

County Clerk

THE CORONA MAVERICK

Published Every Week in The Heart of New Mexico, 6336 Feet Above Sea Level; Among The Pines

Vol. 3 No. 10

Corona, New Mexico, Mar. 30, 1923



Tire Chains
Goodyear and Badger
Casings
Auto Accessories
Farm Implements

**Corona Trading
Company**
General Merchandise
Corona, New Mexico

Oil Drillers Active In New Mexico

Drilling is to be resumed at an early date in the well of the Buffalo-Roswell Oil Company east of Roswell according to reports from that district. Drilling has been delayed several weeks on account of loss of tools in the well. Oil experts say that the indications are good for the well to be a producer.

The Hawkins No. 1 well, near Artesia, is producing 20 barrels a day of high grade oil. Several wells are being drilled in that vicinity.

Wells are also being drilled near Deming and Aztec.

Court House Damaged By Fire

Fire damaged the Sandoval county court house at Bernalillo Tuesday morning. The fire was discovered about 1 o'clock in the morning. The front porch of the building was totally destroyed. The discovery of a piece of oil saturated, half burned gunny sack indicated that the fire was of incendiary origin.

The total damage is estimated at \$1000.

Indian Agent Named

Clinton J. Crandall has been named as Supervisor of the Northern Pueblo Indian jurisdiction in New Mexico, to succeed A. W. Leach. Supervisor Crandall will make Santa Fe his headquarters. He will have charge of all Indian villages from Taos to Santa Domingo and Cochito.

Be Sure

And eat dinner at Hotel Central Easter Sunday and on school election day, Tuesday April 3rd. Special turkey dinner will be served both days at 50c.

Renew your Subscription NOW

Tree planting week in New Mexico is from March 30th to April 6th.



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The Times-A Week
New York World

And The Maverick, both for 1 year, for

\$2.00

Sarah Bernhardt Is Dead

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, the world famous French actress, died at her home in Paris at 7.30 P.M. Monday evening, after a long siege of illness.

Teachers Attend Meeting

The entire staff of teachers of the Corona school went to Carrizozo Friday morning to attend the meeting of the Lincoln Co. Teachers Association.

\$50 Reward

For the arrest and conviction of party or parties who broke in to and robbed my home west of Gallinas last week.
George Clements, Jr.

Big Cut on Mens
and Boys Hats and
Caps and all Un-
derwear.

BIG CASH SALE

Begins Saturday Mar. 31st, Ends April 7th

See how much a \$
will buy at our 5
10, 15 and 20 cent
counter.

White Damasks, regular price \$1.00 yd., Sale Price 80c
Sutings regular 90c value, per yard .20c
Ginghams, 30c values, Sale price per yd. 22c

Ginghams, 25c values, Sale Price per yd. 17c
Ginghams, 20c values, Sale Price per yd. 15c
Outings, 25c values, Sale Price per yard 20c

Black Saten 37c value, Special Sale Price 30c

Cut Prices on many other articles, Come early and get your choice

W. A. McCLELEN



OUR COMIC SECTION

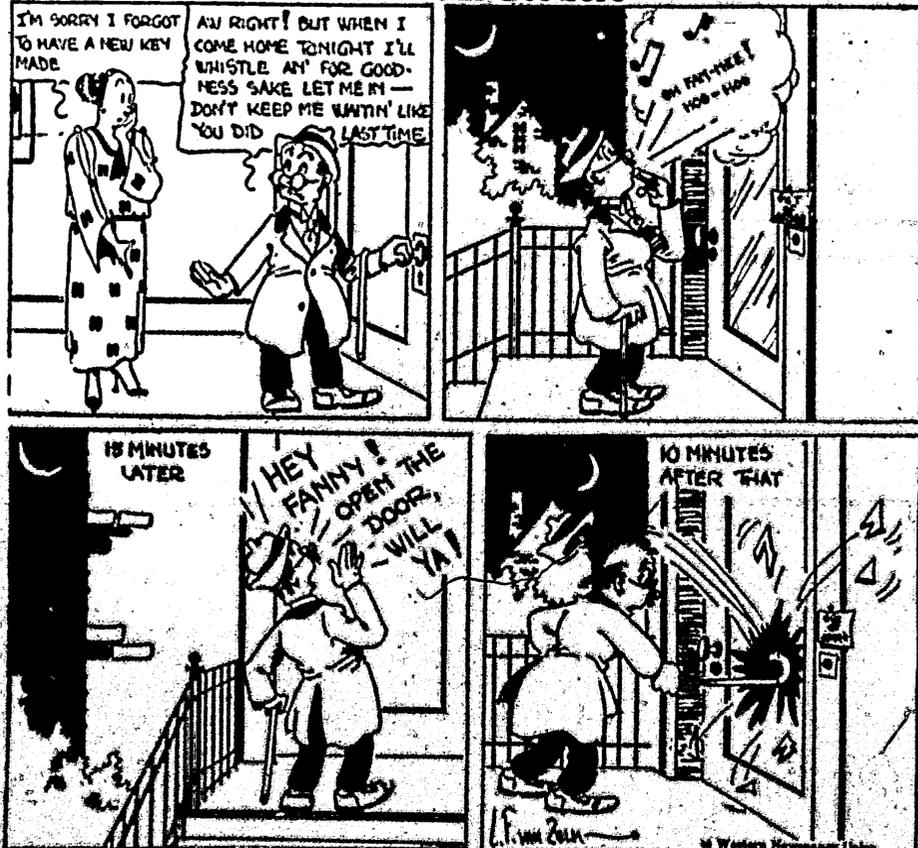
Where's the Bottom?



A Dead Commercial Club



For Once Felix Got Sore



Community Building

TO PENALIZE THE CARELESS

Wisconsin Industrial Commission Would Have Reckless Pay for Damage Caused by Fires.

The justice of penalizing individual carelessness, when it results in fire damage to the property of others, is effectively argued in the following brief bulletin issued by the industrial commission of Wisconsin:

A crook robs a national bank of \$5,000,000. The entire police powers of the state and nation are put to work to apprehend him.

A man deliberately sets fire to a grain elevator in which \$1,000,000 worth of grain is stored. Some fire marshal's deputy, alone and unaided, investigates this fire in the hope of discovering sufficient evidence to bring the guilty man to trial, perhaps before a jury prejudiced against circumstantial evidence.

A man's sheer carelessness causes a fire which destroys \$1,000,000 worth of his neighbor's property. Nothing is done to punish this man; actually a certain amount of misplaced sympathy is wasted on him because of his own loss.

Why this widely different public attitude in these three cases? asks Safeguarding America Against Fire.

The robber can be trusted to put the stolen money into circulation and, from the economic standpoint, the country as a whole will have lost nothing.

In the other two cases \$1,000,000 worth of wealth is destroyed and the country is just that much poorer. The people, not insurance companies, will pay for this loss in larger insurance premiums and higher costs of everything. If the fire marshal's deputy is fortunate enough to prove guilt "beyond a reasonable doubt" the man is punished; but nothing is done to the man in the third case; although the effect in the last two cases on the community and country is the same.

It is right that the robber and the incendiary should be punished; it is wrong that the man whose absolute carelessness has caused a like injury should go unpunished. Under the Code Napoleon such a man must reimburse his neighbors for their loss and he insures for such contingency.

GET CLEAN AND STAY CLEAN

Communication to Metropolitan Newspaper Would Seem to Be Applicable to Any Community.

A communication to the Kansas City Star says:

"No time to clean up now," says Dr. E. H. Bullock. When there are piles of rubbish and trash around the city, must we wait until May 1 to dispose of them? Is that modern health theory? Is not prevention the best cure?

Our vacant lots are alive with trash—it blows in our eyes and throats, it is in evidence wherever we go in certain districts. The town is alive with trash now, why wait until May to clean it up? Do we take a bath only once a year? Are we not compelled to wash our faces and hands a dozen times a day for the dirt and soot?

Any time dirt and trash accumulate is clean-up time. You cannot keep up with dirt, unless you clean up as you go along, same as with garbage or any kind of housekeeping.

Trees.

Five trees are being cut down for every one grown in New York state. This warning comes from Alexander Macdonald, who devotes his time working for conservation of forests.

In 1850 New York ranked first in lumber production. Now it is twenty-third in line. Western lumber states will have much the same story to report in many years from now, unless more trees are planted.

A treeless America is quite as possible as the extinction of the buffalo and passenger pigeon.—Aurora Beacon-News.

Concrete On Building Material.

The precedent for the use of concrete is at least 2,000 years old, structures of old Rome having dressed masonry facing on a concrete core. On exposed foundations of many ancient structures may be seen the board marks of forms, just as on concrete buildings erected now in the metropolitan district, says the New York Times. This material, withstanding the ravages of 2,000 years, is easily available in the form of concrete block or tile. Building department lists show nearly 300 manufacturers of concrete units in Brooklyn alone, and there is probably an equal number in Queens.

Ceety Eggs.

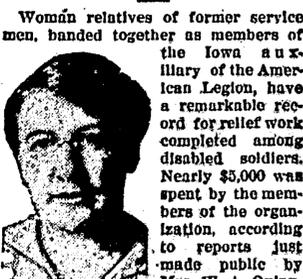
Up in Allentown, Pa., the other day, I heard a Schwab story, writes a correspondent of The Nation's Business. Charlie has a large up-to-the-minute farm on the outskirts. The townspeople relish his bluff comradery and say that his favorite joke is to tell each and sundry that if ever they need anything in the way of eggs or butter or anything on the farm, just to go and take it. "I'll let you have it at cost," he adds. His friends laugh heartily. "Charlie's eggs," one of them assured me, "cost him at least \$1 apiece!"

The American Legion

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

IOWA AUXILIARY HELPS MANY

Relief for Disabled, According to Report of Committee Head, Reaches Nearly \$5,000.



Woman relatives of former service men, banded together as members of the Iowa auxiliary of the American Legion, have a remarkable record for relief work completed among disabled soldiers.

Nearly \$5,000 was spent by the members of the organization, according to reports just made public by Mrs. W. A. Quinn, head of the welfare and hospital relief committee of the organization.

Men in Iowa hospitals came in for the lion's share of the benefits, according to Mrs. Quinn's report. Disabled men in three hospitals now hear radio concerts, due to the activities of the relief committee of the auxiliary, for complete sets have been installed in the hospitals.

Patients in the state hospitals received birthday boxes, sent them by women of the auxiliary, and Iowa men in other hospitals throughout the United States have received more than 1,000 boxes of dainties prepared by these active workers.

The government hospital at Tucson, Ariz., alone received 400 boxes from the Iowans, and patients there declared that the arrival of these boxes was the event of their Christmas day.

Gifts from the women included clothing, toilet articles, stationery, subscriptions to magazines, couch hammocks and recreational equipment.

Much money was spent in direct relief work, Mrs. Quinn estimating that \$4,787 had been used by her committee during the year's activity. And the auxiliary in Iowa plans to continue the work, expecting to increase the amount of money expended during the past year.

FOR THE VETERANS' BUREAU

Maj. William Wolfe Smith, National Press Club Post, Appointed General Counsel.

National Press Club Post, No. 20, of the American Legion has had the honor of having one of its charter members, Major William Wolfe Smith, appointed general counsel for the United States Veterans' Bureau.

During the war Major Smith entered the army as a captain of the sanitary corps and was attached to the staff of the surgeon general for the purpose of establishing a chain of newspapers throughout the country. Sixty-five papers, of which the "Come-Back" at Walter Reed Hospital is the parent sheet, were started. These papers were the first vehicle of expression for the disabled veterans.

Prior to entering the service Major Smith was assistant to the third assistant secretary of war, serving in civilian capacity. Following the armistice he went into the regular army, serving in the Quartermaster corps as captain. He resigned in 1922, and now holds the rank of major, in the Q. M. Reserve corps.

Major Smith began his career when nineteen years old as a reporter for the Washington bureau of the Baltimore Sun. He was born in Logansport, Ind., in 1874, and moved, with his family, to Indianapolis when he was six years old, where he attended school. Hanover college, DePaul, Johns Hopkins, George Washington Law school and the National Law school contributed to his education. He was graduated from the latter. Taking up the practice of law in 1914, he abandoned the newspaper game in favor of the legal profession.

Barks From a Pup Tent.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it's the rolling company that gathers the blisters.

Don't pull your rank on him, K. P. You were only a private yourself, once. Fatigue duty is happily named.

"Dismissed" is the army equivalent of "Enclosed find check."

No corporal is a hero to his own squad.

Drilling is like going to a show a second time. You already know what it's all about.

A buck in the ranks is worth two in the homegoing.

Reveille: The greatest argument in favor of civilian life.

Advice to young boys: Don't ask dad why they call it "Sunny France." In France, it's a case of "Say it with shavers."

Croix de Guerre: There was one born every minute.

WRIGLEYS

Chew your food well, then use WRIGLEYS to aid digestion.

It also keeps the teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen.

The Great American Sweetmeat



Hair Gray?

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer restores the original color. Write for free trial bottle—test it on one lock of hair. State color of your hair. Address Mary T. Goldman, 1424 Holman Building, St. Paul, Minn.

Federal Reserve Banks. The 12 federal reserve banks are located in these cities: Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Richmond, Atlanta, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas and San Francisco.

SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of distressing cases. Swamp-Root makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

Many British Choke to Death. Leading statisticians of England assert that more persons annually choke to death while eating in England than are killed on the English railways.

HAIR STAYS COMBED, GLOSSY

"Hair Groom" Keeps Hair Combed—Well-Groomed.



Millions Use It—Fine for Hair—Not Sticky, Greasy or Smelly.

A few cents buys a jar of "Hair-Groom" at any drug store. Even stubborn, unruly or shampooed hair stays combed all day in any style you like. "Hair-Groom" is a dignified combing cream which gives that natural gloss and well-groomed effect to your hair—that final touch to good dress both in business and on social occasions.

Greaseless, stainless "Hair-Groom" does not show on the hair because it is absorbed by the scalp, therefore your hair remains so soft and pliable and so natural that no one can possibly tell you used it.

