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SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN

Climate Is Best In The
United States

VOL. XVII

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PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1928

(Single Copy 5 Cents)

NO. 2

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Sullivan and son Emmet were Patagonia visitors Saturday from their San Rafael valley ranch.

W. D. Gray of Gray Brothers' mine was in town Saturday for mail and supplies.

Mrs. Susan Hayne returned to the San Rafael valley Wednesday from here she had been visiting relatives for several months.

Fred Goldsmith of the Three-R mine was in town on business Saturday.

C. D. Pickering, superintendent of the Big Jim mine at Harshaw, was a Nogales business visitor Monday.

A. G. Keating, of Los Angeles, president of the Big Jim Mines, Inc., was here over the week-end on business connected with the property.

Mrs. A. L. Oxford and son, Albert, and Mrs. Eloyd were Nogales visitors Monday.

W. G. Simonton, Republican candidate for county assessor last election, who was defeated by F. V. Farrior, has been appointed clerk of the board of supervisors, succeeding A. Dumbauld, incumbent, who was elected to the office of county treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Sullivan and son Mark were Nogales visitors Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Kinsey were Nogales visitors Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Murrell of San Rafael valley were Fairbank visitors Sunday.

J. W. Buchanan of San Rafael valley was a Patagonia visitor Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Northeraft were county seat visitors Tuesday.

Marion Frances, who has been on the sick list, is much improved. He is at the home of his aunt in Nogales.

Miss Lucy Valenzuela has returned from a visit of several days with relatives in Nogales.

SAN RAFAEL VALLEY NEWS

Clyde McPherson and Fred Kellogg were Vaughn visitors Sunday.

Stanley Stoddard was a Patagonia visitor Sunday.

Greet Lewis was a Parker Canyon visitor Saturday night.

The road workers are in the San Rafael valley, camped at the Baldwin ranch.

Mrs. Bud Baldwin and Mrs. Clyde McPherson were Nogales visitors Wednesday.

Mrs. Bud Baldwin and Mrs. D. Cummings were Patagonia visitors Monday.

Ralph McIntyre of Parker Canyon was a San Rafael valley visitor Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Atchison of Canille have sold their ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery Stoddard of Vaughn were visitors Monday in the valley.

Clyde Baldwin was a Nogales visitor Tuesday.

BATTERY RECHARGING

Auto and Radio Batteries recharged. Prompt service. C. A. Broyles, Patagonia, Arizona. 12-7-4tp

TAX-EXEMPTION LAW CARRIED AT LAST ELECTION

(Editor's Note.—There have been so many inquiries regarding the so-called "Tax-Exemption" law which was carried at the last election that we print the part as amended.)

Sec. 2. That there shall be exempt from taxation all federal, state, county and municipal property. Property of educational, charitable and religious association or institutions not used or held for profit may be exempt from taxation by law. Public debts, as evidenced by the bonds of Arizona, its counties, municipalities, or other subdivisions, shall also be exempt from taxation. There shall be further exempt from taxation the property of widows, honorably discharged soldiers, sailors, United States marines, members of revenue marine service, and army nurses, residents of this state, not exceeding the amount of two thousand dollars, where the total assessment of such widow and such other persons named herein does not exceed five thousand dollars; provided, that no such exemption shall be made for such person other than widow unless they shall have served at least sixty days in the military or naval service of the United States during time of war, and shall have been residents of this state prior to January 1, 1927. All property in the state not exempt under the laws of the United States or under this constitution, or exempt by law under the provisions of this section shall be subject to taxation to be ascertained as provided by law. This section shall be self-executing.

MISS AGNES DAVIDOVICH WEDS

Word has just reached here announcing the marriage in Ontario, Calif., of Miss Agnes Davidovich, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Davidovich, formerly of Parker Canyon, this county, and Dr. George B. Wittman of Upland, Calif., which ceremony was performed in the Methodist parsonage at Riverside by the Rev. Samuel Hughes. Only the immediate relatives were present at the wedding. Doctor and Mrs. Wittman will live at 208 West E street, Ontario.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL NOTES

(Don Carico, Editor)

Stella and Juan Jurabut have returned to school.

Gus Perez and Arturo Corrales have entered the Primary room.

The B Class will soon have a new Primer to read.

The Primary rooms are practicing on Christmas programs and all enjoy it very much.

Art classes are making Christmas tree decorations and posters.

The Second and Third grades are very busy getting their Christmas program ready.

Luis Duarte and Candelario Anallo have been absent this week on account of sickness.

The Third grade pupils have finished their Riverside readers and have taken up the Wide Awake readers.

The Fourth grade had a spelling test this week. Those that were perfect in the test were Mildred Kane, Manuela Dorame, Blanca Amado, Consuelo Valenzuela, Tootsie Lamma, Carrie Valenzuela, and Ysidoro Corrales.

Pretty 18-year-old Winifred Langdon of Chicago defrauded 20 tradesmen with worthless checks before being arrested.

SILVER-LEAD-COPPER MINE FOR SALE

The Pittsburgh mine, located on Bend Canyon, two miles from the Al Postoffice, at an elevation of 5500 feet. The group consists of 16 claims, (surrounded by a number of veins, carrying valuable ore deposits, many of which have been worked in the past. The main lode at least has been known since the days of the early Spanish miners. The following description is to be found in the U. S. Geological Survey bulletin on the Santa Rita range:

The topography is rough; the country rock is diorite, and the deposits are found in a 9-foot quartz vein which dips 87 deg. N. The quartz in general is stained with iron and manganese and a little azurite and malachite; the ore minerals it contains are galenite, pyrite and chalcocite. Some calcite occurs in the surface ore, but sulphides are not abundant above the 70-foot level. From that level down the ore consists largely of galenite in a siliceified brecciated gangue, and there is a marked increase in chalcocite in the lower part of the mine, where the ore contains also some tetrahedrite.

The ore lodes are found in the Santa Cruz Batholith, and conditions are ideal for a great mine. There are places on the surface where the main lode is over 25 feet wide. This group has a mile and a quarter of this big lode.

The conditions as set forth by the Survey are changed somewhat to the better by the development I have made since I bought the nucleus of the present group. The shaft, equipped with a steam hoist, is now down 200 feet, with a drift on the 125-foot level; a tunnel about 250 feet long, showing a good class of silver ore, making a little water. The upper tunnel shows a 20-foot lode of shipping grade of ore. A lower tunnel, now about 500 feet long on the lode, has passed through several feet of quartzite ore, which is now making into gray copper carrying high silver value. In addition to the lead and copper, the gold content is increasing in this work, and the width of the work is all ore, of a mill grade with bands of high grade. The various works put in sight about 20,000 tons of ore that is estimated to run rather high for mill ore, an excellent grade for a home smelter. Being siliceous, it would stand water concentration, and the recent broadening of flotation would take care of the carbonates, which are an important asset. A little water would make this mine a splendid producer, and with proper equipment a lucrative investment.

Good road runs on to the ground, and a truck can approach the main works. Good water, and enough in the canyon for a mill. For an operator who wants a mine that can be put in production in short order and at lowest possible cost, here is your resting place. I would much prefer to take a partner in making this a great mine, and a moderate sum will do it; but as I have not seen any disposition on the part of any one to make me rich, I have reconciled myself to sell at a low price on the easiest possible terms. Any operator will realize that 20,000 tons of ore now in sight is worth far more than my price, which, in fact, will be ridiculously low, even on the present showing. Come up and see it, and bring your bank references so that we can conclude a sale without delay. Take the Patagonia-Alto road right through.

JOSIAH BOND, Alto, Arizona.

SEN. JOE BAILEY IN NOGALES

Nogales, Dec. 13.—Senator and Mrs. Joe Bailey of Texas are here for a visit with their son, Weldon M. Bailey of Tubac, who is slowly improving from a serious spell of sickness at a local hospital.

MICKIE SAYS—

WE PRINT, PRETTY DOGONE NEAR EVERYTHING YA KIN THINK OF EXCEPTIN' POSTAGE STAMPS AN' GREENBACKS. OUR JOB PRINTERS KIN TURN OUT ANY KIND OF A COMBINATION OF PAPER, TYPE AN' INK WITH ALACRITY AN' ABILITY, MEANIN' TH' ARTIST'S KIND—MAKE US PROVE IT!



VAUGHN NEWS

There will be a Christmas tree and Yuletide cheer for the children of this district at the Adobe Church on the Hill, on December 23. A community dinner will be served at noon and George C. Sleeth and wife will be present for the occasion. Every one is cordially invited to attend. Special music is being arranged for the occasion, and, as usual, a good time is assured.

Supervisor Roath has moved the road crew from Vaughn to San Rafael valley, where repair work is in progress.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul McKinney of Hamman, La., have been visiting Mrs. Ed Ellis for several days. Mr. McKinney expects to locate in Tucson soon.

John Eberling has gone to the hospital in Nogales for treatment.

James Parker spent the week-end on the Vaughn ranch with his family.

Mrs. Ruth Anderson visited Tucson this week. She was accompanied by her return by a New Yorker, who will spend the winter on her ranch.

W. H. Collier spent the week-end in Vaughn, looking after his stock.

Mr. McDaniel is reported sick with flu.

H. L. Stoddard of Patagonia visited his sons at the Vaughn service station the first of the week.

SUIT FOR ACCOUNTING IN MINE CASE COMES UP IN U. S. COURT

Tucson, Dec. 13.—An accounting case from Santa Cruz county was on trial yesterday before Judge Jeremiah Neterer in the federal court. Myra A. Emery, executrix for the estate of her late husband, James S. Emery, of Chicago, is suing Frank Powers and others. Additional defendants were brought into the suit yesterday. Those named are, Robert Powers, Josephine Powers, Selim Franklin, Gerald Jones, Victor J. Wager, ex-county assessor of Santa Cruz county; Anna B. Ackley, Santa Cruz county treasurer; and the county itself.

R. W. Langworthy represents Mrs. Emery, and the defense is represented by Bonsall Noon. Santa Cruz county attorney; Duane Bird of Nogales and Richey & Richey of Tucson.

Asked on the witness stand what his occupation was, Robert Gillovray of Chicago replied "gentleman."

GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE TO HAVE STORY ABOUT ARIZONA

Phoenix, Dec. 13.—Carrying the story of Arizona's romance and amazing development to a million and a quarter families throughout the world, "Arizona Comes of Age" will be the leading article in the January issue of the National Geographic Magazine, according to announcement received from the National Geographic Society. Illustrated with eight pages of natural color photographs and 38 other scenes, the article will comprise perhaps the most comprehensive record of the "baby state" ever given in a publication of international circulation, and is one of the finest marks of recognition yet received.

"Arizona Comes of Age" is the work of Major Frederick Simpich, who climbed a distinguished career in the diplomatic service and in magazine writing by joining the editorial staff of the National Geographic two years ago. Major Simpich's own keen interest and full knowledge of Arizona's wealth and romance, acquired during an acquaintance of 12 years since he was stationed at Nogales, Sonora, as American consul, fits him admirably to treat the story of the ninth state ever to receive a special article in the magazine.

Accompanied by Clifton Adams, noted staff photographer of the Geographic, Major Simpich spent some weeks in Arizona last winter gathering data for his article, visiting virtually every section of the state. Their mission was facilitated by cooperation of the Arizona Industrial Congress, chambers of commerce and other bodies which placed information files and guides at their disposal.

COUNTY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT HONORED BY TEACHERS

Nogales, Ariz., Dec. 9.—Mrs. Grace A. Farrell, county school superintendent, was given a surprise party Saturday afternoon at her home in Perkins avenue by a group of approximately 20 rural school teachers, who gathered there to pay her a farewell tribute. The teachers presented Mrs. Farrell with a beautiful hand-worked purse, which contained a small nest of Uncle Sam's "medium of exchange."

Mrs. Farrell has been at the head of the county's rural school system for the last six years. She will take a full-time position with the state vocational department at Phoenix, and will make her home in Tempe, where her children will attend school.

MILL TO BE ERECTED AT MORNING GLORY MINE

It is reported that the Morning Glory mine is to install a 100-ton mill immediately. The move has been under consideration for some time, but General Manager J. A. Hamilton had not made a definite move in that direction until he was satisfied that there was plenty of ore to justify the expenditure. The plant will be built, it is said, with a view to future expansion by the addition when necessary, of new units.

The Morning Glory mine is located about 14 miles from Patagonia. It is one of the older mines of the district and has several thousand feet of development work completed.

Phoenix, Dec. 13.—It is stated that either Ward Adams or W. S. Norvell will be Governor-elect Phillips' private secretary. Among other possibilities to receive political plums are the following, according to rumor: For ward of the state prison, L. Wright of St. David; Dr. H. D. Ketcherside of Yuma, superintendent of the state insane asylum; T. E. Pollock, Flagstaff; A. L. Moore, Phoenix, and H. S. Corbett, Tucson, state fair commissioners.

