and lack, and want, of feeding at the hand of charity, was gone by.

Plenty! Ah, the goodness and greatness of God! Plenty! Abe wanted to cry it out from the housetops. He wanted all the world to hear. He wished that he might gather his wealth together and drop it piece by piece among the multitude. To give where he had been given, to blossom with abundance where he had withered with penury!

The little wife read his thoughts. "We'll have jest enough fer ourselves ter keep us in comfort the rest of our lives an' bury us decent."

They were quiet a long while, both sitting with bowed heads as if in prayer; but presently Angy raised her face with an exclamation of dismay:

"Don't it beat all, that it happened jest tew late ter git in this week's 'Shoreville Herald'!"

"Tew late?" exclaimed the new-fledged capitalist. "That hain't nothin' tew late fer a man with money. We'll hire the editor tew git out another paper, fust thing tomorrow!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Our Beloved Brother."

The services of the "Shoreville Herald," however, were not required to spread the news. The happiest and proudest couple on Long Island saw their names with the story of their sudden accession to wealth in a great New York daily the very next morning.

A tall, old gentleman with a real "barber's hair cut," a shining, new high hat, a suit of "store clothes" which fitted as if they had been made for him, a pair of fur gloves, and brand-new ten-dollar boots; and a remarkably pretty, old lady in a violet bonnet, a long black velvet cape, with new shoes as well as new kid gloves, and a big silver-fox muff—this was the couple that found the paper spread out on the hall table at the Old Ladies' Home, with the sisters gathered around it, laughing, both sorrowing and rejoicing.

"This 'll be good-by ter Brother Abe," Aunt Nancy had sniffed when the news came over the telephone the day before; and though Miss Abigail had assured her that she knew Abe would come to see them real often, the patriarch still failed to be consoled.

"Hain't you noticed, gals," she persisted, "that thar hain't been a death in the house sence we took him in? An' I missed my reg'lar spell o' bronchitis last winter an' this one tew—so fur," she added dimly, and began to cough and lay her hands against her chest. "That was allus the way when I was a young'un," she continued after a while; "I never had a pet dog or cat or even a tame chicken that it didn't up an' run away sooner or later. This here loss, gals, 'll be the death o' me! Naow, mark my words!"

Then followed a consultation among the younger sisters, the result of which was that they met Abe in the morning with a unanimous petition. They could neither ask nor expect him to remain; that was impossible, but—

"Hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray!" cried Abe, waving an imaginary flag as he entered. "Sam'l dropped us at the gate. Him an' Blossy went on ter see Holmes tew dicker erkeet buyin' back the old place. Takes Blossy an'

Sam'l tew dew business. They picked out my clothes between them yist'day afternoon down ter Injun village, in the Emporium. Haow yew like 'em! Splendid, eh? See my yaller silk handkerchief, tew? We jest dropped in ter git our things. We thought mebbe yew'd want ter slook up the room an' git ready fer the new—"

He was allowed to say no more. The sisters, who had been kissing and hugging Angy one by one, now swooped upon him. He was hugged, too, with warm, generous congratulations, his hands were both shaken until they ached, and his clothes and Angy's silently admired. But no one said a word, for not one of the sisters was able to speak. Angy, thinking that she divined a touch of jealousy, hastened to throw off her wrap and display the familiar old worn silk gown beneath.

"I told Abe I jest wouldn't git a new silk until you each had one made tew. Blossy sent for the samples. Blossy—"

"All I need's a shroud," interrupted Aunt Nancy grimly.

Angy and Abe both stared at her. She did look gray this morning. She did seem feeble and her cough did sound hollow. The other sisters glanced also at Aunt Nancy, and Sarah Jane took her hand, while she nudged Mrs. Homan with her free elbow and Mrs. Homan nudged Ruby Lee and Ruby Lee glanced at Laay Daisy and Laay Daisy glanced out meaningly:

"Miss Abigail!"

Then Miss Abigail, twisting the edge of her apron nervously, spoke:

"Much obliged to you, I be in behalf o' all the sisters, Brother Abe an' ter Angy tew. We know yew'll treat us right. We know that yew," resting her eyes on Abe's face, "will prove ter be the 'angel unawares' that we been entertainin', but we don't want yew ter waste yer money on a cartload o' silk dresses. All we ask o' yew is jest enough tew allow us ter advertise fer another brother member ter take yer place."

