

THE CORONA MAVERICK

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**Corona Trading
Company
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Corona, New Mexico**

**The Times A Week
New York World
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To The Public

Having purchased the equipment of the Central Meat Market we take this method of soliciting the patronage of its former customers. We also wish to thank our old customers for their patronage of the past and solicit a continuance of same. We handle only the best and give you a square deal on prices. Butter and eggs bought and sold. Fresh home baked Cakes and Pies in stock.

**Corona Meat Market
W. G. Chauszy, Prop.**

El Paso Plans Big Anniversary Celebration

The City of El Paso is making elaborate preparations for the celebration of its Golden Anniversary May 17th. The following outline of the golden jubilee program is taken from the El Paso Times:

"El Paso's golden jubilee and southwestern pageant will fittingly celebrate this golden birthday with four days of typical entertainment, May 16, 17, 18 and 19. This celebration will be held under the auspices of the city and county of El Paso and the chamber of commerce; these three civic organizations, assisted by every civic club in the city will act as hosts to the people of the southwest, who will be invited by letter from the mayor, the chamber of commerce and the golden jubilee executive committee.

Committees are now at work preparing the details for the four days celebration. The downtown district will be illuminated and decorated; Pioneer Plaza and San Francisco street to the Union station will be converted into the "overland trail" and the "overland stage station" in the Mills building, marking the exact center of the city as laid out by General Anson Mills, retired known as the "grand old man of El Paso" will be properly decorated and illuminated; governors and other distinguished visitors will be met at the Union station with a stage coach driven by El Paso pioneers and escorted by leading business men dressed as cowboys, while the Pioneer society will have an exhibit of early El Paso pictures, relics and records in some downtown building for the education of the pioneers of a later date."

News From Cedarvale

Monday was our first Spring day, and was enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Smith came up from Vaughn Sunday.

The teachers from here attended the association at Mountainair last Saturday.

Several members of the L. A. Lackey family are reported to be suffering from the mumps.

H. D. Smith of Willard was a business visitor in our town Monday.

Mesdames Dishman, Collins, Stoue and Atkinson, of Corona attended Mrs. M. P. Tonkinson's funeral here Friday.

Frank Tonkinson from Raton is here having been called by the illness of his mother.

Mrs. S. Welch came home from Texas Saturday. She spent the winter with relatives there.

Raton Officer Killed

Chief of police Oscar Davis of Raton, N.M. was shot and killed Friday night of last week when he attempted to arrest two men in a car for speeding. Davis is reported to have stepped on the running board of their car when one of the men shot him.

Two young men, giving their names as Oscar Brigance and Clyde Norman arrested Monday are reported to have confessed.

Artesia Well Spouts Oil

The Brown well, near Artesia, N. M. in Eddy county, spouted oil over the derrick last week according to reports from there. The ground for hundreds of feet around was oil soaked.

Drilling will continue on the well and oil men have hopes of bringing in a gusher at a greater depth.

They're Off Again

Word was received here this morning that Earl G. Eaton and Miss Fay Roper, the young couple who attempted a run-away marriage some weeks ago, had again left their parental homes together. They are reported to have boarded the train at Torrance Thursday.

Later: A message was later received here from the elopers stating that they were married at Santa Fe.

The Box supper

About thirty dollars was taken in at the box supper given at the school auditorium Saturday evening of last week. Clave Brown officiated as auctioneer. Bidding was prompt and enthusiastic, and the affair was genuinely enjoyed by all who attended.

The proceeds of the box supper went to help defray expenses of the school athletics.

An enjoyable dance was given after the box supper.

These Days

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"

"No use kidding you, sir, she said"

"I used to go milking, but that's all thru."

"And I'll take a joy ride if you like, with you."

Was On The Job

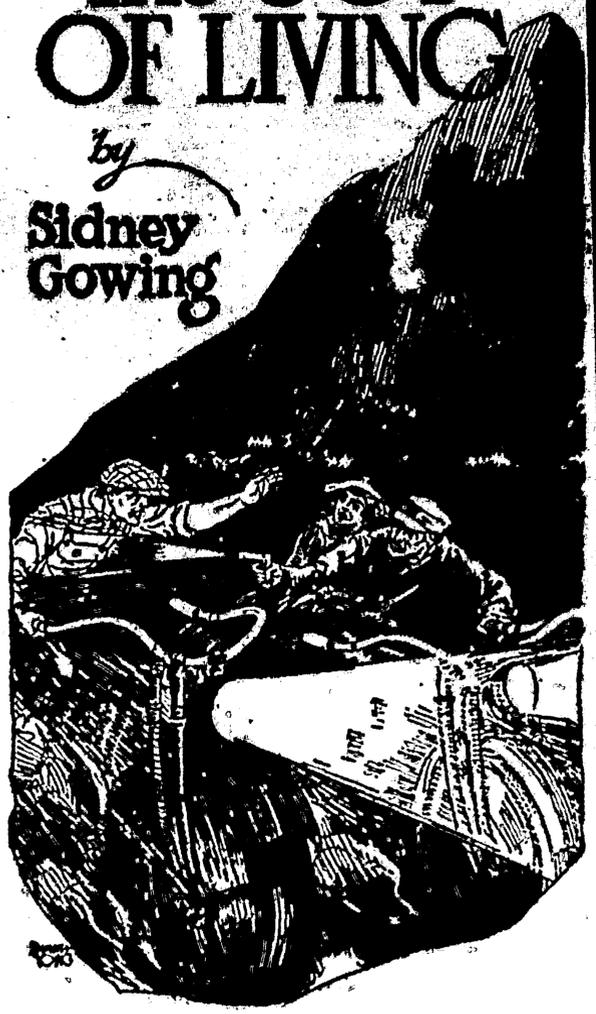
Nurse: "I lost sight of the child, ma'am and—"

Alarmed mother: "Good gracious why didn't you speak to a police man!"

Nurse: "I was speakin' to one at the time, ma'am."

The JOY OF LIVING

by
Sidney Gowing



Here is a Delightful Comedy in the Form of a Serial Story Which We Feel is a Real Kindness to Offer to Readers

The little English heroine is a tramp. The young Yankee hero is a fit partner for her; and they do become partners in one of the funniest adventures you ever heard about—thrilling, cool! Innocently they get mixed up in a burglary which draws not only the local police of an English town, but the detective brains of the celebrated Scotland Yard upon their trail. And the girl's father was a bishop; think of the disgrace if she were caught!

Not a crime story at all, but the story of two joyful cherubs who were suspected of a crime. There are motorcycle trips over a charming countryside; circumstances which cause the climbing of trellises and the invading of ancient castles in the dead of the night; hiding in caves; subterfuges of all sorts, and through it all is the rollicking spirit of youth—just what its title implies—the joy of living. You will love sweet, audacious, nifty little Aimee, and you will have no less regard for dashing Billy, and even the Flying Sphinx, the wonderful motorcycle which figured in their adventures, will get into your affections like a thing of life.

IT IS A NEW SERIAL STARTING IN

This Issue Of
The CORONA MAVERICK

Renew your Subscription NOW and keep up with this story

Trade With Us, We Treat You Right

Groceries, Dry goods, Fruits and Vegetables

W. A. McCLELEN

Matrimonial Adventures

Pursuit

BY Henry Sydnor Harrison

Author of "Queed," "V. V. Eyes," "Angela's Business," "Sally Teresa," etc.

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A FEW WORDS ABOUT HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

It is like shaking hands with an old friend to see the name of Henry Sydnor Harrison. Some years ago his first book, "Queed," gave him instant place as one of our foremost American novelists.

He started writing when he first left college, and mainly at night, because, he said, he had to make a living. He joined the staff of the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

To get a short story from Mr. Harrison is an event, his time is so fully occupied with work scheduled ahead. But like the others in the Star Author Series of Matrimonial Adventures, he made the opportunity to contribute.

It was the evening of May Hesketh's picnic supper, small but memorable, and now the clocks had been any on the island, would have pointed close to midnight.

But it was not so. From the impenetrable shadows, as she neared the ruined cabin, the figure of a man abruptly emerged upon the path; he stood confronting her. She started a little, and then she saw, with a wild shout of satisfaction, that this man was her husband.

"You" she said, with the faintly mocking air she had long ago learned for him; "but fancy meeting you here!"

"You—you looked like a—" he began a little confusedly; and then, breaking off, he cleared his throat and started again, more authoritatively: "I don't say I approve of that suit, but—but it does seem to fit in with the surroundings somehow. You might almost have been mistaken—at a distance, that is—for a hamadryad. But—"

"And what may they be? Something very nice to be mistaken for, may I hope? But I supposed you'd gone in the launch—"

"No—no. I'm tired of drunks," said he, continuing to stare at her. "And besides, swimming at night—ab— affects my shoes—as you once used to know. But you—why did you come back? You—you forgot something?"

"I almost forgot myself, if you count that. But not, in your sense. I'm not forgetful, only punitive. My aims are sound, but my temper uncertain. So I didn't go. A sweet night, isn't it? Well—"

"But—what is it? Why, what happened?"

sure I won't intrude, my, I'm off to dress—good-by!"

"No, no! Don't go. I—" Having controlled himself with an obvious effort, the man resumed with awkward carelessness:

"Ah—it seems too bad for you to miss your moonlight dip, when you enjoy it so—merely on account of the behavior of an alcoholic cat. I was about to say—I'll paddle you over to the Pulpit myself."

She eyed him quizzically and all at once was aware of the beating of her heart!

The two stood close together, in the darkness and beauty of the woods. The man's ponderous dignity was manifestly a little strained. Why? For a long time past, indeed, it had been evident that she had undermined his case in their relationship. For weeks she had been concluding, in her withdrawals and through the attentions that she had made so common between them, that he regarded her with a new attentiveness. But he had stopped there; his pride—or some cowardice perhaps—had restrained him from word or act.

"You are always kind, Horace. But of course I'd not dream of imposing on you that way?"

"No imposition at all. I'd enjoy it. We find ourselves deserted—each by our own choice—what more logical than to join forces, eh?"

"Logical!"

"And—pleasant," said he with his labored lightness. "Why not? Or—if you don't care to join the party now—after what happened—why, we might just paddle about for a while. The night—the night's fine," said Horace.

"Canceling in the moonlight with one's husband! My dear man, do you want to make me the laughing stock of the county?"

Her laughter, thrilling unexpected, took him quite aback; stung him, too, as she saw with pleasure.

"A very little of that sort of thing," said she, "and gossip would soon begin connecting our names!"

"I don't think you run many risks of that," he retorted, with marked stiffness. "And I wish you'd cease this—this extravagant way of talking—it's provoking. Now come along—we'll enjoy it."

"On the contrary, I should die of shame."

any lapse of ardor. After two years she adored him without restraint, and for days and weeks together he was frankly bored with her. Why? Was it the everlasting law of things that a relation can support only so much love, as a bucket holds so much water? Certainly her efforts to charm this grave senior by doubling her witful thoughtfulness and sweet subjections, had but increased his ennui. There had come the inevitable day when she, with floods of tears, had packed her trunks and gone off on the usual indefinite visit to her mother.

So far their story had followed a familiar course. Would that have been the end of it, right there, but for Anders Carthew? Nothing seemed to her more certain. Beyond doubt Anders, who was twice her age, and had taken an interest in her, paternal or otherwise, from her sixteenth year, had penetrated her with a new and startling concept. For Anders wouldn't accept, he would hardly listen to, her own ready formula, long since smoothed by women of all ages. "Oh, no," he had said, in his merciless kind way, "it isn't that you love him too well! That's letting yourself down too easily. It's simply that you love him with too little pride—and no good sense at all."

And a little later, when she had conquered her first furious indignation and sat down again, he spoke words which she took at last for truth, and which filled her in the end with an overmastering purpose. For Anders had said that a man's necessity is not to be loved, but to love; and that to love, his fixed need is to pursue—and conquer.

So, she, because she had a will, and it seemed that her whole life was at stake, had actually achieved this impossible. She had warped her nature, she had broken her heart to pieces; she had recovered, the reserves of maidenhood, made herself again mysterious to this once familiar; she had fanned the last flickering ember to a flame. Now here he stood suing her in the romantic night—her Horace, bored no longer, and still, and still . . . Was it not ironical that here in the instant of her tremendous triumph, her mood should be so skeptical and cool? . . . How large was Horace's nose, she uncontentiously considered, how halting his tongue, how really small his vanity and caution. Had something then permanently passed away? In the long process of repression, of moral separation, so painful at first, had she wrought in herself an irreparable change?