FARM BUREAU TO MEET DEC. 20 IN PATAGONIA

The following letter from D. C. Peterson, president of the Santa Cruz Farm Bureau Federation, was received this week, and is self-explanatory:

Nogales, Arizona, Dec. 10, 1928. Dear Members: This letter is announcing the annual County Farm Bureau meeting, which is going to be held at the Patagonia Theater December 20, at 7:30 in the evening.

As at this time the report of the extension agent for the past year and also the program for the coming year is to be reported on, as well as the election of officers for the coming year, every one is urged to attend.

The evening's program will include, besides this business, two or maybe three reels of very interesting motion pictures.

The following is a list of the projects that the county agent has outlined for the coming year: 'Soil Moisture Studies,' 'Seed Corn Selection,' 'Lettuce Production,' 'Potato, Date of Planting Tests,' 'Walnut Grafting,' 'Rodent Control,' 'Range Herd Improvement,' 'Ranch Equipment Improvement,' 'Dairy Cow Feeding and Management,' 'Breeding and Selecting Dairy Cows for Higher Production,' 'Eradication of T. B. Dairy Cows,' 'Poultry Feeding and Management,' 'Selecting Poultry Breeding Flocks,' and 'Feeding and Brooding Baby Chicks.'

"Some one of these projects is probably of interest to you, and the county agent will be glad to discuss the plans of any of the projects with any one. The agent also wants the Farm Bureau members to call him any time they think he can do any good for them.

"Very truly yours,
D. C. PETERSON,
Secy., County Farm Bureau."

Interesting News Notes

An aeronaut dropping from a balloon by parachute at McComb, Miss., landed squarely through a hole burned in the roof of a house only two hours before.

James Forshon of Sheffield, Eng., testified at a wage hearing that he paid married employes more than bachelors because he sympathized with them.

James V. Firkan of Buffalo, in his divorce suit described his wife as "mutton dressed up as lamb."

At the rate of payment fixed by court, George Hall of London has 272 years to settle a debt incurred to a money-lender.

A horse owned by Donald Clara of Milwaukee kicked open the door of a burning barn, drove out 30 sheep and then ran out himself.

James Corsoth of Melbourne, cook on a coastal steamer, was thrown overboard by sailors because they disliked his cooking.

Marcus Folsom of Anderson, Ind., lost without his club and star as the result of a holdup by two bandits.

Edward Lohre of Baltimore won a divorce on evidence he got when his wife talked in her sleep.

Mrs. Jane Grallan of New York was arrested for bigamy two days after she married her husband's brother.

Edward Ryan of Rochester found a large pearl valued at \$1000 while opening clams in a sea food house.

When Mrs. Elsie Foster of St. Paul, Minn., had her husband arrested for assault she said that for five years he had threatened to kill her with a poison needle.

WHY THE VOTE ON GAME LAWS?

Editor, The Patagonian, Patagonia, Ariz., Dec. 11, 1928. Sir—I see by the papers that the legislature has re-enacted the game laws exactly as they were in the laws before the last election. But at that election the people repudiated those laws as being unsatisfactory to them. What has become of the people as the supreme authority, we have heard so much about from these legislators? I do not know if the governor signed this new law or not, but if he did how does he reconcile it to the doctrine he has preached for so many moons?

If these lame ducks do not wish to abide by the vote of the sovereign people it is a lucky thing that we are rid of them. The people voted out these game laws because they did not want them any more and showed their good judgment, as all game laws are a flying in the face of nature. Why should we preserve this useless game for strangers to come in and kill and at the same time make it a crime for the home people to use them for meat? If the revenues derived were applied to the legitimate expenses of the state there might be some excuse for it, but they are used only to feed a few more parasites of which we have too many already. It would be wiser to get rid of them along with the laws. VOX POPULI.

NOGALES' NEW HOTEL MAY OPEN

Nogales, Ariz., Dec. 13.—It is said that efforts of local business men to interest outsiders in the Hotel Esplendor, built about a year ago with local capital, and which has been a financial failure, have been successful in their efforts and that the hotel will likely open for business about the first of the new year.

The Hotel Esplendor was built at a cost of \$325,000, and was intended to accommodate tourists and winter residents.

New Bus on Nogales-Tombstone Run

Robert Laney, owner of the Nogales Tombstone stage line, has put into commission a new bus, which he went east to get and which he drove back to Nogales. He reports roads much improved since he last made the eastern trip.

\$8750 DAMAGES AWARDED MRS. INEZ WALKER

Tucson, Dec. 10.—Judgment in the sum of \$8750 was awarded Mrs. Inez Walker, widow of the late Owen Walker, in her suit in federal court for \$50,000 against the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company. The suit was brought following the death of Mr. Walker after being thrown from the top of a loaded truck when caught by a low-hanging wire. Attorneys Duane Bird and Leslie C. Hardy of Nogales represented the plaintiff.

NOGALES TO BE MADE "PRETTY" BY ADDING SHRUBBERY

Nogales, Ariz., Dec. 13.—A city planning committee was appointed by the Nogales chamber of commerce to formulate a constructive program for the improvement and beautification of the city. Several suggestions have been offered, including the planting of ornamental trees and shrubs.

"Buster" Sorrells, who is in the U. S. navy, is visiting relatives and friends in Santa Cruz county.

American hens lay an average of 750 eggs every second, about one-third of the world's production.

Mrs. Robert Irwin of San Francisco has paid \$5000 to a former maid for making a false charge of theft against her.

DAD AND I In the Animal Kingdom



By Stafford

Anti-knock
THE NEW WINTER RED CROWN
GASOLINE
STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN

HOWARD KEENER
 Publisher and Owner

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

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25 YEARS OF FLYING

Although man's ambition to navigate the air has inspired inventive minds to experiments for many centuries, practical aviation by means of heavier-than-air machines is only 25 years old, dating from December 17, 1903.

On that memorable day Wilbur and Orville Wright succeeded in making their plane rise from the ground by its own power and remain in the air 13 seconds, flying 120 feet, with Orville Wright as pilot. Later in the day a flight lasting 59 seconds was made. These pioneer flights, made at Kitty Hawk, N. C., marked the beginning of man's mastery of the air.

For several months only straight flights were made, but on September 15, 1904, Orville Wright made the first turn, and five days later succeeded in flying in a circle. On October 4, 1905, a flight of 33 minutes 17 seconds was made, the first time a machine had remained in the air as long as half an hour. From that time on development by the Wrights and others was rapid.

Among the other famous early airplane builders and flyers may be mentioned Curtiss, Bleriot, Santos-Dumont, Farman, the Voisin brothers and their associates. Many daring aviators lost their lives through attempting stunts in exhibition flying which was too difficult for the primitive machines employed.

By 1911 military authorities became impressed with the possibilities of the airplane and great impetus was given to aviation by the World War. After the war greater attention was given to commercial flying and the establishment of air mail and passenger lines. The notable exploits of Lindbergh and other long-distance flyers of the last two or three years are well known.

From the first hop of 12 seconds to recent endurance flights of more than 50 hours is a wonderful advance in the first quarter century of an art which is yet in its infancy. What another 25 years may develop can only be left to the imagination.

DO YOU PUNISH YOUR FEET?

In one of his recent health articles, Dr. Copeland discusses a peculiarity of men and women which manifests itself in the way in which they persist in punishing their feet.

While all other articles of wearing apparel are supposed to fit the wearer, shoes are generally too small, because no one likes to display big feet. The average person will undergo the tortures of corns, bunions and callouses of every description rather than wear shoes of the proper size and shape.

Dr. Copeland declares that many aching backs and many lame limbs are due to the wearing of wrong shoes, and adds: "Your health depends on freedom from unnecessary aches and pains. You can not afford to exhaust your reserve stock of nerve energy. That is what you do when you have badly fitting shoes."

A man is proud of the fact if he wears a number 7 1/2 hat, but tries to force his number 11 foot into a number 9 shoe. As to the ladies, it is said that some manufacturers mark their shoes one number smaller than they really are in a effort to encourage the wearing of comfortable footwear, while pleasing the fair customer's vanity.

C Emory Titman of Philadelphia, who died recently, lived several years in poverty because he took a doctor's advice too seriously. Fifteen years ago just after Titman had received a legacy of \$250,000, the doctor told him he had less than a year to live; so he proceeded to spend the whole fortune as rapidly as possible. He was soon broke, but got well and worked for low wages the rest of his life.

Spectators in the recorder's court at Montreal were surprised one day last week when the clerk shouted "Mary Christmas." No reference was being made to the annual holiday, however, as Mary Christmas was the real name of a defendant whom the clerk was calling before the bar of justice, charged with being intoxicated on the street.

The pau-real tree of South America grows to a height of 200 feet.

POOR RADIO PROGRAMS

Every intelligent radio fan must be impressed with the fact that the air is cluttered up with a lot of inferior programs, which might well be dispensed with in the interest of real, satisfactory listeners.

There is too much comedy that is not funny; there are too many fourth-rate singers; too much "educational" stuff that does not educate; too many mediocre piano-thumpers too many phonograph records—and so on.

Of course, there must be variety, and no certain class of offerings would please all. Some want jazz, some want classical music some prefer singing and others prefer instrumental numbers. A few possibly listen to lectures and uplift stuff; but we doubt that these appeal to more than one-half of 1 per cent.

But anything permitted on the air should be something good in its class. There isn't much joy in listening to a phonograph record coming over the air mixed with static.

PEANUT SHELL SUGAR

Another important development in the utilization of waste farm products is seen in the proposed establishment at Anniston, Ala., of a factory for the manufacture of xylose, a rare sugar, from peanut shells and cottonseed bran.

The project is sponsored by the United States bureau of standards, in cooperation with Alabama educational and industrial interests. The first factory will have a capacity of 100 pounds of xylose a day, and if it proves successful a rapid expansion of this new industry may be expected. Xylose now sells for about \$100 a pound, but under the new process to be employed by the Alabama plant it is expected to produce it for perhaps 50 cents a pound, at which price it should find a ready market in food, textile and leather industries because of certain valuable properties possessed by the product.

No problem connected with agriculture is receiving more attention just now than that of converting waste farm material into useful products. Cornstalks, straw and other substances are being so utilized on a small scale, and it is believed that within a few years an endless variety of valuable by-products of the farm may be produced on a commercial basis, thus adding to the farmer's income.

Sidelights

An Edwardsville, Ind., jury awarded Carl Johnson \$5000 as damages for injuries received in an automobile accident, then added \$125 for the replacement of a splintered wooden leg. The defendant would probably have had to pay more if a real leg had been splintered.

A news company of Columbus, O., has refused an offer of \$300 for a newspaper which originally sold for 3 cents. It is a copy of the New York World of April 15, 1865, containing the story of Lincoln's assassination.

A cat owned by Mrs. Sallie Barnes of Fitzgerald, Ga., is mothering a new-born raton with her own litter of kittens. Anyway, we saw that in the papers. Believe it or not.

In England purchases on the installment plan are called "hire-purchase agreements." That sounds easier, but the euphemism wouldn't help much when payments come due.

John D. Clark, millionaire oil man of Chicago, quit business and entered Johns Hopkins University to fit himself for a teaching career. Some will say he should have had his head examined by the medical department first.

Admonished to "boil down" his news stories, a cub reporter covered a tragedy thus: "Sir Edward Hopeless, a guest of Lady Panmore's ball, took a highball, his hat, hit coat, his departure, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket, and finally his life."

A new chain of 1000 drug stores is being organized. Some of them, it is understood, will carry a few drugs.

It looks as though the divorce evil can only be suppressed by removing the cause, which is marriage.

Well, we hope everybody has all the installments paid on last year's Christmas presents.

Deciding to keep in step with the times, Mrs. Sara Green, 112, of Perry, Okla., had her hair bobbed.

A grand total of 1,170,825 pupils are enrolled in the public schools in New York City.

Henry—You will never get the dog to mind you, my dear.

The Mrs.—I will with patience. You were just as troublesome yourself at first.

What's New?

A pipe made of compressed paper which absorbs nicotine has been produced in England.

Copy for a rapid new German duplicating machine is prepared on a typewriter using a sheet of thin, flexible metal.

Phenol compounds introduced into the fuel of Diesel engines are said to have greatly improved their operation.

Oxygen gas charged with cinnamon is used in Germany as a preventive of air sickness.

An improved electric light bulb is frosted on the interior and absorbs less than 1 per cent of the light.

A powerful vacuum street cleaner has been built which can cover seven or eight miles an hour, leaving the street clear of all rubbish.

A baby was born in Knoxville, Tenn., recently with a tail 7 inches long. And they don't believe in evolution in that state.

The only advantage in listening to some radio programs is that the listener doesn't have to change the phonograph needles and records.

Don't blame congress. The constitution says it must meet every December.

A London doctor declared that loss of memory is more prevalent than formerly. They must have had an oil scandal over there, too.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
(061721)

Department of the Interior, General Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, November 8, 1928.