Who could describe the expression that flashed across Abe's face?—burt, astonishment, wounded pride, jealous incomprehension.

"Ter take my place!" he glanced about the hall defiantly. Who dared to enter there and take his place?—his place!

"This is a old ladies' home," he protested. "What right you got a-takin' in a good-fer-nuthin' old man? Mebbe he'd rob yew er kill yew! When men git ter rampagin', yew can't tell what they might dew."

Sarah Jane nodded her head knowingly, as if to exclaim:

"I told yer so!"

But Miss Abigail hurriedly explained that it was a man and wife that they wanted. She blushed as she added that of course they would not take a man without his wife.

"No, indeed! That'd be highly improper," smirked Ruby Lee.

Then Abe went stamping to the stairway, saying sullenly:

"All right, I'll give yew all the money yew want fer advertisin', an' yew kin say he'll be clothed an' dressed proper, tew, an' supplied with tobacco an' readin' matter besides; but jest wait till the directors read that advertisement! They had me know'n sorter perpendin' ter be unbeknownst. Come on, Angy. Let's go upstairs an' git our things. Let's—"

Aunt Nancy half arose from her chair, resting her two shaking hands on the arms of it.

"Brother Abe," she called quaveringly after the couple, "I guess yew kin afford ter fix up any objections o' the directors."

Angy pressed her husband's arm as she joined him in the upper hall.

"Don't you see, Abe. They don't realize that that poor old gentleman, whoever he may be, won't be yew. They jest know that yew was yew; an' they want ter git another jest as near like yew as they kin."

Abe grunted, yet nevertheless went half-way down stairs again to call more graciously to the sisters that he would give them a reference any time for knowing how to treat a man just right.

"That feller 'll be lucky, gals," he added in tremulous tones. "I hope he'll appreciate yew as I allers done."

Then Abe went to join Angy in the room which the sisters had given to him that bitter day when the cry of his heart had been very like unto:

"Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!"

After all, what was there of his and Angy's here? Their garments they did not need now. They would leave them behind for the other old couple that was to come. There was nothing else but some simple gifts. He took up a pair of red wristlets that Mrs. Homan had knit, and tucked them in his new overcoat pocket. He also took Abigail's bottle of "Jockey Club" which he had despised so a few days ago, and tucked that in his watch pocket. When he bought himself a watch, he would buy a new clock for the dining-room down stairs, too—a clock with no such asthmatic strike as the present one possessed. All his personal belongings—every one of them gifts—he found room for in his pockets. Angy had even less than he. Yet they had come practically with nothing—and compared with that nothing, what they carried now seemed much. Angy hesitated over the pillow-shams. Did they belong to them or to the new couple to come? Abe gazed at the shams too. They had been given to him and Angy last Christmas by all the sisters. They were white muslin with white embroidery, and in their centers was embroidered in turkey-red cotton, "Mother," on one pillow, "Father," on the other. Every sister in the Home had taken at least one stitch in the name—

Father and Mother—not Angy and Abe! Why Father and Mother? A year ago no one could have foreseen the fortune, nor have prophesied the possession of the room by another elderly couple.

Angy drew near to Abe, and Abe to Angy. They locked arms and stood looking at the pillows. He saw, and she saw, the going back to the old bedroom in the old home across the woods and over the field—the going back. And in sharp contrast they each recalled the first time that they had stepped beneath that roof nearly half a century ago—the first home-coming—when her mother-heart and his father-heart had been filled with the hope of children—children to bless their marriage, children to complete their home, children to love, children to feed them with love in return.

"Let's adopt some little folks," said Angy, half in a whisper. "I'm afeard the old place'll seem lonesome without—"

"Might better adopt the sisters," he spoke almost gruffly. "I allers did think young 'uns would be the most comfort tew yew after they growed up."

"A baby is a dretful cunnin'," Angy persisted. "But," she added sadly, "I don't suppose a teethin' mite would find much in common with us."