She wondered, smiling shadowily, in that second of thick silence. Now the man, having drawn back a step, spoke abruptly:

"Look here, what's come over you?"

"Come over me?"

"You've changed so much—just in this last year—that you're like another person—a stranger."

To be sure, her heart swelled a little at that.

"But you hardly offer that as a complaint, Horace? Hastily recalling our past, I feel sure you must find any change in me an improvement."

"That's just the tone I don't like from you, Laurel. This constantly evaluative manner. Flippant, I am bound to call it, and—provoking. I think the time's come to remind you that a husband has some rights—and I'm not getting nice."

"But—why, all this is now to me, my dear. Your rights. I'd thought you were frightfully fatigued with them, whatever they are, years ago, and gladly—"

"Never—not ridiculous. I—"

"Ah, that poor memory of yours, failing you again, I see!" said she, shaking her finger in a manner inauspiciously satirical; and resumed demurely: "But of course I'm glad that you've forgotten that day—when, I, sobbing like a deserted village lass, most cruelly taxed you with having ceased to love me, and you, poor dear, could only reply, 'There, there!—most soothingly, I own, yet it mortified me at the time. I remember. You've forgotten explaining to me that life wasn't meant to be an unending song of romance, that it was normal and necessary that the disturbing heyday of love should descend to afternoon, to twilight—'"

"So that's it!" he interrupted suddenly. "You've never gotten over that one little scene—a mere incident!"

"Oh, I remember—I've been thinking back a good deal, here lately," he went on, rather thickly. "You went off on a visit to your mother's, and when you came back, the change had come—that was the time. You'd assumed this singular and unwisely attitude. This unfair—"

thought to ask myself such a question."

"Ask yourself now. I insist—it is my right!"

Her garment died.

"I am. And, Horace," she said, regarding him dully—"honestly—I don't know the answer."

Yet in that moment, exactly, she seemed to herself to have the answer. Yes, something had gone out of her, now and forever. Funny, but you couldn't crack and make over your nature for nothing.

"Oh, you don't know?" he said dully. "Well, the time's come for you to find out—"

"Why? What's your interest in the ancient point? Haven't I the best authority for saying that love wasn't meant—"

"That's enough of that; I won't have this attitude any longer. Plenty of time—and kisses, too, it seems—for every whippersnapping nincompoop—nothing at all for the man you married—"

"But, my dear Horace, I can't turn myself on and off like a hot-water faucet! And the nincompoops never taught me that the heyday of romance—"

"Stop provoking me this way—!"

"Willingly. Good-by! But, indeed, you mustn't think of me as a stranger, Horace. I assure you I'll always think of you as among my very best friends."

His dim face became flooded with color.

"You're my wife, do you understand that? My wife!"

"Wife is a relative term," she said, a little faintly, again seeking to pass him. "But I'll leave you now."

"I'm d—d if you will," said the man, in a terrible voice.

And, his dignity broken altogether, he seized her furiously in his arms. The violence of that embrace astonished her. Still more surprising, perhaps, was the wave of resistance, of instinctive repulsion even, that swept through her.

on-the-bottom, and Horace was tall. In fine, while she was still submerged, her foot was roughly seized; coming up, spluttering, she found herself effectively imprisoned.

Thus the man, like Neptune with a mermaid, had his way. The stars looked down upon the odd conjugal caress. Upon the woman's lips, gasping and watery, the lips of Horace, just as gasping, came waterily down. Though her heart hammered with a wild excitement, there was now no strength in her. After an instant, her feeble struggles ceased; another instant and, marvelously, resistance seemed no longer of any importance. Under this masterful embrace the wife's will, her whole being, indeed, seemed all at once, mysteriously, to dissolve within her.

"You wretch! I will adore you forever," panted Horace wetly.

And then her bare dripping arms, lifting, went round his neck.

Under the impulse of his great love, the days and the weeks that followed became for the wedded pair like a new and richer honeymoon. Her elusiveness faded; her reticence and reserves, all the provocative withdrawals, learned after how much tribulation, came to seem not only superfluous, but altogether unworthy. Since Horace gave so lavishly, how inconceivably mean-spirited to dole back to him with a thrifty and calculating hand!

Willingly, young Laurel let herself go.

The new banes brought their unexpected blessing. Now God was ready, in the old phrase, to smile upon this union. There came another June and then another, and Laurel's first child was six months old.

Otherwise perhaps it would hardly have been bearable.

She sat in her room near the screened open window, nursing her boy, whom she had no thought of weaning as yet. The sultry afternoon was quiet. From the piazza below floated up the voice of her husband (dly exchanging domestic news with his adoring mother, arrived the day before for her yearly visit; but she did not need that sound to make her remember his nearness. On the stand beside her lay a note from Howard Withersedge, who had lately "come into her life" again; she had just been thinking that nothing could be more symbolical than that.

Her name came vaguely wafting up to her.

"Laurel's stouthead," said her mother-in-law, rocking comfortably, though with a touch of asthma. "It's not becoming to her. I think she has settled—somehow, Horace? She has gained in poise?"

"Yes, she's matured very much since the baby came," said Horace, and yawned a little.

"She is charming still. And a more exemplary and devoted wife I never saw. That pleases me so much. Do you know, my son," continued Mrs. Seymour, suddenly, "two years ago when I wore here—that spring—I was rather afraid she was drifting away from you—just a little!"

"Really! What an idea! . . . No, I remember that summer on the lake particularly," said Horace thoughtfully. "We had a wonderful time."

"Oh, it's evident enough that I was mistaken!" said his mother archly. "She absolutely worships you, that's as clear as noonday."

"Oh, yes," said Horace. There was a little silence. Down in the pasture lot, behind the barn, the horron now dairy maid was climbing over the stile. The lass had a trim job. Having adjusted his glasses a little, Horace satisfied himself on that point.

MRS. EARLS TELLS WOMEN

How Backache and Periodic Pains Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Olean, N. Y. "Every month my blood would go to my head and I would have such headaches, nosebleeds, backache and pains that I could not do my work. At night I could not get my rest and nothing seemed to do me any good. I read some of your testimonials about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others, so I decided to try it. I had only taken two bottles when I began to be better, and my back did not hurt me now. My head aches, I feel like a new woman. The Vegetable Compound is a splendid medicine and I will always recommend it."—Mrs. A. D. EARLS, 530 N. 5th St., Olean, N. Y.

Mrs. Kelsey adds her testimony: "Copenhagen, N. Y.—I read your advertisement in the papers and my husband induced me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to get relief from pains and weakness. I was so weak that I could not walk at times. Now I can do my housework and help my husband out doors, too. I am willing for you to publish this letter if you think it will help others."—Mrs. HERBERT KELSEY, B.F.D., Copenhagen, N. Y.

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

LATHROP'S GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Buying Him a Suit. This is the difference between mother and father. When mother takes him downtown to buy him a suit of clothes she knows just how much she is going to pay for it, and she'll keep the clerks busy showing suits until she finds what she wants. When dad takes him down he lets the boy pick out his own suit, and goes home only to be told that he has paid twice as much as he should.—Exchange.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller and walk in comfort by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder for the feet. Shaken into the shoes Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns, bunions and callouses; prevents blisters, Callous and Sore Spots and gives rest to tired, aching, swollen feet. 1,500,000 pounds of powder for the feet were used by our Army and Navy during the War. Sold everywhere. For Free Sample and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll, address Allen's Foot-Ease, La Roy, N. Y.

SPOHN'S DISINFECTANT COMPOUND

Are your horses coughing or running at the nose? If so, give them "SPOHN'S." A valuable remedy for Coughs, Colds, Distemper, Influenza, Pink Eye and Worms among horses and mules. An occasional dose "tonics" them up. Sold at all drug stores.

Stop Laxatives

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowels to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus secures regular bowel movements by Nature's own method—lubrication. Try it today.

Nujol

New Hair

EYES SORE? EYE WATER. A reliable and speedy remedy for all eye troubles. Sold at all drug stores. W. N. U. DENVER, CO. 15-1922.

New Mexico State Items

Miss Laura Scharf of Carrizozo suffered a broken arm from a fall while sitting on the Carrizozo sink.

Mutt Jones, one of the old timers around Tucuman, committed suicide at the home of his daughter by taking strychnine.

In order to afford better protection for the city, Socorro has appointed the twelve members of the fire department special police.

The law offices of E. R. French, of Gallup, were badly damaged by fire recently the blaze starting from an overheated stove in one of the rooms.

Robert Logan, for several years in the employ of the Chino Copper Company at Santa Rita, was instantly killed when he was struck by a steam shovel.

Over 400 pupils are now enrolled in the public schools of Mountainair, breaking all records for the past ten years. The actual attendance is over 300 per day.

The drill in the Florida oil well Deming has passed the hard formation and the hole is now down over 3,300 feet. The odor of gas increases with the depth.

The big warehouse of J. J. White, of Mountainair, was destroyed by fire and will be a total loss. It is believed that the time in the building caused the fire by heating.

Thomas Seales, of Fairview, closed a deal for the old Ivanhoe and Empire mines in the southwestern corner of Sierra county and will soon start development work on a large scale.

The beautiful ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. John Coffey, twenty miles east of Roy, and one of the finest in that part of the state, was totally destroyed by fire recently and the loss will be over \$15,000.

The Illinois Producers' Company has spudded in its new well east of Dayton across the Pecos river. The hole is started with a 15-inch bit and pay sand is looked for at the depth of about 1,000 feet.

Robert Small, an employ of the McKinley Land and Lumber Company at Breeco, was badly scalded when the boiler at the mill exploded. He was taken to the hospital at Gallup, but is in such a serious condition that there is little hopes of his recovery.

Another man in the boiler room at the time, whose name was not learned, was badly burned on the arms.

Betty Paddock, eight year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Paddock, of near Dexter, was instantly killed when she was run over by the big school bus en route to the city school.

The little girl attempted to get on the bus before it had come to a stop and in some way slipped under the machine; one of the rear wheels passing over her body causing instant death.

L. B. Fouz and Eddio Adams of Clayton were both badly injured near Segundo, Colorado, when the car in which they were riding skidded on a bridge approach, and the occupants were thrown over the banks of the stream.

Mr. Fouz was most severely injured, one of his hips being dislocated and three ribs broken. Mr. Adams suffered a broken collar bone and a dislocated shoulder.

The Producers and Refiners Company is going ahead rapidly with the work at its new well at Farmington in a manner that indicates confidence in production. Gas from the Uto Pasture well is being used for fuel and a big water tank has been erected near the site, which is kept full by the pipe line from the La Plata river.

It is believed that a big flow of gas will soon be tapped, as the hole has now reached the depth of nearly 1,400 feet.

Twenty cans of speckled trout were planted in the upper Gallinas river at Las Vegas by sportsmen of that city. Other streams near the city will also get a big supply soon.

Workers on the Goshalden ranch north of Delev encountered oil at the depth of two feet while digging holes for fence posts. It is reported that water came in the holes and on the top of the water was a thin film of oil. The oil was skimmed off and found to be a good quality and burned rapidly when it was lighted. No oil-bearing structure has ever been located in that part of the state and it is believed that the oil may have been formed by decaying vegetation.

At the first annual convention of the eighth Rotary District held in Tucson, Ariz., approval for the organization of a club in Deming was secured and a big meeting of the business men of the city will be held soon to put the proposition over. As most of the merchants of the city are in favor of the club it is believed that it will be started with at least twenty-five members.

A survey is being made of silver, copper and tin veins and it is possible that clubs will be organized in both cities.

Prayer Miller was elected president of the Chaves County Taylor Club which was organized at a big meeting of the merchants and livestock men at Roswell. The club starts with a large membership and will be affiliated with the other clubs which are being formed all over the state.

The Joyce Cattle Company, of Olathe, will start work at once on the erection of a large dam on the ranch for the storage of water which will irrigate more than 10,000 acres. Two other dams will be built during the year.

SIX MEN IN HOLDUP

POSTAL AUTHORITIES CANNOT ESTIMATE AMOUNT TAKEN

REGISTERED MAIL POUCHES CONTAINED LARGE SUMS OF MONEY

St. Louis, Mo.—Six men in an automobile staged a daring holdup of a government mail truck in St. Louis a few days ago and escaped with nine registered mail pouches containing large sums of money.

Postal authorities cannot estimate the amount taken until a check is made.

The robbery occurred in the downtown district of the city. A chauffeur and guard on the mail truck were locked in the cage of the machine when the bandits commandeered it.

The truck was then driven to the river district, where the nine mail bags were taken from the cage and loaded into the bandits' car.