NOTICE is hereby given that Robert E. Kane, of Patagonia, Arizona, who, on July 21, 1928, made stockraising homestead entry, No. 061721, for all of Section 5, Township 22 S., Range 15 E., G. & R. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. A. O'Connor, United States Commissioner, at Nogales, Arizona, on the 29th day of December, 1928.

Claimant names as witnesses: William Swyers, Fred Barnett, Albert Galin, Paul Summers, all of Patagonia, Arizona.

HENRY A. MORGAN, Registrar. First publication Nov. 16, 1928. Fifth publication Dec. 14, 1928.

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

It's better to insure your property than to wish you had. See Howard Keener at the Patagonian office—A-4

CLASSIFIED ADS

RANCH FOR SALE—A well-equipped 405-acre rancho in San Rafael valley, Santa Cruz county, Ariz. Six large rooms, bath, pantry, acetylene lights. This ranch will be sold with all stock, implements, household furniture, poultry, etc., at a big sacrifice. If interested, write for information to Howard Keener, Patagonia, Arizona.

MURINE
 FOR YOUR EYES
 Night and Morning to keep them Clean, Clear and Healthy
 Write for Free "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" Book
 Murine Co., Dept. H. S., 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago

Banish Head Colds

Sneezing? Sniffing? Headache? Beware—let Musterole Laxative Cold Tablets relieve that head cold promptly. Safe, quick relief without gripping or ringing in the ears. Chocolate-coated—easy to take. Musterole Cold Tablets are prepared by makers of famous Musterole.

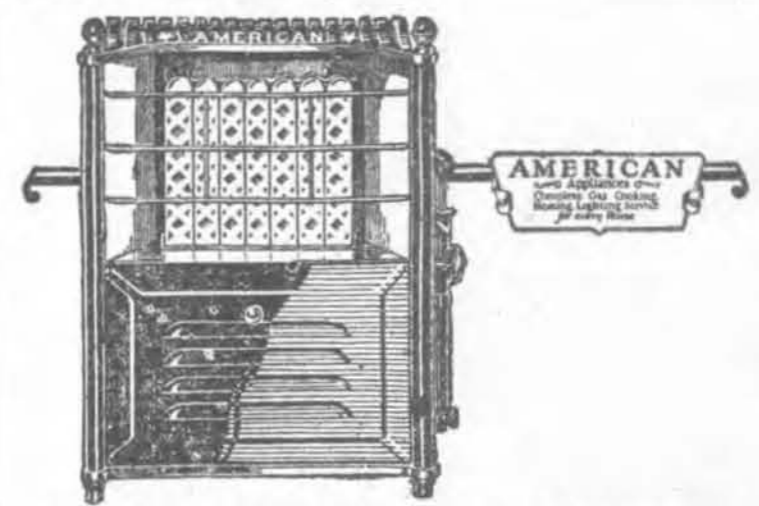
As a special one time trial offer, you may obtain a regular 35c package for 10c by clipping this advertisement and sending it with 10c, also your name and address, to The Musterole Company, Cleveland, O.

Itching Skin Quickly Relieved

Don't suffer with Eczema, Dandruff, Pimples, Blemishes and other annoying skin irritations. Zemo antiseptic liquid is the safe sure way to relief. Itching often disappears overnight. Splendid for Sunburn and Poison Ivy. All druggists 35c, 60c, \$1.00.

zemo

FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS



TWO GREAT HEATERS AMERICAN RADIANT and READYGLO

HERE is comfort for cold days. An American Radiant Heater heats a large room in a few minutes. As handy as gas but hotter and less expensive. It's portable—carry it anywhere. This is the heater with the famous American self-cleaning patented generator and now it has a new Instant Starter—no match generating.

For cool mornings, nothing equals the new American Readyglo. Just the thing for the bathroom and nursery—wherever you want quick, focussed heat. Lights with a match. Burns nearly 50 hours on one gallon of gasoline and you'll be surprised at the heat it gives.

See them at

SONOITA MERCANTILE CO.
 Sonoita, Arizona



BIG BARGAINS In Used Cars

- 1927 Pontiac Coupe \$550.00
- 1927 Pontiac Coach \$550.00
- 1927 Chevrolet Coupe \$475.00
- 1928 Chevrolet Roadster \$375.00
- 1928 Dodge Sedan \$675.00
- 1927 Dodge Sedan \$550.00
- 1928 Chevrolet Sedan \$750.00
- 1927 Packard Coupe \$750.00

These are mighty low prices on good used cars. Come in and look them over and ask for a demonstration.

NOGALES BUICK MERCER COMPANY

227 Grand Avenue

NOGALES, ARIZONA

Now the Whole Town is Calling it *A Triumph in Motor Car Design*

A NEW All-American Six

Everyone waiting . . . watching . . . hoping. For something really new in automobiles. And then it came . . . this New All-American Six. Entirely original . . . decidedly different. And now the whole town is calling it a triumph in motor car design . . . A triumph because it's so new in its styling . . . A triumph because of its new engineering . . . You'll find features by the dozens. A 228-cubic inch engine . . . adjustable drivers' seats . . . new internal-expanding four-wheel brakes . . . just to mention a few. But to learn why the whole town's talking about the New All-American . . . come in and see this great new car for yourself!

Prices \$1145 to \$2375, at factory. Lowjoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers and spring covers included in list prices. Bumpers and rear fender guards extra. Check Oakland delivered prices—they include lowest handling charges. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

CARTER MOTORS INC.

Nogales, Arizona

Pre-Christmas Sale

DECEMBER 13 TO JANUARY 1

25 to 33 1-3 Per Cent Off

ON ANY SUIT OR OVERCOAT IN THE HOUSE

NEW MERCHANDISING—HIGH-GRADE TAILORING

Well-known brands of clothing, including

WORSTED-TEX, KNITTED-TEX, STYLEPLUS CLOTHES, DINNER-TEX

ARMY STORE

NOGALES, ARIZONA

Manhattan Club

FRANK JOHNSON, Proprietor

THIS IS THE PLACE THAT GREET'S YOU WITH A SMILE

Nogales, Sonora

Just a few steps across the border



General Merchandise
And Miners' Supplies

Fruits and Vegetables

SEE US FIRST

THE CORNER STORE
Patagonia, Ariz.

Checks Are Receipts



Checks are the best receipts in the world for paid bills. Our record of the canceled check as it is paid and passes through our books forms a chain of evidence that cannot be surpassed or disputed. Starting a Checking Account with us is a simple matter. Let us tell you how.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NOGALES
NOGALES, ARIZONA
Assets Over \$3,000,000

TRADE AT HOME!

Arizona Packing Company's meats are from cattle raised in Arizona. Cactus brand Bacon and Ham is as good as can be procured anywhere, and we cure them from the meat of Arizona-raised swine. Patronize Arizona industries whenever possible and help your state grow. The money you send away stays away.

ARIZONA PACKING COMPANY
NOGALES, ARIZONA



WE HAVE A STOCK OF
Kelly-Springfield Tires
AND TUBES

We Also Carry
AUTO ACCESSORIES, GAS, OILS,
AND GREASES
We deal in Wood, Hay, Grain, and
Poultry Feed, and do Hauling, both
light and heavy. See us FIRST.

PATAGONIA ICE & LIGHT
PLANT

Papa (6 a. m.)—What do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour?

Boy Friend—Well, I've got to be at work by 7.

Children of several New York schools have been given leaflets for use in teaching their foreign-born parents English.

Experimental air mail flights are being made between the Canadian cities of Winnipeg and Calgary via Regina, and between Regina and Edmonton via Saskatoon.

Maggie—There's Mabel. I understand she bought that dress on the installment plan.

Percy—I suppose that's the first installment she's wearing.

Mrs. Finnigan—Was yer old man in comfortable circumstances when he died?

Mrs. Flanagan—No; he was halfway under a train.

Mrs. Agnes Crosbie of Boston was arrested for stealing a ring which she pawned to buy food for her adopted baby.

Howard Keener, at the Patagonian office, will acknowledge your legal papers, put the Notary's Seal thereon—and has for sale all kinds of legal blanks.

LISTERINE THROAT TABLETS

Antiseptic
Prevent
& Relieve
Hoarseness
Sore Throat
Coughs

Made by
Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

25¢

—is the
right price
to pay for a
good tooth
paste—

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

Large Tube

25¢

CHRISTMAS VALUE-GIVING EVENT

FEATURING OUR
VANITY FAIR

IN OUR READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT.

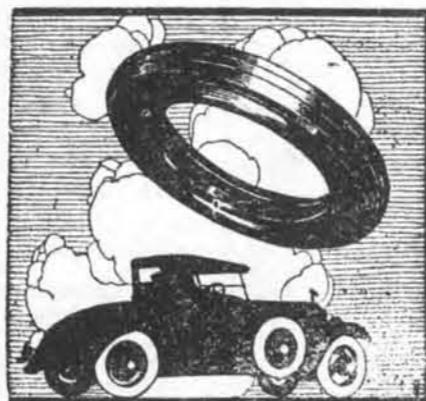
A time-honored admonition, but one that cannot be repeated too often at this season of the year.

Listed in this great event are Dinner and Party Dresses, Street and Afternoon Dresses, Sports Dresses and Coats, and Dress Coats galore.

ATTEND THIS GREAT SALE TOMORROW

La Ville de Paris

The Beautiful Store
101-3 MORLEY AVE., NOGALES, ARIZONA



Patagonia Garage

Joe Benitez, Proprietor

GUARANTEED AUTO REPAIRING

Cars Carefully Greased and Oiled
Shell Oil and Gas, Accessories, Tire Service

A new Patagonia enterprise that deserves your support. Bring us your auto troubles and get prompt and courteous service.

Located Across the Street From S. P. Depot
Patagonia, Arizona

BEFORE IMPROVING PROPERTY
be sure your title is clear. Title to much land in Nogales, Patagonia and other parts of this county is cloudy.

SANTA CRUZ COUNTY ABSTRACT
AND TITLE COMPANY
F. A. French, Mgr.

Nogales Arizona

DR. BAYARD FITTS

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Specialist

NOGALES, ARIZONA

HOTEL BOWMAN

Nogales, Arizona

TUCSONIA HOTEL

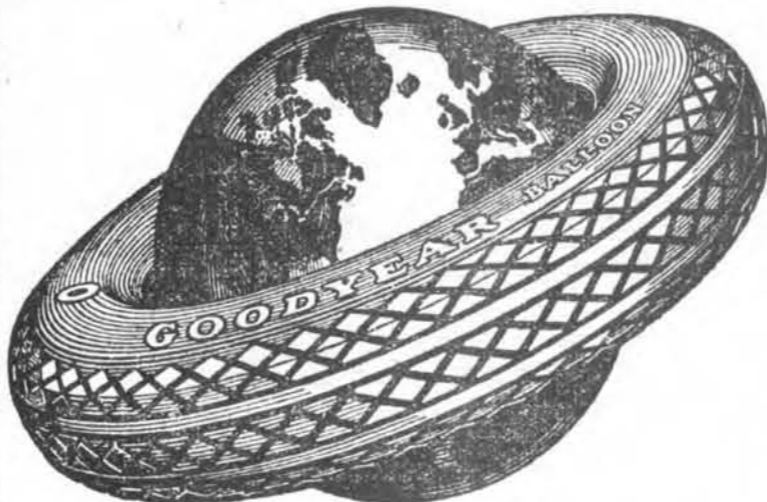
Tucson, Arizona

KEY CITY TAILORS

H. T. CONNER
138 Grand Ave. Phone 212
Nogales, Ariz.

Up-to-Date Cleaning and Pressing
Hats Cleaned and Blocked
Suits Made to Order
All Dye Work Guaranteed
Mail your clothes to us. We will deliver them on time.

Our Work, Our Prices, Our Service
Will Please You



People who wouldn't think of going to any but a good, reputable dealer for food, clothing, or furniture, patronize the worst kind of "dumps" when it comes time to buy a tire.

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

We'll sell you the best tire made—a Goodyear—at a price as low as you can get anywhere.

EAST SIDE GARAGE

R. C. Blabon, Proprietor
PATAGONIA ARIZONA

"LA PERLA"

Jewelry Store

F. A. Sarabia, Prop.
107 Morley Ave.
NOGALES, ARIZONA

Elgin and Waltham Watches

Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairing. All work guaranteed.
Reparacion Perfecta, de Alhajas y Relojes. Trabajo garantizado.

