

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. 16

Corona, New Mexico, April 17, 1923

Subscription Price \$1.50 per Year

## Corona Trading Company

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Corona, New Mexico

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### THE PIONEER FARMER

Written by Dorothy Arnold,  
7th Grade, April 17, 1923

The people of the East realized that a great nation was growing up in the wild West. They also knew of wide and fertile fields that might be had for the asking, of the great treasures in the mountain sides, and there was immense wealth to be secured by their work. But there were many dangers and obstacles in the path across the mountains and through the forests.

At first along the eastern seaboard there was a group of men huddled together. But these men were courageous and longed for comfortable homes, freedom, and independence. Therefore, these men blazed a trail through the trackless forest, and of tireless plains were formed great farms. Then they sent for their wives and children, and settled down to a free life, where they found the forests and penetrated places which no one but the Indians knew; but as the pioneers became thickly populated, these pioneers longed for their arched lost freedom, that had been taken by the ever-increasing stream of immigrants.

So, making themselves headquarters and placing all their earthly possessions in them, they and their families would float down the Mississippi, to arrive at their new home. Many of them made their homes on the banks of this river, but also many went farther into the wilderness.

They went singly, in pairs, or in companies—going through rocky canyons, over rocky plains—being scorched by the sun, one day and wet to the skin the next from a sudden down-pour, searching for the wild game for food, and sleeping underneath the wings of heaven at night. Many were killed by the wild beasts which prowled about at night, and whose fiery eyes glared at them from behind the trees and bushes, and which stayed in tall, waving grass ready to spring upon their prey. Others of these brave people were scalped by the Indians and left to die in the burning heat of the desert. As you traveled back, your path was often white with the bones of horses, cattle and people who had starved, but and thirty, across the plains and to the heart of the West, where they had perished of thirst and starvation, they lay down to die by the wayside. It was only by a great will and determination to conquer, that these men were able to brave the dangers of the forest, plains and desert back here in the West to build a great nation.

Most of the farmers were very poor and had no worldly possessions except what they took over the mountains in wagons. Each pioneer could readily secure a farm of some size, and set up a home and soon be so secure that he might turn his back upon the power of Europe, for he knew that the course of events beyond the Alleghenies, could not deprive him of his home and living. In fact every family was nearly independent of the outside world. Their homes were made of logs, their cellars were full of canned fruits and vegetables, their smoke-houses were filled with cured hams and bacon, and in truth they were all prepared for the winter.

If the house-wife needed more bed-clothing for winter, a quilting-bee was held, and the supply needed was thus secured. If a farmer needed a room or two added to his house, his neighbors collected cut trees, and built the required rooms. Corn was husked, forests were cleared, and planting and harvesting were done at such times. Every home had a swarm of children about its doors, and every home had many chores ready for them to do. Since all these children must be educated, the pioneers, although they had little time for the refinements of life, founded schools "for the larnin' of boys and girls." As the teachers received a scant wage, they boarded around with all the families that

Help prevent forest fires.

## ATLANTIC WARS AGAINST COAST

Hundreds of Acres Annually Lost in Never-Ending Conflict.

### JERSEY COAST SUFFERS MOST

Land Worth Millions of Dollars Washed Away on Coast of New Jersey—Whole Eastern Shore Line of America Constantly Being Eroded Upon by Ocean Waves—Compensating Areas Sometimes Built Up as Evidence, Land is Not Easily Conquered.

The washing away by the sea of land worth millions of dollars on the coast of New Jersey, pointed to recently in the annual report of the director of the United States coast and geodetic survey, draws attention to the battle waged year in and year out between sea and land along the entire length of America's eastern shore line.

"The truth is that sea and land have been foes since the beginning of time," says a bulletin on the same subject issued from the Washington (D. C.) headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"According to the dreams of some physiographers, these old enemies will remain such until the last mountain pinnacle has been washed down and ground to sand, and the victorious ocean rolls unbroken around the world. But whatever may be the outcome millions of years in the future, we are now in an era of give and take. Many acres—area square miles—of land are lost annually; but compensating areas are built up at other places."

Continuing, the bulletin quotes as follows from a communication to the society by John Oliver La Gerce describing the "artificial" portions of the Atlantic sector where the never-ending conflict rages most furiously: Water Undermines Nantucket's Cliff.

Looking southward across the eastern entrance to Narragansett sound, one might Nantucket island in the distance. On the south side of this island the retreat of the cliffs is often as much as six feet a year.

Farther to the west New Martha's Vineyard, also an outpost of the land. Here there are rearing ramparts of rock a hundred feet high, but even they cannot entirely withstand the incessant attacks of the insomitable sea.

To the southwest of Martha's Vineyard lies the desolate island of 'No-Man's Land,' which is well worthy the name it bears. Gradually the sea is tearing away its vitals, and it is predicted that

ent children to school. The most important branches were reading, 'ritia', and 'rithmetic, therefore these studies were the only ones taught.

Often the teacher would have a time trying to keep ahead of the class. When the school master became angry at his students, he would send them out of doors, at which they would place a board over the chimney and smoke the teacher out, which stunt was regarded as great fun. In the olden times the school-masters were like little kings. He walked and talked like he knew everything; he wanted all the children to be afraid of him. It was a fortunate child that received three months of schooling, for the hard labor of the home and field left little time for learning.

But from these small and hard beginnings has grown a civilization second to none, and one of which we as true Americans, should well feel proud.

ent century... reap beneath the ways forever.

"On the south coast of Long Island we find beaches and shifting sands. Here we get into more hopeful territory, for the land always has an up-building Oliver for every down-tearing Roland the sea may have to offer. From Rhinneck bay to Fire Island a rampart of sand some forty miles long has been thrown forward off the real shore-line, and the sea, pounding against this in its maddest fury, encounters a buffer that throws it back a helpless and exhausted foe. Moreover, the sea is compelled to surrender captive sands taken up elsewhere, and these are re-equipped and put into the front trenches of the island's south-shore defenses.

"On the Jersey coast Sandy Hook stands out as an advance guard of the forces of the land, determined to put through the line of communication of the sea in its drive into the Manhattan bay salient.

"When there is a deeply indented coastline, the ocean currents partially following the shores refuse to follow the indentation and cut straight across, striking deeper water, they slow up and deliver from bondage the captive grains of sand which momentum has enabled them to carry along.

"Eventually these grains grow into a high submarine ridge, which holds up the surging waves and forces them to give up a sand toll as they pass.

Sand Barriers a Protection.

"The Jersey coast is full of classic examples of the war between the land and the sea."

"At Long Branch one may watch the shifting fortunes of the battle. Here, in spite of the most elaborate system of breakwaters man has erected, the shore-line is being led captive inch by inch. But the prisoner would not remain in captivity. As it is being escorted back of the lines it

## Ira O. Wetmore Kills Self Sunday

Ira O. Wetmore, one of Lincoln county's prominent and popular citizens committed suicide early Sunday morning in his room at his home in Carriozo. Mr. Wetmore was found dead by members of his family with a bullet hole thru his head. A note addressed to his wife was found in the room, with the request that its contents not be published. Mr. Wetmore was 45 years of age.

make a successful dash for liberty and rejoin other land units north and south of Long Branch and bids in a counter-attack in those neighborhoods. "In the vicinity of Atlantic City the sea is ever striving to gain a foothold; but at present the heat it can do is to force a shifting of sand reserves from one side of a salient to another. "If the sea in its warfare against the land sometimes ruins a haven of refuge, at other times it is compelled by the land to create such a haven. Off the Maryland-Virginia shore lies the long, barrier-like island of Assateague. Once the seaward southern point of this island was only a bare lip. Gradually, however, the land began to force the sea to give it back, and with this it has built a fine beach behind which many a mariner seeks safety from the fierce northwester that sweep these coasts."

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Mae Atkinson

H. A. Stuart



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# W. A. McCLELEN

Matrimonial Adventures

The Indissoluble Bond

BY Samuel Hopkins Adams

SPEAKING OF SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Samuel Hopkins Adams is one of the few American authors who does not come from the West. He was born in New York state, and can trace his ancestry back to two signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Nine minutes had passed since the tower clock boomed high noon. The organist was harmoniously killing time. The ushers were striving to look easy and unconcerned.

Well, nothing ever had. That is why the match was deemed such a good one for Eleanor Jermyn. If I maintained my private misgivings about mating of the girl's vivid, vibrant, adventurous romanticism with Chester's solemn rigidity of spirit, it was not my business as best man to voice them.

At sixteen minutes and six seconds (by my stopwatch) past twelve, the sexton brought me a note, which read: "Dear Vix: It's all off. I simply can't go through with it."

Through the agency of a hastily inspired usher the news was gradually disseminated through the church that the bridal gown had suffered a last-minute injury of a serious though not necessarily fatal nature, while I was speed-limiting to the Jermyns' home in a car which I had commandeered from the end of the line.

"The devil you will!" said I, startled by the calm assumption of the announcement.

"Yes, together. The faithful of our blood, here and mine, go back there at the last sleep. You'll see that it must be so when you know it all." And he settled back in his chair and spoke.

The Deserted Village lies asleep beside a slaging stream. Years and long years ago, before it had lost its name and faded from the activities of men, there were busy mills there, a group of sturdy mansions, cottages, a church, and a brick street of stores; there was labor and ambition, and love and warm hearthstones; until the newly projected railroad turned and passed it by.

"Think afterward, I'll give you three minutes to be in the car."

"There isn't going to be any afterward. Go back and get rid of them, Vix."

"Oh, yes! Certainly! Just like that!" I returned blithely. "Including Chester, I suppose."

"Especially Chester. I hate him. A nice time to end it out! What's the idea, Norrie?"

"Nothing," replied the bewildering rebel. "I hate him for—oh, just for wanting to marry me."

"See here, Norrie Jermyn," said I authoritatively. "You can't pull this sort of thing just on a bunch of hats. You're either going to produce a sane reason or you're coming with me now."

"Has it not to be said?" she answered dreamily. "Suppose I were married already?"

"You, Norrie! A secret marriage. I don't believe it."

get away from it. Never! Not if I married Chester a hundred times. . . . Was he there at the church?"

"That 'be' never meant Chester Lipscomb; not in that tone! I appreciated that and answered, before I could catch myself."

"Yes." A swift radiance intensified the loveliness of the bride's face. "Oh, Vix! Did he send me a message?"

Suddenly I felt sorry for our wedding party; I knew from that moment it was a hopeless case. I also felt wrathful.

"So this is a put-up job," I accused her. "Don't you think it's pretty raw to—"

"The messenger; his message!" she bemoaned. Then, as I shook my head she continued: "It wasn't put up. I hadn't seen him or heard from him. Not for months. Oh, it's been long!"

There was a heart-wrenching quiver in her voice. "Then something told me he was here. That's the way it happened with us at the first. So I knew I couldn't go through with it with Chester."

"I surrendered. 'I'll give you the message when I come back,' I promised."

"Come soon," she whispered. A sort of well-bred social riot followed my return to the church, in which the coolest figure was the bridegroom. You might know he'd take it that way and go off dignifiedly to Japan or Jugo-Slavia or somewhere, which is exactly what he did.

When what was left of wretched Me got back to the Jermyns' Norrie was after me instantly.

"Where is he, Vix?"

"At the Pioneers'. What are you going to do about it?"

"Send for him."

"To come here? The family will love that!"

"The family aren't speaking to me anyway. Can you blame them?"

"You might at least spare them an extra scandal. If he comes here now, the reporters, massed outside, will catch him and things will be worse than before, if possible."