Authorities announced that the amount may run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, as the mail was for distribution among business houses.

Large amounts of cash and money orders are contained in the mails on the first of the month.

A general alarm was sounded for apprehension of the bandits, who sped away in their machine.

The robbery occurred at 8:20 o'clock in the morning, an hour when the river district is practically deserted.

Adrian G. Dorlac, messenger and Edward M. Cunningham, chauffeur, were in command of the truck. Both were armed with .45-caliber pistols.

According to both, the robbers drove up from the rear and covered them before they had a chance to reach for their guns.

Two of the bandits jumped from their machine when the mail truck was brought to a halt, according to the two postal employes, and leveled guns at them. One of the robbers carried a revolver in each hand, while the other leveled a sawed-off shotgun at the driver of the truck.

Four of the bandits remained seated in their machine, each armed with sawed-off shotguns.

The bandits then directed Cunningham to drive toward the river front and when within a block of the river commanded the chauffeur to turn into an alley.

The bandits assembled and discussed their plans.

After unloading the nine pouches, Dorlac and Cunningham were placed in the cage of the truck and locked in, ostensibly in the rear.

The imprisoned men shouted for help after the bandits had made their escape, but they failed to attract any attention for several minutes.

A negro living in the district heard their cries and ran to the scene. It was discovered that the bandits had failed to fasten the lock on the truck and it was driven to the police station.

The men was to have been divided between the Bridge and Cupples stations. The Bridge station serves the city's commission houses, while the Cupples station is located in the manufacturing district.

While the exact amount of money lost cannot be determined for some time it was said that it could be expected to run into six figures.

Fortify Jury Disagrees

St. Joseph, Mich.—Hopelessly deadlocked after thirty-one and a quarter hours, the jury trying William Z. Foster of Chicago for alleged violation of the Michigan law against criminal syndicalism, was discharged by Judge Charles White.

The jurors stood six to six during thirty-eight ballots.

Five men and one woman voted for Foster's acquittal, and six men for his conviction.

Noted Egyptologist Dies

Calro.—The Earl of Carnarvon is dead. His death was due to blood poisoning through the bite of an insect with the later development of pneumonic death occurred at the Continental hotel in Calro. The physician's certificate giving the exact cause of death has not been made public, but the latest reports indicate that death was due to toxic pneumonia in both lungs, complicated with pleurisy.

Krupp Workers Strike

Berlin.—The employes of the Krupp plant at Essen, it is announced began a twenty-four hour strike in protest against the French action in firing on a crowd of Krupp employes, resulting in eleven deaths and a score seriously wounded. There are about 54,000 men employed at the plant. General De Goutte's ultimatum demanding the payment of the coal tax in the Ruhr has been extended.

Half-acre Plan for Big Year

New York.—The executive committee of the Association of Railway Executives approved a program outlined by the board of directors of the American Railway Association for meeting in 1923 what is expected to be the greatest traffic year in American railroad history. The executive committee endorsed plans calling for "the largest budget of new facilities, power and equipment for many years, if not in the history of the roads."

Born the Same Day



The nine-month-old baby, Barney Zimmerman, son of Dr. and Mrs. Harry Zimmerman of St. Paul, Minn., and the boy's inseparable companion, a St. Bernard puppy, born the same day as Barney. The baby needs a nurse maid to watch it while outdoors for no one has a chance of getting closer to Barney than ten feet.

DENIES VISIT-IS TO INSTRUCT U.S.

LORD CECIL SAYS HE IS HERE TO EXPLAIN, NOT TO DICTATE POLICIES.

WANTS PEACE IN FUTURE

WAR MUST END FOR THE SURVIVAL OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION, SAYS PEER.

New York.—Lord Robert Cecil, in an interview with newspaper men, denied that his trip to America was purposed to instruct the people of the United States what they should do about joining or not joining the League of Nations.

"I am not an impudent interloper in other people's affairs," he asserted. "I thought I had made it clear in my public statements that my object in coming here was to give information about the League of Nations as a first-hand observer of a great international experiment. I would be guilty of the gravest impertinence if I attempted to instruct the American people in their own affairs."

"I am presenting the League of Nations as a practical business proposition and as an organized international effort for peace. I can see no hope for the survival of European civilization unless there is an end of war and some hope of peace in the future."

Lord Roberts said he had neither the expectation nor intention of changing the attitude of the American people toward the league of nations, as expressed by the last election. He pointed out that there was as great danger for a nation in mistrusting everyone as there was in trusting everyone.

While the decisions of the league would be decided by the votes of the members, he said, world public opinion would have the greatest force in influencing the members of the league to give just and impartial decisions.

The entrance of the United States into the league of nations, while not necessary to the success of the league, he stated, would bring about an organization of the world on a peaceful basis. With the entrance of Russia and Germany, he said, it was expected that all of Europe, Asia and South America would be in the league, with only the United States on the outside.

Lord Cecil was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the commission of international justice and good will of the Federal Council of Churches, at which he explained the workings of the league to more than one hundred clergymen.

Feedstuffs Barred by Turks

Constantinople.—The Turkish customs authorities refused to permit the Near East Relief to continue distribution of foodstuffs to the 25,000 destitute and hungry refugees in Constantinople unless the American organization paid the new consumption tax, which is four times as great as the import duty, it was announced by Near East representatives. The tax demanded by the Turks totals \$12,000.

Tennessee Police Chief Is Shot

Jalisco, Tenn.—It's a tough game this—playing huckster for six-shooters," walked Chief of Police George Heathery from his cot hospital.

For the second time within a month Heathery is hovering between life and death from bullet wounds. Four weeks ago he was the leader in a moonshine raid in which he was wounded three times and four men were killed.

Swertt, Tenn.—18-year-old brother of two of the slain men shot Heathery.

TORNADO TAKES TOLL

CYCLONE SWEEPS SEVERAL CITIES IN SOUTH

STORM WRECKS HOMES AND LEAVES TRAIL OF CASUALTIES BEHIND

Alexandria, La.—The known dead in the tornado which struck Pineville and vicinity, across the Red river from Alexandria, reached fourteen with the arrival here of a train bringing the bodies of eight persons killed at Pineville and a sawmill settlement a mile east of that town.

Fifty or more persons were reported injured.

Pineville bore the brunt of the blow and suffered heavy property damage. Several persons were injured here. At least a score more persons were injured, some of them probably fatally.

The lighting system in Pineville was put out of commission by the storm, and it was impossible to learn the extent of the damage on account of darkness and the prohibiting of all vehicular traffic on the town's streets.

It was estimated that fifty to sixty houses were either completely demolished or badly damaged. Several mercantile buildings were also destroyed. Some of the injured were reported to be in a serious condition. The most seriously hurt were taken to the United States veterans' hospital at Camp Stafford, or brought to local institutions.

The main street in Pineville was strewn with wreckage from destroyed houses and telegraph and telephone wires. Citizens of Alexandria and Pineville assisted in clearing the streets.

Harvey L. Graham, superintendent here of the Louisiana Railway and Navigation Company, announced that officials of the Cumberland Telephone Company said they had restored their wires to Alexandria.

The railroad wires reported that the tornado struck Alexandria and hopped across the Red river to Pineville, cutting a swath 100 yards wide through the town.

Texas.—A tornado swept through Cass county, in the northeast corner of Texas, late, leaving a trail fifteen miles long in which were scattered the wreckage of twenty-five or more homes. The heaviest damage was said to be in Laws chapel and Alameda communities and at a point two-and-one-half miles southwest of Atlanta, Texas.

No casualties have been reported.

Raleigh, N. C.—A dozen or more persons were injured by a tornado which cut a swath one mile wide and ten miles long south of Wendell in Wake county, wrecking 100 or more houses and doing damage to the amount of more than \$100,000, according to reports here. Some of those most seriously injured were ordered removed to a Raleigh hospital.

El Dorado, Ark.—Several farm houses were blown off their foundations, one destroyed, one man injured and a sawmill blown away by the half and wind storm which struck this city. A farm home, six miles south of here, was completely wrecked. The family escaped injury when they took refuge in a deep gully.

Hot Springs Hotel Burns

Hot Springs, Ark.—One fireman was killed and two others were seriously hurt when the walls of the Arlington hotel, noted for its historic architecture, were destroyed by fire recently, crumbled and fell upon them as they were working in the ruins with a hose line. The hotel, the oldest history in Hot Springs, and one of the most noted in the South, was destroyed by fire of undetermined origin. More than 200 guests occupied without serious injury, although some minor fires in the structure.

RAILROADS ASK HELP OF PUBLIC

PLAN IMPROVEMENTS \$1,540,000 WILL BE SPENT ON EQUIPMENT DURING 1923 BY RAILWAYS

PLAN IMPROVEMENTS LINES PLAN LOADINGS TO PASS 1,000,000 CARS WEEK DURING CROP MOVEMENT.

PLAN IMPROVEMENTS

New York.—The American Railways Association approved the expenditure by its members of \$1,540,000,000 for equipment, the biggest aggregate railroad budget ever recorded, then issued a nationwide appeal for co-operation in helping the roads through the heaviest transportation era in history.

Based estimates on the unprecedented tonnage hauled in recent months, the association's experts forecast the smashing of all records in 1923 with at least thirteen weeks when car loadings will exceed 1,000,000 a week, and an estimated high mark of 1,000,000 cars predicted for the week of next Oct. 20, at the height of the fall crop movement.

Realizing that with existing facilities, they were unprepared for such a year, the railroads contracted for \$440,000,000 worth of new supplies in 1922 and \$1,100,000,000 more for 1923. They also have speeded up shop repairs, reconstruction and maintenance of way departments to the point where they promise by fall to reduce the transportation of railroad coal and supplies to the minimum and to have a high percentage of rolling stock available for their increased service promised customers.

Public assistance to help early shipping and storing of all freights, including coal, ore and construction materials that usually interfere with the fall movement of crops, was asked by the conference.

The roads ask that shippers conserve space and help keep cars moving; that dealers and consumers get their coal into bins early; that the bulk of ore and coal shipments on the Great Lakes be completed early in the summer; that road and construction work be started as soon as possible, so rail equipment may be available for crop movements in the fall.

On their part, the roads will try to have an extraordinary number of good order locomotives and cars available in the fall; to have all coal intended for railroad use in storage by Sept. 1, to restrict the transportation of railroad supplies to the minimum during the fall rush, and to help keep every car moving.

"Despite the obstacles placed in the way of transportation service since July 1, 1922, by the cumulative effects of the coal miners and shopmen's strikes, the railroads have, between July 1, 1922, and March 17, 1923—a period of thirty-seven weeks—handled the greatest volume of traffic ever transported during any corresponding period in the history of the country.

"The railroads of the country are raising this enormous amount of additional capital largely through borrowed money on the obdurate faith in the fairness of the American people and reliance on the continuance of the policy announced in the transportation act of 1920 as a measure of reasonable protection to investment in railroad property."

Business in U. S. Booming. Washington.—Declarations were made in two official quarters that general business conditions throughout the East were nearly normal. The central and western parts of the United States were said, at the same time, to be making rapid strides towards recovery.

Secretary Mellon asserted that the industrial and financial situation in the East appeared "very satisfactory." The federal reserve board declared in its official monthly bulletin that continued active business conditions in every section were shown by the maintenance of a high rate of industrial production.

Klan Leaders Charged With Theft. Atlanta, Ga.—Warrants were issued for N. N. Furey, cashier of the knights of the Ku Klux Klan, charging him with embezzlement of \$50,000, and for E. J. McKinnon, chief of investigating department, for \$20,000, according to the sheriff's office. The warrants were sworn to by E. J. Jones, an associate of Emperor William J. Simmons. Associates of Simmons said other warrants might be taken out. They said the charges against the two officials followed a day of investigations at the imperial palace.

Oil Lease Bring \$4,500,000. Pawhuska.—Simple rods of heads of raising of hands pledged the oil industry to pay to the Osage Indian tribe \$2,000,000. Four sales netted more than a million dollars each, the highest price being paid by Walter Phillips, \$1,800,000 for a lease on 190 acres. The Carter Oil Company paid \$1,000,000 for another lease, the Glynn Oil Company bought a third for \$1,000,000, and the fourth went to the Phillips Petroleum Company for \$1,000,000.

LATEST MARKET QUOTATIONS

Supplied by S. BUREAU OF MARKETS Washington, D. C.

