

County Clerk

THE CORONA MAVERICK

Published Every Week in The Heart of New Mexico, 6866 Feet Above Sea Level; Among The Pines

Vol. 3 No. 14

Corona, New Mexico, Apr. 27, 1923

Subscription Price \$1.50 per Year

Corona Trading Company

General Merchandise

Corona, New Mexico

The Thrice-A-Week
New York World
And The Maverick, both for 1 year, for
\$2.00

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. Chancey, Prop.

Prager Miller Here

Prager Miller, of Roswell, vice president of the Southern Tariff Association was in Corona Thursday organizing the Lincoln County Tariff Club.

"Great interest was shown," Mr. Miller said, "by local business men and stockmen in the work of this association."

"The Southern Tariff Association has as its ultimate object the removal of the tariff question as a political issue," stated Mr. Miller. "The tariff is an economic question, and great detriment has been done our country in the past by its having been made a political football by the professional politicians. By putting the tariff in to both parties it will automatically become an economic subject."

Conditions have so changed in the past few years that in the old south where formerly a tariff was neither desired nor a necessity, today practically every product of the south badly needs protection. Since the development of the cotton seed oil industry, cotton seed and its product must be protected from importations, particularly of soya bean oils from the Orient.

The south has been greatly benefited by the duties in the permanent tariff bill on cotton seed oil, soya bean oil, wool, mohair, meats, peanuts and peanut oil, poultry and eggs, honey, rice, tobacco, sugar, and in fact every product produced in the south except hides and long staple cotton which it is hoped will be placed on the dutiable list at the first opportunity.

The interests of the south and west are identical as producers of raw materials, and there is every reason to believe that this great non-partisan organization will be successful in carrying its aims and purposes to full fruition.

The organization not only played a big part in securing substantial duties on all products of the farm and ranch in the permanent tariff bill but is today carrying on the fight to prevent a revision of present schedules.

Under the flexible provision of the bill which gives the president the power to increase or decrease rates fifty per cent our interests have been threatened from applications of certain interests to the tariff commission to lower rates.

"The Southern Tariff Association is strictly non-partisan," stated Mr. Miller, "and it has met with great favor in eighteen southern and south-western states. By centering on the tariff question, with every industry in

Forest Inspectors Here

Assistant Forester I. F. Kneipp of Washington, D. C. was here Thursday and Friday with assistant District Forester J. B. Jones and Deputy Supervisor J. C. Nave, of Albuquerque, inspecting timber lands north and west of town with a view to throwing it open to homesteaders. Mr. Kneipp stated, in his opinion, that the tracts inspected would be thrown out of the forest at an early date.

Land Open For Filing

5,500 acres of land in Rio Arriba county, New Mexico, was thrown open for settlement to ex-service men Tuesday of this week by Secretary Work of Washington, D. C. Tracts were also thrown open in Idaho, Montana, Nevada and Colorado.

Jonathan E. Ogden

Mr. Jonathan E. Ogden died at 1:10 o'clock Saturday afternoon at the home of his daughter Mrs. P. H. Arnold at the ripe old age of 83 years, 2 months and 19 days. His wife, two sons and a daughter were at his bedside when he died.

Mr. Ogden had been confined to his bed for over three years.

He was laid to rest at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon in the Corona cemetery. The casket was draped with an American flag in recognition of Mr. Ogden's previous service in the United States army. Local ex-service men acted as pall bearers.

A more extended notice will appear in next week's Maverick

Card Of Thanks

Mr and Mrs J. F. Butler, who recently moved to Shattuck, Oklahoma, wish to thank their friends here thru the columns of The Maverick for their many acts of kindness extended them during their affliction.

Messrs Earl Ott, Dan Simpson and Charlie Claunch have been practicing together recently on the piano, violin and saxophone. The boys are making good music now and say they are going to whip into shape as a 'real' orchestra soon. Jess Atkinson will play the drums.

Help Prevent Forest Fires.

the south and west united, greater stability and prosperity to industry can be obtained by the making of a fair and equitable tariff law in the future."

APPLE ORCHARD IS OVER CENTURY OLD

Flourished Under Rule of Three Different Governments.

HAS FED MEN OF THREE RACES

Historical Orchard is Located Near Little Town of Manzano in New Mexico—Native Say That Tradition Gives Age at From 250 to 400 Years—Age of Trees Recently Scientifically Determined by Experts of United States Forest Service.

An apple orchard more than a century old that has flourished under three governments and fed men of three races and still bears, is one of the latest discoveries in the southwest, made recently by officers of the United States forest service, says the Chicago Daily News.

That the orchard has been known for a long time, but the age of the trees was only scientifically determined last summer. Until experts had cut down one of the trees and counted the rings, no one who knew anything about apple trees would believe that the orchard had stood for a century. Now they know that some of the smallest trees have lived that long and it seems logically certain that some of the larger ones must have lived a great deal longer. Furthermore, many of the trees now standing in this venerable orchard look as though they had grown from the stumps or roots of a former generation of apple trees which had fallen or been cut down. The natives living thereabouts say that tradition gives the age of the orchard at from 250 to 400 years. It seems possible that in a sense they are right. There is reason to believe that the ancestors, at least, of the present trees were planted in the seventeenth century.

This historical orchard is located near the little town of Manzano on the eastern slope of the Manzano mountains in central New Mexico. Manzano is the Spanish word for apple. Both the mountain range and town have taken their names from the ancient trees. The priest in the church at Manzano, who is a sort of custodian of the orchard, tells inquirers that the trees have been growing there for 250 years, according to the tradition which has been handed down from father to padre through the generations. The oldest native inhabitants of the little town believe that the orchard has been there for 400 years. That date is improbable, for the Spanish exploration of the southwest had scarcely begun so long ago, and apple trees were certainly brought to America by Europeans.

Relics of Heroic Age. But the priest, when he claims that the orchard is more than two centuries old, has strong historical evidence on his side. For these trees at most certainly are relics of that heroic age in the history of the southwest when Spanish priests and soldiers were there engaged in subduing a great wilderness of savages for the king of Spain and the church of

Hammer Murderess Captured

Mrs. Clara Phillips, hammer murderess of Los Angeles, who escaped from prison some time ago, was captured this week in Tegucigalpa, Honduras.

At every one of the pueblo villages which dot this region the Spaniards built great churches of stone and left a few priests to teach the savages the fear of God and also the culture of crops and herds. The Pueblos were already farmers, raising corn and cotton and melons, but they had no domestic animals and no fruit trees.

The padres, armed with nothing but the cross, took their stand in a hostile wilderness as the prophets of religion and civilization. In some instances they were murdered by the Indians of their own flock. More often they succeeded in winning the friendship of the wild tribes of the Navajos and Apaches which waged an incessant warfare upon both the Pueblo Indians and the Spaniards. In some instances these brave Franciscan friars triumphed over all difficulties and dangers. Some of the ancient mission churches still stand and are still in use. Many of the greatest ones are in ruins.

Now one of these ancient ruined churches stands not far from the ancient Manzano orchard, and a good deal is known of its history. In the seventeenth century a large Indian pueblo known as Queral, stood at this spot, and it is recorded that the Franciscan fathers built this mission church of Queral in the year 1620. It is also known that in 1675 it was abandoned for the reason that the Navajos had repeatedly raided it, killed priests and friendly Indians and destroyed crops. It was an outpost of civilization which could not stand against the savages.

If You Want

real bargain in either new or second-hand
Automobiles
Get in touch with
Sears Brothers
Capitan, N. M.

LUMBER

All dimensions from 8 to 20 foot lengths
Reasonable Prices
Sawmill located in the old Sawmill Canyon in Gallinas mountains. Stock of lumber on the yards at all times
J. H. Morrow, Manager



Trade With Us, We Treat You Right

Groceries, Dry goods, Fruits and Vegetables

W. A. McCLELEN

WRIGLEYS

Top off each meal with a bit of sweet in the form of WRIGLEYS.

It satisfies the sweet tooth and aids digestion. Pleasure and benefit combined.



SPOHN'S DISMETER COMPOUND

A safe, dependable and effective remedy for Coughs, Colds, Diphtheria, Influenza, Hoarseness and Worms among horses and mules. Absolutely harmless, and as safe for colts as it is for stallions, mares or geldings. Give "Spohn's" occasionally as a preventive. Sold at all drug stores.

Laxatives Replaced By the Use of Nujol

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot grip. When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel 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.



Possible Reason. "Why does the boss get down so early in the morning?" "I think he enjoys seeing us come in late."

"COLD IN THE HEAD"

In an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. These subjects to frequent "colds" are generally in a "run-down" condition. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a treatment consisting of an Ointment to be used locally, and a Tonic, which acts quickly through the blood on the mucous surfaces, building up the system, and making you less liable to "colds." Sold by druggists for over 40 years. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Well Heard in All Ages. How great a pity that we should not feel for what and we are born into this world, till just as we are leaving it.—Walsingham.

Backache is a Warning!

Those agonizing twinges across the small of the back, that dull, throbbing backache may mean serious kidney weakness unless it is checked for it may lead to grave, chronic kidney disease, bladder inflammation, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. If you are suffering with a bad back, have dry spells, headaches, nervous, despondent attacks or disordered kidney action, heed Nature's warning. Get after the cause. Doan's Kidney Pills have helped thousands. They should help you. Ask your neighbor.

A Colorado Case. J. R. Ross, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 12, North Delta, Colo., says: "I was so sore over my right kidney it seemed as though it were being torn from me. When I laid down at night I could hardly stand the pain. My kidneys acted too often, and the urination was a red-dish color. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and kept on using them till I was cured."

Get Doan's at Any Store, Old or New. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-McLEARN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Shake Into Your Shoes

And sprinkle in the foot-bath Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder for Painful Swollen, Sweating feet. It prevents blisters and sore spots and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Always use Allen's Foot-Ease to break in new shoes and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache. Those who use Allen's Foot-Ease say that they have solved their foot troubles. Sold everywhere. Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent Free. Address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

YOU CAN... W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 17-1922.

THE NIGHTINGALE

MR. NIGHTINGALE was very proud of his voice, and he was never tired of singing his liquid tones, which were very sweet, but so were the notes of other birds, and Mr. Nightingale wanted to make his song heard above all others. So he sang all day, but he could not make his song ring out through the woods above the songs of the other birds, and so much did he worry about it that Mr. Nightingale could not sleep at night. His eyes were wide open, and his thoughts busy trying to think how he could improve his voice so that his song would be the loudest in the woods.



Well, Let Me Think. While he was awake one night Mr. Owl came along and sat on a tree limb near Mr. Nightingale's nest. "Oh, Mr. Owl," said he, "you are the wisest bird in the woods. I have been told. Tell me how I can make my voice so strong that it will ring out through the woods above all the other birds' songs."

Has Anyone Laughed At You Because —

You have "queer" friends? "They" say you have queer friends. No doubt you might think their friends are queer. Your friends may be queer because they dress according to comfort, or find or something not akin to Parca. They may be "queer" because they have a real "think tank," because they don't think as the crowd does. They may be "queer" because they don't go to Bar Harbor in the summer and Hot Springs in the winter. They may be "queer" because they give their money instead of hoarding it—because they give themselves instead of saving themselves.

THE BORROWED CAR

The borrower is servant to the lender. There is a really commendable generosity on the part of most automobile owners in trying to give the greatest amount of happiness possible with their cars. Few automobile owners refuse to lend their cars for any worthy charity—for instance, in many towns for borrowed cars to take the children for an outing. Hospitals depend on borrowed cars for taking convalescent patients for airings, and then, of course, there are the numberless times when the thoughtful owner lends his car to friends. Sometimes he sends his car, with a driver, to take some friend's family for an afternoon's outing. Often he sends it to take friends who have to car to or from some entertainment, or for a shopping trip.

To begin with, use the car only for such hours as it is understood that you are to use it. That is, if a friend telephones you and asks you if you would like to use her car to do the Saturday morning shopping, between ten and eleven, be sure not to keep it until half past eleven. If a friend on whom you are calling sends her car to take you home don't ask the driver to stop at somebody else's house while you make a call. And never, never use the car roughly. Don't let the children kick the upholstery and scratch the varnish. Don't leave scraps or bundles. Be sure, when you leave the car, that it is as neat as it was when you entered it.