"Anyway," vowed Abe, suddenly beginning to unfasten the pillow-shams, "these belong ter us, an' I'm a-goin' ter take 'em."

They went down stairs silently, the shams wrapped in a newspaper carried under his arm.

"Waal, naow,"—he tried to speak cheerfully as they rejoined the others, and he pushed his way toward the dining-room—"I'll go an' git my cup an' saucer."

But Miss Abigail blocked the door, again blushing, again confused.

"That 'Tew-our-Beloved-Brother-cup' she said gently, her eyes not meeting the wound in his, "we 'bout concluded yew'd better leave here fer the one what answers the ad. Yew got so much naow, an' him—"

She did not finish. She could not. She felt rather than saw the blazing of Abe's old eyes. Then the fire beneath his brows died out and a mist obscured his sight.

"Gals," he asked humbly, "would yew ruther have a new 'beloved brother'?"

For a space there was no answer. Aunt Nancy's head was bowed in her hands. Laay Daisy was openly sobbing. Miss Abigail was twisting her fingers nervously in and out—she unfastened them to clutch at Angy's arm as if to hold her. At last Miss Abigail spoke with so unaccustomed a sharpness that her voice seemed not her own:

"Sech a foolish question as that nobody in their sound senses would ask."

Abe sat down in his old place at the fireside and smiled a thousand smiles in one. He smiled and rubbed his hands before the blaze. The blaze itself seemed scarcely more bright and warm than the light from within which transfigured his aged face.

"Gals," he chuckled in his old familiar way, "I dunno how Sam'l Darby 'll take it; but if mother's will 'n', I guess I won't buy back no more of the old place, 'ceptin' jest my rockin'-chair with the red roses onto it; an' all the rest o' this here plagued money I'll hand over ter the directors, an' stay right here an' take my comfort."

Angy bent down and whispered in his ear: "I'd ruther dew it, tew, father. Anythin' else would seem like goin' a-visitin'. But yew don't want ter go an' blame me," she added anxiously, "ef yew git all riled up an' slook abed ag'in."

"Pshaw, mother," he protested; "yew fergit I was adopted then, naow I be adoptin'. Thar's a big difference."

She lifted her face, relieved, and smiled into the relieved and radiant faces of Abe's "children," and her own.

(THE END.)

YEAR'S SUPPLY OF BABIES

Facts Compiled by Statistician Will Come to Many as Something of a Surprise.

It has been computed that about 36,000,000 babies are born into the world each year. The rate of production is therefore about 70 per minute, or more than one for every beat of the clock.

With the one-a-second calculation every reader is familiar, but it is not every one who stops to calculate what this means when it comes to a year's supply. It will, therefore, probably startle a good many persons to find, on the authority of a well-known statistician, that, could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles, the cradles would extend around the globe.

The same writer looks at the matter in a more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mother's arms, one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last hour in the twelfth month had passed by. A sufficiently liberal rate is allowed, but even in going past at the rate of 20 a minute, 1,200 an hour, during the entire year, the reviewer at his post would have seen only the sixth part of the infantile host.

In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when but a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babies was drawing to a close there would be a rear guard, not of infants, but of rear-guard six-year-old boys and girls.

EAT AIR AND RAIN

Interesting Statement Made by a Prominent Scientist.

Three-Fourths of All Food We Eat is Derived Originally From Rain; 80 Per Cent of Remainder Comes From Air.

Three-fourths of all the food we eat is derived originally from rain. Of the remainder, 80 per cent comes from the air, the balance—one-twentieth part of the whole—is obtained from the soil.

This interesting statement is made by Dr. A. T. Stuart of the Canadian department of agriculture, who describes the farmer as the great manufacturer. He makes the things which other people merely put together in different ways.

The farmer takes 75 pounds of water, 20 pounds of air and 5 pounds of soil. These are his raw materials, and from them, in the quantities and proportions above mentioned, he turns out 100 pounds of products.

The mixture of gases which we call air is a fluid by no means so thin and impalpable as we are accustomed to imagine. An ordinary packing box three feet cube will contain about two and one-half pounds of it. The twenty pounds of air that contribute so important a percentage of our food supply would occupy, at normal sea-level pressure, a cubical space 15 feet on an edge.