DR. M. A. WUERSCHMIDT
Optical Specialist

Arizona Optical Company

313 Morley Avenue

NOGALES ARIZONA

E. L. SPRIGGS

Attorney-at-Law

Practice in State and Federal Courts
Nogales National Bank Bldg.
NOGALES, ARIZONA

ASSAYING

PRICE LIST
Gold and Silver in 1 sample, \$1.00
Gold, Silver, Lead and Copper or Zinc in same sample, \$2.50
Lead, Copper, Zinc, Magnesium, Iron, Lime, Graphite, Sulfur, Insolubles (gold or silver alone) each \$1.00
Discounts on large amounts.
ORES BOUGHT L.o.b. Nogales, Ariz., at 90% of smelter value less \$5.00 per lot sampling and assay charge.
Accuracy and Promptness My Aim
15 Years in Present Business.
Hugo W. Miller
NOGALES, Box 257 ARIZONA

For the Best in Nogales, Sonora

VISIT THE FAMOUS

Cave Cafe

CUT IN SOLID ROCK

We specialize in Sea Foods and Game in Season. All kinds of Chinese dishes to your order.

Where the Tourists eat their meals in the cool recesses of dining-rooms cut into the rock hill-side.

Children
Cry for



Fletcher's CASTORIA

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

Constipation Wind Colic
Flatulency To Sweeten Stomach
Diarrhea Regulate Bowels

Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and

Natural Sleep without Opiates

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

International Casino

Alex Rossi, Mgr.

At the Plaza, Sonora, Mexico
(Just across the border)

THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS PLACE TO EAT
AND DRINK

HANK'S GARAGE

Hank Myers, Prop.

AUTO REPAIRING

STUDEBAKER SERVICE

CARS GREASED AND OILED

340 Grand Avenue, Nogales, Arizona

"HANK" MYERS IS COMMANDER OF RIWGE-IGO POST OF A. L.

Nogales, Ariz., Dec. 13.—At the last meeting of the American Legion, the election of officers was held. The following will serve for the ensuing year: Commander, Hank Myers; vice commander, Al Castaneda.

J. J. Trimer was named adjutant, J. B. Sexton finance officer, A. Pi- quero chaplain, Joe Montoya sergeant-at-arms, William Collier service officer and Charles L. Hardy his o. i. Herb Wood, William Collier and J. J. Trimer compose the executive committee.

Captain Fred Meyers, 70, employe of a railroad in Fort Myers, Fla., has refused to retire from active service because he is "too young to quit."

Mrs. Millie Reynolds of Chicago asked the police if she couldn't "have a vacation from her husband," whom she married 34 years ago.

Two cats owned by R. C. Bligh of Hammond, Ind., were routed and badly bitten when they attacked a squirrel.

Louis Hart of St. Louis escaped from his burning home with the tail of his nightshirt in flames.

INTERESTING NOTES

Chinese government radio stations no longer operate commercially between the larger cities of the country.

Lieut. R. W. Douglass of the U. S. army carries a small charcoal burning stove in his airplane and does his own cooking on long flights.

Three million Christmas trees will be shipped from New Brunswick to the United States this year.

Motorists of the United States now spend more than \$5,000,000,000 a year for tire replacements, repairs, lubricants and gasoline.

Western Electric Company will build a new \$15,000,000 plant in Baltimore, on a 125-acre waterfront tract.

In 10 years high school enrollments in the United States have increased from 1,600,000 to more than 4,000,000.

More than 175,000 trees have been planted along the highways of the province of Quebec during the last two years.

Aunt Samantha Farrar, a negress of Athens, Ala., is 102 years old and does not need glasses.



Patagonia Drug Company

OWL AGENCY

New shipment of Victor Records just arrived—more on the way.

We have a very complete line of face powder, creams, rouges, perfumes, hair lotions, hand lotions, dyes—and anything in the drug line you may need.

Jewelry makes a lasting gift. We have a fine display from which to select. Come and see it!

A complete line of Whitman's and Miss Saylor's box candy.

Featuring Fountain Lunch and Fountain Drinks



PIGGLY WIGGLY
All Over the World

MAKE PIGGLY WIGGLY YOUR CHRISTMAS HEADQUARTERS. THERE YOU WILL FIND ALL YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER SUPPLIES

NUTS IN THE SHELL
(All fresh crop)

Almonds, Brazils, Pecans, Filberts, lb. 34c
Walnuts, pound 35c

SHELLED NUTS

Pecans, 3 1/2-ounce cans 29c
8-Ounce Cans 51c
iamond Brand Walnuts, 3-ounce cans 23c
8-Ounce Cans 49c
Emeralds, 8 ounces 39c

FRESH ARIZONA ORANGES AND GRAPEFRUIT

Navel Oranges, Large, dozen 60c
Medium, dozen 40c
Grapefruit, Large, each 8c
Medium, each 6c
All kinds of fresh fruits at all times.

FRESH COLORADO FLOUR

White Beauty, 24-pound sacks \$1.20
White Beauty, 48-pound sacks \$2.25
Pride of the Rockies, 24-pound sacks 97c
Pride of the Rockies, 48-pound sacks \$1.78
Baker's Special, 98-pound sacks \$3.30

SWIFT'S LARD

4-Pound Pails 87c
8-Pound Pails \$1.71

SNOWDRIFT

4-Pound Pails 97c
8-Pound Pails \$1.82

WESSON OIL

Pints 29c
Quarts 54c

MAZOLA

Pints 34c
Quarts 69c

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL

Pintst 56c
Quarts \$1.07

COFFEE

Folger's, 1-pound cans 54c
Folger's, 2-pound cans \$1.06
Lady Alice, 1-pound pkg. 39c
Hills Bros., Red Cans, 1 pound 56c
Hills Bros., Red Can, 2 pounds \$1.10
Maxwell House, 1-pound cans 51c
Maxwell House, 2-pound cans \$1.00

PIGGLY WIGGLY
NOGALES, ARIZONA

Santa Claus Is Here

Don't neglect to bring the little folks to Nogales Saturday when you do your Christmas shopping. They will enjoy meeting Old Santa—and he has a gift for every one.

DON'T FAIL

to see the beautiful Christmas tree all decorated with toys, stockings, candy and bright Xmas trimmings—in front of the

"EL PASO" STORE

ORIGINATORS OF LOW PRICES

129 Morley Avenue, Nogales, Arizona

LUMBER

Wholesale and Retail

Hardware, Roofing, Mill Work, Lime, Cement, Glass, Etc.

Mine Timbers Our Specialty

PATAGONIA LUMBER CO.

J. C. Reyes, Manager
PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

LEE ZINSMEISTER BUILDS HOME

John Burton, Nogales contractor, is putting the finishing touches to the new house built at Circle Z ranch by Lee G. Zinsmeister for his private residence. Mr. Zinsmeister has recently joined the benedictines and the new home is one of the necessities.

Mrs. Meyers—What is your husband's average income?
Mrs. Beyers—Oh, about 1 a. m.

"My ear has been worn out by my wife pulling it," testified Richard Tobin of Chicago in his divorce suit.

William Fisher of Ionia Mich. was sentenced to a year in a reformatory for the theft of a bushel of potatoes valued at 40 cents.

Subscribe for your home paper; \$2

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H. H.*

NOGALES-TOMBSTONE STAGE

Bob Laney, Prop.

Nogales-Bisbee Stage's new time table, effective August 1, 1927. Through stage to Bisbee, making connections for Douglas, Lordsburg, Deming and El Paso. Train connections made at Fairbank or Douglas for all points east on No. 2.

NORTHBOUND		SOUTHBOUND	
Nogales, Leave	11:30 a.m.	Douglas, Leave	2:15 p.m.
Patagonia, Leave	12:30 a.m.	Bisbee, Leave	3:30 p.m.
Fairbank, Leave	1:40 p.m.	Tombstone, Leave	4:45 p.m.
Tombstone, Leave	2:05 p.m.	Fairbank, Leave	5:00 p.m.
Bisbee, Arrive	3:15 p.m.	Patagonia, Leave	6:00 p.m.
Douglas, Arrive	4:15 p.m.	Nogales, Arrive	7:15 p.m.

Expert Electrical Work

Batteries Recharged and Repaired (Any make)

NEW BATTERIES FROM \$7.50 UP

BORDER BATTERY & ELECTRIC CO.

In the White Front Garage

NOGALES

ARIZONA

J.C. PENNEY CO.

111 Morley Ave., Nogales, Arizona

GIFTS

The wish is always the same—"A Merry, Merry Christmas"—but you will find many delightful new ways to express it here

Paying Cash

Means More Gifts for Less Money

Figure out just how much you intend to spend, and then check your list against our prices. It is the best way we know to absolutely prove that Paying Cash really does mean Lower Prices.

It means less worry about bills too, and more money to help out with that "last minute" gift!



Stepping With Fashion

And With the Assurance of Service

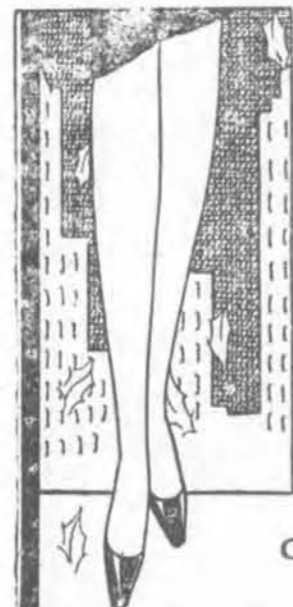
Hosiery-wise women demand a combination of good looks and long wear that is limited into every inch of our smart stockings.

Full-Fashioned Pure Silk Hose

98c and \$1.49

Every need of the town, the country—and all day long—is considered in a variety of different weights. Buy a pair—and forget the troubles.

Colors That Blend With Costumes Smartly



Christmas

Tags, Seals, Cards Assorted

A convenient envelope of tags, seals and cards to make your Christmas packages gay and festive. A wide assortment in an envelope for

8c

Smart Handbags

Are Appropriate Feminine Gifts

The new ones are so distinctive that you will be proud to select one for a friend—pouches and envelopes with modernistic applique—solid colors with novelty clasps—be sure to see them.

98c to \$4.98

Glove Silk

Chemise with Step-in Bottom

This smartly tailored chemise is an important part of every feminine lingerie wardrobe—self-trimmed and finished with butterfly step-in bottom. Attractively low-priced, too.

\$1.98

An Important Presentation!

Silk Frocks

For Women, Misses and Juniors

\$9.90

Let us stress the fact that this is indeed an offering of the rarest sort! Not only are the modes fashionable—not only is the quality exceptional—but the price is compellingly low!



For the Men
On Your Gift List



The season's newest patterns to select from in this serviceable silk and rayon hose. Rayon plaited top, mercerized toe and heel.

49c

Men's Neckwear
For Christmas

Quality materials combined with new smart patterns at

\$1.49

Gift Caps
For Boys

Of overlaid cassimere with black fur inband.

98c

Santa's Steed— the Reindeer



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
(Drawings by Ray Walters)

AS EVERY child knows, Santa Claus makes his rounds on Christmas eve in a sleigh drawn by eight tiny reindeer and their names are "Dasher," "Dancer," "Prancer," "Vixen," "Comet," "Cupid," "Donder" and "Blitzen."

The eight-reindeer team, however, was not always Krisa Kringle's motive power. Time was when he made his visits mounted on a snowy white horse. That was when he was known as Sinterklass, the pet name of the little Dutch children for their friend, Bishop St. Nicholas, who, they believed, brought them gifts on St. Nicholas eve, December 5.

When Sinterklass came to New Amsterdam and became Americanized, his name was changed to Santa Claus and he began using a little wagon drawn by a fat pony, for his visits on New Year's eve instead of December 5. Then in 1822, Clement Clark Moore wrote the famous poem which he called "A Visit From St. Nicholas," but which later became famous as "The Night Before Christmas." In this poem Santa's equine was the "minutiae high and eight tiny reindeer" and the sleigh and reindeer it has been ever since.

Just as Santa Claus is an "immigrant" and a "naturalized American," so are the steeds which he drives. No doubt it will be a surprise to many Americans to learn just how many of these "immigrants" there are in America now, as well as to know that the reindeer is not only a part of the symbolism of Christmas but in one part of this continent he is an important economic factor. Up in Alaska there are more than 700,000 of these animals grazing on the frozen tundras of the North and their rapid increase, despite the fact that more than 250,000 have been slaughtered for food since they were first introduced here, is America's protection against a famine caused by the rapid diminishing of our beef herds. All of which is due to an experiment which our far-seeing Uncle Sam embarked upon some thirty-seven years ago. The story of that experiment and the part which a Wisconsin professor had in it is told by a writer in the Milwaukee Journal as follows:

Reindeer are caribou, domesticated through many centuries. The average weight of a full-grown animal is 150 pounds, but by crossing with the larger woods caribou, it is hoped to develop an animal of 250 pounds. Through the centuries of domestication the flesh has lost the game flavor until now it is said to resemble a cross between duck and mutton.

The animals are more docile than cattle. A man is safe in a milking herd, although he may appear to a watcher to be in imminent danger of being trampled under the feet or impaled on the horns of the deer. This docility, together with knowledge of their hab-

its, makes them the easiest to handle of all domestic animals. The roundup is simplified by the fact that the reindeer in summer drive the deer to the sea coast, where they are protected by ocean breezes. Herding is made easy by their attachment to their grazing ground. A reindeer turned loose many days' journey from the pasture of its own herd will find its way surely and quickly home.