Another thing: Never accept the car from anybody but the owner. If you see a friend's car standing by the curbstone, don't ask the chauffeur if he won't just drive you on an errand. And never, unless in the case of a chauffeur who has been in the service of the car owner for a long time, accept his invitation to use the car. Even then, the only time you would be justified in doing so would be if he happened to be going in your direction, and suggested that he could take you home conveniently.

THE NIGHTINGALE

MR. OWL looked very wise as he replied: "Um, um, I see. Well, let me think." And he was thinking very hard, for Mr. Owl did not like the singing birds. They disturbed his daylight rest, and if he could think of a plan whereby one could be made to stop singing in the daytime, he was going to do it. "Why don't you try singing at night time?" he asked, after a while. "You would have everything still and quiet then and your song would be plainly heard all around. You have no idea how nice it is to rest all day and be up all night."

"Yes, I should advise one with your sweet voice to sing after nightfall, when those other noisy birds are still. Why not begin now and sing until dawn?" "I never thought of that," said Mr. Nightingale. "Of course not; that is why I am called a wise bird," replied Mr. Owl. "I think of things others do not."

Mr. Nightingale's song flooded the woods with sweetness. He had at last the whole place to himself, and Mr. Owl flew away thinking to himself, "He will sing all night, and be so tired in the morning he will sleep all day, and there will be one less tomorrow to disturb my slumbers." But though Mr. Owl was wise, he was mistaken in one thing, and that was that Mr. Nightingale would be tired the next day, for he was singing as loudly as if he had not sung a note the night before. But since then Mr. Nightingale has always sung at night, and he is known as the sweet singer of the night. But he sings in the daytime as well, and if

"What's in a Name?"

ANGELA. A NOEL-LIKE translation of Angela, from the Greek angelos, meaning messenger, which the Romans interpreted as "heavenly messenger" and hence "angel." Angles first became proper in the Byzantine empire. It is believed to have begun as an epithet since it comes to light in Constantinian Angles, a young man of noble family whose beauty caused him to be the choice of the Princess Theodora Komana in 1100. Because of the beauty of the family, Angles became its surname.

The misdirected crusade of the Venetians brought it to Greece and a monastic saint who preached at Palermo and was afterward murdered by a wicked count whose evil deeds he had rebuked, was one of the first to bear the name. The Carmelites claimed St. Angelo as a saint of their order and the name, in both its masculine and feminine forms, caught the fancy of Italy. It became popular in the other nations, due perhaps to its inseparable associations with beauty, and also to the fashion of complimenting women as angels. The derivative Angelica is noted in romance as the faithless lady for whose sake Orlando lost his heart and senses. But she was a gratuitous invention of Boccaccio and Ariosto, for Spanish ballads and earlier Italian poets make him the faithful husband of Aida. However, Angelica obtained that character for beauty which has made the name popular through the centuries. It has been a particular favorite with authors through all ages of literature, particularly in mid-Victorian fiction, where its heritage of fragile, virtuous beauty fitted it exceptionally for the name of its heroine. Angela, from time immemorial, has been applied to the fluffy, youthful, unsophisticated type with curly hair and wide innocent blue eyes. The French call her Angouleme and Angeline. England has evolved the derivative Angolot, Angolia, Angolettis and Angioletta are the Italian forms. The Teutonic versions are Engel and Engelchen. Angela is Polish and Angela and Anjelina have been evolved in Bohemian.

A LINE O' CHEER

SORROW. SORROW like some poisoned dart often comes to pierce the heart. But from out the scar there grows like a fair and fragrant rose sympathy for others' woes—sympathy to help them bear some too heavy load of care, sympathy we ourselves may gain some relief from present care.

The Right Thing at the Right Time

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE. The borrower is servant to the lender. There is a really commendable generosity on the part of most automobile owners in trying to give the greatest amount of happiness possible with their cars. Few automobile owners refuse to lend their cars for any worthy charity—for instance, in many towns for borrowed cars to take the children for an outing. Hospitals depend on borrowed cars for taking convalescent patients for airings, and then, of course, there are the numberless times when the thoughtful owner lends his car to friends. Sometimes he sends his car, with a driver, to take some friend's family for an afternoon's outing. Often he sends it to take friends who have to car to or from some entertainment, or for a shopping trip.



Louise Lorraine



From bathing girl and minor roles in the "movies" to leads in comedies and later in leading roles in serials in which she faced many wild beasts, then to star parts in feature pictures, has been the record of pretty Louise Lorraine, who is known to all lovers of motion pictures.

you ask Mr. Owl he will tell you that he was the one who advised Mr. Nightingale to sing after all the other birds were asleep, but he did not count on his singing all day, too, and he wonders, as do many, how the little Nightingale gets any rest at all, so incessantly does he sing.

INDIAN BOY SCOUTS

In the three troops at the Chemawa Indian school, Chemawa, Oregon, some remarkably fine scouts are being developed," says Scout Executive Zinser of Salem, Oregon. "Remember, these boys come from all the different tribes of the Pacific Northwest and Alaska. Some of them have known no other environment than a snow igloo and no other clothing than garments of fur. Some have had wide experience in the hunting and fishing and with dog sledges of the North. Others were born and reared in the tepees of the Pacific Northwest tribes, but after all they are making scouts whom any troop would be proud to call their own."

"This school has as its athletic director and disciplinarian, George W. Bent, who is a descendant of a family of chiefs of the Cheyenne Indians. He is a graduate of the Carlisle Indian school; it was his intention to organize scouting in the school after he had spent a summer as camp director for the Salem (Oregon) local council. He first had to obtain the consent of the Department of Indian Affairs at Washington. This was obtained, and he went about organizing his troops. "The school's superintendent who has had a lifetime experience with Indians is full of praise for the effect of the scout oath and law on the lives of these lads. The inspector for the Department of Indian Affairs expressed a high appreciation of the work scouts are doing, in his report to headquarters. These men are convinced that scouting is playing a big part in the lives of these boys, and that it is producing a lasting effect on the morals and discipline of the school. "At the last commencement week exercises the scouts were given the responsibility of parking and guarding the large number of visiting automobiles. All the visitors were shown through the institution by scout guides. The lads took prominent part in the events of the week, including an afternoon of games, drills and scoutcraft. "A recent contest between the Salem and the Chemawa members proved the efficiency of the events they had the white boys bested. Their thorough training was evident. As a group they sang many of the scout songs, and their yelling is a good thing to listen to. They also have their own band. "Two of the troops are led by white scoutmasters and one by an Indian."

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs. SORROW like some poisoned dart often comes to pierce the heart. But from out the scar there grows like a fair and fragrant rose sympathy for others' woes—sympathy to help them bear some too heavy load of care, sympathy we ourselves may gain some relief from present care.

THE BORROWED CAR

The borrower is servant to the lender. There is a really commendable generosity on the part of most automobile owners in trying to give the greatest amount of happiness possible with their cars. Few automobile owners refuse to lend their cars for any worthy charity—for instance, in many towns for borrowed cars to take the children for an outing. Hospitals depend on borrowed cars for taking convalescent patients for airings, and then, of course, there are the numberless times when the thoughtful owner lends his car to friends. Sometimes he sends his car, with a driver, to take some friend's family for an afternoon's outing. Often he sends it to take friends who have to car to or from some entertainment, or for a shopping trip.

you leave the car, that it is as neat as it was when you entered it. Another thing: Never accept the car from anybody but the owner. If you see a friend's car standing by the curbstone, don't ask the chauffeur if he won't just drive you on an errand. And never, unless in the case of a chauffeur who has been in the service of the car owner for a long time, accept his invitation to use the car. Even then, the only time you would be justified in doing so would be if he happened to be going in your direction, and suggested that he could take you home conveniently.

BOY SCOUTS

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

INDIAN BOY SCOUTS

In the three troops at the Chemawa Indian school, Chemawa, Oregon, some remarkably fine scouts are being developed," says Scout Executive Zinser of Salem, Oregon. "Remember, these boys come from all the different tribes of the Pacific Northwest and Alaska. Some of them have known no other environment than a snow igloo and no other clothing than garments of fur. Some have had wide experience in the hunting and fishing and with dog sledges of the North. Others were born and reared in the tepees of the Pacific Northwest tribes, but after all they are making scouts whom any troop would be proud to call their own."

"This school has as its athletic director and disciplinarian, George W. Bent, who is a descendant of a family of chiefs of the Cheyenne Indians. He is a graduate of the Carlisle Indian school; it was his intention to organize scouting in the school after he had spent a summer as camp director for the Salem (Oregon) local council. He first had to obtain the consent of the Department of Indian Affairs at Washington. This was obtained, and he went about organizing his troops. "The school's superintendent who has had a lifetime experience with Indians is full of praise for the effect of the scout oath and law on the lives of these lads. The inspector for the Department of Indian Affairs expressed a high appreciation of the work scouts are doing, in his report to headquarters. These men are convinced that scouting is playing a big part in the lives of these boys, and that it is producing a lasting effect on the morals and discipline of the school. "At the last commencement week exercises the scouts were given the responsibility of parking and guarding the large number of visiting automobiles. All the visitors were shown through the institution by scout guides. The lads took prominent part in the events of the week, including an afternoon of games, drills and scoutcraft. "A recent contest between the Salem and the Chemawa members proved the efficiency of the events they had the white boys bested. Their thorough training was evident. As a group they sang many of the scout songs, and their yelling is a good thing to listen to. They also have their own band. "Two of the troops are led by white scoutmasters and one by an Indian."

CACTUS CENTER'S BOY SCOUT

Down here in Cactus Center, boys is all too seldom seen: We're mostly cattle cutters, and our schools is far between; But a kid who spent the winter down at Pecca Johnson's place Makes us proud that we have met him—durn his freckled, millin' face! It was when an Eastern party tried to auto through this way And they got lost in a sandstorm. They was gone for many a day 'Fore our outfit heard about it, but we scattered when we hear, And this kid from Pecca Johnson's—well, he sort of came on, too. We didn't take no notice when the kid first eased away And poked off on the desert. We was busy day by day And we thought the search was hopeless, when this little, dusty tramp, Drags the party, all but perished, to the safety of our camp. When we asked him how he done it, he refused to answer much, But we learned that this boy scouting makes him wise to beat the Dutch; And when he came to trail, where the ground was rough and wild, He just followed boy scout teachin', which is good for man or child. When we learned how he had tracked 'em—how he cheered 'em night and day— How he dug and turned up water—how he found the shortest way. When we learned these things about him, you could gather from our shouts That "O K" was what we branded this here out of boy scouts. —Arthur Chapman in Boy's Life.

HISTORIC COLORS PRESENTED

When the U. S. S. Albany, a cruiser which did service in the Spanish-American war and the most recent war was dismantled, the official colors of the ship were put in the hands of the mayor of Albany, N. Y. Mayor Hackett, in his turn, in order that the colors might be kept in a place where the historical significance would be of benefit to the community, conferred their custody into the hands of the seascout ship Hendrick Hudson I, which is the official seascout division of the Albany boy scouts.

TEXAS SCOUTS MAKE RECORD

At the recent South Texas State fair the scouts stood ready at all times to help or render information. Among other "good turns" the boys found 72 lost children, handled six parades as frame officers, acted as runners for officers of the association, furnished escort for children during the baby parade, parked automobiles in the fair grounds, met all incoming trains, and maintained an information bureau on the post office corner.

MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY

Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Other Mothers

Window, Minn.—"I was so run-down that I was just good for nothing. I was to become the mother of my ninth child, and I thought I did not have the strength to go through with it. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has surely done all I could ask it to do and I am telling all my friends about it. I have a nice big baby girl and am feeling fine. You may use this letter to help other sick mothers."—Mrs. C. A. MORSE, Box 634, Window, Minn.

My First Child

Glen Allen, Alabama.—"I have been greatly benefited by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for bearing-down feelings and pains. I was troubled in this way for nearly four years following the birth of my first child, and at times could hardly stand on my feet. A neighbor recommended the Vegetable Compound to me after I had taken doctor's medicines without much benefit. It has relieved my pains and gives me strength. I recommend it and give you permission to use my testimonial letter."—Mrs. IMA RYE, Glen Allen, Alabama.