The 75 pounds of water would make about nine and one-half gallons. Five pounds of soil will represent the contents of a clay flower pot of moderate size; and thus one forms an idea easily grasped of the quantities of the three original raw materials required by the farmer for the manufacture of 100 pounds of products.

These products are food and clothing. Of all the clothes people wear, 8 per cent is made of animal or vegetable materials that are the yield of agriculture. Even the leather of which our shoes are made is, of course, a farm product. Silk is spun by caterpillars, but in reality is no thing but mulberry leaves, converted by their agency into a fiber that can be woven.

We know what air is, and water is familiar enough. That soil is merely powdered rock, containing a small percentage of decayed vegetable matter, has long been understood. But many facts in regard to this last indispensable raw material of the farmer have only recently been learned.

Consider, for one thing, the size of the rock particles. In some soils they are so tiny, according to Doctor Stuart, that one hundred millions of millions of them may be held on the point of a penknife.

That seems remarkable, does it not? But take a single pound of this kind of soil, and measure the total surface area represented by its component particles. It is a not very difficult problem in mathematics. The total surface area of the particles that go to make up one pound is about three acres.

This is in itself a matter of much importance from the viewpoint of the farmer-manufacturer, for each particle of soil is enveloped by a thin film of water. And it is from this water that the plants he grows derive their sustenance.

The fluid in question, however, is not merely water. It is a kind of soup, in which plant food, both organic—from the decayed vegetable matter—and mineral, is dissolved.

What we call the "fruitful land" is merely a bed for the plants to stand up in while they feed upon this soup.

Under the microscope all plants are found to be made up of little cells or pouches filled with fluid. In an orange or lemon they are so big as to be easily seen when the fruit is cut. Each of these cells—which multiply at a wonderful rate to make what we call growth—is a little chemical factory, and it is they which, under the general management of the manufacturing farmer, produce "protein," fat, starch, sugar, fiber, etc., with incidental colors and flavors, to supply in a multitude of forms the demands of the market.

Not in the Safety Zone.

"I'm afraid this is a tough neighborhood," said the prospective tenant.

"Well, it isn't," replied the real estate agent. "What put that fool idea into your head?"

"There isn't a policeman in sight," answered the other.

Contrary to Ethics.

"Where's the waiter I had yesterday?"

"He was dismissed for carelessness," answered the head waiter. "He was overboard to say 'Thank you' for a twenty-five-cent tip."

Just Possible.

Gayby—I'm delighted to have met you, Miss Swift, and I hope to see more of you.

Miss Swift—Oh, perhaps you will. I'm going to spend the summer at the seashore.

The Case.

"What did the poet mean when he asked his sweetheart to drink to him only with her eyes?"

"Of course, she had liquid eyes, stupid."

Equal to a Cat Concert.

Mrs. Hixon—Is your husband a sound sleeper, Mrs. Dixon?"

Mrs. Dixon—Well, you would think so if you were to hear him snore.

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BETTER HEALTH
That's the Idea**

you must, first, get the stomach working properly, keep the liver active and the bowels open.

You can help Nature by taking

**HOSTETTER'S
Stomach Bitters**

O. Yes; Quite Often.

After some skillful maneuvering about to get a seat at the picture show where a post would not intrude, the Grouch settled down to at least a half hour of unobstructed view.

"At last," he told himself, "I shall get something for my money."

Then came a pleasant demand from one of the ushers: "Please move over one to make two seats for these ladies."

The grouch, being helpless, did so. Perhaps you know how it is.

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

Kid Raising for Gloves.

Before the war the peasants of many a little village made a living by raising kid to supply the gloves for which France has long been famous. The perfection of the skins is considered by the French manufacturers to be the keynote of the perfect glove. Their method is to have one workman handle the prepared kid from the time it is brought in until the gloves which are shaped from that kid are entirely finished.

Avoid Colds.

If you want to avoid colds in your house, watch for the first sneezes and try to keep the germs from spreading. Make the victim cough or sneeze in his handkerchief, and after the handkerchiefs are soiled put them in a special dish, cover them with water and boil them for fifteen minutes.