Norrie thought that over, not being wholly beyond reason—"yet." "Vix, will you be very good to—"

"I'll do it," she said. "I'll do it," she said. "I'll do it," she said.

"Oh, darn it, I'll go!" I yielded. Calvin Bennett received me with a matter-of-fact air which did not soothe my sense of injury.

"Since you had to come back," said I, "couldn't you have contrived to get here earlier?"

"Sorry," he returned composedly, "but I've only just landed."

"From where?"

"South America. We were lost in the wilds."

"At least you might have sent word ahead."

"I wired yesterday. Her parents must have intercepted it."

"They would," I reflected aloud. Well, what am I here for?"

the Deserted Village from the world of actualities than the spell of peace entailed her. Through the soothing cadences of the burial service she stood, half hypnotized, her face at once piteous and dreamy, vivid and possessed, in the dappled movement of shadows.

It was thus that Robert Bennett first saw her.

Was there some signal that passed from him to her, at once occult and compelling, drawing her gaze to the spot in the far corner of the churchyard where he sat leaning against the bole of a giant elm? She answered that long, immovable look of his with the unconscious response of widened eyes and parted lips of wondering. And after the last motorcade had lurched across the bridge at the close of the ceremony, she remained, making the excuse to her family that she was tired and wanted to be alone for a while, they could send for her later. She stood studying, with an eerie feeling of disembodiment, her own name carved in the gray stone of a tall monument in the Jermyn plot.

"Eleanor Jermyn, wife of Samuel Jermyn; Born 1827, Died, 1897."

And beneath it that trust of invincible faith, "Whither thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

Opposite stood the headstone of Samuel Jermyn, dead three years before his wife.

A voice spoke quietly close behind the living Eleanor Jermyn: "That pledge was not for him."

"Not for Samuel Jermyn?" she queried. It seemed quite in keeping with the place and the spell that the voice of the stranger who had silently bidden her to stay should be telling her secret things of the past.

"You mustn't think it was for him," insisted the voice.

"How strangely you say that! As if you were angry. Or jealous."

"Jealous? Perhaps I am. Do you want to know the rest?"

She followed him to the corner under the elm where he silently pointed out another stone inscribed:

"Calvin Bennett, Born 1822, Died 1890: 'Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried.'"

There, then was the clue to the dead; she sought the clue to the living. "Did you come to the funeral?"

"Not your funeral, Miss." Both laughed—the implication and the tenacity for the moment relaxed. "My grandmother's. She was buried three days ago. All of us Bennetts come back here. It's in my great-grandfather's will that we shall."

"And all of us Jermyns, I'm Eleanor Jermyn."

He nodded. "Of course. You had to be."

"Did I? Why?"

"That's what has kept me here waiting, when I should be home packing up for the interior of Brazil. I knew there was something telling me to wait. But I didn't know what. Until I saw you."

"Don't be absurd," she chided him. But there was a tone of expectancy, of acceptance, of suspense in her voice.

"Do I go too fast? I suppose I do. But, you see, I've waited so long."

"So long? Three days by your own account."

"Seventy-five years," he retorted with a gentle but inflexible assurance. "You talk like a ghost."

"Perhaps I am. Part ghost, at least. Aren't you? Aren't we all?"

"Ghosts of past lives?" she queried thoughtfully. "Like those lying here about us? Tell me about them."

"I know only a little about those two, the only two that matter to us two. My great-grandfather, Calvin Bennett, left here when he was a young man and went to the Mexican war. He never came back alive. He married my great-grandmother in the South years later. But there was a broken romance stronger than his marriage that drew him back here, and all of us after him. I never knew what it was until, at Grandmother's funeral last week, I read the inscription on your headstone."

"After what we have been to each other?"

"That was our punishment," said the woman-voice fearfully. "You must go, Calvin."

"Go? Leave you? You are my wife, not his, in the sight of Heaven."

"No," the woman-voice denied, weakly and inflexibly. "I am bound in honor and in duty and in law. He is a good man."

"Eleanor!" cried the man-voice. There was a sound of sobbing, hushed sharply, a cry of the agony of parting in the woman-voice, and the man-voice once again, fading.

"I will go. But I hold you through time and eternity. Ours is the true marriage. I will return to claim you, though it were a thousand years. I bind you to wait for me."

The sun shot through between massed clouds, drawing back to the world of the living the two still figures in the church portico. The girl's eyes were heavy with tears and passion and wonder as she turned them upon her companion.

"Did you kiss me?" she murmured. "Or was it—"

"No." He shook his head. "It was in the dream."

"The dream! The voices! You heard them, too?"

"Everything."

"What does it mean?"

"What could it mean, except that we have come back to each other?"

"Don't!" she rebelled. "You frighten me."

He smiled at her, and her breath quickened in her throat. "Why should you be afraid, beloved?"

The glare of a motor horn brought Eleanor Jermyn to a sense of realities. She jumped to her feet. "Whew!" she whistled briskly. "We're lucky to be alive after that close call. Look!"

A bough, riven by the thunderbolt from the great elm, covered Calvin Bennett's mound as with a massive wreath.

"There's the car, come back for me," she added.

"You're not going, now?" he said, incredulously.

"Of course," she laughed. But there was a tremor in her voice.

"Eleanor!" He held out his arms. She swayed to him, pressed to him, set her lips to his in a swift, soft caress.

"That's for good-by," she said, breathlessly. "It's all nonsense, you know. And we must forget."

He wrote her once, a long, passionate, yearning letter, ending, "I bind you to wait for me." Then the land of vast forests and unmapped rivers swallowed him up.

And Eleanor Jermyn told herself that it was only a strange and sweet and finished episode.

"And now," said Calvin Bennett, "when may I see her?"

By all the proprieties I should have consulted the Jermyn family. But, what use? Those two would have been drawn together as inevitably as magnet and steel.

GAS IS CAUSE OF MINE DISASTER

FAULTY VENTILATION FAN COSTS TEN LIVES AT AQUILAR MINE

EXPLOSION KILLS TEN

RESCUE CREWS FORCED TO ENTER MINE THROUGH AN AIRSHAFT

Trinidad, Colo.—Ten bodies of the miners have been removed from the Southwestern mine of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company in the Aguilar district, which was the scene of a gas explosion.

Two blackened and mangled bodies lie in an undertaking place at Aguilar, and eight others in the morgue here. The body of Leon Cordova, was the last one removed from the wrecked north slope.

The ten miners, whose bodies have been recovered, were caught in an explosion of gas in the mine during a fifteen-minute period when the ventilation fan was shut off. Officials believe that a light from a miner's torch touched off the explosion that wrecked the mine and killed the ten men.

The dead are: Leon Cordova, John Konistakis, John Sonaginis, Chris Katsicis, Candelario Trujillo, Tony Boznan, Roy Gallegos, Luke Lucero, Alex Johnson, P. F. McKenna.

The body of Cordova was found within 200 feet of the entrance, indicating that he was making his way out when caught by the explosion.

Superintendent Morgan Williams of the mine had just started out to investigate the shutdown of the ventilation fan. But the fifteen minutes that the fan had not been working, enough of the deadly gases penetrated the shaft, and the light exploded it.

He was hurled some twenty feet by the force of the explosion, but was unhurt.

The air pump was not damaged by the explosion and was used to clear the shaft of foul air and pump fresh air to the rescue workers.

Falls from the wall of the slope were heavy but the roof in the greater portion remained intact, greatly facilitating the work of rescue.

Eighty men working in gangs and shifts assisted in the rescue work. The rescue was in charge of a rescue force rushed to the scene of disaster in a government bureau of mines car from Trinidad. Men from nearby camps, the C. F. and I. Company and the Victor American mines joined in the work.

Had the average normal number of men been working in the shaft at the time of the explosion mine officials say that between forty-five and seventy men would have been killed. The men who were killed were working on an idle day.

The explosion is the first one at Southwestern mine, and the only one in the Trinidad coal field since March of 1922, when nineteen were killed at Sopria.

The mine is three and one-half miles north of Aguilar, and has large workings, owing to the number of years it has been producing. The product averages 200 tons a day when in full operation, and gives employment to sixty and more miners.

The underground workers of the mine were badly wrecked by the explosion. The blast demolished the mouth of the mine and rescue workers entered the mine through an airshaft.

Gompers Denounces Radicals

New York—Samuel Gompers has launched what labor leaders interpreted as a fight to drive from the American Federation of Labor the radical movement represented by the Trade Union Education League, including W. Z. Foster and C. B. Ruthenberg. Just before Mr. Gompers took the platform a resolution generally condemning radical organizations within the union was voted unanimously. Mr. Gompers denounced the One Big Union as the ideal of men whose slogan was "Amalgamate or annihilate."

Subway Train Stalls in Tube

New York—About 2,000 passengers, trapped in a tunnel under the East river when an Interborough subway train stalled and held up three other trains, had to walk along narrow runways to exits in Long Island City. Burning out of electrical apparatus on trains that tried to force the stalled train out of the tunnel, filled the tube with smoke, adding to the nervousness of the large throng. Several women fainted.

Ogden Explosion Injures Fourteen

Ogden, Utah—Fourteen persons were injured in an explosion in the center of the downtown district here, which resulted when a fire ignited an oil-saturated pile of wood to set a bonfire in connection with the closing festivities of boys' week here. The wood had been stacked by boys during the day in anticipation of a celebration in the glare of a huge bonfire. Windows of buildings within two blocks of the explosion were broken by the concussion.

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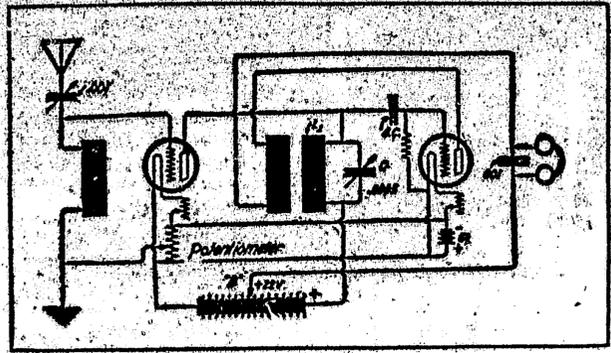
Najol

ALL PAIN—NOT A LAXATIVE

NO DYE

W. N. U., DENVER, CO. 19-1948

HOOK-UP THAT WILL INTEREST MANY



A hook-up of an efficient one-step radio frequency amplifier, together with detector and tuner, to use unit inductance throughout in order to receive all wave lengths is shown above. In place of the tuned circuit, C. L., a resistance of about 80,000 ohms may be successfully used for reception of waves over 1,000 meters. The potentiometer is quite important and should be used for the best results. A hard amplifying tube of low internal capacity should be used in the amplifier socket. All leads should be short.

(© Science and Invention and Radio News.)

Novel Aerial Switch Cuts Out the Leaks

The weak point of most aerial systems is the lightning switch. This is true especially in wet weather, the radiation often being halved, or in very bad cases the spark jumps directly to ground, making use of the wet switch base in so doing. Various methods of setting the switch blade and jaws on insulators to overcome this leakage have been described, but in most cases the construction has been rather complicated, and considerable time and energy have been required to make a neat job. The switch illustrated in the sketch was made in the spare hours of an off afternoon.



Simple Method of Improving Efficiency of Lightning Switch.

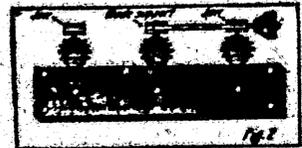
and the time spent was fully repaid in the comfort derived from it.