Vaseline CARBOLATED PETROLEUM JELLY

No skin break too small for notice. Be very wary of cuts, scratches and skin abrasions, no matter how slight. "Vaseline" Carbolated Petroleum Jelly—applied at once—lessens the possibility of infection. It comes in bottles—at all druggists and general stores. CHESEBROUGH MFG. COMPANY (Canton, Mass.) State St., New York. Every "Vaseline" product is recommended everywhere because of its absolute purity and effectiveness.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

HINDER CORNS. Remove Corns, Old Sores, etc., at once, and pain, soothe and cure for the best, makes itching and burning stop, and prevents them from coming back. Almost Chemical Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum

Scalp 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

WATCH THE BIG 4

Stomach-Kidney-Heart-Liver. Keep the vital organs healthy by regularly taking the world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—LATHROP'S GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL.

SURE RELIEF FOR INDIGESTION

BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief BELLANS 25¢ and 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE. Population and Square Miles. There would be about nine people to the square mile if the entire population of the world were distributed equally over the earth's total surface area of about 197,000,000 square miles.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years. Always bears the signature of Dr. J. C. Watson.

Matrimonial Adventures

The Pie and The Past

BY Joseph C. Lincoln

Author of "Fair Harbor," "Gaila the Magnificent," "Cap's Hat," "The Walkers' Place," "Great Knowledge," "Cap's Daughter," "Quahog," "The Forty-two," "Shavings," etc.

Copyright by United Feature Syndicate

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN, AMERICAN HUMORIST

It was some years ago that I first met Joseph C. Lincoln. I did not meet him then, because at that time I was "small fry" on one of the leading magazines and had the pleasure only of catching glimpses of the big authors who came to see the fiction editor. Mr. Lincoln was quite a bit then as he is now, but the direction in which he was headed was more than evident. Joseph C. Lincoln was born on Cape Cod and started his career at an early age as an artist, but shortly discovered that his talents lay in the direction of writing. Among his first writings are his famous "Cape Cod Ballads." They not only were a success when they appeared, but the book has gained in popularity enormously throughout the years. He has sold stories, short and long, to all the prominent magazines in the country, and he has received special prizes in the hearts of his admirers. He has the faculty not only of entertaining his readers, of putting the laugh in the kind place, but for subtle understanding of human nature and of people. It is this quality that makes him just plain "Joe Lincoln" to hundreds of thousands of his enthusiastic American friends.

MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.

Mrs. Lurella Ellis took the cranberry pie from the oven and set it on the back of the stove. It was a successful pie, if she said it as shouldn't; crisp, flaky brown crust; crimson, juicy filling; a very good pie indeed. But, good as it was, it was not too good for Obed. Nothing was too good for a husband like Obed Ellis.

They had been married a month. She had come from Cape Ann to Cape Cod to act as housekeeper and companion for old Mrs. Bailey at Trumet. On the first of September she had taken a day's holiday and, in common with at least one-half of Trumet's population, excursioned to the country fair at Ostable. There, lonely in all the great crowd, she had stopped before the booth where one might, for the small sum of five cents, toss three rings at a rack of pegs. These pegs were numbered. If you were fortunate enough—or skillful enough—to ring a peg, one received a prize. The prizes were more or less valuable—principally less. A red-faced person with pink and white shirt sleeves made strenuous announcement:

"Here y' are, ladies and gents!" he bawled. "Here y' are! Toss 'em in and ring 'em out. A genuvino guaranteed prize for each and every ringer. Look at 'em, ladies and gents, look at 'em! Australian solid nickel-silver scarf pins! Genuvino New Jersey ivory napkin holders! Alaska diamond-studded hair combs for the ladies! Three chances for a nickel, ha! a dime, five cents! Toss 'em in and ring 'em out!"

Lurella noticed that while many tossed them in, but few succeeded in ringing them out. Then a newcomer laid down a nickel and prepared to try his luck. He was, she thought, a striking looking man, thick set, broad-shouldered, sunburned, wearing a blue uniform with brass buttons and a blue yachting cap. Like her, and therefore unlike the majority of the people on the fair grounds, he seemed to be quite alone. She had been on the point of moving on; now she stayed to watch him make the trial.

"Two rings be tossed and each shot, although close, was a miss. The third, however, fairly encircled a peg. The red-faced person lifted both pink and white shirt-sleeves in the air.

"Look at that!" he bellowed. "Look at it! The gent rings number thirty-two, winnin' the genuvino Alaska studded diamond lady's hair comb. He lays down five cents and he takes away a hundred dollars—more or less. There you are, sir! There's the genuvino Alaska. Shall I hand it to you or will your wife put it on now and give the congregation a treat?"

Lurella was standing beside the winner of the prize. The red-faced person was dramatically offering her the comb. She blushed furiously. The looker-on, divining the mistake, cheered and laughed. She hurried away. A moment later she felt a touch on her elbow. The broad-shouldered man in the blue uniform had followed her. His embarrassment seemed to be as great as hers.

"Ma'am," he stammered. "I—I wish you'd take it. I—I'd like you to have it first rate. I'm all alone and—and it ain't a bit of use to me, honest."

She drew herself up. Lurella was nothing if not proper. She had never lifted in all the thirty-five years of her life. Having read a great deal, she knew exactly what and how to reply.

"Sir!" she exclaimed. "Yes'am," said the man, removing the yachting cap. "I wish you would take it. That—that fellow was a fool and if you say so I'll punch his nose. Shall it?"

She was, momentarily, startled out of her propriety.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "I will if you say so. He's a smart aleck and he'd ought to be licked. But—but, honest, I do wish you'd take this thing. 'Twould look nice on you and—and I ain't got nobody of my own to give it to. I'm a stranger here. Won't you take it, please? I—I don't mean it fresh nor nothin'."

Lurella looked at him. He was about her age, or a little older. He had an honest face, if she ever saw one. He was blushing and did not at all resemble the bold, bad lady-killers of whom she had read in her favorite romances.

She hesitated. Then . . . well, then her own romance began.

Before she returned to Trumet that evening she had learned much concerning the man in the blue uniform. His name was Obed Ellis. He was a bachelor, had been to sea in his younger days, had since worked hard at various employments on shore, and was now acting as watchman and caretaker in charge of the property of the big hotel at Orham. During the summer he was in command of the hotel pier and boats, but now, as the season was over, had more leisure. His wages, he informed her with satisfaction, went on just the same, summer or winter. He was a Methodist, a Republican, and his life was insured for two thousand dollars. He was alone in the world, just as she was.

Together they inspected the poultry and live stock exhibits. He treated her to salt-water taffy, ice cream soda and a "shore dinner" in the refreshment tent. They saw the trotting races and the balloon ascension. Before bidding her good-by at the railroad station, he informed her that he owned an automobile, and, if she "hadn't no objection" he would kind of like to drive over one of these days and take her to ride.

The following Saturday afternoon he did drive over. The ride was delightful; the little car rattled and "skipped", but kept going. A week later he came again, and twice during the week following. A month later he proposed marriage. It was then that she told him of her other love affair. When she was eighteen she had been engaged to a man who kept a billiard saloon at Pigeon Cove. Later she broke the engagement.

"I found out," she said with a shudder, "that he was dissipated. He never told me, but once I saw him drunk—intoxicated, I mean. He had been drinkin' whisky then, but when he couldn't get that he drank Jamaica ginger. He'd been arrested and in the lock-up two or three times. If he'd told me I might have forgiven him; I was a girl and I probably should have forgiven him and been sorry afterwards. But he'd never told me and I couldn't forgive that. That's why I'm telling you this now, Obed. The time to tell such things is before marriage, not afterwards. There must be secrets between husband and wife. I've read too many stories in books about folks with a past gettin' married, and nothin' but misery ever came of it. If you've got anything in your past life now is the time to tell me of it, Obed."

"Sure thing!" agreed Obed, promptly. "What do you say, Lurella? Will you marry me?"

She said yes, and, six weeks later they were married and she came to Orham to live with him in the little cottage at the rear of the hotel property. Now, a very happy wife, she was making him a cranberry pie because he liked it better than any other kind.

The pie baked, and the table in the dining room set for dinner, she stepped to the kitchen door to see if he was in sight. He was not but someone else was, a disreputable male, who was sauntering toward her across the back yard. His clothes, his hat, his unshaven face, classified him in her judgment as a tramp. She was not afraid of tramps and asked him what he wanted.

"Ma'am," he said, "does anybody know of Ellis live here?"

"Mr. Obed Ellis lives here," she replied; "but he's out. I'm Mrs. Ellis."

The tramp nodded. "They told me this was his hang-out," he observed. "I thought I'd just stop in and see him. So you're his wife, eh? I didn't know he was married."

"Come in and sit down," she said. He came into the spotless kitchen and sat down upon one of her freshly scrubbed chairs. He looked about the room, crossed his dingy, ragged-torn legs, and sniffed.

"Say," he observed, cheerfully, "that pie over there smells good to me."

She did not take the hint. "I can give you some cold meat and bread and butter," she said, coldly. "Will that do?"

He grinned. "And a slab of that pie, eh?" he queried.

"I should say not! That pie is for my husband. If the meat and bread and a cup of tea won't satisfy you, then—"

"Oh, they'll satisfy me all right, if there's enough of 'em. Just watch what I do to 'em. Trot 'em out."

She filled a plate and put it and the cup of tea on the kitchen table. "So you need to know Mr. Ellis?" she observed. "What is your name?"

He grinned again, as well as one can grin with a mouth full.

"My name is Dugan," he said; "Mike Dugan, but they don't generally call me that. Got any more tea?"

She refilled the cup. "Where did you and my husband know each other?" she asked.

"Oh, over in the sea—the jail, I mean."

"The teapot did not fall from her hand, but it came very near it."

"The jail!" she exclaimed. "Why—why, what jail?"

"The Ostable jail, of course. There ain't no other in these dings. One and me were in there at the same time."

"When was this?" she asked. "Eh? Oh, I dunno. Four years ago, maybe. How about comin' across with the butter?"

She put the butter-plate beside him. "You and—and my husband were in—in the jail together four years ago?" she asked.

"Sure, Mike!" "What—why was he there?" "Eh? Oh, same thing that gets 'em all. Npeded the coin, I guess. Didn't he never tell you?"

She wanted to cry, but instead she tried to laugh.

"Was—was you in there for—for stealin'?"

"Me? Not on your life! Rum was my ruin, same as it's been a whole lot of others. Eh? Haw, haw!"

"How long was—was Mr. Ellis there?"

"I dunno. Year or so, maybe. I ain't seen him since. He got his discharge a week afore they let me loose."

A familiar step sounded on the walk by the side door. Lurella started.

"You—you stay right here," she commanded. "Don't you go away. And don't you speak or—move. My husband is comin'. We—we'll surprise him!"

She hurried into the dining room, closing the kitchen door behind her. The familiar step came nearer. The side door, that from the walk to the dining room, opened. Obed came in.

"Ship ahoy, old lady!" he hailed, jovially. "Dinner ready? Ain't late, I hope, am I? Why, what's the matter?"

She faced him, white and trembling, but firm.

"Obed," she said, "sit down. Dinner'll be ready in a minute. Sit down. I want to—to speak to you about somethin'."

He sat down, regarding her wonderingly.

"To speak to me?" he repeated. "For the land sakes, what's happened? Is the cow dead?"

"No . . . Oh, don't laugh! . . . I don't feel funny just now. Obed, do you remember that time when you asked me to marry you?"

"Eh? . . . Well, ay! Do you think I'd be liable to forget it? Luckiest day in my life that was. Why—"

"Hush! Obed, I asked you then if—if you had a past."

"A which?"

"A past. Some secret in your life you hadn't told me. You said no. Now I ask you again. Have you?"

He stared at her. "Have you?" she repeated.

"What?—Say!—No, of course, I ain't."

"Obed—oh, don't lie to me! I couldn't ever forgive your lyin' to me."

"Lie—to you? Who said I'd ever lied to you? I'll break the swab's everlasting neck!"

"Hush! Sit right down again in that chair. Obed, was you ever in the Ostable jail?"

He hesitated. Then he colored.

"Why—why, yea," he admitted. "But I didn't think—"

"Oh, hush! Be still! You were there and—and you never told me!"

"Why—well, no, I didn't. You see, I was kind of ashamed, and—it didn't amount to nothin' much, anyhow."

"Didn't amount to anything? Oh, my soul, how can you talk so? Did you know a man there named—what was it—Dugan?"