What He Meant. Ida—Jack Nerry tried to hug me last evening.

May—Oh, that's what he meant when I saw him hurrying toward your house. He told me he had a pressing engagement.—Boston Evening Transcript.

MURINE. Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they are Itchy, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Gravelled, use Murine often. Softens, Refreshes. Safe for Infants or Adults. At all Drug Stores. Write for Free Eye Book. Name Eye Book Co., Chicago.

Ask Your Dealer



ASK your local dealer to recommend a practical decorator. If you are unable to secure one you can do the work yourself, tinting and stenciling your walls to give beautiful results.

Alabastine

Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

Buy Alabastine from your local dealer, white and a variety of tints, ready to mix with cold water and apply with a suitable brush. Each package has the cross and circle printed in red. By intermixing Alabastine tints you can accurately match draperies and rugs and obtain individual treatment of each room.



Write for special suggestions and latest color combinations.

ALABASTINE COMPANY
1847 Grandville Ave. Grand Rapids, Mich.



Spohn's Distemper Compound

to break the cough and get them back in condition. Thirty years' use has made Spohn's Distemper Compound the most reliable in treating Coughs and Colds, Influenza and Distemper with their resulting complications, and all diseases of the throat, nose and lungs. Acts marvelously as a preventive; acts equally well as a cure. Sold in two sizes at all drug stores.

SPORN MEDICAL COMPANY
GOSHEN, INDIANA

A man's memory serves him well when it enables him to forget the things he doesn't care to remember.

Possession of a return ticket never fails to make one a little more extravagant on his vacation.

Mrs. Gertrude Sell



AFTER THE FLU

If the Flu Left You Weak, or You're in Need of a Tonic to Build You Up, Take This Advice

Houston, Texas—"I was in a terribly run-down condition of health after a stage of pneumonia poisoning, and then the influenza. I could not seem to regain my strength and was really not able to do my housework. I knew I needed a good tonic and builder and remembered how my folks used to regard Dr. Pierce's remedies in my girlhood days, and then I decided to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. After taking the second bottle I found it was doing me a world of good, strength returned rapidly and I felt better in every way. I am glad indeed to recommend the medicine that did me so much good and do not hesitate to give this statement."—Mrs. Gertrude Sell, 1230 Rutland St.

Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg.

Women Made Young

Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by taking



The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the essence of life and looks. In use since 1896. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Cuticura Soap

IS IDEAL
For the Hands

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Tablets 25c.

Gray Hair

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG—Made to fit your hair, for driving or dress, at factory prices. J. ROGALLER, Gloversville, N. Y.

EYES SORE? DR. JAMES EYEWATER

A reliable and speedy remedy for all eye troubles. Sold by all druggists. J. ROGALLER, Gloversville, N. Y.

CONSTIPATION

Take a good dose of Carter's Little Liver Pills—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and regulate your bowels. Mild—so easy to take as sugar. Complete Relief Guaranteed.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SANDMAN STORY

HENPECKED ROOSTER

ONE day Mr. Rooster said to his wife, "My dear, I am going on a little excursion with Mr. Drake. He said he will show me a bit of the world I have not seen."

Biddy was a very wise creature, and having lived for some time she knew when to give advice to her husband



Mr. Rooster Went Along.

and when to keep silent, but this was one of the times she felt she must speak.

"I would not go far away with Mr. Drake, my dear," she said. "You know you cannot stand the weather as he can and it looks to me like rain."

"Oh, bother," crowed Mr. Rooster, "can't you see the weather is fine, and besides Mr. Drake told me this was sure to be a fine day and he ought to know; he is older than we are."

"It may be a fine day for ducks," called Biddy, "but not for hens and roosters. Better not go far away."

"Come along, don't let your wife boss you, Mr. Rooster," said Mr. Drake, who had just waddled along. "I never let my wives tell me what to do, and I have had several; it is going to be a fine day, I tell you."

Mr. Rooster lifted his head higher and strutted off with Mr. Drake down the road; the sun was shining and there were plenty of worms and bugs to be found, and though the sky did look dark once in a while Mr. Drake assured him that the weather was

sure to keep fine, so Mr. Rooster went along where Mr. Drake led him.

The first thing he knew he was in the woods and the rain was pattering on the leaves. "Guess I better run home," he said.

"Oh, this is fine weather," said Mr. Drake. "Don't be frightened by a little rain. You rest under this tree and I will take a swim in the pond. I do love a swim when it is raining."

So off went Mr. Drake, leaving Mr. Rooster all dripping wet under the tree and feeling very unhappy, and he wished very much he had listened to his wife and stayed near the barnyard.

By and by the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled and down came the rain as if poured from a pail.

Mr. Rooster started for home soaked to the skin, and when he crept under the barnyard gate his wife, who was peeping out from under some bushes, saw him. "What did I tell you?" she said. "I knew just how it would be. Now you come right into the house and dry those wet clothes and get into bed."

"I'll put your feet in hot water and give you ginger tea and wrap you up in a blanket and the next time Mr. Drake wants to go on an excursion tell him to take some one that likes wet weather," and she gave him a sharp peck to let him know she meant it.

Biddy talked so fast that Mr. Rooster could not get in a word edgewise, and he didn't have anything to say anyway, so he meekly obeyed, and that was how he became a henpecked husband, for after that when Mr. Rooster started to do anything his wife did not like she had only to say, "Remember your trip with Mr. Drake," and give him a peck with her bill and the question was settled the way Mrs. Biddy wanted it.

(C. 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Ireland's Gold Mines.

In Wicklow, Ireland, are gold mines which once produced a goodly fortune. They were seized by the government in 1775, but ceased to be profitable. The gold was of extraordinary purity and was found in pieces of all sizes.

Jane Thomas



Although she started out to master the artist's brush, pretty Jane Thomas, the "movie" star, received a flattering offer to go into pictures and proved so successful that she is likely to entertain the public for some time to come. Miss Thomas weighs about 125 pounds, has dark eyes and is equally successful in emotional and comedy parts.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE LOVER

THEY say the world loves lovers all—
That's why I love myself.
For I'm a lover and will fall
For all its loving pelf.

I love the earth, the sky, the sea,
And all that in them flow.
I love the gifts life brings to me,
Each one a glad surprise.

I love the day, I love the night,
I love life's ordered plan.
That since the sun first shed its light
Has promised joy to man.

(C. by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The Right Thing at the Right Time

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFER

TABLE DECORATIONS

It is a bad plan that admits of no modifications.—Publius Syrus.

IT HAS been said that decorative flowers are even more important in the arrangement of the dinner table than the knives and forks; and true it is that the wise hostess takes as much thought in arranging her centerpiece as in seeing that the silver is freshly polished and properly arranged.

A fat pocketbook is not the only thing needed to make a tasteful floral arrangement of the dinner table. In fact, one need have very little money to spend in order to make an attractive and tasteful arrangement. An over-elaborate arrangement is no longer in good taste. Towering floral structures that really look like nothing so much as the "set pieces" that the florists prepare for far less joyous occasions are really quite bad, and the careful hostess does not leave the matter to the florist, but makes sure

that something very simple in arrangement is selected. Except for a children's party or a dinner that is to be given in a spirit of extreme informality, paper decorations are not in good taste either. A cluster of roses or any other hothouse or garden flowers attractively arranged in a glass or silver vase is a charming selection. The addition of ferns or similar adds to the effectiveness. The vase may be placed either on a bit of embroidered or lace-trimmed linen or on a mirror that reflects the flowers and candles so as to add to the general effectiveness of the arrangement.

A short time ago some of the shops offered for sale rather splendid-looking centerpiece devices that combined a vase placed at the center of a silver standard and little bonbon or salted nut baskets that were hung up on the silver brackets that came out from the standard on all sides. This was rather a clever arrangement, but it was not in the best taste, for nowadays we do not use food as part of the centerpiece decoration, as was the case when wonderful centerpieces were made of spun sugar and pastry. The only exception to this rule is in favor of choice fruits occasionally combined with the flowers.

If she is married it will enhance the love of her husband, but it should never be purchased, as it is only potent when it is a gift. Her lucky day is Saturday and 1 is her lucky number.

(C. by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Earliest Known Machine.

The earliest known machine is an Egyptian crank drill, invented before 3000 B. C.

HOOK BEFORE YOU ZLEAP

MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYGER

Was a man like this ever proposed to you?

Symptoms: He doesn't smoke, he doesn't drink, he doesn't touch coffee, he doesn't like cards. He always has milk toast for breakfast—and hot milk to drink. He walks with a girlish glide, and has a condescending smile. He is really awfully thoughtful and you like it, and he has been a very adorable son to his widowed mother. He has a medium good job and he is quite satisfied with it, but talks about all the big folk in other bigger jobs as if he were sorry for them.

IN FACT

He is a superior young man who feels superior.

Prescription to bride to be:
Rx Be patient with his great goodness and calm.

Absorb this:
A SATISFIED HUMAN BEING IS AS MOVABLE AS THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

(C. by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

FACTS about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

CAROLINE

IT'S a curious fact that some heroes lose, rather than gain, popularity, when their deeds are recorded in romance. Such was the case of the famous Karl, of the Franks, who is responsible for the origin of the feminine name Caroline. The great emperor has suffered at the hands of romantic chroniclers, but history preserved the memory of "Carlo Magno," and from his name came a long series of masculine and feminine names.

The first feminine translation known is Carlota. This name was synonymous with Charlotte in those early times, and, indeed, Charlotte and the Caroline of today are almost interchangeable, if their origin is to be observed, no matter how separate and distinct they seem to be. Charlotte, or Carlota, of Savoy, married Louis XI and introduced the name to French royalty. Charlotte Albert had the misfortune to be given in marriage to Cesare Borja and had one daughter, who married into the house of La Tremouille, whence the brave Lady Derby carried it into England.

The Augustinism of that house connected it with the house of Bon-

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DENVER'S EXPERT DYER
Established TWENTY-FOUR YEARS
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DENVER, COLO.
Sold by Leading Dealers

DIAMONDS
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Commercial inquiries answered and information gladly furnished without cost. Address any firm above.

Cost of Education in Colorado.

Denver.—The average annual cost of education per pupil in Colorado public schools, based upon average daily attendance, is \$120.98, according to compilations made by the State Immigration Department for use in the Colorado Year Book. The average cost based upon total enrollment in the schools is \$91.10. These averages are for the school year ending July 1, 1922, and are calculated from data contained in the records of the state superintendent of public instruction. They are based upon total expenditures for school purposes for the year and may include some expenditures for permanent improvements which are not properly chargeable to the cost of education for the current year. Total expenditures reported for the year were \$19,570,543.

Costs in Denver are above the average for the state, being \$102.25 and \$150.20, respectively. Highest costs, however, are found in rural districts, where attendance is comparatively small. In San Juan county for example, the average cost based upon attendance is \$213.63, and in Saguache county, where many of the children are transported long distances to school, and where excellent facilities are provided, the average cost based upon attendance is \$223.44. In Park county, where average attendance is very low compared with enrollment, the average annual cost based upon attendance is \$263.40, which is the highest for any county. Total school expenditures reported for the county, however, are only \$41,002.

The lowest average cost based upon attendance reported is for Baca county, being \$41.07. Attendance in this county is rather large compared with the school population, which reduces the average cost. Total expenditures reported for the county are \$142,640. Conejos county ranks next to Baca, with an average annual cost based upon attendance of \$63.20. The percentage of attendance here is in comparison with the total number of children of school age, perhaps because of the very considerable number of Mexican children in the county. The percentage of attendance based upon enrollment, however, is comparatively high.

Average costs of education per pupil has been advancing rather rapidly in Colorado for the past few years, but the increases for the past year were not so great as for several previous years.

Automobile Damages Locomotive.

Omaha, Neb.—Charles C. Hacker of Council Bluffs, Ia., who sued the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company for \$4,150, following a collision between his automobile truck and a locomotive near York, Neb., was ordered by a District Court jury to pay the railroad company \$1 for damage to the engine.

Invite Women to Have Equal Votes.

Des Moines, Ia.—By an almost unanimous vote, the Iowa Senate invited the women of Iowa to have equal voice in the management of the party in that state, throughout the organizations from precinct committeemen to members of the state central committee.

\$1,000,000 Roundhouse Fire.

Monett, Mo.—The Frisco roundhouse and machine shops, together with seven engines, one car of coal, a tank car of fuel oil and pumps to Frisco deep wells were destroyed by fire at Monett with a loss estimated to be approximately \$1,000,000.

Babe Given Name of Tut-Ankh-Amen.

St. Augustine, Fla.—A new and modern angle on the stories of old King "Tut" is found in the christening of a small "king of Egypt" born in St. Augustine to Mr. and Mrs. Salem Mussallim, the baby being given the full name of Tut-Ankh-Amen. The baby's father was born in Alexandria, Egypt, and believing in reincarnation, the old faith of the Egyptians, he has named the boy for the great Pharaoh whose tomb was recently discovered near Luxor.

The Case and The Girl

by Randall Parrish

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"There is a house of some kind over yonder in a hollow just beyond the edge. We will have to stumble along through the dark. Do you think you can make it?"

"Of course, I can," and she placed her hand confidently in his. "I am all right now; really I am; I guess all I needed was to get my breath."

He grasped her arm, helping her to clamber up the steep bank, suddenly becoming aware that the sleeve felt dry.

"Why, Natalie, your clothes seem to have all dried off already; mine are soaked through," he exclaimed in surprise.

She laughed, a faint tinge of mockery in the sound.

"No mystery whatever. This light stuff dries quickly, exposed to the air. Did you think you had hold of the wrong girl?"

The tone of her voice stung slightly, causing him to make a sober answer.

"That would, of course, be improbable, but I have been so completely deceived, even by daylight, that I dare not affirm that it would prove impossible. Your counterfeits is certainly a wizard."

"She must be. But as she is miles away from here, you might let the suspicion rest. Is this where we go down?"