A regulation 500-volt 100 amp. S. P. T. D. knife switch, mounted on a composition base that leaked badly at the least sign of dampness, was used. Three electrode ball insulators were procured, care being taken to see that the iron rings were in line with each other and fastened tightly. If they are not in line and rigidly fastened the jaws will either be mounted crooked or will wobble.

The blade and jaws were removed from the base and three-quarter inch holes were drilled one-half inch from the edge, directly opposite the original ones, as shown in Fig. 2. These holes must be counterbored on the under side of the base so that the screw heads will not project beyond the surface. They must be measured accurately, as otherwise the insulators will have a certain amount of play and at the least little knock or jar they will become out of line, throwing the jaws and blade out also.

A hole must now be cut in the blade support, Fig. 1, to accommodate the nut, B. This is done by drilling a one-eighth inch hole through both sides of the support and cutting out with a thin-bladed fret saw to a size that will easily allow the nut to be slipped in. However, care must be taken in turning corners with the saw or there will be a pile of broken blades lying on the bench. The insulators are fastened to the base by one-eighth inch brass bolts, nuts and washers. The jaws and blade are attached to the other end of the insulators in like manner. Looking down on the finished switch it should resemble Fig. 2.

Of course larger insulators may be used, resulting in a somewhat higher efficiency, but for all practical purposes and moderate powers the small electrode ball insulator, retailing at about 35 cents, is as good as any. The switch may be mounted in any convenient position and place irrespective of weather, as there is very little cor-



rosion, and the losses, even in very wet weather, are practically nil. It is suggested that if it is desired to further protect the metal parts from corrosion they may be painted, leaving bare, of course, any parts where contact is made.

In actual use the switch has proved its worth on many a rainy night, as before the insulators were put on it was an impossibility to work any but local stations. Now no trouble is experienced in the worst weather.

(© Science and Invention and Radio News.)

**Swimming Match by Radio.**  
A Buffalo, New York, athletic association has suggested a long-distance swimming meet between Buffalo and Howland organizations, each organization to perform in its own waters and the accomplishments of the performers to be reported at each end by radio.

**Radio Hardware.**  
Radio hardware is what a set gets when it first comes into the possession of a newly hatched fan.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

Almost every week reports come to the papers of radio concerts clearly received as far as 2,000 miles from a broadcasting station. Half a hundred cities of Northwest United States and Southwest Canada recently held a great "community dance," all dancing simultaneously to music broadcasted at Seattle.

Imagine a "block party," the limits of the block being 2,000 miles from the center, and you can get some idea of how radio is annihilating distance. Right now it is possible for two households 4,000 miles apart to dance to the same radio music at the same time if it is sent by one of our high-power stations half way from one to the other. On two steamships, one 50 miles out in the Atlantic and the other 50 miles out in the Pacific, the passengers might dance to a jazz broadcasted at Ellsworth, Kan.

(© Science and Invention and Radio News.)

Good Mounting for the Spider-Web Coils

Spider-web coils are very easily constructed and because of their efficiency they have found favor for amateur receiving sets. The difficulty in mounting these coils has presented a stumbling block to beginners and has more or less retarded their general adoption.

First obtain some fairly thin sheet brass, cutting it to size and shape as required. For a movable or coupling mounting, two right-angle brass strips are fastened to the panel as shown. They can be 1/2-inch wide, the length depending upon the personal wishes of the builder. Two more strips of almost the same size, except for the flanges which are set as shown to clamp the coil terminals, are cut and pivoted to the first angles. Use #32 inch



Simple and Convenient Manner of Mounting Honeycomb Coils.

machine screws and hexagon nuts for pivots and for clamping the angles to the panel. To each coil affix the small brass strips cut to the shape indicated, driving the pointed tips into the coil for security. The strips are spaced the same distance as the clamps on the panel to permit contact. (The wire leads are soldered to their respective brass strip.)

A stationary coil mounting may be designed in the same manner so that, if it is ever desired, it too may be varied. Be certain that the clamps have sufficient spring to securely hold and make good electric contact with the coil terminal strips. It is not necessary to have the coils running a certain direction as they can be inserted in the holder in either direction, an important feature.

Possibly a word concerning the spider-web coils themselves would not be out of place here. Use No. 24 D. C. C. throughout. This wire is good for all coils in receiving sets and manufacturers and amateurs would do well to standardize on it. The forms can be made from two or three circular discs of stiff manila board glued together under pressure. To the top and bottom, give a strip of varnished cambric sheet or emery cloth. Nine or eleven radial slots are cut in the form and the wire carefully wound on till the desired inductance is obtained. A number of these coils, of varying turns, can be made and will prove satisfactory in the reception of different wave-lengths.

(© Science and Invention and Radio News.)

**Electron Returns by Radio.**  
On election night in New York the radio receiving board of the McAlpin Hotel was the central for receiving returns. The figures were rushed to the accounting department, there tabulated and forwarded to the printing department. From there printed bulletins were distributed to the guests by the bell-boys.

BOY SCOUTS



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

SCOUTS LEARN LEADERSHIP

Scouting is often called a school of leadership, because it teaches a boy resourcefulness, self-confidence and initiative.

This training is showing itself prominently in the field of school work, where scouts in many sections of the country are winning high honors.

When the names of this year's Rhodes scholars were announced, that is, the 32 college boys selected from all over the United States to receive a scholarship to attend Oxford university, because of their high character, intelligence and all-around physical excellence, the Boy Scouts of America wrote to these students and asked, "Have you been a scout?" because they are just the type that scouting aims to develop.

Out of those replying, one-half said they had been scouts, and the other half, with one exception, said they regretted deeply not having been able to join the movement. In almost every case this was because there was no scout troop near home. All but two of the letters declared that scouting is of fundamental value in training boys.

The leadership training of scouting is also emphasized by the Conowago (Pa.) Scout Eagle, in citing the number of boys in the organization who have attained positions of honor in the local high school: The valedictorian of the graduating class; another honor man; the captain of next year's basketball team, succeeding the present scout captain, who graduates this year; the editor-in-chief of the school paper for 1923-24, and its business manager; also the present editor-in-chief of the school annual—all are members of local troops.

The Conowago Eagle further states that in the past three years the scouts have given the old high six captains, five managers and have produced more than sixty varsity players in soccer, basketball, baseball, tennis and track. Three classes have selected scouts as their presidents. Two presidents of the athletic association were scouts. Three editor-in-chiefs of the high school annual, one business manager and two members of the staff have belonged to the organization; also during these three years the school paper has had from the field of scouting two editors-in-chief, a business manager and twenty-one members of the staff. "Representatives of the movement are seldom missing among the honor graduates," concludes the Eagle, "and this year from scouting's ranks comes the highest honor student."

SCOUTS SAVE MOTHER'S LIFE

Ask a scout who, through his knowledge of first aid, has saved his mother's life, if scout training counts.

At their home in Des Moines, Ia., on a recent evening A. I. Boreman and his scout sons, Kenner and Charles, heard a sharp crying out from the bathroom upstairs. Mr. Boreman and his sons rushed to answer the call and found the mother lying over the edge of the tub, one hand rigidly clutching the electric heater. It was apparent that Mrs. Boreman, while standing in the water, had grasped the heater. A complete circuit had been established, and before the heavy voltage of electricity had passed through her body, rendering her unconscious, she had been able to call for help.

Mrs. Boreman was apparently dead; no pulse registered. The scouts, however, promptly started giving their mother first aid, to induce respiration. For several tense minutes they worked without noticeable results. Then her pulse began to beat feebly and by the time a physician arrived she had partly revived. It was three hours before the patient regained complete consciousness.

The doctor stated that the boys' emergency measures had, without doubt, saved their mother's life.

SCOUTS AND DADS CELEBRATE

In Alaska, too, fathers and sons are enjoying scouting together. On the evening of the recent presentation of the charter that made Juneau Troop No. 1 a part of the Boy Scouts of America, "every registered scout and his father marched into the banquet room together, and it was a question of who was the prouder. The seating arrangement was planned so that a scout and a father alternated along the table, forming a circle long to be remembered by all present," says a local paper.

BOY SCOUTS TRAINED TO SEE

"Scouting teaches boys to be mentally alert, and seeing where they can be of service is true scouting," says an official in speaking of the following "good turn" by Troop 4, Rochester, N. Y.: The members of this troop have met a blind boy each Saturday morning for over two years at a railroad station whence they have conducted him to the home of his music teacher, and after the music lesson have seen him safely back to his train.

INSIDE PAGE OF JOURNALISM

Same Thing Has Been Known to Exist in Other Cities Besides the French Capital.

Some years ago there were in Paris two papers, the Razor and the Scorpion, which were always attacking each other. Every week people bought the Razor to read how it cut at the Scorpion and then purchased the Scorpion to learn how it stung the Razor.

A certain philanthropist, feeling pained to see such animosity displayed, invited the two editors to dine in the hope that over a good fare he could make peace between them. At the appointed time one lean, melancholy man presented himself and was ushered in. After an interval, as no other guest appeared, the host demanded:

"May I ask, are you the editor of the Razor or the Scorpion?"

"Both," said the sad-eyed man.—Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph.

Must Go So.

The late William Rockefeller said in an interview given not long before his death:

"Rich men have pretty well regained the public's respect, but do you remember how, 20 years ago, every rich man was universally conceded to be a villain?"

"No proof was produced; only Lawson said so, the muckrakers by the thousand said so, and accordingly the public accepted this say-so for the truth."

"It reminds me of the schoolboy who was asked by his teacher to give three proofs that the earth was round. He replied promptly:

"You say so, father says so, and mother says so."

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they would do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

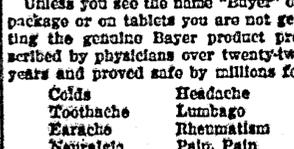
Rare Presence of Mind.

During a drought in Ohio a clergyman had just begun his prayer for rain. "Oh, Lord," he prayed, "send down from heaven we beseech Thee— Just then an airplane came crashing through the roof of the church.

"No further evidences for the present of Thy great bounty," concluded the minister.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist



Genuine

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

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

**Platform Wit.**  
At a political gathering a man named Gray was called upon to move a resolution. The gentleman was decidedly persona non grata to many in the audience, and they drowned his voice with their tumult.

The chairman vainly tried to restore order; at last, getting exasperated, he shouted at the top of his voice: "Will you hear Mr. Gray?"

"No," yelled the disturbers. "Then all I've got to say is that this is the first instance on record of jackasses retaking hay."

And every woman is proud of her husband—for a line.

How easy it is to be liberal with other people's money.

98 OUT OF EVERY 100 WOMEN BENEFITED

An Absolutely Reliable Statement Important to Every Woman

Remarkable Results Shown by a Nation Wide Canvass of Women Purchasers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. 50,000 Women Answer

For some time a circular has been enclosed with each bottle of our medicine bearing this question: "Have you received benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?"

Replies, to date, have been received from over 50,000 women answering that question.

98 per cent of which say YES. That means that 98 out of every 100 women who take the medicine for the ailments for which it is recommended are benefited by it.

This is a most remarkable record of efficiency. We doubt if any other medicine in the world equals it.

Think of it—only two women out of 100 received no benefit—98 successes out of a possible 100.

Did you ever hear anything like it? We must admit that we, ourselves, are astonished.

Such evidence should induce every woman suffering from any ailment peculiar to her sex to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and see if she can't be one of the 98. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Of course we know that our medicine does benefit the large majority of women who take it. But that only two out of 100 received no benefit is most astonishing.