"Dugan? Yes, certain. Tough lookin' critter, regular tramp. In there for bein' drunk and smashin' windows and raisin' hob generally. Yes, I know him. He was the only one I had to look after for one spell. We got to be kind of—well, chummy, as you might say. 'Twas lonesome bein' janitor and keeper and everything else in a place like that one-horse Ostable jail, and a feller has to talk to somebody. The sheriff, he only come around once in a while, so—"

"Wait! Oh, wait! You wore—a keep-er there—in the jail?"

"Sure! I suppose likely I had ought to have told you about it, Lurella; but, you see, I was kind of ashamed, same as I said. 'Twasn't much of a job, but I took it 'cause mother was sick—'twas just afore she died—and the boat shop where I'd been workin' had shut down and I needed money. Then, another thing made me ashamed of it was on account of bein' fired. Politics, 'twas. Jim Leghorn, he was sheriff, and he give me my walkin' papers to make room for another Democrat, same as him. Only job I ever was discharged from, that jail job was. I'm sorry I never told you, Lurella, but . . . Eh? How did you come to know about it and—and that Dugan tramp?"

She did not answer. Instead, she hurried out into the kitchen, closing the door. The kitchen was empty, so were the plates and the teacup on the table. So was the chair where her recent visitor had been sitting. So, too, was the rack on the back of the stove where the cranberry pie had been put to keep it warm.

A moment later she entered the dining room. She leaned over her husband and put her arms about his neck.

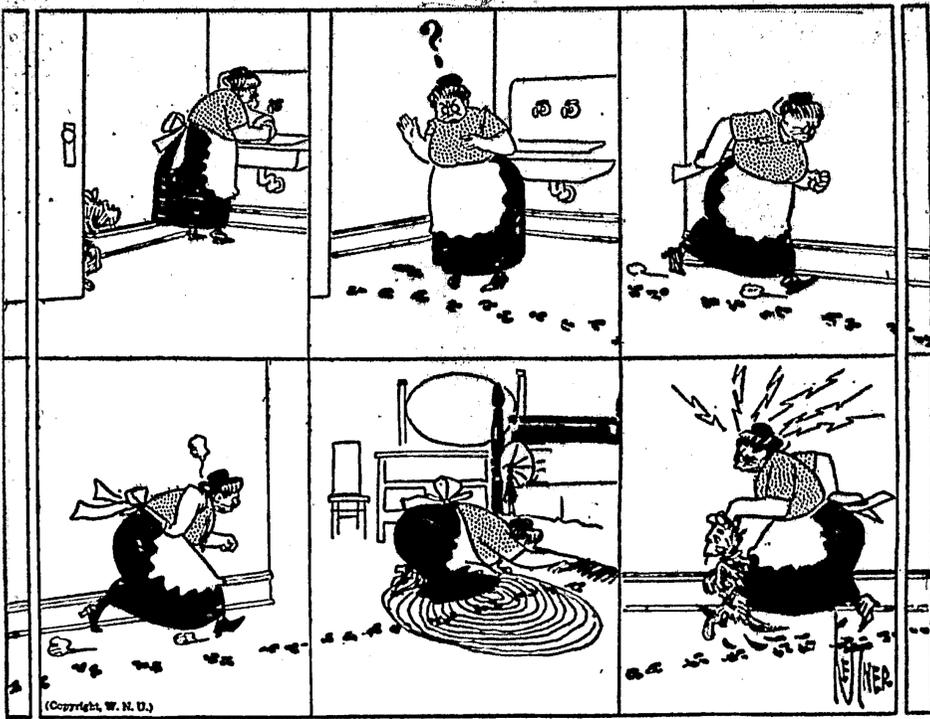
"Obed," she said, laughing and sobbing together, "I—I'm awfully sorry, but you won't have any cranberry pie this noon, I—"

Obed interrupted. "Cranberry pie!" he repeated. "Who's talkin' about cranberry pie? I want to know why you—"

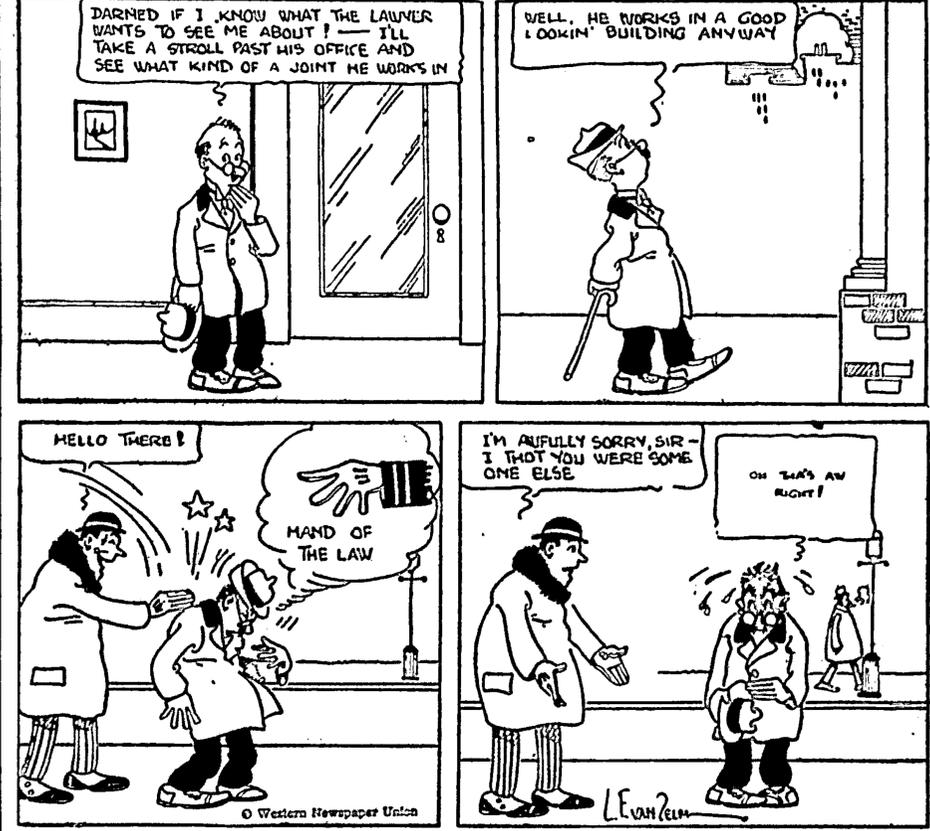
"Yes, yes, dear. Of course, you do. And I'm goin' to tell you. But first I want to tell you how bad I feel about that pie. I—I'll make two for supper, and you can eat them both, all of 'em, if you want to."

OUR COMIC SECTION

Our Pet Peeve



Guilty Conscience We Guess



Harold Used It Too Strong



THE JOY OF LIVING

By SIDNEY GOWING

Copyright 1922 by Sidney Gowing

Illustrations by ELLSWORTH YOUNG

"MY PEARLS!"

SYNOPSIS.—Disliking the prospect of a month's visit to her aunt's home, Lady Erythea Lamb, at Jervaulk Abbey and her cousin, Alexander Lamb, Almee, vivacious daughter of the Very Reverend Viscount Scroope, wanders into the park, there encountering a strange youth. He laughingly introduces himself as "Billy," American. The two ride on his motorcycle, the "Flying Sphinx," and part with Georgina Berners, her cousin, Almee sets out for Jervaulk. She decides that Georgina shall impersonate her at Jervaulk, while she goes on a holiday. Georgina's horrified protest is unavailing. Almee again protests "Billy." He tells her his name is Spencer, and she gives her as Amy Spooks, at present "out of a job." Billy offers to take her into partnership in selling the Sphinx. In a spirit of madcap adventure, she accepts. The two proceed to the town of Stanhoe, taking separate lodgings in Ivy cottages. That night Almee visits Georgina and learns that the deception has not been discovered. She compels Georgina to continue the subterfuge. On a trial spin, with Billy, Almee nearly kills them both by going too fast, but her nerve awakens Billy's admiration.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

There was an astonished shout and a cry of warning ahead. A large carriage, with two fat horses and a fat coachman, seemed to be right on top of Almee's handbars. She swerved and braked violently, while the horses were reined back on their haunches; the Sphinx toppled sideways, shooting Billy clean through the screen of trambles that covered the ditch.

Almee performed a sort of semi-somersault, and landed on her foot with an intoxicated stagger. For one awful moment she found herself facing the amazed occupants of the carriage.

She was conscious of the face of Georgina, very white, staring at her open-mouthed, with eyes as big as saucers. Beside Georgina sat a tremendous, elderly lady, gripping a large hat, and speecheless with anger. A large young man in black, his eyes matching Georgina's for size, had started up and was grasping the side of the carriage.

In a fraction of a second the truth telegraphed itself to Almee's flustered brain, Aunt Erythea!

Almee leaped the ditch like a chameleon, right over the top of Billy; glided through the tall hedge as a circus rider goes through a hoop, and vanished.

"Is anybody hurt, there?" gasped Mr. Alexander Lamb. "Is—"

"None. Not here," said Billy's voice feebly from the ditch. A pair of hooded legs waved among the trambles.

"I never saw anything so disgraceful in my life!" cried Mr. Lamb. "Your number! I want your number. I—"

Lady Erythea, whose face was crimson, leaned forward and smote the coachman twice violently in the back with the handle of her parasol.

"Drive on—fool!" she said explosively.

The coachman started and whipped up the fat horses. Mr. Lamb staggered as the carriage went forward.

"Aunt," he said, "that—that woman who was driving, ought to be apprehended! If I had my way—"

"If I had my way," retorted Lady Erythea, "she'd be whipped! She and all her tribe. But the idiot Germaine, of course, was on the wrong side; we'd go on. I hope their wretched machine is wrecked. Sit down, Alexander, do you hear!"

Mr. Lamb obeyed, protesting faintly. Georgina, with one hand pressed to her bosom, felt as though she were on the point of heart-failure.

"Hush!" said Lady Erythea, quivering. "And fust! Country's overrun with them. Decency is dead!"

The carriage jingled round the corner and disappeared.

Billy Spencer collected himself from among the trambles and regained the road, with the air of a sailor cast away on an inhospitable coast. Almee thrust an inquiring face through the hedge, and emerged.

"Billy," she cried. "Are you damaged?"

"Not a bit. Only scratched."

after this. All the same," he added, "that tank-bar is a bit awkward for your dress."

"I don't care—I can manage."

"No—it's got to be fixed." His face cleared. "It's dead easy! I'll get you a pair of breeches in Syderford."

Almee, dumfounded, turned and stared at him.

"What do you think you are!" she exclaimed. "The Universal Provider?"

Billy's chin stuck out sternly. "I'm your partner! Get me?"

Almee looked at him thoughtfully, and smiled.

"All right, Billy," she said softly. There was a pause. "Let's go back to Ivy cottage. You can drive."

Billy mounted the saddle joyously, stuffing his cap into his pocket. Almee took her seat behind. The Sphinx meandered homeward at an easy fifty miles an hour.

CHAPTER VI

"Thou Shalt Not Lie."

Georgina Berners began the day well; though she came within an ace of beginning it very badly indeed—she was nearly late for prayer.

After the service the servants dispersed to their duties, and Lady Erythea led the way to the morning room. She kissed Georgina with the air of one conferring a benefit, and bestowed a word of approval on Alexander, who was looking at Georgina with some concern in his large eyes.

"You look a little tired, cousin," he said, "did you rest well?"

"Oh, y-yes," said Georgina, "the journey yesterday was a little tiring."

"Perfect health," said Lady Erythea, "is not only desirable, it is a duty, in the young."

Breakfast proceeded in silence, till Lady Erythea made her announcement.

"The carriage will be ready for us all at ten," she said. "Remember that one does not keep horses waiting. We shall drive to Syderford."

"In that case," said Mr. Lamb, "I must be excused now. I have many things to do before tea."

Lady Erythea watched his exit with some anxiety.

"For a man of Alexander's physical development," she said, "I feel sure he does not eat enough. A mouthful of whiting and half a cup of tea! He would rather die than indulge in meat on a Friday."

Lady Erythea was making excellent practice with a grilled sole. "That, of course, is quite right. But he carries some things to extremes. I am not wholly sure that Alexander is sound on the subject of marriage," continued Lady Erythea, with her customary directness. "I am, of course, a High Churchwoman. Of that faith, I know very well, there are many who hold that a priest should be celibate. I do not agree with them for one moment. Let those differ from me who will—I

"I am afraid that narrow escape this morning has upset you, Almee," he said sympathetically.