She led the way, the action awakening no question in his mind. If he thought at all about her thus assuming the initiative, the suspicion was dismissed with the idea that probably her eyes were more keen to discover the best path. In this she was certainly successful, and he contented himself by following her closely, but vaguely he felt that in some almost imperceptible manner she had changed her mood. He could not base his thoughts on a single word, or action, yet he felt the difference—this was not the Natalie of the raft. She was too irritable; too sharp of speech. But then, no doubt, she was tired, worn out, her nerves broken. So he drove the thought from him, clinging close to her arm, and vaguely wondering how she was able to trace the path so easily. By this time even West could recognize that they were proceeding along a well-used path, and he was not surprised when she announced the presence of the house before them, pointing out the dim shadow through the gloom.

"That is no hut," he exclaimed in surprise. "It looks more like a mansion."

"And why not?" pleasantly enough. "I have always heard these bluffs were fitted with summer homes. Unfortunately this one appears to be deserted."

"But there must be some one about here," West insisted. "For this was the house I saw from the ridge, and there was a light burning then in one of the windows, and there was a wisp of smoke rising from a chimney."

She stepped boldly forward, and placed her hand on the knob of the door.

"Why," she whispered, excitedly. "It is unlocked; see, I can open it. Perhaps something is wrong here. What shall we do?"

"Knock first; then if there is no response, we can feel our way about inside. My matches are all wet."

She rapped sharply on the wood; waited for some reply, and then called out. Not a word reached them from within. West, his teeth clenched, stepped in through the open door, determined to learn the secret of that mysterious interior. With hands outstretched he felt his way forward, by sense of touch alone assuring himself that he traversed a hall, carpeted, his extended arms barely reaching from wall to wall. He encountered no furniture, and must have advanced some fifty yards, before his groping disclosed the presence of a closed door on the left. He had located the knob, when the outer door suddenly closed, as though blown shut by a draught of wind, and, at the same instant, his eyes were blinded by a dazzling outburst of light.

This came with such startling, unexpected brilliancy that West staggered back as though struck. For the instant he was positively blind; then he dimly perceived a man standing before him—a man who, little by little, became more clearly defined, recognizable, suddenly exhibiting the features of Jim Hobart, sarcastically grinning into his face.

"You are evidently a cat of nine lives, West," he said seriously. "But this ought to be the last of them."

For a moment West lost all control over himself. He was too completely amazed for either words or action; could only stare into that mocking countenance confronting him, endeavoring to sense what had really occurred. He was undoubtedly trapped

again, but how had the trick been accomplished? What devilish freak of luck had thus thrown them once more into the merciless hands of this ruffian? He even ventured to turn his head, and glance at the girl. She stood leaning back against the closed door as though on guard, her uncovered hair ruffled, a scornful, defiant look in her eyes, the smile on her lips revealing the gleam of white teeth. In spite of a wonderful resemblance, a mysterious counterfeits in both features and expression, West knew now this was not Natalie Coolidge. He had permitted himself to be tricked again by the jade; the smart of the wound angered him beyond control.

"You are not Miss Coolidge," he insisted hotly. "Then who are you?"

She laughed, evidently enjoying the scene.

"Oh, so even Captain West has at last penetrated the disguise. No, I am not the lady you mention, if you must know."

"Then who are you?" She glanced toward Hobart, as though questioning, and the man answered the look gruffly.

"Tell him if you want to, Del," he said, with an oath. "It will never do the guy any good. He's played his last hand in this game; he'll never get away from me again. Spit it out."

"All right," with a mocking curtsy. "I've got an idea I'd like to tell him; it is too good a joke to keep, and this fellow has certainly been an easy mark. Lord, but I could have had you making love to me, if I'd only have said the word—out there on the hills in the dark, hey! You sure are plumb nutty after this Natalie Coolidge."

"Which one is dead?"

"Perival Coolidge; he knew too much and got gay; he planned to cop the whole boodle. The fact is he started the whole scheme, soon as he learned who Del was, and planned it all out."

"But if this girl was really entitled to a part of it, why not claim it by law?"

"We talked about that, but the chance didn't look good. Everything showed the second child died; hospital records, doctor's certificate; there wasn't a link in the chain we could break."

"But who was the other witness—the living one?"

"The nurse; she made the exchange of the dead baby for the living one. It was easily done, as the child was really sick."

"But for what object—revenge?"

"She was poor, and yielded to temptation. Perival Coolidge paid her to make the exchange. I have never been able to learn what his original purpose was, but she thinks he believed the stolen child was a boy, and that later, through him, the Coolidge money might be controlled. However, the woman lost her nerve, and disappeared with the infant. She brought it up as her own in the West, where she married again. I am her second husband, and that is how I learned the truth."

"The woman on the yacht?"

"Yes, you saw her. The child was brought up in our life; I figured on this copy for years, and finally when all was ready, we came back East again. I had a plan, but I wasn't quite sure it would work until I could see the two girls together. After that it was like taking candy from a kid. He—I, you are the only one who has even pipped off the game."

West looked closely at the man, who was thus coolly boasting of his exploits, and then at the silent girl, whose eyes suddenly gave back their challenge. What did it all mean? Why were they calmly telling him these things? Was it merely the egotism of crime, pride of achievement? Or did Hobart hope to some way to thus win his assistance, or at least his silence?

"Why do you tell all this to me, Hobart?" he asked shortly. "You do not expect me to play with you in the game, do you?"

"You!" the fellow laughed coarsely. "We don't care what you do, you young fool. Del started this talking, and I let her go on. Then, when she stopped, I thought you might as well learn the rest of it. The fact is, West, we're fixed now so whatever you know won't hurt us any. We have as good as got the swag; and, to make it absolutely safe, we've got both you and the girl. I'll say this for you, old man, you've sure put up a game fight. I don't know how the hell you ever got out of that yacht alive, or ever happened to drift in here. It was nothing but bull luck that gave us a glimpse of you tossing round on that raft—but after that it was dead easy. Del here is some getorine."

"You say you've got the swag?"

"All but in our hands; nobody can get it away from us. The court order was issued today; the entire estate placed, in accordance with the terms of the will, in the possession of Natalie Coolidge. Once the proper receipt is signed, all moneys can be checked out by her. That about settles it. Doesn't it? Tomorrow Del and I will go down to the city, and turn the trick, and after that there is nothing left but the get-away."

It was a cold-blooded proposition,

straight at last. I saw then just what those two were trying at; first I didn't take no particular interest in the scheme; then I got to thinking up it finally I hated that soft, downy thing; and—ah, she'd robbed me, and I had a right to my share even if I had to steal it."

"What soft, downy thing?"

"Natalie Coolidge! Bah, I went out to see her once. Jim took me and we hid in the garden; and when I came back I was raving mad. Lord, why should that little idiot have everything while half the time I was hungry?"

"You mean you envied her?"

"Enviied, hell! Didn't I have a right? Wasn't she my twin sister? Didn't she have it all, and I nothing?"

He gasped for breath at this sudden revelation. Then he laughed, convinced it could not be possible.

"Who told you that?"

"Why, don't you believe it? Has she never said a word about it to you?"

"Certainly not. I am sure she possesses no knowledge of ever having had a sister. Moreover, I do not believe it is true. If you had proof of such relationship, why didn't you go to her, and openly claim your share?"

"Go to her! me? Do you hear that, Jim? Isn't he the cute little fixer? Why, of course, she knew it; there was nothing doing on the divide. It's all straight enough, only we couldn't prove it by law—anyhow that is what they told me—so we got at it from another direction."

She seemed so convinced, so earnest in her statement that West in perplexity turned to glance at Hobart.

"Do you make this claim also?" he asked.

"What claim?"

"That this girl is a twin sister to Natalie Coolidge? Why, it is preposterous."

"Is it? D—d if I think so. Now look here, West; I don't know just what the Coolidge girl has been told; maybe she never even heard she had a twin sister. If they ever told her that she had, then they must have told her also that the sister died in infancy. Anyhow, that's how it stands on the records. There were just two people who knew different—do you get me? One of them is dead, but one of them is still alive."

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but neither faces exhibited any regret; both were intoxicated by success; untangled by any scruples of conscience. West felt the utter uselessness of an attempt to appeal to either.

"Where is Natalie Coolidge?" he asked, his own determination hardening. "What do you propose doing with her?"

Hobart's teeth exhibited themselves in a sarcastic grin.

"That is our business, but you can bet she'll not interfere."

"And a similar answer, I presume, will apply also to my case?"

"It will. Don't make the mistake, West, of believing we are d—d fools. I don't know just why I've blowed all this to you, but it ain't going to help you any, you can be sure of that. In fact our knowing how the thing was worked is liable to make things a blame sight harder in your case. We won't do no more talking; so go on in through that door."

The fellow's demeanor had entirely changed; he was no longer pretending to gentility, and his words were almost brutal. Apparently, all at once, it had dawned sharply upon him that they had made a mistake—had boasted far too freely. Any slip now, after what had been said, would wreck the ship. West faced him watchfully, fully aware of the desperate situation, instinctively feeling that this might be his last chance.

"In there, you say?" indicating the closed door.

"Yes; move!"

He did; with one swift leap forward, the whole impetus of his body behind the blow, West drove his flat straight into the face confronting him. The fellow reeled, clutched feebly at the smooth wall for support, dropped helplessly forward, and fell headlong, with face hidden in outstretched arms. The assailant sprang back, and turned, in a mad determination to crash his way out through the locked door behind, but as suddenly stopped startled by the vision of a leveled revolver pointed at his head.

"Not a move," the girl said icily. "Take one step, and I'll kill you."

Hobart lifted his head groggily, and pushed himself half-way up on his knees.

"Don't shoot unless he makes you, Del," he ordered grimly. "We don't want that kind of row here." He dragged himself painfully to the side door, and pressed it open.

"Hey you!" he cried. "Come on out here. Now then, rough-house this guy!"

CHAPTER XVII

McAdams Blows In.

It was a real fight; they all knew that when it was finished. But it was three to one, with Hobart blocking the only open door, and egging them on, and the excited girl, backed into a corner out of the way, the revolver still gripped in her hand, ready for any emergency. The narrowness of the hall alone afforded West a chance, as the walls protected him, and compelled direct attack from the front. Yet this advantage only served to delay the ending. He recognized two of the fellows—"Red" Hogan and Mark—the white third man was a wily little bar-room scrapper, who snatched fiercely in through his guard, and finally got a grip on his throat which could not be wrenched loose. The others pounded him unmercifully, driving his head back against the wall. Hogan smashed him twice, crawling through his weak attempt at defense, and with the second vicious drive, West went down for the count, lying motionless on the floor, scarcely conscious that he was still living.

"It's a knockout all right," Hogan declared. "That guy is good for an hour in dreamland. What's the dope?"

"We got to keep him here, that's all; and there's got to be no get-away this time!"

"Do you want him croaked?"

"No, I don't—not now. What the hell's the use? It would only make things harder. We're ready to make our get-away, ain't we? After tomorrow all hell can't get onto our trail. This guy's life wouldn't help us none, so far as I can see."

"Getting squeamish, ain't you?"

"Sure I'm not. I've got as much reason to hate the fellow as you have, 'Red.' He certainly swiped me one. Before we had the swag copped, I was willing enough to put him out of the running. That was business. You sure did a fine job then, d—d you; now I don't think it is your time to howl. Listen here, will you? From all I learn, this bird amounts to something; he ain't just a dago to be bumped off, and nobody care what's become of him. This guy has got friends. It won't help us any to be hunted after for murder on top of this other job. If we cop the kale, that's all we're after. Is that right, Del?"

The girl seemed to come forward and face them defiantly.

"Sure it's right. I never was for the strong-arm stuff, Hogan. This is my graft, anyhow, and not one of you siffs gets a penny of it unless I split with you. This fellow isn't going to be slugged—that's flat. It is only because he's fell in love with the Coolidge girl that he is here, and once we've skipped out, I don't wish the guy any bad luck."

"You ought to have caught him yourself, Del," some one said. "The bird never would have known the difference."

She laughed, quickly restored to good humor.

How solemn-faced.

Jack Tankins says he wanders whether Holoman was really wise enough to take all the advice he gave in his own private. —Washington Evening Star.

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

BOY SCOUT ROUNDUP RESULT

For about three months past, the Boy Scouts of America in every part of the country have been engaged in what is known as the Anniversary Roundup. The main purpose was to make this program of scouting, which stands for character building and citizenship training, available to more boys in the country. In fact, a definite increase of twenty-five per cent net gain was aimed at, which would bring the membership of scouts up to the half million mark, exclusive of the 128,000 men who are giving service to this cause.

Although the main impetus of this drive was supposed to take place during February 8 to 15, the Thirtieth Anniversary Week of Scouting, and possibly the termination of the specified period, then, the following information is forthcoming from the National Council office of the Boy Scouts of America.

The report to the National Executive board of the chief scout executive states:

"The Roundup has proven to be the most progressive and stimulating thing yet undertaken by the Boy Scouts of America. It has placed the scout movement before the general public perhaps more effectively than at any other one period in the history of the movement. It has caused all of our membership to think more definitely of the necessity of reaching more boys. As far as results are concerned, at this time it is impossible to say definitely what the net results are. As to how many troops and how many local councils have actually earned the award of the president's streamer for going 'over the top' with a 25 per cent increase is not yet known. From all sources there is evidence of a keen desire in securing the full net increase set up as the original objective, namely 100,000 more boys. Although not more than 30,000 to 50,000 of this net increase has actually been reported to the national office so far, it is known, from reports that have come in and from personal conferences in the field, from one end of the country to the other, that this represents but a portion of the net increase, which will eventually be reported to the national office."

Therefore, the executive board unanimously adopted the recommendation that the time of the Roundup be extended until the full 100,000 net increase has been secured, with the understanding that the president's streamers are to be awarded to all councils which have already qualified, and as soon as they qualify, until a period when records show 100,000 net increase.