It only goes to prove, however, that a medicine specialized for certain definite ailments—not a cure all—one that is made by the most scientific process; not from drugs, but from a combination of nature's roots and herbs, can and does do more good than hastily prepared prescriptions.

You see, we have been making, improving and refining this medicine for over 50 years until it is so perfect and so well adapted to women's needs that it actually has the virtue to benefit 98 out of every 100 women who take it.

Its reliability and recognized efficiency has gained for it a sale in almost every country in the world—leading all others.

**CONSTIPATION**  
Take a good dose of Carter's Little Liver Pills—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and regulate your bowels. Mild—as easy to take as sugar. Genuine bear signature—Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

**The Obstacle.**  
"I reckon I'm just about through swapping with the neighbors," stated Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge.

"What brings you around to that idy?" asked his wife.

"Well, I'll tell you: If a feller does any 'ptul—good at it he's got to spend too darn' much time afterwards, hiding out from them that he swapped with."—Kansas City Star.

**Shave With Cuticura Soap**  
And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No mug, no slimy soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving, bathing and shampooing.—Advertisement.

**The Limit.**  
"My ma won't let me go anywhere without washing my hands first."

"She won't?"

"Now, every time we're going out she chases me upstairs to get cleaned up."

"Is that all?"

"All? Isn't that enough?"

"You're lucky. My mother makes me wash before I go to bed, and that's the foolishest notion yet."

**The Answer.**  
A little fellow took up his grandmother's spectacles and put them on his nose, as children will. Then peering through the glasses he frowned and said: "But I can't see grandma; there must be something between my eyes and the glasses. What is it?"

"Seventy years, my child," the old lady answered.—Boston Transcript.

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

**Hint Was Enough.**  
Helen is left handed. When at the table father, thinking it looks awkward for her to use her left hand, tries to train her to use the right hand.

"Well, daddy, I forgot my right hand. If I had a ring I would remember it," she said.

She got the ring. There isn't much satisfaction in figuring out why the other chap beat you.

**A BRUSH A PAIL and**

Just mix Alabastine with water cold or hot and apply to any interior surface. The sure result is beautifully tinted walls in exactly the color you wish.

Alabastine comes in all standard colors and these intermix to form countless others so that your decorating taste may be accurately followed.

None genuine without the Cross and Circle printed in red.

**Alabastine**  
Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

**10 Cents** BRIGHTENS, REFRESHES, ADDS NEW DELIGHT TO OLD DRAPERIES. PUTNAM FADELESS DYES—dyes or tints as you wish



# THE JOY OF LIVING

By SIDNEY GOWING

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Illustrations by ELLSWORTH YOUNG

## "PARTNER!"

**SYNOPSIS.**—Dialing the prospect of a month's visit to her aunts, Lady Erythea Lambe, at Jervaulx abbey, and her cousin, Alexander Lambe, Almee, vivacious daughter of the Very Reverend Viscount Scoop, 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 Jervaulx. She decides that Georgina shall impersonate her at Jervaulx, while she goes on a holiday. Georgina's horrified protest is unavailing. Almee again meets "Billy." He tells her his name is Spencer, and she gives her as Amy Snookes, 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 cottage. 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 almost collides with a carriage in which are her aunt, Georgina and Alexander. The pair escape unrecognized. Georgina learns that Lord Scoop is coming to visit Lady Erythea and she in hopeless dejection, while Almee is secretly visiting Georgina at Jervaulx, the place is burglarized. Almee escapes. Police decide the thieves are "Jack the Climber" and "Calamity Kate," who travel on a motorcycle. Billy, who has shadowed Almee to Jervaulx, follows the thieves. He is knocked out, but finds he has some costly emeralds. Realizing they must be part of the loot from Jervaulx, he starts for the abbey. He meets Almee, with the police in pursuit.

## CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"Ooo call, partner," he observed. "I thought it must be they," said Almee breathlessly. "I wonder they haven't called out the military as well. All the countryside seems to be chattering me! Billy!" she said, with a suspicious tremble in her voice, "you'll help me, won't you? I'll tell you about it. I—I've kept it from you, but I won't any longer. I—"

Billy laid a hand on her arm. "Amy," he said quietly, "just repeat this piece to yourself. Say: 'I'm safe, my partner's looking after me.' Got that? I'll see you through; you've nothing to worry for at all. But we can't talk here. We've got to beat it."

He picked up the Sphinx.

"Follow close after me, an' keep quiet."

He wheeled the machine along the road path at a run, passed through another gate, crossed a stretch of heathery common-land, and made for a small copse at the foot of the slope. Almee trotted behind silently, with an odd sense of relief and security. Billy would see it through. He had said so. He halted by the copse, and looked round to make sure of his bearings.

"It ought to be close handy here," he said. "Yes—I've got it."

He pushed on to a small bosky dell, which led into a series of old crag- gles, marked with brambles. Almee wondered how he could find his way so confidently in the dark; she had not the remotest idea where she was.

"Wait here a minute. I'll come back for you," said Billy.

He wheeled the Sphinx away along a scarcely visible path, and presently returned without it.

"I was fooling around here on an off day, first time I came to Stanhoe," he said, "an' I lit on something that's goin' to be mighty useful. The old Sphinx has got to disappear for a bit, an' you'll soon understand why. Follow behind; there's only room for one at a time."

He led the way through the brambles and, pressing ahead, turned on the light of his pocket torch cautiously. Almee, close at his heels, presently found herself in the entrance of a sandy cave with a very small mouth, screened by rough creper and brush.

"There's several of these around here," said Billy, "but this is one you can't find unless you hunt for it with a sounding pole. It's a heap quieter spot than the high roads tonight. Suppose we sit down."

They seated themselves on the powdered crag in the cave's mouth.

"It's time to show down our hands, partner," said Billy. "Do you mind putting me wise? Don't leave anything out. I want the facts."

Almee was silent some moments. She found it difficult to begin.

"It was like this, Billy."

She plunged into the tale, and went through it from beginning to end—leaving out nothing. It took some time. She could hardly see Billy in the gloom. He made no comments; he was so silent that sometimes she wondered if he was there. Billy was, for a time, too flustered to speak. At the finish, she heard a stifled, grunting noise, a sense of something making. It seemed to touch a spring in Almee. She bowed her head on her knees and laughed till her cheeks were wet.

"Haven't I been it?" she croaked. "And I—downed Cousin Alexander—"

and the butler's got yards of my skirt!"

Billy wiped his eyes with his sleeves. "An' you can laugh," he said, with intense delight, "after all that! Gee, but you're the stuff! Sand right through. You're all right. As long as you can laugh, the Red God'll stand by you! An' so will I. I'm one of 'em."

"Billy! There's nothing but you between me and those beastly police. But I'll bet it's enough. What's to be done?"

"Hear my side of it!" said Billy, drooping on his knees and producing the jewel case. "Here's the first item!"

He opened the case and shone the torch upon it. Almee gave a little cry. Billy explained briefly how he had come by the gems. He said little



Almee Gave a Little Cry.

about the struggle; that point was as sore as the side of his head. The best of us have our pride.

"One of them knocked me out for a spell, and like a fool I let 'em get away," he said. "I guess I didn't get all the goods, but this looks like an ace flush to me."

"How splendid you are!" cried Almee, a catch in her voice. "Why, those will be the Lambe emeralds. I've heard of them—everybody has. They belong to my Aunt Erythea!"

"Then I shouldn't wonder if they scooped the jack-pot. But there's some high cards out against us. See here. We had to run for it. Here's the police prancing over the country after a man and a woman on a motorcycle—I guess they must be wise to it. Here's me with the stuff in my pocket, and you with a dress sample in the hands of the sleuth-hounds. Been the station-house for ours, if they'd got us just now—an' there'd be too much explaining to do. We'd have hit the cells for the night, sure. No place for you, partner. And all the newspapers spreading themselves over it."

"I know! It's fearful!"

"Not a bit!" cried Billy. "For now you can get in ahead of the cops. Don't you see? Put your folks wise to it—lay down all your cards. You're Lord Scoop's daughter—you ain't a burglar. Give it them straight. I'll stand by an' see you through."

"But—I can't, Billy! I'll all have to come out, then. Every bit of it," said Almee with a gasp.

"Why, of course it will! It was bound to come out anyway, soon or late. You didn't think you could keep up this Jervaulx racket? I don't see any way you could do that. But you can keep it in the family. You've got to face the music."

There was a long pause.

"I—can't," said Almee, scarcely audibly.

Billy was amazed. If it had not been so dark—and an incredible suspicion in any case—he would have supposed from her voice that she was crying.

"You aren't afraid?" he said wonderingly.

"Of a row? Not it isn't that," Billy sat down beside her.

"What is it then, partner?" he said gently.

"I never thought of it—all Georgie told me," said Almee in stifled tones.

"Told you what?" he answered quietly. "What's the trouble?"

"About staying there. I—Ivy cottage!"

"Billy moved slightly.

"I—I don't quite get you," he said. "I can't tell Dad!" Almee put her hands over her eyes and burst into tears. "I daren't! Billy, what am I to do!"

## CHAPTER XII

### A Gambler's Chance.

Billy stared straight before him. What at last he found his voice. It had no dazed a tone that Almee hardly

recognized it. He laid a hand on her shoulder.

"This thing's got me guessing," said Billy slowly. "I—I don't know what—"

"Of course, you never thought twice about it. And no more did I!" said Almee. "I didn't care! And I don't care now! Or I wouldn't if it wasn't for Dad. But people—it's all this miserable sentiment—that's what's wrong."

"Yes!" said Billy dizzily. "Well—"

"And now—why, the police are looking for a man and woman on a motorcycle, and they'll find out we were at Ivy cottage. They'll get my description. And even when they find out who I really am—"

Billy drew in his breath sharply.

"Georgie told me it was my finish—even before this silly burglary happened," continued Almee gloomily. "Georgie knows about these sort of things. It isn't the burglary that matters. I could get over that. It's this—this other thing!"

Billy was silent.

"The idea is," continued Almee, with the same remarkable calm, "that I've lost my character; like a housemaid that's been stealing, or a grocer caught selling the corn. Only I haven't been caught—yet."

"But—if Dad knew! You don't know my father, Billy. I couldn't explain him to you. Dad is just about the dearest thing that ever lived—in his way. But he belongs to a time about two hundred years back. Mother would understand; but not Dad. It's his creed that a girl mustn't be even-suspected." It was only tonight Georgina told me this thing would—well, it would break his heart. And I know him; I see she's right. If you and I—"

"Stop!" said Billy hoarsely. "Don't say any more. I—I've got to think this thing out."

Almee found that he had suddenly left her. Presently she became aware of the outlines of his big figure, standing motionless just outside the cave. He was there quite a long time. Almee sat where she was, twisting her handkerchief between her fingers. She felt very much calmer. The trouble and the stress were now with Billy.

He came back, and stood over her. "I'm a coyote," he said quietly.

"What I need is a quilt laid across me. I've been a fool!"

"Not a bit!" said Almee quickly.

"How should you know?"

"It was my business to know! There isn't any excuse. But—things are so different, where I come from. And I don't know anything about women. We think a lot of women, down my way, but we don't talk about them—much. Partner, this thing I've let you in for through my foolishness—it's broken me all up."

"Because I'm Lord Scoop's daughter?"

"No!" said Billy shortly. "Be the same if you were his housemaid. But it's up to me to see you clear—you and him, too. And I'll do it."

His voice was so confident that Almee's trouble fell away from her, as a sun-ripened chestnut sheds its prickly husk.

"What are we to do then, Billy?"