Fruits and Vegetables

Prices reported: Eastern. Sacked round white potatoes, \$1.85 to \$2.10 per 100 pounds in city markets, \$1.50 at Maine shipping points. Northern stock \$1.15 to \$1.25 in Chicago; \$1.40 to \$1.65 in other cities. \$1.40 to \$1.50 at shipping points. No sales of Florida stock reported. New York Baldwin and green, \$1.25 to \$1.40 per barrel; \$1.40 to \$1.60 for Northwesters extra; \$1.25 to \$1.40 for \$2.50 to \$3 per box, reaching \$2.25 in New York. Texas yellow Bermuda onions, some ordinary condition, \$2.25 to \$2.50 per standard crate; \$2.75 to \$3.00 Middlewestern yellow stock; \$2.75 to \$3 per 100-pound sack; eastern yellow stock; \$3.50 to \$4.75. Florida pointed cabbage, \$1.75 to \$2.75 per bushel hamper. South Carolina, yellow, \$2.50 to \$3.50 per barrel crate; Texas, Alabama and Louisiana Flat Dutch, \$6 to \$8. California Winnigstadt, \$2.50 to \$4.00 per crate.

Livestock and Meats

Chicago prices: Hog, top, \$2.40; bulk of sales, \$2.30 to \$2.35; medium and good beef steers, \$2.25 to \$2.30; butcher cows and heifers, \$1.85 to \$2.15; feeders, \$1.75 to \$2.15; \$2.40; light and medium weight calves, \$1.50 to \$1.75; fat lambs, \$1.75 to \$1.85; feeding lambs, \$1.25 to \$1.75; yearlings, \$1.75 to \$2.50; fat wethers, \$1.75 to \$2.15. Poultry: Turkey, \$11.00 to \$12.00; broilers, \$10.00 to \$11.00; light and heavy, \$10.00 to \$11.00; mutton \$11 to \$12; light pork loins \$12.50 to \$17; heavy loins \$11.50 to \$14.

Cotton

Spot cotton prices declined 15 points during the week. New York futures contracts advanced 20 points. Spot cotton closed at \$24.99 per pound. New York May futures at 29.06c.

Grain

Closing prices in Chicago cash market: No. 2 red winter wheat, \$1.31; No. 3 hard winter, \$1.28; No. 4 mixed corn, 76c; No. 2 yellow corn, 76c; No. 3 white oats, 45c. Average farm prices: No. 2 mixed corn in central Kansas, \$1.05; No. 2 dark northern wheat in central North Dakota, \$1.02; No. 3 hard winter wheat in central Kansas, \$1.02. Chicago May wheat, \$1.20 1/2; St. Louis, \$1.20 1/2; Minneapolis May wheat, \$1.20 1/2; Kansas City May wheat, \$1.12 1/2; Winnipeg May wheat, \$1.17 1/2.

Market practically unchanged with some general activity in local and country loadings. Light in most markets. Heavier offerings reported at Cincinnati but shipping demand active. Market 50 cents lower at Pittsburg. Quoted: No. 1 timothy, \$3.75; No. 2, \$3.75; Philadelphia \$3.75; Pittsburgh \$3.75; Cincinnati \$19.50; Chicago \$20; St. Louis \$21.50; Memphis \$24.50.

Market dull and unsettled. Quoted: Bran, \$27.75; middlings, \$29.50; flour, \$40.00; meal, \$34.00; Minnesota, \$19.50; Buffalo, 80 cents; corn, 76c; wheat, \$1.20; Philadelphia, \$4.00 Atlanta, white family feed, \$29. St. Louis, \$29.00 Chicago.

Dairy Products. Butter markets have continued unsettled. The general tendency has been toward a recovery from the decline which began last week. The price of March, closing prices, 24 score butters New York \$16; Philadelphia \$16.00; Boston \$16; Chicago \$16.00.

Absence of export buying which featured markets during the middle of March, and the approach of the flush production season are factors which contribute to weakness in the market. Prices at Wisconsin primary cheese markets: State single, 21 1/2c; double, 21 1/2c; California 20 1/2c; American 21 1/2c; longbros 20 1/2c; square prints 21 1/2c.

DENVER LIVESTOCK MARKET

Cattle. Steers brought \$2.10 by the load, and in small bunches sold for \$4.50. Some fat calves sold for \$4.50. Pounds went for \$1.1. A gradual decline from the top of \$12.75, reached recently for choice veals, has been going on for several days. Choice veals went up to \$6.40. Heifers are being sold at \$4.00 to \$5.00. The best on the market bringing \$5.50 for single sales and \$6.25 for choicest load. These prices ranged down to \$2.00. Bulls were within the spread of \$2.50 to \$4.00.

Peddlers and stockholders were quoted from \$7.75 to \$7.25 for choice stock. Average kind being sold for \$7, a part of a load bringing \$6.75.

Hogs. The bulk of sales were from 47.85 to \$0. Early sales were made up to \$2.55 for tops, both to large and local packers for carloads. The best price was \$2.55 for top load car lots. Choice brought \$2.75, which has been steady for some time. Slags were cut out of the steady scale of \$5.50 to \$6.00. The market was not very active and offerings brought a high of \$1.10. Others sold for \$7, while the bulk was at \$6.75.

Sheep. Two loads of light lambs brought \$12.50, freight paid. These lambs weighed 35 pounds. Good 70-pound lambs sold for \$15.50, freight paid. Two hundred and fifty-nine Utah lambs, weighing 35 pounds, sold for \$15.50. Freight paid. Choice ewes and fancy stock was held a little higher, perhaps up to \$2.50. Shottle lambs were in demand and were quoted from \$12 to \$12.75.

MINERAL MARKET

(Chicago settlement prices) Silver American, \$1.03; Silver London, \$1.04; Lead, \$1.00; Copper, per lb, \$16.17; Tin, \$21.85; Tungsten, per unit, \$3.00 to \$15.00.

May and Grain

Timothy, No. 1, 100 lbs, \$12.50; Timothy, No. 2, 100 lbs, \$12.50; South Park, No. 2, 100 lbs, \$12.50; South Park, No. 1, 100 lbs, \$12.50; Second bottom No. 1, 100 lbs, \$12.50; Second bottom No. 2, 100 lbs, \$12.50; Alfalfa, 100 lbs, \$12.50; Oats, per cwt, \$1.50; Corn, No. 2 yellow, per cwt, \$1.25; Wheat, No. 2, per bushel, \$1.20 to \$1.25.

DENVER BUSAR QUOTATIONS

Manufacturers' quotations: Beet, 100 lbs, \$12.50; Sugar, 100 lbs, \$12.50; Molasses, 100 lbs, \$12.50; Corn, 100 lbs, \$12.50; Wheat, 100 lbs, \$12.50; Oats, 100 lbs, \$12.50; Alfalfa, 100 lbs, \$12.50; Hay, 100 lbs, \$12.50.

Attempt to Wreck Fast German Train

Essen.—An attempt to wreck the Essen-Paris express with dynamite was made between Kattwig and Wery. The express was proceeding cautiously, as usual in the Ruhr district, when the locomotive struck a high explosive placed on the track. The engine was wrecked by the terrific explosion, but the day coaches stopped and four did not leave the track. No one was injured.

The Joy of Living

By Sidney Gowing

Illustrations by ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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THE AWFUL MESS OF AIMEE AND BILLY

Alexander's eyes became keener. He looked a little contemptuous. "Are you afraid?" he said. "Do you not see that you must face the consequences of this foolish thing you have done? Once the truth is told, you have nothing to fear from the police."

"The police!" said Aimee scornfully. "I'm not afraid of the police. I'm not much afraid of Aunt Erythea. It isn't that at all. It's—the other thing."

"What other thing?"

Aimee looked at him with growing embarrassment. "Oh!" she said at last, desperately, "have I got to put it in so many words? My staying at Ivy cottage! Didn't you understand what I told you? I was there—two nights."

Mr. Lambe, to her surprise, did not look forbidding or censorious. Instead, he looked a little puzzled. And in that moment Aimee conceived a liking for Alexander.

"Now that I have seen you, and heard your story," he said, "I attach no importance to that incident, whatever."

"Ah," said Aimee sadly, "but other people will, you see."

Alexander suddenly flushed crimson, and he avoided Aimee's eye. But his face grew peculiarly grim.

"I have only this to say. That man—that Spencer—who dared to expose you to such a situation, is the culprit I wish to see. He deserves—"

Aimee's heel smote the floor.

"Not a word against Billy! It's he who saved me, right from the beginning. He begged me to let him own up. But he has kept my secret, at his own risk, because I wanted it kept. He is a gentleman!"

"Billy," said Aimee, "this is my Cousin Alexander. And he's—he knows all about it. It seems this is our finish, Billy."

The two men turned and faced each other.

There you have it in a nutshell—the awful mess that Aimee and Billy have got into. For Aimee is a bishop's daughter and a nice girl—they don't make 'em nicer. And Cousin Alexander is a young churchman—and churchmen are obliged to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. And Aimee is masquerading as a servant maid, and is mixed up in a burglary and is gallivanting around with an unknown American, Billy Spencer, who has a new kind of motorcycle to sell. Incidentally, Billy is as nice as they make 'em, too. It's an English story, but it's bright as a new American dollar. And entertaining! and thrilling!

Sidney Gowing is the author. He's a comparatively new man, but he's already made an international reputation. He certainly has written a good story here, which deserves its name—"The Joy of Living."

CHAPTER I

"I can't go, dad," said Aimee desperately, "and I won't!"

"My answer, my dear Aimee," said Lord Scroope firmly yet benignly, "is that you must go, and you shall!"

"A month of Aunt Erythea," said Aimee in stifled tones, "would kill me. Why are these things always piled on us like? I'm fed up!"

The Very Rev. Viscount Scroope, archdeacon and incumbent of the living of Scroope Magna, gazed dreamily over his daughter's head without appearing to hear her. A sunbeam filtered through the diamond panes, illuminating his silver hair and finely cut features. It was as though the sunbeam said: "Behold a saint; here is one who hears and speaks no evil." A saint Lord Scroope undoubtedly was; calm, benign and immovable as granite.

"My dear child," he said gently, "let us admit the cold light of reason. You can have no genuine objection to your Aunt Erythea, for you have never set eyes on her since you were three years old. Jervaulx abbey is a well-appointed and strictly ordered house. It is an atmosphere which will correct, I hope, the influence of that deplorable school from which we have removed you. You must go. Aunt Erythea desires that you shall go. And that, as you will realize when you make her acquaintance, is final."

"The Hon. Aimee Scroope's vividly lovely face became still more mournful and desperate."

"And do not suppose that you will lack youthful society," added Lord Scroope, smiling. "Your cousin, Alexander Lambe, is at Jervaulx. A little older than yourself, doubtless, but an excellent companion for you. A young man wholly devoted to good work, and with unexceptionable connections, he will doubtless attain that eminence which his aunt would wish for him."

Aimee looked at her father with intense suspicion. Then she turned to the photograph of a young man in a clerical collar; the face was pleasant but somewhat serious, with large, frank, round eyes. The face that Aimee made at it was hideous.

"Go and tell your maid to pack your child," said Lord Scroope gently, patting her head. Aimee was twenty years of age, and stood five feet six, but her father contrived to have the air of patting somebody about three feet high.

Aimee said something inarticulate, and made a bee-line for a rose-pink boudoir where Lady Scroope, blonde, petite and wholly charming, was arranging her gloves. Amid pink surroundings, Lady Scroope looked little older than her daughter.

"Mummy," said Aimee fiercely, "you'll have to throw me a rope. I have simply got to be rescued from

young man. I've seen his photograph. His face—"

"It's the face," said Aimee fiercely, "of a cold boiled codfish! I've seen it—I've seen it! It made me feel as if my shoes were full of water!"

"Aimee!" said Georgina plaintively. "You appal me!"

"Good thing! Then you know how I feel!" retorted Aimee pearly. "The whole thing appals me. These curates! I'm fed up with them! Alexander is the limit!"

Aimee paused for breath.

"He's a trump!" she said, with extraordinary vehemence.

"He is good!" insisted Georgina. "That is a good man's face, if ever I saw one. And," added Georgina, with a rapt expression on her plump features, "he will fall in love with you, Aimee. I'm sure of it! And what that happens—"

"Oh, you make me sick!" said the frenzied Aimee. "It's a disease with you! Sentiment revolts me. This maudering about love—"

"Aimee," said Georgina almost tearfully, "your very name means 'Beloved!'"

"Oh, rats!" said Aimee furiously, and fled from the room.

CHAPTER II

Escape.

In the deepest depression, Aimee wandered down the park avenue towards the high road. She passed through the lodge gates and turned the corner of the road.