It is believed that this plan will serve to meet the equitable claims of many localities, where because of sickness and other difficulties not unreasonable in depending so largely upon volunteer leadership, registrations could not be completed by February 15; and make possible a very wholesale result for all concerned, and at the same time in no way detract from the prestige and honor of those who have actually earned the right of award with the time originally specified.

It is "over the top" that the scouts are going without a doubt!

BOY SCOUT SAVES COMPANION

On a recent rowing trip Scout Lewis Wood of East St. Louis, Ill., and a companion had gone about fifty yards from shore to a point of land that was not covered with water, and believing it was an island, had gotten out of the boat to talk to some fishermen. Wood's companion was standing at the edge of the water when the bank suddenly gave way, throwing him into water beyond his depth. He grabbed a piece of driftwood but it was not large enough to support him. The current was strong at this point and carried him 50 feet or more from the shore. When Scout Wood saw his companion go down he plunged into the water and swam to him. The drowning boy had gone down the second time when the scout reached him. After a hard struggle in the water Wood managed to secure a grip around his companion's neck and swam to shore with him. There Wood applied the Schaefer method of resuscitation to the boy, who was unconscious, and within about fifteen minutes had his companion able to stand. The National Court of Honor has issued a letter of commendation to Scout Wood in recognition of his valor and skill.

BOY SCOUTS AID CITY

With the preparedness that has gained for them the nation's confidence, boy scouts have again rendered significant aid in time of disaster. In the recent \$12,000,000 fire that swept the business section of Astoria, Ore., and left 2,500 people homeless, every active troop of boy scouts and every scout who has been a member of the organization since 1916, were on duty throughout the night and assisted in guard, errand and messenger service.

RESURGAM



This is the festival for you and me, When Hope springs up beside brave Mem-

ory
Sweet growing in the hearts of every one. Woman or man, who proudly gave a son. Some have come back, but some, alas! no more

Will step across the threshold of our door, And, with a smile of youth and hope and cheer, Make day of night and Summer all the year.

Yes, some came back, clear-eyed and strong and whole— Conquerors, they, in body and in soul, Wearing their honors with such modesty That, through our tears of pride, we scarce can see.

But some came back all broken on the wheel Of War! Dear Christ, how must those soldiers feel The need of patience in adversity— The need to learn, the lesson which through Time We must learn. They had their Calvary!

On Freedom's battlefields their bodies fair Were as the bread life broke, a symbol there In that high chamber; and their blood as wine

They wait, Christlike, for us—your sons and mine. Add now, like Him, this Resurrection morn, They lift themselves above their wounds, new-born,

Resplendent, crippled though they are, Whose souls have need to heal, nor show the scar. Though bodies cannot Ever in this life, They'll bear the badge and burden of the strife.

And those, our dead, who could no longer stay, But, like their Lord, have passed upon their way, They sing Resurgam with their dying breath,

Blending together Liberty and Death! The Lord has risen! He has risen, indeed! And with Him those brave souls to intercede

On our behalf, who only stand and wait Until we're bid to enter at that Gate. He's risen, indeed, and through that glorious fact We get the strength to bear, the power to act

Our fealty of boys by Him are led, The strong, the crippled, and the eponid-did dead! —Caroline Russell Blapham, in the New York Times

Named for Mrs. Harding.



"The Mrs. Harding," a beautiful white amaryllis, the white being the first of this species ever to be produced, was shown at the ninth annual amaryllis show at the greenhouses of the Department of Agriculture.

Custom Is Ancient One. The dyed Easter egg is a thing which goes back deep into pre-Christian times as a custom of the people of northern Europe, and it may be that they got the habit from older peoples. A writer has set it forth that "from the festival of Easter as observed among the Norsemen arose the symbols of the Easter egg and the Easter rabbit as prolific reproducers of species, and the color of the Easter eggs—red, blue, yellow, etc.—was borrowed from the rays of the Aurora Borealis—northern lights—and the dawning hues of the Easter sun."

Matrimonial Adventures

For Value Received

BY Edith Barnard Delano

Author of "Days," "Zebedee," "The Land of Content," "June," "Two Alks," etc.

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AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF EDITH BARNARD DELANO

It is difficult to know quite where to begin in writing of Edith Barnard Delano. She has done and done so many things...

MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.

On the way back from the post office Anita Prescott stopped at the turn of the road where the old apple tree was shedding its ruddy petals...

She was the first author to whom I talked of the Star Author Series of Matrimonial Adventures. Her grasp of the idea was instantaneous...

"You don't want to be heard here," Miriam had told her. "I have a room, yes. And I'd just love to have you. But this isn't the place for you."

"Come in," Miriam had said; and so far that remained the fulcrum of explanation between them.

Anita flushed a little under the baldness of it, but she said, "Well—there's a wilderness for most of us. I am—in slight, too."

"I can't come to work in the morning," she said. "I'll be there with you, tomorrow. Here's something I've brought for her to eat. You must take some, too. You'll need your strength."

"She ain't eat anything yet," the man said. "She's awful sick—grievin'."

Before they had gone on their homeward way the man overtook them. "I wanted to ask you—would it be showing respect if I did it for them myself?"

"It's velvet. See—white velvet," Miriam said. "Oh, lovely, lovely," she said. "Twink! The man said, his voice husky. 'They're layin' in there with their arms around each other. They look like little dolls.'

had warned her. And their warnings had added to her feeling of release. Her joyous sense of conquest, when she had gone to her man.

"There was death back there, wasn't there. Pain first, and death, and sorrow. Is that beautiful? And your days—the way you have to work, the way people—that stone . . . How can you call it beautiful?"

"Never! Nothing could be worth what you have to pay sometimes."

"It was just what other women have. Good and bad. The better and the worse. Marriage is like that. Neither of us was an angel. You don't live with any man eight years on honey. His wife died soon, and we were married before the law; but sometimes I remembered what I'd done, and something in me shrank away from myself; sometimes he was lonely, fretful, impatient. We said things; we wanted things. But we had each other. We belonged. Yes, it was worth it."

"You aren't much like other women," Miriam said to her one day, when she had come back from leaving another thankless gift at the house next door.

"Well—you aren't much like other women, yourself," Anita answered.

"You never ask any questions."

"The day the letter came she went out after supper and sat on the door-step. A young moon had left the night to the radiance of gleaming stars; the tender sweetness of the air was pierced by the song of the little frogs carolling their return to life, and the sadness of past summers, and the joy of the summer to come; the fragrance of the drying fields was like an incense. A world drowning, yet striving to resurrection . . . Michael . . . at work, of course . . . later, the opening of a door and the night's air coming in; his step on the stairs and the way—the way—Oh! No—no!

"I know they do! It's a small price to pay for the joy of it, child."

"Never! It's not worth it! I don't believe anyone honestly thinks it is!"

"One was a boy and one was a girl," the man said. "Twins. The others is all girls."

"Yes," said Miriam, softly. "Two to love. Two to remember."

"Well do that," said the man. "Both of us will do that."

"I guess it's enough," he said, looking up at Miriam. "They're so little."

"It isn't everybody has twins," Miriam said. "You've had them."

"That's what my wife said, 'I'm glad we had them, anyway, Ben,' she said. 'He laid the little box down upon the soft bed of flowers.'"

"The eyes that met hers were like that other man's who had lost and suffered, blackened from a fire that burned too hot and too long. 'Nita!' he whispered. Then, sitting up, 'Nita! It's—Nita.'"

"Not a sob—speech first, and her hands upon him. 'Michael! I've come back, I'm sorry, Michael. I didn't understand!'"

"Understand—"

"It's you I want, Michael—and life—to be together. I'm willing to pay—"

"Ah—yes! You, and me, together! That's the great thing. Nothing else counts. Life—I want all of it, good days and bad; all our joy and even—sorrow. And children—I want children; and work, and—wanting and hoping—Oh, I want you! You, Michael! I'm willing to pay whatever I must . . ."

Now it was his arms that hurt, and his heart on hers that made the singing. "Oh, my darling! Life can't be long enough to pay for all that! I need you so . . ."

"Oh, spring and blossoming summer, and the fall of leaves. Oh, life and its song and its battles! Oh, the dear weight of his head on her breast, her hand on his heart! Oh, promise—fulfillment!"

"Yes, dear—yes! I'm here with you . . ."

Washington.—Interpretation of the 5-5-3 naval ratio negotiated at the Washington arms conference gives promise of being a live subject in the next Congress unless the State and Navy Departments smooth out in the meantime the tangle over the navy's battleship modernization plan.

Those who fought the plan in the last Congress, on the ground that the United States proposed to violate at least the spirit of the treaty by strengthening the older capital ships, found their ranks strengthened by Chairman Madden of the House appropriations committee, who declared he believed the work would be out of harmony with the agreement.

Mr. Madden said that when the House appropriated \$3,500,000 for the work it stipulated that the Navy Department should definitely establish its right under the treaty to embark on its program. Navy officers at that time, he said, stressed the strengthening of older ships by Great Britain and Japan and asserted that there would be no violation of the treaty in the plans of the Navy Department.

Inasmuch as Great Britain has denied modernization work attributed to her navy. However, the whole subject has resolved into one of treaty interpretation.

Chairman Madden has announced that in view of the British disclaimer he would protest against the expenditure of the money appropriated by Congress for battleship work on the ground that the action had been taken under the apprehension that other governments had already strengthened their fleets in a similar way.

Denver.—United States Senator Samuel D. Nicholson died at his home, 1559 Logan street, a few days ago. His condition had been considered hopeless since his arrival home, when he suffered a relapse. The senator was conscious most of the day before his death, and suffered great pain at times until given opiates to bring relief. During the evening he fell into a semi-comatose state. At times when he was awakened to take small drinks of malted milk given to bolster up his strength, which had dwindled steadily, he showed that his mind was still clear and invariably he recognized the friends and relatives at his bedside.

Memphis.—Clarence Saunders, president of the Piggly Wiggly Stores, Inc., who declared he had cornered its stock to the consternation of Wall street brokers, said he was not going to back down in his determination to show "Wall street the people are running this country." Saunders asserted he was considering a plan by which he could involve the United States Senate in an investigation of the operations of the New York stock exchange, through which he was enabled to buy more stock than had been issued.

New York.—Consolidated net income on the American ship and commerce corporation for the year 1922 totaled \$1,797,610, as compared with a loss of \$1,015,584 in 1921, as was disclosed in the company's annual report made public recently. Aggregate net income of the corporation and its subsidiaries showed a profit of \$2,545,770 in 1922 as against a loss of \$711,445, the year before.

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A little golf story from New York. A wife, green at the game, said to her husband, "I had fine luck this morning. I did the nine holes in par." He looked skeptical. "I did," she insisted. "Of course it was par. Haven't you always told me that par is 100?"

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NAVY PROBLEMS FACE CONGRESS

"5-5-3 TREATY" INTERPRETATION GIVES DEPARTMENTS MUCH TROUBLE.

RANKS STRENGTHENED

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SAVED LIFE SAYS MRS. WAGENAAR

Portland Lady Fell Off 40 Pounds, but Declares Tanlac Restored Her Fully.

"For nine years," declared Mrs. Ella Wagenaar, 208 Graham St., Portland, Ore., recently, "I was almost a nervous wreck and never knew what it was to feel well."

"I was suffering from a general breakdown and, oh, it's just impossible to describe the pain and misery I endured. My stomach was so disordered I could scarcely retain a morsel of solid food. I lost forty pounds and was so weak I tottered like an infant when I walked. Many nights I never slept a wink, and I had weak spells, when I fainted dead away."

"After spending over a thousand dollars trying to get well, my husband finally persuaded me to take the Tanlac treatment. Well, that was the turning point, for all my troubles are gone now. I have almost regained my lost weight, and I've never enjoyed finer health. I will always believe Tanlac saved my life, and I'm so happy and grateful that I just can't help praising it."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Over 35 million bottles sold.—Advertisement.

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Relieved of Nervousness and Other Distressing Ailments by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound four years ago, and am taking it now for the change of life and other troubles and I receive great benefit from it. I am willing to let you use my letter as a testimonial because it is the truth. I found your booklet in my letter-box and read it carefully, and that is how I came to take the Vegetable Compound myself. It has given me quiet nerves so that I sleep all night, and a better appetite. I have recommended it already to all my friends and relatives."—Mrs. ENGLEMANN, 2032 Palmetto St., Ridgewood, Brooklyn, N. Y.

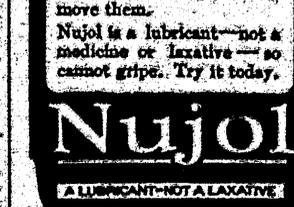
For the woman suffering from nervous troubles causing sleeplessness, headache, hysteria, "the blues," Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will be found a splendid medicine. For the woman of middle age who is passing through the trials of that period, it can be depended upon to relieve the troubles common at that time.

Remember, the Vegetable Compound has a record of nearly fifty years of service and thousands of women praise its merit, as does Mrs. Englemann. You should give it a fair trial now.

A Misunderstanding. "Is this a second-hand store?" "Yesum." "Well, I want one for my watch."

The man with the largest library usually has the least time to read.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



Shows Tremendous Gain. New York.—Consolidated net income on the American ship and commerce corporation for the year 1922 totaled \$1,797,610, as compared with a loss of \$1,015,584 in 1921, as was disclosed in the company's annual report made public recently. Aggregate net income of the corporation and its subsidiaries showed a profit of \$2,545,770 in 1922 as against a loss of \$711,445, the year before.