"It seems to me," said Billy gently, "that the simplest way is the best way. Let's you an' me go to the old man. No use talkin' about it here. I'll put it straight for you, partner."

"No!"

"I hope I can make him see sense—even if he's two hundred years old, as you say. It's all my fault. It isn't yours—not one scrap of it. I won't say much—but come right along with me to your father now—an' leave the talking to me."

Almee rose.

"Never! I won't have it, Billy!" she said desperately. "I don't know—I don't know what you might say. If it comes out I'm done for anyhow; I'm going to take the chance that it won't! There must be a way to stop it—there must be some way."

"It's my trouble—mine! And I won't have it given away."

Billy drew a quick breath and straightened himself.

"Right!" he said. "Those are the orders. I accept them. I s'pose a man can't give away a girl's secret, if she wants it kept. I know that much."

"Why, of course," said Almee simply. "Edi will you please understand, Billy, that I'm not going to drag you into this. The best thing you can do is to get away out of it all. I shall manage all right. I don't want to—"

"Out that out," said Billy very quietly. "It don't go." There was a pause. "I did, think, for a while, it might be best—for you. But that's wrong. I've got to be right on hand, for I'll be wanted. Now hold on while I tell you what we've got to do."

"Yes!" said Almee eagerly.

Billy stretched out a long arm, plucked a leaf from the brambles that screened the cave, and chewed it patiently.

"There's just a gambler's chance," he said at last. "It's pretty thin—like drawing to a three-card flush. But it's wonderful how they come out sometimes, if you back your luck, good an' fall."

He flashed the torch round the walls of the cave.

"What d'you think of this place?"

"It's—aug."

"Sung!" echoed Billy admiringly. "That's you! It would give some women fits. But you've said. Do you think," he added diffidently, "that you could make out here for a bit? Could you sleep here?"

"Certainly I could. Why, they'll never find me—!"

"Come up here," said Billy, leading the way along the cave, which turned in a long curve, narrowing to a very small space. At the end stood the Sphinx.

"She'll have to stay here, too. There's a bit of risk to that—but very little. We can't help it. In the panicle-case you'll find iron rations, a can-opener, biscuits, an' chocolate. I always carry those. Down the pit yonder, just by the alder bush, is a spring of water. That settles supplies."

"Now, the first deal is to keep you right out of the way. For a few hours, perhaps for a day or more—I can't say how long. But we've got to put up a bluff. And you'll be at least as safe here as anywhere in the British Isles."

"Our best chance is that the police may get the bracelets onto the real thieves right away. I'm not much stuck on that chance. Police, wherever you strike 'em, are—well, they're just police. We're in a lot more danger from them than that dead-beat who broke into Jervaulx, and the female rattle-snake he had along. The police mustn't get you, at any price. And they mustn't get me either. Only there's more to it than that. Half a hundred things. There's a mighty tangled deal in front of me."

"Now, I'm going to sail right in. All you've got to do is lie here in this cache till about seven or eight o'clock. I'll be back here by then. If I'm not," said Billy quietly, "it'll be because I've fallen through. You bet your life I won't. But—if I don't get here by then, you must throw your hands in, just get-straight to your father, best way you can. Do you promise that?"

"Yes! But tell me what you're going to do, Billy!" she said breathlessly.

"I can't tell you anything. I'll have to play the hand as it's dealt me; it just depends how the cards fall. And don't you worry any," he said earnestly. "If you get doubtful or scary, just wash it right out of your mind, an' say this: 'Billy's running the thing for me, an' he'll see me through!' I'm off. Shake!"

With a sudden gesture Almee put both her hands in his. He gave them a crushing grip, and broke into the sunniest smile.

"We sure are seein' life, partner!" he chuckled.

Almee replied with a rather tremulous laugh. The next moment Billy had dropped her hands, and was gone.

Once clear of the crag-pits, Billy made for the road by another route. While climbing a gate he glanced at the luminous dial of his wrist watch.



Billy Laid Before Her the Lambe Emeralds.

and emitted a whistle of consternation. Almee's account of herself was absorbing, but he did not realize till now what an unconscionable time they had spent in the cave. The night was wearing its close.

Billy avoided the roads. He struck right across country and reached Ivy cottage with a little loss of time as possible. But the eastern sky was rapidly lightening when he arrived. Entering the garden with extreme caution, Billy found everything quiet. He climbed the trellis dextrally, and heaved himself through Almee's window.

With a certain sense of embarrassment, Billy swept the walls with his torch, unhooked the blue dust-coat that hung on the door, folded it small, and packed it inside his jacket. That was the main object of the expedition.

He also snatched a cake of soap, a towel and a brush and comb—these latter he had himself bought for Almee at Syderford on the first morning. Billy again descended the trellis, raked over his footprints carefully, and with all possible speed shook the mud of Ivy cottage from his feet.

It was broad daylight when he had crossed the fields and came within sight of Jervaulx abbey. He hid the cloak and its accessories under a thorn bush, glanced at his watch again, seated himself under the hedge, and lit a cigarette.

He drew the jewel case from his pocket and examined the necklace, thoughtfully emitting puffs of smoke. Then he replaced the case in his pocket and finished his cigarette, his smooth forehead wrinkling into tiny lines. Finally he rose and walked briskly towards the entrance lodge of Jervaulx.

There was no electric bell in the great porch. He pulled a pendant handle of wrought iron, and was answered by an archaic clanging inside. After a brief pause the doors were thrown open by Tarbeaux the butler. He looked at Billy inquiringly.

"I want to see the proprietor—on urgent business," said Billy. "Is he up yet?"

"If you mean Lady Erythea Lambe," said Mr. Tarbeaux with dignity, "her ladyship has not yet risen."

"I am a stranger here," said Billy, "but what I want you to do is get a message to her ladyship that it will be worth her while to see me as soon as convenient. Say I've important news about some property that's missing from here."

Mr. Tarbeaux became more alert. "Come this way," he said, and Billy followed him.

In less than ten minutes Lady Erythea arrived, pallid after her night of stress, but unconquerable, clad in a purple wrap. Billy turned to face that tremendous presence.

"What do you want to see me about?" she said sternly.

With his sunniest smile, Billy opened the leather case and laid before her the Lambe emeralds.

## CHAPTER XIII

### "Very Good, My Lady."

"Do these interest you, madame?" said Billy simply.

Lady Erythea stared as though the green gems hypnotized her. Then, with a little gasp of joy, she lifted them from the case with trembling fingers. It was one of the rare occasions of her life when Lady Erythea exhibited emotion.

She laid down the necklace and looked at Billy as one might regard a materialized angel. Before she could speak, however, Mr. Alexander Lambe entered the room.

It has been said that Mr. Lambe's eyes were large. They expanded indescribably when he saw the Lambe necklace lying on the table. He closed the door softly behind him, and approached the table in an awestruck manner.

He glanced from the emeralds to Lady Erythea's face, and then, somewhat sternly, at Billy.

"How did you come by these?" said Lady Erythea, pointing to the emeralds. Suddenly she presented the ear-trumpet at Billy. "Explain!"

The ear-trumpet startled Billy a little. He felt—as he declared to Almee afterward—as if Lady Erythea had the drop on him. But his face, as he answered, was ingenious as a baby's.

"I was passing by your park gates early this morning, on my way to Syderford. It was past one, an' the house was dark. When I got to the place where the lane turns into the road I heard a motorcycle coming up behind, b—l for—coming mighty quick," said Billy, turning pink. "It came right by me, pretty near out of control. It hadn't any lights, there was a bend just ahead, an' I heard it crash."

Billy delivered this with a beautiful fluency into the ear-trumpet.

"I just ran in on them," pursued Billy, "for I didn't have to stop an' figure it out that an outfit travelling that way with lights out at one in the morning was up to any good. They were just picking themselves up when I arrived, and they went for me—"

"Was it a man and a woman?" exclaimed Mr. Lambe.

"You've hit it, sir."

"My dear aunt!" cried Alexander, "the inspector told me, after you retired, that he suspected a man and a woman, on a motorcycle, of being the thieves! They can be no other than those people who ran into us yesterday on the Syderford road—"

"Hold your tongue, Alexander," interrupted Lady Erythea impatiently, "and allow this amazing young man to continue!"

"There was some scrap," said Billy diffidently, "maybe if there'd been two men I'd have done better, but the lady hampered me, and somehow I took the count. They knocked me out, and got away. But they left this behind them," he pointed to the case of emeralds, "and it looks like they never knew they'd lost it. I don't know, madam, if there was anything else of yours they got. If so, I'm very sorry I didn't attach it, and rope the two thieves for you as well. But, with the pair of them, it was rather a roughhouse. I did my best."

There was a flash of admiration on Lady Erythea's high cheek-bones.

"Yes, there were other jewels stolen," she said, "but their value is the most recent thing compared to what you have restored to me. These emeralds are my most priceless family possessions. They are historic—nothing could have recompensed me for the loss of them. Your conduct has been

not only intelligent, but extraordinarily gallant. May I ask your name?"

"Spencer, William Spencer."

"Mr. Spencer, it is impossible for me to express my gratitude in words. I thank you most heartily for what you have done; it is fortunate for me the emeralds fell into such good hands. Let me say that I was about to offer a reward for information leading to the recovery of the jewels; a reward of—"

"Lady Erythea hesitated, and achieved an inward struggle—one hundred pounds. But I must really ask you to accept a hundred and fifty."

Lady Erythea unlocked a desk, and produced a check-book. Billy flushed red.

"Madam," he said quietly, "the service I did you cost me nothing. I'm glad you have your jewels back. I'm a man who earns his living, but I don't accept gratuities. And people very scarcely ever offer them to me."

Lady Erythea turned somewhat pink in her turn. She said the check-book added.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with some embarrassment, mingled with relief and a touch almost of annoyance. "It was the least I could do. You will accept no recompense?"

"None, madam. Anyway not in money."

"You are not English, are you?"

"American. And a Westerner, at that."

"Ah! You have done me a great service. Is there nothing I can do for you?"

Before Billy could reply, Mr. Tarbeaux opened the door.

"My lady, Inspector Panke—"

Mr. Tarbeaux's gaze fell on the emeralds. He was very human for a butler, and it took him a fraction of a second to recover himself.

"Inspector Panke urgently desires to see your ladyship at once."

"Show him in here," said Lady Erythea grimly.

Billy did not move an eyelid. It seemed to him that Mr. Lambe's solemn eyes were watching him rather intently. Inspector Panke appeared. It was a great day in the Lambe emeralds' history. The inspector was the fifth person in whom they caused intense emotion.

"Well, have you caught the thieves?" inquired Lady Erythea, acidly.

"No, no, my lady," stammered Inspector Panke, gazing at the necklace.

"Perhaps you had better enlist the services of Mr. Spencer," said her ladyship, with a wave of her hand toward Billy. "This young man has already found the emeralds and restored them to me."

"Then," said Panke, with a searching glance at Billy, "I should like a full account, at once, of how you came by the jewels."

"Sure," said Billy genially.

Mr. Lambe set chairs for them both. All four seated themselves; Lady Erythea, with an avid determination to keep abreast of affairs, held her ear-trumpet close to Billy and the policeman.

Billy repeated his tale with fuller detail this time, and described, not without a twinge of embarrassment, his downfall at the hands of Calamity Kate. Lady Erythea's lips tightened grimly, the description did not surprise her. The inspector had his book before him and made careful notes. At the conclusion he regarded Billy pensively, and with a touch of envy.

"It's a pity you didn't hang on to them, when you'd got them in hand," said Panke. "But, of course, we know what Calamity Kate is."