"Yes—I was rather upset. But I am better now. Don't let us talk of it. O—Cousin Alexander, there is something I want to ask you," she said suddenly. "I should like your guidance. Imagine that somebody who was dear to me—somebody one loved very much—had got into difficulties, and was in danger of exposure. And punishment. That it was in one's power to save them. Supposing that it would help, would it be very wrong to tell a—a fib?"

Alexander regarded her wonderingly.

"Let us give things their proper names," he said. "You mean a lie. You know the answer. A lie is in all cases far only inadmissible, but unthinkable."

"Not even a little one?" said Georgina faintly. "I don't mean for one's own benefit, of course, but to shield the other."

"There is only one answer," he said sternly. "That other must make a clean breast of it, and bear his own punishment—or hers. No matter how bitter it may be. Whoever indulges in such shielding is equally guilty."

Georgina felt utterly chilled.

"Is not that a little hard?" she said.

"The hard way is the way of the transgressor," said Alexander, with some grimness; "there is authority for that. And yet the friend—I think you said a friend—may give all aid and succor to the sinner, even to the extreme sacrifice of himself. But deceit, even the shadow of it, must by no means enter into the matter. You are asking me what you know perfectly well. But why talk of unpleasant things," he continued, "tell me of yourself, and your life at Scroope, Almee."

There was small comfort for Georgina the rest of that day. She dressed for dinner in a state of despair. Lady Erythea, as her custom was, even when her family came down splendidly bedecked, and wearing the famous Lamb's emeralds—said to be worth a prince's ransom—on her

were of naughtiness—is not wholly unattractive in a young man."

Georgina stared at her in amazement, wondering if she had heard aright. And Georgina was guiltily conscious that a similar thought had crept, unbidden, into her own mind. Lady Erythea's eyes, meeting her gaze, became stony.

"I was referring, of course," she said, with some sternness, "to the duty good women owe themselves in reforming young men of that type. In a girl, flightiness is abhorrent to me—absolutely abhorrent. Husbands are my especial aversion." She smiled, and laid a hand on Georgina's shoulder. "I don't know why I speak of them. Nor can I understand, my dear, how such a mistaken impression of you could have reached us, before we knew you."

"For," she added, rising, "I have formed my opinion of you, Almee, and my judgment is never mistaken. The woman does not live who could deceive me. Almee, my dear, you are free to follow any occupation you choose—until ten o'clock."

Georgina made her way upstairs and sank into the most luxurious armchair in her bedroom.

"How perfectly lovely it would be here," she sighed, "if only things were proper and regular. But they aren't!"

Georgina, gazing before her, fell into a day-dream. Presently, the sound of the carriage passing beneath her window roused her with a start, and hastily donning a wrap she ran downstairs.

"Sit next me, Almee," said Lady Erythea, settling herself comfortably in the carriage. "Alexander, you will take the other seat. I dislike having anyone immediately opposite me."

For two hours, at least, all troubles were to be left behind. As the carriage bowed through the sunlit park, Georgina, lying back against the cushions, under the benign gaze of Alexander, felt inexplicably soothed.

When the carriage returned to Jervaulk, Georgina fell rather than descended from it. Almost in a state of collapse, she preserved some sort of outward composure and retreated to her bedroom as a hunted fox goes to earth.

The collision with the motorcycle on the Syderford road opened new horizons of terror for Georgina. It seemed to her like the climax of a nightmare. What in the world was Almee doing? Who was the man—it was obviously a man, though Georgina had seen little of him except his boots—that was with her. What was happening to the wretched girl?

"It's too awful!" said Georgina hysterically, "and I'm responsible. I think I shall go mad!"

Later in the afternoon, in the natural course of things, she found herself alone with Alexander in the garden. She looked at him with timid, yet hopeful eyes. Here, at least, was righteousness, kindness, wisdom. Georgina felt she could keep things to herself no longer.

"I am afraid that narrow escape this morning has upset you, Almee," he said sympathetically.

what bony chest. As usual at dinner she was in a good temper.

There was a late delivery at Jervaulk, and a letter was brought into the drawing room afterward, addressed to Almee Scroope.

"Surely, that is your father's handwriting, Almee," said Lady Erythea. "My letter will have crossed his. Let us hear what he says."

Georgina would as soon have thought of picking a pocket as of opening another person's letter. But there was no help for it. The letter was dated Scroope Towers, Thursday. At the word of command, Georgina read it aloud, somewhat falteringly.

My Dearest Almee:

I am writing to your aunt, to whom my love, but find myself with only time before the post goes to tell you I am obliged to leave Scroope earlier than I expected. As I wish to see you before I go, I will come over for an hour on Saturday. I'm sorry it is impossible for me to stay the night. I have news of importance for you.

Your loving,

FATHER.

"It will be the first time," said Lady Erythea, a trifle acidly, "that anybody ever saw your father in a hurry."

The letter put the finishing touch to such a day as Georgina had never dreamed of. She went to bed half an hour later. Before she fell asleep, her pillow was wet.

CHAPTER VII

The Way of the Transgressor.

Georgina awoke with a start. The light from a tiny electric torch dazzled her eyes; somebody was shaking her violently.

"Wake up, old thing," whispered Almee's voice; "it's like trying to rouse the dead. I'm anxious about you. What did they say about that little stunt on the Syderford road?"

Georgina sat up with a gasp, and clutched Almee with both hands as a drowning person clutches a life-buoy.

"It's you, is it?" she said fiercely. "I've got you, Almee—make up your mind to it! This dreadful business is finished. We're done for—especially you!"

"Eh?" exclaimed Almee, a little startled. "What have you got the breeze up about now?"

"You'll know very soon! Who," said Georgina sternly, still holding her, "was that man that was with you? Who was he?"

"Man?" said Almee. "Oh, you mean Billy. One of the best that ever stepped! A dinking good sort."

"Billy?" echoed Georgina in a shaking voice. "Tell me. Tell me all!" she said, tightening her grip.

"Well, why not?" said Almee, and forthwith she related the Saga of Billy. The tale, as it proceeded, seemed to affect Georgina with creeping palsy. When it ended, she was trembling violently. She made two unsuccessful efforts to speak. She reminded Almee of a hen with something stuck in its throat.

"You are staying with this Man?" gasped Georgina. "This Spencer—in Stanhoe? And he let you do it? The man's a cad!"

Almee sprang up, tearing herself loose from her cousin's hands.

"How dare you say that! Cad? If there's only one gentleman on this earth, it's Billy!"

She glared at Georgina.

"There's no beastly sentiment to Billy, thank heaven. That's why we became pals; because we want to get away from it all. I see nothing wrong in it—nor does he."

"Then he's a fool!" said Georgina bitterly. "Oh, what can one say?" she groaned. "I know there's nothing wrong. That you are incapable of—"

she choked. "And this man, from what you tell me, he is just such another as you. He is not a man—he is a child! Or he is from some place where things are—very different from what they are with us. But you are living in Eastshire—not in the desert. You know what Eastshire is. If ever this comes out—as come out it must—your reputation and your good name are gone—finished!"

"That, I suppose, you do not care for," she said bitterly, rising and facing Almee, "but one thing I can tell you and you may believe me. This thing will kill your father!"

Almee stared at her blankly.

"I know your father, better, perhaps, than you do, Almee. To Lord Scroope, black is black and white white. No one is more proud, more sensitive. That his daughter should be living in an obscure lodging, under an assumed name—with a strange man she picked up on the high road. I tell you, quite soberly and certainly, that it will break his heart."

There was a long silence.

Suddenly Almee sat down on the bed and began to cry. She cried with the abandon of a child of ten, but very bitterly.

"I never wanted to hurt Dad!" she sniffled. "I didn't think—I didn't see—"

"Do you understand at last?" said Georgina grimly.

"Yes," gasped Almee slowly. "I believe I do. Dad! I—"

she caught Georgina by the arm. "I must keep that from him—I must!"

"We must keep it from him," said Georgina trembling, "at any cost. We must find a way, for his sake and yours. This muddle at Jervaulk cannot be hidden; we must face it. But your father must never hear of—the other thing. What are we to do? He is coming here tomorrow afternoon!"

Tearfully she gave her cousin the news in Lord Scroope's letter. Almee stared in blank dismay.

"We have till five o'clock tomorrow," faltered Georgina. "I don't care what happens to me—there's nothing I won't do to save you, Almee. Her face brightened suddenly. "I've thought of a way—"

"And so have I!" said Almee eagerly. "There's just a chance—go on—let's hear your plan!"

"If we can keep the whole thing quiet till five tomorrow we shall pull through—with luck. Should anything turn up before then, to show that you're not here where you ought to be—we're done for," said Georgina, tragically. "My plan is this; You must go at once—"

A loud clanging interrupted her, as of a vibrating hammer striking a gong. It jarred horribly on the silence of the dark abbey. Followed the crash and tinkle of breaking glass, and the sound of a fall. A second gong spoke with a brassy tongue.

Georgina went very white.

"Great Scott! What's this awful row?" exclaimed Almee.

Georgina pressed a hand to her bosom.

"It's—it's one of Lady Erythea's burglar alarms," she said faintly. "The house is full of them!"

In half a minute the abbey was galvanised into extraordinary activity.



"Great Scott! What's This Awful Row?" Exclaimed Almee.

Swift running feet padded along the corridors. The squeak of a maid-servant broke shrilly through the chorus.

Almee and Georgina stared at each other open-mouthed.

There was a violent pounding on the door. "Are you awake, miss?" said an excited voice. "There's thieves in the house—her ladyship's jewels stolen! Keep your door locked till she comes to you!"

The speaker was heard retreating swiftly down the passage.

"That's torn it!" gasped Almee, running to the door. "If aunt finds me here—"

She unlocked the door swiftly and opened it.

"Almee!" breathed the trembling Georgina, "don't—"

"I've got to get out, I tell you! I can't stay here!"

Almee looked rapidly up and down the passage. It was all clear. She fled at an amazing pace, and, reaching the landing, was aware of a figure of wrath, very like Britannia, but holding a fire-shovel, striding toward her. It was Lady Erythea.

Almee doubled like a hare.

"Stop that woman!" cried Lady Erythea. "Stop her!"

Almee reached the head of the stairs just as Mr. Alexander Lamb, with a jacket over his pajamas, flew to intercept her.

"Stop!" he shouted commandingly. Almee, in full career, gave him a desperate two-handed push. Mr. Lamb's heels flew from under him, and he came down on the slippery oak flooring with a heavy thump.

Down the broad stairs, three at a time, sped the fugitive; in the lower hall the butler, his bald head shining like a comet in the gloom, rushed across the line of communications. Almee dodged too late; the pursuer made an active plunge, and caught her by the skirt.

"I've got her!" shouted the butler triumphantly. His voice rose to a yell as Almee kicked his shins, but he held on inexorably. "I've got her!"

CHAPTER VIII

The Fiat Thicket.

By sheer force of arrested impetus, Almee and the butler spun round each other at arm's length like skaters on a rink; something tipped loudly, the butler, shooting off at a tangent, collided with a suit of armor pedestaled near the wall. The ensuing crash suggested an insurrection in a hardware shop.

Almee skidded against the wall and, recovering, leaped wildly over the two prostrate relics of feudalism—the butler and the coat of mail—and dashed for the double doors that stood open before her. There was a curious banging effect as she ran—a gleam, as it were, of whiteness. The next mo-

ment she had vanished into the night. Alexander rushed to the open door and stared out into the darkness. He heard the sound of the hunt somewhere beyond the fire-reef. For a moment he thought of joining it. But the starlit gloom gave faint encouragement—pursuit seemed very useless. With a sudden impulse Alexander ran back through the hall, turned on the light, and pulled open the door of the telephone call room. He snatched the receiver from the hook.

"Stanhoe police station—put me through quick!" cried Alexander.

Lady Erythea descended the stairs, a superb model for Boadicea among the wreck of the Roman legions. Her eyes flashed fire, her lips were compressed in a thin, tight line, her hand gripped the brass shovel. She glared at the disgruntled butler.

"Tarbeaux!" she cried sharply. "Tarbeaux!"