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Beads and Platings Used;

Coat-Dress Exploits Novelty

WHAT a relief it is to know for certain that the crepe frock still occupies its niche in the fashion hall of fame. Modes may come and modes may go but it is truly to be hoped that the tried and true crepe frock remain in lasting favor. At any rate we are safe for this season, for the prestige of the graceful ever-to-be-remembered crepe dress is assured. Of course the crepe frock comes to us in new form, just to convince us

note of interest is that black frocks must reveal some gorgeous touch of color to qualify as correct style. An era of the coat-dress is at hand. This costume is destined to prove a wonderful interesting proposition, including the materials of which it is made to the finished detail, for novelty is expressed every step of the way. Perhaps the picture here-with tells the story better than words for it illustrates two models, one for



Two Models in Afternoon Frocks.

of its eligibility among advance modes. At the moment the latest crepe creations claim distinction through elaboration of the platings. It is the particular pastime of Dame Mode to plait and plait, along lines shown in the crepe frock shown to the right in the accompanying illustration. A fastidious touch is added to this rust-colored crepe dress in the way of a bronze iridescent Oriental beaded and embroidered girde. When her ladyship, Madame Fashion, wishes diversion from her plaiting hobby, she turns her attention to beading. Perhaps this is a bit of

the happy-go-lucky flapper type and the other of appeal to the more dignified fashionable debutante. The fact that the stunning coat-dress pictured to the right is of a novelty basket-woven check establishes it as a foremost fashion. The unique cape effect, which serves as a sleeve as well, is a leading feature in the newest coat-suits. Another conspicuous style detail is the soutache braiding. The importance of soutache both on cloth or silk cannot be overstated. Not only are dresses, blouses and wraps heavily soutached, but the vogue extends



Two Styles in Chic Coat-Dresses.

a surprise, for most of us were prepared to hear that beads are passe. On the contrary beaded frocks remain in the list of favorites. To be sure, the beads are applied in a different way, as is illustrated in the graceful paneled gown to the left in the picture. Here also we are treated to a view of the sleeve which is not a sleeve, but simply a mere drape. A further survey of afternoon frocks reveals the tendency to front drape effects inspired by Egyptian modes, as designers tell us. Another

even to millinery. This is exemplified in the faile silk hat as shown in accompaniment to the costume herewith. Take note of its high crown, embellished in soutache, the entire being in a Lanvin green. Little Miss Flapper, as pictured herewith, chooses navy and white for her spring suit and the material there is a silk raffine.

Julie Bottomley

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(C. 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)
Every idle hand in this world compels some other hand to do its work. The need of the hour is not more legislation. It is more religion.—Rodger Babson.

MORE CHEESE DISHES.

An appetizing sandwich for Sunday night supper is prepared with a rich white sauce stirred thick with grated American cheese, heaped on sliced bread and baked in the oven until thoroughly heated. Serve hot.

Cheese Casserole.—Take one-fourth of a cupful of diced salt pork, one cupful of cooked potatoes diced, one medium-sized onion minced, one cupful of tomato juice, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, cayenne, six tablespoonfuls of grated or shaved cheese, three-fourths of a cupful of boiled rice, and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Cook the salt pork in a frying pan until a light brown. Add the potatoes and onion and brown them. Make a tomato sauce by mixing the tomato juice with the cornstarch and cook until thick; add the seasonings, cheese and pour this over the vegetables. Turn the mixture into a greased baking dish and cover the top with the boiled rice and melted butter. Bake until brown.

Cheese Cutlets.—Take one cupful of mashed potato, one-third of a cupful of grated cheese, one-half cupful of lima beans ground, two tablespoonfuls of minced pimento, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of poultry dressing, one teaspoonful of salt, a little paprika, and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of curry powder. Combine the ingredients and shape into cutlets one-half inch thick. Brown them in a little hot fat and serve with horseradish sauce.
Orange and Coconut Salad.—Take six oranges, put into boiling water and let stand for ten minutes. Remove from the hot water and cover with cold water, let stand ten minutes. Remove the rind and cut the fruit in circular slices. Arrange on lettuce and sprinkle with shredded coconut. Marinate with French dressing and serve garnished with spoonfuls of mayonnaise.

The happiness leaves no reactions. The mind is at rest with itself and the consciousness is filled with the joy of living.—David Starr Jordan.

VARIOUS CHEESE DISHES

Cheese is one of our best animal foods, cheap because it is almost entirely without waste and pound for pound it is richer in protein and fat than meat and is a valuable meat substitute. Cheese is a hearty food and when well manufactured is usually well and easily digested. The habit of eating cheese at the end of a meal with a rich pastry is not desirable from a health standpoint, and its undesired reputation for indigestibility may be due to this custom, the rich pastry and preceding hearty meal being more at fault than the cheese.

Cottage Cheese.—Cottage cheese made from the curd of milk contains most of the protein of the whole milk but the food value is decreased because the butter fat has been removed; however, it is a valuable food and an excellent substitute for meat. With the addition of cream or butter it is a well-balanced food.

Cheese Loaf.—Take one cupful of cooked rice, one cupful of boiled or mashed potatoes, one-half cupful of canned tomatoes, one tablespoonful of minced onion, one-third of a cupful of grated cheese, two teaspoonfuls of salt and a few dashes of cayenne. Combine the ingredients and shape the mixture into a loaf. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes.

Cottage Cheese Soup.—Melt one-fourth of a cupful of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, stir and cook until the mixture is smooth, add one quart of milk, heat to the boiling point and cook four minutes; season with paprika, parsley and one teaspoonful of salt, stirring constantly, then add two cupfuls of cottage cheese and serve at once.

Cheese and Dandelion Roll.—Take one quart of cooked greens, either dandelion, or spinach or other greens, add one cupful of grated cheese, two tablespoonfuls of catsup, one tablespoonful of horseradish, one cupful of cooked rice or hominy grits, a tablespoonful of butter, a dash of cayenne and salt to season. Form the mixture into a roll, place in a greased baking pan and bake twenty-five minutes. Serve on a hot platter garnished with sliced, hard-cooked eggs and serve with a highly seasoned tomato sauce.

Stanford Fruit Pudding.—Pour over a cupful of bread crumbs one-half cupful of milk; let stand until cool. Add one-half cupful of chopped suet, one-half cupful of chopped prunes, one-half cupful of seedless raisins, four tablespoonfuls of chopped candied orange peel, one-half cupful of molasses, one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg and soda, one-fourth teaspoonful each of cloves, nutmeg and ginger, and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix well and boil three hours in a buttered pudding cloth. Serve with orange custard.

Nellie Maxwell

WAS HERE BEFORE COLUMBUS

Claims Put Forward That Danish Navigator Landed on the American Continent in 1476.

Several months ago Dr. Sofus Larsen of the University of Copenhagen reported having discovered among old Portuguese and Danish documents, evidence that John Scolvo or Scolf, a Danish navigator, reached the American continent and landed there in 1476, 16 years before Columbus sailed.

According to Doctor Larsen's account, the Portuguese prince, Henry the Navigator, after his twentieth attempt to reach India by sailing around the lower end of Africa had succeeded, conceived the idea that ships could reach another part of India by sailing northward across the Atlantic. He got in touch with Christian of Denmark, his brother-in-law, and asked him to assist in dispatching an expedition from Denmark in search of a northwest passage to India. Christian fell in with the plan and chose John Scolvo, an experienced, competent sailor, to pilot the ship. Finally the ship reached the coast of Labrador in safety, and found a harbor in what is now called the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The Reason.
"I make my children mind, or know the reason why!" declared Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge to the gents assembled in the crossroads store.
"Well, what is the—p'tu—reason why?" sarcastically inquired old man Sockery.
"They generally don't want to; that's the—confound 'em!—reason why!"—Kansas City Star.

The man who considers himself one in a thousand naturally regards the other 999 as mere elphers.

It's pleasanter to be hopeful; that's why so few of us are pessimistic.

10 Cents Gives Charming New Shade to Old Lingerie

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES—dyes or tints as you wish

Righteous indignation is just an uncomfortable as any other kind.

HOW'S THIS?
HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will do what we claim for it—rid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh.
HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE consists of an Ointment which quickly relieves the catarrhal inflammation, and the Internal Medicine, a Tonic, which acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces, thus assisting to restore normal conditions.
Sold by druggists for over 40 years.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

SURELY HAD A BUSY DAY

Novelist Must Have Been Kept Fully Employed, Judging From the Result of His Labors.

"English novelists are effete. They go in too much for style. There's a lack of red blood in their work."
"At a dinner in a country inn where we were staying together, I said one evening to an English novelist:
"Well, I dashed off 8,000 words today. What did you do?"
"Oh, I was immensely busy," said he. "I corrected the proofs of my new essay."
"Make any changes?" I asked.
"I made one very important change," he said. "I took out a comma."
"I couldn't help giving a disgusted laugh."
"And is that all you did all day," I said—"take out a comma?"
"Oh, no," said he. "After deep reflection I put the comma back."

Opportunity sometimes looks pale gray, because embracing it means so much hard work.

Your Skin is So Fragrant and Smooth

Each cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap holds the perfume of a thousand fragrant petals. For three generations, lovely women have enjoyed its purity.

A sensible recipe for lovely complexions is rain water and this pure soap.

COLGATE'S Cashmere Bouquet Soap

Large size . 25c
Medium size, 10c

Luxurious Lasting Refined

USE THE BEST FAULTLESS STARCH FOR LAUNDRY WORK FOR SHIRTS COLLARS CUFFS AND FINE LINEN

10 Cents Gives Charming New Shade to Old Lingerie

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES—dyes or tints as you wish

HOLD CONVERSE BY SIGNS

How English Weavers Make Themselves Understood Amid the Deafening Din of Heavy Machinery.

Among Lancashire weavers there is a soundless system of communication which has been in use for generations. Amid the crash of the machinery when no human voice could be heard, the workers converse easily with one another by means of lip movements and signs made by the hands. Knowledge of the weavers' language is a necessity to the craftsman and the little "tenter" study it along with their lessons in weaving. Usually the first thing learnt is the time of day. A forefinger crooked and held up, then four fingers held up, signifies a quarter to four. If the crooked finger moves to either side it means a quarter past four. The pupil watches the movements of the lips. At first he can only comprehend their meaning when the words are simple and the movements are exaggerated. In a surprisingly short time, however, he is able to talk to his fellow workmen with perfect ease, during the intervals when the looms do not need all of his attention.

At a musicale entirely of "records" no one has to compliment anybody.

For the Man of the House.

Equipping an electrical den for the man of the house is a project that will not require as much money as one may think. These are some of the things that go with it: An electric log fireplace, an electric cigar lighter, a humidifier that clears and perfumes the air of every nook of tobacco smoke, and even in these days the electric cocktail mixer cannot be overlooked. Other articles for the den are a clock that never has to be wound, and an immersion heater which may boil water for a hot drink or for shaving in ten minutes. His couch can be fitted with an electric comfort which covers it entirely, and a softly shaded reading light will surely be a most welcome compulsion at his shoulder.

A Wordy Picture.

The little girl of eight had returned from school and was telling her parents about the picture they were going to get for their room at school. "Well," said she, "it is a picture of Washington, I think, giving up his sword and going back to be a human."

Married Life.

"Well, how's married life? Does your wife judge you harshly?" "I'm on probation most of the time."

Just think what you've been missing!

MANY people deny themselves the comfort of a hot drink with meals, because they find coffee and tea detrimental to health. For many, the drug element in coffee and tea irritates the nerves, retards digestion and often prevents natural, restful sleep.

If this fits your case, try Postum. This pure cereal beverage supplies all the pleasure and satisfaction that a hot mealtime drink can give—invigorating warmth, fine aroma and delicious flavor. And you can enjoy it in the full assurance that it cannot harm health.

Postum FOR HEALTH

"There's a Reason"

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared; made by boiling fully 20 minutes.

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

Matrimonial Adventures

For Value Received

BY Edith Barnard Delano

Author of "Rags," "Zehode V," "The Land of Oont," "Juna," "Two Allie," etc.

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AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF EDITH BARNARD DELANO

It is difficult to know quite where to begin in writing of Edith Barnard Delano. She has done and is so many things. She began writing when she was little more than a girl, and sold immediately her first ten stories. She said, "and then the good old grand Menckel job there is—writing—but I would not take any other."

MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.

On the way back from the post office Anita "prowl" stopped at the turn of the road where the old apple tree was shedding its racy petals, and looked down at Miriam's house. Just so had she first seen it on that day four years before, when she and Michael were on their honeymoon wandering; yet it was not that moment of companioned ecstasy that had brought her back, but the remembered peace of it. Peace—that was what she had wanted; when she determined to escape from all that was not peace all that was disillusion a sudden vision had come to her of the little white house under the elm the red roof and the smoke wafting up from its chimney, and the strong smiling woman who had given them milk to drink. Peace—a refuge during the long year that she must wait for freedom; peace that she must have and that she told herself she should find here. Determination vision, flight, then a visit to a lawyer who "took" cases like hers—as if there could be any other like hers—and finally speech with Miriam at the door of the white house.

"You don't want to board here," Miriam had told her. "I have a room, yes. And I'd just love to have you. But this isn't the place for you. You don't know anything about me."

"As much as you know about me," the other shook her head. "I guess it's different," said she. "Folks around here don't have anything to do with me. You'd be lonely."

"I want a place where I can be alone," the woman gave her a steady look; then she said calmly as though offering an explanation that did not touch herself at all. "My name's Miriam. Around here they seem to think it ought to be Hagar."

Anita flushed a little under the baldness of it but she said, "Well—there's a wilderness for most of us. I am—in flight, too."

"Come in," Miriam had said; and so far that remained the fullness of explanation between them. Anita was thinking of it today, because of the letter she had brought from the village the letter postmarked Cleveland and forwarded by the man who took cases like hers. "You will remember that you were warned," her mother had written. "Your hiding yourself away now is nothing more than a pose. It doesn't help things. You can get a divorce here as well as wherever you are, and you will come home at once, where you belong. The sooner it is all over, and we can forget the unfortunate affair."

Anita's lips twisted in a bitter little smile; her eyes hardened. She crossed the road to the grassy bank under the apple tree, and leaned her elbows on the fence, looking off across the melon-growing fields. Beyond, a tremulous breath of green along the river; early-plowed furrows gleaming where the setting sun touched them; purple shadows under the hill, apple-blossoms in her hair, bluebells and violets under her feet, a world pulsing to new life—this quietude, this peace, peace but for her thoughts—her being here a dead Oh, yes, they had warned her! Heavens, how they had warned her! She had been won by the glamour of a uniform; they didn't know anything about his people; he wasn't their "sort." He was poor; worse, he was visionary, with those talk of inventions of his; did she suppose she could be happy as a poor man's wife, even though she did have a wee bit of money for her own? And look at the day his lips set, and that hard look that came into his eyes when he faced their perfectly natural opposition to the marriage! She had always been headstrong, always wanted her own way; did she think she could get on with a man like that? Oh, it was unbelievable; so the family

had warned her. And their warnings had added to her feeling of release, her joyous sense of conquest, when she had gone to her man.