There Aimee halted, and considered the perversity of Fate. And close beside her barked a sharp explosion, with a flash of yellow flame and a whiff of pungent smoke. And a clear voice exclaimed:

"Hi—!"

"Just what I was thinking!" said Aimee.

A young man, who was tinkering a motorcycle, whence came the explosion, looked up started, and remounted his cap.

"Oh! I'm sorry!" he said. "I didn't know there was anyone around."

They looked at each other, and both laughed. It was impossible to look at the stranger and fail to laugh. Not in derision, but joyously, spontaneously, as one laughs when the breeze heels the boat, or when a puppy dog falls head over tail.

When the motorcyclist grinned, his teeth were so white that they gave the effect of a flash. His fair and rather tousled hair caught the sun. His head looked as if it might be rammed through a door, without damaging anything except the door-panel. He was big built, and about twenty-five, but his bright blue eyes might have belonged to a boy of sixteen. He wore dusty blue overalls.

"That's better!" he said approvingly, as Aimee laughed again. "You were looking as if you felt pretty low."

"I was. Everybody has been appalling! Talking sentiment till I feel sticky all over."

The stranger's face fell.

"Cool! That's too bad! Sentiment, eh?" He made a gesture as if ward-



They Looked at Each Other and Both Laughed.

ing off invisible assailants. "Sentiment is poison ivy! It gives me that tired feeling. Madam, accept my sympathy."

In the space of a moment they felt as though they had known each other for years.

"Do you live anywhere about here?" said Aimee. "I seem to have seen—"

"Here? About seven thousand miles west-by-south of here!" said the stranger, laughing. "Come! Arrapee hoc county. Citizens of the world—answer to the name of 'Billy.' And I'm here in England," he added, lay-

ing a loving hand on the tank of the motorcycle—"to sell this."

"Weird-looking thing!" said Aimee, with interest, for the cycle's engine was of a remarkable shape. "Yours?"

"Mine!" said the stranger joyously. "Alone I did it. I hold the patent. It's a 'Sankatower—the Flying Sphinx!'"

"Bipping name. Can it fly?"

"Can it fly? It devours space like the sunbeams lick up the mists of the morning! And no more noise than a baby's whisper."

"Around the world in thirty winks. When once astride the Flying Sphinx!"

"It's got Sinbad's Carpet and the Seven-league Boots guessing." He threw a leg over the saddle. "Like a spin up the road? Jump up behind!"

Aimee immediately perched herself on the carrier. There was a whirlwind charm about the stranger that carried her away. The next moment the Flying Sphinx did the same. The wind whistled past Aimee's ears. To keep her seat she was obliged to grab Billy suddenly round the waist.

"Don't mind if I hold you!" she gasped.

"Shucks!" said Billy impatiently. "I don't care how you hold me, a'long's you don't hit the grit!"

They breasted the crest of the rise.

"Hang tight now!" he cried. "We'll let her out!"

The Sphinx went forward with the whirl of a shell. She peeled the roadways behind her like a running tape. Aimee felt the roar of the wind rise to a scream. Billy leaned lightly forward towards the handle-bars, cool, efficient, efficient.

Aimee was only conscious of being whirled gloriously through space, when the Sphinx, after a two-mile loop, slid back to the spot whence she had started. Aimee sprang from the carrier.

"Oh, thank you!" she gasped. "That was too good to be true!"

The cyclist, without dismounting, looked at her glowing face and frank eyes.

"I wish there were more like you," he said, laughing. "Tell 'em—whoever they are—to can the sentiment. S'long, an' good luck to you!"

He raised his cap, and next moment the Sphinx whirled him away in a cloud of golden dust. Aimee followed him with her eyes till he was round the bend, then she turned back into the park. It seemed to her that the sunlight had become less vivid and the sky paler.

Very slowly, Aimee made her way back to the portals of Scroope Towers, where the heavy family car, laden with luggage, stood waiting. Georgina was on the steps, abundantly wrapped up, and Lord Scroope stood beside her.

"Grundle," he said to the chauffeur, "you will drop Miss Berners at the station and take Miss Aimee on to Jervaulx, returning here direct."

The chauffeur, who was a middle-aged man with a singularly wooden expression, seemed to be making a mental effort. He saluted, staring straight before him.

"Goodby, Georgina! Bless you, my child; bless you! Drive on, Grundle. What are you waiting for?"

The car lumbered out of Scroope park and turned northward along the main road. Georgina was in low spirits. Aimee throughout had been seething with an enormously increased sense of mystery, and, as they neared the station, she exploded.

"I can't stand it, Georgina!"

"I wish I were you!" said Georgina mournfully.

"Eh?"

"I wish I were Aimee Scroope, and on my way to Jervaulx abbey. That's all."

Aimee started slightly. An extraordinary impassioned expression came into her eyes. Georgina, who knew the sign of old, looked at her nervously.

"You are!" said Aimee, in a voice of unlooked-for decision.

"What on earth do you mean?"

Aimee gripped her by the arm, and replied, in a low voice that bubbled with excitement.

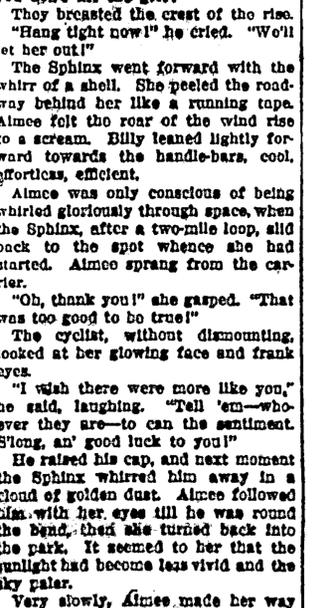
"My dear, fat cousin, your full name, as I remember, is Georgina Amy Scroope Berners! Lay off the supercilious head and tail, and there you are—Amy Scroope. Near enough for anyone. You are going to Jervaulx instead of me! Aunt Erythea has never seen me, nor has Alexander Lambe. And neither of them know you from Adam—I mean real! You'll suit them down to the ground!"

Georgina looked at her with dawning terror.

"It is a gorgeous arrangement!" exclaimed Aimee, tightening her grip on her cousin's arm. "And nothing easier. Uncle Joseph will never miss you—leave me to fix that up. Grundle will deliver you at Jervaulx; he's a perfect supercilious, and has probably forgotten what he is to do there, if he didn't tell him. He never talks, either. As for me, I shall go to Scroope, or to a walking tour—or anything I choose!"

"Aimee, are you mad?"

"It is one of the sanest moments of my life!" retorted Aimee; and, leaning over the back, she tore the tags from the luggage and Georgina's,



Georgina Falttered.

and scattered them on the road. "You can take my things with you!"

"If you think for a moment I'd have anything to do with such a business—"

A scandalous expression came over Aimee's features. She gripped her cousin's arm again.

"If you don't," she hissed, "I'll tell everybody about you and Aloysius Blennerhasset getting lost at the rural-decantal picnic!"

At this monstrous accusation, Georgina blushed scarlet. The mildest peccadillo in a blameless life, the memory of the incident in question always filled her with alarm; Aimee had held it over her head before.

"I won't listen to another word!" she gasped.

"You needn't. It is the time for deeds!" Aimee seized a small square box from among the luggage and thumped the chauffeur on the back. "Grundle, stop here! I have only a bag, I'll walk up to the station approach. Take Miss Berners on to Jervaulx. And hurry—she is behind time already!"

A faintly bewildered expression passed over the chauffeur's face, as though he were trying to arrange his

idea. He rubbed his ear for a moment, then saluted and let in the ditch.

Georgina, who had risen with the intention of escaping from the car, lost her balance and collapsed in a slightly undignified manner on the seat.

She struggled up and turned a flushed face towards her cousin.

"Stop! Stop!" she cried, in an agonized voice. "Aimee—"

"Good-by, dear!" said Aimee, waving her handkerchief. "Don't get lost with Alexander!"

The car bore the speechless and gesticulating Georgina out of sight round the bend. Aimee sat down on her box, buried her face in her hands, and dissolved into such unfeeling laughter that a pair of thrushes and a chaffinch fled from the hedge in indignation and alarm.

Onward through the green lanes and over the county border the car carried a limp and nervous Georgina. Consternation had given away to numb despair.

"What shall I do?" she thought. "What am I to say to Lady Erythea? There'll be a fearful row!"

Georgina racked her brains for a way out of the difficulty. There seemed to be none. She lay back exhausted. And so perverse is even the purest of human minds that a faint suggestion crept into Georgina's—a little whisper, as it were, in that blameless ear—that if it would be peculiarly delightful if she could all the role that Aimee had mapped out for her.

Georgina started, and thrust the idea from her with horrified self-reproach. Again she sought for an explanation—a true one—which would save Aimee's face. By the time she had considered and rejected half a dozen, finally deciding on one that she thought might do, the car had covered the thirty miles and was threading through the park road of Jervaulx.

Georgina stumbled out of the car at the main entrance and faced a quaint and majestic lady in gray silk who came down the steps.

"And so, my dear Aimee," said Lady Erythea, in a large and informative voice, "you arrive at last. Welcome!"

Georgina faltered. Everything she had intended to say was driven out of her head. Aimee had been prophetic—Aunt Erythea was very like the Duke of Wellington.

"Lady Erythea," gasped Georgina, as two maids came to unload

the luggage. "There is—there is a mistake! May I—"

"The modern tendency of the young to enunciate indistinctly," said Lady Erythea, producing an ear-trumpet, "always annoys me. Say what you have to say clearly."

Georgina had not realized that Lady Erythea was extremely deaf.

"There is something I have to explain," she bawled hoarsely into the ear-trumpet. "P—please, can I see you alone?"

"Ah!" said Lady Erythea vaguely. "I am pleased that you look forward so much to your visit. No, you need not fear being alone. Here is your cousin," she added, as a young man in clerical collar came out upon the steps. "Alexander, your cousin, Aimee."

Georgina turned a pale and timid face to the stranger. The Rev. and Hon. Alexander Lambe bowed.

Alexander was large and well though somewhat loosely built. Aimee's epithet, "owl-faced," was hardly fair. Certainly his clean-shaven face was a little serious, and his eyes large and round, but very kindly.

"Welcome to Jervaulx, Cousin Aimee," he said.

A sudden interest and sympathy quickened in the large eyes as they rested on Georgina's face. And the panic-stricken girl's fear died within her. Mr. Alexander Lambe looked so cool and protective and dependable.

"Escort your cousin to the morning room, Alexander," said Lady Erythea authoritatively, "and offer her refreshment after her drive."

They walked in together. And as they walked their backs seemed to suggest, in some subtle manner, that an understanding, a mutual sympathy, had dawned between them. Backs can be very expressive sometimes.

Lady Erythea regarded them with a look of commanding approval. She followed them majestically up the steps.

"This," proclaimed Lady Erythea's erect and overwhelming back, "is as I ordained it from the beginning."



Georgina Falttered.

CHAPTER III

Re-Enter Billy.

Aimee tramped along the broad highway, whistling. At Scroope, much more at Jervaulx, one was not allowed to whistle. Ever and anon she stopped whistling to laugh.

Aimee had dropped the square box into a quarry pit an hour before and continued on her way unburdened. The idea of finding lodgings at Scroope appealed to her. She had funds enough. A month's pocket money was in her purse, and Lady Scroope had been liberal on her departure.

"What a row there'll be," chuckled Aimee, "if Georgie doesn't play up! I don't care. I gave them my ultimatum. They can't bang me. I've been very patient with them all. One must make a stand sometime or other. Who does my life belong to, demand of Aimee, never a purist in grammar, 'if not to me?'"

A faint sound was borne upon the breeze, a noise that attuned itself curiously to Aimee's thoughts. It was like the hum of a homing bee. She looked up, and saw a motorcycle speeding along the road with a smear of following dust behind it like the tail of a comet. Aimee recognized the Flying Sphinx, and became aware of a laughing face looking up at her, and a set of very white teeth.

"Why, it's Billy!" she cried spontaneously.

"Hello, old chap!" cried the cyclist. Billy was bare-headed, his fair hair sticking up at the crown in a little tuft that blew about in the wind.

"Where were you making for?" he said.

"The unemployment bureau!" retorted Aimee daintily.

Billy's face expressed concern.

"I suppose you're giving me. You don't mean you've lost your job?"

"Job?" Aimee bubbled with amusement. "Well, I had a job all ready for me this morning. But it's washed out. I've lost it! And now I'm adrift."

Billy was perplexed. He had been wholly unable to place Aimee. He wondered if she were a governess. A question was on his lips, but he checked himself for fear of giving offense.