"Who?" echoed Billy.

Panke described briefly the popular names of the two thieves, and what little was known about them.

"And now, Mr. Spencer, I have some questions to put to you—for the information of the police. This happened between one and two o'clock. It is now seven. What became of you in the meantime?"

Billy turned to the light and allowed Panke to inspect the wound on the side of his head, only partially concealed by his hair.

"If you'd had that," said Billy, "I guess you'd be lyin' on the grass yonder now."

"A severe cut," said the inspector, suppressed.

"And you lay unconscious there till daybreak?" exclaimed Lady Erythea, with intense sympathy.

"It might have been a week, for all I know when I woke up. When I'd got my senses back, an' made up my mind what to do," said Billy calmly, "I came along here."

"Didn't it occur to you," said Panke, "that the right thing to do was to go to the police?"

"No. It occurred to me the first thing to do was to get the stuff straight back to its owner."

"And perfectly right, too!" said Lady Erythea sharply.

"How did you know," persisted Panke, "that the necklace belonged here?"

Billy turned over the necklace and pointed to the little gold-enamel pendant that bore the Lambe arms in a lozenge.

"Those three sheepskins—" he began.

"Fleeces—fleeces, argent!" murmured Mr. Lambe.

"—are the same brand as those on the shields over the lodge gates here, which I noticed as I came by. And the thieves were coming from that direction when I struck them."

"What do you think of it, Billy?" she said. "Aren't I the complete Amy Snookes?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Don't disturb yourself.

### Great Canal at New Orleans Formally Opened



In connection with the tenth annual foreign trade convention in New Orleans the city's new industrial canal and inner harbor was formally opened on May 5 with a water pageant and addresses by eminent men. This photograph shows the final test of the big lock with the 7,800-ton vessel, Salvation Loan.

### Genuine Americans, All of Them



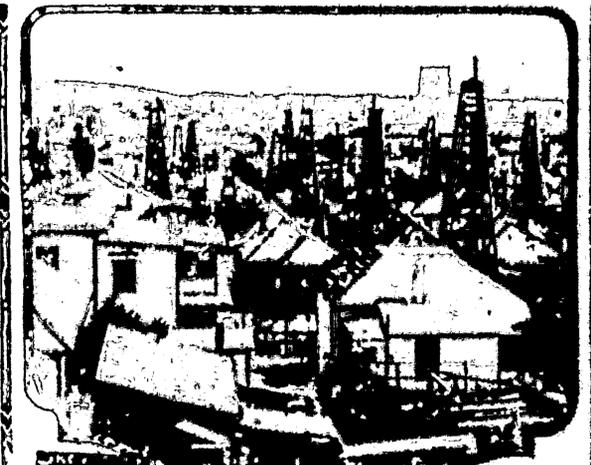
Real American children are the sons and daughter of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theodore Roosevelt. They are all fond of outdoor sports and Theodore, Jr., is an ardent horseback rider, following in the footsteps of his famous grandfather. Left to right: Quentin, Cornelius, Theodore, Jr., and...

### NOTED MEDIUM REVEALED



The spiritualist medium known in English society as "Mrs. King"—who predicted the World War—really the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton, Dame of the British Empire, it has just become known. She is the widow of the late Hon. Alfred Lyttleton, brother of Viscount Cobham, and is a prominent supporter of the English Speaking Union, and a close friend of Lady Astor, whom she accompanied on her recent visit to the United States. She has been a member of the Society for Psychological Research for many years but screened her identity under the name of "Mrs. King" to avoid publicity.

### Oil Flows From Los Angeles Wells



Los Angeles has suddenly become a city of shafts. Wherever you look you find the gigantic structures lifting their ugly heads to the sky—in back yards, in towns in the business districts and even in cemeteries. The wells work quietly, bringing untold wealth to their owners.

### Contender for Fishermen's Races



The newly built Columbia, using the water at Essex, Mass., was the most recent contender for the International Fishermen's trophy, now held by the Canadian Illnesses. After being fitted at Gloucester, the Columbia will take to sea for the regular fishing cruise necessary to qualify her as an entry in the international races.

### WORTH KNOWING

The sun gives 500,000 times more light than the moon.  
At sea this meaning was regarded as a sign of good luck.  
Sir Philip Lloyd-Greaves, president of the Board of Trade in the British cabinet, had reputation in single comic songs.

Frogs cannot breathe with the mouth open.  
Mafia is the most thickly populated island in the world.  
The earliest known machine is an Egyptian crank drill, invented before 3000 B. C.  
Vincent Lauro, the husband of Princess Mary, is an enthusiastic spectator of old games.

## The American Legion

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

### IN MEMORY OF TOLEDO DEAD

Muckey City and County to Erect Magnificent Monument to Memory of War Heroes.

A monument of "living flame," to memorialize the heroic dead of Toledo, O., and of Lucas county, is to be erected on the most prominent spot in Memorial park, a new project, which, according to founders, will soon become a reality.

Sweeping through the park is a roadway, already known to Toledo citizens as "Memorial Way." Sides of this roadway are flanked by trees, each of which is named for some man from Toledo or Lucas county who made the supreme sacrifice in the World war, bearing his name in everlasting bronze and keeping forever fresh his memory.

Other roadways of the park will be named after cities, towns and particular engagements in which these men fought. The whole centers around the great monument, where a tower of unusual proportions is surmounted by a light which may be seen for miles.

The site of the park covers 215 acres, much of which is forested and naturally adapts itself to landscaping. While a portion of the park is to be used as a general cemetery, a section near the monument, which will permit the interment of 2,000 bodies, has been set aside for the use of the American Legion, where the bodies of soldier and sailor dead may be interred and perpetual care assured. The administration of this section is directly under the Lucas county Legion council, who will have a seat on the board of trustees.

Dedication of the memorial trees is planned for Decoration day, at which time the Legion will have charge of the services. The ceremony of the laying of the corner stone will occur later in the summer.

The "Memorial Lantern," as the monument is tentatively known, will be maintained by the park officials without cost to soldiers' organizations, and arrangements are being perfected by them to make the burning of the great light perpetual.

### KNOW THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

Minneapolis Aliens, Members of American Graduating Class, Sing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

At least one group of Minneapolis aliens have proved that they know the words of the national anthem. "The Star-Spangled Banner," better than do many native Americans, according to a report received by the Americanism commission of the American Legion.

These aliens, all members of Americanization classes conducted throughout the city by school and naturalization officials, have completed their night school work and made up a class of 63 graduates at a commencement day program recently held.

Greeks and Italians mingled with the blond sons of Norway and Sweden, laid out out of their teens sat on the platform with a number of middle-aged women and older men, all with a mutual desire to become American citizens.

As the closing feature of the commencement day program, both the class and the audience, numbering nearly 1,000, stood and sang the national anthem. Those of the class knew the song, every word of it. The learning of it had been one of the most interesting achievements of the whole course of training for citizenship they had undertaken. Many members of the audience, singing away, stumbled over words of the verses, forgetting them, while those who were aspiring to become American citizens sang every word.

Diplomas were presented to all graduates of the class by Minnesota school and naturalization authorities, under whose auspices the classes are held. The classes are well attended and are decreasing difficulties which naturalization presents to the foreigner, making Americanization problems much easier for both the authorities and the aspirants for citizenship.

### ALL URGED TO WEAR A POPPY

Chamber of Commerce of United States Requests Reverence of Men Who Fall in France.

All Americans are urged to wear the French poppy on Memorial day in honor of the men who fell in France, by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States in a recent bulletin to member bodies in all parts of the country.

Replying to a request for assistance from the American Legion, Elliot H. Goodwin, resident vice president of the chamber, said:

"With this request we very gladly and sympathetically comply. It is our hope that organizations of business men will promote the wearing of poppies on May 30."

Poppies will be sold by American Legion posts and units of the Legion Auxiliary for the benefit of its graves maintenance fund, for service and relief work and the war memorial.

## CHARLES PETERS GAINS 25 POUNDS

Declares Tanlac Completely Overcame Weakness and Indigestion Left by Pneumonia.

"The other day the scales showed me a gain of twenty-five pounds, and it sure made me feel thankful for Tanlac," was the characteristic statement of Charles L. Peters, 2219 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

"Pneumonia left me all run down, with my stomach so out of order I couldn't get back my strength, and was way under weight. I suffered so badly with indigestion my food did me little good, bloated me with gas till my heart palpitated like a trip hammer, and I lost all appetite. Biliousness, constipation, headaches, sleeplessness and unstrung nerves put the finishing touches on my misery and I could find no relief.

"Since taking the Tanlac treatment I set like a farm hand, sleep like a top and feel as husky as I did when I was a brawny lad of twenty-one. Tanlac is in a class by itself."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Over 37 million bottles sold.—Advertisement.

### HOW'S THIS?

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will do what we claim for it—rid your system of Catarrh of Discharge caused by Catarrh.

Many a man's conscience gets busy only in his dreams.

Looks that speak volumes never talk like a book.

### Why That Bad Back?

Does spring find you miserable with an aching back? Do you feel lame, stiff, tired, nervous and depressed? Likely your kidneys have weakened. Winter is hard on the kidneys. Colds and chills and a heavier diet with less exercise tax them heavily.

### A Colorado Case

Mrs. C. Marchington, 1127 Colorado St., Idaho Springs, Colo., says: "I had kidney trouble. My back was painful and I had nervous headaches and spells of dizziness. When I caught cold it settled on my kidneys and made me feel terrible worse. I found Doan's Kidney Pills were the proper medicine when I have such attacks, for they always give me relief."

Get Doan's at Any Store, Or a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-McMURRIN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Ladies Keep Your Skin Clear, Sweet, Healthy With Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Talcum

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### INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

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### EARLIER TOURIST SEASON

#### WILL AID COLORADO PARKS

Denver.—Whatever benefit is felt by fixing summer tourist rates two weeks earlier than other years will be felt almost entirely by the Rocky Mountain national park, according to D. R. Hall, national park landscape architect, who passed through Denver recently on his way to Estes Park.

This result will obtain because the Yellowstone National park, which is the second of a geographic group in the eastern Rockies, can not be enjoyed by tourists until about June 1, and such travel as is attracted West by the early rates will "do" the Rocky Mountain National park first, it is thought by government officials.

Mr. Hall inspected a site for the new administration building at Estes Park for which ground was recently donated by the Estes Park Woman's Club. This is in line with his regular work of laying out improvements that in the government's effort to have the parks as serviceable as possible the scenic beauty will not be destroyed.

### German Note Hits Exchange Rate

London.—The publication in London of the German note adversely affected the exchange rates in Berlin, Paris and Belgium, these movements expressing the emphatic belief that France will reject the note. The significance of the new note which Germany has handed to the entente governments, it is considered in London lies less in its intrinsic merits than in the fact that Marquis Curzon's now famous speech in the House of Lords succeeded in overcoming the apparent deadlock into which the Ruhr problem had fallen and induced the German government to take the initiative in an attempt to reopen negotiations.

### Idaho Loggers Walk Out

Spokane, Wash.—More than 1,800 loggers in the Marble creek area of Idaho have walked out in response to the Industrial Workers of the World strike call. It was declared at local strike headquarters of the organization. In the immediate vicinity of Marble creek, it was stated, 600 men are on strike. No more walkouts are expected, Frank Baker, chairman of the strike committee, said.