Reindeer were introduced to Alaska in 1891. In that year sixteen were brought from Siberia at the instigation of Dr. Sheldon Jackson. When Doctor Jackson was sent to Alaska by the government to establish schools among the natives, he found his wards threatened with starvation as a result of the slaughter by white men of the game animals on which the natives had depended for food. He conceived the idea of introducing the fast disappearing game with reindeer, the primitive domestic animal of Lapland and Siberia, the climate and vegetation of which resembled that of Alaska.

Returning to the states and unable to interest congress in the venture, Doctor Jackson sought contributions from the public. He obtained \$2,148 with which the first animals were procured in Siberia. At the same time Siberian herdsmen were brought over to care for them.

In 1892 150 more reindeer were imported. Congress then became mildly interested and small appropriations made possible importations through the next ten years until, in 1902, when the Russian government put an embargo on further exportations from Siberia, 2,380 animals had been taken into Alaska.

The Siberian herdsmen proved incompetent as teachers for the Eskimos, and for a time the venture was threatened with failure. It was then that Doctor Jackson went for advice to Prof. Rasmus B. Anderson of Madison, Wis., who, while minister to Denmark, had visited the reindeer herds of Lapland. Doctor Jackson's early interest in the animals had been aroused by a report on the industry there made by the professor.

In pursuance of Professor Anderson's advice, Lapp herdsmen were engaged to replace the Siberians as instructors to the Eskimos. Each was lent 100 animals from the government herd for a period of years, at the end of which an equal number of reindeer were required to be returned to the government. The Lapps were permitted to retain the increase.

The Eskimos were apprenticed to the Lapps for a period of four years. At the end of the first year each was given six reindeer, at the end of the second, eight, at the end of the third year, ten, and ten more at the end of his fourth year of training. With normal increases, each man's herd would be almost 100 head by the time he had completed his apprenticeship. He was well equipped to start in business for himself. Today, more than two-thirds of the reindeer of Alaska are owned by natives, of whom some 5,000 have been trained in their care.

The effect of this training on the Eskimos is one of the most important

results of the enterprise. Within less than a generation the reindeer industry has advanced the natives of Alaska through one entire stage of civilization—from the primitive to the pastoral, from nomadic hunters to civilized men, independent, responsible, assured of support for themselves and an opportunity to acquire wealth. They have bank accounts, purchase American clothing and food, have adopted improved methods of sanitation and, in some instances, have built frame houses from imported lumber.

Between 1918 and 1925 more than 1,875,000 pounds of reindeer meat was shipped to the United States from Alaska. Two hundred thousand pounds was shipped in 1923, while by 1925, the export had increased to 650,000 pounds. The export for 1927 was expected almost to double that of 1925, the amount depending on shipping facilities. Reindeer meat sells in Nome for 15 to 20 cents a pound. It can be delivered at Seattle for 15 cents a pound, and, with increased shipping and improved methods of handling, even this price can be reduced.

While the only reindeer on this continent now are in Alaska, and the territory's production is restricted by nature to four million head, there are millions of acres in Canada where ten times as many can be fed, and vast stretches in northern Europe and Asia where reindeer have been raised for centuries, but never on an extensive scale, where ten times as many can be grazed as in Canada. In all there, 44,000,000 reindeer could be supported by Alaska, Canada and Eurasia, assuring a substantial contribution to the world's supply of food and a utilization of what otherwise would be waste land.

The reindeer roundup rivals as a scene of picturesque activity the old cattle roundups of the western states. Reindeer, like cattle, mill about a common center, and, as with cattle, a herd will mill in one direction only. This habit simplifies the work of the branders and tally keepers. Chutes are constructed at intervals about the corral, their mouths formed by stout wing fences or "burns" projecting inside the corral at an angle opposite to the direction of the herd's motion.

Against these "burns" the edge of the herd, kept in motion by Eskimo herdsmen, is held off and, one at a time the animals are driven down the narrow chute. If the animal is branded, one of the men at the chute will call out the brand. If unbranded, the animal will be seized as it emerges from the chute and either a branding iron applied to its hip or a mark snipped in one of its ears.

Reindeer are prolific. At the normal rate of increase, herds double every three years. Even under the present plan of killing off the surplus males amounting to about 10 per cent of the herd each year, the animals are almost doubling in numbers every five years.

Within fifteen or twenty years, at the present rate of growth, the herds will have reached the limits of the territory to feed and it will then be necessary further to increase the slaughter of the animals.

ness and also adopted the generous Nicholas as their heavenly protector. He was, in fact, the most popular saint in the calendar.

The feast of Saint Nicholas was originally celebrated on December 6. But when church people in the late Middle Ages tried to suppress, for one reason or another, the festivities which grew up around the Boy Saint's day the children refused to give him up and gradually his festival was assimilated with Christmas day.—John Macy in the Bookman.

GAVE BLACKBURNE FOR RAY SCHALK

Lena Has Now Taken His Job as Manager of Sox.

Seventeen years ago Charles Comiskey, owner of the Chicago White Sox, precipitated a mild sensation by trading a dependable infielder to Milwaukee for a flashy young catcher, heralded as the "kid wonder."

In the midst of a pennant race last season the "kid wonder," Ray Schalk, stepped down as manager of the Sox and the infielder, "Lena" Blackburne, took the helm.

When Blackburne, whose full moniker is Russell Aubrey Blackburne, became manager of the Sox the team was stumbling along far down in the second division. "Lena" called his gang together on the eve of an Eastern invasion, told them he intended to be "boss" and reminded them that to win ball games one big inning only is necessary.

The team started that day and a month later the Sox were in the first division, and "cocky" enough to divide a series with the chesty Yankee.

But a line on "Lena." He is forty, but as full of pep and enthusiasm as a collegian. He hustles and inspires his hands to hustle. And he's known as a fighter.

"There's been lots of gossip about nobody being able to boss the Sox," he told the players the day he assumed control. "But here's one manager who'll be boss."

One day last year Chicago was playing Cleveland and an early lead that the Indians had piled up had been reduced to one run by the time the ninth inning rolled around. Two Sox were on bases, and two were out. "Lena" elected to bat. Shaute, hurling for the Indians, grew careless, probably thinking "this old guy can't hit it." Blackburne smacked a single to left and a run was in. A few seconds later another Six singled and "Lena" came home from second. He ached for weeks after, he said, but he had won the game.

"Lena" started in baseball with his father's semi-pro team at Palmyra at the unusual late semi-pro age of twenty-four. He has played with the Athletics in addition to the Sox. He gets the "Lena" from his leanness. It first was "Lean," and eventually "Lena."

Fuchs Also Manager



Judge Fuchs himself, new manager of the Braves, succeeding Roger Hornsby, who goes to the Chicago Cubs for the trade of \$100,000 cash and trade of five players. The Judge, shown in the uniform and looking like business, is ready to catch something. He will continue as president of the Wigwam club.

Strong Grip Needed by Ball Pitchers

Pitchers need a strong grip in the throwing hand. They don't grip the ball hard, but they give it a snap with the first and second finger as they let it go to make it twirl more, and to do that they need a strong grip.

Red Faber worked on exercises for years to develop his grip, and once it saved his life. When he was a kid, Red liked to flip freights. One day he tackled one that was moving a little too fast for him. He got his right hand on the bar when the speed of the train flipped him off his feet. His grip was strong enough to hold it if it had broken he would have been thrown under the train.

Red quit flipping freights right after that.

Ray Miller and Walter Gerber Could Not Agree

When Ray Miller and Walter Gerber played together on the Columbus team in the American association they always were in an argument. It didn't matter whether it was a question of astronomy or how to handle an infield boundary, they never could agree.

As usual, one day, something was started and Miller asked Gerber a question. "I don't know," answered the honest Gerber.

"Oh, then that's a case of where ignorance is bliss," was Miller's comeback, making use of an old bromide he probably didn't quite get himself, but he knew what he meant—he wanted to infer that Walter Gerber was a dumb-bell.

"Well, if that is so, you're a blither," was the way Gerber ended the argument, and he walked away, leaving Miller alone to figure out what that might mean.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

WHEN another Christmas rolls around—and another family will still be enjoying this beautiful and sensible gift.

2,000,000 families have Atwater Kent Radio. Many of them made their purchases last Christmas. "We felt this was the thing that would please the whole household—now we know," they say.

You, too, want entertainment without trouble. You want to hear good music and good talks—you always get what you want from "the radio that keeps on working."

All-electric If you have electricity from a central station, there are several Atwater Kent models you can operate from a lamp socket. If you prefer an all-in-one cabinet set, with receiver and speaker combined, the dealer will let you try the wonderfully compact Model 52. They're all

made wholly by Atwater Kent in the world's largest radio factory—as big as a 15-acre field!

Modern battery sets, too

"We want electricity, but we want good up-to-date radio just the same." Of course—and no reason why you shouldn't have it! Atwater Kent battery sets have the 1929 refinements. You'll recognize them when you listen. Your choice of two models—one for average conditions, one for unusual "distance."

Either kind—all-electric or battery—gives you the best in radio at a moderate price. See an Atwater Kent dealer about that Christmas radio—Now!

On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Radio Hour—listen in!

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

4764 Wissahickon Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH	APRIL
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"Radio's Trousers Voice" Atwater Kent Radio-Speakers, Models K, E, E-3, extra-powerful. See prices do not include tubes or batteries.



Battery Sets, \$19-\$68 Solid mahogany cabinets. Panels satin-finished in gold. Full-stereo Dial. Model 48, \$49; Model 49, extra-powerful, \$56. Prices do not include tubes or batteries.

MODEL 40 See 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Requires six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, \$77 (without tubes). Model 41 D. C. set, \$67 (without tubes).

Hardest Known Metal Is American Product

A new metal so hard that it will bore smooth holes in concrete, or cut screw threads in a glass rod, was exhibited for the first time at the recent convention of the American Society for Steel Treating at Philadelphia. With present-day tools such feats are difficult or even impossible. The new material, known as carbonyl, and consisting of tungsten carbide, a compound of tungsten and carbon, and cobalt, a metal like nickel, is the invention of Dr. Samuel L. Hoyt of the research laboratory of the General Electric company. It is so hard that it will cut glass like a diamond, and will even scratch a sapphire, which is next below the diamond in the scale of hardness. Ordinary steel tools are quickly worn down when held against an emery wheel, but the new metal itself wears down the wheel.

Natural Wealth Wasted

Cuba has turned much of its former forest land over to the growing of sugar cane, says the American Tree association. The coast line of Santo Domingo, and the lowlands of Porto Rico, are dotted with plantations of cocoa, coconut and cane.

But a great deal more land has been cleared of tree growth than is ever going to be used for agriculture in the islands of the West Indies. Much of it is a wasting asset today. Porto Rico and Trinidad have depleted their once widespread forest to a pitiful fraction. The republic of Haiti has hardly a stick of accessible commercial timber.

Be a Good Stenographer

"Unless a girl has some unusual natural talent for a definite business pursuit, the best way to make a beginning in business, in my opinion, is as a stenographer," says Helen Woodward, noted advertising expert, in Smart Set Magazine. "But be a good one. In my twenty years of business life I have met only six good stenographers."

A girl seldom disagrees with a man just before Christmas.

Turf Item

Friend—Did you get your husband to see a specialist, as I advised?

Sporting Wife—Yes, and he said John's system was all wrong, which, of course, was no news to me—John never backed a winner all last season!

Garfield Tea Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

Facetious Garcon

"Waiter, this napkin is about done for." "Yes, sir, it's on its last lap, sir."

Off counting keeps friends long together.

This Mother Had Problem



As a rule, milk is about the best food for children, but there are times when they are much better off without it. It should always be left off when children show by feverish, fretful or cross spells, by bad breath, coated tongue, sallow skin, indigestion, biliousness, etc., that their stomach and bowels are out of order.

In cases like this, California Fig Syrup never fails to work wonders, by its quick and gentle way. It removes all the souring waste which is causing the trouble, regulates the stomach and bowels and gives those organs tone and strength, so they continue to get normally of their own accord. Children love its rich, fruity flavor and it's purely vegetable and harmless, even for babies.

Millions of mothers have proved its merit and reliability in over 50 years of steadily increasing use. A Western mother, Mrs. May Snavely, Montrose, California, says: "My little girl, Edna's, tendency to constipation was a problem to me until I began giving her California Fig Syrup. It helped her right away and soon her stomach and bowels were acting perfectly. Since then I've never had to have any advice about her bowels. I have also used California Fig Syrup with my little boy, with equal success."

To be sure of getting the genuine, which physicians endorse, always ask for California Fig Syrup by the full name.