"Lost it?" he exclaimed. "I guess it's just as well! You look a heap happier! What job d'you think of chasing?"

"I—I don't know."

Billy looked at her eagerly. A sudden beam came into his eyes, as one who conceives a super's idea.

"Will a duck swim?" asked Aimee. "Of course I'll come!"

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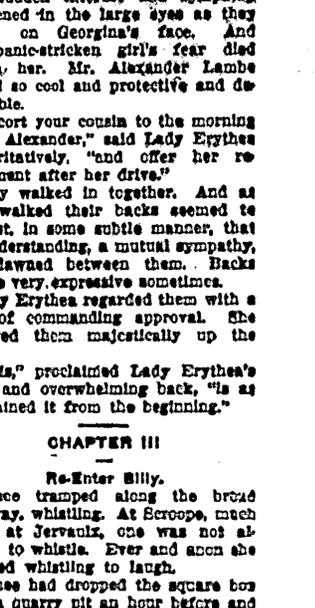
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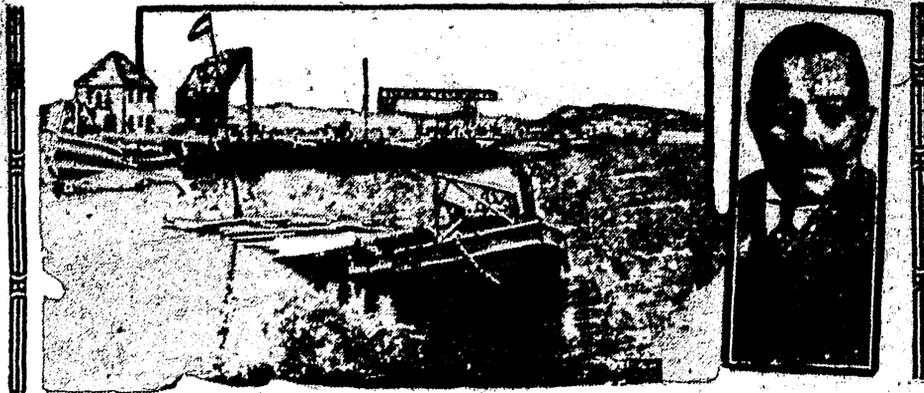
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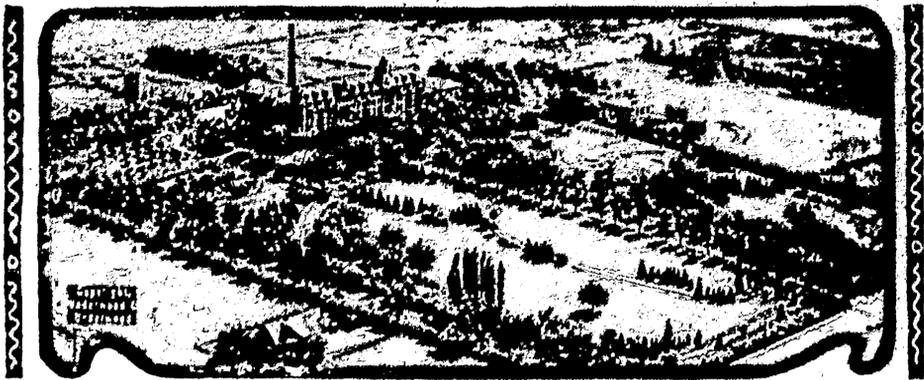
(TO BE CONTINUED)

How Germans Try to Frustrate the French



In desperate attempt to frustrate efforts of the French occupants of the Ruhr, the coal barge shown here was sunk during the night in the Ruhr canal near Bottrop to halt canal traffic. At the right is an exclusive picture of Mayor Schmid of Dusseldorf as he appeared the third week in the prison to which the French committed him.

Air View of Union Printers' Home



Picture taken from the air showing the Union Printers' Home situated in a choice spot at Colorado Springs, Colo., and surrounded by beautiful grounds.

She May Find Arkansas Diamonds



Probably the finest collection of precious stones in the United States is the one known as the Isaac Lea collection, housed at the United States National museum, Washington. Miss Margaret W. Moody, shown in the picture, is in charge of the collection. She is shown examining samples of the porphyritic rock, grayish and crumbly, taken from the Pike county, Arkansas, mines. Considerable quantities of diamonds have been found in these rocks.

ITALIAN PRINCESS HERE



Princess Santa Borghese of the family of the famous Catherine of Siena, called the "dapper princess," who is in the United States lecturing with the approval of the Italian ministry of foreign affairs. She is speaking on "Women in Italian Life."

Grave of Pocahontas in New York



Photograph shows a general view of the Isaac Episcopal church at One Hundred Forty-third street and St. Alme's avenue, the Bronx, New York, which is said to be the resting place of Pocahontas, the Indian maiden who saved the life of Capt. John Smith. It was believed that the body of the Indian girl was taken to England and buried there. A research party was to have sailed for England shortly in an effort to locate the grave, but it recently became known that the body had been brought back to New York and buried in the graveyard earliest executives of New York. The body is said to rest in a vault in the graveyard.

LATEST TUT FAD



King Tut is certainly raising Cain in the fashion world. Ever since the old boy's coming out party craftsmen in all lines have loaded the feminine sex down with garments of the Egyptian period. The latest to fall into line is the coppermith. The "King Tut anklet" is the result.

Fish That Creak in Water. A strange party of scaly imphants have lately arrived in England, and some have gone to the London zoo.

Among them are a number of creaking gourami, from India—little fish which give such an audible creak at the surface of the water that, if larger kinds were able to do likewise proportionately, anglers would find their position anything but peaceful. The party included, also, a small shoal of voracious pikerech, which combine the vice of both pike and perch with its reticent ways. This dreadful enemy of the trout has not been imported since for 30 years, and, to avoid its accidental introduction to English waters, great care is being taken that the specimens go only to bona-fide aquarists, or for research purposes.

BOY SCOUTS

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

BOY SCOUT VS. PLAIN BOY

A remarkable illustration of why scout training should be the privilege of every boy is shown in the following story of two groups of boys, one composed of scouts and the other not of scouts, both placed in the same predicament, which called for intelligent action, resourcefulness and grit. The way in which the two groups handled the same situation is significant.

A party of Pueblo, Colorado, scouts last fall were on a hike when they were caught in a blizzard which lasted for forty-eight hours. "It happens that in our part of the country," says the scout executive in relating the incident, "during the fall and early winter blizzards come up without a warning. These scouts were seven miles from town and were accompanied by their troop leader. They immediately sought refuge in an old building and then built a fire. They remained here unharmed throughout the blizzard. During the storm it was humanly impossible to get through the snow to the boys. After the storm abated a searching party was formed and the boys were met on their way home, perfectly safe and sound and scouting was given a great deal of credit for the way the troop leader cared for his troop.

"The blizzard started Saturday afternoon and it was not learned until Sunday afternoon that three more boys who were not scouts had gone on a hike to the same place but had not returned. A neighbor of the boys who was crossing the prairie at that time unexpectedly came upon two of the lads who, half dazed, were wandering aimlessly around and did not recognize him.

"He brought them to the city and late that night when they regained their senses, they asked for their other companion. This revealed the fact that there was another boy left on the prairie. A searching party of 100 scouts was formed and sent out early the next morning. Forming in a straight line with only a short distance between each lad, the scouts searched the prairie for several miles around the spot where the boys claimed they left the other lad.

"The arroyos were filled with snow from four to twelve feet deep and the snow on the level was several inches deep, and when darkness came on the party was forced to return without having recovered the boy. The next morning an assistant scoutmaster accompanied by the father of one of the other scouts went to the place where the scouts left off. After searching a short while they found the body of the little boy.

"The two boys who were rescued were asked why they did not build a fire to protect themselves from the cold and they stated that the woods and weeds were wet with snow and so they did not try to build a fire. They explained also that they started to hike for home when the storm started and the little boy also years old, being unable to hike rapidly, gave out and they tried to carry him. They could not carry him far so laid him down in the edge of an arroyo while they started towards what they believed to be a farm house nearby. They had mistaken two large trees for a house and when they attempted to find the boy whom they had left in the arroyo they could not find him so they sought refuge in another canyon. The boys said they covered their little companion with some weeds and brush to protect him from the storm. Of course, it is evident that had these boys had scout training they could have built a fire and done other things to assist themselves in the emergency."

SCOUT COURAGE

Caged in a moving elevator in a New York apartment house with an uncontrollable police dog, a frantic child, and other passengers, Scout Charles Littman showed rare courage. The dog had driven the colored elevator operator out of the car just as he opened the door for the eight floor. The operator jumped but the elevator kept right on toward the roof. Scout Littman knew that unless he could gain control of the elevator quickly a fatal accident would occur. He fought off the frantic dog, seized the lever and stopped the car at the tenth floor. He flung open the door and everyone bolted for safety. But the police dog had marked him as a victim and breaking away from the maid who had not the strength to hold him, the animal chased the scout up two flights of stairs, where Charles climbed through a scuffle hole to safety while the dog was tearing at his legs.

SCOUTS SAVE BABY CALF

While on a recent hike, Troop 1 of Warren, Ariz., heard a moan of distress. The noise seemed to come out of the ground. Upon investigation the scouts found that a calf had fallen into a prospector's excavation and was unable to get out. The troop quickly tied their scout belts together and one boy let himself down into the hole. He tied the belt around the calf and soon the other boys had the little animal above ground and free.

MRS. M. SNYDER GAINS 20 LBS.

Declares Tanlac Overcame Rheumatism and Stomach Trouble, Restoring Full Vigor.

"Tanlac built me up twenty pounds, and I am as happy over my new health as my little boy was over his Christmas toys," declared Mrs. Mary Snyder, 898 Estes St., Charlottesville, Va. "For two years I suffered from stomach trouble, rheumatism and a nervous, run-down condition. I was almost a skeleton and got to the point where, when I went to bed nights, I wondered if I would be able to get up in the morning. Rheumatism in my shoulders was so painful, and I was so thin and weak that I did little of anything except try to get well. "I was in despair when I started taking Tanlac, but now my troubles are all gone and I am as healthy and happy as I could wish to be. Tanlac has earned my undying gratitude." Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Over 85 million bottles sold.—Advertisement.

In Another Class. There was a fire in our neighborhood and mother told the twins they could not go, but could watch from our yard. Father went to see if he could help. "Let's go," I heard Billy say. "Mother said we couldn't," said Bobby. "But father went," protested Billy. "Oh, yes," answered Bobby; "but fathers have got minders of their own."—Exchange.

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 soft and pliable and so natural that no one can possibly tell you used it.

Changing Carbon into Hellum. Since the Dark ages, scientists have sought transmutation, how to change one of the basic elements into another. That goal is finally in sight. In the research laboratory of Sperry Gyroscope company, chemists believe they have discovered how to change carbon into hellum. They are checking up. Hellum, which neither burns nor explodes, is needed for dirigible airships, destined to dot the sky by thousands.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin. When red, rough and itching, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

Good Excuse. The boss sent the bookkeeper out to buy him a ticket to Chicago. After several hours the bookkeeper came back with the ticket. "Took you a long time," grunted the boss. "Well, I was just behind a girl who was planning her next summer's tour."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sure Relief FOR INDigestION

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Hot Water
Sure Relief

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SPECIAL: RUMM SERVICE...
BOHM-ALLEN JEWELRY CO.
CLEANERS AND DYERS

GRUND DRY CLEANING

DENVER'S EXPERT DYER
Established TWENTY FOUR YEARS
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NEW—AUTO PARTS—USED

Now guaranteed master and pinion gears and axle shafts. A large stock of used parts. All priced right. The Western Auto & Parts Co., 1320 Curtis St. Phone Ch. 4919, Denver, Colo.

27,000 Records With One "Everplay" Permanent Needle

All phonographs and all records, using changeable needles. Saves \$50 in needles and costs \$10.00. Price \$1.00. Agents wanted. EVERPLAY NEEDLE CO., 267 G. & L. Building, Denver, Colo.

DIAMONDS

JOS. J. SCHIVARTE, Jewelry, Diamonds, watch repairing, 1000 Sixteenth Street.

INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

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

D. & R. G. W. WILL SPEND \$12,000,000 FOR NEW EQUIPMENT

Denver.—Recent disclosures have brought to light the fact that Federal Judge J. Foster Symes has authorized the receiver of the D. & R. G. W. Railroad Company to expend for road improvements of various kinds, almost \$12,000,000. This amount of money takes into cognizance the fact that there has been expended from July 21, 1922, up to March 1, 1923, over one and one-half millions of dollars and the balance is included in new equipment ordered. Fifty new four and six-room cottages for employes at Soldier Summit, Utah; 100 miles of narrow gauge line in Colorado will be relaid, with 70-pound rails; forty-five miles of the main line will also be relaid with heavy rails. Extensive improvement in yard tracks at Pueblo, Walsenburg, Salida, Grand Junction, Colo., are in the program, together with large extensions regarding passing tracks and industry tracks in various points in the state. The enlargement and improvement of shop terminals at principal points, including new and modern tools and machinery in another item on the bill, together with improvements and rebuilding of steel and wooden bridges, and the rebuilding of existing equipment, including locomotives and freight cars, and last but not least is a large sum donated, and orders placed for the purchase of twenty mountain type passenger and freight locomotives, and ten heavy Mallet type helper locomotives, ten Mikado narrow gauge locomotives, 500 new stock cars of forty-ton capacity, and 100 new narrow gauge stock cars. The locomotives, both passenger and freight, and stock cars are to be delivered Aug. 1, 1923. This will go to the entire territory in the state of Colorado through which the D. & R. G. W. travels, and of course will be a wonderful help toward the handling of passenger and freight service in all those localities. Perhaps the greatest real assistance from this large expenditure is the fact that it will give the western slope an opportunity to ship their crops of fruit and vegetables this fall without such a loss, because of lack of freight cars, as has been experienced in the last few years.

Taxes Lowered in Colorado.

Denver.—The first real evidence of a tendency on the part of government authorities to heed the demand for lower taxes in Colorado is to be found in property taxes assessed for all purposes for 1923, to be collected in 1923, as shown by the records of the State Tax Commission, based on the reports of county assessors and county treasurers. The reports show an actual decrease in the total amount of taxes to be collected in 1923 as compared with 1922. This is the first time a decrease has been shown since 1910, when the total amount of taxes collected was about \$100,000 less than for the preceding year. Total taxes collected that year, however, were but \$20,536,000, compared with more than \$42,000,000 to be collected this year.

Greaser Receives Gold Medal. Kansas City, Mo.—When the mayor, the police commissioner and other officials assembled to give George B. McConkey, greaser, a gold medal for bravery in killing two bandits, McConkey said he could not leave the store and the medal was taken to him by a motorcycle patrolman.

Dr. Cook Freed on Bond. Fort Worth, Texas.—With the surrender of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, Arctic explorer and all promoted, to federal authorities a total of twenty all men have either been taken into custody or surrendered and have been arraigned before United States Commissioner George Parker on charges of fraud. Last week of the mail, Cook said that he was in Houston when he heard of the arrest of the federal investigation and that he hurried to Fort Worth to make bond.

GATHERED FACTS

The first steel trolley in Uruguay was started October 20, 1921, at Montevideo.
The velocity of a golf ball as it leaves the drive of a good player is about 200 feet a second, or 135 miles an hour.
Traces of teeth are found in the embryos of some of the birds of today and are believed to be a heritage from early primitive reptiles, the ancestors which had a full set of teeth.

The number of miners in this country has been estimated at about 300,000.
Experiments indicate that forests of many species of temperate zone trees can be raised successfully on the bare slopes of Hawaiian mountains.
The leading German plants for the production of drugs and other coal tar products, synthetic and the location of atmospheric nitrogen are located in the Ruhr district now occupied by French troops.

THE SANDMAN STORY

BETTY'S DREAM

"YOU are going to sleep in the four-poster I had when I was married," said Aunt Polly, opening the door to her guest room and holding the candle so Betty could see, "and this silk quilt is made from pieces of my dresses and those of many of my friends when we were all young and danced as gaily as you do, my dear, though I dare say you think Uncle Peter and I are too old-fashioned to ever have danced."

"Oh, no, indeed," answered Betty, as she looked at the pretty bits of silk in the quilt. "I can almost see



"You Are Going to Sleep in the Four-Poster."

you in this flowered gown dancing the minuet. Did Uncle Peter wear a satin vest?"

"He did, my dear, and the very vest is in that drawer—the bottom one. Look at it, if you like."

Betty was looking at the big bed. "How over am I to get up there?" she asked. Her nose was on a level with the pillow height.

For answer Aunt Polly drew a small, two-stopped ladder from under the frilly ruffles of the bed.

"Good-night, dear," said Aunt Polly. "Do sure you pull that silk quilt over you. I hope you sleep well."

"How can I help sleeping in this wonderful roomful of old-fashioned things?" replied Betty.

First, she peered at the wonderful satin vest, then she opened the folded quilt and looked long at the bits of silks. "Oh, you wonderful old-fashioned things!" she said aloud. "How beautiful you are!"

"Old-fashioned, indeed!" said a voice near Betty's ear, and she felt a tug and heard a rustling sound.

which turned her completely over, she was so astonished.

The silk quilt seemed to have lifted from the bed, and all the bits of gaily flowered silks and the plain ones as well were old-fashioned gowns—the styles were in the days of hoopskirts.

One flowered silk gown that seemed to be more aristocratic than the others was rustling with indignation. "To think I am called old-fashioned when I was brought over from France for my lady to wear at the big ball! I am the latest style from abroad."

"Was, my dear—was," said a shimmering gown of silver and blue that changed as it moved and the candle light fell upon it. Betty thought she blew out the light, but as she turned her eyes from the beautiful dresses she saw it lighted, standing on the old dressing-table.

"The soft, silvery blue dress tried to smooth matters over. 'Why should we get angry because we are called old-fashioned?' it said.

"You were very beautiful that night of the big ball, and your fowers are as bright as the night you danced the minuet."

This seemed to calm the flowered dress, and it sighed as it said:

"Oh, that was a wonderful dance! I wonder what became of the spinet that made such wonderful music that night?"

"Here," was the reply which seemed to come from the foot of the bed. "I'm here, friends, but sadly changed. I am really new-fashioned—not the beautiful spinet of the old days, but made into a new and shining desk. Ah, that I, too, might be called old-fashioned with the rest of you!"

Betty saw all the gowns hurry to the footboard and look over.

"What is the matter with you?" they asked. "You have lost—"

"Yes," interrupted the spinet desk. "I have lost my soul—the things that made me beautiful—and no longer can I make sweet music. I must be forever silent."

Betty laughed right out loud. It looked so funny, and then to her surprise she saw the sun peering in through the shutters. She sat up and rubbed her eyes. The black border of the beautiful silk quilt was on the

floor at one side of the bed. She pulled it up and laughed at her dream and just then a tap sounded on the door and Aunt Polly's smiling face appeared to Betty's "Come in."

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Colleen Moore



Unlike many leading ladies of the screen, charming Colleen Moore, the "movie" star, has never been on the speaking stage. She was born in Port Huron, Mich., and was educated in the Convent of the Holy Name in Tampa, Fla. Miss Moore at various times has lived in a number of other cities. In private life, she admits being a plain person, with no hobbies, but a tremendous ambition to make good. Many of her admirers agree with one accord that her ambition has been realized. This is one of her latest pictures.

door at one side of the bed. She pulled it up and laughed at her dream and just then a tap sounded on the door and Aunt Polly's smiling face appeared to Betty's "Come in."

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

YEAR OF ADVANCE

Canada Rightly Proud of Its Achievements in 1922.

Has bravely met and overcome Depression Following the War—Financial Standing as Nation High.

The year 1922 in Canada, Western Canada particularly, has been a year of quiet achievement. If there has been nothing in its development of a spectacular nature, there has been a steady growth, a resolute elimination of things immaterial to prosperity.

The year 1923 is entered upon by the people of the West in high hope that it ushers in a period of prosperity based upon the productivity of the country and the vast riches of its natural resources.

Canada, in common with all other nations, has felt keenly the cycle of depression following the spasmodic activity and inflated business coming immediately after the cessation of the war. It has met and overcome many obstacles in the path of its prosperity. The year just passed, however, has seen the silver lining peep out from the edges of the dark cloud and has demonstrated to the world the celerity with which this country can adjust itself to changed conditions. This is evidenced by the fact that Canada has been the first among all countries whose currencies fell below par to bring that currency back to par, and even for a time above par. It did this in the face of what seemed insuperable difficulties, increased its exports, lessened its imports, and generally set its business house in order.

The high standing of Canada as a nation is shown by the ease with which her bonds are absorbed and by the high prices paid for them, and Winnipeg, it may be mentioned, in a recent flotation obtained a higher price than even any provincial government for some time.

Western Canada, in 1922 harvested its largest grain crop. Its production of grain, live stock, cereal and dairy products will, when all is marketed, produce in the neighborhood of a billion dollars. There has been, and there still is felt considerable disappointment that the total value is not larger, but the fact remains that this vast sum of money has come to the West, or is in the process of coming, and it, as is undoubtedly true, much of it is used in the liquidation of obligations incurred in the past, it is but a safer and saner, if longer, road to that prosperity to which all are looking. In the process of reaching this prosperity it is inevitable that there must be some failures.

As a matter of fact, it is the opinion of many prominent business men that 1923 saw the corner definitely turned and that 1923 will commence the upward swing.—Advertisement.

His Dislike.

"You are a confounded liar, an infernal idiot and a dirty blackguard!" cried one disputant.

"And you are a drizzling idiot, a chronic thief and a lounging loafer!" yelled the other.

"Oh, ho! ho!" said old Festus Pester, pushing forward. "Please explain what all this is about before you begin to fight. While I love trouble as much as any man, and more than most, I dislike to see my fellow citizens killed until I know what it is for."—Kansas City Star.

Oil in Australia.

The assistant government geologist employed by the Freney Kimberley Oil company sends a very hopeful report about the oil bore at Mount Wynne, Kimberley, Australia. The bore is down 128 feet, and between the one hundred and ninth and one hundred and twenty-first foot passed through broken strata with beams filled with asphalt, which must have migrated from oil-bearing beds below. The prospect area is now restricted within definite limits, which simplifies the work, and there are prospects of a successful issue before long.

There's a difference between earnings and income.

Get Some of Life's Pleasures.

Too many who are poor, or who are in moderate circumstances, are putting off happiness until they are wealthy. It is well to remember there is no happiness except in the present. No matter how little a man has, part of it should be spent in making life pleasant for his wife and self.—L. O. Dillman.

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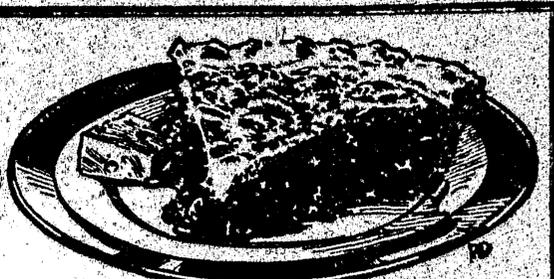
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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE FLYING HOUR

SOME folks think of Tomorrow, And some of Yesterday, With all the joy and sorrow That lingered on the way, Not in this world of to-morrow, My task is finding how To seize the passing moment, And make the best of Now. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Try these Bakers' Raisin Pies —save baking at home

THERE are luscious raisin pies just around the corner, at your grocer's or a baked shop.

Baked to a turn—a flaky crust filled with tender, tempting raisins, the rich juice forming a delicious sauce.

Once try these pies that master bakers bake fresh daily in your city and you'll never take the trouble afterwards to make raisin pies at home.

Get a pie now and let your men folks taste it. Made with tender, thin-skinned, meaty, seeded Sun-Maid Raisins.

Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound in practically predigested form.

Also a fine content of food-iron—good food for the blood. Use raisins frequently, therefore, which are both good and good for you, in puddings, cakes, cookies, etc.

You may be offered other brands that you know less well than Sun-Maid, but the kind you want is the kind you know is good. Insist, therefore, on Sun-Maid brand. They cost less than ordinary raisins.

Mail coupon for free book of tested Sun-Maid recipes. Learn what you can do with luscious raisins.

SUN-MAID RAISINS The Supreme Pie Raisin

Your retailer should sell you Sun-Maid Raisins for not more than the following prices:



Seeded (in 15 oz. blue paper)—20¢
Seedless (in 15 oz. red paper)—18¢
Seeded or Seedless (11 oz.)—18¢
Seeded, in tins (15 oz.)—20¢
Seeded, in tins (11 oz.)—18¢

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers, Fresno, California

Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

The Right Thing at the Right Time

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFER

BAD BREEDING

Silver and gold are not the only coins of virtue, too, passes current all the world over.—Euripides.