### Dispute Over Water Rights Settled

Omaha.—Water Commissioners Robert H. Willis of Nebraska and D. E. Carpenter and E. G. Hosen of Colorado entered into an agreement at Ogallala, Neb., recently which will settle for all time any disputes arising over the use of waters of the South Platte river, according to a special dispatch from Ogallala. The agreement will end a suit of Nebraska against Colorado which has been pending in the United States Supreme Court for eight years. The dispatch says, adding that the Nebraska Legislature is expected to enact it into law soon. It grants to a Western irrigation ditch in Nebraska a guaranteed flow of 150 feet of water per second. Permission is granted Nebraska citizens to enter Colorado to build a proposed irrigation project into Keth, Perkins and Lincoln counties.

### Americans Divided Into Two Classes

London.—During the discussion in the House of Commons of Lady Astor's temperance bill, W. A. Jenkins said that Americans were divided into two classes, those who "still had a little" and those who "had a little still."

### Undecided as to Howay's Disposal

Ottawa, Ont.—The Canadian immigration department has not yet determined what action to take with respect to Alexander Howay, supposed president of the Kansas district, United Mine Workers of America, who has been detained at McAdam Junction, N. B. Asked on the floor of the House about the case, Charles Stewart, minister of labor, said the department still was "in communication regarding the detention." Howay was held up as he sought to enter the country to address the miners at Glast Bay.

# THE SANDMAN STORY

## HE WON A PRINCESS

ONCE upon a time there was a princess so beautiful that dozens of suitors came to her father's court to seek her hand. The king was rich and powerful, but he loved his daughter so much that he let her have her own way in everything.

Jem was an orphan lad who cleaned the pots and pans in the kitchen. His post was an humble one, but Jem was



His Post Was Humble.

strong, brave and determined to make himself something in the world.

That evening the palace was full of music, light and gaily dressed lords and ladies. All the princess who came courting wore gorgeous suits, and so many were there that their horses stood four deep in the stables.

Behind a big palm Jem hid himself and looked in wonder at the scene of magnificence. As midnight sounded there was a blast heard from without, a noise as of tramping feet grew loud, the doors of the big ballroom flew apart and there on the threshold stood a great brown dwarf. His eyes were green, his face wrinkled, and his long, black hair hung in curls around his huge head.

"I have come for my bride," he shouted in a loud voice. "I am the king of the Thousand Isles and no human dare brave my power. Let the princess come with me and make

no resistance, lest I destroy this whole castle at once with my men."

The king was shaking with rage. "Arrest and cast into prison that impudent clown," he cried to the guards.

"Put out the lights," screamed the dwarf. "Seize the princess and bear her off to my car."

At the foot of the marble stairs waited a golden car drawn by four winged horses and into this the dwarf stepped.

Not a soul had moved to save her, for all were stunned by the suddenness of the attack and blinded by the darkness. Yet one there was who kept his senses, and that was Jem, for as the dwarf bore the princess by him, the lad followed closely behind, and hid himself behind the high seat which the others occupied.

In another instant the horses were cleaving the sky with their wings and leaving behind the castle, from which they could hear a great tumult and shouting arise.

The princess were running about madly seeking the one who had stolen the princess, and the king sat as if turned to stone. The castle was searched high and low, but not a trace of the princess could be found. Far away, a mere speck in the midnight sky, the dwarf was urging his horses to their home in the crest of the great Black mountain, where no one could scale the walls to rescue any prisoner.

Jem held on silently. The rush of air made his head swim, but he wrapped his arms and legs around the seat posts, and was carried safely along with the princess. About dawn the horses stopped on a rock and the dwarf took the princess into a stone chamber, which stood a thousand feet above the valley below.

"You are my captive," said the dwarf as he placed the frightened girl within the room. "When you consent to be my bride you shall be freed."

Then he went out, closing the door and locking it fast behind him—but he did not notice that in a dark closet in the hall nearby Jem had secreted

## Andree Lafayette



The most prominent "movie" star in all France, Andree Lafayette, now is in the United States. She was brought to this country to play the title role in a prominent production.

himself so as to be able to aid the princess. But what could he do here, hundreds of miles away from home and the princess secured within huge stone walls?

While the dwarf lay sleeping Jem went outside beneath the window of the princess and saw there a huge hammock swinging from the trees. He called softly to her to leap out. She stood a moment on the window, then sprang down. The soft, firm folds of silk held and she rolled to the ground unharmed. Quickly Jem ran to the stable and harnessed the winged horses to the gilded car. The princess leaped in and Jem took his place beside her.

By dawn the car alighted in the courtyard of the princess' home. And the next night there was a wedding in which Jem was the groom and the princess the happy bride.

(C. 1911, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

**History of Baldwin Apple.**  
The Department of Agriculture says that soon after 1740 the Baldwin came up as a chance seedling on the farm of John Ball Wilmington, near Lowell, Mass., and for about forty years afterward its cultivation was confined to that immediate neighborhood. Eventually the farm came into the possession of a Mr. Butters, who gave the apple the name Woodpecker or Pecker, and it was also called Butters. Deacon Samuel Thompson, a surveyor of Wolburn, brought it to the attention of Colonel Baldwin of the same town, by whom it was propagated and more widely introduced in eastern Massachusetts as early as 1784. From Colonel Baldwin's interest in the variety it came to be called the Baldwin. In 1817 the original tree was still alive, but it perished between 1817 and 1832. A monument to the Baldwin apple now marks the location.

Gratify your liking for appreciation by appreciating your neighbor.

**On the Night Shift.**  
Nighthawks and whippoorwills work chiefly at night, when most of the other birds are off duty, and at daybreak their good work is taken up by the swallows and swallows. Many nighthawks of Washington. These birds are provided with big scissor mouths, and as they swing through the air over wide areas of country, they scoop up almost unbelievable numbers of insects. Six hundred were taken from the stomach of a single Arkansas nighthawk.

**IMPORTANT:** Save this announcement, read it carefully, and keep for reference. It may mean money and knowledge to you.

# Over \$7500.00 for Grape-Nuts Recipes

The Postum Cereal Company will buy not less than 101 Recipes or suggestions for new Uses of Grape-Nuts, paying \$50.00 for each one accepted. And in addition—

Good Housekeeping Institute, conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine, will decide an award of \$2500.00 for the best four of the 101 or more Recipes or suggestions for new Uses of Grape-Nuts, so purchased:

**\$1000.00 for the 1st selection \$750.00 for the 2nd selection \$500.00 for the 3rd selection \$250.00 for the 4th selection**

Read carefully the terms of this offer so that you may have the fullest opportunity to share in its benefits. The conditions are so simple and fair that every housewife in the United States can take part in this National Recipe Festival!

### There Is No Other Food Like Grape-Nuts

**W**hile practically every man, woman and child in the English-speaking world knows Grape-Nuts as a delicious, nourishing and wholesome cereal, and while it is common knowledge that Grape-Nuts with milk or cream is a complete food, many housewives do not know of the appetizing and economical dishes that can be prepared with Grape-Nuts. It is for this reason, to more uses than any other cereal. The convenience and economy of Grape-Nuts, and the flavor, zest and wholesomeness which it imparts to other food, make it invaluable in every home.

Frequently we receive interesting letters from women throughout the country, telling about the attractive dishes they make with Grape-Nuts—delicious puddings, salads, dressings for fowls, etc. No doubt there are thousands of women who are finding varied uses for Grape-Nuts in their home cooking, and even more thousands who will be glad to learn of those varied uses; for while we all cling to old favorite dishes, we also welcome and enjoy a change.

So that is the thought back of our offer of more than \$7500.00 in cash for new ways of using Grape-Nuts. To those women who are already using Grape-Nuts in various ways, other than as a breakfast cereal or in the recipes given here, and to those women who would like to try their hand at developing some new way to use Grape-Nuts, we offer to buy at \$50.00 each not less than 101 new Grape-Nuts Recipes. We plan to include these new Recipes in a beautifully illustrated cook book.

### What Is Grape-Nuts?

Every housewife in the Land should take advantage of this extraordinary opportunity to earn the tidy sum of \$50.00 by a little pleasant and educational effort in her own home. Also the fair and equal chance to secure one of the liberal awards to be made by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Moreover, there's the greater knowledge of the value of Grape-Nuts, not only as a delicious breakfast cereal, but in the preparation of a variety of appetizing dishes that add to the health and pleasure of the whole family.

**There's a Reason**  
Sold by grocers everywhere!

### Conditions Governing the Purchase of, and Awards for Grape-Nuts Recipes

The Postum Cereal Company will buy not less than 101 Recipes or suggestions for new Uses of Grape-Nuts, paying \$50.00 for each one accepted. This offer is open to every person in the United States.

Good Housekeeping Institute, conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine, will decide an award of \$2500.00 for the best four of the 101 or more Recipes or suggestions for new Uses of Grape-Nuts, so purchased. \$1000.00 for the 1st selection, \$750.00 for the 2nd selection, and \$500.00 for the 3rd selection.

Recipes must be mailed between May 1st, 1923 and August 31st, 1923.

Recipes or suggestions for new uses submitted for purchase must not duplicate any of the ten Recipes printed in this announcement.

No Recipe will be purchased from anyone unless fully enclosed with the Postum Cereal Company, Inc., or Good Housekeeping Institute.

If more than one Recipe is offered, each must be written on a separate sheet. Write name and address plainly on each Recipe submitted.

In the event of a tie for any award offered, the award divided in all respects with that tied for will be made to each one trying.

It is not necessary to purchase Grape-Nuts. A suitable quantity will be sent upon request to those desiring to submit recipes.

Your Recipe should state the exact number intended to be served. Recipes should be carefully tested to make sure that preparation and directions for preparing will bring best results.

Form of Recipe First, write name of your Recipe at top of sheet; underneath list all ingredients, used, and quantities used; then the directions for preparing, worded simply and accurately. Do not use phrases such as:

In preparing Recipes for purchase, and for awards by Good Housekeeping Institute, account will be taken of the following points:

- (a) Feasibility.
- (b) Simplicity and economy.
- (c) Accuracy and clearness of explanation of recipe.

Acceptance of the Recipes purchased, and awards by Good Housekeeping Institute, account will be taken of the following points:

Recipes submitted to the Postum Cereal Company for purchase will not be returned.

**You'll Never Get on the Inside Unless You Look Out.**

## "What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

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

### AMY

AMY, signifying beloved, is derived from the Latin "ama," to love. There is an adjective amabilia, meaning lovable, which gave rise to the feminine proper name Almable, much used in early times, probably through some complimentary allusion to the quality which is an admirable if sometimes rare feminine possession.

The first Almable known to history was the Norman heiress of Gloucester who so strongly protested against accepting even a king's son without a name. On English lips, her name became Amabel, which has been handed down practically unchanged in English families. France adopted the name, after placing the stamp of her language upon it, and long honored a Saint Amable or Almee. She had many namesakes, so there can be little doubt that Norman families are responsible for pretty simple Amy.

England liked the name and adopted that spelling, but France has always clung to Almee. About the end of the seventh century, the masculine counterpart was given a religious significance by Saint Aime, or Amatus, a hermit of Valais, and later bishop of Sion, who was persecuted by Merovingian kings.

Amicia was evolved by the English from Almee and served as an affected form of Amy. Just as Edyth and Alya are used by ultra-smart young ladies today for Edith and Alice. The most notable instance of the adoption of Amicia was the daughter of the earl of Leicester, who brought her county to the fierce old persecutor, Simon de Montfort, and left it to the warlike earl who imprisoned Henry III. Her sister carried Amicia into the Finnish family of De Rooy where straightway it became Amica.