To Bring Back Forests

The West Indies do not cover much of the earth's surface, and with the possible exception of Santo Domingo are not going to be important exporters of timber, says the American Tree association. But they have an interest, because spread out like the pages of a book are the results of past centuries of devastation. They are interesting, too, because of what the various nations are trying to do to bring back this almost totally destroyed forest resource.

No Great Accomplishment

Artist—With one stroke of my brush I can change a smiling child into a weeping one.

Friend (dryly)—You can do the same with a broomstick.

There are always firearms at hand, it seems, for those suddenly moved to kill.

—take it!
It's Bayer



The nurse tells you to take Bayer Aspirin because she knows it's safe. Doctors have told her so. It has no effect on the heart, so take it to stop a headache or check a cold. For almost instant relief of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism; even lumbago. But be sure it's Bayer—the genuine Aspirin. At druggists, with proven directions for its many uses.



Cuticura works wonders in the care and preservation of your hair

Massage the scalp with Cuticura Ointment to soften and remove the scales of dirt and dandruff. Shampoo with Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify the hair and restore its natural gloss and vigor.

The favorite method for fifty years of caring for the skin and hair.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. B5, Malden, Mass. 02148. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

Santa Claus a Bishop

The name of Santa Claus is merely slurring the Dutch San Nicholas, which is, of course, Saint Nicholas. American children are probably the only ones in the world who say it just that way.

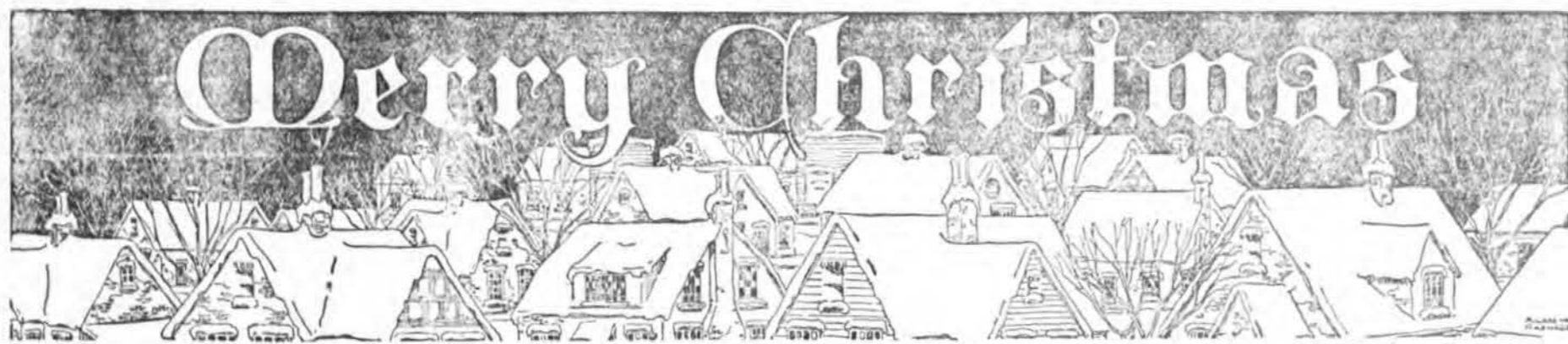
Nicholas was an actual person. He was Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, Asia Minor, in the first part of the Fourth century of the Christian era. He is the youngest bishop in the history of

the church. From the day of his birth Nicholas revealed his piety and grace. He refused on fast days to take the natural nourishment of a child.

But Nicholas was not a barefoot reclusive vowed to poverty. His father was a wealthy merchant, and his riches, inherited by the magic wand which fairy godfathers wield, enabled him to be a dispenser of the good things of life as earthly representative of the Supreme Giver of Gifts.

The bankers and brokers wished to give snooty and dignity to their busi-

Merry Christmas



WELL, HERE'S SANTA CLAUS!



Photo by Anne Shriber

A Christmas Eve Accident

By Helen Gaisford



Happy tinkling sleigh bells seemed to Marilynne to keep repeating Paul's words—"I love you, love you, love you. We'll be married right away. Jingle, jingle, jingle! Married right away!"

The moonlight cast their moving shadow on the snowy road. The bells continued their lively refrain. Paul heard it, too—"We'll be married right away."

"Marilynne," he said, "this is the most wonderful Christmas eve in my life. I didn't dream I could ever be so happy."

"Just we two forever. I think I must have loved you always."

"Let us be married tonight, dear. There is still time."

"Oh, no, Paul, dear. We should announce it first. Let's wait until right after the holidays."

"Why?"

"Just so that people won't say we were in too big a hurry."

"What do we care what people say? If you had a family it would be different, but we are all alone—"

She smiled at him. "Perhaps if we had to share each other we wouldn't be so happy. We can be so content with just ourselves."

"Dearest—"

"Yes?"

"You do love me?"

"They were entering the outskirts of town, within a mile of Marilynne's home. At the sharp bend in the road,

one runner caught on a fallen branch and the sleigh toppled to its side.

Paul was up almost before he had stopped tumbling, and was at Marilynne's side, but she lay very still. He spread one of the laprobes on the snow, using the other for a pillow, and lifted her out of it. Then he covered her carefully, loosed the kicking horse from the upset sleigh, and rode into town at a gallop.

"I'll get old Doc Weatherby," he thought. "She can't be seriously hurt; she mustn't be." He urged the horse faster. "Ah, here we are."

But Doctor Weatherby was out, and not expected for two hours. "Doctor Thompson lived about two miles farther on," Mrs. Weatherby told him. "Is it anything serious?"

"I don't know. An accident," Paul went back to his horse. "I can't leave Marilynne for so long," he thought, before he had gone far. He looked about for a possible messenger, but there was no one in sight. Before the next house he stopped, intending to ask there for some one to deliver his message. But as he stepped on the porch he noticed a sign: "Dr. J. B. Brown." He rang the bell. A man with graying hair answered it.

"Doctor Brown?"

"Yes."

"Can you come with me right away?"

"Well, I don't know. I'm very busy. Christmas eve, you know. What is it?"

"On the creek road at the bend by the willows. She may be dying. I'll go ahead, and you follow just as quickly as you can—" He was gone.

"But—" said Doctor Brown. He looked after the rapidly disappearing horse and rider. "Well, if I must—"

Marilynne stirred and opened her eyes. "Paul," she said. Then she noticed the blankets and tried to remember. She heard racing hoofbeats and raised her head. In a moment Paul was beside her.

"Are you all right? Marilynne, dear, you're not hurt?"

"I'm all right," she answered shakily. "I must have fainted. We turned over, didn't we?"

"My dear, if anything awful had happened—"

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

WISHES old, Yet ever new, We send this Christmastide To you.

—MARY GRAHAM BONNER
(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union)

"Tell me you love me."

"A thousand times, I love you. I love you more than life itself; more than anything in the world."

"Not more than I love you."

The moon came out from behind a cloud, and the snow gleamed in its light. A sound of distant chimes broke through the still air. Down the road a man on horseback rapidly approached unnoticed.

"Paul," said Marilynne, "I think that after all, we'll be married right away."

The rider left his horse and ran up to them. "You're the young man who came for me, aren't you?" asked Doctor Brown.

"Yes," replied Paul, "but I don't suppose you will be needed now."

Marilynne reached out her hand. "Why, good evening, Doctor Brown. What on earth did Paul want with you?"

Paul answered her. "I was afraid you might be hurt, and thought I had better call a doctor."

Doctor Brown laughed. So did Marilynne. "Doctor Brown," she explained, "is a minister."

Paul gasped. Then he held out his hand to Doctor Brown. "In that case," he said, "you are needed, after all! Let's right this sleigh, and all drive back to town together."

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)



er," said the man, his face aglow with memory. "He was younger than I . . . a little shaver when you saw him. You gave us our first real Christmas, and I'll never forget it as long as I live."

Mrs. Casey blinked rapidly several times. Part of a smile began to flicker around her lips. She peered up into the man's face.

"You sent your husband down to the little shack where we lived," continued the man, "and he wrapped us up warm in mufflers and coats he had brought. He drove us in a sleigh to your house. Our mother had died a few months before and we were lonely and miserable. We had moved to the village just that week and knew no one. Our father had no work and we were terribly neglected and unhappy."

"Yes . . . yes!" laughed the woman, "I know you now. My land, how big you've grown!"

"And you gave us a fine big dinner, turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie," said the man. His voice was softened and his eyes misty with tears. "It was the greatest day of my life. I have never forgotten it. You gave us a memory of happiness that has lasted all these years and will go on forever. It was the true spirit of Christmas cheer, and my brother and I have tried to spread it around as far as we can ever since. You see what you started. God bless you!" He bent swiftly and kissed her cheek. He treated Joe's ear. With a smile, he strode off again and was lost in the crowd.

"Gracious sakes!" gasped Mrs. Casey. "Well, if that don't beat all! My, my, my! Those two little boys men grown now!"

With beaming face she tugged at Joe's sleeve. "Hurry up now! We must catch that boat."

"Aw, mamma . . . let me just peek into that window . . ." But Mrs. Casey was thinking of that long ago Christmas, and the man who had reminded her of it.

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Greetings by Air and Wire

A world-wide Christmas custom, which originated in this country, is the sending of greetings by radio, telegraph and cable.



Christmas cheer not forgotten

By MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

FOR mercy sakes, do come along and don't drag so!" Mrs. Casey jerked at the arm of her reluctant son who was craning his neck to look into three shop windows at once. "We have only half an hour before the boat leaves, and I've got a lot of errands to do yet."

"There's a man waving at you, mamma," said the small boy. "He's comin' down the street. He wants to speak to you."

"Don't pay any attention to him, Joe! I haven't time to be bothered with him. Just some one who wants me to take a message over to his folks across the bay, probably."

But the man was coming rapidly nearer. His face was alight with smiles. His hand was out before he was within five yards of Mrs. Casey. "Mamma!" Joe hissed, "You'll have to stop!"

And indeed the man had no intention of letting her pass him.

"How do you do?" he called. "I recognized you three blocks away."

He was quite close now and his hand was still out. "My, it does my heart good to see you again, Mrs. Casey."

The woman frowned. Who was this man? Why did he bother her when she was in such a hurry? There would be no other chance for Christmas shopping after today. She had come across the bay in a small motor boat; it would be leaving for the return trip in twenty-five minutes.

"You don't remember me?" smiled the man. He looked down eagerly at the puzzled woman. "It was twenty years ago on Christmas that I first saw you. And I'll never forget it as long as I live."

Mrs. Casey clutched her shopping bag more closely to her breast and stared.

"I had a brother," said the man, his face aglow with memory. "He was younger than I . . . a little shaver when you saw him. You gave us our first real Christmas, and I'll never forget it as long as I live."

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"You sent your husband down to the little shack where we lived," continued the man, "and he wrapped us up warm in mufflers and coats he had brought. He drove us in a sleigh to your house. Our mother had died a few months before and we were lonely and miserable. We had moved to the village just that week and knew no one. Our father had no work and we were terribly neglected and unhappy."

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(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Their Message To Santa



A Different Kind of CHRISTMAS

By PATIENCE EDEN

PERHAPS she was a little bit selfish. Just a trifle. Anyhow, she was extremely bored. Parties where there was no one she cared about! Bridge prizes she loathed and gave to the cook next morning! Late hours at night, and nothing to do when she got up at noon but decide which of the seven dance invitations she would accept! Tons of flowers she never wore, and seldom took the trouble to arrange even in vases about the house. And at Christmas it was worse than ever. She seriously considered running away. She'd like a new set of experiences. Something more rugged, nearer the true vitality of living. She would come back with a lot of amusing stories to regale the crowd with.

Two days before Christmas Cynthia Norris told her maid and cook they could have a vacation. "Look up the apartment, I'll let you know when I am coming back. I'm going away for the holidays."

She scurried into a taxi with a new feeling of excitement, the best part of the whole thing being a sense of something entirely untried. She had no idea where she was going. She'd select some queer person in the crowd at the terminal, follow her to the

At Hawbridge the young man leaped from his seat, jammed on his hat and plunged out of the door. Cynthia stumbled over the feet of the woman with the shawl and jumped down from the train steps just two seconds before it began moving again.

A dreary, wooden station with a faint flicker of a lantern hanging from a hook. A few snowflakes began falling. There was no one about. For a moment Cynthia suffered a pang of loneliness. But even this was a new sensation, so she accepted it. However, she could not stay here all night, and she had a bag. She heard the explosions of a car about to start. Hurdled she ran in the direction of the noise. She could dimly see a machine with a driver.

"Could you tell me if there is a hotel here where I could stay?" asked Cynthia a little breathlessly.

"I'm afraid Hawbridge is a bit shy on hotels," replied a man's voice. "But if you'll jump in I'll take you to one possible boarding house."

Cynthia flung in her bag and climbed eagerly to the seat. The car gave a deafening roar and shot off



without warning into darkness. It was a rough road and the driver paid little attention either to ruts or his companion. Cynthia ventured a question or two about the village and was answered with polite brevity. This was not the way in which she was accustomed to being treated, and it piqued her.