Four years ago—and now it was all over! Her mother had no better word for it than to call it an unfortunate affair, that marriage and the divorce she was waiting for. No better word for those four brimming years of life. Only that, for the first glad confidence of having found her mate; for the happy making of the little home; for her pride in her Michael. That, for the daily growing loneliness, the feeling of being cut off from her own world; for the slowly creeping reserves between them that had been swept away, at lessening intervals, by the re-blossoming of their love; that—for quarrels and kisses, for bitter words and repentant cheek to cheek, for the hours that he was away from her and his increasing absorption in his work and her unreasonable jealousy of it; for the crowning moments of their repudiated love—oh, for all of it, everything; Not great things; not even great things, but little things that totaled so disastrously high; and, at last, for her conviction that their marriage had been a mistake, that they were not meant for each other, that the only thing to do was to end it, to end it. Then, her flight; her communicating with him through the man who took cases like hers; and, at last, Miriam's.

Now for a month she had been here, where she had thought peace must dwell; been here watching spring come, watching Miriam, thinking. Sap rising, birds on the wing; Miriam, working; Anita—thinking; Miriam plowing, Miriam at work in the garden, sowing early peas, digging parsnips and taking a share to the house next door and leaving them on the doorstep; Anita—watching, thinking. Miriam and her father, that old man who gave her no pleasant word nor helped in her tasks; the old man with a snarl, a bitter name for her sometimes; the old man sitting in the sun, or in the window with a Bible on his knees; Miriam sowing in the kitchen, humming, tramping from stove to table; Anita—idle, thinking. The cow lowing for her calf; Miriam carrying a brimming pail of milk across the grass to the house next door, the girl there who went in when she saw her coming with the gift; Anita—remembering Michael, his obnoxiousness, thinking, thinking. Blue birds nesting; Miriam running to a child who had stumbled on the road, wiping the tears from his face; Anita—thinking of the children Michael had wanted, and she had not. The clod of a youth next door, and the stone he threw at Miriam, and the way she smiled when she put hot water on the cut; Anita—thinking, thinking of the wounds of the spirit that she had kept to herself and resented, thinking, thinking.

"You aren't much like other women," Miriam said to her one day, when she had come back from leaving another thankless gift at the house next door. "You never ask any questions."

"Well—you aren't much like other women, yourself," Anita answered. But Miriam laughed, tossed back a stray lock of hair and said, "Oh, yes I am! That's just exactly what I am!"

The old man muttered an ugly name; Anita watched Miriam, watched the swelling apple buds, thought, Thoughts that were bullets, memories that flamed and scared; questionings that would not be answered; no help from the nights or days, no bread of understanding, no water of comfort. So had the weeks passed.

The day the letter came she went out after supper and sat on the doorstep. A young moon had left the night to the radiance of gleaming stars; the tender sweetness of the air was pierced by the song of the little frogs crawling their return to life, and the adness of past summers, and the joy of the summer to come; and the fragrance of the drying fields was like an incense. A world drowning, yet stirring to resurrection. . . . Michael. . . . at work of course. . . . later, the opening of a door and the night's air coming in; his step on the stairs and the way—the way—Oh! No—no!

Miriam's skirt was brushing Anita's shoulder. "What a night!" she said. There was a basket in her hand. "Don't you want to walk down the road? I have an errand. A man who does work for me sometimes is in trouble."

They went side by side through the fog and the incense and the starlight, Miriam intent upon her errand, Anita—remembering, thinking. They went through the village, and those they met passed them by as though they were shadows; they came to a house on a hillside beyond, a low, poor house, where a lamp shone from within. A man came to the door; his eyes in his unshaven face looked as though some fire of pain had burned in them and died, leaving them scorched. He looked at Miriam.

"I can't come to work in the morning," he said.

"I know," she told him, "I'll be there with you, tomorrow. Here's something I've brought for her to eat. You must take some, too. You'll need your strength."

"She ain't eat anything yet," the man said, "She's awful sick—greiv'n!"

Before they had gone far on their homeward way the man overtook them. "I wanted to ask you—would it be showing respect if I did it for them myself? The sexton charges five dollars, and—but I wouldn't want to do anything that didn't show respect."

Miriam touched his arm. "It would be the most beautiful thing you could do," she said, "You'd always have it to remember—that you had done something for them."

ness, all the dregs of her accumulated thinking, lay in the word. "Yes, it is. Struggle is not beautiful, nor slinking; but just living is." "There was death back there, wasn't there. Pain first, and death, and sorrow. Is that beautiful? And your days—the way you have to work, the way people—that stone. . . . How can you call it beautiful?" "I know," said Miriam. "I used to feel that way, too. I hadn't weighed things. I used to think more about what I had to pay than about what I had. Of course you have to pay for whatever you have. Everybody has to pay, one way or another. But that's only fair. Life's worth it."

"Never! Nothing could be worth what you have to pay sometimes." "Ah—" The word was a murmur of protest; then Miriam said, "Look up at that sky! It was a night like this that I went away, with—him. Oh, I knew what I was doing. I knew what they'd think of me. Rightly, too. I knew I'd have to pay, but I'd made up my mind that what I would have would be worth it. It's the greatest thing there is; I guess everybody pays for it one way or another. We had always loved each other; I threw him over; and after mother died, and I came back here to teach the school and look after father, he was married to someone else. They lived next door. Yes, those are his children. He always worked hard, but he never got on. His wife—she wasn't easy to live with; at last they had to take her to the asylum—hopeless. Her mother came to look after the children. Then—he got tuberculosis. There on the porch, night and day; not a chance for him here, but the West—so we went. He lived eight years. And I lived them. Now—I'm paying, that's all. It was worth it."

Oh, those thoughts that sobbed and sang, those thoughts that stung and throbbed and flamed! "Worth it! Then what you had was different, somehow greater—" "It was just what other women have. Good and bad. The better and the worse. Marriage is like that. Neither of us was an angel. You don't live with any man eight years on honey. His wife died soon, and we were married before the law; but sometimes I remembered what I'd done, and something in me shrank away from myself; sometimes he was lonely, fretful, impatient. We said things; we wanted things. But we had each other. We belonged. Yes, it was worth it."

They walked on through a shadowy place, came out into the starlight again. "You are so strong," whispered Anita. "Because I came back here to look after them all? I'd have had to pay, anyway. It's life that's strong. You don't get away from life. Life makes you pay, even when you think you're dodging payment. Honest—life is. It gives—but it makes you pay for value received. One way or another."

They were passing the house next door, where the surly girl and the cruel lad lived. "One thing you escaped," Anita said. "You must be thankful that you had no children." Miriam stood still, looked at her. "I would give all the rest of my life," she said, "if I might have put a child of mine into the arms of the man I loved. I would go into any bondage if I might only serve a living child of my own, and it would be freedom, blessed freedom."

Anita shuddered. "Ah—you're not like any other woman! No one else would say that, honestly! Children are rare and anxiety and mostly sorrow—do you think anybody deliberately chooses that, today?" "I know they do! It's a small price to pay for the joy of it, child."

"Never! It's not worth it! I don't believe anyone honestly thinks it is!" Miriam walked on. "Come with me tomorrow," she said, "I think perhaps you'll understand, then."

So, in the morning, they walked the road together again; this time Miriam had a great sheaf of blossoms in her arms. They came to a quiet place on a hill, and there they met the man of the night before. There was a small box at his feet, carefully wrapped, and in his hand a spade. He began to dig, and as the yellow earth became a mound Anita drew back, shuddering.

"One was a boy and one was a girl," the man said. "Twins. The others is all girls."

"Yes," said Miriam, softly. "Two to love. Two to remember."

"We'll do that," said the man. "Both of us will do that."

Anita's hand went to her throat. They waited until the mound was higher, until the man stood waist-deep in the earth.

"I guess it's enough," he said, looking up at Miriam. "They're so little."

She gave him the boughs of bloom. "Make them a soft bed," she told him. He took them—blossoms that would never be fruit—and lined the grave with them. Anita watched his mixed fingers touching their pink and whiteness, crossing them, laying them so that no stems protruded. Then he clambered out, and knelt beside the box on the ground.

"Would you want to see it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" Miriam murmured, stooping; Anita bent all she could do not to draw back. But she could not take her eyes from those soil-grimed hands with their nails broken by toil, as they unfastened the paper. The hands were shaking, shaking; the man did not look up.

"It's velvet. See—white velvet." Miriam knelt and touched the soft fabric. "Oh, lovely, lovely," she said.

"Twins," the man said, his voice husky. "They're laid in there with their arms around each other. They look like little dolls."

"It isn't everybody has twins," Miriam said. "You've had them." "That's what my wife said. I'm glad we had them, anyway, Ben," she said. He laid the little box down upon the soft bed of flowers. Anita, feeling as though the wings of her spirit were beating against her heart, stumbled away into the woods. Last year's leaves underfoot; a dead thrush in the path; fern unfolding, and—the earth falling from the spade, back there. . . . Life, that was life, everywhere. . . . honest life, that gave and gave, and made you pay. . . . Bread of understanding. . . . Water of comfort. . . . Michael.

She found their little house locked and unlighted; she guessed that he had not used it since her flight. She found him on the old couch in his office, an arm thrown over his eyes in the gesture of sleep that she remembered. Her picture was still on his desk; but the littered untidiness of his papers, his crumpled clothes the weary relaxation of him, all impressed her as never before with the pitiable helplessness of the male, his unconscious dependence on woman-made comfort. "Michael—Michael—" Oh, on her knees—just to touch. . . . him. . . .

The eyes that met hers were like that of other man's who had lost and suffered, blackened from a fire that burned too hot and too long. "Nita!" he whispered. Then, sitting up, "Nita! It's—Nita."

"Not a sob—speech first, and her hands upon him. 'Michael! I've come back. I'm sorry, Michael. I didn't understand!'"

"Understand—" "It's you I want, Michael—and life—to be together. I'm willing to pay—" His grasp on her arms hurt her, but the hurt made her glad. "Nita! What are you talking about! Pay?"

"Pay—yes! I've found out, Michael—I've thought, oh, thought! I was wrong—I wanted happiness, and I wasn't willing to pay for it. I thought you could have, without paying. I know better now. You have to pay for everything—life makes you do that, whether you want to or not. But it's worth it, Michael, it's worth it."

His face close to hers, his eyes smoldered with a gleam of fire in them deep. "Worth it!"

"Ah—yes! You, and me, together! That's the great thing. Nothing else counts. Life—I want all of it, good days and bad; all our joy and even—sorrow. And children—I want children; and work, and—and wanting and hoping—Oh, I want you! You, Michael! I'm willing to pay whatever I must. . . ."

Now it was his arms that hurt, and his heart on hers that made the singing. "Oh, my darling! Life can't be long enough to pay for all that! I need you. . . ."

"Oh, spring and blossoming summer, and the fall of leaves. Oh, life and its song and its battles! Oh, the dear weight of his head on her breast, her hand on his heart! Oh, promise—fulfillment!"

"Yes, dear—yes! I'm here with you. . . ."

EARLY FORM OF CIGARETTE

Columbus' Historian Tells of Methods of Using Tobacco as Practiced by the Indians.

Of all things American, nothing is more so than the cigarette. When for the first time a European set foot in the western hemisphere, those Indian natives of San Salvador, who so startled the brave Genoese by blowing smoke from their mouths and nostrils, were really smoking crude and primitive cigarettes—tobacco wrapped in the leaves of Indian corn. Bartholomew de Las Casas, the apostle of the Indies, who edited the Journal of Columbus, in his "Historia de las Indias," tells of two men of Columbus' party who returned from an expedition inland with an account of how the aborigines were accustomed to the solace of tobacco. Their manner of smoking, as narrated by Las Casas, plainly suggests the cigarette, and this is accounted the earliest reference to the use of tobacco in that form.

The natives of the New World, said the Spaniard, "wrap the tobacco in a certain leaf, in the manner of a musket formed of paper, and, having lighted one end of it, by the other they suck, absorb or receive that smoke inside with their breath."

An Old Acquaintance. He was the typical masher, and when he boarded the street car he looked carefully down the aisle before he sat down, and chose a seat beside a pretty young girl. The passengers were immediately interested, although inclined to resent the young man's forwardness.

As the man sat down he looked carefully at the girl, smiled at her and tipped his hat.

"I beg your pardon, but haven't we met somewhere before?" he asked.

The girl gave him her best icy stare.

"Yes, I think we have," she admitted. "If I am not mistaken you are the man who used to haul our ashes." —Kansas City Star.

Great Luck. A little golf story from New York. A wife, green at the game, said to her husband, "I had fine luck this morning. I did the same holes in par." He looked skeptical.

"I did," she insisted. "Of course it was par. Haven't you always told me that par is 100?"

NAVY PROBLEMS FACE CONGRESS

"5-3 TREATY" INTERPRETATION GIVES DEPARTMENTS MUCH TROUBLE.

RANKS STRENGTHENED

CHAIRMAN MADDEN JOINS THOSE WHO FOUGHT PLAN IN LAST CONGRESS.

Washington.—Interpretation of the 5-5-3 naval ratio negotiated at the Washington arms conference gives promise of being a live subject in the next Congress unless the State and Navy Departments smooth out in the meantime the tangle over the navy's battleship modernization plan.

Those who fought the plan in the last Congress, on the ground that the United States proposed to violate at least the spirit of the treaty by strengthening the older capital ships, found their ranks strengthened by Chairman Madden of the House appropriations committee, who declared he believed the work would be out of harmony with the agreement.