Mr. Tarbeaux came forward, limping. One hand pressed a crimsoned handkerchief to his nose, which had impacted rather violently upon the good knight's breastplate. His other hand grasped a yard of torn blue cloth, which he waved before him.

"Did you stop that woman?" cried Lady Erythea.

Mr. Tarbeaux' inarticulate answer was in the negative.

"Why not, idiot?" said his mistress. "A household of useless incumbrances unable to stop a single—" The em-purpled handkerchief caught her eye.

"Why, what is the matter, man? Are you wounded?"

"Proud—shed m' blood—ladyship's service!" sniffled Mr. Tarbeaux. "Couldn't help skirt tearin', m' lady."

"What?"

Mr. Tarbeaux, with a silent but splendid gesture, laid the piece of torn skirt upon the hall bench.

"Clue, m' lady," he said, with the air of a bankrupt making the most of his assets. "With this it should not be difficult to trace the thief."

"Trace her!" snorted Lady Erythea. "If you had held on to her there would have been no need to trace anything!"

Mr. Lamb joined them; his mild eye at once apprehended the significance of the piece of serge.

"I cannot see that Tarbeaux is to blame," he said in his aunt's ear; "he did his best, and after all it is unimportant."

"Unimportant! The infamous creature has got clear away!"

"My dear aunt! That stupid girl cannot have been the thief. You do not really suppose this burglary was committed by a woman!"

"Most certainly I do!" cried Lady Erythea. "I can believe anything of the modern woman—anything! She hid when the alarm sounded, and made a desperate dash for escape when I discovered her. It is as clear as daylight to anybody but a fool! It is certain she had my emeralds upon her at the time, and it is lucky none of you are killed—though it would be very little loss. Tarbeaux, did you recognize the creature whom you allowed so egregiously to escape?"

"No, my lady. It was too dark. And the incident was somewhat sudden," said Mr. Tarbeaux apologetically. "It was a young person—I am unable to say more. But I am sure she was not one of our household."

"I have telephoned the police at Stanhoe," said Mr. Lamb; "they are coming immediately by car."

"A gleam of intelligence at last! Thank you, Alexander—and forgive me—I am overwrought. My course does not apply to you. The whole affair is appalling!" said Lady Erythea, clenching her hands. "My pearls, the diamond chaplet—these comparatively are trifles—but the emeralds are gone. The Lamb emeralds!"

The audience shrank before her wrath.

"It is incredible! Twelve years ago the abbey was broken into—this is the second case. I had taken every possible precaution, under skilled advice. My safe is modern; I considered I had made the house itself impregnable at night. So it would have been, had I been adequately served. What measures did you take, Tarbeaux? I was absurd enough to think I could rely upon you, in an emergency like this!"

"I retired at the usual hour, my lady, to my room in the passage," said Mr. Tarbeaux unhappily, "as I have done for years, by your instructions, in view of—an emergency like this. One of the alarms roused me; I rose immediately, only waiting long enough to don a garment—"

"Go on, man, go on!"

"While putting them—while putting it on, my lady, I sounded my bell, which connects with the other men-servants' rooms, and ran into the hall. At that moment I thought I heard feet on the gravel outside, and unbolting the front door I rushed out—"

"Leaving an exit for any thief in the house to escape by!" snorted Lady Erythea. "Continue your brilliant narrative."

"I was in a house—and it was burgled. They thought it was me—and I scooted—they're chasing me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Busy Season.

"Brief and irregular during the campaign season," replied Senator Borghum. "My working hours occupy most of the day and some of the night. I only go to my office when I want to rest."

Adjectives.

Bill—I understand you had very pessimistic dealings in Wall Street? Will—No. Very expensive.

Czechoslovak Singers Who Are Touring America



This group of boys and girls from Czechoslovakia, who have thrilled European audiences with their concert work, despite the fact that many of them are cripples, have come to America to make a tour of the country. They are under the guidance of Col. Rudolph Swarer, shown in center of back row. At the left is Frantik Filip, one of the singers, who, being armless, writes by holding the pen in his toes.

United States Supreme Court Before the Camera



This is the first photograph of the Supreme court of the United States as now constituted. Seated, left to right—Justices Willis Van Devanter and Joseph McKenna, Chief Justice William Howard Taft, Justices Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Clark McReynolds. Standing—Justices Pierce Butler, Louis Dombits Brandeis, George Sutherland and Edward Terry Sanford.

Chicago Swimming Season Opened



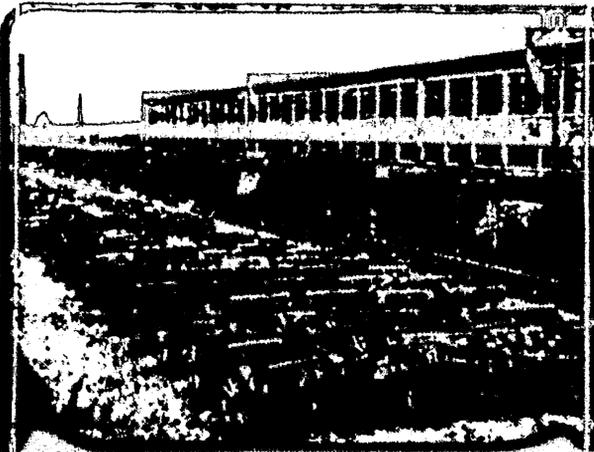
Benny Williamson, of tender age, and an ardent cold water bug, trying out the cold waves of Lake Michigan on the Gold Coast of Chicago and splashing a little cold water on a young lady friend who accompanied him to the lake. Benny had been begging his parents for two weeks to allow him to be the first youngster to open the 1923 swimming season. It snowed that morning.

ARMY BEAUTY TO WED



The engagement is announced of pretty Miss Mary Lanning Palmer, daughter of Brig. Gen. and Mrs. John McAuley Palmer, to Capt. Norman Hemus Chandler, son of Mrs. Chandler and the late Norman F. Chandler. Miss Palmer made her debut last year and is one of the most popular members of the younger set.

Captured Guns Destined for City Parks



At Fort Newark, N. J., are thousands of shells captured from Germany during the war, and very many guns which were originally captured from Russia by Germany, then recaptured—all waiting to decorate country school yards or city parks.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Myra has three societies for the liberation of women.
In London women frequently are employed in serving waiters.
Marshal Mag, executed by the French government, died crying "Long live France!"
During the lifetime the sturgeon lays about 7,000,000 eggs.
The patent office at The Hague employs two women engineers.
Scientists tell us that the current of the Amazon is felt 150 miles at sea.
Great deposits of tar sands have been found in the northern part of Alberta, Canada.

FISH TRUST JAILED



Wealthy defendants in the fish trust case, sentenced to jail at Deer Island, near Boston, are shown above going on board the Hibbard for a solitary harbor voyage which ended at the house of correction.

The American Legion

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

LEGION IS NONPOLITICAL

National Commander Reiterates Statement That Organization Does Not Mix in Controversies.

Replying to an assertion that the American Legion was engaged in political activity in California, made in congress by Representative Goodykoontz of West Virginia, Alvin Owsley, Legion national commander, stated: "The American Legion reiterates the statement that it is a nonpolitical, nonsectarian organization. It is not concerned whether its members are Republicans, Democrats or Socialists, Protestants, Catholics or Jews. It is the one all-inclusive American organization of ex-service men. The first qualification for membership must be that a man or woman served America in her great crisis. It follows then, naturally, that the man or woman is qualified to serve America in peace, now.

"The American Legion is not interested in the political destiny of any of the great parties. A distinguished congressman seems unable to read the difference between loyalty to political parties and loyalty to country. The American Legion looks beyond and above all consideration of party interest, and sees only the good of the country.

"Mr. Goodykoontz charges that the Legion in California appreciates and is undertaking to circulate a speech of William G. McAadoo, delivered at Fullerton, Cal., last Armistice day, in which he discusses the adjusted compensation bill. I have no information that this is true. But if it is, I must also call the attention of the congressman to the fact that for more than a year the Legion has been circulating to its members and to the general public the addresses of Hon. Joseph W. Fordney, chairman of the ways and means committee of the house at the present time, and the author of the adjusted compensation bill. If the distinguished statesman from West Virginia will make a good speech favoring the adjusted compensation bill, the American Legion will, in all likelihood, give the largest circulation to his speech that he has ever had in all his life."

WILSON AND PADUCAH FIRST

Former President and Kentucky Post Prompt With Donations to Decorate Graves in Europe.

Woodrow Wilson, commander of the members of the American Legion during their World War days, was the first war notable to contribute to the permanent endowment fund of \$100,000 which the Legion will raise to provide for the permanent decoration of graves of war dead in Europe. The first Legion post to respond to the appeal for funds was the post at Paducah, which announced a contribution of \$25 within a few hours after the appeal was broadcast.

The Legion, in announcing the campaign, stresses the fact that the raising of a permanent fund will obviate the necessity of making yearly appeals for contributions. The fund will remain in the national treasury of the American Legion, subject to expenditure only for the purpose of decorating the graves of 32,100 war dead in Europe.

Many posts will raise their quotas for the fund by selling poppies during the week preceding Memorial day. Legion national headquarters has obtained a supply of 2,500,000 silk poppies and has urged all members and patriotic citizens to wear the flower in honor of those who lie in Flanders fields.

AH SING IS TO BE CHEMIST

Chinese-American Boy, Recent American Essay Contest Winner, Has Chosen Profession.

Ah Sing Ching, thirteen-year-old Chinese-American boy, of Ewa, Oahu, Hawaii, who won first prize in the American Legion's national essay contest, was the guest of honor at a recent meeting of the Ad club of Honolulu.

After the luncheon, some one asked little Ah Sing Ching, who defeated 50,000 American-born school children in the contest, "What do you expect to study as you grow up and go to college?"

And he answered without hesitation, "chemistry."

The man who asked the question said afterward: "That little Chinese-American boy has picked what to my mind is the great coming profession—that of chemist. The world today is being developed by chemistry, and the great industrial developments of the future will come through chemistry."

Ah Sing Ching will receive a scholarship of \$750 in any college or university, donated by Sanford MacNider, past national commander of the Legion.

Gariand W. Fowell, national Association director of the Legion, has announced that another essay contest for school children will be held this year.

POINCARE BRANDS STORIES AS FALSE

PREMIER SAYS FRANCE'S DEMANDS STILL ARE 'REPARATIONS AND SECURITY.'

DENIES OFFER MADE

SAYS GERMANY'S STATEMENT WAS INVENTED FOR THE OCCASION.

Tours, Meuse, France.—Premier Poincare, speaking before thousands of residents of the Meuse department assembled in the town of Void at the unveiling of a monument to the war dead, reiterated emphatically that France's essential conditions to a rapprochement with Germany are now, as always, "reparations and security."

The premier, in a speech which was remarkable because it contained only a few casual references to the Ruhr, drew a parallel between the earnest and successful efforts of the French to pay indemnity and liberate their territory after 1871, and Germany's apathy, refusal and resistance in the matter of paying after 1918. Replying to a speech recently delivered in the Reichstag by Baron von Rosenberg, M. Poincare said:

"Germany's minister of foreign affairs pretended that we entered the Ruhr without sufficient cause, and that we rejected in January, 1923, an offer of 30,000,000,000 marks made to the allies jointly. This offer was invented for the occasion. It was never made.

"But let us admit for the sake of argument that Baron von Rosenberg told the truth. What would follow? That Germany, after formally admitting her indebtedness of 132,000,000,000 marks in May, 1921, and after having obtained in return for this admission the concession that the Ruhr should not be occupied, designed in January, 1923, to offer the allies less than a quarter of the sum promised by her and fixed by the reparations commission. And, at what price would she have us pay for this strange confession? She asked us for a moratorium of three or four years, and consented to give neither tangible security nor guarantee.

"How could we have faith in the promise of 1923, eighteen months after the agreement of 1921 had been made and violated? How could we be fools enough to give the reich that confidence the allies so generously accorded in May, 1921, and which was so outrageously abused?"

"We are exhausted with the restoration of our devastated regions," he concluded. "We will not and we cannot continue indefinitely these advances we are making on Germany's account. Charity begins at home. It is not only because we ought to put these interests of France foremost in our thoughts; but because without a guarantee of our independence and without reconstruction neither the restoration of Europe nor the maintenance of peace is possible."