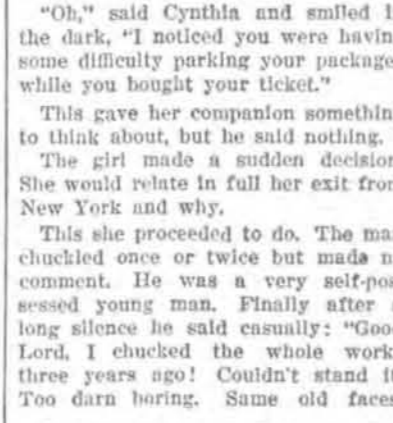
"I live at this boarding house," finally admitted the driver. "I'm a printer on a newspaper in the next town. I could live where my work is, but I like this little village. Know a lot of kids here and have a great time at Christmas. Got a lot of stuff for them today."

"Oh," said Cynthia and smiled in the dark. "I noticed you were having some difficulty parking your packages while you bought your ticket."

This gave her companion something to think about, but he said nothing.

The girl made a sudden decision. She would relate in full her exit from New York and why.

This she proceeded to do. The man chuckled once or twice but made no comment. He was a very self-possessed young man. Finally after a long silence he said casually: "Good Lord, I chuckled the whole works three years ago! Couldn't stand it. Too darn boring. Same old faces,



Same old crowd. Same old parties. I boited. Got a job on this newspaper. Keen about it. Get nearer the marrow of things some way. I feel free as a bird and don't give a hoot what anyone thinks. It's great."

"Oh," said Cynthia again.

"Want to come round with me Christmas eve?" demanded the extraordinary man. "Looks as if we might have snow. I take a sleigh, dress up in a silly Santa Claus costume, wangle a white beard and deliver gifts to the kids in town."

"I'd love to!" breathed the girl. "Please let me."

"On one condition. That you won't go back and make vaudeville out of our village."

"I promise," said Cynthia.

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Something Reminded Her of Her Duty

"Today I am reminded of a duty that I have neglected, and that is to let you know how wonderful have been the results I obtained from the use of Milks Emulsion. Nothing could have been more beneficial to me than your Emulsion."

"In the winter of 1917 and 1918 I had a severe case of pneumonia, and in the spring of 1919 I took a cough. I was doing some summer work to prepare myself for a college, but by the time school opened I was too ill to attend. I finally went to bed for the rest cure. I gained a little in strength and got up by Christmas, but my cough never left me, and I caught cold very easily and it would take a month to get over it."

"Finally, in September, 1920, I got a bottle of Milks Emulsion and wrote you for instructions, to which you replied promptly and for which I thank you. I followed the instructions carefully and soon my cough began to disappear. I was able to sleep better than ever before and my appetite was fierce. I could not eat enough. I gained in weight slowly but surely, but continued the use of Milks Emulsion, until I am a well girl today."

"I went through the entire season without a cold or a cough, and I came back into the society circle and played all the big affairs without any ill effects. About a month ago I neglected myself and took a dreadful summer cold and, being at a house party, I could not care for myself properly. But as soon as I reached home I flew in on my old standby, Milks Emulsion, and within a week I was well."

"I have recommended it to many and if at any time I can be of any help to your company by telling what it did for me, let me know. Sincerely, MISS KATY WALLER, 401 Argyle Ave., San Antonio, Tex."

Sold by all druggists under a guarantee to give satisfaction or money refunded. The Milks Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.—Adv.

Turning Pest Into Profit

For years we have heard of the enormous damage rabbits do in Australia. Women have, however, transformed this pest into a national asset.

Five years ago there was not a machine in Australia to convert rabbit skin into what is known as "coney." Today a hundred concerns employ about fifteen hundred persons and \$2,500,000 capital in the production of fur goods, creating a new local industry that is worth millions.

The fur garment in Australia has now been made a popular article instead of a costly luxury.

Attend the Party In Spite of Cold!

Don't despair some day your social calendar is full, and you awake with a miserable cold. Be rid of it by noon! You can, if you know the secret! Pope's Cold Compound soon settles any cold, yes, even one that has reached deep in the throat or lungs.—Adv.

Film Laboratory in Air

To expedite the delivery of news pictures, motion picture films and photographs are now developed and printed in a flying laboratory while en route to various cities. The plane carries all laboratory equipment necessary for developing, printing, cutting, splicing and titling movie film and finishing many still photographs. Besides the pilot, the plane carries a staff of three.

A young man of twenty-three who has saved \$1,000 has recently performed an unusual feat.

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise

as "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30 Clark's 25th cruise, 65 days, including Madeira, Canary Islands, Czecho-Slovakia, Egypt, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine, Egypt, Riviera, Cherbourg, (Paris), includes hotels, guides, motor, etc.

Noway-Mediterranean, June 28, 1925; \$600 up

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N.Y.

CONSTIPATION RELIEVED QUICKLY

Carter's Little Liver Pills Purify Vegetable Laxative

They relieve the system of constipation plagues which cause that dull and aching feeling. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be taken by the entire family. All Druggists 25c and 75c Red Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

To Cool a Burn Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not satisfied. All dealers.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

Price 25c. Sold Everywhere.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. Shampoos by mail or at drug stores. 50c. Write for literature and instructions. GEORGE EDWARDS, Livingston, Montana

WOLF COYOTE, FOX AND SKUNK EXTORTIONER'S CAPSULES—Kills every one you catch. Brought 1912 by Free Circular. Free Formulas and Instructions. GEORGE EDWARDS, Livingston, Montana

McMILLAN WANTS YOUR FURS

Liberal Grading. Big profits for you! Paying top-notch prices for 50 years. Fur market booming. Send today for price list. Trapper's Guide. Free Formulas and Instructions. A Wool Co. Minneapolis, Minn.

WE PAY YOU SPOT CASH

W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 50-1928.

THE MARKED MAN

A Romance of the Great Lakes

By Karl W. Detzer

W. N. U. Service

Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE STORY

From his French-Canadian mother, Norman Erickson inherits a distaste for life on the water, which is beyond his understanding of his father, Gustaf, veteran deep-water sailor. At Mrs. Erickson's death Gustaf determines to make Norman, who has been working for a grover, his partner in his fishing boat, at once. In rebellious mood, Norman seeks comfort from Julie Richard, French-Canadian playmate of his school days. Ed Baker, young fisherman, Norman's life-long enemy, fans ill feeling between father and son, and Norman enters the light-house service at Blind Man's Eye, Captain Stocking is in command, living with his daughter, Susan. From the lighthouse Norman sees a boat on the reef. Making his way through the surf to the wreck, he is struck by the body of a dead dog. Gustaf Erickson had been fond of telling a ghastly story of a sea disaster in which a dead dog figured, and Norman, as a child, had listened to it in terror. The dog recalls the story and annoys him. He abandons his idea of rescue, Captain Stocking sets out in a boat for the wreck, sending Norman to the coast guard station for help. Captain Parish, of the guard, launches a boat, ordering Norman to go with the crew. He is unable to get aboard. Stocking brings a man ashore from the wreck. Captain Parish accuses Norman of cowardice. James Delong, the man rescued, is a "gentleman farmer." Norman detects Baker in the act of burying a packet which Delong had dropped. He digs it up and keeps it. Norman gives the package to Delong.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Didn't say? He'll say to me! I won't have such doings around my vessel, I won't. First he's got the green scare, worse'n Jonah's widow. Acted like a summer resorter. Then he goes stealin' your money or helpin' somebody else steal it. . . . got scared out, most likely. . . ."

"It wasn't money. And he didn't try to steal it. In fact, if anyone did try it, Erickson prevented it."

"Eh? By the hoky poky!" Captain Stocking sank down into his rocking chair. "How'd he know somebody was tryin' to steal it? How'd he know?"

"He didn't tell me," Delong answered. "In fact, Erickson told me very little, only brought the package in and gave it to me. But I've an idea of my own. The boy's all right, Captain. Nothing to worry about there."

The keeper snorted.

"You got a lubberly idee of what's right, mister! Where'd that barnacle o' mine get that packet? What you mean by stealin'? By Skillingaltee, I'll find out! Now listen. Who got that dirty finger-mark there on that paper? What you drivin' at, talkin' about engines?"

The red-haired man laughed.

"Think we'll have rain, Keeper?" he asked.

Norman Erickson went about his duties punctually after his talk with Delong. The keeper offered him only short commands and asked only official questions. Each stood his tricks, called the other promptly, and did not mention again the matter of the oil-skin package or Norman's collapse the evening of the storm. Norman did not resent the keeper's silence. He knew that the other was not a man who bore grudges; Stocking considered him a coward . . . he had told him so plainly . . . but in regard to the bundle of papers, Norman felt happier that Delong had convinced the keeper.

Captain Parish and his crew put a line aboard the yacht after the wind fell, and dragged her off the reef. Blind Man's Teeth had gnawed wide holes in her bow, had broken three ribs and bent the shaft. Her upper workings hung badly smashed.

"There she be," said Captain Parish sourly when his men completed their job. "That's all my crew is supposed to do, according to law, just drag her up on land."

"Thanks," Delong answered, "let her lie where she is now. I'll find a carpenter in Madrid Bay. He can make her fit to float, then tow her to the harbor."

Delong had sat idly the first day after his wreck, unable to stand because of his sprained ankle. Captain Stocking remained stiffly polite to his guest; Sue made up for it with a pronounced cordiality.

The assistant keeper, going about his own tasks silently, had few glimpses of Sue and then only while she entered the stranger. Of Norman, Sue evidently saw nothing. She kept her first stern, critical silence, addressed her father's helper only when such practical needs as coal or kerosene or a call to supper demanded it. Then the fog broke completely with a down-pour that washed away the last mist. The sun looked brightly on an astonished coast, and that morning the red-haired Delong left Blind Man's Point in Sutton's boat.

It was the next evening that Sue surprised Norman by a new cordiality. He had been waiting in the tow-

er for official sundown, leaning over the iron rail on the lakeward side of the castiron deck beside him. Her face had colored from climbing the stairs, a distinct amiability had come back to her voice.

"Hello!" she said briskly.

"Hello!" Norman answered.

Her nonchalance angered him, after all this time. He turned his attention to the lake.

"Norman Erickson," Sue began. "I've come up here to ask you something. And I expect a decent answer."

"A decent look's more than I've got for a week."

"More than you deserve, Erickson. Do you expect me to fall on your neck? It'll be a long time before I forget the fade-out you did when the boat put off!"

"Why talk?" He faced her furiously, his blue eyes hard as pebbles. "I'm not putting myself up for a hero. I tried to go. I missed the boat. I may be ashamed, God knows I am, but it's no business of yours or anybody else."

Sue's face flushed. When she spoke again, her voice was calmer.

"Erickson, where did you find Mr. Delong's packet?"

"Up the beach."

"Was it buried?"

"What makes you ask that?"

"You told Mr. Delong that some one else found it, and he told me. He told me more than that. He said that he knew who did it. Did you tell him?"

"No."

"Who did bury it?"

"You try to find out, Miss Sue. Ask your father, or Sutton, or Parish, or Baker . . . maybe some of them know!"

"I did ask Baker."

"And what did he say?"

"He saw you hide it. Then you became scared . . . nothing unusual in that . . . and you dug it up again."

Norman looked unsurprised. "That's a real neat explanation. What does Delong think of that?"

"Think? He thinks you're a little tin skipper on wheels."

"I'm glad some one does."

"But what he thinks makes no difference. I want to know whether you or Ed Baker told the truth?"

"Oh, Baker, of course," Norman said.

Sue Stocking bit her lip.

"You had better get another berth, Erickson. You don't belong on a light. . . ."

Norman rapped the iron rail with his knuckles.

"No, Miss Sue, I've changed my mind about quitting."

"It'll take more than changing to keep you here! My father will make his report."

The assistant keeper shrugged. His tongue never could argue so readily as hers; its best was none too good. But some day he'd tell her. He would tell her she was a meddling young woman, a chunk of January ice, a girl no Erickson would take a second look at. And some day before he left Blind Man's Eye, he would bring Julie Richard, and ask Sue Stocking to look at a nice, agreeable, red-cheeked farm girl out of the Canadas.

He planted his boots solidly. He was conscious that she was staring at him. He could stay on deck as long as she could. And keep just as silent.

"Norman!" Sue spoke impulsively.

"Well?"

"Mr. Delong's bundle of deeds, or whatever they were . . ."

"Oh, 'm sick of it!"

"Was it Ed Baker who buried it?"

"I'm not telling," Norman said firmly.

"So it was Ed Baker! Well, that settles him!"

She brushed past him abruptly and let herself down the ladder to the lamp room. Norman followed slowly down the ladder.

Something stirred at the top of the steps. He moved over cautiously. Standing in the corner, her head bent upon her arm, her arm against the wall, was Sue Stocking . . . weeping.