Wonderful How Resinol Stops Itching

To those who have endured for years the itching torment of eczema or other such skin-eruptions, the relief that the first use of Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap gives is perfectly incredible. After all the suffering they have endured and all the useless treatments they spend good money for, they cannot believe anything so simple, mild and inexpensive can stop the itching and burning INSTANTLY! And they find it still more wonderful that the improvement is permanent and that Resinol really drives away the eruption completely in a very short time. Perhaps there is a pleasant surprise like this in store for you. Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap are sold by all druggists. (Advt.)

Optimistic Thought.

The generous man grows rich in giving.

Classified Column

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HOW HER HUSBAND GOT EVEN

Wife Tided Up His Desk Beautifully, and to Reciprocate He Straightened Up Her Sewing Room.

A busy housewife came into the sitting room with a determined look in her eyes.

"I really shall have to punish those children," she began.

"What have the little beggars been up to now?" asked father, looking up from his newspaper.

"Why, they've made a mess of my sewing room," explained the wife. "Needles, reels of cotton, scissors—everything has been hidden away in the most unexpected places. It is really exasperating."

Her husband laid down his paper and smiled benignly.

"I did that," he said, calmly. Then, in answer to a questioning look, he went on: "You tidied up my desk so beautifully the other day that I thought it only fair to return the compliment. So I tidied up your sewing room."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Took No Chances.

Lady (to maid, who has announced her intentions of leaving to get married)—I hope you realize, Mary, that matrimony is a serious matter!

Mary (earnestly)—Oh, yes, mum. I've been to two fortune tellers and a clairvoyant, an' looked in a sign book, an' dreamt on a lock of hair, and been to a palmist, and they all say it's all right. I ain't one to marry reckless-like, mum.—Passing Show.

A CARELESS CANINE.



Gentle Willie—Why dost thou weep?
The dog barked and took a piece out of your pantaloons!

Wearie Walker—When he grabbed, pard, he caught hold of more than the pants!

Always Something Doing.

"There hasn't been a change on this bill of fare in twenty years," growled the grizzled patron. "Have you restaurant men no ingenuity?"

"Guess we have as much as the next fellow."

"Then why don't you get up a new dish occasionally? The corner druggist has a new kickshaw at the soda fountain every time you amble up to it."

A Bad Investment.

Mrs. Naggs—John, we'll never be able to save a cent if you don't quit being so extravagant.

Naggs—Why, my dear, I don't think I'm at all extravagant.

Mrs. Naggs—Of course, you are. There's that accident policy you bought nearly a year ago, and you haven't used it once. If that isn't extravagance I don't know what is.

Solace for Poor Luck.

"Even when a man falls to catch any fish, the outing does him good and he comes back in better health," said the optimistic angler.

"Perhaps that is true in some cases," replied his bibulous friend, "but I find that the less inducement there is to pull a cork out of the water, the more there is to pull one out of a bottle."

Concoited.

"How concoited she is."
"What makes you think so?"
"I proposed to her and she said she wouldn't marry the best man on earth."
"Well, what of that?"
"It was the man she was referring to."—Detroit Free Press.

Not an Expert in Ice.

"I'm so sorry the cream is sour!" said young Mrs. Torkins.

"Everything in the refrigerator appears to be spoiled," commented her husband.

"It's the ice man's fault. He will bring around artificial ice, and I can't tell it from the genuine."

Far Removed.

"Do you know that I come from fighting stock?" asked Mr. Pillsbeck, in a threatening manner.

"Umph!" replied Mr. Wallack, not at all impressed. "I suspect you've been coming a long time and haven't stopped yet."

After the Trial.

"Now if you are acquitted," said the lawyer, "you can go on the stage."
"But suppose I should happen to be convicted?"
"Um. In that case, I suppose you'll have to write a book."

A Strong Opinion.

Frits—You know Limburger cheese improves with age.
Fred—I don't believe it. I think it smells just as bad when it's twenty years old as it did the day it was made.

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A Swift Uppercut.

"I see you have your arm in a sling," said the inquisitive passenger.

"Broken, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," responded the other passenger.