IT IS always a temptation for those who discuss matters of politeness and etiquette to become arbitrary and to say that those who do thus-and-thus are ill bred, and that those who do so-and-so are well bred. Such a list would be bound to be unfair and could be interesting largely in giving the point of view of the one who wrote it. In matters of superficial etiquette we should not sit in judgment on others, especially in a land like ours where family and racial traditions vary so extensively. But there are some things that remain the same the world over—little acts that might be regarded as earmarks of bad breeding that were just as reprehensible a thousand years ago as they are today. Among them are these things:

To permit oneself openly to "cut" a one-time acquaintance save for the most grievous offense. You would be

justified in cutting the man who has robbed your safe or attempted your life or kidnaped your child or eloped with your wife, but just because Mr. A. has blackballed you in the club to which you hoped to belong, or because Mrs. B. has complained to the dog-catcher that your pet is going around unmuzzled, or because those O children throw patty balls at your front windows, is no reason why you should cut any of the A's, B's or C's.

To reveal any information of a confidential nature that has been revealed to you by anyone while a guest in your house. There is a law of hospitality that would prevent you from doing that whether you lived on this side of the world or the other; whether you lived a thousand years ago or a thousand years hence.

To reveal any derogatory information concerning any one that you have acquired through a purely professional relationship. The priest regards it as his religious duty to keep secrets that he hears in the confessional, no less so does the doctor keep a sealed mouth concerning his patients. It seems almost as much a matter of principle for the trained nurse or the seamstress who by chance learns something of a confidential nature concerning those who employ her to refrain from spreading the information broadcast.

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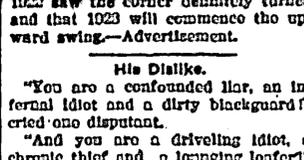
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Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds, Headache, Toothache, Lumbago, Earache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer, Manufacture of Monocetateester of Salicylicacid.—Advertisement.

Popular.

"She's a very popular girl, isn't she?"

"Very. She has any number of friends spending the winter in the South, and all of them have written to say they wish she were down there with them."

It is easier to raise a disturbance than a mortgage.

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Book your Passage Now to EUROPE

Every year more Americans take the Canadian Pacific to Europe. It means only four days from Seattle and a glimpse of the Old World in French Canada. Sailings every few days from Montreal and Quebec by the Empress liners and luxurious Manxliners (one class) cabin ships.

EDWARD L. SHEEHAN, General Agent

420 Locust Street St. Louis, Mo.

CANADIAN PACIFIC IT SPANS THE WORLD

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of appetite, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

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.

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WESTERN HOTEL

Mrs W. J. McAdams

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

HOTEL CENTRAL

F. H. Arnold, Proprietor

Home Cooking

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

THE TITSWORTH COMPANY

Incorporated
Corona, N. M.

Wholesale and Retail
General Merchandise

Wire, Iron Roofing, Grain
etc

Buy "I saw it in the Maverick"
when answering advertisements

Patronize Home Industry

YOU

are handling 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 it all guaranteed work at a price you have to pay elsewhere.

We Repair Watches and Clocks

Send your money to Corona

Corona Shoe Repair Shop

Robert. R. Davis, M.D.

Corona, New Mexico

Cold Drinks

HOME MADE PIES

Cold drinks, chewing gum
cigars and tobacco's

Dad's Short-Order
RESTAURANT

All Kinds of Army Goods

Reclaimed and New Shirts, Trowsers, Shoes,
Underwear, etc

Genuine Army Clothing at Reasonable Prices

Nick Russell, Corona Shoe Shop

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

Forest Ranger J.H. Mims was called to Carrizozo Wednesday night on account of the illness of his two children

Dr. B.R. Day's made a business trip to Albuquerque and Santa Fe Monday.

Mr. Albert McAdams, of San Angel, Texas left Thursday for his home after spending a week here with his mother Mrs W. J. McAdams. He reports good range conditions in that district.

Alex B. Jones was here Monday from Mountain and while here renewed his subscription to the Maverick.

10 spans good young work mules, 3 to 6 years old in good condition, broke to work. Will sell on terms. See E. N. Grossett, or call at Stockmen's State Bank.

Mr. and Mrs J. R. Tracey of the Cameleon mountain district called Monday to renew their subscription to the Maverick.

Mrs P. H. Kersey was on the sick list Monday and Tuesday.

Pete Framo, of Ancho, spent several days here this week and while here installed a radiophone of his own construction, in the home of Mr. and Mrs Bert Penix. The radio proved a success and Mr. and Mrs Penix can now "listen in" on Kansas City and Fort Worth radio programs.

George G Wilson of Alamogordo, formerly of this place, was here this week with the E. P. & S. W. extra crew. While here George had his mothers name placed on the Maverick mailing list.

(Claude Atchison is back from Huda, Texas where he spent several months

Copy to advertising must be turned in at this office not later than Thursday morning to insure insertion in the current issue

All ads will be run and collected for until ordered out.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M.
Notice is hereby given that Marvin H. Edwards, of Roswell, N. M., who on July 3, 1919, made Homestead entry No. 048230, for SE1/4 NW1/4, SW1/4 NW1/4, SW1/4 NW1/4, SW1/4 NW1/4, SW1/4 NW1/4, Sec. 20, T. 1-S., R. 16-E., N. 14-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 17th day of May, 1923.
Claimant names as witnesses:
A. D. Lujan of Jicarilla, N. M., Manuel Alvarez of Roswell, N. M., Juan Chavez of Jicarilla, N. M., and Francisca Martinez of Roswell, 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 Joseph J. Embury, of Corona, N. M., who on Sept. 23, 1919, made Homestead entry No. 040025, for SE1/4 NE1/4, Sec. 14, T. 1-S., R. 13-E., and SW1/4 SW1/4, Sec. 6, NW1/4, Sec. 17, T. 1-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 13th day of May, 1923.
Claimant names as witnesses:
Leak R. Argonbright, Andrew N. Golden, Robert N. Grossett and Thomas J. P. Co. all of Corona, N. M.
JAFFA MILLER, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M.
February 26, 1923
Notice is hereby given that Carl M. Evans of Cedarvale, N. M., who on July 14, 1919 made Homestead entry No. 045952, for W1/2 NE1/4 and E1/2 NW1/4 Section 20, 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 12th 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. 041646 for S1/2 Section 5 Township 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 23 day of April 1923
Claimant names as witnesses: Leonard A. Lokey, John A. R. Morgan, Charlie H. Leo and Jess A. Leo, all of Cedarvale N. M.
JAFFA MILLER, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M.
March 10th, 1923.
Notice is hereby given that John M. Shelton, of Corona, N. M., who on Nov. 13, 1919, made H. E. No. 046181 and on Sept. 13, 1920, S. R. H. E. Add. No. 046180, for Lots 3, 4, and S1/2 NW1/4, Sec. 3, Tp. 2-S., R. 14-E.; Lots 1, 2, S1/2 NE1/4, Sec. 3, Tp. 2-S., R. 14-E.; NW1/4, Section 25; S1/2 NE1/4, Sec. 24, 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 26th day of May, 1923.
Claimant names as witnesses: Charles W. Wadd, Will B. McDebold, Grover C. 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 21, 1923.
Notice is hereby given that Claude H. Atchison, of Corona, N. M., who on February 1, 1923, made Orig. H. E. entry No. 020933, for W1/2 Section 24, Tp. 1-N., R. 16-E., and July 8, 1923, made Additional H. E. entry No. 020935, for S1/2 Section 24, Tp. 1-N., R. 16-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 Vaughn, N. M., on the 3rd 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. MACKENSON, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M.
March 19th, 1923.
Notice is hereby given that Joseph J. Embury, of Corona, N. M., who on Sept. 23, 1919, made Homestead entry No. 040025, for SE1/4 NE1/4, Sec. 14, T. 1-S., R. 13-E., and SW1/4 SW1/4, Sec. 6, NW1/4, Sec. 17, T. 1-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 13th day of May, 1923.
Claimant names as witnesses:
Leak R. Argonbright, Andrew N. Golden, Robert N. Grossett and Thomas J. P. Co. all of Corona, N. M.
JAFFA MILLER, Register

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

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M. 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. 1/4 N. E. 1/4, N. E. 1/4 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, Hector 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 20th, 1923.

Notice is hereby given that Sorapio Sanchez, of Duran, who on Oct. 29, 1917, made H. E. No. 041922, for E1/2 NW1/4, NE1/4 Sec. 24, Twp. 2-N., R. 16-E.; W1/2 NW1/4 Section 19, Tp. 2-N. Range 16-E, and S. R. H. E. add July 6, 1920, Serial No. 045474 for S1/2 Sec. 15, 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: Martia Lopez, Juan L. Sanchez, Francisco 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 28th, 1923.

Notice is hereby given that Clyde H. Jones, of Corona, N. M., who on Aug. 25, 1918, made second H. A. No. 042327 and on March 15, 1920 add. H. E. No. 044961, for SW1/4 NW1/4, SW1/4 NW1/4, SE1/4 NW1/4, Sec. 3 and S1/2 NE1/4 Sec. 4 and Lots 3, 4, DE1/2 NW1/4 NE1/4 Sec. 2; 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 H. Kiffin, Thomas D. Colbaugh and Alexander S. McCamant, all of Corona, N. M.
JAFFA MILLER, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, March 24, 1923

Notice is hereby given that Adley B. Luna of Corona, N. M., who on Oct. 20, 1922 made Orig. H. E. No. 020400 and on Oct. 30, 1922 Add. H. E. No. 020407 for SW1/4-4; SE1/4 NW1/4-4; SW1/4 SE1/4-4; Sec. 15, S1/2 SW1/4-4 Sec 14; N1/2 W1/4-4 Sec 23; N1/2 NE1/4-4; SW1/4 NE1/4-4 Sec. 22, Township 4-S Range 14-E N. M. P. M. 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 19th day of May 1923.
Claimant names as witnesses: Willis R. Lovelace, Willis Stewart Pete Sanchez, these of Corona, N. M., J. D. Thatcher of Jicarilla, N. M.
Jaffa Miller Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M. March 10th, 1923.

Notice is hereby given that Henry B. Durico, of Corona, N. M., who on Jan. 24, 1919, made Original Homestead entry, No. 041297 for S1/2 SW1/4 Sec. 23; S1/2 NW1/4, NW1/4 Sec. 20; S1/2 NW1/4, S1/2 NE1/4, S1/2 NW1/4, Section 20, 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 25th 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

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

Notice is hereby given that Joseph J. Embury, of Corona, N. M., who on Sept. 23, 1919, made Homestead entry No. 040025, for SE1/4 NE1/4, Sec. 14, T. 1-S., R. 13-E., and SW1/4 SW1/4, Sec. 6, NW1/4, Sec. 17, T. 1-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 13th day of May, 1923.
Claimant names as witnesses:
Leak R. Argonbright, Andrew N. Golden, Robert N. Grossett and Thomas J. P. Co. all of Corona, N. M.
JAFFA MILLER, Register

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M.
Feb. 24th, 1923.
Notice is hereby given that Willie L. Walton, of Cedarvale, N. M., who on March 19, 1919, made Homestead entry, No. 020670, for Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, S1/2 NE1/4, Section 5, Township 1-N, Range 10-E, 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: Ebanas L. Vaughn, Moritz Richardson, 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 10th, 1923.
Notice is hereby given that Henry B. Durico, of Corona, N. M., who on Jan. 24, 1919, made Original Homestead entry, No. 041297 for S1/2 SW1/4 Sec. 23; S1/2 NW1/4, NW1/4 Sec. 20; S1/2 NW1/4, S1/2 NE1/4, S1/2 NW1/4, Section 20, 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 25th 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

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Souvenir

"In the way of life there are two trails" wrote Harold Bell Wright, in his book "The Shepherd of the Hills." "One of those trails leads up along the higher, sunlit fields, where those who travel far and find the light lingers long after the day is done. But the other trail leads down through the valley where dark and gloomy shadows gather even before the sun is down."

We, most of us, have traveled for a space each of these trails. We have not really lived until we have traversed both, the way of light and happiness and the other trail of darkness and despair; of shattered dreams, failures and blasted hopes.

Go to your room tonight alone, you who have access to Edison or Victrola, and play "Souvenir," the beautiful violin composition from Franz Drexler. Turn the lights low, put on a soft tone needle and slow down the speed of the machine. Play "Souvenir" and then play it again. Surrender your thoughts entirely to the mystic spell of the music. It will bring back memories of days gone forever; days of mingled joy and sorrow, but it will cleanse your soul as with purifying fire and make you, for a brief period at least, a better human being, for all the higher emotions of the human soul are expressed in that masterpiece of music.

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