"What's the matter?" he asked. She did not speak. He touched her arm.

"What's wrong?"

"Oh, I am!" she sobbed. "I'm such a fool!"

"No, you're not."

"I am. There's Mr. Delong . . . He understands people, Norman. He told me you were all right, said you had a queer inheritance, but you'd come out all right. I must have been blind, or terribly stupid, Norman. I'm sorry for all I said. I trusted Baker. I've known him a long time, I believed him. Now I see . . ."

"I don't get you."

"And that fishy Sutton! Dad insisted all along it was Sutton who hid Baker's first night. You got the blame for it. And now this other business, this bundle of papers. It wasn't you found them and opened them. You didn't have to dig them up and bring them in . . . this man was nothing to you. You did it because your honest . . . oh, why did you bow! at that dog?"

She collapsed on the shadowy step. Norman leaned down and touched her

hair gently. The girl sobbed. He could not see her face. She lifted it suddenly and looked at him. Norman stooped down, put his arm around her tight, and let go quickly.

He had kissed Sue Stocking, when all the time she cried he was thinking of Julie Richard.

"Norman, Norman," she whispered tearfully, and fled down the stair.

He leaned dizzily on the edge of the work table after he heard her slam the door, and waited for the strength to come back to his knees. Why had he kissed Sue Stocking . . . Sue Stocking of all the girls on earth? He certainly had not meant to. He did nothing he meant to.

They sat at supper when Ed Baker went by on beach patrol. He halted and paused at the door. Sue arose and walked stiffly outside with him. She ran in, directly, with her cheeks cool and colorless. On her lips she wore the straight hard twist she reserved for anger.

"Baker didn't stay to eat with us?" Captain Stocking demanded.

"I didn't ask him."

"Eh?"

"I didn't ask him," Sue repeated, moving the lamp so that its glow did not fall on her face.

The assistant keeper scrubbed white paint in exalted spirits next morning. He had expected Sue to avoid him.



It Would Have Been Easier for Norman if She Had Snubbed Him a Little.

after the scene in the tower. But she did not. Instead she talked vivaciously during breakfast, almost foolishly. It would have been easier for Norman if she had snubbed him a little. He was accustomed to that. And after all, why had he kissed her? Because she cried? Because he was a sentimental fool? Because he cared for her, or just why?

He was cleaning the brass in the pump room when a boat put in to shore. It was James Delong, returning with mechanics to examine his yacht. There were two men with him. Norman's heart swelled with expectancy. It was Jim Nelson and . . . no . . . no, it was not Gustaf . . . his heart contracted. The other man was one of the Parson boys, the best hand at repairing boats in Madrid. Norman left the brass and went down.

"Jim," he cried, "I'm glad to see you!"

"Aye, I'm glad to see you, Norman," Nelson climbed out of the boat awkwardly, abashed by the presence of Sue Stocking. "That's the reason I come along, to see you. He needed a helper—Nelson jerked his thumb toward Parson—"Your paw's all right, Norman."

"All right?"

"Sure. But say, Norman, Gustaf won't have none of your money. He put what you sent in the stove, right along of the letters. . . ."

"He did?" Norman spoke lamely. Sue and Delong were staring at him. He drew Jim aside. "Can I come back?" he asked.

"To stay?"

"No, no, to see him."

Nelson hesitated. "I dunno, Norman," he said. "I dunno what to say. He'd bust up the ship if he saw you. Sure, he'd like you to come. Only . . . you know . . . he's a hard skipper . . . he's never tell you he'd like. He'd try to throw you overboard again . . . it might stir him up bad. . . ."

"All right," Norman said dully.

He took off his coat and prepared to help on the boat.

Delong left the three men as soon as the details were arranged, and hobbled through the loose sand, to sit down with Sue in the shade of the fog signal house. Norman found it hard to control his eyes while he sweated beside Nelson over the keel of the salvaged boat. He possessed only two thoughts. One concerned his father, the other dealt with his impression that Sue was enjoying herself immensely.

"Come here, Norman!" she cried.

He walked to her.

Delong seemed younger today, not ten years older than Norman himself. His face had sunburned in the few days since he came ashore; its color made him look more like a native of the coasts.

"Sue's going to visit my farm tomorrow, Erickson," he said. "Coming up to see the lake and that dam which worries you. It hasn't broken yet." He laughed. "The rains have put Tamarack river ten feet over its banks. But the dike is as firm as a rock, not a soft spot in it. I tested it myself this morning."

Norman shook his head.

"It'll break some day, just like a fish net. Not now, maybe. Some day when you're least expecting it."

"You people have great ideas!" Delong climbed to his feet. "You want all water just as the Lord made it. This girl here thinks a farm can be nothing but a jumble of potatoes and pasture . . . except in books. I'll be here at nine o'clock, rain or shine!"

The wind shifted to the east by northeast shortly after the Madrid fish boat departed at eleven o'clock with the disabled yacht in tow. Norman, when he climbed to the tower, found Captain Stocking out on the deck looking into the heavens for trouble.

"Rain," the keeper predicted. "I feel it in my bones. We've had enough. There's been almost a week of it!"

Norman recalled what James Delong had said about the Tamarack river . . . ten feet over its banks. He thought of Julie Richard.

"I'm taking my day off tomorrow," he told Captain Stocking.

"My, oh, my," the keeper grunted. "Whole family takin' offs!" He looked at Norman suspiciously. "You going along up there with Sue?"

Norman shook his head. The keeper continued.

"Ever see that picture-book farm? Ye have? Well . . ." he hitched up his suspenders. "Well, you know, Erickson, my gal says that this lawyer ain't got a pig or a chicken on it. Not a single pig. Notin' but cherries and cherry pits and a million mad bees. Think you'd like a farm, Erickson?"

"None I ever saw."

"You wouldn't? That's too bad. I been thinkin' . . ."

"No need thinking I'm going to quit here," Norman answered, "because I'm not. I told you, Keeper."

Captain Stocking raised a reproachful hand.

"I know, I know! But if you should decide . . ."

"I'm not getting out!" Norman said stubbornly.

CHAPTER VIII

More Rain

It misted at noon. Norman was thinking with a rapid heart of the possible pleasures of the next day. There would be a crowd Saturday afternoon in Hans Miller's store in Madrid Bay. He would like to drop in, he wanted to do so more than ever since he had talked with Jim Nelson. But he would not. Not yet. He'd stay away

English Students Buy Butter by the Yard

There is at least one place in the world where butter is sold not by the pound, but by the yard. That is Cambridge, England. From time immemorial the dairymen of Cambridge-shire have rolled their butter into lengths, a length being a yard and weighing one pound. Neatly wrapped in strips of clean white cloth, the cylindrical rolls of butter are packed in long, narrow baskets made for the purpose and so conveyed to market.

It follows, therefore, that the Cambridge butter dealers have no need, as they preside over their stalls, of weights or scales for determining the quantity of their wares. Constant practice and an experienced eye enables them with a stroke of the knife to divide the butter into halves or quarters with almost mathematical precision.

This curiously shaped butter finds its chief purchasers among the people

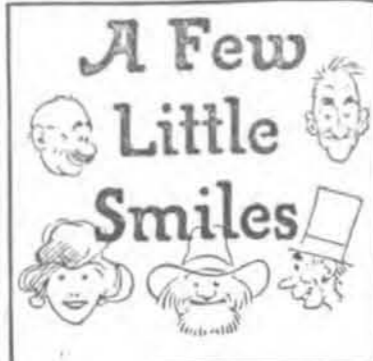
of Cambridge university. It is claimed that the "yard butter" is eminently adapted for the peculiar needs of the students in the daily commons. Cut into conveniently sized pieces and accompanied by a loaf of wheat bread, a stated portion is sent every morning to the rooms of the undergraduates for use at breakfast and tea.

Nature Doesn't Remind Us

It is unfortunate that nature doesn't make us as immediately uncomfortable when we neglect our bodies as does the bank or the merchant when we fail to produce in thirty, sixty, or ninety days. Think what a different world it would be, for instance, if the discomfort following the omission of daily exercise or a daily exposure to the sun, or a daily cold bath, or a daily two-mile walk in thirty minutes, were as acute and compelling and filled with desire as are the sensations that follow the omission of one's accustomed meals for twenty-four hours. There would be no skipping one's duty then. In fact the difficulty would be not to overdo it—even as the difficulty of most persons is to avoid overeating.—Physical Culture Magazine.

Mrs. Houdini's Worries

Harry Houdini was devoted to pies—especially strawberry pie. He was likewise devoted to locks—no lock was too complicated for him. Mrs. Houdini was well aware of these two facts, but nevertheless, she kept her pies under lock and key for other domestic reasons. On the last Sunday the "Handcuff King" was at home, Mrs. Houdini made two strawberry pies for dinner and locked them up.



RECORDING

The chauffeur was holding forth in the village inn.

"Yes, my young guv'nor rowed for Hoxford a little while back, 'e did." His audience stared.

"Yes, 'e wins 'undreds of races," went on the chauffeur, warming to his task. "And 'e always 'as the name an' date painted on 'is scull."

But this was too much for one listener.

"On 'is skull?" he echoed indignantly. "Lumme, 'e must 'ave an 'ead like an elephant."—London Answers.

Tit for Tat.

Miss Mainchance—I have learned that the birthstone you gave me on my last birthday is imitation.

Mr. Hardfax—And I have learned that, instead of being your twentieth birthday, as you told me, it was your twenty-eighth.

DIDN'T MIND IT



She—You're nothing but a "yes" man.

He—You don't seem to mind it though—when you ask me to take you to dinner.

Hide Your Troubles.

If you hide your troubles From other's sight, You'll soon find Your troubles are light.

Couldn't Help Themselves.

Billboard—Jokin' aside, this show was just made for the tired business man.

Kritik—I see. The only fellows who stay for the finish are the men who are too tired to get up and walk out.

Has Grave Doubts About That.

Blinks—Do you believe all you hear? Jinks—Well, not when I'm listening to my wife broadcasting what's the matter with me.

COMING EVENTS



Mrs. Nuwife—Why Tom! And this is the first \$5 extra I've asked you for. What if it was \$100?

Hubby—That's what I'm practicing for now.

Intentions.

Not in our plans, but in our deeds, A judgment must be found, There's many a garden filled with weeds Where flowers should be found.

Own Representative.

"You will want to enter something for the county fair, I suppose," said the chairman of the agricultural society to Mr. Timothy.

"Want, yas," was the reply. "You may put me down for the biggest hog in the country."

He Was a Canary.

Kind Old Lady—You say you were locked in a cage for ten years? Were you in prison, my good man?

Tramp (sarcastically)—No, mum; I was a canary.

Works Both Ways.

"These rich people make me sick. What's the use of having money if you don't know how to enjoy it?"

"Well, what's the use of knowing how to enjoy it if you haven't got it?"

Cause and Effect.

"You look in the pink of condition," remarked the old friend.

"I ought to," he replied, "my meals now are cooked on a pink range, all our food is kept in a pink tebox and I take my bath in a pink tub."

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U. S. COAST GUARD

RESCUES 3,983 PERSONS

Washington.—The far-flung activities of the United States coast guard in protecting the coasts of the nation from smugglers, in aiding ships and persons in distress and patrolling ice-bound waters on watch for menacing icebergs in steamship lanes, were described in the annual report of the service. During the fiscal year of 1928 the report said that the coast guard rescued 3,983 persons from peril, aided ships valued at \$39,479,729 on which there were 17,383 persons and seized or reported for law violations 1,554 vessels. During the year derelicts valued at \$103,529 were recovered and restored to their owners, while 167 derelicts and obstructions to navigation of liquor into this country, the report declared, has been satisfactory, but with the resources in vessels and men now in command, it is said it is impossible to do more.

Aviation Company Formed

New York.—Formation of a \$25,000,000 aviation holding and investment company to be known as North American Aviation, Inc., was announced here recently by C. M. Keys, president of the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Co., Inc. Associated with Keys in the management will be more than a score of aviation men and bankers from all sections of the United States and Canada. Besides buying and selling securities, Keys said, the company will take an important part in furthering the expansion of aviation, especially in the commercial field.

Corn Borers Buried Alive

Washington.—The Department of Agriculture has been poisoning and starving the corn borer to death for two years and now it plans to bury several million of them alive. As part of the campaign for the extermination of the corn farmers' worst pest, the department and twelve leading plow manufacturers are co-operating in developing a plow that will turn under corn stalks in such a way that the borer will not have a chance. One manufacturer has developed a plow that not only turns up the earth but gives it a sound beating before letting it down again.

Peak Forecasts Weather

Niles, Calif.—When Mission Peak, Southern Alameda county, turns pink, look for rain, the story handed down from early Indian days relates. And in the case of November rains this year, according to residents of the section, the peak lived up to every bit of its promise as a forecaster. A peculiar rose tint spreads through the air for miles around at such times, due to reflected rays of light from the peak.