Mr. Madden said that when the House appropriated \$3,500,000 for the work it stipulated that the Navy Department should definitely establish its right under the treaty to embark on its program. Navy officers at that time, he said, stressed the strengthening of older ships by Great Britain and Japan and asserted that there would be no violation of the treaty in the plans of the Navy Department.

Inasmuch as Great Britain has denied modernization work attributed to her navy. However, the whole subject has resolved into one of treaty interpretation.

Chairman Madden has announced that in view of the British disclaimer he would protest against the expenditure of the money appropriated by Congress for battleship work on the ground that the action had been taken under the apprehension that other governments had already strengthened their fleets in a similar way.

Senator Nicholson Dies

Denver.—United States Senator Samuel D. Nicholson died at his home, 1553 Logan street, a few days ago. His condition had been considered hopeless since his arrival home, when he suffered a relapse. The senator was conscious most of the day before his death, and suffered great pain at times until given opiates to bring relief. During the evening he fell into a semi-comatose state. At times when he was awakened to take small drinks of malted milk given to bolster up his strength, which had dwindled steadily, he showed that his mind was still clear and invariably he recognized the friends and relatives at his bedside.

Piggly Wiggly Head Hits Wall Street

Memphis.—Clarence Saunders, president of the Piggly Wiggly Stores, Inc., who declared he had cornered its stock to the consternation of Wall street brokers, said he was not going to back down in his determination to show "Wall street the people are running this country." Saunders asserted he was considering a plan by which he could involve the United States Senate in an investigation of the operations of the New York stock exchange, through which he was enabled to buy more stock than had been issued.

Shows Tremendous Gain

New York.—Consolidated net income on the American ship and commerce corporation for the year 1922 totaled \$1,797,610, as compared with a loss of \$1,045,534 in 1921, as was disclosed in the company's annual report made public recently. Aggregate net income of the corporation and its subsidiaries showed a profit of \$2,545,770 in 1922 as against a loss of \$711,445, the year before.

Seven Arrested Under Blue Laws

Findlay, Ohio.—Arrest of seven men, including Walter K. Richards, manager of two motion picture theaters, and six of his operators on charges of violating the state Sunday amusement law failed to bring about the permanent closing of either theater.

Irish Rebel Chief Taken

Dublin.—General Biffin, one of the chief Irish leaders, has been captured by Free State troops operating from Sligo, according to an official army report.

Two Filers Are Killed

Kokomo, Ind.—Ident. Gilbert T. Baker of Frankfort, Ind., and Private Earl Thornburg of Whittier, Calif., were burned to death when their airplane caught fire, after falling at Flagley field at Kokomo. The plane was just beginning to take off when it was turned over by a gust of wind. One of the wings punctured the gasoline tanks and the plane broke into flames. Spectators were unable to liberate the aviators who were pinned beneath the machine.

SAVED LIFE SAYS MRS. WAGENAAR

Portland Lady Fell Off 40 Pounds, but Declares Tanlac Restored Her Fully.

"For nine years," declared Mrs. Ella Wagenaar, 208 Graham St., Portland, Ore., recently, "I was almost a nervous wreck and never knew what it was to feel well."

"I was suffering from a general breakdown and, oh, it's just impossible to describe the pain and misery I endured. My stomach was so disordered I could scarcely retain a morsel of solid food. I lost forty pounds and was so weak I tottered like an infant when I walked. Many nights I never slept a wink, and I had weak spells, when I fainted dead away."

"After spending over a thousand dollars trying to get well, my husband finally persuaded me to take the Tanlac treatment. Well, that was the turning point, for all my troubles are gone now, I have almost regained my lost weight, and I've never enjoyed finer health. I will always believe Tanlac saved my life, and I'm so happy and grateful that I just can't help praising it."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Over 85 million bottles sold.—Advertisement.

Moving Verse

"I wonder why that poem keeps running in my head." "Exercising its feet, I suppose."

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Relieved of Nervousness and Other Distressing Ailments by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound four years ago, and am taking it now for the Change of Life and other troubles and I receive great benefit from it. I am willing to let you use my letter as a testimonial because it is the truth. I found your booklet in my letter-box and read it carefully, and that is how I came to take the Vegetable Compound myself. It has given me quiet nerves so that I sleep all night, and a better appetite. I have recommended it already to all my friends and relatives." —Mrs. ENGLEMANN, 2032 Palmetto St., Ridgewood, Brooklyn, N. Y.



For the woman suffering from nervous troubles causing sleeplessness, headache, hysteria, the blues, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will be found a splendid medicine. For the woman of middle age who is passing through the trials of that period, it can be depended upon to relieve the troubles common at that time.

Remember, the Vegetable Compound has a record of nearly fifty years of service and thousands of women praise its merit, as does Mrs. Englemann. You should give it a fair trial now.

A Misunderstanding

"Is this a second-hand store?" "Yeessum."

"Well, I want one for my watch."

The man with the largest library usually has the least time to read.

Sure Relief FOR INDGESTION

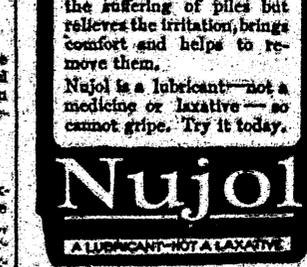
BELLANS FOR INDGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief BELLANS 25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Piles

are usually due to straining when constipated. Nujol being a lubricant keeps the food wastes soft and therefore prevents straining. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it not only soothes the suffering of piles but relieves the irritation, brings comfort and helps to remove them.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.



PAKER'S HAIR BALM

Beads and Plaitings Used;

Coat-Dress Exploits Novelty

WHAT a relief it is to know for certain that the crepe frock still occupies its niche in the fashion hall of fame. Modes may come and modes may go but it is truly to be hoped that the tried and true crepe frock remain in lasting favor. At any rate we are safe for this season, for the prestige of the graceful ever-to-be-relied-upon crepe dress is assured.

Of course the crepe frock comes to us in new form, just to convince us

note of interest is that black frocks must reveal some gorgeous touch of color to qualify as correct style. An era of the coat-dress is at hand. This costume is destined to prove a wonderful interesting proposition, including the materials of which it is made to the finished detail, for novelty is expressed every step of the way. Perhaps the picture here-with tells the story better than words, for it illustrates two models, one for



Two Models in Afternoon Frocks.

of its eligibility among advance modes. At the moment the latest crepe creations claim distinction through elaboration of the plaitings. It is the particular pastime of Dame Mode to plait and plait, along lines shown in the crepe frock shown to the right in the accompanying illustration. A fastidious touch is added to this rust-brown crepe dress in the way of a bronze iridescent Oriental beaded and embroidered girle.

When her ladyship, Madame Fashion, wishes diversion from her plaiting hobby, she turns her attention to beading. Perhaps this is a bit of

the happy-go-lucky flapper type and the other of appeal to the more dignified fashionable debutante.

The fact that the stunning coat-dress pictured to the right is of a novelty basket-woven check establishes it as a foremost fashion.

The unique cape effect, which serves as a sleeve as well, is a leading feature in the newest coat-suits. Another conspicuous style detail is the soutache braiding. The importance of soutache both on cloth or silk cannot be overstated. Not only are dresses, blouses and wraps heavily soutached, but the vogue extends



Two Styles in Chic Coat-Dresses.

a surprise, for most of us were prepared to hear that beads are passe. On the contrary beaded frocks remain in the list of favorites. To be sure, the beads are applied in a different way, as is illustrated in the graceful paneled gown to the left in the picture. Here also we are treated to a view of the sleeve which is not a sleeve, but simply a mere drape.

A further survey of afternoon frocks reveals the tendency to front drape effects inspired by Egyptian modes, so designers tell us. Another

even to military. This is exemplified in the tulle silk hat as shown in accompaniment to the costume herewith. Take note of its high crown, embellished in soutache, the entire being in a Lanvin green. Little Miss Flapper, as pictured herewith, chooses navy and white for her spring suit and the material there is a silk tulle.

Julius Bottomley
(C. 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(C. 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Every idle hand in this world compels some other hand to do its work. The need of the hour is not more legislation. It is more religion.—Rodger Babson.

MORE CHEESE DISHES.

An appetizing sandwich for Sunday night supper is prepared with a rich white sauce stirred thick with grated American cheese, heaped on sliced bread and baked in the oven until thoroughly heated. Serve hot.

Cheese Casserole.—Take one-fourth of a cupful of diced salt pork, one cupful of cooked potatoes diced, one medium-sized onion minced, one cupful of tomato juice, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, cayenne, six tablespoonfuls of grated or shaved cheese, three-fourths of a cupful of boiled rice, and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Cook the salt pork in a frying pan until a light brown. Add the potatoes and onion and brown them. Make a tomato sauce by mixing the tomato juice with the cornstarch and cook until thick; add the seasonings, cheese and pour this over the vegetables. Turn the mixture into a greased baking dish and cover the top with the boiled rice and melted butter. Bake until brown.

Cheese Cutlets.—Take one cupful of mashed potato, one-third of a cupful of grated cheese, one-half cupful of lima beans ground, two tablespoonfuls of minced pimento, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of poultry dressing, one teaspoonful of salt, a little paprika, and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of curry powder. Combine the ingredients and shape into cutlets one-half inch thick. Brown them in a little hot fat and serve with horseradish sauce.

Orange and Coconut Salad.—Take six oranges, put into boiling water and let stand for ten minutes. Remove from the hot water and cover with cold water, let stand ten minutes. Remove the rind and cut the fruit in circular slices. Arrange on lettuce and sprinkle with shredded coconut. Marinate with French dressing and serve garnished with spoonfuls of mayonnaise.

The happiness leaves no reactions. The mind is at rest with itself and the consciousness is filled with the joy of living.—David Starr Jordan.

VARIOUS CHEESE DISHES

Cheese is one of our best animal foods, cheap because it is almost entirely without waste and pound for pound it is richer in protein and fat than meat and is a valuable meat substitute. Cheese is a hearty food and when well masticated is usually well and easily digested. The habit of eating cheese at the end of a meal with a rich pastry is not desirable

from a health standpoint, and its undeserved reputation for indigestibility may be due to this custom, the rich pastry and preceding hearty meal being more at fault than the cheese.

Cottage cheese made from the curd of milk contains most of the protein of the whole milk but the food value is decreased because the butter fat has been removed; however, it is a valuable food and an excellent substitute for meat. With the addition of cream or butter it is a well-balanced food.

Cheese Loaf.—Take one cupful of cooked rice, one cupful of boiled or mashed potatoes, one-half cupful of canned tomatoes, one tablespoonful of minced onion, one-third of a cupful of grated cheese, two teaspoonfuls of salt and a few dashes of cayenne. Combine the ingredients and shape the mixture into a loaf. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes.

Cottage Cheese Soup.—Melt one-fourth of a cupful of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, stir and cook until the mixture is smooth, add one quart of milk, heat to the boiling point and cook four minutes; season with paprika, parsley and one teaspoonful of salt, stirring constantly, then add two cupfuls of cottage cheese and serve at once.

Cheese and Dandelion Roll.—Take one quart of cooked greens, either dandelion or spinach or other greens, add one cupful of grated cheese, two tablespoonfuls of catsup, one tablespoonful of horseradish, one cupful of cooked rice or hominy grits, a tablespoonful of butter, a dash of cayenne and salt to season. Form the mixture into a roll, place in a greased baking pan and bake twenty-five minutes. Serve on a hot platter garnished with sliced, hard-cooked eggs and serve with a highly seasoned tomato sauce.

Stanford Fruit Pudding.—Pour over a cupful of bread crumbs one-half cupful of milk; let stand until cool. Add one-half cupful of chopped suet, one-half cupful of chopped prunes, one-half cupful of seedless raisins, four tablespoonfuls of chopped candied orange peel, one-half cupful of molasses, one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon, mace and soda, one-fourth teaspoonful each of cloves, nutmeg and ginger, and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix well and boil three hours in a buttered pudding cloth. Serve with orange custard.

Nellie Maxwell
(C. 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

WAS HERE BEFORE COLUMBUS

Claims Put Forward That Danish Navigator Landed on the American Continent in 1476.

Several months ago Dr. Sofus Larsen of the University of Copenhagen reported having discovered among old Portuguese and Danish documents, evidence that John Scolvo or Scolf, a Danish navigator, reached the American continent and landed there in 1476, 16 years before Columbus sailed.

According to Doctor Larsen's account, the Portuguese prince, Henry the Navigator, after his twentieth attempt to reach India by sailing around the lower end of Africa had succeeded, conceived the idea that ships could reach another part of India by sailing northward across the Atlantic. He got in touch with Christian of Denmark, his brother-in-law, and asked him to assist in dispatching an expedition from Denmark in search of a northwest passage to India. Christian fell in with the plan and chose John Scolvo, an experienced, competent sailor, to pilot the ship. Finally the ship reached the coast of Labrador in safety, and found a harbor in what is now called the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The Reason.

"I make my children mind, or know the reason why!" declared Gap Johnson of Itumpus Ridge to the gents assembled in the crossroads store.

"Well, what is the—p'tu—reason why?" sarcastically inquired old man Sockery.

"They generally don't want to; that's the—confound 'em!—reason why!"—Kansas City Star.

The man who considers himself one in a thousand naturally regards the other 999 as mere ciphers.

It's pleasanter to be hopeful; that's why so few of us are pessimistic.

10 Cents Gives Charming New Shade to Old Lingerie

Righteous indignation is just as uncomfortable as any other kind.

HOW'S THIS?

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will do what we claim for it—rid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE consists of an Ointment which quickly relieves the catarrhal inflammation, and the Internal Medicine, a tonic, which acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces, thus assisting to restore normal conditions. Sold by druggists for over 40 Years. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

SURELY HAD A BUSY DAY

Novelist Must Have Been Kept Fully Employed, Judging From the Result of His Labors.

"English novelists are effete. They go in too much for style. There's a lack of red blood in their work."