Amy's lucky gem is the emerald, which gives courage and confidence to its wearer, and preserves her from injury or accident. Singers are especially fortunate in possessing a carnation since it is said to have great potency in promoting strength and clarity of voice. Friday is Amy's lucky day and 6 her mystic number.

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## The Right Thing at the Right Time

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFES

### BACK TO THE WALTZ

When you dance, I wish you a way of the sea, that you might ever do Nothing but that.

—Shakespeare.

"NO EVENT ever produced so great a sensation," wrote Thomas Ralke in his "Personal Recollections," "as the introduction of the German waltz. Old and young returned to school, and the mornings were now absorbed at home in whirling a chair around the room to learn the step and measure of the German waltz. The anti-waltzing party took alarm, cried it down; mothers forbade it, and every ballroom became a scene of feud and contention."

Such was the attitude toward the new dance when it was new some hundred and twenty-five years ago. True the waltz is not so much of a favorite at a popular dance as is the one-step or fox trot, but you will find that those who are able to dance it will really prefer it to the other dances.

Of course we do regard it as a rather tame affair after all the other modern dances, but the time was when, as Thomas Ralke suggests, when it was regarded as quite as shocking as we regarded any of the now-fangled frots when they came

### MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a man like this proposed to you?

Symptoms: Awfully precise, just tall enough for the army, no more. Did a few weeks military training just before armistice was signed and can't forget it. Turns a corner on his heel. Always talks of how he did this and that in the army, goes to bed on schedule, calls it tap, arrives on schedule, calls it reveille, sits on schedule, calls it mess. On schedule on 4th of July he unfurls his little flag, on schedule he calls on you and stays "just so long." He walks a certain way to work and a certain way when he returns.

IN FACT

He "does time" daily.

Prescription for bride to be: Essence of TNT in his tea to make him do something not on the time table.

Absorb This: **REGULARITY IS THE THING OF LOVE.**

(C) by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Stay, like of Wisdom. Ippera's eaths are like fetters made of glass, that gliten fair, but compel no restraint.—Zeno.

### A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

### THE AFTERMATH

IN DAYS all dark with misery, And black with life's perplexity, Just as I know that clouds will break, And leave glad sunshine in their wake, So do I know, if I hold fast, Light will come though my clouds at last.

And halloo, too in the morning Now Or the evening after.

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## RECIPE DEPARTMENT

Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan

WESTERN HOTEL

Mrs W. J. McAdams

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

HOTEL CENTRAL

P. H. Arnold, Proprietor

Home Cooking

Meals 50c
Rooms 60c and up
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THE TITSWORTH COMPANY

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Wholesale and Retail
General merchandise

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

Patronize Home Industry

YOU

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

We Repair Watches and Clocks

Spend your money in Corona

Corona Shoe Repair Shop

Cold Drinks

HOME MADE PIES

Cold drinks, chewing gum, cigars and tobacco's

Dad's Short-Order RESTAURANT

"A Daughter of The Desert"

Corona School Play, Saturday May 12th

In 4 Acts

Cast of Characters

- Harold Morten, Clarence Ogden, Samuel Hopkins, Jim Parker, Bill Jones, Ruth Wellington, Mrs Mary Ogden, Lucy Hoskins, White Bird, Pedro Sivera, Cowboy Chamey, Ballard, Allen Davidson, Jack Mc Clellan, Frank Everett, D-Sport Jolly, Bythol Jolly, Joe Pennington, Grady Doty, Thelma Durbeta, Birdie Durbeta, Pansy Everett, Alton Perry, Rural Nelson, Evelyn Thompson, Trust Ballard, Allen Davidson, Jack Mc Clellan

ATKINSON-SIMPSON CO.

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

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

E. M. Brickley and H. B. Jones President and vice president of the Stockmens State Bank were here Thursday and Friday.

Miss Hilary Cooper of Carrizozo is here this week assisting Messrs Irwin and Lowe in the Stockmens State Bank.

Come, Bring your friends and all the children to the home of G. W. Latta where there will be dinner on the ground and preaching by Rev. Duncan on the first Sunday in every month. Every one invited to attend.

Ellwood Bond and family recently moved back to their home at El Paso. They spent the past year in El Paso.

Dance Saturday night May 10th in the school gym. Refreshments and special music.

Mrs Travis Brown has been on the sick list the past week.

Z. K. Colbaugh is here from El Paso visiting his parents Mr and Mrs S. M. Colbaugh.

The Corona baseball team will play the Gran Quivera team at old Indian ruins Sunday May 20

Births

Mr. and Mrs Lum Richards Jr. are the proud parents of a ten pound girl, born May 12th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs Grady Jenkins, Friday May 11, a boy.

To Mr and Mrs W.W. Taylor a girl, born May 11'h.

A card from Dr. Davis and P. H. Arnold received this week states that wild flowers are in bloom and crops fine in South Texas.

Mrs B. F. Adams sustained a painful injury last week when she fell against a porch railing at her home. She is reported improving.

This issue of the Maverick is three days late owing to the launching of our new business venture "The Blue Bull" fountain. We were unable to secure a printer and our "editorial" services were required in the new establishment all the past week.

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 Entry No. 048500, for SW1/4 NE1/4, SE1/4 NE1/4, NW1/4 SW1/4, NW1/4 SW1/4, SW1/4 SW1/4, Sec. 20, 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 17th day of May, 1923. Claimant names as witnesses: A. B. Lunn of Jicarilla, N. M., Manuel Alvarez of Roswell, N. M., Juan Chavez 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. Notice is hereby given that John M. Simpson, of Corona, N. M., who, on Nov. 10, 1919, made 1st. E. No. 09013, and on Sept. 13, 1920, 2d. E. No. 09013, for Lots 3, 4, and 5, NW1/4 Sec. 3, 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 15th day of May, 1923. Claimant names as witnesses: Charles W. Wade, Will H. McDonald, Graver 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. April 27, 1923. Notice is hereby given that Lewis James Bryan, of Corona, N. M., who, on Oct. 3, 1918, made Forest Homestead Entry, List 2015, No. 03240, for SW1/4 NE1/4 Section 12, Township 3 South, Range 11 East, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Louis DeWolf, U. S. Commissioner, at Carrizozo, N. M., on the 15th day of June, 1923. Claimant names as witnesses: Earl Kromer, Tom Cox, Jack Martin and Jim Cox, all of Corona, N. M. JAFFA MILLER, Register

Notice is hereby given that on the 1th day of May 1923 the Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, by Howell Jones, its Land Commissioner, made application at the United States Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, to select under the act of April 21 1904 (33 Stats, 211) the following described land, to wit: NW1/4 NE1/4 NW1/4 NE1/4 SW1/4 Sec. 14 W1/4 SE1/4 Sec. 22; W1/4 E1/4 N1/4 SW1/4 Sec. 27, N1/4 S1/4 Sec. 28 E1/4 SE1/4 Sec. 29, W1/4 NE1/4 Sec. 34 T. 4 S. R. 14 East of N. M. P. Meridian. The purpose of this notice is to allow all persons claiming the land adversely, or desiring to show it to be mineral in character, an opportunity to file objections to such locations or objections with the local officers for the land district in which the land is situated, to wit: at the land office aforesaid, and to establish the title, or the mineral character, therefore. Jaffa Miller, Register

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. Embury, of Corona, N. M., who, on Sept. 25, 1919, made homestead entry No. 040003, for SE1/4 NE1/4, Sec. 3, T. 1 S., R. 14 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before E. F. Davidson, U. S. Commissioner, at Corona, N. M., on the 17th day of May, 1923. Claimant names as witnesses: Louis E. Arrighetti, Andrew S. Gelsa, Robert H. Fessenden and Thomas 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, N. M. April 30, 1923. Notice is hereby given that Charley Wade of Corona, N. M., who on July 21, 1919 made Addl Homestead Entry No. 040656 for S1/2 NE1/4, N1/2 SE1/4, S.W. 1/4 SE1/4, W1/2 NE1/4, SE1/4 SW1/4 Section 11, Township 3-S Range 15-E., N. M. P. Meridian has filed notice of intention to make final 3 year proof to establish claim to the land above described before E. F. Davidson, U. S. Commissioner, at Corona, N. M. on the 22nd day of June, 1923.

Claimant names as witnesses: Rhy Owen, Frank Sultemeier, Jesus Flores, Adolph Sultemeier all of Corona, N. M. Jaffa Miller, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M. February 20th, 1923. Notice is hereby given that Clyde H. Jones, of Corona, N. M., who, on Aug. 20, 1918, made second H. A. No. 022927 and on March 18, 1920 add. H. A. No. 044901, for SW1/4 NW1/4, W1/2 NW1/4, SE1/4 NE1/4, Sec. 3 and SW1/4 Sec. 4 and Lots 3, 4, SW1/4 NE1/4, NE1/4 NE1/4, Sec. 3; Lot 1 and 2, Section 4, Twp. 1-S, Range 14-E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before E. F. Davidson, U. S. Commissioner, at Corona, N. M., on the 18th day of April, 1923.

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

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

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

Notice is hereby given that Adley E. Lunn of Corona, N. M., who on Oct. 20, 1922 made Orig. H. A. No. 050400 and on Oct. 20, 1923 Addl. H. A. No. 050407 for SW1/4; SE1/4 NW1/4; W1/4 SE1/4 Sec. 16; N1/2 NW1/4 Sec. 21 and SE1/4 NE1/4 Sec. 16, SW1/4 SW1/4 Sec. 14; N1/2 NW1/4 Sec. 23; 1/2 NE1/4 NE1/4; SW1/4 NE1/4 Sec. 22, Township 4-S Range 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 19th day of May 1923.

Claimant names as witnesses: Willis R. Lovelace, Willie Stewart Peterson, Elmer of Corona, N. M., J. D. H. Taylor of Jicarilla, N. M. Jaffa Miller Register

Eureka Garage Blacksmithing in Connection At Cedarvale Gas and Oil, Tires, Tubes and Accessories Acetylyn Welding J. H. Myers, Proprietor

CORONA SCHOOL

- Thursday Evening May 17 Program Piano solo "Shepherds evening song" Leola Lovelace Scottish nation song and ditty 10 girls Indian pantomime "The famine" Beginners Reading "Where my dolly died" Ruby Golden Pantomime "Coming thru the eye" 7 Girls Playette "A dream lesson" 5th and 6th grade Vocal solo "Somebody stole my gal" Kniffin Lovelace Reading "Selected" Gamahel Thompson Medley Popular Song Evelyn Sloan Jingle drill Bythol Jolly Music "Bug Town Band" Frank Everett Brownies and Butterflies 16 little girls 2 boys Vocal solo Selected 28 children Negro Drill Zella Dishman 6 little boys

Exchange Bank

Carrizozo, N. M.

ESTABLISHED 1892

Accounts solicited, Inquiries promptly answered

Mother's Day May 13th

Every day is Mothers day. of course, but one day a year has been set aside for national acknowledgement of our debt to the Mothers of the nation. May 13th will be observed this year as Mothers Day. Honor yourself by honoring your Mother on that day.

STOCKMEN'S STATE BANK Corona, N. M.

THE CORONA MAVERICK

Published weekly Horner 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 23, 1921, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

If You Want

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

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.

New Land Law

A law enacted March 4, 1923 provides that an additional homestead entry under either the Enlarged Homestead Law or the Stock Raising Homestead Law where the original homestead entry is within a National Forest can be allowed just the same as though the original entry was not within the forest according to a letter received this week from D. L. Geyer, land lawyer of Roswell. The additional Entry must be made within 20 miles of the original entry. To live with malice toward no one is sometimes a difficult problem but it is an accomplishment worth striving for.