M. Poincare, as well as M. Maginot, the war minister, who accompanied him, is a native of Lorraine, and, speaking to his own people, he was introduced by the mayor of the little village as "the most illustrious child of our dear Lorraine."

Youths Hurt in Clash at University

Bucharest.—Forty Jewish students were seriously wounded in a clash with Rumanian students in the grounds of the University of Bucharest.

Girl Sentences Men to Death

Moscow.—A bobbed-haired young woman in her early twenties sat as presiding judge at a trial in the Moscow District Court recently and, in a calm voice sentenced seven men to death for robbery with violence. She was Citizness Anna Glanman, formerly of Kharkov, who several months ago so attracted the attention of the commissariat of justice by her shrewd decisions in the Ukrainian courts that she was invited to Moscow and became a member of the presidium of the Moscow District Court.

Says Suspect is Hammer Slayer

San Francisco.—The woman arrested in Honduras as Clara Phillips has been positively identified as the escaped hammer murderer, Sheriff William L. Traeger of Los Angeles announced as he passed through Oakland on his way to Los Angeles and Sacramento, according to the San Francisco Examiner. The identification of the woman was made by means of photographs of Mrs. Phillips, sent to New Orleans, Vera Cruz and Mexico City, through which cities she is said to have passed.

Electric Companies Combine

Tokio.—The great American electric companies which, through their Japanese affiliated companies, have up to the present done the bulk of the business in Japan, are to have further competition. The German firm of Siemens Schuckert has combined with the Furukawa Electric Industrial Company and a larger factory is to be built near Yokohama, according to the local press. The Japanese company will supply the capital and the German one will furnish experts and patent rights.

DENVER BUSINESS DIRECTORY

SPECIAL RUSH SERVICE secured 12 724-7248. This service is available only by telephone.

FREE—One Kodak

Enlargement—Worth 50c. to introduce our Superior Kodak finishing. Mail Kodak films and 40c. and receive 2 prints and one free 6x10 inch enlargement (one first order only). Developing for a roll. Money back if not satisfied. C. B. AUSTIN, 428 17th St. Dept. WNF, Denver, Colo.

JOHN ALLEN JEWELRY CO. Repairing and cleaning. All orders promptly attended to. Ret. 1875, 16th & Champ.

CLEANERS AND DYERS

GRUND DRY CLEANING DENVER'S EXPERT DYER Established TWENTY-FOUR YEARS GRUND BUILDING, 17TH & LOGAN

HOTEL METROPOLE DENVER, COLO. Eminent American and European Plan. Rates \$1.50 Up.

McMURTRY PAINTS AND VARNISHES DENVER, COLO. Sold by Leading Dealers

DIAMONDS. J. B. GIBLIN & Co. Jewellers, Diamonds, Watch Repairing, 1000 Sixteenth Street.

INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

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

COLORADO SEMI-MONTHLY CROP AND LIVE STOCK NOTES

General.—Spring plowing and seeding in Colorado are generally from one to two weeks late, due to the backward spring, according to reports of the U. S. Division of Crop and Live Stock Estimates. The moisture supplies including reservoir storages, are below normal, though snows have been heavy in parts of the state more moisture than usual was needed to fill reservoirs and to put the soil in good tith to commence spring operations. The drought continues in the southeastern counties and much of the soil is too dry for plowing or disking.

Winter Wheat.—A few sections report the condition of the wheat crop as very good, but in general the condition is only fair and the abandonment will be considerable. There has not been much growth as yet, due to the backwardness of the spring, but moisture conditions are quite favorable for present requirements in the north-central and northeastern portions and should result in rapid growth with the advent of warmer weather. The condition is poor upon non-irrigated lands in the southeast, due to the long continued drought and some of the abandoned fields will be summer fallowed.

Live Stock, Hay and Pastures.—Grass on the ranges will be late in many sections, but the present prospect indicates a good growth may be expected for moisture conditions are quite favorable. Hay is becoming very scarce in some sections, due to the protracted feeding season. Some thin cattle are reported, but the health of stock is excellent and losses have been light. A fair to good calf crop is expected. The prospect for the lamb crop is quite good, but some heavy losses of early pigs have been reported.

Miscellaneous.—A few early potatoes were already being planted. Present prospects are good for all classes of fruit with the exception of a little damage reported to apricots.

Marketing Bill to Be Revived

Washington.—Advocacy of the Norris-Sinclair bill creating a government marketing corporation to buy and sell farm products as a means of insuring higher prices will be renewed by the radical farm organizations at the next session of Congress, according to a statement made here by Benjamin G. Marsh, managing director of the Farmers' National Council. The bill received considerable support in both houses of Congress in the last session, although opposed by the conservative element.

Patented Land 46% of Total in State

Denver.—At assessment time in 1922 there was 30,580,922 acres of patented agricultural land in Colorado, or 46.1 per cent of the total area, according to compilations made by the State Immigration Department, from the reports of county assessors. The total patented area at the same time was 32,103,904 acres, the remainder being principally mineral land, railroad rights of way and town and city lots. There is still more than 10,000,000 acres of agricultural land in the state not on the tax rolls.

Miner Robbery "Confession" Discredited

Oakland, Calif.—Patrick James Kelly, dressed in the uniform of an army captain, created a momentary sensation here a few days ago by "confessing" that he was one of the men who robbed the Denver bank a few months ago. Federal agents quickly called to question him soon broke his "confession," however, and he then was said to have admitted he told the story in hopes of being extradited to Denver and then getting his liberty in that way.

DISTINCTIVE NEW WRAPS;

SOME LATE ACCESSORIES

SOME new thing in wraps for summer are captivating the wayward but discriminating fancy of fashionable women.

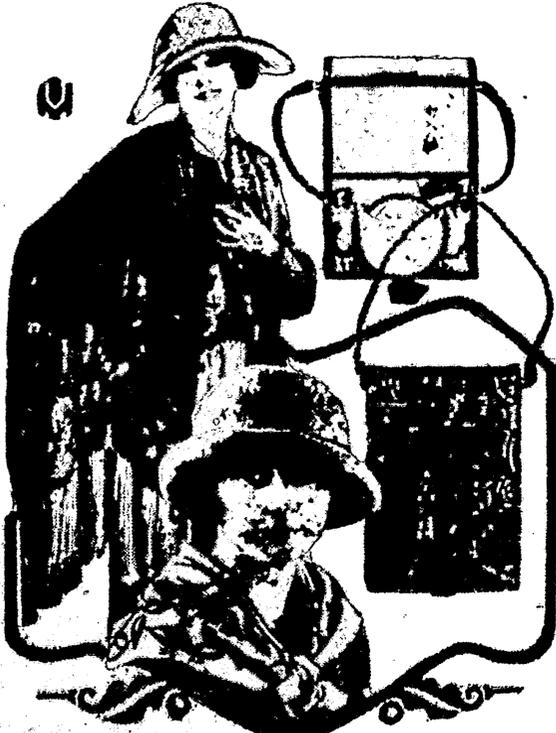
pleto the toilette, there are some that have a passing vogue and others that must be reckoned with every season.



Wrap-Around Model in Black Crepe de Chine.

wraps, with crepe de chine, especially in a dull finish, the favorite. Black leads in the preferred color, but brown, beige, tan and similar shades are included.

the last the hand emerges from a cuff formed by the top of the glove, and the cuff portion is lined with a contrasting color that is repeated in the decorative titchery on the back.



Some Handsome Accessories.

with tie or clasp, designed in several ways, are unrivaled in popularity. Some of them flare toward the bottom of the skirt portion.

brodered in white yarn, finished with yarn fringe. A matching drapery trims the hat of orchid hair braid.

Julia Bottomley (C. 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Be Strong! Say not the days are evil—who's to blame? And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!

FOR BAKING DAY

When bread is to be baked one does not like to cut a shapely loaf while it is hot, so take a small piece of the dough when molding the bread, roll out in a round loaf, place in a pastry plate and when light, bake.

Potato Pancakes (Russian).—Peel three large potatoes and let them stand over night. In the morning grate them into a bowl, add one-half cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg and salt and pepper to taste, with just milk enough to make the batter of the right consistency.

Graham Cracker Cake.—Beat one-half cupful of butter to a cream; add two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, two egg yolks beaten light, and alternately one cupful of milk and two-thirds of a pound of rolled graham crackers; sift with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt and half a teaspoonful of cinnamon or mace; lastly beat in the whites of the eggs beaten stiff and dry.

Sunshine Cake.—Beat the yolks of three eggs until thick, add one-half cupful of cold water and beat until like custard. Add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and beat well.

Many people find eggs hard to digest because they are improperly cooked. Fried eggs should never be served to anyone who has not a good digestion.

FOOD AND DIET

White bread is not the best of food though it may be called the staff of life. It is lacking in vitamins, but does supply energy, as do potatoes if cooked without their jackets.

Too much meat is the great American dietary evil.

How to Salt Pork.—Rub each piece of meat with pure fine salt and pack closely in a jar or barrel. Let stand over night. Small pieces pack much better than large ones.

Unvaried diet is often the cause of stomach trouble. Food that looks attractive, smells and tastes attractive, causes the saliva to flow at once and the gastric juices begin to secrete and flow.

Professor McCullom, now of Johns Hopkins, tells us that liver and kidneys are more nearly complete foods than lean meat of any kind which is lacking in calcium, sodium, chlorine and the three types of vitamins.

Gas Keeps Strides With Electricity. In spite of the tremendous strides of the electrical industry, the gas industry today employs five times as many men and twenty times as much capital as in 1890.

Nellie Maxwell (C. 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

STRAHL FEELS LIKE NEW MAN

Portland Citizen Declares Tan-lao Completely Overcame Stomach Troubles.

J. P. Strahl, 6517 83th St., Portland, Oregon, speaking of his experience with Tan-lao, says: "Tan-lao has ended my stomach trouble, built me up eighteen pounds and I now enjoy the best health of my life. But for two years before I got Tan-lao, stomach trouble had me in its grip, and all sorts of ailments kept bobbing up to cause me misery.

People who look for trouble never look in vain.

Aspirin

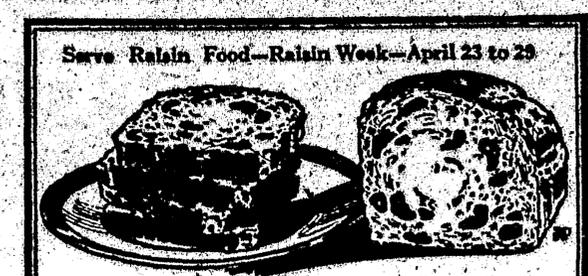
Say "Bayer" and Insist!



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

A new bride sweeps clean.



Have You Tried Them from your modern bakers' ovens?

These big, brown loaves of "old-fashioned" full-fruited raisin bread? Order from your grocer or a neighborhood bake shop.

Note the raisin flavor that permeates these loaves. Say you want the bread that's made with Sun-Maid Raisins.

Count the big, plump, tender, juicy raisins in each slice. Good raisin bread is a rare combination of the benefits of nutritious cereal and fruit—both good and good for you, so serve it at least twice a week.

It's real raisin bread—the kind you're looking for. Use more raisins in your cakes, puddings, etc.

Ready-baked to save baking at home. Delicious and convenient—and economical in cost. 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 no more than ordinary raisins.

SUN-MAID RAISINS The Supreme Bread Raisin

Sun-Maid Raisins are grown and packed in California by Sun-Maid Raisin Growers, a co-operative organization comprising 14,000 grower members.

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

SICK HEADACHE

Take a good dose of Carter's Little Liver Pills then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They restore the organs to their proper functions and headache and the causes of it pass away. THEY REGULATE THE BOWELS and PREVENT CONSTIPATION

10 Cents Gives Charming New Color Tone to Old Sweaters PUTNAM FADELESS DYES—dyes or tints as you wish

World Needs Such Men. The man who is just and resolute will not be moved from his settled purpose, either by the misdirected rage of his fellow citizens, or by the threats of an imperious tyrant.—Horace.

Important to All Women Readers of This Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or 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.

Some Girl! Some Girl! Exchange.—The bride is a woman of wonderful fascination and a remarkable attractiveness, for with manner as enchanting as the wand of a siren and disposition as sweet as the odor of flowers, and spirit as joyous as the carolling of birds and mind as brilliant as those glittering tresses that adorn the brow of winter and with heart as pure as the dew-drops trembling in a coronet of violets, she will make the home of her husband a paradise of enchantment, where the heaven-tuned harp of marriage shall send forth those strains of felicity that thrill the senses with the rhythmic pulsing of ecstatic rapture.—Boston Transcript.