"At a dinner in a country inn where we were staying together, I said one evening to an English novelist:

"Well, I dashed off 5,000 words today. What did you do?"

"Oh, I was immensely busy," said he. "I corrected the proofs of my new essay."

"Make any changes?" I asked.

"I made one very important change," he said. "I took out a comma."

"I couldn't help giving a disgusted laugh."

"And is that all you did all day," I said—"take out a comma?"

"Oh, no," said he. "After deep reflection I put the comma back."

Opportunity sometimes looks pale gray, because embracing it means so much hard work.

Your Skin is So Fragrant and Smooth

Each cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap holds the perfume of a thousand fragrant petals. For three generations, lovely women have enjoyed its purity.

A sensible recipe for lovely complexions is rain water and this pure soap.

COLGATE'S Cashmere Bouquet Soap

Large size, 25c
Medium size, 10c

Luxurious
Lasting
Refined

USE THE BEST FAULTLESS STARCH FOR LAUNDRY WORK FOR SHIRTS COLLARS CUFFS AND FINE LINEN

10 Cents PUTNAM FADELESS DYES—dyes or tints as you wish

HOLD CONVERSE BY SIGNS

At a musicale entirely of "recorials" no one has to compliment anybody.

How English Weavers Make Themselves Understood Amid the Deafening Din of Heavy Machinery.

Among Lancashire weavers there is a soundless system of communication which has been in use for generations. Amid the crash of the machinery when no human voice could be heard, the workers converse easily with one another by means of lip movements and signs made by the hands. Knowledge of the weavers' language is a necessity to the craftsman and the little "tenter" study it along with their lessons in weaving. Usually the first thing learnt is the time of day. A forefinger crooked and held up, then four fingers held up, signifies a quarter to four. If the crooked finger moves to either side it means a quarter past four. The pupil watches the movements of the lips. At first he can only comprehend their meaning when the words are simple and the movements are exaggerated. In a surprisingly short time, however, he is able to talk to his fellow workmen with perfect ease, during the intervals when the looms do not need all of his attention.

Both Are Still at Large.

"If there were 500 brave men in Petrograd," Carl Radek, the Bolshevik journalist, once said to Lenin, you would be put in jail."

The man who ruled Russia with an iron hand received this sally calmly.

"Some comrades may go to jail," he said slowly, "but on the basis of probabilities it is more likely that I will send you to jail than that you will send me."

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red, rough hands.—Advertisement.

For the Man of the House. Equipping an electrical den for the man of the house is a project that will not require as much money as one may think. There are some of the things that go with it: An electric log fireplace, an electric cigar lighter, a humidifier that clears and perfumes the air of every nook of tobacco smoke, and even in these days the electric cocktail mixer cannot be overlooked. Other articles for the den are a clock that never has to be wound, and an immersion heater which may boil water for a hot drink or for shaving in ten minutes. His couch can be fitted with an electric comfort which covers it entirely, and a softly shaded reading light will surely be a most welcome companion at his shoulder.

A Wordy Picture. The little girl of eight had returned from school and was telling her parents about the picture they were going to get for their room at school.

"Well," said she, "it is a picture of Washington, I think, giving up his sword and going back to be a human."

Married Life. "Well, how's married life? Does your wife judge you harshly?" "I'm on probation most of the time."

Just think what you've been missing!

MANY people deny themselves the comfort of a hot drink with meals, because they find coffee and tea detrimental to health. For many, the drug element in coffee and tea irritates the nerves, retards digestion and often prevents natural, restful sleep.

If this fits your case, try Postum. This pure-cereal beverage supplies all the pleasure and satisfaction that a hot mealtime drink can give—invigorating warmth, fine aroma and delicious flavor. And you can enjoy it in the full assurance that it cannot harm health.

Postum FOR HEALTH

"There's a Reason"

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared; made by boiling fully 20 minutes.

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

WESTERN HOTEL

Mrs W. J. McAdams

Meals 50c
Rooms 75c and up
Special rates by the week and month.

HOTEL CENTRAL

P. H. Arnold, Proprietor

Home Cooking

Meals 50c and up
Rooms 60c and up
Special rates by the week.

THE TITSWORTH COMPANY

Incorporated
Capitan, N. M.

Wholesale and Retail
General merchandise

Wire, Iron Roofing, Grain etc

Patronize Home Industry YOU

are handing your home town a knock every time you send your work out of town. We give you a first class grade of leather and do first class guaranteed work at less than you have to pay elsewhere.

We Repair Watches and Clocks

Spend your money in Corona

Corona Shoe Repair Shop

Service Is Our Motto

Sweet Potatoes, Irish Potatoes, Cabbage, Onions, Oranges, Apples, Pickled Pigs Feet and ect. Fresh Oysters Sunday

We bake Pies and cakes.

Corona Meat Market

Atkinson-Simpson Company

General Blacksmithing, Garage work, Acetylyn welding etc

We also handle a full line of Rock Island Farming Implements, Ford Cars and Tractors. Get our prices and terms.

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

Burl Sears, of Capitan, was in town again this week. Sears is a wide-awake automobile salesman and has sold several cars in Corona during the past month.

Louis De Wolf, Postmaster and U.S. Commissioner of Cedarvale was a business visitor Thursday.

Mrs O. M. Downing and little daughter Mildred, of Alamogordo spent the week end here with Mr. Downing.

Mrs M J. Wilson left Tuesday night for her home in Crockett, Texas, after spending 6 months here with her son in law and daughter Mr. and Mrs B.C. Ellis

Mr. J. E. Butler suffered a slight stroke of paralysis the first of this week. He is reported improving.

Special Easter program at Sunday school Sunday, YOU are invited to attend.

Supply of army shoes, shirts and pants at Corona Shoe Shop.

Judge John Y. Hewitt, of White Oaks, sent in his check this week for another year's subscription to The Maverick.

Dr. W.S. Sample, Dentist

of El Paso, will make his regular visit to Corona for one week beginning Mouday April 2nd. Strictly first class guaranteed work.

Cedarvale News Items

We are still having plenty of cold windy weather.

Mrs M P. Tonkinson has been on the sick list but is reported better at this writing.

Rev. W. K. Tyeffort filled his regular appointment at Varney Sunday afternoon.

J. R. Morgan is moving from Cedarvale to his ranch this week

Rev. Woodruff, of Estancia, failed to fill his regular appointment here on account of sickness

Dexter Killingsworth is seriously ill at his home, suffering from an attack of dropsy. His father, Wm. Killingsworth was called from Arizona to his bedside.

Mrs A. J. Mitchell has returned to her home after spending several days with her daughter Mrs P. J. Mitchell.

Mr. Herring, of Gran Quivera was visiting with L. A. Lauckey the first of this week.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department Of The Interior U.S. Land Office at Roswell, N.M. February 28, 1923

Notice is hereby given that Carl M. Evans of Cedarvale, N.M., who on July 14, 1919 made Homestead Entry No. 045952, for W1/2NE1/4 and E1/2NW1/4 Section 28, Tp. 1 North, Range 11 East, N. M. P. Meridian has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof to establish claim to the land above described before Louis DeWolf, U. S. Commissioner at Cedarvale, N. M. on the 19th day of April, 1923.

Claimant names as witnesses: Adam N. Vickery, Charles E. Vickery, John A. Cates, Joseph Myers, all of Cedarvale, N. M.; Jaffa Miller, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior. U S Land Office at Roswell N.M. Feb. 1, 1923

Notice is hereby given that Thomas C. Walton of Cedarvale N.M., who on March 19 1919 made Additional Homestead Entry, No. 041640 for S1/2 Section 6 Township 1, North Range 13 East N.M.P. Meridian has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof to establish claim to the land above described before Louis DeWolf U. S. Commissioner at Cedarvale, N.M. on the 23 day of April 1923.

Claimant names as witnesses: Leonard A. Lauckey, John A B Morgan, Charlie H. Lee and Jesse A Lee; all of Cedarvale N. M. JAFFA MILLER, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., March 19th, 1923.

Notice is hereby given that John M. Shelton of Corona, N. M., who, on Nov. 13, 1919, made Hd. E. No. 046181 and on Sept. 13, 1920, S. R. Hd. Add. No. 049183, for Lots 3, 4, and 5 1/2 NW1/4 Sec. 3, Tp. 3-S., R. 14-E.; Lots 1, 2, 3 1/2 NE1/4, Sec. 3, Tp. 3-S., R. 14-E.; NW1/4 Section 25; S1/2SW1/4 Sec. 34, Tp. 2-S., R. 14-E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before E. F. Davidson, U. S. Commissioner, at Corona, N. M., on the 28th day of May, 1923.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles W. Wade, Will B. McDonald, Grover G. Brown and Frank H. Armstrong, all of Corona, N. M. JAFFA MILLER, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at Fort Sumner, N. M., March 31, 1923.

Notice is hereby given that Claude H. Atchison of Corona, N. M., who on February 1, 1923, made Orig. Hd. Entry, N. 029424, for W1/2 Section 24, Tp. 1-N., R. 14-E., and July 9, 1922, made Additional Hd. entry No. 029663, for E1/2 Section 24, Tp. 1-N., R. 14-E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before E. M. Harris, U. S. Commissioner, at Vaughn, N. Mex., on the 1st day of May, 1923.

Claimant names as witnesses: George Simpson, Chas. W. Wade, Homer A. Stuart all of Corona, N. M., and Chas. Horn of Vaughn, N. M. JUNE W. MACKENBON, Register

L.W. DeWOLF U. S. Commissioner Cedarvale, Robert. R. Davis, M.D. Corona, New Mexico

E. F. Davidson U.S. Commissioner Office In The Parlor Barber Shop

Burgoned meat 20 cents a pound, steak 16 2-8 cents at the Corona Meat Market

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Department Of The Interior U.S. Land Office at Roswell NM, Jan. 29, 1923

Notice is hereby given that Ab Stroope, Corona, N. M., who on Oct. 8 1919, made Homestead Application, No. 044018, for S. W. 1/4 S.E. 1/4, Sec. 7, N. 1 N. E. 1, N. E. 1 N. W. 1/4, Sec. 18, Township 1 South, Range 12 East, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described before Louis DeWolf, U. S. Commissioner at Cedarvale, N. M. on the 3d day of May, 1923.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles E. Vickery, John N. Sanders, Lester C. Welch, Adam N. Vickery, all of Cedarvale N. M. Jaffa Miller, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Department of the Interior. U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., February 26th, 1923.

Notice is hereby given that Serafo Sanchez of Duran, who, on Oct. 23, 1917, made H. E. No. 041932, for E1/2NW1/4, NE1/4 Sec. 24, Twp. 2-N., R. 15-E.; W1/2NW1/4 Section 19, Tp. 2-N., Range 16-E., and S. R. 11 E. 240 July 6, 1920, Serial No. 045474 for S1/2 Sec. 19 ; Twp. 2-N., R. 16-E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before E. M. Harris, U. S. Commissioner, at Vaughn, on the 16th day of April, 1923.

Claimant names as witnesses: Martha Lopez, Juan L. Sanchez, Francis Sanchez and Pat H. Sanchez, all of Duran, N. M. JAFFA MILLER, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Department of the Interior. U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., February 26th, 1923.

Notice is hereby given that Clyde H. Jones, of Corona, N. M., who, on Aug. 24, 1918, made second H. A. No. 042327 and on March 13, 1920 add. H. E. No. 041981, for SW1/4NW1/4, NW1/4SW1/4, SW1/4NW1/4, SW1/4SE1/4, Sec. 2 and SW1/4NE1/4 Sec. 4, Lots 1 and 2, Section 4, Twp. 1-S., Range 14-E., N. M. P. Meridian has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before E. F. Davidson, U. S. Commissioner, at Corona, N. M., on the 18th day of April, 1923.

Claimant names as witnesses: Samuel M. Colbaugh, William R. Kain, Thomas D. Colbaugh and Alexander S. McCasant, all of Corona, N. M. JAFFA MILLER, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Department of the Interior. U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., February 24th, 1923.

Notice is hereby given that Willie L. Walton of Cedarvale, N. M., who, on March 19, 1919, made additional homestead entry, No. 026676, for Lots 1, 2, 3, S1/2NW1/4, Section 6, Township 1N., Range 13E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before United States Commissioner, at Cedarvale, N. M., on the 16th day of April, 1923.

Claimant names as witnesses: Thomas L. Vaughn, Morin Richards, Willie L. Vaughn and Robert Morgan, all of Cedarvale, New Mexico. JAFFA MILLER, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., March 16th, 1923.

Notice is hereby given that Henry H. Darrice, of Corona, N. M., who, on Jan. 24, 1919, made Original Homestead entry, No. 041499 for S1/2SW1/4 Sec. 3; S1/2 NW1/4, SW1/4 Sec. 7; S1/2 NW1/4, S1/2 NE1/4, NE1/4 SW1/4, Section 30, Tp. 1-S., R. 14-E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before E. F. Davidson, U. S. Commissioner, at Corona, N. M., on the 26th day of May, 1923.

Claimant names as witnesses: Roy Roddy, Charlie Wade, Harry Armstrong and Hugh Neilson, all of Corona, N. M. JAFFA MILLER, Register

Exchange Bank

Carrizozo, N. M.

ESTABLISHED 1892

Accounts solicited. Inquiries promptly answered

THE CORONA MAVERICK Published weekly Homer A. Stuart, Editor Corona, New Mexico Subscription price per Yr. \$1.50



"WE, THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES," As decade after decade passes, we who live and prosper under the Constitution marvel more and more at the matchless wisdom, the almost prophetic vision of those early leaders of the nation who could devise a plan of government so perfect that it has endured basically unchanged for over a hundred and thirty years.

STOCKMEN'S STATE BANK NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., March 12th, 1923.

Prices Always Down Buy Groceries and fresh meat where the best are sold at the lowest prices. Central Market A. T. Ballard Prop.

All Kinds of Army Goods Reclaimed and New Shirts, Trousers, Shoes, Underwear, etc. Genuine Army Clothing at Reasonable Prices Nick Russell, Corona Shoe Shop