"Meet with an accident?"

"No; broke it while trying to pat myself on the back."

"Great Scott! What for?"

"For minding my own business."—Ram's Horn.

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Almost Realized.

"Did you ever dream of being a pirate when you were a boy?"

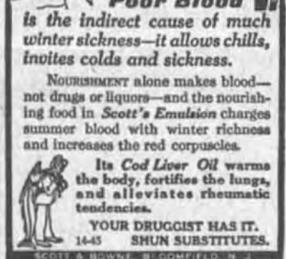
"Oh, yes. Isn't it queer? Now I'm in the prosaic business of managing an automobile repair shop."

"Umph! You didn't miss it so far."

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The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. For a woman in a hundred is prepared to understand how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health of sanity. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

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.

OUTLINE OF A PORCH SWING

Rail is Arranged at Top to Enclose Persons Who Are Sitting in It—How It is Made.

The seat of the swing consists of a board, 30 inches long, 14 inches wide, and one inch thick, with holes bored in each corner for the ropes. The rail at the top is made of four oak pieces, two of them 30 inches long, for the sides, and the other two 18 inches long, for the ends; all three inches wide and 1/2 inch thick. The ends of these pieces are finished rounding, and holes are bored in them for the supporting ropes. The supports for the rails consist of four pieces of 1/2-inch pipe, 15 inches long. The ropes



A Porch Swing.

are run through the holes in the ends of the rails, down through the pipes and through the holes in the seat board, where they are knotted.

A rope tied to a convenient post or screw hook makes a handy way to give motion by pulling, writes Ward M. Willis of Bakersfield, Cal., in Popular Mechanics. To get into the swing, raise one of the side rails on the rope.

METHOD USED BY BOY SCOUTS

Employs Far More Efficient Plan of Artificial Respiration Than the Old-Fashioned Practice.

The competent Boy Scout can give the average bystander practical demonstration in the resuscitation of the apparently drowned these days. And he doesn't subject the victim to the risk of dislocated arms or fractured ribs in the effort either, for the Boy Scout is taught a simpler, more easily applied and far more efficient method of artificial respiration than the old-fashioned practice of working the subject's arms and pressing on the ribs.

Of course, a pulmotor would be a fine thing to use if one were at hand, but meanwhile every one should know and be ready in an emergency to apply the method of artificial respiration used by Boy Scouts, writes William Brady, M. D., in Chicago News.

It is performed as follows:

Place the subject prone on the ground or on any flat surface—that is to say, "on his stomach"—with the palms of his hands on the ground beside his head and his face turned to the right or left. Now kneel beside or astride his hips and press directly downward upon the lower ribs above the small of the back, by simply rocking the weight of your body forward on your rigid arms. This movement forces air (and water if there be any) out of the subject's chest. The next movement is still easier—simply release your pressure and lean back and wait a few seconds; the natural elasticity of the chest will then cause sufficient rebound or expansion to draw in fresh air.

Repeat this maneuver at the rate of eighteen or less times per minute by the watch, and you may be sure that no other known means, unless it be the pulmotor machine, will offer the drowned person such good chances of recovery. Never give up your efforts within half an hour, no matter how hopeless the case may seem.

AMUSING PAPER DOLL PARTY

Morning's Occupation for Youngster and One Which Will Keep Her Out of Mischief.

"A Paper Doll Party" is a morning's occupation for the youngster, and one which will delight her. There are several duties on her part that this function calls forth. First, the invitations must be written and dispatched to the various dolls. Second, the refreshments have to be drawn, colored and cut out. This includes plates, spoons, dishes of fruit, cake, candy and ice cream, and a souvenir for each doll. Third, the dollies have to be dressed in their best bibs and tuckers and introduced to one another, before dancing and eating. Another morning may be spent in drawing a Noah's Ark, and coloring the animals.

Sure Will.

Little Lillian's father, by any stretch of imagination, could not be called good-looking, and one day, after gazing intently at him, she turned to her mother and propounded the query: "Mamma, why did you marry papa?" "Because I loved him, dear," was the reply.

Lillian looked surprised.

"Love will make us women do anything, won't it, mamma?" she said.

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