Gas Keeps Strides With Electricity. In spite of the tremendous strides of the electrical industry, the gas industry today employs five times as many men and twenty times as much capital as in 1890.

A lawn dress is appropriate for a very small citizen.

THE PROVERBIAL LAST STRAW

Flora's Papa Had Stood Much, but This Time Mickey Had Gone Beyond the Limit. Mickey is a collie pup. Flora's sister gave Mickey to Flora last Christmas.

Mickey has done a great many things that a little dog should not do, but his wagging tail, roguish expression and rollypoly antics have always won him forgiveness. But now Mickey is in disgrace.

Flora's mamma didn't get angry when Mickey pulled the cover off the table and broke one of her best china cups.

Flora's papa forgave Mickey when he chewed the sole off one of his house slippers.

And, of course, Flora couldn't do anything when Mickey tore one of her best silk stockings.

But last week the assessor came to Flora's house and Mickey met him on the front porch.

Flora's papa says: "It's too much." —Indianapolis News.

Where the Money Went. Doctor—"Well, I hope you profited by my advice." Patient—"Yes, doctor, but not so much as you did."

Starting Out. Grocer—"Is there something else?" Young Bride—"What would you suggest?"—Life.

To Have a Clear, Sweet Skin. Touch pimples, redness, freckles or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Advertisement.

Durst Its Bonds. Another girl and I are studying home nursing during the evening, which necessitates our staying downtown for dinner. In order to save expenses we cook our meals in the office and consequently have had to take down a lot of kitchen utensils.

I was bringing a frying pan down one morning. It was an awkward bundle to carry, and when I got in the crowded street car away up in front so that every one could see me something went "clang," like a fire alarm. Everybody looked, and there in front of me was my frying pan, which had fallen out of the paper. A man nearly fell over it, but kindly picked it up and gave it to me. There I had to stand until the end of my journey. —Chicago Tribune.

A robin lays but three eggs a year. For that reason we must watch the cats. The business of a palmist is along various lines.

What to Eat and Why Making a Big Word an Easy Part of Your Diet

Car-bo-hy-drates make up about 60 per cent of the average diet. They produce heat and energy. They are largely secured from the grain and vegetable starches. In the long, slow baking by which Grape-Nuts is produced from wheat and malted barley, the grain starches are partially pre-digested. They are changed to "dextrina" and "maltose"—forms of carbohydrates so easy to digest that they form the basis of the most successful baby foods.

Many people have digestive troubles caused by the food-starch in its original form, but Grape-Nuts has been famous for a century for its exceptional ease of digestion, and assimilation, and its splendid, building nourishment. It is a food for strength and energy, delightfully crisp and appetizing, made today by the same formula which first brought this charm for taste and aid to health to the world's dining table. Grape-Nuts contains the iron, phosphorus and the essential vitamin, so often lacking in modern, "refined" foods. Many servings of real food value in a package of this economical food. At your grocer's today—ready to serve with cream or milk. Grape-Nuts—the Body Builder. "There's a Reason." Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

WESTERN HOTEL

Mrs W. J. McAdams

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

HOTEL CENTRAL

F. H. Arnold, Proprietor

Home Cooking

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

THE TITSWORTH COMPANY

Incorporated
Captain, N. M.

Wholesale and Retail
General merchandise

Wire, Iron Roofing, Grain
etc

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

Patronize Home Industry

YOU

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

We Repair Watches and Clocks

Spend your money in Corona

Corona Shoe Repair Shop

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, Trousers, Socks,
Underwear, etc

Genuine Army Clothing at Reasonable Prices

Nick Russell, Corona Shoe Shop

ATKINSON-SIMPSON CO.

General Blacksmithing, Garage
work, Acetylyn welding

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

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, 1922, made Homestead
Application, No. 048506, for SW¹/₄ NE¹/₄, E¹/₂ SE¹/₄, Sec. 22, S¹/₂ NW¹/₄, SW¹/₄ NE¹/₄, NW¹/₄ SE¹/₄, NE¹/₄ SW¹/₄, SW¹/₄ SW¹/₄, Sec. 23, W¹/₂ NE¹/₄, NW¹/₄ SW¹/₄, Sec. 26, E¹/₂ NE¹/₄, NE¹/₄ SE¹/₄, Sec. 27, T. 4-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 17th day of May, 1923.
Claimant names as witnesses:
A. B. Lunn of Jicarilla, N. M., Manuel Alvarez of Roswell, N. M., Juan Chaves of Jicarilla, N. M., and Francisco 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 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. Addl.
No. 040182, for Lots 2, 4, and 5, S¹/₂ NW¹/₄ Sec. 2, T. 2-S, R. 14-E; Lots
1, 2, S¹/₂ NE¹/₄, Sec. 2, T. 2-S, R. 14-E;
NW¹/₄ Section 25; S¹/₂ NE¹/₄ Sec. 24,
T. 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. David-
son, U. S. Commissioner, at Corona,
N. M., on the 25th day of May, 1923.
Claimant names as witnesses:
Charles W. Wade, Will B. McDon-
ald, 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 Roswell, N. M.,
February 26th, 1923.
Notice is hereby given that Herabio
Banchas, of Duran, who, on Oct. 27,
1917, made H. E. No. 041922, for
E¹/₂ NW¹/₄, NE¹/₄ Sec. 26, Twp. 2-S,
R. 16-E; W¹/₂ NE¹/₄ Section 25, T. 2-
N, Range 16-E, and S. R. H. E. Addl.
No. 041824, for S¹/₂ Sec. 18, Twp. 2-N, R. 16-E,
N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of
intention to make three year proof,
to establish claim to the land above
described, before E. M. Harris, U. S.
Commissioner, at Vaughn, on the
16th day of April, 1923.
Claimant names as witnesses:
Martha Lopez, Juan L. Banchas,
Francisco Sanchez and Pat E. San-
chez, all of Duran, 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, 1922, made Orig. H. E.
entry, No. 022594, for W¹/₂ Section 24,
T. 1-N, R. 16-E, and July 3, 1922,
made Additional H. E. entry No. 022595,
for E¹/₂ Section 24, T. 1-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,
N. Mex., on the 23rd 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.
JUNO W. MACKENSON, Register

Copy for 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.,
March 12th, 1923.
Notice is hereby given that Daniel
J. Embry, of Corona, N. M., who, on
Sept. 27, 1919, made homestead entry
No. 046002, for SE¹/₄ SE¹/₄ Sec. 1, E¹/₂
NE¹/₄ Sec. 12, 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. David-
son, U. S. Commissioner, at Corona,
N. M., on the 27th day of May, 1923.
Claimant names as witnesses:
Leda J. Arzabright, Andrew N.
Golden, Robert N. Cressett and Thom-
as D. Colbaugh, 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, NM Jan. 29; 1923

Notice is hereby given that
Ab Stroope, Corona, N. M., who
on Oct. 8 1919, made Homestead
Application, No. 044018, for S.
W. ¹/₂ S. E. ¹/₄, Sec. 7, N. ¹/₂ N. E. ¹/₄,
N. E. ¹/₂ N. W. ¹/₄, Sec. 18, Town-
ship 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. Commissio-
ner at Cedarvale, N. M., on the
3d day of May, 1923.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles
E. Vickery, John N. Sanders, Lester C.
Welsh, Adam N. Vickery, all of Cedar-
vale, N. M.
Jaffa Miller, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M.,
February 26th, 1923.
Notice is hereby given that Clyde
H. Jones, of Corona, N. M., who, on
Aug. 26, 1918, made second H. A. No.
048227 and on March 18, 1920 add,
H. E. No. 041921, for SW¹/₄ NW¹/₄,
NW¹/₄ SW¹/₄, W¹/₂ SE¹/₄, SE¹/₄ SE¹/₄, Sec.
3 and S¹/₂ NE¹/₄ Sec. 4 and Lots 3, 4,
SE¹/₄ NW¹/₄, NE¹/₄ SE¹/₄ Sec. 5; Lots 1
and 2, Section 4, Twp. 1-S, Range
14-E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed no-
tice of intention to make final three
year proof, to establish claim to the
land above described, before E. F.
Davidson, U. S. Commissioner, at
Corona, N. M., on the 18th day of
April, 1923.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Samuel M. Colbaugh, William R.
Kelm, Thomas D. Colbaugh and Alex-
ander 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 E.
Lunn of Corona, N. M., who on Oct. 09,
1922 made Orig. H. E. No. 030430 and
on Oct. 30, 1922 Addl. H. E. No. 030437
for SW¹/₄-4; SE¹/₄-4 NW¹/₄-4; SW¹/₄-4 SE¹/₄-4
Sec. 15; N¹/₂ NW¹/₄-4 Sec. 22 and SE¹/₄-4
SE¹/₄-4 Sec. 15, S¹/₂ SW¹/₄-4 Sec. 13; N¹/₂-2
NW¹/₄-4 Sec. 23; N¹/₂-2 NE¹/₄-4; SW¹/₄-4
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 10th day of May
1923

Claimant names as witnesses:
Willis R. Lovelace, Wilho Stewart, Peter
Nunes, those of Corona, N. M., J. D.
Hatcher of Jicarilla, M
Jaffa Miller Register

Eureka Garage

Blacksmithing, In Connection
At Cedarvale

Gas and Oil, Tires, Tubes and Accessories
Acetylyn Welding

J. H. Myers, Proprietor

We Take Pleasure

In using this space in extending our
thanks to our customers for their trade
while in the market business and appre-
ciate the trade of old and new customers
while we continue the grocery business.

Don't Forget The Sale

that is now on from April 19 to May 1st

We Buy Chickens, Eggs and Cream

City Phone 2 long 2 short

Free Delivery

Ballards Cash Grocery

Exchange Bank

Carrizozo, N. M.

ESTABLISHED 1892

Accounts solicited. Inquiries promptly answered



THE LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE NATION

There is no phase of the achievements of our government more creditable to us than that dealing with the acquisition and handling of our outlying possessions.

A foreigner speaking of the United States colonization work says: "There never was a colonizing power which set out so fast to teach and educate the native races with which it came in contact. One great fact in development which citizens of the United States understand is that money spent on essentials is bound to pay itself back."

An interesting account of our insular and other outlying possessions is given in the latest booklet of the series on Our Government being issued monthly by this Institution. Are you receiving them?

STOCKMEN'S STATE BANK

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. Durfee, of Corona, N. M., who, on
Jan. 24, 1910, made Original H. E.
entry, No. 041200 for S¹/₂ SW¹/₄
Sec. 20; S¹/₂ NW¹/₄, NW¹/₄ Sec. 20;
SW¹/₄ NW¹/₄, S¹/₂ NE¹/₄, NE¹/₄ NE¹/₄
SW¹/₄, Section 25, T. 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 Raddy, Charlie Wade, Harve
Armstrong and Hugh Nelson, all of
Corona, N. M.
JAFFA MILLER, Register

THE CORONA MAVERICK

Published weekly
Homer A. Stuart, Editor
Corona, New Mexico

Subscription price per Yr., \$1.50

Entered as second class mail matter
at the Post Office at Corona, New Mex.,
January 25, 1921, under the Act of
March 3, 1879.

The Maverick plays no favor-
ites, but stands for truth and
justice to all regardless of rank
or station.

A Summer Resort

Red Cloud canyon, 10 miles
southwest of Corona in the
Gallinas mountains, is one of
the scenic beauty spots of Lin-
coln county.

A little money spent in the
building of a dam to form a lake
around which rustic cottages
could be built, up among the pine
and spruce, would create a sum-
mer resort which, properly ad-
vertised, would attract hundreds
of city-weary visitors every
season.

Forest Ranger J. H. Mims was
enthusiastic when we mentioned
the matter to him and said if
Corona people would display an
interest that the Forest Service
would gladly co-operate.
Who'll start the ball rolling?

Real Public Spirit.

El Paso boosters recently
contributed \$100,000 to be used
in advertising their city. A town
or city inhabited by business-
men and citizens of that type is
bound to grow and prosper.

Hating is indeed a miserable
job. He who hates suffers the
torment of the damned.